The Stars and Stripes

The official publication of the American Expeditionary Forces; authorized by the Commander-in-Chief, A.E.F.

Written, edited and published every week by and for the soldiers of the A.E.F..

Entered as second class matter at United States Army Post Office, Paris, France.

Advertising Director for the United States and Canada: A. W. Erickson, 381 Fourth Avenue, New York City.

Fifty centimes a copy. No subscriptions taken. Advertising rates on application.

THE STARS AND STRIPES, G-2-D. A.E.F., 32 Rue Taitbout, Paris, France. Telephone, Gutenberg 12.95.

FRIDAY, MARCH 7, 1919

ALL BUT THE CHANCE

American divisions differed from one another as night from day, differed in methods, in looks, in character, in personality—just as people do. But in noting their very marked differences in achievement, it should be borne in mind that they differed also in opportunity. Perhaps history might have shown that they differed chiefly in opportunity.

When the whistle blew on November 11 it stayed not only what would have been a history-making thrust toward and past Metz. It also stayed some divisional reputations that were only in the making. If that whistle had blown three months earlier, many of our most famous divisions would have had no tales to tell at all. At least six of those whose records are most brilliant would now be unsung, and of these, one would have been just a rather amusing memory.

Consider the 6th Division, which, after a mild baptism in Alsace, rode and trucked and hiked all over the map of France, looking for a fight, just spoiling for a fight, till they got to calling it the Sight-Seeing Sixth. It raced from Clermont to the fringe of Sedan only to find that less rather than more American troops were the need of the hour there. Then, as rumor had it that there was going to be a good chance for a scrap down Verdun way, the 6th turned and hustled over into Lorrane, only to arrive breathless as the armistice was signed.

"The Infantry of the division," say the records at G.H.Q., "made long marches on congested roads, pulling by hand their machine gun carts and carrying on their backs, or doing without, supplies for which transportation should normally be available. Altogether, the performance of the 6th Division during the first 11 days of November, 1918, stands out as one of the finest examples of the fortitude and soldierly spirit displayed by the American soldier during this war. It is not unjust to say that the duties of the 6th Division during this period required more discipline and soldierly determination than many engagements with the enemy."

The 6th had an engagement with the enemy, but the enemy didn't keep it. The armistice mussed up a lot of promising young careers. And so, when the Medals of Honor are given out and the Distinguished Service Crosses pinned on, when some honor division marched in glory up a thronged Fifth Avenue, remember there were other divisions that had everything in the world a division ought to have except a chance.

NOW!

"He checked his brains at Hoboken on the way over," is an A.E.F. commonplace. But right now there are thousands of men in the A.E.F. who are wondering what kind of a load of mental luggage they will be carrying when they get back home ready to step into the old job or find a new and better one.

If the Army school system does nothing more than jolt into the A.E.F.'s imagination the idea that the future will not take care of itself, the Army schools will be worth while. If it can send home an Army of men with definite purposes, rather than an Army whose collective mind has decided "to loaf four or five months and see what turns up," the school training in France may be more important as a future national asset than actual military knowledge.

The point is that every man in the A.E.F. ought to hold a conference with himself and sign his own peace terms—decide what he is going to do when he discards the uniform, then spend the rest of the time in France in preparing to do it well.

THE CURE

Word seeps up from the base ports that returning members of the A.E.F. are not being troubled extensively with seasickness. There are sporadic instances of the disease, according to the gobs (who ought to know), but rarely does the ailment attain epidemic proportions.

This is encouraging. Memory brings back to us vividly the picture of several entire squads who vowed unanimously as soon as their feet hit dry land some months back that they would never, never return unless it could be done by rail. Forthwith an inspection of the map showed that by journeying due east or thereabouts a person could do the whole trip by land with the exception of a stretch of water up near Alaska that looked about half as wide as the Erie Canal. The only difficulty was—and is—that Russia is in the way.

A recent straw vote of these same squads, however, showed that the home-by-rail propaganda was being utterly discredited.

"You see," explained an amateur psychologist, who happened to be the man who had most to say against the ocean on the way over, "the degree of seasickness depends wholly on where you are going to get off the boat."

We trust so.

NO MAN'S LAND

Like the blue waters of Capri, the green reaches of the Nile, the white, foaming masses of Niagara, the Rhine is essentially a world wonderland. The peculiar soughing of its rushing waters, like the sound of a breeze through the balsams, is attuned to the music of the spheres, nor can it be ringed about by arrogant Prussian verbotens. Its tumbling, moss-grown castles rear their gray locks for the eyes of all the universe, nor can their sites, in any scenic sense, be corraled within the metes and bounds of mere human property values.

The Yank whose privilege it is to be stationed amid this craggy fairyland of baronial ruins and lively waters recks not of its position on a map of international colors. Vaguely he discerns a kinship between the great nature lesson it teaches and himself. Innately he feels it belongs to him. There is a transcendent ownership there which strides high over national barriers.

He visits, sees and absorbs. He will not forget. Not the men of the Peace Conference, with their job of carving the map of Europe; not the R.T.O. officers, with their little rule about 75 pounds of baggage for every man; not even the physical limitations of a barracks bag can prevent each soldier of the Army of Occupation from taking the Rhineland home with him.

LIARS

They are getting away with a queer line of stuff in the States these days. Here is a sample, an excerpt from a Brooklyn newspaper:

The 149 "fighting civilians," all wearing khaki and attached to the 47th Regiment, United States Engineers, who returned Wednesday aboard the United States hospital ship Tendores, were mustered out yesterday in the Hudson Terminal Building. These men wear the gold service stripes on their sleeves, and braved shell fire, gas and machine gun nests the same as their more military brothers. Many went overseas never to return. Cambrai, where scores of the "fighting civilians" fought the Germans with picks and shovels, best illustrates their part in the war.

At the front the minimum pay of the "fighting civilians" is $7 a day, equal to the pay of a Major. The detachment that was mustered out built about 500 river barges, which were used for the transportation of troops across streams and moving ammunition along the waterways to the front. Barges were built in record time. Thirty-six hours from the time the first spike was driven, a barge would be launched. The men built bridges over night, and if the German bombing planes laid them in ruins, they would be rebuilt the next night.

The men, all artisans, were exempted from military duty owing to dependents, but their patriotism would not allow them to stay at home, and they volunteered for the skilled labor battalions and worked with the Engineers.

They sailed for home from Bordeaux. "Fighting civilians" could be found anywhere from Bordeaux to No Man's Land, they said. They expedited the transportation of men and supplies and kept open the route by repairing broken bridges, laying pontoon bridges, rebuilding shell-torn roads and salvaging sunken barges. They also built cantonments. In six months these men built one mile and a half of American docks at Bassens, opposite Bordeaux, for the landing of merchant ships. The returning men said the United States Government holds a 99-year lease on the property. It is known to the military as Headquarters, Base Section No. 2.

Now, then. The 149 "fighting civilians" were the employees of a contracting company who, a few days after the United States declared war in 1917, were sent to France to get French ports ready for an influx of American troops and supplies. They were supplemented a few weeks after their arrival, and eventually superseded by, American Engineers hurried from the United States. They worked at Bordeaux, 550 kilometers from the front as the bombing planes would (but never did) fly. They never saw a machine gun nest; they never moved ammunition near the front; they never laid a pontoon bridge; they never repaired a shell-torn road; they never got to Cambrai. It was a regiment of Railway Engineers that fought there. It is not on record that they built any bridges at all. They did build docks and they did build barges.

Considering that they were hired in an emergency; that they got to France and began work sooner than militarized Engineers could be got here; that they saved several golden weeks in laying some of the foundations of the American organization which subsequently decided this war, even the soldiers who in the last year and a half worked with them never criticized the $7 a day they received. Abeit, the soldiers may have been a little envious of the $7 a day, since recently, when they launched a barge which they themselves had constructed, they christened it the One Dollar Ten. The civilians were capable. But they did not have a monopoly on ability. They may have had the material to make good fighters. But no one knows. It is hard to tell 550 kilometers from the front.

However, the quotation on the "fighting civilians" is just a sample of a prevalent evil in the United States today. Bogus stories of bogus heroes, grotesque and absurd, are seeping back to France from the States in numbers indicating that they may be enumerated not by the dozens, but by the thousands.

A Western Artillery regiment got over here during the summer, spent a few months in training and got up to the front two days after the armistice. It returned home a few weeks ago. Did its home town paper print anything to indicate that the only thing this regiment brought back was regrets? Ah, no. It was a "tattered, battle-scarred regiment, returning after the horrors of six months on the Western Front."

The list of the wounded printed is suspected of containing the names of several members merely detained by the Medical Corps.

A magazine of national circulation recently began a series of stories chronicling adventures in the Air Service in France. It quit them in the middle of the series when it was discovered that the stories were faked.

The reason for most of the regulations and laws recently adopted and debated in the United States regarding the wearing of insignia and service stripes was the abuse of these marks of designation. Discharged soldiers and soldiers not discharged were effecting a weird line of personal embellishment faster than the War Department could keep track of them. These fakers are of the same class as the man who goes home and lies about what he did over here, or who allows himself to be lied about.

There is no law against common lying in the United States, whether it is done by a patch of cloth on the shoulder or by giving an interview to the editor of a newspaper—unless the lying is done to the damage of somebody else. But if Congress, or the State Legislatures, or the county supervisors, or whoever else has the power, were to pass a law making it an offense for anybody to make false statements about what he did to win this war, verbal or otherwise, they would be doing a favor to about 2,000,000 Americans, most of whom, with tales of their own to tell, are sitting around France just now; and who, while not anxious for mushy eulogizing of themselves, hate to see somebody else fraudulently get away with it.

The Army's Poets

FEELIN' FINE

(In memory of Pvt. Howard Shankle, Company D, 166th Infantry, who died in hospital from wounds received in action.)

"Feelin' fine!" were the words, I know,
That gave him strength to fight as though
He liked it for the fighting's sake;
To hike without a curse; to make
Homesick hours unknown; to live
A day without a fear; to give
His blanket for a buddy's need
Rather than his own to heed.

Of this I'm sure, because that day
With life a burden in his way,
With body burned inside and out,
A withered mummy, and, no doubt
But that his laughing eyes had ceased
Fore'er to shine, his words released
Their old-time ring of joyful cheer
When "Feelin' fine," I bent to hear.

They speak of heroes in this war,
Whose courage, vim and valor bore
Us on to victory's happy day,
But there's a word I'd like to say:
"They never had a thing on him!
He won the fight of cashin' in
By writin' Satan just a line
And simply sayin', 'Feelin' fine!'"

N. G. PETERS,
Sgt., San. Tr., 166th Inf.

THE CASUAL

(Overheard in a Casual Camp in France.)

Ah keeps wishin' ev'y day
Dat dey'd nevah sent me 'way
F'um de only comp'ny Ah kin call mah own;
It seems de longes' time
Sence Ah lef' da ol' mess line
An' stahted 'round dis country all alone.

Foh months Ah've been away
Lak a dog dat's gone astray,
'Cept dat Ah cain't somehow seem to fin' de chow;
Ah've missed so many meals
Dat Ah don't know it feels
To git dem "three-a-day" widout a row.

W'en de doctahs tuhned me loose
Dey fuhgot about de sous,
Tho' dey sholy must' a-knowed dat Ah wus broke;
An' paydays pass me by,
No mattah how Ah try,
Cain't git mahself enough to buy a smoke.

Dese boxcars mak' me tl'ed,
Through de day we ride and ride,
Den at night we stops at somewheah in de da'k;
Den we gits some mo' directions,
'Cause we nevah makes connections,
An' it means jus' one mo' night in Nature's pa'k.

To a cazhul camp dey git you,
Wheah don' nothin' seem to fit you,
An' yo' don' fit into nuthin', it appeah;
Den it's "Whut's yo outfit, Jack?
Co'pral, Sarje, or buck in back?
Show yo' o'ders—go fo bunkhouse in de reah."

W'en Ah say, "Goin' send me out?"
Sarjent say, "Don't know—de mought."
It's wuhse dan w'en Ah'se laid up wid de flu;
"Git out heah" an' "K. P., boy,"
'Dey mus' think dat it's a joy
To live dis cazhul life widout a sou.

De rain in dis heah nation
Kinda spoils de reputation
Uv a lan' dat's sunny, so de books relates;
But Ah'll nevah say no mo',
Ef day'll ship me to de sho'
Uv dat lan' w' plenty eats, de gool ol' States.

Cpl. HARRIS,
Regional Replacement Depot,
Revigny, Meuse.

THE HOMECOMING

From the squelching mud of Flanders,
From the Chateau-Thierry wheat,
From the shattered Halles of Ypres,
From where Scarpe and Escaut meet,
From the shell-strewn slopes of Verdun
Comes the tramp of marching feet,
For the boys are coming home.

Ye who sat in the twilight when the light of your homes was gone,
Who wearily watched and waited till the day when the war was done,
What will ye think on the day when they all come back, who can,
And the boy you sent with a mother's tears, returns, but returns a man.

Browned by the suns of foreign climes, with the lines of fate in his face,
The lines of men who have fought with men in many a fearful place,
Men who have looked old death in the face and laughed as he passed them by,
But, "Where is the boy I gave to you?" I can hear the mothers cry.

Oh, mother, thy son has come back to thee, tempered and tried like steel,
In the flaming fire of the hell of war where the charging legions reel,
Where the rocket gleams on the bayonet (where it is not dyed with red),
And the fitful glare of the Verey flare lights up the face of the dead.

He has seen men die with a smile on their lips that the nations might be free,
He has charged the foe with his blood on fire and has seen the foeman flee,
And mother, the boy who thus passed through hell can be no longer a boy,
For the ore of Man in that furnace tried is metal without alloy.

And to those whose sons have tarried awhile, asleep in their Mother Earth,
Whose brave, young souls have barred the foe from the land that gave them birth,
I say to them, "Weep," for weep they must, but hold up their heads, as they can,
For the boy they gave at the nation's call has gone to his rest, a man.

From the squelching mud of Flanders,
From the Chateau-Thierry wheat,
From the shattered Halles of Ypres,
From where the Scarpe and Escaut meet,
From the shell-strewn slopes of Verdun,
Comes the tramp of marching feet,
For the men are coming home.

JAMES BEVERIDGE,
Sergeant, M.C.

TO A BIG, BIG STORE

O-O-O-O-O-O-Ohhh Shame!!!!
My Fair One comes to you with silver shekels—
Four, or Five, or Seven Bones (I don't know which)
And you promise her, with many firm assurances,
That you will send to me the food I crave—
Candy, or cake, or sweet confections,
This was in September.

The lady was trusting; and I was patient;
Until—in January—after four months' waiting,
The stuff arrived.
Oh Hell!!!!

The candy, the cakes, the sweet confections
All are bull.
And what I got I'll tell you here—
Two cans of soup (of the famous 57),
One can of beans, worth about 15 sous,
A box of sardines, and some Golden Gate pilchards.
Say! Would a gift like that satisfy you?

PAUL S. WOODCOCK,
Pvt. 14th Photo Section.

LAY TO A LOST LOVE

Aye, sing your songs to Madeline,
Marcelle, Germaine, Suzette,
Hortense, or Rose-Marie divine,
Louise, Justine, Odette,
Their fairy frills and flossy fluff
For birds like you are good enough,
But get this amatory stuff—
They can't touch my Buvette.

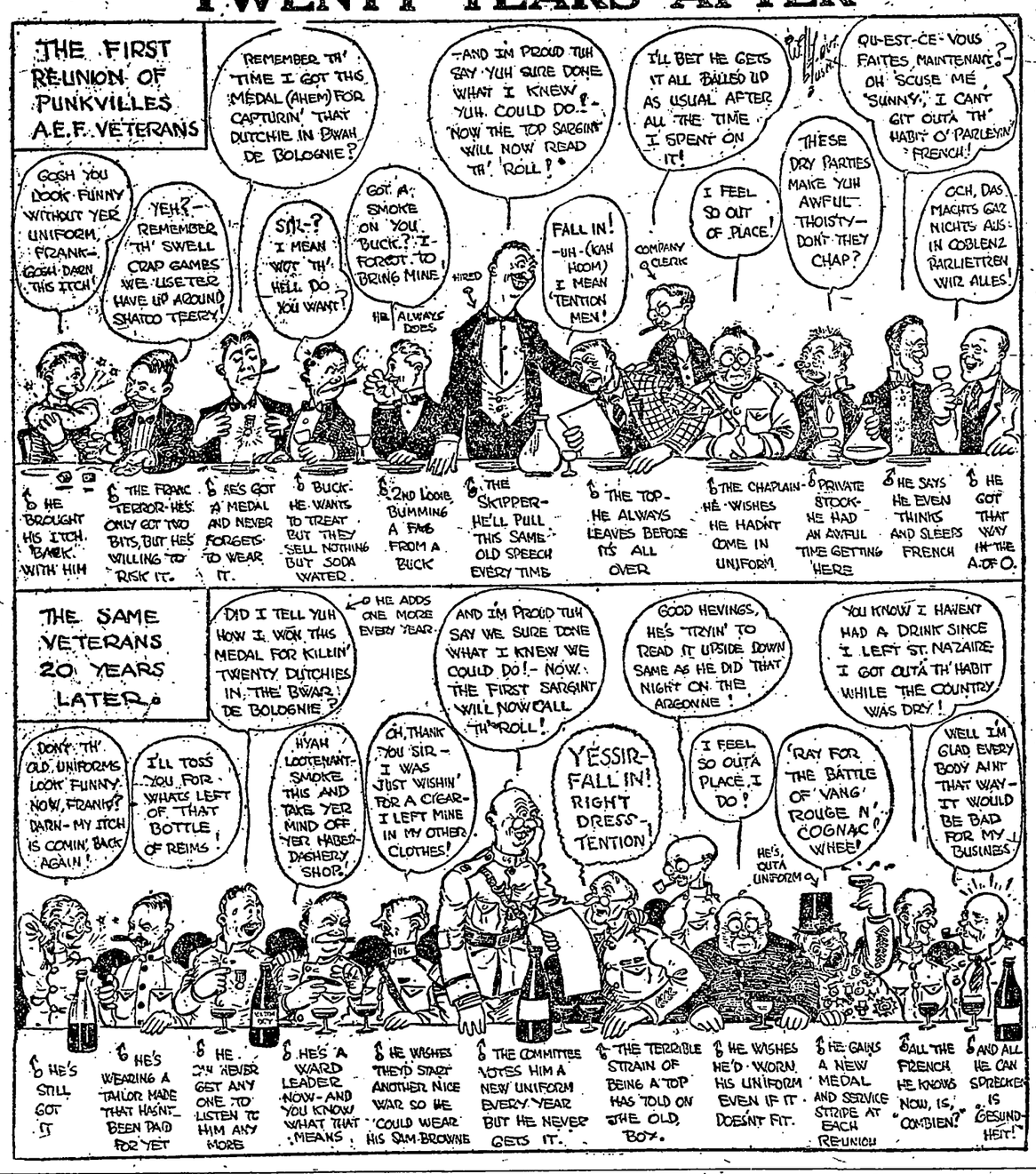
No matter where my billet be
She's waiting for her pet,
I stick to her, she sticks to me;
Toujours fidele, you bet.
I gaze into her liquid eyes
(Some liquid, kid, I put you wise!.
If I'm malade, she'll sympathize,
For that's her style—Buvette!

From twelve till one we're dated up
While mess call I forget.
Brimfull of joy she fills my cup—
I'm always in her debt.
And then at eve we make a mock
Of care; we bait the Boche in hock,
Till M.P.'s come at nine o'clock
And tear me from Buvette.

But I fear she'll be S.O.L.,
Our love must vite arrete.
The Dries have gone and started hell
Across the deep blue wet,
So, Buvy, I must say adieu,
I'm going back to where, I rue,
There won't be any more like you—
Buvette, my lost Buvette.

TIP BLISS.

TWENTY YEARS AFTER



M. D. R.

To the Editor of THE STARS AND STRIPES:—

For the information and guidance of all concerned, the following Matrimonial Drill Regulations for Military Weddings are forwarded:

1. The march of the bridal party up the aisle of the church will be at attention. A cadence of 80 stops to the minute will be maintained for the length of the march.

2. Unless otherwise announced, the guide is right as the party proceeds toward the altar.

3. The guests will execute eyes right or eyes left, as the case may be, as the bride, bridegroom and their respective staffs march toward their objective.

4. The father of the bride, after having given her in marriage, will right oblique and continue to march until he has deployed himself from the bridal party proper.

5. The bridal party, as it aligns itself in front of the altar, will dress on the best man.

6. Ring bearers, flower girls, pages, etc., will act as file closers.

7. During the ceremony the guests will remain at parade rest.

8. When the party has arranged itself in company front formation, the officiating clergyman will take his place two paces in front and will read the articles of matrimony.

9. Immediately after the ceremony the command at ease will be given. (Note: Bride and bridegroom are not expected to be at ease, however.)

10. The bridal party will execute an about face after the ceremony and will then countermarch.

11. On gaining the vestibule of the church, the manual of arms will be executed by the bride and groom as they receive the congratulatory handshakes of the reviewing party.

12. The waiting party and guests will fall out as soon as they leave the church.

BARNARD J. RICHARD,
Co. C., 21st M.G. Bn.

CHINA IN GERMANY

To the Editor of THE STARS AND STRIPES:—

I notice in your STARS AND STRIPES a letter from a boastful mess sergeant about using chinaware instead of mess kits. Where does he get off at?

Why, we've broke more dishes here in Ehrenbreitstein already than they've got in their whole company.

And table waiters? Why, we had them things before he knew there was an Army. And if it were not for the Saturday inspections I would have forgotten I ever had a mess kit.

I pity the K.P.'s the day that certain mess sergeant reads this.

HERMAN FRANKEL,
Pvt., Troop K, 3rd Cav.

NO SUCH G.O.

To the Editor of THE STARS AND STRIPES:—

Information is requested regarding Tank Corps men wearing the embroidered tank on the left breast, similar to the spread wings of the aviators. If there is such an order, please give the G.O.

"A LITTLE TANK."

[No such G.O. has been issued.—EDITOR.]

FOR DOUGHBOYS ONLY

To the Editor of THE STARS AND STRIPES:—

I have noticed a tendency lately, not only in your excellent paper, but in others, to call all American soldiers Doughboys. This name has become historical as the unofficial designation of that wonderful branch of our Army around which the Army is built, the United States Infantry.

The "Queen of Battles" is entitled to her full credit and it is manifestly unfair to her to have her fair name applied indiscriminately to all those who wear the same uniform as her gallant sons. Admitted that in our friendly arguments in the past we of the other branches of the service have used the term Doughboy as an appellation of brotherly opprobrium, but we have never been lacking in respect or in support of our comrades of the foot service.

Now, I, a Regular of another branch, a follower of tradition, burdened with a "Prussianized West Point mind," respectfully request that you start a crusade in your own columns and among the other papers to call each man by his own name so far as it is printable. There are three good reasons for this request:

1. The American Infantryman, and no other man, is a Doughboy.

2. History made by our Infantry is theirs, and the credit for it should be given to them and not to all wearers of the same uniform.

3. We of the other branches are not Doughboys, we don't want to be called Doughboys, and we don't want to have any honors thrust upon us that belong to others.

CAVALRY,
Camouflaged as Artillery.

HEADLINES OF A YEAR AGO

From THE STARS AND STRIPES of March 8, 1918.

ARMY HAS STOOD TEST, SAYS G.H.Q. STATEMENT—Official Account Commends Gallantry and Spirit of Troops in Repelling Three German Raids on American Sectors—Successes Prove Fitness for Bigger Jobs—Boche in One Attempt Attacked in Six Groups—French General Order Praises "Superb Courage and Coolness" of Our Men.

'TATERS AND SUCHLIKE TO BE GROWN BY A.E.F.—New Service Established by General Order Requires Gardens for Every Division—Calls for Details Will Soon Go Out.

YES, THE KAISER'S SURE WE'RE ON THE WESTERN FRONT NOW—Americans Along Lorraine Line Break Up Big Boche Raid—Hun Barrage Stiffest Yet—Yankees Win High Praise for Conduct and More Medals May Be Handed Out.

AMERICAN HEAVIES BLAST OUT BOCHES—Big Guns Are Among Those Present as French Pave Way for Advance—First Shots Set Record—Largest Weapon Ever Used Against Any Land Enemy Fittingly Christened.

M.P. IS REASSIGNED HIS HOME TOWN JOB—American Traffic Cops Just as Good Here as They Were Back Home.

THEIR CITATION

To the Editor of THE STARS AND STRIPES:—

Having seen in the newspapers many names of heroes who have stood out in the war like Pompey's Statue in Alexandria, the thought has come to me that the American girl working with as much valor and courage as a soldier in the line, wherever she may be, should not be the unsung hero by any means. In our hearts we all thank her for her kindly work, but in many cases, I dare say, she does not realize what her presence means to the boys and how we appreciate her services.

I am prompted to write this letter to you in the hope that it may be published and every American girl in France may know how the enlisted man feels toward her; that she is an integral part of us and without her our stay in France would be dreary and almost unbearable. This expression comes from one soldier, but I am sure that it is the feeling of everyone. Wherever I have been I have observed that the girls in every organization always seemed afraid that they had not done enough for the boys; that they invariably wore a smile that meant lots to every boy.

A striking example of this kind of service is found at the Motor Transport Reconstruction Park at Verneuil (Nievre), where there are two American girls. These girls work longer hours than any of the men I know. During December, when our camp was a sea of mud, these girls wore boots as the boys did, and have stood all the conditions here as the soldiers. This case can be duplicated throughout France. When the American girl comes over and serves us in the hope of keeping our spirits high, then I think she should know how we appreciate her. I do not know the names of the girls at Verneuil, nor do they know me. They have just served me as they have every other fellow here, and I wish to thank them as well as all the other girls for their unhailed services, knowing that when we return to America we can express our gratitude to the people who sent them—the American people.

ONE OF THE BOYS.

THE R.T.O. SPEAKS

To the Editor of THE STARS AND STRIPES:—

"My baggage," gesticulates an over-excited Captain, as he enters the office of the R.T.O.

The R.T.O., a Second Lieutenant, jumps up, grabs an interpreter, and does all in his power to help the straggler get next to his trunk locker.

Having been separated from all his clothing and trinkets and all his other personal property for some few weeks—and no one knows what such isolation means until he has been the victim of it—the superior officer just babbles over with joy at the prospect of connecting up with his belongings once more. And, being somewhat of a politician—ce n'est pas sa qui manque dans notre Armée—his appreciation is summed up tersely: "I'll vote for you. What are you running for, sheriff?" Unfortúnately the R.T.O.'s cramped quarters do not permit of his writing out a pretty strong and punchy recommendation for promotion for himself, to present to the Captain for a signature, and he is compelled to be contented to let his aid be counted as mere humanitarianism.

But—his efforts to find the trunk were futile. The rather consoling promise of "possibility of it arriving on the next train" was the only bit of soothing syrup that seemed to satisfy the pilgrim. A wire was sent out to all break-bulk points, inquiries were made at various baggage bureaus, but all without avail. Regularly, three times daily, the Captain could be seen making the rounds of the station and examining all the baggage in sight, with only the slightest hope as an inspiration.

After about four days of diligent search and careful scrutiny, the trunk was unearthed, having been spied under a formidable heap of colis of cheese and apples and chickens and flour and all those other various items that fill up the quais of the French railway stations. And the Captain went away rejoicing. It had been a hard war, but the victory was worth the price.

A great deal of protocol is found in the Transportation Department. Rank rules, with respect to reservations; and, since it's pretty hard to determine seniority among Y.M.C.A., K. of C., Army Field Clerks, civilian employees, soldiers and the myriads of other denominations, some quite haughty and zealous harangues are staged in the American corners of French gares. But, since rules and regulations change so frequently, the almost certain outcome is uncertainty. Thus, fortunately, an armistice is ordinarily declared, and the combatants act about as fighting roosters. Something intervenes and the fued is forgotten.

ONE OF US.

TAKEN UP

To the Editor of THE STARS AND STRIPES:—

I seen in your issue of February 21 the challenge of Harold A. Maccallum for a speling and reading compertition, and while far be it from me to uligize myself (guess that word would sort of get him) I'm not the sort as hides a bushel under the light—especially as most of the company knowes my qualerties and gets me to help them out whenever they has serus letters to write and wants to emperscutiously use big words.

It don't matter to me where and when we meet, and his rules is satisfactory to me as promolgated—but if it's all the same to everybody, I'd like to make it San Francisco sometime early next month. As to not less than one 1000 words or more than ten 1000, all I can say is my spelling is just the same regardless of quantity.

While I aint so good maybe at reading, I'd just as leaf take him on for a bit of that, and would name "Ivenhoe" or "Dinkie Merriwell to the Death" as suitable literchur—and since his nam's MacCallum "wa might gae on wit' a bit o' Bobby Burns."

THEODORE J. RILEY,
D.L.R., A.P.O. 703,
Care Adjutant, L.R.C.S.

P.S. My spelling is more on the fonetic style, but I can use either.

P.S.S. Could also enter a pie or doughnut eating contest, or could take on any man of the A.E.F. for a 1 mile dash. My record for the mile was established last October when the company arrived in the Argonne, and was executed under—that is, started under—severe shell fire.