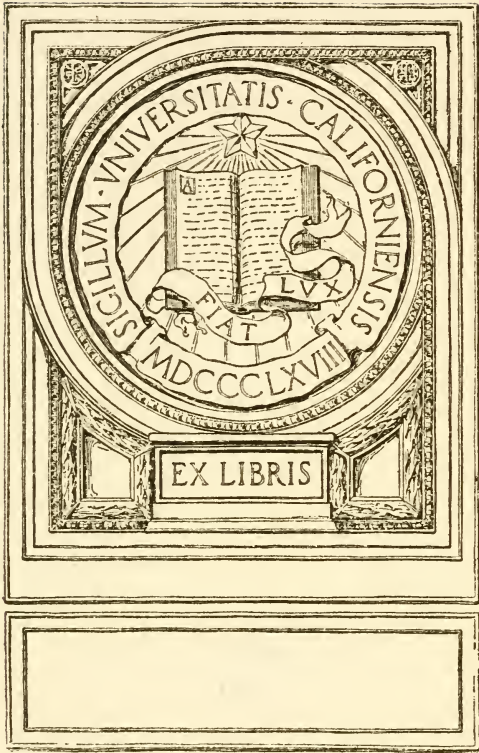




BLOWN
IN BY THE
DRAFT

By FRAZIER HUNT







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*Camp Yarns Collected at One of the Great
National Army Cantonments by an
Amateur War Correspondent*

BY
FRAZIER HUNT



FOREWORD BY
COLONEL THEODORE ROOSEVELT

INTRODUCTION BY
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ILLUSTRATIONS BY
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DIVISIONAL STAFF

GARDEN CITY NEW YORK
DOUBLEDAY, PAGE & COMPANY
1918

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TO THE MEMORY OF MY AUNT
MARTHA FRAZIER MATHEWS

WHOSE HEART WAS BIG ENOUGH TO MOTHER
ALL THE MEN OF THIS AND THE
NATIONAL ARMIES TO COME



DOUBLEDAY, PAGE & COMPANY

ACKNOWLEDGMENT

THE majority of these camp sketches first appeared from day to day in the columns of the *New York Sun*. The chronicler is deeply grateful to the *Sun* for permission to gather them together between two covers and to turn them into a more or less permanent annal of a great National Army cantonment.

In the title and now and again in the text the word "draft" appears. For a considerable period in formative months of the National Army this was assiduously avoided and "selective service" substituted. But now what sting there might once have been has disappeared and it stands an honoured word.

To-day a draft recruit wears his "O. D." as proudly and soon will fight—or already is fighting—as gallantly as any other American soldier.

F. H.

Camp Upton, New York
January 1, 1918.

FOREWORD

TO THE MEN OF THE NATIONAL ARMY

“YOU of the American Army are the men pre-eminently entitled to honour from the whole country at this time. Words count for very little when we are about to ‘wake the guns that have no doubts,’ and it is you and those like you—your comrades in arms—to whom all citizens owe most at this time.

“I respect you; and I envy you these great days of good fortune. You will find it a mighty sight pleasanter to explain to your children why you DID go to war than why you DIDN’T! *You* won’t have to explain that down at bottom you were really a pretty manly fellow, but that your mother would not let you fight! You can let the other man do the explaining; and that is always the pleasanter position.

“You are the men who will have done your duty. You are the men who will have done

the work best worth doing, you will have fought the great fight for the right. You will have carried the banner of our country forward, at no matter what cost, and no matter how long it takes; for the American people must see the war through, until it is crowned by the peace of complete victory.

“You represent the men who beyond all others at this time have put their fellow-countrymen under a lasting debt of high obligation.”

*Extract from speech delivered
to Camp Upton men by Theodore
Roosevelt, November 18, 1917.*

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INTRODUCTION

IT SEEMS particularly appropriate that this volume of sketches concerning the life of a soldier of the National Army should find its origin at Camp Upton, New York, a camp named for that man, who, more than any one other, is responsible for the formulation of the military policy which has made possible such Army.

Major-General Henry Upton of the United States Army, perhaps the keenest student of military history our country has produced, graduated from West Point in 1860.

At the end of the Civil War he had commanded, successively, a battery of artillery, regiment of infantry, brigade of infantry, brigade of artillery, and a division of cavalry, and had, in the performance of all his duties, exhibited the highest qualities of command.

After the close of the war he devoted himself to the task of interpreting the lessons of the Civil War, and the result was the formulation of a document which, long buried in the archives of the War Department, in 1904 was brought to the attention of the then Secretary of War, Elihu Root, who had it published under the title of "The Military Policy of the United States," stating that this work ought to be "rescued from oblivion" and "it should be made available for the study of our officers and for the information of all who may be charged with our military policy in the future." Upton, in this document, covered the period which, commencing with our Revolution, included to nearly the end of our Civil War. His work may be said to be the most profound analysis of military and inclusive economic conditions ever published in this country, and as result of this analysis, it is shown conclusively that our militia and volunteer systems have broken down under the stress and strain of war, and that there has been great and unnecessary loss both in life and money.

Upton concludes that only through universal service can there be a dependable military force.

This conclusion, though obvious, was not met by remedial legislation until after the Spanish-American War and the Philippine Insurrection in 1898, during which the confusion and delay resulting from attempted organisation after war had commenced; the lack of supplies, and the great mortality due to preventable diseases, were so evident that there arose on the part of many thinking men a demand that some steps be taken which would prevent a repetition of these conditions. It was this demand that led to the resurrection of Upton's policy, buried years before, and its formulation by Mr. Root as the basis for a study of a military policy for the United States, and it was the publication of this work, its discussion, and the education thereby of the public, that made possible the legislation which, in 1914, gave us the National Defense Act, and later, after our entrance into the war, the Draft Act, which provides for compulsory service. How radical a measure

this is will appear when it is remembered how bitterly the American has always opposed such service. Even where it was evident that the volunteer system was a failure and could not provide the necessary men to maintain our armies in the field, the attempt to fill such armies by draft during the Civil War resulted in riots, disorder, death, and the necessity for calling out troops in order to enforce the mandates of the government.

With all these facts in mind it is not surprising that there were many who, while recognising the necessity for the draft act, were doubtful as to its result. It was not infrequently stated that there would be disorder and opposition on the part of those drafted and their friends, or at the very least that, although there might be obedience to the law, the obedience would be in a great measure unwilling, and that as a result there would be found a certain sullenness and reluctant compliance with the law's demands.

The actual results are exactly the opposite. The machinery for the draft, admirably con-

ceived and carried into execution under the direction of Major-General, then Brigadier-General, Enoch H. Crowder, Provost Marshal of the Army, assembled promptly and without friction the drafted men. These, responding promptly to the call of the government and in obedience to the law, have exhibited astonishing adaptability; their willingness and cheerfulness to fulfil their duty as citizens could not be excelled. Rich or poor, high or low, all have joined together and put forth their best efforts for a common end—the success of their country on the field of battle. As a result of this attitude the progress of instruction has been rapid and most gratifying. On the part of the men themselves there is an evident appreciation, not only of the physical good, which is noticeable, but of the value of the training as a means of discipline and subordination to authority. This is so evident even after the short period these men have been in service that no better example can be offered as to the value of universal service as a means of placing at the disposition of the country, in time of need, a

trained army personnel, and that the individuals of this personnel will return to civil life a higher and better type of citizen physically, mentally, and morally.

The present system is admittedly a makeshift, a war measure made necessary on account of the lack of any adequate provision in law whereby an army could be raised. I believe the law to have been the best possible measure that could have been devised under the then existing conditions, but this does not mean that it is the best measure possible. As a matter of fact, in calling men between the ages of 21 and 31 to the colours, there is a distinct economic loss, owing to the fact that these men have reached a point in their lives where they have embarked seriously upon their business or professional careers; and that many have either taken or are about to take obligations in the shape of wives and families. They are productive units. This economic loss could be avoided by a system of universal service which called for a year's training of the youth of the country from eighteen to nineteen. At that age the

individuals would be neither factors in the business world nor, if it were their intention to enter college, would the loss of a year be material; and it is the age at which most of our soldiers of the great Civil War entered the army. It is hoped that the lesson of unpreparedness which we have learned as a result of our condition at the outbreak of the present war, not only unpreparedness as to trained men, but as to material, will teach us of the wisdom of what Washington said: "In time of peace prepare for war"; so that through this preparation we may get that prevention of war which all of us so earnestly desire.

The sketches to which this **FOREWORD** is an introduction deal with the man who is the product of Upton's policy, and in them are found those touches of human nature which unconsciously reveal his surprise that he is being benefited by the workings of a system to which he has always been opposed, and his enjoyment in his new experience.

The reader understanding the conditions of his service should consider the benefit which



BLOWN IN BY THE DRAFT

CHAPTER ONE

SCRUB OAK AND DUST

1—GENESIS I; i

GEORGE JAMES, Company F, Fifteenth New York Infantry, a soldier of colour and a bugler in his own right and by the grace of Col. William Hayward, stood by the side of the "bull pen" next to the guardhouse at 11 o'clock this first night and sent 1,942 honour men between their army blankets. Officially in each of the dozen barracks United States Army sergeants tucked the 1,942 men in bed, but it was very figuratively speaking in some such words as "There's taps," "Lights out," and "Can the talk."

There weren't any sheets on the beds, and the Ostermoors were hay, and the voice of the sergeants was not mother's sweet good-night. But

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for all that, it was the finest bed and the softest hay and the most welcome words that these same 1,942 young army buds ever had experienced. For that rather rasping, commanding voice marked the end of an absolutely perfect first army day, and the mattress gave a new and accurate meaning to the phrase "hit the hay." And the cool, snappy night, just dashy enough to put the fear of the army in every meadowlark mosquito within five miles of the camp, was just the sort to make even a young selected soldier forget that he was a pretty decent sized hero who had the honour of his little old home town on his shoulders.

How any of these young men could have lived through the farewell given them by the home town and the cigars and wrist watches and toothpaste and good wishes and promiscuous and collective hugging poured out on them, and not arrived at this half grown but thoroughly inspired camp, obsessed with the idea that he was somewhat of a hero—well, it couldn't be done. And the strange part of it is that no one, neither regular officer, reserve or even one of the 150

civilian cooks, has attempted to beat them out of this little idea.

But after all probably most of the 1,942 were so busy registering thrills and posting big resolves and readjusting their minds to the fact that they were on a great and glorious adventure and not being led away to a slave market or open galley that they never bothered to think about this hero stuff. They were starting down a new trail to a new life that has the magic thrill of the unknown. They were going forth to adventure, and behind them were the shops and factories and stores and offices and all the life they had known for their twenty-one or thirty-one years. Adventure was ahead—possibly the Great Adventure.

So they came to camp to-day with joy in their hearts. The three special troop trains that had brought them from the city seemed like nothing so much as football specials on their way to the great game of the season. In each car were three or four little cliques who smoked each other's cigarettes and didn't mind each other's discords, and then in other moments talked a bit seriously

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about the great game that was to begin this same afternoon.

The only other comparison that comes to the mind is a political rally and excursion. Probably the tin horns and the canvas signs and flags gave it this political angle. But whether it had the college or the more mature touch is of small moment.

“Berlin or Bust!” “From the Bowery to France!” “Yaphank - Paris - Berlin Special!” Such signs as these were chalked on the side of the cars, and inside the men were already learning old American army classics that other boys are singing over there—“You’re in the Army Now!” “The Infantry, the Infantry!” and half a dozen others in their original unexpurgated texts.

For the most part the only regulation army uniform the majority of them wore was a wrist watch, and a careful census of the three troop trains led one to believe that this sturdy band of 1,942 young embryo soldiers were carrying more wrist watches than all New York’s 5,000,000 could have mustered a year ago. Now and then

an "O. D." hat would show itself and again an "O. D." shirt and once in a while a full uniform, but mostly they came in mufti.

As each long troop train puffed into the half born station and camp terminal the men were lined up alongside their cars and under the charge of young training camp officers marched to the barracks that had been assigned them. Then came the gallant charge against the noon mess. Now pork and beans, bread, coffee and rice pudding may not sound so tremendously impressive, but just the same it is most satisfactorily filling, and when cooked by Waldorf chefs and Ritz-Carlton second cooks, it's the sort of army chuck that men would fight for.

With mess over, the very delicate ceremony of initiating the men into the solemn rites and benefits of dishwashing was held. And washing aluminum plates and implements in cold water and drying them on company dishcloths chained to the sides of the barracks is a severe test on the kind of stuff that heroes are made of. But George W. Perkins, Jr., late of Princeton, and

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Lee Hor, who used to serve men and women in the Imperial Restaurant, 4 Pell street, before he went into the Army of Freedom, and Harry Booton, D. S. O. who received four wounds at the battle of the Marne fighting under the British Union Jack and begged and pleaded with the board where he had registered as an alien to take him until they did, and the rest of the 1,942 washed away and showed that they had the right sort of stuff in them.

Then came the collection of red cards and the assignment to cots and then the personal interviews with the officers, where every man described the triumphs of his past life and told his preference for just the kind of military service in which he thought he would be happiest and win the most medals.

And then came a blow that was almost as severe as the dishwashing. Each man was told that he must take a complete and thorough bath before 7 o'clock the next morning. Now a civilized bath hath few terrors, but that does not apply to any such openwork, self-ventilated and natural temperatured shower bath and shower

water as are popular this early autumn season in a training camp. The water is clear and cold—wow, how cold!—and the breezes blow in and through and around and under and down from the top of the temporary showers.

But just as every man had washed up his dishes like a neat young bride so did each youngster slip under that nerve testing shower and whoop and yell and snort and swear and then hop out and rub down with a rough old army towel and then feel so good that they all but ate the new pine barracks before supper was ready and served.

Following a robust evening meal, broader and bigger and deeper than the noon mess, came more heart to heart talks with the officers, and all the while speculation about just how long it would be before they would be strolling into Berlin. It is just as well to start this discussion now, because there never will be another evening as long as the men are here in camp that they'll not be worrying their happy, tired heads about the same thing.

But all this is only with the very material side

of the camp. The spirit in the new army men is pronounced to be splendid and beyond criticism. From the commanding general down to the lowliest shavetail the officers are singing the praises of this initial sample of Uncle Sam's new style of fighting men. And first class fighting men and real American soldiers they will be, worthy of every tradition that our arms have established.

But all this is hardly for the ears of innocent young men who have not even yet fully mastered the primitive art and science of army kicking. But leave it to these boys to do that. This first night they sleep the sleep that only a cool night, warm blankets and a tired body and happy minds can bring. Tomorrow morning at 6 o'clock a certain negro, George Gabriel James, a private in Company F, Fifteenth New York Infantry, will blow his brass bugle over by the "bull pen" and a score of cruel, coldhearted United States Army sergeants will rout out 1,942 sleepy young heroes and fill them full of hot breakfast and shoo them in batches of a hundred to their last and final military examination.

If they pass, as they will, they'll be shot full of typhoid and para typhoid serum and then assigned to their companies and measured for uniforms and altogether spend another right busy and perfect day.

It is a great life, this army one.

2—IN ALL HIS GLORY

IT IS a great life and this Army of Freedom is a wonderful institution; one half million boys from cities, farms, factories, stores, flopped down on these raw, half born, yellow pine camps—resembling nothing so much as western mining towns—and swished into uniforms and drilled into army types.

And it is a serious business, even to the stumping and clearing of the thousands of acres in some of the cantonments. For if there is anything about this great game of graduating men in five or six months with the title of Master of the Arts of War that is really serious it's putting



picks and axes into tender city bred hands whose roughest previous tasks have been the handling of typewriter keys and subway tickets. To wit, consider the tale of one Vito Catarino, amateur axeman and lumberman.

Vito Catarino, ex-master barber, Harlemiter, and one time citizen of sunny Italy, tucked the tails of his rented spiketailed coat inside his trousers belt and cursed solemnly in his native tongue. Private Catarino had full reason to swear solemnly. His ax was dull, the stumps were tough and the tails of his rented evening coat flopped continually in the way.

“Hey, whatsa matta you damma coat? I tuckya you in da pants! I fixa you! Dis one great lifa, dis armee—no fight with guns, dig da trees! No gotta da uniform, no gotta da barber tools! What for kinda de life dis war? I’m what you say—outta de luck!”

Private Vito Catarino regripped the handle of his axe and swore softly, sincerely again. For nine years the roughest work Vito’s lily white hands had done was to apply hair oil to scalps at 10 cents the rub. And now great blist-

ers were popping out over them and beads of honest perspiration were jumping forth on Vito's brow.

The trick curl that every trick barber in the world drapes over the forehead had long since straightened out and expired without a gasp. The last faint odour of eau de cologne, that clings to barbers like a London fog on a spring night, had left him days before. The dashing little waxed mustache now drooped crest-fallen and hopeless. And the rented dress suit that had attended more marriages than a county clerk, more funerals than an archbishop and more dinners than a candidate for coroner was but a faded memory of its once blushing, braided, satin lined self.



Of a rare and early vintage, when a dress suit, like a diamond ring, could not be purchased by every necktie salesman in the world for two down and one a month, this dress suit was a high

back, noble old institution that deserved a far better fate than to have its once proud tails drawn up and tucked within its own pants. This last, however, is not exactly correct, because the pants that our hero wore were not the original pants of the suit, though for the last two years they had always gone forth with the coat on errands of mercy and of song and laughter and wine and wimmin. And now they were in the great army of freedom helping to make the world safe for democracy, and at the same time to assist Private Vito Catarino from being branded as a deserter and a coward to this his adopted land.

“I ain’t da soldier—I’m da woodchop,” he muttered on: “Fine bizness no, a fine shaver like I in da armee in a dress suit choppin’ da stumps. Fine bizness.”

Private Catarino rested on his ax handle and let his mind swing back to the days when he cut hair, any style, for 25 cents, and shaved either once or twice over for 15 cents. Them was the days—parties, balls, clubs, dinners, suppers, movies, weddings—ah, weddings—his

sweet bit of memory was changed by the very thought of the word.

Was it not a wedding that had brought disgrace, laughter and heaped coals of contumely on him? Ah, well did he remember. 'Twas but yesterday instead of full two weeks before when he rented this wonderful dress suit, and, with his gorgeous red speckled silk shirt, pink bow tie, black patent leather pumps borrowed from a fellow barber, and the stunning green Alpine hat, started forth on that bright Sunday morning to the church.

Ah, the bride and the bridegroom and the flowers! And then, ah, me! the dinner and the dance party! Six o'clock Monday morning it was when with dress suit intact he had reached home, and there a special delivery letter awaited him, and in it was the fatal little red card notifying him that he was to report at 7 o'clock that same morning to his local board.

"I no go," he swore. "I am an Italliano. I no go."

But Vito went, dress suit, green hat, pumps and all. And ten minutes later, in the same

dress suit, with the two-fifty rent still due, he started forth on his army career.

And what a sensation he was! No barber, not even the High Mystic Shaver of the Safe and Sanitary Order of Tonsorial Artists at convention time, ever created such a sensation as did Vito Catarino of Harlem. And he continued to be a sensation. Uniforms were short and the shoes were coming, and although Vito was assigned to the doggy Company C of the 304th Machine Gun Battalion he continued to wear out the dress suit and the pumps.



Finally an army overcoat was wrapped around the bashful suit and the pants that once strode among the best of them. And the shoes were replaced by a pair of trench brogans and the gorgeous green hat by an army headpiece. But the coat wore on, and the pants wore on, and the silk shirt lost its pink spots and the tie dropped off in a panic.

“All right, you men. Report to barracks at once,” the officer in charge of the stump cleaning detail ordered late this afternoon. “You are to be marched to the Q. M. depot and get your full issue of uniforms.”

Private Vito Catarino, ex-barber, dropped his ax and pulled out the tails of his dress coat. Then he brushed a bit of the dust and grime and dirt off the once satin fronting and smoothed out a few of the wrinkles.

And so with its tails flying and the band playing the coat of a thousand tales went out in a blaze of glory.

3—A MATTER OF OPINION

IT TAKES time to make soldiers—just as it would take time to make a first-class wood chopper out of the barber from Harlem—but it doesn't take long to make a soldier's heart. And just as army pals are found in a night so is the loyalty and love of a rookie's original outfit born in a day. It's part of the wonder of a service that is full of wonders and magic.

The squatty, unshorn, unshaven lad “with

dirt behind his ears” who had spent every other Saturday night in his whole twenty-three years hanging around the corner where Mott Street runs into the Bowery was having a tough time



catching the tune on his battered open-work harmonica.

“Listen, this is the way it goes: Te-tum-de-dum, te-tum-de-dum, de-dum, de-dumdum, de-dum.” The Regular Army top sergeant slowly went through the piece. “Don’t you know Dunderbeck? Holy smoke! Everybody in the army knows that.”

But the rat catcher, having been in the

National Army but five days and never having had to live down any time spent in college, knew not the famous war and campus classic. But he was quick on the fly with rough and tumble music, and in four or five minutes he was knocking old Dunderbeck cold and dead.

Then with the top sergeant as chorus-master and cheer-leader and with the rat catcher pumping away on his ancient mouth organ, the 150 boys who had just been assigned to the Three Hundredth and Something or Other Regiment of infantry sang of the glories of that particular arm of the service:

The infantry, the infantry, with dirt behind their ears,
The infantry, the infantry, that laps up all the beers,
The cavalry, artillery, the bloomin' engineers
They couldn't lick the infantry in a hundred million years.

Over in an artillery barracks, a hundred yards away, another top sergeant with a red cord about his worn and cockey service hat was telling what a fine, first-class bunch of plain and fancy bums were the men who went into the infantry.

“There ain't nothing to it, men,” he was

singing in prose to the one hundred young hopefuls who had only this afternoon been brought together to make up the skeleton of a field artillery regiment.

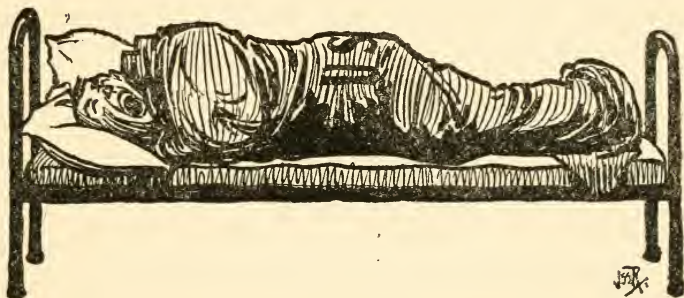
“The infantry is only fur roughnecks. Artillery is the class—better men, better officers, better everything. Gee! you guys don’t know how lucky you are to be over here instead of being in the infantry.”

Across the street in a third barracks a red-necked sergeant was sprawled out on a cot with a charmed circle of men squatted about him describing the glories of the machine gun detachments.

“Class of the army—that’s what I mean. We’re the guys who make the infantry look sick, and you might as well be workin’ in a machine shop as flirtin’ with that artillery. You otta see them little girls of ours work—oh boy, they’re darlings. Four hundred shots a minute and worth more than a whole company of infantry. Wait till them machine guns of ours come—they’ll just about send us across right off the bat.”

And back in the poor, benighted infantry barracks they were merrily singing:

The cavalry, artillery, the bloomin' engineers—
They couldn't lick the infantry in a hundred million years.



CHAPTER TWO

PEGGING AWAY



CHAPTER TWO

PEGGING AWAY

I—"RAIN! YAH BIG FOOL, RAIN!"

AH KEN swim an' Ah ken float; go on an' rain, yah big fool, rain—go on."

Private Roscoe Dickerson Alexander, wet, soaked, half drowned, and with everything washed away but the wide grin he wore when he left New York city three hours before, slipped, splashed, floundered, but kept right on through the downpour.

"Boy, dis ain't no army—dis yar's a navy," Private Roscoe, newly christened to his high title of private, shouted against the storm to equally high Private Ezra Jackson Thomas. "Dis ain't no place for us Americans, Ezra. Dis yar ain't even no right kind for a white man. Go on, yah big fool, rain—go right on. Ah ken swim an' Ah ken float."

And the rain did keep right on shooting down and Roscoe and Ezra and 1,559 other negroes kept on splashing from Camp Upton's Grand Central Station to the barracks, where the 367th Infantry Regiment of the National Army of Freedom will be permanently located.

It was a rough reception to tender San Juan Hill's proud, though far from haughty, fighting representatives, but even the worst storm in all the camp's eight weeks of history could not completely mar the occasion. For these dark birds, along with the Harlem Hopes and the Brooklyn Blacks, rode out from the city in style—real style, such as no plain white selected men have ever ridden in. No pensioned sway back wooden cars rudely taken from some Home for Aged Vehicles brought them out, but brand new spic and span passenger cars of the latest 1917 Long Island model. And there was class to everything about this contingent, even down to the storm.

Then an even dozen of the new soldiers wore shamrocks in the lapels of their dripping coats. And shamrocks and chocolate coloured folk

being a bit of a strange combination for Camp Upton, one diligent, ambitious amateur war correspondent questioned the ancestry of the shamrock.

“Some Irish local board must have given you the decoration, didn’t they, Roscoe?” he asked.

“No, sah; dem ’er shamrocks was give us by a coloured girls’ club up in Harlem—dey’s de emblem of de club, an’ say, boss, when does we get our uniforms? ’At’s what I wanta know—when does we get all ’em sogers uniforms?”

Then, to add to the gaiety of the occasion, there was J. Samuel Brown and his American flag. Approaching a Plattsburg shavetail detailed to officially welcome the negro selected men and herd them down to their barracks, J. Samuel grinned until his ears had to laugh as his mouth went by.

“Gen’ral, ken I get youh permission to carry dis yer flag at de head of de procession as dey marches by? Eh, Gen’ral?”

And Gen’ral Shavetail having had most of his military starchness rained out, announced that J. Samuel could march at the head, rear or mid-

dle of the procession, all the way there and back, or words to that effect, as far as he was concerned or interested. And J. Samuel did—right at the head with Ezra and Roscoe and the others trooping along behind.



But it was not flags or storm or even Gen'ral Shavetail that really worried these 1,559—it was uniforms. If your feet get wet you can dry them but you can't be a soldier without a uniform. And these grinning, merry dark boys—bless 'em!—wanted to be soldiers.

2—THE RAT CATCHER FROM RIVINGTON STREET

THIS same question of uniforms sits tight in the guest room of every rookie's heart. Coloured lads—who, incidentally, will add to the glory and name of the famous old coloured regiments of the U. S. regulars—the barber from Harlem with his rented dress suit, and the Rat Catcher, all think and dream uniform until they get them. And then—and not until then—are they happy.

The rat catcher from Rivington street stood before the bulletin board in his barracks in a certain company of the 305th Infantry, National Army of freedom. Tucked under the curve of his left arm was the last bit of worldly goods that still linked him with the old life—his civilian clothes.

The rat catcher, beady eyed, small and swarthy, as an ex-professional rat catcher should be, wanted some silver change. Over in the post exchange were great forty story high piles of crisp golden pies, and outdoors it was muggy and drizzly and damp—and a whole piece could turn it into a perfect day.

But the rat catcher had not the price of even a single, stingy half, and so it was that he was spelling out the typewritten notices on the bulletin in the faint hope of disposing for real coin of the pie counter of the clothes that he had once held were the gladdest rags in all the East Side.

Three ways, he read, were open for the disposal of his once proud raiment—he could send them home, donate them for the Belgian Relief,

or deposit them for the Belgian Relief and make a claim for remuneration. But way number one held no interest for the rat catcher, for the simple and sufficient reason that he had no home to send them to. Way number two had its appeal but had little to do with the cherished ambition to possess himself of one flaky, mellow apple pie. Way number three offered the only hope and consolation.

Now a little farther down in the printed slip a new paragraph bearing the signature of Adj.-Gen. McCain drew his careful attention. Going slowly, the grubby, squatty little soldier worked his way through the following:

“The Commission for Relief in Belgium has received a pathetic appeal from Belgium for clothing and has secured permission to import 400 tons over the Dutch frontier. It is believed that the cast off civilian clothing of the drafted men now entering cantonments would be a most valuable and welcome contribution for Belgian Relief.

“Each drafted man in your cantonment could feel that by this contribution he had al-

ready begun to render most valuable service in the cause for which he is taking up arms."

Sentiment had never played any great part in the rat catcher's life or profession, nor had any consideration of shivering, hungry Belgians kept him from enjoying to the full such meals as he had been able to garner. But now for some strange reason, being a soldier in Uncle Sam's uniform and facing the prospect of going over there where those same unfortunates were shivering, cast a new light on the deal.

The idea that any one could possibly want these very clothes that he was willing and hopeful to trade for a pie or two, the rat catcher mused. Holy gee! Didn't it read in plain black and white that "every drafted man could feel that by this contribution he had already begun to render most valuable service in the cause for which he is taking up arms"?

So this would help, eh? Some poor guy over there was needing that bunch of ex-dude clothes that he used to parade down Rivington street in when he wanted to give all the girls a treat.

And they wanted 'em over there. Well, for the love of Mike!

This would be a good time to have the rat catcher sniffle and gulp a bit, but real ex-rat catchers don't do any regular sniffing and gulping to speak of outside our greatest monthly publications and our two buck dramey. So what our hero really did was to shuffle over to the Captain's room, knock at his door, and when he was inside salute and tell his business.

"Here's some rags for them Belgians, Captain. Only the guy what gets 'em will think he oughta take a collection for us over here."

Saluting, the rat catcher left the room, turned into the big main floor dormitory, found his cot and curled up on it. If he had done something handsome and was just a little of a hero he never knew it. Probably he never will know it, but this winter somewhere in Belgium there'll be some one who'll hope that not less than a Congressional medal of honour alights on the rather puny chest of the rat catcher from Rivington street.

3—"OI! OI! DAT'S I"

MANY there are in these pegging away days of the Army of Freedom's adolescence who find it hard to catch the great moving spirit of patriotism. It takes time to make real Americans—and it's a queer, human job, shot full of humour and pathos and pettiness and fineness. It's a queer, human job.

The Cohens, who this year wrested from the Smiths the honour of leading the New York City Directory, have captured easily all family medals at Camp Upton, and within the Cohen tribe itself the Morris Cohens have won, hands down.

There came one morning to Capt. Charles M. Bell's barracks a telegram from the city addressed to Morris Cohen, Company G, 306th Infantry. Taking down his company roster Capt. Bell discovered that he had three Morris Cohens, exactly the same in name and outward appearance, listed and in good standing.

"We'll try them out until we find the right one," Capt. Bell suggested to his first sergeant.

“Have the orderly round them up and send them here one at a time.”

Three minutes later a young man knocked at the Captain’s door, entered, saluted and announced that he was Morris Cohen.

“Here’s a wire for you,” Capt. Bell announced, handing him the message.

Quickly Morris tore open the envelope and took out the yellow sheet. When his eyes raced through the message he burst forth in a regular peal of joy.



“Oi! Oi!” he shouted. “I got go by city. Lookey, Captain, he say I get claim. Oi! Oi!”

Capt. Bell took the telegram and glanced through it. It read: “Exemption claim granted. Papers will follow immediately. Chairman Exemption Board.”

“I go back, no? Oi! Oi! What for I want a be soldier? I go home. Oi! Oi!”

“Leave your wire here, Cohen; that’s all,” ordered the Captain. Then when the young

soldier had left he turned to his orderly and instructed him to bring on his next Morris Cohen.

Two minutes later another knock at his door. Enter Morris No. 2, who salutes and repeats: "I am Morris Cohen, sir." Same business of examining message and same happy cry.

"I knowed it!—I knowed it! Oi! I hurry by my packing. Oi, Oi!"

"You're positive that this message means you, are you Cohen?" Capt. Bell questioned.

"Positiv! Don't I got a fadder and mudder in Russia what I got to send money for? Don't I got a claim in—ask me, mister, don't I?"

"That's all, you may go." Then turning to the orderly: "You can bring in No. 3 now."

No. 3 blundered in without knocking and after being reprimanded was handed the telegram.

"Oi! It's me! It's me! Ain't it fine? I go by my goil. I knowed it always. Thanks, Captain. Oi! It's me!"

"Are you positive?"

"Sure, I'm positively. Don't I got a brudder what can't work? Don't I got a claim and everything? Ask me, Captain, don't I?"

“All right, that’s all.”

“I go by the city right away queck, Captain—right away, no?”

“Yes—right away, no,” answered Capt. Bell. “Just for fun we’ll wait until the papers come. But don’t let that spoil any of your pleasure.”

And it did not. Morris Cohen, No. 3, was packing away just as merrily at 6 o’clock this evening as was Morris Cohen, No. 2, or even the original Morris Cohen, No. 1. It was a chance that any Morris Cohen in the world would have taken with betting even and a clear field.

But until to-morrow when the papers arrive bearing such trifling little details as board numbers and addresses none of Company G’s little family of Cohens will admit the possibility of any doubt. Each knows that the other Morris Cohens are but rank imposters.

To-morrow will be a red-letter day in the family history.

4—“IT’S NAE MAIR A SANG TAE ME”

A QUEER and human job—this making of a real American National Army. The Cohens

help, and the barber from Harlem helps—and a little gnarled man from across the seas helps.

There was a black band around the left sleeve of Harry's stubby little trick coat, the coat that all of Britain and half of America loves. The master fun-maker with the broken heart tried to hide it. He tried to hide it behind the smile that has made kings laugh and the songs that millions have shouted for, but the brave attempt only made the smile finer and gave to the songs a new tenderness and beauty.

Harry sang them all, "She's My Daisy," "It's Nice to Get Up in the Morning," and the 2,000 odd soldiers who were able to crowd into the old ex-Chautauqua Y.M.C.A. tent sang them with him. And he told his stories, the old ones and the new ones, with the same wonderful Scotch twist, and pranced about with those same famous gnarled legs of his, and scattered the same smile. But there on his left sleeve was the narrow black ribbon, and every man who laughed with him knew that Jock was dead—Harry's own supreme contribution to the great war—and so they knew too that the smile was

forced and the gay tales were only tricks, and that what this fun-maker really wanted to do was to tell about Jock and how he died like a hero in the trenches of France, and how, instead of being a joyous fun-maker, he was a lonely, heart-broken man, who was willing to do his bit by singing to soldiers.

“Some one asked me to sing ‘There’s a Wee Hoose Amang the Heether,’” he announced toward the end of his programme, the smile dropping as he spoke the words. “Eh, I don’ know. The last time I sung that song was in front of Arras in France before 15,000 Scottish troops spread out in a great horseshoe about me. That’s the last time I sung it and ever since then its nae mair been a sang tae me—it’s been a hymn, it has.”

This last was almost in a whisper and the 2,000 men thought that now he would tell about his boy Jock—all that he had in the world. For a long space there was no sound, only the patter of rain on the ancient canvas. Then just the suspicion of a sigh and then the smile.

“It’s a hymn to me now, boys,” he went on. “I want ye to learn it wi’ me—so ye can sing it when ye gat there, too. It’ll do ye a lot of good over there.”

Once—twice—the fun-maker with the broken heart sang it, and then slowly, bashfully and hesitatingly the 2,000 took it up. It was a new “Home, Sweet Home,” and to these men who some day soon will face the great test it brought the war and all that it means and may mean in sacrifice and future closer and surer than it has ever been brought to them before.

And after they had sung it over and over again and then swung on to “Roaming in the Gloaming” then the Harry that the war has changed talked for a few minutes of the great responsibility and privilege that is theirs.

“The brawny, tawny hand of Britain is ready to welcome ye, boys,” he went on. “We’re all in it—in this great melting pot—and when we emerge we will be a still greater and better civilisation. The world is on fire and you boys are the firemen who must put it out. And you’ll do it—by God, you will. And when you get to

France and put it out don't leave one wee bit of red smouldering, boys. Put it out."

And then this new Harry compared the soldiers of America to the lamp lighter who, passing on in his work, leaves behind the brilliant street. "You boys are the lamp lighters of the world. You're going to light up civilisation as never before. And it will be very beautiful that your children will be able to say, 'my dad lit that light.'"

When the cheers had died down there was a new war song—the British Brigade—a song that all Britain is singing. And tears forced to smiles flashed in Harry's eyes. The close of the chorus ran:

When we all gather 'round the old fireside
And the old mother kisses her son
All the lassies will be loving all the laddies,
The laddies who fought and won.

The smile was gone from the master fun-maker's lips and eyes. His heels clicked and his hand snapped to his Scotch tam-o'-shanter in salute—not the salute that the men of Camp Upton are being taught, but one that 3,000,000

other brave soldiers are using on the battle front.

“Fought and won,” he repeated, “American soldiers, I salute you!”

Then with the 2,000 drawn to their feet and cheering, the master fun-maker turned to the exit.

There was a black band around the left sleeve of the stubby little brown trick coat—the coat that all of Britain and half of America loves.

5—TIPS ON TELEGRAMS

FROM Harry Lauder to Blackey the Wop is a man-size jump—but this is a man-size army. And if there is any one thing that a man-sized army will fight for it's its days off. So let there be tips on telegrams for the next army that follows.

“Say, you're a lucky stiff—to be gettin' to go home on Saturday morning again. I'm all out of luck.” Blackey the Wop, having this Friday beheld the week end pass of Private Johnny Grimaldi, cursed gently in mother tongue and then swung without a break into the virile language of his adopted land.

“Know what they done to me?” continued Blackey the Wop, high private of Company H, 306th Infantry, army of freedom.

“They gives me the horse laugh when I takes that telegram into my Cap. And that was some telegram, too. Lookey at it.”

Private Johnny Grimaldi, once of Red Hook, Brooklyn, and holder in his own gang of a position corresponding to that of Second Lieutenant, took the yellow sheet and slowly spelled it out. It ran:

“Mother very low. Come at once.—Clara.”

“You oughta said it was your wife who was dyin’,” Private Grimaldi contributed. “You can’t never get by with that kind of rough stuff with our Captain. You gotta have nothin’ less than a wife sick or else shoot one of these things at him.”

From the right hand pocket of his “O. D.” blouse Private Johnny took out a folded document that bore all the ear-marks of having been made by official hands and sealed with many and divers seals.

“That’ll get you out, kid, every time.” Pri-

vate Johnny expanded his chest three inches. "Get one of them and you can always beat it home."

Although Blackey the Wop knew from former personal contact with just such official documents just what this important paper carried, he waded through it slowly and thoroughly. He saw that according to the fable typed on its lily white face one, John Grimaldi of Brooklyn, was summoned, advised, entreated, requested, ordered, corpus delictied, habeas corpused and generally invited to appear in said court on the said day of November 3d to answer to the charges of assault and battery, not to say a sundry few punctures and slashes on the person of one Mike, the Monk. In lieu of failing to report the sum of \$300 in real coin of the Republic would go forthwith to the county of Kings with best wishes and many happy returns of the day.

"I'd almost take one of them black lamps you got hooked on you fur a sure bet to get home like that," Blackey the Wop announced. "You'll get out without no fine or nothing and

have two trips home. But the next time they might put you in the hospital.”

Private Grimaldi, ex-Red Hook gangster, raised his right hand unconsciously to his right cheek and felt of a large walnut-sized bump thereon. Above the bump extended a bluish-yellow circle that still bore silent testimony of a terrible wallop that had once been delivered there.

And through Private Grimaldi's brain space there trailed the verdant, fresh memory of his previous week's visit to home, with its subsequent rather violent adventure. He recalled as if it were but an hour ago his masterful telegram dictated to a friend in the city from the nearby Y. M. C. A. on that Friday morning one week ago, and sent him as per orders that same afternoon.

“Come home the worst way,” it had read. And this moment he recalled the pleasant little answer of First Lieutenant Czak: “Well, I guess you better take the Long Island.”

But for all that it was his turn to be in the lucky twenty-five per cent. who were allowed

passes. And so fixed up in shiny new uniform Johnny had gone forth for to adventure.

But that Saturday night while innocently giving the maidens of Red Hook a treat Johnny had run into a pair from the rival gang, and without opening diplomatic negotiations or making peace offerings action was immediately started. And Johnny, having been studying military tactics and the history of the European war, knew that a drive in the hand is worth two in the spring, and did most of the opening.

The casualties, while slight, were painful, and enumerated as follows:

Four black eyes, one broken nose bridge, one twisted thumb, five front teeth, three arrests on charge of assault and battery.

And, being a soldier a-servin' in the great army of freedom, Private Grimaldi was released on \$300 bail and returned to camp, Monday. To-day, armed with the papers, he sought and obtained a pass for to-morrow to report to the court in his native village of Brooklyn.

"It ain't what it used to be," pined poor Blackey the Wop. "Until two or three weeks

ago any old kind of a telegram woulda got you through, but now you got to have a doctor's certificate, a wedding license and a cash guarantee before them officers will give you a tumble. She sure ain't what she used to be in this army."

And therewith Private Blackey the Wop spoke a great and lasting truth. Never again will the old days when by wire you could kill off wives, mothers, sweethearts and fathers without thought or choice come again.

And so it is that never again will Friday afternoons—for more than a month held sacred as the proper time for fake messages calling the rookies back to the city for week ends—seem the same. Instead of having fifty to a hundred fake messages to smile over company commanders now have less than a dozen to turn down. It's almost part of the routine now.

The mills of the God of War grind slowly, but they grind exceedingly fine—and strange as well.

6—FIRST CLASS FIGHTIN' MEN

AND these same mills keep everlastingly at their slow and fine and strange grindings.

And their grist—upstanding, clean young soldiers—justify their existence. They are war's great alibier.

“You don't get nuttin' but a revolver, and ya can't use that unless your wounded are fired on. Ugh! I thought I was going to be a regular soldier and not no female nurse.”

Private Larry Doyle, attached to the sanitary train of the 304th Field Artillery, flipped away the butt of his cigarette and swore softly, almost sweetly. He was peeved—he was sore. His was the mood that mutinies—real mutinies, though only vociferous ones—are born in. The great Army of Freedom had jipped him.



Instead of transforming him—a \$16 order clerk in a grocery store—into a two fisted, bloodthirsty fighting man, this promising young army had shoved him down the manly scale until he was naught but a non-combative

hanger-on. Although officially a gun toter, his weapon might just as well be a toy pistol for all the shooting fun he could have with it.

“I didn’t put in no claim for exemption,” Private Larry went on. “I was perfectly willing to be a soldier, but I want to be a soldier, and what did they do to me? Give me a rifle and let me have a real chance? I should guess not. They sticks me over here in this outfit to do everything but what a soldier is expected to do.

“Sanitary train, me eye! Inspecting mess kitchens and carryin’ stretchers and lolly popping around the hospital and bein’ handy man, nursemaid, hired girl, fly swatter and little curly haired boy for a lot of regular fightin’ guys. Sanitary train—safe and sanitary. Don’t that beat hell?”

Private Larry’s question called for a strong affirmative, and he received it. It was but a crumb of consolation, but it helped.

“And just think, this is what I get because I asked for the artillery. I always thought

artillery was the classy bunch, but never again. I'm offa these artillery guys for life. The infantry's the real McCoy. You can get action there. That's me—I want a real gun so I can shoot whenever I darn please, 'Only use your side arms when your wounded is fired on'—now, ain't that a fine order to hand a fellow like me.

“Say, do you know what's going to happen around this joint? Well, I'll tell you—half of the twenty-six men in this pink tea sanitary train has applied to be assigned somewhere else. We're for going into the infantry, where you can get something for your money. Let some of these nuts who're afraid to do any fighting come over here and take our jobs.

“And say, listen! If anybody tells you us conscripts are afraid to fight and don't want to get up in front where the music is just refer 'em to the sanitary train—or what used to be the sanitary train.”

And with this bit of compressed air off his chest Private Larry turned on his heels and took his righteous cause into his barracks. But a

wish went with him—a wish that he may forever have an infantryman's famous and well known "dirt behind his ears."

It's so little to ask for after all.

CHAPTER THREE

ALLIES ALL

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1—KELLY OF THE ENGINEERS

THE other Kelly was known as Kelly of the Foreign Legion. Some day this one will be known as Kelly of the Engineers—or may be even Kelly of the National Army.

The other Kelly was pure American and proudly gave his life for France and Britain and freedom. This Kelly, a Scot, gave two brothers and a sister to the same glorious cause and now stands ready to make the great final sacrifice for America. Some day you will read again about this Kelly of the Engineers.

Down at the bottom end of the two mile deep U that encloses the 1,500 odd buildings of this thrilling, stirring caldron where all races and classes and colours are welded into American

soldiers, lies the engineers' section. On the very top of the highest knoll overlooking the great spread of shining pine buildings rests the barracks that holds Company B, 302d Engineers, Capt. Frederick Greene commanding.

The engineers are picked men and with 40,000 to choose from they have drawn talent enough to build another Panama Canal or a second Woolworth Building. Scores of their privates hold college engineering degrees. Other scores have been practical draftsmen and hundreds have expert trades and professions that make them in many ways the brains of the whole division.

There was assigned to the engineers September 10 from the first quota of selected men sent down from New York city, a likely young man of fair height and average physique whose trade of expert camouflage destroyer painter promised to be of special value to this hard working and dangerous branch of the service. His name was James Kelly, and when Capt. Greene first ran through the mustering cards of his company he turned to his First Lieutenant and remarked

that indeed this was a weird army to have among a thousand other strange things a Scot born in Glasgow who bore the rich Irish name of James Kelly.

But even Captains of engineer companies who only have to work fifteen or eighteen hours a day may soon forget all about Scots with Irish names, so it was that for the past month James Kelly has been nothing more to Capt. Greene than an upstanding young soldier who learned quickly, drilled well and had the earmarks of a possible non-com. He was one of the 250, just a young man down from the city for whom apparently the war was away off in miles and time.

But yesterday afternoon the first sergeant handed Private Kelly a letter that bore foreign postmarks and across the back was stamped a black square marked "Passed by Censor." Kelly sat down on his cot and read it. Then he stared straight in front of him for a long time. The letter and the foreign marked envelope slipped from his fingers to the floor.

That evening after mess while he was smoking

with his bunkie pal Kelly handed over his letter for him to read.

“Well, ain’t that a shame,” the bunkie stuttered when he’d read half way through. “Yer sister killed by them Germans while she was tendin’ wounded up near the front. God! Say, I’m sorry, Jimmy.”

“She was shot through the leg a year ago,” Private Kelly slowly explained. “We were all scared to have her to go back again, but she did, and this is what happened. That’s three now. My older brother, Kenneth, who enlisted at the start of the war in the Seventh Brigade, Scottish Highlanders, was killed a year ago. Then there was my kid brother—he wasn’t nothing but a nineteen-year-old kid—who enlisted in the Black Watch and was killed in France about six months ago. That’s three.”

Jimmy’s bunkie swallowed hard. For the first time in all his twenty-three years of narrow city life deep tragedy and blinding hatred of war was brought home to him. Here was something concrete, something that he could grab and swing to France upon.

“Three of youse!” he repeated to himself. “And one of ’em a girl—a Red Cross nurse! What do ya think of that? Three of youse!”

Private Kelly’s face was flushed, but his tone was low and cold.

“They tortured my brother to death because he wouldn’t tell the Germans about our plans for mining—that’s what a soldier captured with him who escaped wrote me. They tortured him till he died.”

Jimmy’s bunkie had no word for that, but a half minute later he turned and asked, “Why didn’t you go over a long time ago?”

“I tried to get in every way I knew how. I went home the first year of the war and tried to enlist, but they wouldn’t take me—said my teeth were bad and I had a tobacco heart. Then I went back after my first brother was killed and tried again, but they wouldn’t have me. Then when America went into the war I tried to enlist in the regulars, but I failed. After that I thought I’d do my bit by helping fix up Uncle Sam’s U-boat hunters—I’m an expert outside painter.

“When the drawing came off in Washington I found my number was one of the first drawn, but I didn’t get much excited because I figured they wouldn’t let me pass anyway. I reckoned this would be about my last chance, so I knocked off smoking and spent \$50 having my teeth all fixed up. At first they didn’t want to bother to examine me at the local board—you know I’m still a British subject, although I’ve been over here eight years. But I told ’em how badly I wanted to get in and about my two brothers, and they let me slip through. Now I got my chance.”

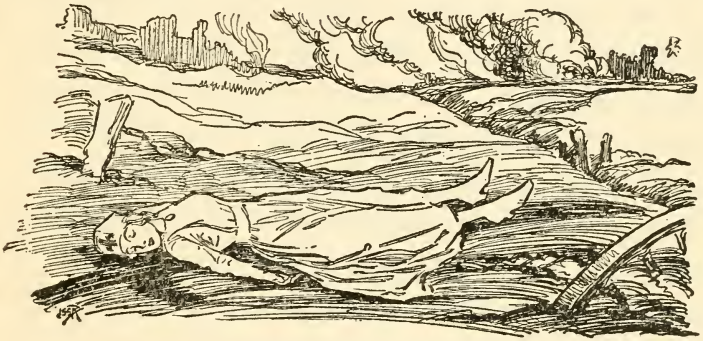
Again there was a long break in the story. Jimmy’s bunkie didn’t dare try to talk, so he went on with the letter that had been written three weeks before by Jimmy’s mother. Toward the end, after all about how the sister was killed, there was a paragraph that must have meant a lot to Jimmy. It read:

“You’re the last boy I have, Jamie, but I thank God every night of my life that they’re allowing you to go now. Two boys and a girl is a lot to pay, Jamie, but I’ll pay all rather than

have the sacrifice be in vain. Oh, thank God for America!"

Slowly Jimmy's bunkie folded up the letter and handed it back to the Scot with the Irish name.

Some day you'll again hear about this Kelly of the Engineers.



2—LAUNDRY AND MACHINE GUN

AND Kelly of the Engineers is to have help—sundry and varied and conglomerate help—even to the 'Eathen Chinees.

In the piping days of peace a Chinese story had to be well plastered with joss sticks, idols, incense, heathen gods, tomtoms, pigtailed, flowing sleeves, almond eyes, chop suey, chop sticks and

chop English. To-day a Chinese yarn is done up in regulation "O. D." uniform, clicking heels, right hand salutes, kitchen pots and all the well-known army terms. The grand old game of fantan must be omitted, gambling being quite against the regulations, and such chance drawing as is done follows strict alphabetical lines.

Chin Wah, recent laundry expert and proprietor in full with Sing Ing of the "Oriental Hand Laundry" in East 155th Street, The Bronx, silently rolled another pill. "Pill" is used with proper explanatory note, because whereas in the rare old fiction days "cooking a pill" had to do with yen hop, to-day it tells of naught but rolling a cigarette. And in the great democratic army of freedom all men of all races and creeds, colours, sizes and nationalities roll pills.

With his cigarette lighted and one deep inhalation gained Chin settled back on his army cot with complete Americanized Oriental satisfaction.

"Great life if you don't weaken, eh, Wah?" Battling Murphy, one-time Gopher, contributed.

“Me likee almee vely much,” Chin announced.
“Evly lettle ting vely fine.”

“Who’s this pal of yours, Wah—this other Chinese, Sing Ing, or something musical like that? Did he come out here with you? He’s always sticking around you like you owed him some dough or else he was trying to nick ya for some. Gimme a light.”

Chin Wah crossed his legs and then passed over his lit cigarette.

“He my bludder Ing. He wolka tlee years on Hunded flity-fif stleet wif me.”

“Oh, he’s your brother, eh?”

“No special bludder; he my plal. He come in dlaft wiv me. He my plal.”

In the two days that Chin Wah and his pal had been in Company A, 304th Machine Gun Battalion, Battling Murphy, the Gopher, had taken up most of his off hours talking to him. Chin’s frontal attack on the Bat’s brand of the King’s own English was about the funniest thing that the Battler had heard since the busy days of September 10, when he had first joined out in this great army of emancipation. Then,

too, Chin always had a full bag of the makin's and a trick smile and he was rare sport for the Battler.

But Chin's pal bothered him a lot.



“Where’s ya catch this here bird anyhow, Wah?” the Battler rambled on. “He must be some rare Chinese fowl that sailed in on the big draft.”

“Me no cathum; he my plal. Know what he fella do? He come ’long me. Sing, he some boy.”

“Some boy is right, Chin Wah. Loosen up with the story. You ain’t holdin’ out nothin’, are you, Chin. He ain’t no kidnapped heathen maiden in disguise or nothin’ like that is he Chin?”

Chin slowly shook his head, and then recrossing his legs related in the best laundry English just how he came by Sing, and how he entered

the "Suicide Club," as the men of the machine gun battalion are wont to call themselves in modest moments of self-appraisal when on Sunday leaves their best girls breathlessly pick up the army pearls dropped casually from their lips.

"Well, Sing he lun launlee up on Huddled Flifty-fif' street along me. Not got a lotta monee but plenty, so when dlaft come my number he way up soon, but Sing he way dlon low. Sing he like my bludder and he say, 'I wanta go along you.'

"Dlon stleet nother Chineeman he lun laundlee and he gotta low number like me. He no wanta glo, so Sing he go that fella and he say, 'Me go flor you.' That fella he say, 'Sure Mike,' and Sing he go to blord along me and everting fine."

"That guy was nuts. That's what I mean, Chin," interrupted the Battler, memories of his valiant claim for exemption still green.

Two full minutes it took Chin to make the Battler withdraw his accusation and then he continued his narrative. Taking the physical examination in the name of the rival and less

warlike competitor, Sing Ing had passed and been ordered to leave for Camp Upton October 1. With Chin he had reported for duty promptly and after repassing the physical examination here had been assigned to the Headquarters Troop. Being of unknown fighting ability and handy with the laundry iron and cook stove, it had seemed to the powers that be in army circles that Sing Ing and Chin Wah would best do in this non-fighting though quite doggy branch of the service.

But Sing and Chin had not been consulted, and instead of visions of returning with medals on their chests and battle scars to go swaggering about Chinatown with they could see naught but a peaceful, almost household, future pressing some general's pants or running errands on motorcycles or at the most carrying messages to the front. And Sing and Chin wanted service, raw red service, where the bullets were the thickest and the battle roar the loudest.

So following a conference of war they decided to put in a request for transfer, choosing the rollickinest, fightenest, cockiest outfit in the

whole division, known even by their own admission as "the Suicide Club," and the little gods of fate who pull the army strings and tangle up army red tape jerked a thread here and another there and bright and early Tuesday morning Sing and Chin, the Celestial twins, trekked with mattress and blankets from Headquarters barracks to the barracks of Company A, 304th Machine Gun Battalion, Capt. Alfred Roelker, commanding.

"Well, whatcha think of that? Welcome home, old kid!" the Battler contributed. "Say, whadja do with your shirt washin' outfit?"

"Sing he sell laundlee for tle hunded dlolla." Chin rose, yawning and stretching his five feet four. "We bly Libbuly Bonds. Say, when we go this here damma Germainee?"

3—FIVE TIMES A DAY

A CERTAIN Little Corporal at some officers' mess in Moscow or Paris a century or so ago once dropped the pearl about an army travelling on its stomach. And to-day the West front is proving this to be quite literally true. But ten

thousand hard cooking Knights of the White Apron—and not always so dudishly white at that—are going to see that Kelly and Chin and Sing and their million pals have well filled, comfortable tummies to travel on.

And when one of these ten thousand Knights bears by chance the magic name of Omar it's high time we smote our blommin' lyre and sing of hash and pork and beans and army cooks and sealing wax and kings.

Ben Ali Omar patted his two and a half-dollar department store prayer rug with an affectionate and loving pat. "A fine rug she is," Ben allowed. "I buy him two dollar half and I keep him rolled up for the clean. Five times a day I roll him out and pray on him to Allah. Fine rug, eh?"

Ben Ali carefully rolled up his precious autumnal brown rug with the large red roses around the border and tucked it under his folded blanket pillow. Ben Ali was receiving in his own private apartment over the officers' quarters of the 152d Depot Brigade. And Ben Ali was wearing neither his trick prayer suit nor his

white pants with coat to match which he sports as cook of the officers' mess. In fact, Ben Ali was wearing mostly an ancient and faded pair of striped blue denim trousers and an equally ancient quarter sleeve undershirt.

It being neither Ben Ali's hour for prayer nor cheffing, as the Upton saying is, he rambled on concerning batter cakes, religion, war, camels, his native Morocco, slave boys and morals. For be it known that Ben Ali Omar is as much of a philosopher as his famous old namesake, Kid Khayyam, and also he is so venerable himself that his upper front teeth, tiring of their long and little appreciated efforts, have dropped out one by one.

"Sure, I said my prayers five times a day," Ben Ali continued. "Four o'clock by the morning, 1 o'clock by the dinner, 4 afternoon and 5, then 8 by the night. Each once I wash the hands, feet, face, put by the clean suit and unroll my rug. Everything she clean for the prayers."

Then Ben Ali's eighteen years residence in New York popped to the fore.

“But oh, boy! she was some tough by the 4 o’clock by the morning. Look my hands! Know what she is? I don’t any dish washer got and I wash the dish by hot, but I wash the hands by the cold water. Look and you know what, every morning 4 o’clock I wash the hands and feet in water like the ice. Oh, boy, she was cold! And look this suit, thin like the paper, eh? I put him on and get on the rug. Oh, boy!”

Ben Ali’s audience shivered with him. Four o’clock is a rough hour for man or beast these November mornings, and besides, Ben Ali had been naturalised these ten years and more. And Ben Ali’s lily white trick prayer pants, with coat to match, once might have served as a pair of summer pajamas.

“Na, I don’t go by the war; I am ald like a grandfar, but I make good cook. Oh, boy! I go to France with the officers and when get to Berlin, oh, boy! When we get by there I get ver’, ver’ drunk. An’ I don’t get a drink for eighteen years. But when we get to Berlin, oh, boy!”

Ben Ali's ancient eyes sparkled in anticipation of the big victory drunk at Berlin.

"When I was young I was a—what you say—rum hound. In Morocco I was. I was raise devil all time. I was always fight, oh, boy! I get shot here wonst."

Ben Ali raised up and turned around. Then he sat down again.

"Sure, I get put out of Morocco. Then I come over here and I save the mooney and never get no drunk or raise the hell or something. After I been here six year I go back to Morocco and buy a farm for \$800 and three camels for forty dollar and get my mooter a slave boy for six dollar. You know what they say; no more slave bizness. What for kind of a thing was that, eh? My bruther fight for French and was killed two months ago. They got the revolution.



“But I don’t care French don’t I? I am American and don’t I in the American Army a chef, and don’t I go to Germany with my officers? I get ’em all fat and nice and we fight the Germany and that crazy big fool that Kaiser. Sure, I take my prayer rug to Berlin with me. And five times a day I pray for America. Sure! Sure! An’ if we no ken wheep Germany—poof! the world she go! But we fight him. Five times a day I pray. But oh, boy! that cold water she hurt my poor hands at four by the morning! Ain’t I a fine chef and should I get a dish wash? Sure! To-morrow my officers go by New York for the Thanksgiving and I go too for the dishwash. Then my hands they get well and I can wash in the cold water.

From Ben Ali’s home-made mantel an alarm-clock, lying face downward, tore off a wild alarm. In one grab Ben Ali reached it and shut off the gong. “Oh, boy! She is eight o’clock! Now for the beeg prayer. I wash the hands and feet and put on the special close. Goo-bye, mister, goo-bye.”

Even before the door slammed behind Ben

Ali's visitor, there came the sound of ablutions and sacred water rites being performed within. Down the hall Capt. William H. Young, Ben Ali's greatest admirer and booster, was standing in his own doorway. "Some bird, isn't he?" the Captain suggested.

"Rather. Going to France with you, too, he says. Some bird is right."

Then seeping through the thin walls of the officers' quarters came strange, weird sounds resembling something between the wail of a lost soul and the cry of a strayed or stolen puppy. In all Camp Upton's 30,000 no such sound as this ever had been uttered.

"That's Ben Ali now," Captain Young remarked. "That part's about what the United States is going to do to the Kaiser, if Ben Ali's prayer is answered. It's something about broiling the gent."

Ben Ali kept right on. He certainly had a lot on his chest when it came to being a Kaiser hater. The visitor turned to go. It was a most impressive place, this outfit. And Kaiser hating isn't any tight society and should have a

large membership, but Ben Ali, from Morocco, was setting the pace.

“Guess that goes for me, too, what Ben’s saying about broiling the gent,” he said, softly closing the door behind him.

CHAPTER FOUR
THE FOLKS FROM HOME

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1—THE LITTLE OLD LADY IN THE FLIVVER

THIS is going to be a piece about the little old lady in the flivver. There's been story after story written about the selected men, and a certain crap shooting, piano playing negro battalion on guard here, and the 13,000 workmen who are bringing up this great city by hand, and even about the big officers with stars on their shoulder straps who haunt headquarters on the hill, but this is the first time that the little old lady in the flivver has broken into print.

It was quite a trip out here from where she started from, and the flivver met a number of new trick bounces and jolts and jars, but roads and bumps and drivers are all the same to untemperamental Henry the 1915th. Ma and Pa and Sis and the Kid got an early start and it

was about eleven o'clock this morning when they jogged over the railroad track and passed by the big darkey soldier with a rifle over his shoulder doing his bit toward making the world safe for democracy by walking guard at the official camp entrance. Being Sunday Ma and Pa and Sis and the Kid were not stopped or questioned.

In fact they were not stopped or questioned anywhere, but oh, what a great job of stopping and questioning they themselves did!

Pa first brought the boat to a stop in front of one of the grinning, happy guards, and quite casually asked where the boys from New York city could be found.

"Follow dis yare road, boss," the chocolate doughboy answered, pointing with his rifle down the dusty, crowded highway that has been dubbed "Broadway." "Den you turn to youh right and dar it be." Pop started to throw Henry into gear, or whatever it is you do to him, when Ma leaned out of the back seat, and with an old-fashioned smile like all mothers used to make, started in on this darkey boy.

“It’s George Brodine we’re looking for. You know; George came down last Monday with the other boys and we’ve come out to see him and see how he’s getting along, and if you could tell us where to find him, why we’d just be ever so much obliged.”

“Well, mam, I don’t know only dat——”

“Well, would any of these men over there know?”

“No, mam, them ’er boys is workmen, jes workmen. Dey don’t know where George is. If I knowed I shore would tell you, but all I kin say is, jes drive on down dis yere road and keep askin’, keep askin’.”

Down the road they drove and at the corner where Broadway turns into Eightieth Street, Ma had Pop stop in front of a mounted, gray uniformed camp policeman.



Same question from Pop. Same answer from the camp cop.

Same anxious leaning out of the back seat, same wonderful smile and then the same question about George. But all that the mounted policeman could do was to send the little old lady and Sis and Pa and the flivver on down the road to the big group of yellow pine barracks spread out over a hundred acres or more.

Other stops—other questions by Pa, and always Ma's back seat smile and eager insistency. Finally they found George's old barracks and Ma was sure she would see her soldier boy now, but George had been moved "over there some place in the next street."

So ancient Henry was cranked up again and bounced and jiggled over "some place in the next street."

And sure, the young Plattsburger who fell in with Ma over there was pie for Ma. With three of those wonderful smiles she put that kid Lieutenant in her pocket and made him her slave for life. And the Lieutenant found George. He dug around in three or four barracks, pleaded

with an officer or two and finally came out with the young hero.

And if you don't think George looked the part in his shiny new uniform that he had just finished putting on for the first time—well, if you don't believe that George is about the niftiest, straightest, cleanest cut and most promising in all Camp Upton—well, just ask Ma.

She almost fell out of the car getting to George and after she had finished her close up work she held George off and looked him over, army hat, army blouse, army breeches, army leggings, and——.

“Why, George! Where are your new shoes? Do your army shoes hurt you? If they do you must take them right back and get a larger pair.”

And George had to explain that the army shoes had not been issued yet and that in a day or two they would be given out with the shirts.

Anyhow it was a great day for Ma, what with going through the barracks and listening to her young hero tell about what a wonderful place the camp was and how he was flourishing on army grub and then seeing for her own eyes how

straight he was standing, and what a clean glow he had about his skin and how fine the officers looked and everything. Everywhere around the barracks boys were singing and laughing and playing and having the times of their city narrowed lives. Youth was gathered here, and Ma knew that youth and outdoors make a great pair.

Then George ran upstairs to his open boudoir and brought down his entire uniform issue that he had received only an hour or two before. Ma felt of the underwear and thought it would be a fine weight for the fall and passed on the gray all wool socks and the heavy breeches and hoped that he'd soon get his O. D. shirt and shoes—and just naturally satisfied herself.

Even the French chefs, who are cooking magic with their 37.49 cents a day rations allowance, helped to boost the game along. One led Ma right back to the icebox and showed her great ribs of beef and gigantic pans of hash—army hash—made from fresh meat and wonderful to look upon. Then he told her that at noon to-day her proud son had eaten a mere double or triple

helping of roast beef, potatoes, macaroni, bread, bread pudding and coffee. And Ma just smiled and smiled and pretty soon started beaming.

About 4 o'clock Pa cranked up the flivver and made Ma get in, and shook hands with George, and then in ten minutes Ma leaned out and kissed George good-by, and Pop threw Henry into gear or whatever you do in such cases. Ma didn't have much to say for quite a while, and then she leaned forward, tapped Pop on the back with her forefinger, and said right solemnly: "Father, aren't you glad Georgie is out here after all? My! My! wasn't you proud?"

And if you'll multiply Ma by 3,000 or 5,000, or something like that, you can get some little idea of what the first Sunday meant to an army post that is not only melting all races of men to Americans, but welding a great body of untrained civilians into a fighting army.

And maybe those 3,000 or 5,000 Mas weren't proud, to say nothing of Pas and Sisses and the Kids!

2—GEORGE TRIES A SUNDAY AT HOME

THE little old lady and Pa and Sis brought George back to camp late this afternoon in the family flivver. Most of George's 1,500 rookie pals returned from their first over Sunday leave of absence in the special camp train, but Ma told Pa yesterday that if it didn't rain they'd take George back in the car.

It was a great little vacation George had at that. In the first place he wore his brand new olive drab uniform, and then he had been spending no less than eight out of each twenty-four hours the past week thinking of Ma's Sunday dinners. Ma's Sunday dinners, by the way, are institutions, and are exactly 180 degrees due west on the culinary chart from army mess.

Then George had been dreaming of late about Ma's lily white sheets and the little old mattress that was a mattress, not to mention lying in bed of a Sunday morning until the cock got tired of crowing, or whatever is the city equivalent to the well known cock crowing.

And then there was Saturday night's picture

show and a dance with the girl who is the best little picture shark and fox trotter in all upper Manhattan. Talk about camp life when you got a certain party like that fixing her hair for you every Saturday and Sunday night—wow! Just ask George or any of the other 1,500 who went in town to see 'em yesterday for the first time in two whole weeks.

“Good-by, camp!” George and the 1,500 said aloud or mentally when the special pulled Manhattanward at 1 o'clock yesterday afternoon.

“No bad luck, but I hope you burn so we won't never have to come back.”

Talk about a happy ride—now, maybe that one yesterday afternoon wasn't a joy jaunt. The elderly flat wheels on the elderly track kept singing a song that had but a single line—“Home, home, home!” Looking back through car windows the busy, dusty, half mad camp seemed almost like the final chapter in a bad dream. But at that there was something about the sight and the feel of the uniforms that George and his pals wore that made them recol-

lect that instead of beginning the final chapter it was rather the opening chapter, and maybe it wasn't going to be such a terribly bad dream after all.

And then came the first whiff of Queens and the dive under the river, and when they came up for air they were right in old Manhattan with the racket and the rumble and the crush and the swirl of the city that every mother's son had been longing for these two weeks. Same old wonderful, mad, tramping, ungentlemanly, buzzing subway with the very same air that had been there since George had first ridden through it the second day it was opened.

They came home, and Ma and Pa and the kids all admiring him and saying how much straighter he was and how broad he looked in his new suit.

"You don't call it a suit, Ma," George corrected. "It's a uniform—an O. D. uniform."

"What's O. D., George?" the kid brother had to oar in just then and spill the army beans all over the floor.

“It’s an army term. I guess it means ‘On Deck’ or something like,” George ventured; and then outflanked the attack by demanding food—“the food”—in large quantities.

But all in all no returning heroes from the bloody wars ever received a greater welcome than George and his 1,500 pals.

Dinner Saturday night was Ma’s very very best, spiced by George’s tales of army life—what the Captain said and what the regular army sergeant said and then what Rookie George said. And that night about 7:30 George and all his pals started out with the “O. D.” uniforms still on in order to give the little trick dancer a real treat. And they sure did, and a fine time was had by all.

But, this morning, gol darn it, do you know, George woke up about 6 o’clock and kept wondering what the gang back in camp was doing? Let’s see—that funny boy from the East Side would be pulling a new and regular joke about this time and repartee of a virile and man sized type would be popping like a Lewis machine gun. There was a lot of fun in the barracks, no

matter if this bed was so soft it was almost uncomfortable.

Ma let him try to sleep, but it didn't do much good, and the morning was kind of slow for George. Out at camp the fellows would have been kidding each other and having a lot of fun spoofing the cook or that Englishman who said he had a Victoria Cross or crabbing the mess.

The dinner, though was certainly something to remember as long as army hash is popular with army cooks. But along about 2 o'clock George began to get a little worried and finally Pop cranked up the old boat and Ma climbed in and Sis hopped in and George jumped in and Pop crawled in and with Ma beaming like 1,500 other mothers were beaming this day the start was made for the camp.

Ma was a little worried because George had put on his army woollen underwear this early in the fall when she never had him change before until about the middle of October. But she did think the socks were fine and the uniform was made of right nice woollen cloth too. Then she had to tell him about a dozen times

to be very careful and not to catch any bad colds.

Well, for all that it was a right nice drive out here from the city; but when George got his first whiff of the big army post and his eye caught the first glimpse of the boys in Olive drab and the old thrill struck him harder now than it had ever done before, and when he passed a fellow from his barracks that he knew who gave him the high sign and threw out "Hi, George!"—well, George just didn't have the nerve to let Ma know exactly how he felt.

And when the family boat threw out an anchor in front of his barracks and George climbed out and Ma handed him a box of cake and cookies and a lot of home made candy and stuff and Pop allowed they'd have to hurry back before it got dark and George kissed Ma and Sis good-by and shook hands with Pop and the flivver turned around and rattled back toward town George tried not to be glad and to show that the army had stung him, but it wasn't any use.

"Hey, English!" he sung out with a whoop,

“come on in and I’ll give you some eats. Say, Bo, this is some little joint after all, ain’t she!”

3—THE LITTLE OLD LADY AGAIN

GEORGE had to stay in camp this Sunday because the first payroll muster in all the history of the National Army came off this morning and George, figuring that every day’s dollar pay would buy ten whole bricks of the ice cream over at the post exchange, decided he would rather have the \$20 than another of Ma’s Sunday dinners back in Manhattan. So Pa drove Ma and the family out again in the old flivver and brought George a lot of home-made candy and a chocolate cake.

The family flivver has done some plain and fancy flivvering in its day, cavorting down Fifth Avenue along about 4 o’clock in the evening and rattling up Broadway an hour later, but never have its faithful old brakes been put to more desperate and severe test than right in this camp to-day. Every inch of all the mud, oil and macadamized roads that it grabbed was

disputed by a score of other cars, small, medium, and large size. Early in the start and stop drive from the camp entrance up to George's barracks Pa discovered that many of the streets were kept exclusively for camp business and that the pert young olive drab-clad soldiers with M. P.—Military Police—on their arm bands were former members of the well known "Finest" of New York.

But Pa did finally steer the boat straight up Fourth Street and Second Avenue, where Company B, 302d Engineers, is permanently located, and, sure enough, George was hanging around waiting for the folks to show up. And George had Ma get out and meet Capt. Frederick S. Greene, his company commander, and, of course, the Captain was pie for Ma, just like every one else is. It all ended up by the Captain himself taking Ma all around and showing her just what George and the other boys had done toward making Company B's barracks home. In front of the big building ran a straight, wide gravel walk that led up to the big centre door and the company street in front, was cleared of

stumps and raked off and patted down as clean and smooth as a billiard table.

“Where did you get all that fine gravel, Captain? there’s not another barracks in the whole camp has any such walk as that,” Ma asked.

“Santa Claus brought it to us,” bowed the engineer author soldier, “Santa Claus and my first sergeant. That is, I think it must have been Santa Claus, because this morning when I was telling my sergeant that we should have this gravel walk bordered with bricks he told me that Santa Claus would see that 700 bricks would be presented to the company this week.”

Ma had a big time over that, but when the Captain told her about a real hero in some engineering company who is shy his trigger finger Ma sniffled a bit, and demanded to know how anybody could dare think this National Army did not have as deep and true patriotism as any body of men in the world. A certain Captain, it seems, found that while standing at attention one of his men always kept his right hand slightly concealed behind his leg. Ordering him to take the real position of a soldier the

Captain discovered that the index finger of his right hand had been amputated at the knuckle.

“What are you doing in the army?” the Captain demanded. “Don’t you know you can’t be a soldier without your trigger finger. You may have fooled the examining surgeons, but I’ll have to report your condition.”

“Don’t, Captain, please don’t. I can shoot with my second finger, and then I’m a fine trap drummer and I can handle sticks even better without my first finger than I could with it. Please let me stay, Captain.”

So it happened that Company B is getting up an orchestra, and they’re going to march to a drum until the men catch the trick of keeping step. And the Captain has already ordered two new drum-heads for his three-fingered drummer’s headless drums.

Well, Ma ate that story, and when the Captain told her about Vic Abkarian, who studied engineering at Columbia University and after serving two weeks in his company had to be sent back home on account of a bad heart, Ma had a tough time keeping within self-respecting

sniffles. Vic, the Captain went on, was a strapping six footer and wild about the army life, and when he was finally told that he wouldn't quite do he simply broke down and showed that he was a mighty poor loser where the army was concerned.

But pay day chatter was what Ma heard most of the time she was puttering about Company B's barracks. No ghost, she soon discovered, was ever welcomed with such joy as this one will be, who is to bring real hard old cash to the thousands of soldier lads within the next few days—at least before the 5th. Excepting the last quota, which has been arriving the last three days, all the rookies will get their dollar a day for the time since they reported to their local boards for entrainment for the camp. So George will draw \$20 to tuck away in his gray army sock.

It was after four when Pa cranked up the old bird and Ma had given her final direction about how George must keep his feet dry when it's so rainy and muddy and Pa was able to throw in a little gas and start sailing home.

It wasn't until they had passed the Y. W. C. A. hostess' tent that Ma said a word, and then she leaned forward and tapped Pa on the back.

"Pa, don't you wish every mother whose boy is in a camp like this could ride out with us some Sunday and see how Uncle Sam and Captain Greene and everybody out here is looking after our boys for us?"

And although Pa didn't see very well how the faithful old flivver could stand the strain he allowed that it would be a fine thing.

4—MA MAKES HER FAREWELL TOUR

THE little old lady came out to camp again to-day for the first time in several weeks. Although a bitter winter wind blew up and down and across Long Island it couldn't keep Ma from wanting to make this final trip to see George before the old vehicle was put away for the winter.

So she had Pa nail on all the side curtains and fix up a foot warmer and bring out enough robes and blankets to start a north pole explora-

tion, and then with Pa at the helm and the Kid alongside, and with herself and Sis all tucked in the back seat, the great start was made. Two hours and a half later they pulled up in front of George's barracks and clacked the horn, and George came bounding out through the double doors.



Well, after the first meeting stuff was over George led Ma into the warm, comfortable barracks, and sat her down slam up against one of the great, circular heating stoves in the recreation room and prepared to answer as many as possible of Ma's rapid-fire questions. And they came pretty much in form, unless the surprise that the company's recreation room caused kept the average down a bit.

Ma just about beat herself at her own game when she looked over this big amusement room—exactly one-half of a whole first floor—and saw what was being done to make George and his 30,000 pals happy.

“And a piano—now isn't that fine?” she con-

tinued, half way through her eulogy. "And, goodness me, if there isn't a phonograph—two of them. Well, well, and a library! Pa, there must be 300 or 400 books there. And just look at the writing and reading tables. And did you notice the magazines?"

"Two big tables—well, now I suppose the boys play pool on them, don't they, George? Well, I guess there can't be any harm in boys as old as they are playing a little game when they are tired. And look at the curtains over the windows and the fancy lights—and mercy, it's all tinted like a hotel bedroom. Isn't this fine? My, my, I never supposed boys could make themselves so comfortable."

And after Ma had used up about 700 pounds of marvel at the company recreation room and had been almost tickled to death when told that every company in the great camp had just some such amusement place of its own, George got permission from his Top Sergeant to take her upstairs, where the men sleep. And there she saw long, straight rows of iron cots, piled high with army blankets and all topped with a bril-

liantly coloured old fashioned—but, oh, wow—warm comforter. This last caught Ma's eye and she had to examine the one on George's bed and then feel the three heavy wool "O. D." blankets, and completely satisfy herself that there was plenty.

And then she had George pull out his kit box from under his bed and make a thorough inspection of the things that Uncle Sam had given him to keep him warm and comfortable and happy. When she came to two pairs of gray army socks and discovered holes in the toes of each she swished them in one move under her coat. And poor George had to demand them back and only won them after a lengthy explanation of how at company inspection every last article of equipment must be accounted for.

"Well, I shall ask the Captain if it isn't possible even in war time for a mother to darn her son's socks," she at first pronounced. But George's pleas prevailed, and so finally Ma weakened and gave back the semi-hosiery.

Then, with noon creeping on, Ma and George and the whole family dumped into Henry, the

1915th, and George at the tiller drove all about the great, sprawling, fascinating camp that has just begun to find itself. Since Ma's last visit hundreds of the gawky, pine buildings had sprung up and a whole section had fairly risen from the scrub underbrush.

And over in one far corner of the big reservation they found the hospital unit, and Ma almost fell out of the car in admiring the wonderful group of buildings, with their 1,200 cots and their splendid surgical outfit, all ready and waiting for anything that might happen. And for the first time this outdoor university for young men took shape for her and welded itself together and co-ordinated its far flung parts.

Then George drove out to the great trench system, with its 400-yard battle front, and pointed out the bombing field and the bayonet course and the score and one special facilities to train these young men.

"Don't all the soldier boys we pass look strong and rugged—haven't you noticed that, Pa?" she asked, and then, before Pa had a chance to answer, she went right on: "If the

rest of the 30,000 mothers in New York could only come down here and see how their boys are being cared for and looked after and how much this outdoor life is doing for them, well, they'd be glad and proud that their boys were here. Just look what these three months here have done for our George."

But before George could even protest he had to bring old Henry to a stop and hunt around with cold fingers for the combination of the side curtains. And it was all forgotten by the time the family had trailed into the brand new, fine and friendly Hostess House for the selected men and their visitors.

"George, why didn't you write me something about this lovely place?" Ma demanded, when she had given it a very hasty once over. "Why, this is the finest thing about the camp, and the Y. W. C. A. ladies who built it ought to be thanked by every soldier here. Just think of how nice it is to have a place where visitors can drop in and get lunch and meet their friends and everything. My, my!"

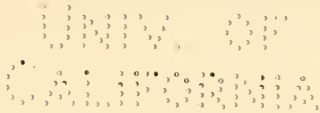
Then came luncheon in the Hostess House, and

then a long family chat, and along about 2:30 o'clock Pa commenced to get nervous about starting for home, and by keeping right after Ma he got her in the notion by 3 P.M. So pretty soon they all piled into Henry again.

"Just one thing more, George," Ma slipped in before the last curtain button was fixed, "are they going to let you boys come home for Christmas?"

"Are they?" George repeated. "Are they? Say, 75 per cent. of us are leaving here Saturday morning and stay until Wednesday following Christmas. And New Year's they're going to repeat. Are they going to let us home Christmas? Say, Ma, you'd better get an extra big turkey, that's what you'd better do."

And Ma kind of smiled for the first part of her answer. "The biggest turkey we can buy—Georgie—the very biggest."



CHAPTER FIVE
CABBAGES AND KINGS—AND COOKS

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1—" . . . AND THE BEARDS NEATLY TRIMMED "

U. S. A. Field Service Reg. Par. 236

ISADORE BEDNASS, formerly of 19 Suffolk street, Manhattan, but at present of Company G, 308th Infantry, U. S. Army of Freedom, sat on the leeward side of barracks P 13 and stroked his beard with long and meditative strokes. And it was some beard. It was in fact a great beard—long, fuzzy and innocent of all tonsorial attacks—and what's more it was the only beard in the whole Division.



Many things were in Isadore's mind. First he was 33 years old, and although he could speak four languages none of them happened by any chance to be English, or even East Side Man-

hattanese. This last accounted for the fact that though two years over draft age he was entered on Uncle Sam's books as a first class fighting man. The mistake had been made five years ago, when in taking out his first papers he had signed himself unwittingly as 25 instead of 28.

But for all that he didn't mind being a soldier. Was it not well to have a fine uniform furnished by a great paternal Government? Was it not well for an operator who had been used to working fourteen hours a day on cheap ladies' wear to be out in the big open air and play and think and stroke his beard?

Then there was the question of food. It had taken a long time to settle this eating problem. In the first place Isadore was an Orthodox Jew and as such could eat nothing but kosher killed and kosher cooked food.

"But surely the rabbi would not object when you are in the army and have no other food except what is given you," an acquaintance had argued to him in Yiddish only a day or two before. "All religions make exceptions in time of

war. Catholics may eat meat on Friday, and even I eat pork.”

“You are not a religious Jew,” Isadore argued back, “and even if the rabbi should tell me to eat Christian food I would not do it. Is not the Jewish law older than any rabbi? And the old Jewish law says nothing of war time. I shall eat only my sardines and bread.”

He decided that to-night he must lay in another supply of the boxes of sardines that he bought at the construction company's store. This was not much to eat, but the army bread was heavy and wholesome and after all his years bending over his machine in the Rivington street sweat shop Isadore found now that even plain bread and sardines were building him physically and making him better than he had been in years.

Then, too, he always would have his beard. Never since the day the first bit of adolescent fuz had peeped out until it had attained its present wild and untamed abundance had barber's scissors ever marred its corners. Nature had been trusted to the fullest and nature had done her worst.

All the while back in the orderly room of the barracks none other than Capt. Philip Mills, Harvard '15, Harvard football team '12, '13 and '14, American ambulance at Verdun '15 and '16, Plattsburg '17, rubbed reflectively on clean, close shaven cheeks.

"I'll be jimmied if I know what to do," he went on, turning to his old top sergeant. "It does not seem reasonable that a beard should run wild like that, but I'm not exactly sure what to do."

"Well, Captain, I know that down on the border last year the doughboys wore imperials, but a retiring, stay at home little imperial is a heap different from a wide spreading unabashed brush heap. Still, take the French poilus—they wear beards right from their eyes down and all the way around. It's a funny proposition now, ain't it?"

"Wonder if the regulations handle the beard question," mused Capt. Mills, at the same time reaching for a copy of "United States Field Service Regulations, 1913 edition."

Back in the index the Captain ran his finger

down the Bs. “Ba, be—be—beards. There it is. Beard and hair; enlisted men, 286.”

In a second he had trailed paragraph 286 to its lair, and sure enough there it was in bold, black and modest white: “The hair will be kept short and beards neatly trimmed.”

“Well, I guess Isadore wins,” the Captain sighed, closing Regulations and returning it to its niche. “That is, he will lose only parts of it. ‘Beards neatly trimmed.’ That’s what it says, so Private Isadore Bednass is in for a trimming.”

“It’s a shame, Captain,” spoke up the first sergeant, who in all his fourteen years of army life had seen few things so wonderful as Isadore’s growth. “Our regiment’d be famous in a month if it wouldn’t have to be done. But regulations is regulations, and ‘neatly trimmed’ is ‘neatly trimmed’, and I reckon it will have to be did. Say, Captain, that there ‘neatly trimmed’ don’t necessarily mean close do it—just neat, not close.”

“Neatly trimmed, sergeant,” Capt. Mills concluded. “Neatly and quickly and preferably short.”

“In the morning, Captain. I think I got the same pair of shears I used in the Philippines and on the border. Neat, quick and short, yes, sir. In the morning. And preferably short.”

And out on the leeward side of barracks P 13 Private Isadore Bednass was stroking his full and undefiled beard for what may be the last time.

2—PATCHOGUE TWENTY MILES AWAY

BEARDS, however, are only one of the million scrubby unnecessary things about a great, sprawling, overgrown new army. Take, as a case in point, the sad story of Monsieur Jean Francaise of the gallant Shooting 306th.

Private Jimmy Flaherty of Company F, 306th Infantry, made a wild dash for Capt. Johnson's office, hurriedly saluted and spluttered out the worst bit of news that Company F has had in all its three weeks. “The cook's broke his upper teeth, Captain! He says he won't serve another meal until he gets 'em fixed.”

Captain Johnson thought for about three seconds and then ordered the cook, whose real

title is chef de cuisine and who hails from a famous Fifth Avenue hostlery, to report in person. In another two minutes Monsieur Jean Francaise waddled up to Capt. Johnson, a look of sad determination in his eyes and one of great loss and hollowness about his lips.

“Les dentes, mon Captain,” the chef exploded with appropriate gestures. “Ze tooth do break and I queet.”



In his outstretched hand Jean showed his poor uppers broken in half.

“We will have them fixed for you, chef,” the captain announced in a fine fatherly tone. “You go ahead and do your work and I’ll see that another pair is ordered from the city at once.”

“Work with ze tooth gone? Mon Dieu, no tooth no souper; I queet.”

Regular army sergeants who, to hear them

tell it, had killed their hundreds of Mexicans on the border and had shot bad men by the score, blanched at the thought of no supper. Rookies who had passed perfect physical examinations fainted dead away. Young shavetails with the rosy cheeks of youth still clinging to their featherless jowls shut their eyes and appeared stunned. War is a helova thing, but a toothless cook turning all this into a cheffless barracks—what words could describe this terrible affair?

Everywhere strong men gnashed their real teeth—in fact everybody gnashed their teeth except Monsieur Jean Francaise, who had only his lowers to gnash against his poor unprotected gums.

Suddenly the voice of Private Jimmy Flaherty rang out through the still air. "I'll carry the teeth to Patchogue!" cried our hero. "Gimme the teeth, Captain! Gimme the teeth!"

With joy springing to his eyes Capt. Johnson pressed the precious uppers into Private Jimmy's hand, gave him a patriotic slap on the back that resounded as a perfect tribute, and then amid the cheering of the whole company Private

Jimmy slipped out into the bright afternoon sunlight.

Bounce, bounce, bounce, went the patter of Jimmy's faithful car as it jumped from bump to bump down the road. With his right hand Private Jimmy guided the famous old steed while in his left hand was tightly clutched the broken uppers. His lips were tightly drawn; he'd carry them store teeth to Patchogue, twenty miles away, or never again would he look his comrades in the face.

"My only regret is that I have only one set of teeth to give to my company," ran through his mind over and over again as the wild wind rushed by.

And all the while in the barracks the men of Company F gathered around in little knots and talked in an undertone. Back in the mess kitchen, Jean Francaise silently drew his upper lip over the bare places where his store teeth had once been shelved. No teeth, no supper. He would do his best, but how could one cook when he could not even sample his own soup or mashed potatoes? Mon dieu! Two shave-

tails fresh from dear old Plattsburg bit their finger nails down to where they began to bleed. One rookie spilled a fit and three others attempted suicide in a wash basin.

Then suddenly came the patter of the gray motor leaping from rock to rock. Around the corner she pranced, and then in one wild jump Private Jimmy Flaherty leaped from the plunging car and into the barracks. In his right hand he held high a perfect set of uppers patched and vulcanized in the best Patchogue method. The honour of Company F was saved.

With one great shout Private Jimmy rushed to the mess kitchen and delivered his precious charge. And ah! what a pretty reunion scene took place then! With the love light gleaming in his eyes and tears streaming down his fat cheeks Chef Jean Francaise took the uppers, gave them one gentle but expressive pat and then shot them home.

And then, ah, then it was that the tender little climax came! Quite unthinking, but in the true, quick impulsiveness of the Latin, our Jean threw both arms about our blushing hero,

and with his uppers clenched tightly against his lowers planted one large smacker on each of Private Jimmy's flushed cheeks.

And even the West front hath few terrors for Private Jimmy now.

3—THE CALL OF THE PICK

It's just as well after all to say "Mister" to an army cook. Great are his possibilities for good or evil. And although trim young training camp graduates with two silver bars on their shoulder straps may dispute it the cold fact remains that a company's mystic *esprit de corps* is born in the mess hall and not in the captain's orderly room.

Private Lorenzo Piazza trailed back for his third big helping. Chef Jacques Brenton's—he who used to be second cook in the greatest of all Manhattan hotels—Chef Brenton's vegetable soup, pork and beans, rice pudding and tea was a feast that even the gods might easily slide down from Mount Olympus to enjoy.

"Look at that there boy eat," remarked the top Sergeant Bill Donovan. "If the Govern-

ment can feed him on 37.49 cents per diem, then I don't cost 'em more'n about 16 cents."

Sergeant Donovan, United States regular, red faced, long, lean, hard—one might almost say tough—accepted another of the proffered cigarettes. It was quite possible a tale was coming, and tales by these red necked regulars are always welcome.

"Well, he certainly don't look like much of an eater," opined the one in need of a story. Then as fresh bait: "He's not very big and it don't seem possible."

"In the first place, he's a furriner—and furriners always are great of eatin' away from home like that. Then he is one of these Eytalians, and I ain't never seen an Eytalian in my life who weren't a right good eater. But that ain't the funny thing about him."

Sergeant Donovan, fully versed in the art of suspense, leaned back on his bench, took a a deep inhalation of his bribe cigarette and let the smoke ooze out. He would need careful nursing, but it might be worth the trouble. No average black eyed, short, smiling son of

Naples ordinarily would require three shots of Chef Brenton's pork and, with trimmins. Then, too, it was Saturday evening, and of the 200 in Private Lorenzo's company all but a few had taken part in the great exodus to the city. Three hours before his messmates had joyously gone forth from the barracks homeward bound with the others for the week end.

"Seems to me he'd be heading for the great White Way," was suggested to the Sarge, in a faint but desperate hope.

"Not that there bird. Nothing but the Milky Way fur him fur some time to come. He's goin' to take his pleasure right in this here camp, and he's lucky at that. In the old days in the army they used to give a man three and three—three months and \$10 a month fur doing what this here Eyetalian done."

"All right, I bite—and what did this here Italian do?" It was plain to see that too much time and space was being wasted in getting down to the story.

"Well, I'll tell ya. Last week he come around to me and he said, 'Lieutenant—you

know that these here rookies call everybody Captain at first, and then the next day when they see so many lieutenants they call everybody lieutenants.' Well, he said, 'Lieutenant, I gotta de sick wife, I wanta go New York. See, here, she write me—you see.'

"With that he pulls a greasy letter on me all written in Eyetalian words just like I could read that stuff. And I says to him, 'Whatcha take me fur? Some language professor?'

"'But she ver seek, Lieutenant,' he kept sayin', pointing to the letter and getting all excited. So I wrote him out a pass for two days and he about broke his neck catchin' the evenin' train for the city. That was Sunday morning and the beggar'd only been down here four or five days. He hadn't even drawed his uniform yet, and of course, except in name, he weren't nohow to be considered a soldier."

As if conveying a distinct favour, the sergeant accepted a fresh cigarette, lit it off the butt of his badly used one, and with this bit of incense to the Muse continued:

"Tuesday came—and no Eyetalian. Wed-

nesday—and no Eyetalian. Thursday—and no Eyetalian. Two days overstayin' his leave ain't no very brilliant way for a rookie to start out his military career. But I weren't worried none, because I figured his wife was worse—and by the looks of that Eyetalian letter she musta been purty bad when he first left.

“Well, yesterday when I was walkin' over to see them poor bums in the artillery unloadin' their three-inch guns and I passed a bunch of labourers workin' on the road, say, who do you reckon I seen? My Eyetalian—that bird over there. He was shovelin' away in good shape and singin' a song at the same time. But he mighty soon changed his tune when I got through talkin' to him. I asked him if he didn't know he was desertin'—course he wasn't really desertin', but only bein' absent without leave—and if he didn't know they shot deserters in time of war. Then I run him over to the barracks here and took him up to the captain, supposin', of course, he'd get at least three months and ten a month.

“Well, the captain tried to talk to the bird,

but he were so badly scared he could only talk his natural language. Then I brung him a interpreter and we had a right satisfactory chat. He said he'd come back from the city Tuesday night, but when he was coming in he was offered a job working in the gang where he could make from \$4 to \$6 a day and he figured he'd just take it a little while and make some easy money.

“Well, the captain he allowed this here boy didn't know much about how serious it was to overstay a leave, and so he'd just deny him any more leaves for a while and let him do kitchen police for a month. I got feelin' purty sorry for him too, me knowing about his sick wife and everything and thinkin' he needed the dough he was making, so I asked him how his wife was. He kinda smiled for about one-tenth of a second, then, and said she was better. But I was hep.

“‘Lemme see that letter again, private,’ I ordered. Well, them black eyes of his'n twinkled when he handed it over. I looked at it a half minute and then I called for the interpreter to come back.

“Say, you shoul'da heard that epistle. It

were the lovinist love letter I ever heard read. I'd like to have a copy of it myself. It was all full of how bad she wanted to see her Lorenzo, and how she couldn't wait no longer fur him, and that he simply must come in and see her, and if he didn't that she was going to take in a picture show with some Eytalian barber. He didn't have no more sick wife than I got. Kinda one on me, weren't it?"

And it was generally acknowledged that it was.

4—"HAVE SOME MOAH PIE, LOUIE?"

BUT for all that Lorenzo's troubles were slight. The War Gods had hardly started their army pranks with him. And should he think different let him read—or rather let some one else read to him—the story of Abie and the one hundred and fifty bucks.

"Have some moah pie, Louie," Abie begged. "Took some moah ice cream once, Bennie. Don't I got de money? Ask me, ain't it?"

Louie, properly urged, took another half of juicy, flakey apple pie, while Bennie opened a

fresh box of brick cream. It was a wild debauch for a trio of rookies in this Army of Freedom, but it was a happy one. Private Abie Einstein was spending his dough like an old-time deep sea salt just landed in a very wet port after six straight months on a very dry ocean. And Private Abie had no such habit, either by training, experience, race or education.

“Abie, you gotta lotta mooney, ain’t you, Abie?” Louie asked solicitously. “You gotta a lotta mooney for a solger, Abie?”

“Shu’a! Shu’a! I got feefty dollar,” Abie modestly allowed. “Anoder piece of dat apple pie, mista. Bennie took a piece, too. Bennie, don’t I got de mooney?”

“Abie, I can’t eat some moah yet—I would kill myself dead.” Bennie begged off. “Yesterday I don’t go home for da Thanksgiving, and I hope I die, Abie, if I don’t eat a turkey here all by myself once. Honest, I was glad dat Captain he don’t let me go by home because all I would have got home was one piece of chicken maybe, and here I get a whole turkey for myself. An’ now Abie you make me eat fouda pieces of pie

and a couple of dozen ice cream and I got de beg fill already.

With a generous turn of his hand Abie appealed to Bennie for assistance in spending more of his money in riotous army living. But Bennie, as well, had reached the end of his capacity.

“Honest, Abie, I would eat from now on until this Christian Santa Claus come if I could stand it.” Bennie swore. “But ask me, Abie, can a fish drink dry by himself an ocean? And besides, Abie, tell me dat is a lotta mooney for a solger. Tell me, Abie, ain’t it?”

“Shu’a, shu’a, but a joke it is,” Abie answered. “I gotta a feefty dollars, and I can spend him now like a shentleman. A funny thing it vas. Oi, oi, dat vas a funny bizness.”

Abie chuckled joyously while he opened a fresh bit of cream. Fifty dollars is a rare joke to almost anybody.

“Dat fella Isadore Beller, a kike boy he is who run a pawnshop by the Bronx, oi, oi. Izzy was a sucker, he was. Four months ago I go by Izzy and say, ‘Give me da hundred an’ fefty dollar.’

“Izzy he give me da mooney, but I pay three dollar a month interest. And then I come down here by the draft an’ I don’t say nudding to Izzy, or nudding to nobody. An’ then a couple of weeks ago who should I saw but Izzy Beller like a soldier with a uniform and everything like a soldier. And he was in Company C of the 304th Machine Gun Battalion, he was.

“‘Give me my hundred and fefty dollar,’ Izzy he said. ‘I go by the army and I close up my bizness. If you don’t pay me I go by your Captain and tell him and he took you out and give you da shoot.’

“Vell, I got scared like everything and I write Abie, ‘If you don’t tell my Captain, I pay you fefty dollar and ten dollar by the month, I will.’

“An’ su’a I was going to pay de fefty dollar and jes as Abie was startin’ over to get de mooney hes Captain he come by the barracks and he holler ‘Isadore Beller!’ an’ Izzy he say, ‘Yes, sah, Isadore Beller I am, Captain.’

“‘You leave in one-half hour for Camp Gordon, Private Beller,’ dat Captain he say. ‘Pack

up and catch de train; anoder solger he was sick and you go in his place.'

"'Oi, oi, I should go by Camp Gordon, captain, when Abie Einstein owes me hundred an' fefty dollar,' Izzy he say. But it don' do no good by dat captain. He tell Izzy he must go, and when Izzy cry dat he come an' get de fefty dollar the captain say de train she don' wait for fefty dollar. So Izzy he go by Camp Gordon and I got de fefty. Have some moah pie, Louie. Bennie, you like moah ice cream?'"

Bennie shook his head. And then, though guest he was, Bennie threw the first dark cloud into Abie's perfect day.

"Don' he write by your captain, Abie? Eh, what? He can write from Camp Gordon, Abie."

"I should vorry, no, I should," Abie boasted. "If dat guy he writes by my captain I will stood right up and say——"

"Private Abie Einstein!" shouted a bull neck, red faced buck private orderly, sticking his head into the door. "Fur the lova Mike come on over. The captain's been wantin' to see ya fur

an hour. You gotta go down to Camp Gordon with them other nuts. Hurry up!"

Private Abie Einstein, recent host and royal entertainer, laid down his half box of cream, for food no longer tasted the same to him. Then he suddenly grew slightly pale around the gills, and his lips trembled.

"Oi, oi, oi!" he wailed. "My hundred and fefty dollar. Oi! Oi!"

5—NO IRISH NEED APPLY

BUT lest there be some who might feel that this army list is an exclusive one, it might be well to tell the short story of Private Denny O'Keefe and his clan.

The bulletin board in barracks P. 49, where the 152d depot battalion holds forth, had an order plastered on its pine board face that attracted far and away more attention than any other notice that it has ever held in all its fourteen days of active army life. It read something like this:

All men of the Hebrew faith desiring to return to their homes to attend the Yom Kippur holiday may do so by

making a request to their company commander. Special trains will leave the camp at 1 P.M. Tuesday, and return from New York and Brooklyn at 1.45 P.M., Wednesday.

To one-fourth of the rookies in camp the order meant a good deal, and to the other seventy-five per cent. it was the occasion of jealousy. For instance, a brawny young man went up to Captain Hoyer one morning, and after clicking his heels together and snapping a very creditable salute, entered forthwith with the business on hand.

“I want to get off for the Jewish holiday, captain,” he very respectfully asked.

“What holiday?” asked Captain Hoyer.

“Oh, just a regular Jewish holiday.”

“Well, what particular one do you mean. There are quite a number of them,” the captain suggested. “Which one do you want to get a leave for?”

“Any one of ’em is all right, captain.”



“Say, what’s your name?” the officer demanded, the truth slowly dawning upon him.

“Dennis O’Keefe, sir.”

“Well, two hours woodpile fatigue will do for you, Private O’Keefe.”

So while Private Denny O’Keefe flirted with the scrub oaks 2,500 young men, whose names were neither Denny nor O’Keefe, were speeding right merrily toward the big town.

But may Denny’s axe be sharp and the scrub oak be gentle and the time be fleeting for poor Denny, who did his best according to his lights.

CHAPTER SIX
SHOULDER STRAPS

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SHOULDER STRAPS

1—PALS ANYHOW

PARADES are hourly occurrences around this great camp, and attract little more attention than any one of the thousands of motor cars, but it was apparent to even the casual observer that this was no ordinary marching of men. Now and then half of the hundred and fifty odd men would break out in little snatches of a war song, "Good-by, Broadway," "Over There," "He's Going Over." Then they would whistle and then for long minutes they would march along in silence.

They had started out in carefully aligned column of fours, but somehow the request had come that the strict military formation be broken and that they simply march as a crowd. In the centre of the long, irregular column there

was a trim young soldier in the shiny new uniform of a First Lieutenant.

On his right trudged a great hulk of a man in the uniform of a private, but with the peculiar insignia of the mess kitchen on his left sleeve, and, as if it were but an empty bag, he was carrying a large suit case with sides almost bulging. On the left of the officer marched a soldier with a corporal's chevrons on his coat sleeves and next to him a second non-commissioned officer wearing the insignia of a company mess sergeant.

"It's my turn to carry it now," pleaded Corporal Hadford.

"Come on, Fat, give me Joe's bag; we're almost down to the station now. It's my turn."

Fat Fields, second cook and football star, relinquished the bag, but very reluctantly. "You and Al are the only guys in the world that I'd let carry Joe's bag, I wanta tell you. Say I wish you were going to stay, Joe."

It was most certainly a bit of peculiar business—this parade of selected men with one officer in the centre and with two non-coms and a cook fighting to see who would carry his bag and all

addressing him with unmistakable affection as Joe.

Even in this most democratic Army of Freedom discipline and respect for officers has been drilled and ground into the 30,000 so that frat brothers and classmates whom the twist of fate and the whirligig of time have thrown into different military spheres now know each other only formally and with full military title. But here was a First Lieutenant being called Joe.

Word was whispered back from First Sergeant Haig at the head of the column that it lacked only five minutes of train time and a faster stride would have to be struck up. So the company swung along at top speed, and in the centre Corporal Danbury struggled with the heavy bag and pretended that it was as light as a feather.

In four minutes the head of the column turned in at the railroad station and drew up in double files alongside the last car. And Fat, the cook, and Al Williams, mess sergeant, and Corporal Danbury boosted First Lieut. Joe up to the back platform and handed up his heavy bag

alongside of him. And First Sergeant Haig started the men singing "He's Going Over."

It was a great moment for Joe Schuldheis, once of Danbury, Conn., later of 557 West 148th Street, Manhattan, and later still a corporal of Company E, 302d Engineers, N. A., and now



First Lieut. J. Schuldheis of the newly formed Stevedore Division.

It's something to be the first National Army man to win a commission, but it's a hundred more to win such a place in the hearts of the whole company as this farewell proved that Joe

had won. And for these three pals of his—Fat, the cook, Al, the mess sergeant, and Joe Danbury, his bunkie corporal—well, somehow no one can know what the word "pal" really means until he's been in the army. Friendships out here are deeper and truer because relations are more constant and trying, and then, too,

soldiers stand on their own army shoes and, like adventurers, pick their pals without regard to past deeds and reputations.

So on the last platform of the 5:30 train for New York last night Joe, the fourth of this strange quartet of fighting men, stood and looked down on his pals and the men of his company and tried to smile. For two months he had eaten their food and smoked their smokes and worked with them and yarned with them and laughed with them and soldiered with them, and now he was an officer and going over there.

Years of managing great gangs of dock workmen had made him peculiarly valuable to this Stevedore Division, and so it was that a few weeks ago he was sent for and asked to take the examination for a commission in the division. A week ago word came that he had passed and he was ordered to report to-day at an Atlantic port.

While waiting for his discharge papers he slipped into the city Friday and got his uniform. And Monday morning he reported back to his

old company, but this time with the single bars of a First Lieutenant on his shoulder straps.

And the men, his old pals of Company E, saluted the uniform and the rank.

“Cut it out,” he smilingly ordered them. “I’m one of you fellows: I’m just one of the boys around here. Don’t salute me and don’t call me Lieutenant. I’m Joe to you boys.”

But Captain La Fetra suggested that Lieut. Schuldheis move to the officers’ quarters and eat at the officers’ mess.

“If you don’t mind, Captain, I’ll stay here with the men,” Joe answered. “I’ll be going out in a day or two and I’ll just eat with them.”

So Joe stayed on with Corporal Danbury, his bunkie mate, and Fat Fields, the second cook, saw that he got the choice bit of steak and an egg for breakfast and Al Williams, mess sergeant, split his extra fruit with him. And just as he had given his four Liberty bonds to the Red Cross when he had come out with the second contingent on September 21 so Joe turned over all the Government pay that was coming to him to start a company mess fund. And there

were cigarettes for everybody and little loans and Company E was the same as of old again.

Joe had planned to slip away to the station with just his three pals, but somehow the word sneaked out, and when he started out he found a company in column of fours waiting for him. And now he was standing on the back platform looking down at them all for perhaps the last time. The song had been finished and some one in the 150 shouted for a speech. So Joe took his officer's cap and stepped to the railing. But the words wouldn't come. And just then far ahead, the engine whistle tooted and the trainmen began their final "All aboard!" and slowly the long train creaked, grunted and started to move.

A low command from the first Sergeant and the double column drew up at attention. Then a second command, and every man brought his hand to his campaign hat in perfect salute. And then Joe's heels clicked together and his own right hand touched his cap, and as long as they could see him slipping silently out of their lives through the deep twilight with his hand at

salute these men of Company E held their positions. Then silently they trudged on back to their barracks.

2—"NUTTIN' BUT A SHAVETAILE"

THIS little story of shoulder straps might be called "Only a Subaltern," or, to Americanise Kipling's Indian army term to National Army slang, "Nuttin' But A Shavetail."

Second Lieutenant Gutman, Company F, 308th Infantry, the shavetail in the piece, hasn't the least idea that it's going to be written, but Sergeant F. S. Grey and high private Burt Butler have.

"No, sir, there is not any news around here," Sergeant Grey, formerly detective-sergeant attached to Police Headquarters at Brooklyn, announced. "There isn't anything doing at all—we haven't any heroes or cripples or crying men or company mascots or anything of the kind."

"Naw, there ain't nuttin'," high private Butler coincided, "unless you wanta say that

Company F's the best company in the regiment. Ain't she, sarge?"

Sarge Grey, upstanding, broad, with the square look of one of ex-Police Commissioner Wood's men, smiled down at his short, stocky pal. "Guess we can't help you any to-day. Drop around again. 'Tention, 'tention, you men."

Sergeant Grey and High Private Butler brought their heels together and saluted, as a rather youngish Lieutenant walked through the barrack corridor into the orderly room. As soon as the door had slammed behind him, Private Burt dropped back into his slouch, but made a suggestion with much more enthusiasm than Burt usually exhibits.

"Say, would you write a little piece about the lieutenant there?" he asked. "Say, would you do that for the Sarge and I? Honest, that guy is the whitest guy that you ever saw around this old camp. He's a bearcat. Can't you say that in your piece? Honest, he deserves it."

Army tradition, policy, conventionality, and the whole scheme of military things were tumbled head over heels. There was a rookie

in a selected army who, by all the dope sheets and form figuring, should be cursing his luck, swearing at his superiors and frothing at the mouth with hatred. But, instead, he was begging that a eulogy be written about his lieutenant.



“That’d be fine, if you could write a little piece about him,” Sergeant Grey announced. “All the men think a lot of him and they’d all be glad if you could write up something. He isn’t even in our platoon, but everybody is nuts about him. Don’t you think you could fix up something?”

With painstaking effort it was explained to Burt that stories must have something else than a wish or a hope expressed behind them and that there were a thousand lieutenants in camp.

“But he’s such a white guy,” Burt insisted. “He pulls away on his old pipe during his rest periods, when we’re out drilling, and he let’s everybody smoke, and if we run a second over

our fifteen minutes he doesn't get all het up and bawl us out."

But again it was explained to Burt that you couldn't hang a story on a pipe and fifteen-minute rest periods.

"Listen, I tella you a story about dat lootent," said a short, swarthy soldier, who had been standing around in the group gathered in the hall. "My name ees Angelo Commado, anna w'en I come here I say, to hell wid the armee, I no gonna work, I no carry gun, I no fight.

"Walla, I was ver' bad solger. I gotta de punishment—theesa keetchen police, guarda dutee, everything. Maybe I get put in da coop after while. I gotta da hate in my heart. I no wanta serve first.

"Some non-coms they try make me work, but I fit back. I gotta da hate here in my heart. An' I do more keetchen police an' guarda dutee. I think run away some day. I—what you call him?—yes, I desert some day.

"Then wanna day theese Loo'tent—this beeg, fine Loo'tent Gutman, he come to me anna he

say, 'Angelo, you maka th' bigga fool wid yourself. You no canna do these kinda work. Be man, regular man, Angelo. Serva your countree—your countree look after you good. You promise me you be th' good man and I speck your captain. You beginna all good and we forget everyting past. Promise Angelo.'

"Anna for that fina man, that Loo'tent, I promise, anna everything she fine now. I go to da hell for my Loo'tent, if he say 'Angelo, you go.' He maka me good solger—no one else do, justa my Loo'tent. I fit for him, I do."

Angelo finished with his eulogy, turned and shuffled on upstairs shaking with suppressed emotion.

On the steps outside a bugle blew for retreat and there was a scramble and rush for blouses and guns. Sergeant Grey and High Private Burt hurriedly excused themselves and joined the line forming in the company streets.

A great cold sun was dropping behind a low hill to the west. Another day in the life of this big wonderful democratic Army of Freedom was officially being brought to a close.

The first sergeant calling the roll finished the A's and the B's.

"Commado," he sang out.

"Here!" shouted a short, stalky, swarthy soldier. And there was confidence and willingness and pride in the tone of his voice.

3—AN ARMY THAT DOESN'T KNOW "ANNIE LAURIE"

THERE is a vast difference between shoulder straps and arm stripes—and sometimes it is all in favour of the latter. And in this great budding Army of Freedom there have been cast by chance old soldiers, ancient in both years and service whose stripes are insignias of army wisdom, while the gold bars of many shavetails are marks of only enthusiasm and hope. Take for instance, the case of Dan Gregory.

Top Sergeant Dan Gregory sole survivor of a noble race of old Regular Army dads, stopped short in his tracks when the music of a real jazz tune orchestra came through Company B barracks, 307th Infantry, to his dusty and hard-

worn ears. It was an unusual sound, even in a camp that has borne more new and strange notes than the entire American army that was, and so marked was it that the ancient sarge strolled over to investigate.

“Shades of U. S. Grant!” the sarge exclaimed half to himself after one short peek through the open and curtained barracks window. “An’ they call that soldiering. What’s our army comin’ to—with a lot of dude rookies holdin’ a shindig with a flock of real ladies and drinkin’ red lemonade and actin’ polite like a bunch of college sissies? An’ this bein’ an afternoon off an’ all they can think of is to put on a matinee like this. An’ they calls this an army!”

Just then the jazz orchestra slowed up and there were city bowing and scraping and applauding. Sarge Gregory looked again and then half turned to the freckled red-faced buck second sergeant, who claimed companionship with the oracle through his two years on the wild and untamed border. The sarge mournfully announced:

“May I go before a G. C. M. to-night if them

dudes ain't got a coloured orchestra, too. Yes, sir, they've went over to this coloured outfit in camp and got 'em a pair of smoke players for to dance to. Well, I might ha' knowed it all the time; I always said an army that would turn down 'Annie Laurie' fur jazz music wasn't no army fur an old soldier to be connected with. An' now I know it fur sure."

At this moment Bill Johnson, in military circles a high private, but in music life the playingest trick track drummer in eleven States and the District of Columbia, cut loose with eight instruments working at once and the same time. And coinciding and supporting Bill musically and morally, Ole Hen Sauser, pianofortissimo of the same regiment and same musical inclination, started, walking up and down the black and white ivories until he had the brown box rocking and swaying and jazzing like eight electric pianos competing for movie business on the kerosene circuit.

And then fully forty stalwart young soldiers, shined and polished, clutched maidens all fixed up like sailors' brides and started on a 1918

walk-glide-toddle-march or quickstep, as you choose. Sergt. Dan turned away and hung his head in full and complete disgust. It was no place for an old soldier whose days of glory dated back to when the great popular indoor and outdoor sports in the army was chewing tobacco-days when "Annie Laurie" was still the Army classic. This, he felt deep in his heart, might be a fighting army, but it was a jazz tune army that had never heard of "On the Banks of the Wabash" and "Take the Wagon Home, John." It was not for him. In shame and anguish he slowly walked away.

But inside the gay recreation room Capt. Barrett's dancing soldiers, chaperoned by a half score of admiring mothers, were having one of the big times of their gay young lives. At 6.30 the men led their guests into the mess hall and gave them a great heaping army meal. And around 8 o'clock they marched those who had journeyed down from the city stationward and tucked them on board the last train for home. Then a half hour later the young ladies from Patchogue and other nearby towns were bundled into cars

and shouted happily on their way. And let it be chronicled that a bully fine time was had by all.

But a tea and lady fight wasn't the only wild thing that happened to Camp Upton this afternoon. Some 1,500 brand new selected rookies arrived on three special trains, and instead of getting the expected and certain dreary reception, they were received by fully 2,500 laughing, happy, welcoming soldiers, who took advantage of the afternoon off and formed an amateur welcoming committee down at Camp Upton's Grand Central.

It would have been a terrible blow to some of the jolly old knockers of the selected service, who are badly worried finding new things wrong with the National Army and the idea, if they could have watched this welcoming this afternoon. In some ways it was like opening day around a college town, when all the old men gather at the stations and watch the new men flock in. These three months old soldiers, with their uniforms and certain ways, were upper class men full of wisdom and army bull.

And the real spirit of this wonderful Army of Freedom fairly reeked from the great happy crowd. A score of races, a dozen religions, rich men, poor men, honest men, ex-second story workers, bankers, clerks, street cleaners, bond salesmen, pants makers, but all soldiers in an American army now, wearing the same uniform and drawing the same \$30 a month—mixed together, brushing elbows, exchanging views, jokes, cigarettes and hearts, and developing rapidly a finished composite fighting man who will make the name National Army one to be respected. And these 1,500, who to-night are being initiated in the first degree into this great army, surely felt this pulsing, open, smiling welcome.

The National Army of America is beginning to find itself.

4. CHEVRONS INSTEAD

And speaking of Shoulder Straps brings one down to the Officers' Training Schools that opened in each of the National Army cantonments early in 1918. One and seven-tenths per cent. of the personnel of each camp was

chosen by a special board to enter the three months school, with the understanding that the successful graduates were to be placed on a reserve list of available Second Lieutenants.

But for all the lure of silver and gold bars there were some who preferred to retain their non-com. chevrons until they can win their bars on the field of honour. And the best o' luck to them.

A square built, stocky young soldier with a first sergeant's chevrons on his sleeves stood before Capt. C. F. Johnstone in the orderly room of Company F of the 306th Infantry on the morning before the school opened and saluted with a snap.

"Capt. Johnstone," Sergt. Edward Seewald began, "I wanted to thank you for recommending me for the officers' training school and for your part in having me selected as a candidate, but I guess I won't accept it. I think I'll just stay right on here with you and the company and the regiment."

Capt. Johnstone had difficulty in believing his ears.

“Why, man, don’t you know that this means you’re passing up a chance of getting a commission?” he finally asked. “And commissions don’t grow on scrub oak trees, even if this is war.”

The sergeant nodded in approval. “I appreciate that,” he went on, “but I guess I’ll take my chances of getting mine by the fighting route. When we get in action will be time enough for me, and in the meantime I’ll be thoroughly learning all the details of this job. I think I’d make a better officer in the long run, and my chance will come again when we get over there and into the trenches.”

“Well, I’ll be ——!” and Capt. Johnstone broke an army regulation without noting it.

“Then there’s another reason,” First Sergt. Seewald continued. “I came down here with the rest of the men of this company and I’ve been with them for almost four months now. I’ve worked with you and the other officers, and—and I don’t want to leave. All my pals are here in F Company, and I don’t want any other officers, and you’ve just made me first

sergeant and I guess I'll just stay right on with my job and let the others go to the officers' school."

"Better go over and talk with Major Bulger," Captain Johnstone suggested. "Tell him just what you've told me."

So the top sergeant of F Company trailed on over to the Second Battalion headquarters, and in the same straight-forward way told his story to the Major. And when he had finished, the battalion's commanding officer likewise offered up a forbidden but quite necessary word of exclamation.

"I'd just like to earn my commission when we get across. Wait until I get in the trenches and then you can tell correctly whether I should be an officer or not," the non-com. announced.

"We'll speak to Col. Vidmer about it," the Major suggested. So in the course of the day the matter was taken up to the fighting Colonel of the 306th, and after listening carefully to the details of the story of the man who wanted to win his commission by the bayonet, he pro-

nounced it a bully good idea and gave his approval.

So to-night over in Company F of the 306th Infantry First Sergt. Seewald, who might easily have expected a Lieutenancy in April, is busy doing his company's work. But now and then he thinks of some day, possibly in April too, when in a muddy front line fighting trench in France another chance will come to win the coveted gold and black hat cord of an army officer. And among the 250 men and officers of Company F the betting is all in his favour.

CHAPTER SEVEN
SOME LOCAL COLOUR

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1—A JULY DAY IN '98

THE proudest man in all camp tonight is a certain sawed off, two fisted, fighting negro cook attached to Col. J. A. Moss's "Buffaloes." A score or more of old ex-non-coms, once proud members of the Ninth and Tenth negro cavalry, but now commissioned officers in this same 367th Infantry, might dispute this privilege, but the evidence stands strongly against them. And Col. Roosevelt would make a wonderful witness for the chef.

To the last seat and square foot of standing room the Knights of Columbus Hall was packed and jammed with good natured, shouting, whistling, singing negro doughboys of this army of freedom. Under the leadership of Max Weinstein, musical director, they had sung "America" until the very rafters shook with

applause. Then had come a short punchy, battle speech by the Colonel reviewing a certain hot July day in '98 when, at Las Guasimas, the fighting Ninth and Tenth Cavalry had fought one on each side of another famous cavalry outfit—the Rough Riders—commanded by Col. Leonard Wood and a certain Lieutenant-Colonel, who afterward became President.

And then had come “Old Black Joe,” sung as only negro soldiers can ever possibly sing it. And then to the Colonel’s impulsive and characteristic demand for another song these men of the National Army had given the regiment’s own new battle song, “See It Through”—with Private George Battle, author of the words and music, pounding away at the piano and swaying and nodding and grinning as only Private George Battle of Moss’s Buffaloes can possibly sway and nod and grin.

“If there are any men of the old Ninth and Tenth who fought alongside of me in Cuba here, I want them to come up here and meet me,” the Colonel shouted when the singing was finished.

And so up trooped a double score of ancient negro fighting men, now with bars on their shoulder straps and officers' cords about their hats. Single file they passed the Colonel and to each there was a question as to which outfit he belonged, and as the answer came a big, booming "Fine!" And then the full blooded, man sized handshake.

And then the proudest man in Camp Upton came up—only he wasn't that at this particular moment. There were no silver bars on his shoulder straps; in fact, he didn't have any shoulder straps at all, and what's more, he didn't even have a uniform—unless you'd call a pair of castoff "O. D." army breeches and a pair of frayed canvas leggins and a faded yellow sweater regulation. And he shuffled when he walked and he had a sort of bashful grin that made Author George Battle look like a man with a grouch.

"Well, well!" and the Colonel's voice broke as this strange army bird ambled up to him. "What's your name and where were you in '98?"

The reply came so slow that no one but the

Colonel heard it, but it certainly must have been full of memory and green with the glory of fighting days. For the big man who wanted to lead a division to France crashed his arm down on this shuffling, dark skinned cook and patted his back, and with his other hand he shook hands, and for a half minute they chatted like only a pair of old soldiers can chat.

And when he gave him the final pat and sent him on his way, the man who had served his time carrying a rifle and now with the smoke of battle in his nostrils had come back to cook for the boys of his own race here and in France—well, the old bird didn't shuffle out. He went out with shoulders thrown back and the castoff army breeches and the frayed army leggins fairly cranking with the old regulation step—justly the proudest man in camp.

2—WHITE MEAT FOR EDDIE

BUT there are other famous chefs in this swagger, doggy regiment of coloured fighters. Ole Bill Harrison is but a case in point.

Ole Bill was chuckling—and when an ancient

darky company cook stands around in the enclosed passageway of an army base hospital and chuckles it's worth investigating.

"See 'at 'er boy in there?" Ole Bill whispered, pointing through the cracks in a half opened door at a grinning negro lad dolled up in a blue and white hospital bathrobe and lolling back in his cot. "'At boy he's all fixed out foh Thanksgivin', he is. See him grin—dat's a Thanksgivin' grin, ain't she, boss?"

Chef Bill Harrison, old, wise, and the best cook in all company I, 367th Infantry, negro—a company of cooks in a regiment of real chefs—stopped long enough to chuckle and give his large, fat, lazy thigh a fine resounding slap.

"One hour ago 'at 'er boy was plum discouraged, he was," Bill went on. "'At boy—his name is Private Eddie Brown of Company I—he went an' bruk his right arm this mornin' jes' before he was leavin' for New York and turkey. He bruk it right in the wrist wrestlin' wif a fool yellah niggah—and it was his eatin' arm. Yea, sah, he bruk his eatin' arm jes' when he was foh goin' to New York an' turkey."

Through the crack in the ward door one could see Eddie, still wearing the same grin, reach carefully down to the side of his bed and slowly bring up a suspicious looking dark bottle. He swiftly surveyed the ward and then brought the bottle to his lips and drank a large soldier sized swig. And nineteen pages of army regulations were apparently blown up, shattered and ruined in that one swig.

“Look at ’at ’er boy hit ’at ole bottle, boss. He, he he—jes look. ’At what done it—’at ole bottle. You know, I got thinkin’ bout poor Eddie over heah in the hospital with his eatin’ arm bruk, and I says I’ll jes’ bring ’at boy a little bottle over heah and cheer him up a bit.

“Well, when I first come in ’at pooh boy was almost cryin’ he was. He felt so bad he was goin’ miss turkey and not goin’ to the city, and I says ‘Lookey, fool niggah, you all gwan get turkey, you is. Deys goin’ feed you pooh boys over heah turkey. I done asked an’ all the 300 boys heah in this hospital ’eys goin’ get turkey. Then I tole Eddie about a officah tellin’ me ’er was 40,000 pounds of turkey come to this heah

camp an' 10,000 stocks of celery and 17,600 oranges, an' 10,000 pounds of mince meat and 14,000 pounds of nuts, an' 'at there was going to be enough turkey foh every doggone soldier in this heah camp, including the pooh boys in the hospital what kent go home for sickness, an' likewise.

“Eddie he perked up right smart then, but he kept worrin' and worrin' 'bout his eatin' arm. An' I said, 'Eddie, you jes' eat wif youh left arm—maybe you lose speed and control, but you jes' keep at it, and you'll get 'er jes' the same, an' then you boys in the hospital ain't going get nufin' but white meat—'ey wouldn't give pooh sick boys nufin' but white meat. An' I'll come ovah and cut it foh you.

“Well, Eddie, he was feelin' fine than, but he kept thinkin' 'bout seein' his girl in New York, and then I springs 'at er beer on him. Boss, I hopes I get struck dead right here in my verah tracks if it wouldn't make the watah come to youh eyes when 'at er pooh little black boy with his eatin' arm all bruk seen 'at bottle of beer.”

Bill was talking with a gulp. But in a

second his very own copyright chuckle flopped back.

“He petted ’at little pint bottle and he kissed it and he said, ‘Bill, oh, Bill, this is goin’ be Thanksgivin’ after all, ain’t she, Bill. And, Bill, I bet I ken eat turkey with my left arm nohow, kent I, Bill, kent I?’

“Then I opened Eddie’s bottle foh him and tole him to watch out foh nurses, and then I comes on out where I ken see. Look at ’at boss, jes’ look!”

Eddie was holding the little brown pint bottle up to the light, and then as if still hopeful lifted it to his lips for a final drop. But it was not any use—Eddie’s Thanksgiving pint was dead.

Bill still chuckled softly to himself. It was what you might call a Thanksgiving chuckle.

“An’ ’at ’er boy he is nevah goin’ to find out nothin’—nothin’ at all ’but that pint. He, he, he, he. ’At boy thinks ’at was real beer, he does, jes like I would give a colo’ud soldier real beer under no circumstances. Know what, boss?”

“Well, ’at ’er beer is temp’rance, ’an you buys

it right down heah at the commissary stoah, you do. An' I jes brung a bottle up to little Eddie and I don' tell him nofin.

“An' 'at ain't beer—say, that stuff ain't got no authority at all, at all, among us ole Americans. But it has wif little Eddie and—look, look, boss—see 'at boy grin. Oh, say, man, jes seen him grin. Ain't 'at fine, boss—'at boy jes grinnin' an' grinnin' himself most to death in a hospital on Thanksgivin' even wif his eatin' arm all bruk. Ain't 't fine, boss?”

And with his own copyright Thanksgiving chuckle working fine, Ole Bill Harrison, chef and miracle worker, shuffled on down the long, empty corridor.

3—LI'L OLE EDDIE AGAIN

LONG before Christmas Eddie's eatin' arm should have been knit well and strong. But it wasn't and as a consequence the day of days found Eddie still tinkering about the hospital.

With a ripe Christmas grin spreading wide across his chocolate dip face, Li'l Ole Eddie

carefully tucked the blanket around the thin form of Private Abie Weinstein.

“All nice and warm, you poo’ sick white boy, ’at’s a ’ole way Eddie fixes white boys all sick on Chris’mas Day,” Eddie pronounced through his grin. “Know what? Well I’s goin’ take you poo’ sick boy for a long ride all ’round this hea’ hosp’l, ’at jes what I’s goin’ do.”

Eddie’s right arm—his eatin’ arm, was still hanging helpless in a hospital sling. But Eddie had no trouble tucking Abie all nice and warm in his wheel chair.

“This hea’s goin’ be ’bout the firs’ ride you all done had since you got op’rated on foh—say, what was youh complaint any way, white boy? Oh, ’pendicitis, eh? ’At’s powerful bad thing for a solger to get took wif, ain’t she? But you nevah can have it moah’n once, an’ when you get it you get it right. ’At’s where it’s bettah ’an havin’ a bruk arm—you got two arms an’ they ken get bruk every Chris’mas in ’a whole world if ’ey wants to.”

Slowly Eddie rolled his new white soldier pal out of the rather cheery ward to the long silent

corridors, running like labyrinths through the maze of scores of buildings that make up this great camp base hospital. Quite suddenly he began chuckling to himself.

“For what are you making a laugh for, Eddie, tell me?” sounded in a very weak voice from the wheel chair.

“Eh, I was jes thinkin’ ’a what Ole Bill, my chef, done tole me the las’ time he come over heah to see me. He was speakin’ ’bout these heah consc—conscien—these heah conspensi-ous objectors. An’, white boy, us colo’d folks get ’em ’er things jes like you white folks got. Well, Ole Bill he said ’ey had one of ’em an-e-mals in his colo’d company and ’is heah man he come up to the Captain an’ he said: ‘I ain’t goin’ carry no gun and shoot nobody wif, mister, I ain’t, I’m plum again’ ’is war an’ I ain’t goin’ carry no gun of no kind, ’I ain’t.’

“An’ then my Captain said to this fool niggah he said, ‘Youh all don’ have to shoot no gun, necessarily. We ain’t goin’ make you carry no gun or kill nobody, no, sir. All youh goin’ do is jes go ’long wif us, an’ we’ll take you over

there where the shootin' is—an' then you ken use youh own jegment.' He, he, he, he."

A very subdued little laugh came from the wheel chair.

Eddie wheeled on. After what would have been three or four of Eddie's own beloved Harlem blocks the dark boy, with his eatin' arm hung carefully in his sling, pulled up in a deserted corridor. His left hand dived deep into the pocket of his blue hospital bath robe, and when it came out it was clutching two unopened boxes of smokes.

"Lookey at 'at, boy," he whispered, his eyes sparkling and his holiday grin spreading until it caught his ear tips. "'Is heah is Christmas Day and some lady done give me all 'em cigarettes. Oh, boy, an' me an' you is goin' to have a beg smoke right out heah, and if any of 'em 'ere doctors come along and try make us quit smokin' li'l ole Eddie is goin' try some army jawbone. And, boy, one of 'em packages is foh you. Jes take one. 'Is is Chris'mas, boy."

Abie hesitated. A white, thin hand reached out and then drew back.

“Chris’mas don’t got nothing to do with me, Eddie,” the sick soldier boy pronounced slowly. “I don’t get something for Chris’mas never.”

“Listen, white boy, Chris’mas is Chris’mas an’ cigarettes is cigarettes, and us ’Mericans is us ’Mericans. Ask me, ain’t yah in this heah army, ain’t yah? An’ ain’t soldiers got a right foh to have smokin’ on Chris’mas? Dis heah box is you’s, white boy, and you take out one of ’em ’er cigarettes and put it right in youh mouf and ’en you get one out of ’is ofer package and give her to me an’ we’s goin’ have a fine ole smoke.”

So Abie, working his white fingers, opened the two packages, and in half a dozen seconds Eddie had fished out a box of matches with his present eatin’ hand, and there was gay old puffing away by the pair.

But it was short lived. Down the curve in the corridor the sound of footsteps echoed plainly. Eddie hid his lighted smoke in the hollow of his dark hand, while Abie let his own hand, holding its precious weight, fall over the side of his wheel chair.

Then around the corner came two ladies from the Hostess House, and each was carrying a heaping load of packages.

“Merry Christmas, boys,” both smiled. “Tell me, have you been given a Christmas kit this morning?” one asked.

“No, sir; I mean no, ma’m, I ain’t got no kit yet.” Eddie grinned. “We ain’t got nofin give to us yet.”

So without further fuss one of the ladies handed to both Eddie and his patient a little package wrapped and tied with Christmas ribbon and paper. And while they passed on down in their triumphant tour Eddie had Abie open their bundles.

“Foh lan’ sake, lookey at ’at ’er pipe and two packages of smokes—an’ candy—Lord livin’! And some needles and buttons and everything. Gee, ain’t youh all glad you’se ’Merican, white boy?”

And poor, tired Abie on his first ride in ten days let his head rest on the comfort softened back of his wheel chair and smiled a very wan little smile.

“Yes, in-deed, Abie; yes, in-deed.”

4—JUST INSPECTION

Eddie and Smilax Peters would have made great pals out at the base hospital—but the War Gods decreed that each should have a white soldier for his comrade at arms. After all sick wards are the real levelers and fortunately this great Army of Freedom is pretty much color blind, too.

The white boy had to lie very quiet and very still and he was so awfully tired doing it. For almost three weeks he had been on this same white covered enamel bed in ward D2 of the base hospital—three weeks that seemed like three years.

“Maybe ’ey’ll have chicken to-night, white boy,” Smilax Peters remarked in a cheery tone, his long row of pearly white teeth lighting up his chocolate face in a smile. “Maybe ’ey will, boy, and then you all ken jes’ eat, ’n eat, ’n eat.”

“Why can’t I hurry up and get out of here?” Denny McCarthy questioned in a low pitched, nervous voice. “I don’t want any chicken or anything to eat. I just want to get well.”

Private Smilax Peters, whose case of laryngitis was sufficiently cured for Smilax to be arrayed in a long, light blue bathrobe and act as volunteer comforter and water fetcher for the patients of D2, patted the folds of Denny's white coverlet.

"Now don't you get yo' seff all het up, little white soger boy," he said, "kase 'at makes yo' fevah come up right fast and then you all 'd have to take 'at medicine. You all is goin' to get out of heah one of dese heah fine days nohow and then 'at'll be all fine and honkeydora. About nex' week, 'at's what I think, you poor little white boy, you."

Denny's thin white face tossed from one side of his pillow to the other. He had heard all this a score of times. And he was tired to death now and he wanted to get back to his pals over in Company D of the 304th Machine Gun Battalion. Not that the hospital had not been fine to him and his own ward nurse a dear old peach, but three weeks is a long time to have to lie quiet after an appendicitis operation.

"I wanta get well and be sent back with the boys," he half muttered.

And then the great double glass doors that opened into the ward were softly swung back and a slender, middle aged man with a silver star on each shoulder strap and a warm smile stepped into the long, cot lined room. Behind him came Col. Reynolds, division surgeon, and then a small staff of medical officers and aides.

The colored boy quickly rose to his feet and saluted. Denny, turning his head and catching a glimpse of his visitors, tried to rise to a sitting position while his thin right hand touched his forehead in salute.

“Well, well,” the General said in a friendly, cheery tone. “Everything looks neat and clean here.”

Then his eye caught Denny as he half rose on his pillow in salute.

“That’s all right, my boy,” he said with a smile. “Guess you’ve had a pretty long grind, haven’t you?”

A nurse with a red cross on her white bonnet—the nurse who had been so gentle and confident all these weeks—whispered the history of the case while the General listened with deep interest.

“Ugh, well you certainly have had a tough time of it. But I guess you’ll be out of here and back with your company before long.”

The man with the star on his shoulder straps reached out a hand and gripped the thin hand of Denny.

“I’m General Johnson—and—and I know you’ll be out soon. The best of luck to you, my boy.”



Denny tried to sputter out a word of thanks and then when that failed he tried to salute. But it wasn’t much use. Long before either was successful the man with the friendly smile had turned and passed on out of the long room. And all that Denny, weak and tired, could do was to let his eyes fill with big tears that rolled down his white cheeks to the pillow.

A half minute passed before the ward snapped back to its normal state. And then it was Smilax Peters of the big smile and the chocolate colour who really broke the silence.

“Say, white boy, did yo’ heah what ’at Captain done said ’bout you gettin’ out of heah soon?” he half whispered. “’At white Cap, he said yo’ was goin’ right soon, ’at’s what he said.”

Denny tried to smile. It was a wan and gentle and very tired little smile, but it was a real smile just the same.

“I heard him, Smilax,” he whispered slowly. “Next week, he said—General Johnson said.”

Then Denny turned his head with the tears and the smile and closed his eyes. He was happy even if he was tired out.

5—DENNY GETS TO GO AFTER ALL

It was the following week that word spread about the great, echoing halls and wards that there was to be a real play, with real imported stars all for the hospital folks—and best of all it was to be absolutely free. And so it was that the grand scramble for wheel chairs came off.

“Gee, I wish I could go,” little Denny half whispered to a couple of his walking pals who

were well enough to shuffle up and down the ward and travel the long corridors.

“Ain’t no more of ’em wheel chairs, Denny,” Smilax answered. “Guess them early birds copped ’em all off.”

“Wish I had one,” Denny went on. “I haven’t ever seen any hospital show yet—not in three weeks.”

Smilax took the glass of water from Denny and then commandeered all his faculties to some hard thinking. “Don’ youh all go worrin’ youhself sick, li’l ole white boy, kase Smilax is goin’ see what he ken do,” he announced, turning toward the big double doors leading out from the ward room.

Denny fussed around in his cot, swinging his thin legs over the edge, nervous and half heart-broken in his lonesomeness. Three weeks is a long time to be tied to a white army cot in a hospital ward—no matter how friendly the boys may be or how sweet the nurses.

Probably ten minutes slipped by and then the doors opened and a wheeled operating table poked its nose into the room. And behind it

plodded Smilax, with a great smile spreading across his chocolate face.

“Climb on heah, li'l ole white boy, and we'll see that 'er old show yet,” he almost shouted. “Climb on.”

For a half dozen seconds Denny was speechless and then without a word he pushed his feet into his cloth slippers, swung into his pale blue hospital dressing gown and tried to climb on the high wheeled table. But he couldn't make it.

“Whoa there, white boy—jes' a minute,” Smilax cautioned. “I'll help the ole boy on. 'Er, now you go. Heah, I'll lift 'em 'er legs of your'n; they don't weigh much of nufin'. 'Er we is now. All aboard! Toot-toot!”

With a wave of his hand and a big smile to the boys who could not go Smilax started with his burden down the long wheel to the mess hall. But this was only a starter, for when he did reach the doors to the big room he found it jammed with 300 or 400 other boys in blue robes, laughing, joking and exchanging sick data. But that did not feaze Smilax.

“One side ’er,” he shouted, and bullied and ordered and begged. “One side foh de Colonel! Come on, you white trash sogers, let the wounded in first.”

And finally Smilax got his charge to the very front and even won a seat to boot. All around him were wheel chairs and behind stretched the rows of mess tables and benches crowded full of sick boys hungry for music and smiles and entertainment.

It was a wonderful audience to play to, and it did not make the slightest difference to Grace Hazzard or William Williams or the others who came down from the city to make these sick boys happy for a night, because there was no stage and no curtain and no entrances. Where they should have had snow covered mountains of southern California as a setting, white bed screens had to do.

And Denny did not mind it in the least either. All he thought of was what a bully little play “Cousin Eleanor” was and how fine it had been of Mrs. Ruth Litt to have made all the arrangements for it and the Y. M. C. A. to give their

help and what a change it was from the long, tiresome, gray hours in a ward.

And so these boys laughed and clapped and shouted for more, and when it was all over and the slow shuffling procession was led off with those who could walk and followed by those who rode in wheel chairs, with little Denny on his operating table way back in the rear, there was more real happiness around these great, silent acres of hospital buildings than there had ever been before.

Tired little Denny had big tears in his eyes when he tried to thank Smilax for his wonderful evening. And his voice faltered so that he could not finish.

“’At’s all right, ole boy,” Smilax spoke up, right gruff-like “’At’s all right. Say, weren’t she a peach, ’at *Cousin Eleanor*—’at Miss—Miss—what’s-’er-name? Oh, boy, weren’t she a peach?”

6—WHEN THE WAR GODS PULL THE STRINGS

ALL in all probably war’s greatest miracles have been worked among these same coloured soldiers in this great National Army.

Ten thousand white officers have won long delayed jumps in pay and rank and 10,000 more fine, gallant old non-coms have come into their own these last few months, but it's the men who never had a chance before and never could have had a chance—the brave, fighting, trained top sergeants and old sergeants major of the army's negro regiments—that have this war to thank most.

One day early in July nineteen years ago in front of San Juan Hill a dashing young Second Lieutenant of the Twenty-fifth Infantry won a First Lieutenant's commission and was assigned to the Twenty-fourth Infantry. He had done some hard bits of fighting with the Twenty-fifth, but when he joined his new regiment he found that it too had covered itself with glory facing Spanish Mausers.

In this new company of the First Lieutenant was a young negro corporal who had come into the army a clean, upstanding lad only a few months before, and on the day of sailing out of Tampa for the front had been made a corporal. A year later, almost to a day, just before board-

ing ship from San Francisco for the Philippine Islands to help put down the insurrection, Corporal Walter B. Williams was given a battalion sergeant major's chevrons.

Then had come a long, hard campaign in northern Luzon with Gen. Sam Young's famous "flying brigade." In command of Company I was First Lieutenant James A. Moss and on the staff as Adjutant-General was First Lieutenant E. B. Cassatt, with the rank of Major of Volunteers.

At Tayug the expedition had met Major-Gen. Henry W. Lawton, and there the second Battalion of the Twenty-fourth Infantry, consisting of 225 men and 104 native scouts under Capt. Joseph B. Batchelor, Jr., was ordered across the Argo Mountains. They were to intercept Aguinaldo and break the backbone of the revolution. That was on November 15, 1899, and on December 23 the outfit reached Lallec on the Cagayon River and hungry, ragged and sick met the United States gunboat Helena, under Capt. Moore. It was a foot sore and bedraggled little outfit, but their thirty-eight days

record march helped force the surrender of the native Gen. Canon and Gen. Terona's Cayagon battalion—the pride of Aguinaldo's army—and the capture of Tuguegaria with the liberation of 1,500 Spanish prisoners.

And all during this fine fighting campaign a certain Colonel, J. Franklin Bell, with his "suicide regiment," the famous Thirty-sixth United States Volunteers, along with a certain Captain of volunteers, E. E. Booth, was cleaning up the country south and west of San Fernando, Pampanga.

Back finally at Tayug, in the province of Pangasinan, the Twenty-fourth foregathered and rested a bit on its laurels.

Soon a young Lieutenant, James A. Moss, was made regimental adjutant. And about the same time a certain old soldier, Sergeant-Major Green, having gone back to the States on an extended leave, the new regimental adjutant promoted his battalion Sergeant-Major, Walter B. Williams, to be regimental sergeant-major. Then three months later when the old sergeant-major returned he found his place filled

and little chance of regaining it. So in a fine huff at both his successor and the regimental adjutant old Sergeant Green had himself transferred to the sister Twenty-fifth as sergeant-major.

And slowly the wheels of the army gods ground on, and in time Sergeant-Major Green had done his thirty years and retired on a comfortable \$70 pension. And all the time Sergeant-Major Williams kept his old place with the Twenty-fourth, and one day six or seven years ago, when there was a vacancy in the semi-official post of regimental exchange steward—which is a fancy army name for storekeeper and carries with it a welcome salary of \$120 a month—Williams, remembering his old friend Green, sent for him.

And while the army gods who look after the negro soldiers were busy with their grist the army gods who watch over the destiny of white officers saw to it that regimental Adjt. Moss became a captain. All in all, he has served fourteen years on the rolls of the Twenty-fourth. Some of these years it was detached service,

but always on the collar insignia of his uniform was the crossed guns of the infantry and the marking "24."

Then in 1912, at Madison barracks, this Captain was assigned to the Twenty-ninth Infantry. And when he said good-by to his old regimental Sergeant-Major it was as certain as army pay that the negro soldier with his three service ribbons would finish out his time and one day retire on his \$70 pension.

When the Twenty-ninth Infantry went to Panama two or three years ago Moss went along, but in August of this year, when the plans of the National Army had been perfected and it had been decided to form a complete separate division of negro troops officered with white field officers but with negro company commanders and junior officers, the then Major Moss was called back and made Colonel of the 367th, at Camp Upton.

One of the first things that he did was to wire to his old regimental Sergeant at the negro officers' training camp at Des Moines, Ia., and ask him if he wanted to serve under him. And

the war tried old soldier remembered. His mind went back to divers and sundry fighting days in Cuba and the Philippines, when a dashing young Lieutenant had plugged them alongside of him. And remembering, further, many peaceful years when as Sergeant-Major he had been at least left hand man to this same officer serving as regimental Adjutant he promptly turned down two other requests. With a Captain's commission he came on.

So it was that Capt. Walter B. Williams, ranking enlisted man and non-com. of the whole United States Regulars, white or black, with but two years to finish out his thirty years of service, returned to serve under his old commander. The first official job he did was to suggest that another old timer, long retired Sergeant-Major Green, be given the job of regimental exchange steward, with its \$120 a month. So that night a wire went to Columbus, N. M., to the exchange steward of the Twenty-fourth Infantry offering him the job.

And he took it, and the other day around the headquarters of Moss's buffalos—the swaggerest

negro outfit in the National Army, with a coat of arms, swagger sticks, welfare league, embossed stationary, and the fightenest coloured gents that ever came out of Harlem—well, over at Moss's buffaloes there was quite a little family reunion.

War surely does play some mighty strange tricks.

CHAPTER EIGHT

SOME THEY TOOK WHILE OTHERS FAILED

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I—BUT THE DOCTORS SAID “NO”

SOME there are who still hold that there is little real battle patriotism in America.

To such of these as are not too blind to read let the story of Johnny McGinn, son of famous old Joe McGinn of the A. P., stand as a turning point in their own patriotism. And to another few who claim that war is decadent and besides human life and treasure demands such virtues as honour let this tale sink in deep. And let them both remember that in America's armed forces to-day there are ten times ten thousand with the spirit of Johnny McGinn.

Capt. H. H. Lawson of the outpost company of the 302d Field Signal Battalion had finished his long lecture on the Articles of War and swung into a general talk on army matters,

duties, punishment, *esprit de corps* dress, honour, and a score of other things that ended with placing the selected men squarely shoulder to shoulder with the volunteers.

“Some of you men in this outfit came down here as volunteers in the Signal Reserve Corps,” he declared in this October talk. “I want you to know that from this moment on you are all members of the United States Army, that you rank equally, and only exactly equally, with the men who were selected by the Government and assigned to this command.

“And to you both let it be impressed that in all your dealings with the Government you be absolutely honest about everything. If there is a single man in this command who committed even the slightest deception in getting here, either selected man or volunteer, it would reflect dangerously on me. It might grievously hurt the reputation of the whole command.”

An hour later to his office in the company barracks there came Private Johnny McGinn. “Captain,” he said, “you’ve been so decent and white to me since I came down here October 6,

that I think I ought to tell you something. I wouldn't hurt the reputation of this company for anything in the world, and so just to make sure I'm going to tell you about this thing—I hope it won't make any difference.”

Then came the story of the boy who tried and failed and then tried again and again for seven times, and failed each time, and then finally told a great white lie in order to serve with his country's colours.

Soon there will come floating back from a far away front, from overseas and a strange land of mud and death and sacrifice and honour, a thousand and one brave tales of gallant lads who died that the millions back home might be safe and a tardy nation made secure. But if this simple, unstained story of this boy who wanted so hard to do his bit and to follow The Great Adventure—unadorned though it is by the glory of battle and the blaze of star shells—if the words that he spoke and the tears that came into his eyes—the weak eyes that kept him out and back—could be put on ink and paper he would be ranked as true a son of

America as those who make the final sacrifice itself.

On April 16, 1912, John G. McGinn was honourably discharged from the Ninth Coast Defence command, N. Y. N. G., after a record of four and a half years of service. In June, four years later, when the Mexican teapot tempest was boiling over, McGinn hurried back to his old command and tried to reenlist, but was rejected on account of defective vision. Just one year later, on June 7, 1917, with America in the great war, he tried the United States Navy, but his old eye trouble kept him out.

Then came a whirl at the naval reserve, and there by some queer turn of army fate, he passed and actually enlisted. But his happiness was short lived. Two weeks after his enlistment it was discovered during wigwag signal practice that he could not read the flags. A reexamination was ordered and he was flatly rejected. Then came his chance with the selected service, and with high hopes Johnny McGinn went before local Board 23 on August 4.

The surgeons discovered his eye weakness

and he was compelled to accept a certificate of discharge. Discouraged, but far from beaten, he now retackled the National Guard. The first two organizations flatly refused to examine him when he reported truthfully that his age was 28. No man within the selected service age could at that time enlist.

Then in desperation he tried the Seventy-first New York and the old Sixty-ninth, and by representing that his age was 32 years and 2 months he was examined. Rejection on account of defective vision followed with both outfits. That made seven times that he had tried to enlist and been turned down. The same day he met an acquaintance, who told him that the United States Reserve Signal Corps was still enlisting men in Brooklyn, and that he might try there. And together they hatched up the great plot against the army regulations of the United States Government.

McGinn, it was decided, should learn by heart the eye chart so that he could run through it without a hitch when the fatal eye examination came. Three hours later, with the line of let-

ters fairly singing through his brain, McGinn entered the signal corps recruiting station. Two hours later he had passed the full examination and was a member in good standing of Uncle Sam's fighting forces. That was on September 12, and on October 6 McGinn reported at Camp Upton. Exactly eleven days later Capt. Lawson delivered his lecture and that afternoon it was McGinn who told all this to his company commander.

"I lied to get in, and I want to serve, Captain, but you've been so decent to us all that I don't want to have anything reflect on you or your company," the young soldier closed his confession.

Capt. Lawson hesitated a long time—but army rules are army rules, so that in the end the case had to go up to the powers that be at headquarters, where all the things finally pass before a kindly, wise old soldier with stars on his shoulder straps. And there, too, they hesitated a long time, but there, too, army rules are army rules, and although Capt. Lawson had pleaded as strongly as army papers allow one to plead,

all that could be done was an order for a complete new physical examination of Private McGinn.

And Johnny McGinn failed. Then out of a generous heart the army unbended and ordered a second examination. And again Johnny McGinn failed. And last night a young man stood before his Captain with tears streaming down his cheeks, but a smile forced to his lips. For nine weeks he had been a soldier, and now it was to end. For nine weeks he had been company odd job man, loyal, happy and contented, although his case having been undecided he had never been given a uniform and had never been on a pass and his tasks had been only the menial ones that often are given out for light punishment.

“I’m mighty sorry, McGinn,” the Captain solemnly pronounced, gripping the hand of the man who had tried so hard to be a soldier.

“That’s all right, Captain,” the man smiled back. “I want to keep up my Liberty bonds I took out—I’ll send you the money each month. And say, I’ll meet you ‘over there’—I’ll be

there when you get over. I'll keep on trying—even to the Ambulance Corps. I'll be there. Goodby."

And Johnny McGinn, one time soldier but now civilian hero, saluted and went out of the room, through the barrack and took up the long hike to the station.

2—"RED" W. W.

AND Johnny McGinn will not be alone. Others there are who have had to fight for the chance to fight. And maybe in the same silent grey boat that takes Johnny over there also will ride Red-W. W.—and Red will make a wonderful pal for Johnny.

Red Chester, very much unattached and quite unofficial member of the staff of Major Bozeman Bulger, Second Battalion 306th Infantry, National Army of Freedom, left to-day for the front. In the left hand pocket of the summer pants the Major had given him reposed \$32.50 in actual money and beneath the left pocket of his summer weight military blouse that the Major had likewise bequeathed to him lay a

seventeen-year old heart that beat out a joyous song of adventure. Red was on his way. And Red was happy. For two months he had been a volunteer of the fighting forces of Uncle Sam—a volunteer soldier always very much unattached and quite unofficial. And now Red was started south for France via Camp Wadsworth to offer to the Twenty-seventh Division one uniformed, equipped and trained soldier, all ready for a fight or frolic.

There was no service ribbon across Red's rather manly young chest, but he went forth with a reputation as a first class fighting man and a willing worker. Willing workers are rare in any and all armies, and so it is that when one comes out from behind his disguise he is made thrice welcome. And of all the willing workers in all the armies of ancient, mediæval or modern history Red was the willingest and the welcomest. In all his two months of very unattached service Red played not a single hand in the grand old army game of passing the buck.

If Red took out Major Bulger's motor car and broke one of the rear springs while leaping

from street to street, did Red follow the usual custom and calmly announce that it was the Major's official orderly or his striker or the corporal of the guard or even a Captain who did it? Decidedly and emphatically Red did not.

"The ole boat'll have to go in dry docks for a little overhauling, Major," he would confidentially advise. "She broke one of her springs aft this morning. She's an awful old car, Major. Ain't you got any other kindova boat?"

Or possibly Chef Draher over at Company H of the 306th, where Red chose to mess and to sleep, would miss a particularly nice half of an apple pie out of his private stock that he had hidden away for personal consumption. Red, having the run of the kitchen and the mess hall, would quite naturally be collared and accused. Did Red say that Wart Jacobs, that day doing extra kitchen police, or Timothy Doowinkle of the potato peeling squad, took and used in an unlawful manner the pie? Decidedly and emphatically Red did not.

"Sure, I ate your bum pie, chef, and I oughta have a medal for doing it," he proudly would

confess. "You don't mean you're all het up about a little thing like that? 'Member when I went up to the post office, chef? 'Member when I got that express package for ya, chef? 'Member when I helped ya with the fires last week, chef? And now just for one little piece of cold pie you're goin' to have me thrown outa the army and everything."

And of course Chef Draher would try to camouflage his complete forgiveness under a highly seasoned pro-American, ex-Bavarian accent—all of which was more pie for Red. In the end of the argument Red would retire with a fancy tongue sandwich from the chef, a cigarette from the second cook and a match from the kitchen police.

In spots Red's history is vague. Outside of a broad sweep toward Brooklyn he never had located his official residence. Of trades, occupations, professions or tricks Red had none. He was only a willing worker. And as has been remarked W. W.'s are welcome birds around army circles.

Out of a perfectly clear sky on the day of

the grand opening of Camp Upton Red dropped. The first that Major Bulger knew of him he was doing a menial task around the Second Battalion's headquarters and when questioned as to what local exemption board he came from or to what outfit he had been assigned he grinned very becomingly, took off his hat, displayed a wonderful sorrel top and confessed that he was not from anywhere in particular and so far was unassigned and unattached. in

That night a big hearted private in Company H took him to the barracks to mess and permitted him to do a bit of looting for his cot and blanket. And the next morning when Major Bulger went to his working quarters Red was on the job with his trick grin.

"Lemme join, will ya, Major?" he kept asking. "I'm big enough and I ain't got any dependents. I'll make a regular kind of a soldier."

But this being a very upstage army with a long waiting list and a box full of black balls, Red did not have a chance. However, his plea for a uniform while falling on unfavourable

ground, did reap a khaki outfit from Major Bulger—a bit worn and with all the braid taken off the sleeve—but a uniform just the same, and Red's days were full of joy.

“Let's have Red try the volunteers,” one officer suggested to another. And in the end Lieut. Edward McGervey took Red to the Rainbow Division at Mineola, led him to Col. Hine of the gallant 165th and left him there with full recommendations.

“It never'll be the same around the old place again,” mused Major Bulger to his Adjutant.

But the next morning bright and early when the Major figuratively punched the army clock there was Red, a bit worn and weary, but the same Red.

“They was full up and I lacked two months,” he bravely grinned. “I come back in a car—part way. And the walkin' wasn't bad the last ten miles.”

So Red resumed his old duties of battalion willing worker, and things began to seem the same again. But the fall days crept up and the Long Island winds put some sting into them—

selves and there was no heavy issue overcoat for Red. The summer weight suit donated was not for such a clime and time. And finally Red did a three day trick in the base hospital with a stubborn cold.

So last night there was deep worry in the inner circles of Company H. Red was a growing responsibility. Then some one started a hat around the barracks, and when it came back there was \$32.50 in it. It was Red's dowry.

"Me for Spartanburg," he announced after lengthy thanks. "I'm eighteen—purty near anyhow—and I'll meet you pals in France. Say, if I can get an O. D. overcoat maybe I'll come back. Tell the Major I'm going to be his orderly when you get across. I'll be waitin' for you over there."

And to-night Red is well on his smiling way to the South. And may the gods of war make him look like 18 and may they find an O. D. overcoat to fit!

3—BERLIN PAPERS PLEASE COPY

JOHNNY MCGINN and Red were two who wanted to do their bit but were denied the great privilege by a kindly government. Frank Melich was more fortunate and his story is told because he is one who didn't have to—but did.

And Frank Melich is only one individual engulfed in this great whirling, throbbing camp. And scattered about the continent wide country of ours are thousands like him. And finer and bigger than anything else about this wonderful Government institution stands the fact that even those men who come here only because they are driven here when once touched by the magic of the army and the thrill of Americanism and the unknown joy of the out of doors suddenly lose all their resentment and fight against even the thought of being barred from the adventure.

The uniform, the right sort of paternalism of the officers, good food, sunshine, regular hours, healthy tired bodies, bully companions and the singing around the barrack room pianos

at night, with the call from across the sea—these do the trick. They're making a lot of things besides gun toters in these great camps of the Army of Freedom.

But about Frank Melich. Among the 2,000 odd men who came down from the city with the quota of October 10 was an expert electrician, who had for some time past been employed by William Cramp & Sons Ship and Engine Building Company in the very exacting work of installing electrical equipment on United States battleships.

Some weeks before when he discovered that he had passed his physical examination for the selective service he took the matter up immediately with his employers and it was decided that he should put in an industrial claim for exemption. His work on the Government ships, apparently, was of vital importance for the conduct of the war and there seemed little doubt that such a claim would be accepted. At least it would be very acceptable to Melich.

But there came a hitch in passing on the claim. Up to the day Melich was to leave for

Yaphank no action had been taken by the New York City district board, despite the fact that the affidavits bore the signature of J. H. Hull, vice-president and general manager of Cramps. So it was that emotions other than patriotism surged through the breast of this soldier. It was all wrong to make him serve down here. He was giving up a salary of \$50 a week and work that was valuable to the Government. And he didn't want to come. Arriving in camp, Melich was assigned at once to the Outpost Company, 302d Field Battalion Signal Corps, Capt. H. H. Lawson, commanding.

Six days slipped by, and wonders beyond words can be worked in six days. In the case of Private Frank Melich actual wonders were worked. The seventh morning just before noon mess was called the young soldier knocked at his captain's door and, entering, saluted.

"Will you kindly send these papers back, Captain," he announced. "And tell them that I don't want to be exempted now. That I find I can best serve my Government here and that this is where I want to stay."

The Captain opened the long envelope that had just been received and took out the official papers containing the granting of the claim. Glancing through them he rose to his feet and offered his hand to Private Melich.

“Congratulations,” he said, with a punch to the word. “You’re in the most dangerous branch of the service—doing advance signal work in front of the first line trenches—and you’ve stuck. Congratulations.”

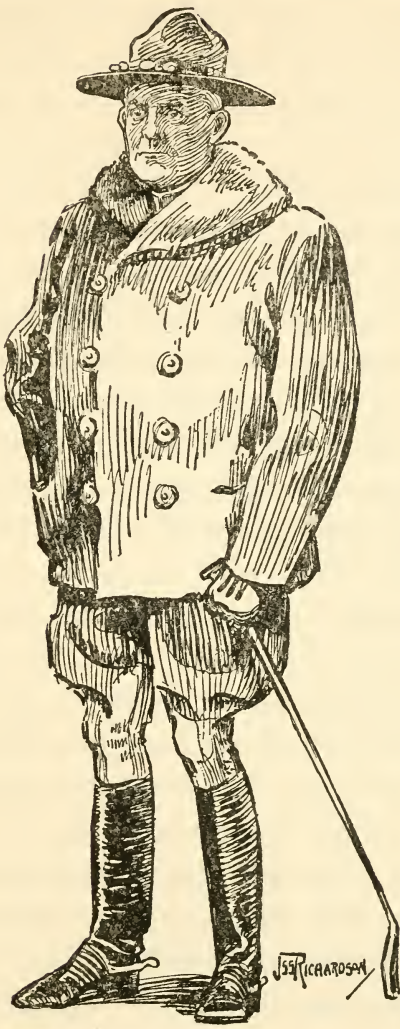
Multiply Frank Melich by 10,000 and you catch the spirit of any single camp. And the spirit of one camp is the spirit of the whole National Army.

America’s young men have proven themselves.

4—THE OLD MAN WITH THE TWO STARS

BUT the proving has sometimes chosen odd and devious passes. It is a long process, too, but it is a sure process. Time and patience and friendliness are a wonderfully efficient trinity when properly mixed.

It isn’t very often that a Major-General will



spend an hour and a half trying to convince a plain rookie that he's making a big mistake if he does anything to disgrace the uniform he wears. It's even less often that a man with two stars on his shoulder straps will send the won-over rookie to the railroad station in his own automobile on a two-day leave. But the "Old Man" up on Headquarters Hill did both yesterday. To-morrow morning, just as certainly as the sun will rise, a certain young man in olive drab will climb the hill and go into the "Old Man's" quarters and salute. And he'll say, "I'm back, General. And I didn't disgrace the uniform."

To start in at the beginning of this story you must go back to last Saturday, when one of the groups of selected men arrived from the city. Or even further back to Bukowina, where Samuel Hulber was born. Young Hulber left the Austrian crownland to escape military service. In New York the young man, nursing anti-militaristic hatred, was caught up in the swirl of radicalism and became a Socialist. Then came the registration, the lottery at Washington with

Hulber's number one of the first drawn. Then the draft examination, and two months later he found himself a member of the second contingent ordered to Camp Upton.

Quietly and silently determining his positive course of action Hulber went through the camp registration and physical examination and inoculation and the mustering in. In the assignment to service he drew Company E, Second Battalion, 307th Infantry, Colonel Erwin commanding, and reported without comment or trouble to his company commander, Lieutenant Philip J. Scudder. Monday came, with the companies marching in squads to the regimental quartermaster's depot, where uniforms were issued.

Shortly before the order came to march to the depot, Hulber approached Lieutenant Scudder and quietly stated that he was a conscientious objector, and was against any service that had the taking of human life as its end. So sincere and quiet was the startling announcement that instead of placing the young soldier under arrest and ordering him to the guardhouse, the acting

captain took him to Major Albert Nathan, commanding the Second Battalion.

Again Hulber reiterated his views, describing in the same subdued and determined tones his objections and exact conscientious reasons. Very earnestly Major Nathan listened to the appeal, but knowing that there was nothing for him to do but to see that the regular order of procedure was carried out he commanded Hulber to procure his uniform and accept his army duties.

“All right, sir, I’ll accept your orders,” Hulber respectfully answered, “but my conscience will not permit me to put on the uniform.”

Without further words Major Nathan took Hulber to the uniforming depot and appointed two men to go with him as an unofficial guard. Reaching the building, the young soldier made absolutely no resistance against being fitted with the uniform, but likewise made no effort to assist. Exactly as one would dress a dummy form the two guards dressed him, excepting for army shoes and campaign hat, there being a temporary shortage on these articles at that particular moment.

Returning to the barracks Hulber again very quietly and respectfully informed his officers that he was sincerely and conscientiously against the war and military service and that he never would voluntarily wear or put on the army uniform.

The fact that there was nothing of the demagogue or soapbox orator about him and all his statements of his objections were made only to the officers so impressed his superiors that they took him to Colonel Erwin, the regimental commander. While the officers were talking over the case among themselves Hulber sent in a note addressed to the colonel, reading: "As long as I am a conscientious objector and cannot serve in the army, I wish you would shoot me to-day and have it over with."

Melodramatic and grandiose as it may sound in cold type, it was nevertheless very impressive to the officers. Without reaching a decision they told him to go back to his barracks. The following morning Major Nathan and Lieutenant Scudder again held a conference with the young man, but without making any headway;

then as a last effort, before taking forcible steps, they took Hulber to headquarters and brought him before Lieutenant-Colonel E. E. Booth, Chief of Staff.

As in the case of all the other officers Colonel Booth was so impressed with the soldier's sincerity of purpose and belief that he personally took the case before Major-General Bell. General Bell immediately sent for Hulber.

With all the patience and fairness and fine spirit that a father might use in talking over a serious question with a son, General Bell held a heart-to-heart conference with Hulber. First he had him explain exactly his objections, and gave his side of the case a complete hearing. The young man, he discovered, had been born under the terror of militarism, and his hatred for war was deep and sincere.

Then he found that the young man was a Socialist, and although very religious had no religious objections to war. Lastly, that a very sensitive and finely strung nature had revolted against the possibly rough treatment of some unthinking drill sergeant. All these fermented

by constant brooding had caused him to take his dangerous stand. Little by little the kindly old man with the two stars cut down one at a time his objections.

Carefully he explained that he had only respect for Hulber's sincerity and conscientiousness, but that he must not confuse principle with a whim or sentiment. His refusal to wear and respect his uniform was a whim, he pointed out, while his objection to bloodshed was no doubt a sincere principle.

"I have worn Uncle Sam's uniform for more than forty years, my boy," the general told him. "And let me tell you that there is nothing dishonourable about wearing it. I'm an old man at this army life and I don't like to see a young man entering it making a mistake that will cost him as much as this might cost you."

So little by little the youth who had asserted he would never wear the uniform of a United States soldier unless physically compelled to was won around to see that it not only wouldn't pay, but wasn't right, and at the end of an hour and a half Hulber rose, and the General was smiling

out of his very wise and very tired eyes. The boy laughingly remarked that he supposed he had jockeyed himself out of the privilege of celebrating the Jewish holiday in the city.

“Who told you that?” the general demanded.

“Well, no one, but I wouldn’t think of asking any such favour after all this.”

The general glanced at his wrist watch and then touched his orderly button.

“You’ve got just twenty minutes to catch the special train.”

With one glance the old man let his eyes sweep over the joyous youth. The hat was wrong and the shoes were a dusty black civilian pair.

“Orderly, get my car; take this man and find a pair of army shoes and a regulation hat for him—borrow ’em from anybody—and see that he makes the train. By the way, I’ll have you transferred to another company when you get back so you can start all straight again.”

The boy started to sputter a reply but the general hushed him.

“You’ll not let any one convince you that

your uniform is all wrong when you get to the city, will you, boy?"

The young man shook his head.

"And above everything else, you won't even think of making the terrible mistake of trying to escape your duty and not return to camp?"

And here it was that Private Samuel Hulber of the 307th Regiment of the Army of Freedom, squared quite a little of his debit account with the general. Saluting, he pronounced in square, fine words:

"General, on my honour, I'll return when my leave is up."

And he did.

5—JOE STICKS

Joe Tomassio, ex-national Army of Freedom, had his New Year's dinner with Battery A, 304th Field Artillery after all.

This is not so very much of a social note and probably in the strictest sense of the word it will not create any extreme panic or sensation in high army circles, but it means a good deal to Joe just the same, and it also means a good deal

to the millions whose heart strings happen to be all tangled up in this same lowly army of democracy's hope.

For Joe is one of the soldiers who wanted to but could not. And it has taken the people of this country a long while—at least in the calendar of our own war days—to realise that Joe has a lot of pals who like him wanted to but could not. That sort of goes against the idea that America had of the way the draft would work out—and since the sting has been taken out of the word draft one can use it now without fear or apology—but slowly this idea has been changing and it has been the Joes who have had a great deal to do with the change.

It has been several weeks now since Joe first piled off the troop train that brought him to Camp Upton. He really did not want to come, but like all the other thousands he smothered his resentment and decided that if it had to be done it had to be and that was all there was about it.

If there had been any way of getting out of it, why Joe would have tried it—then.

SOME THEY TOOK, OTHERS FAILED 213

Things did not change much for the first three or four days with all the bustle and hurry of being assigned and examined and shot full of "anti" sera, but in less than a week things had simmered down and Joe began to edge in a bit. He found two young fellows in his squad, whose cots were next to his, who were just the sort of pals that he had always wanted. And there were a score of others around the barrack that he soon began to think a good deal of. And for the first time in his life he really seemed to fit in. He had his regular place in his gun squad and his regular work to do and he soon realised that he was a part of this great war machine that is being builded.

Then one day Joe fainted while on a hike. It was freezing cold, but his pals—the two whose cots were next his—took off their coats and put them around him, and one ran a half mile to telephone for the ambulance. They were his pals.

The next day when the medical inspection was made his Captain spoke to the surgeon about his trick heart and had him examined.

“Ah, I’m all right,” Joe bragged. “My heart’s all right. I ain’t kickin’, am I?”

“That’s the way to feel about it, anyway,” the kindly surgeon answered. “Guess we’ll give you another chance.”

But Joe’s trick heart double crossed him and within a week the rookie artilleryman had keeled over again, but this time he was in his regimental infirmary and not his own barrack cot when he came to. And a day or two later not one but three physicians were counting his heart beats and using long Latin names and shaking their heads over his case.

“You won’t do and that’s all there is about it,” one told him. “We’ll recommend your discharge.”

To Joe it was like a knockout punch a second after the first gong had sounded. And like a fighter, after it was all over he could not understand just what it was about.

“I’ll be all right after a while,” he pleaded. “Honest I will—I’ll be all right.”

But it wasn’t any use. The special examining board knew its business and sentiment did

not have any considerable place in it. And so it was that Joe was told that the next day he would be sent back to New York.

Back in the city was Joe's old job, and his old pals were waiting for him. And there was freedom there and lights and all the life that he had ever known.

But the army had touched him with its magic. He wanted to stay with his soldier pals, and the gods who wind up the great spools of red tape would not let him.

On his way to the station, with his two pals trudging silently by his side, Joe passed the big hotel and store that squats like a giant footstool on the lower edge of Headquarters Hill. An overgrown boy in worn "cits" who was lazily shovelling snow from the sidewalk in front gave him an idea. A half minute later he was addressing the manager.

"Any kind of a job will be all right with me," he announced.

"We can give you \$18 a week," he was told.

"You're on," Joe flashed back. "I'll stay."

So it was that Joe stayed on with the army

that he loves. And on nights when his work is done he hustles over to Battery A barrack and sings and yarns and plays with his pals.

They asked him over for New Year's dinner. And this noon when Joe sat down to the big turkey, cranberry and mince pie spread he whispered to his two pals his latest scheme for getting to France with his bunkies.

"I'm saving up my money and I'm goin' to buy me a uniform and a whole outfit, and then when you march on board the ship I'll just naturally go along," he confided. "I guess they ain't goin' cheat me out of goin' over there with you guys. I'm going along, I am."

And more power to you, Joe—and may you get a German or two all of your own when you get Over There.

CHAPTER NINE
MOTLEY MEASURES

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1—AMBITION

PPRIVATE Dominick Romano, Company I, 307th Infantry, Army of Freedom, alias Bull Ryan, one time lightweight champion of the Hycentiath Sporting Club of Harlem, sat cross-legged on the edge of his army cot, and wetting his upper lip tried to tuck as much of it as possible into the brass mouthpiece of a regulation bugle. But it was a tough job, for Bull's upper lip was tender and puffed up to almost twice its natural size. The blowing of an army bugle, let it be understood, is for strong men only, and is just the sort of work for former lightweight club champions.

“Hire a hall—whadya think this is, anyway?” shouted mess Sergeant Aleck Brooks, stopping long enough in his task of mending his army

pants that Kaiser Bill, the goat, had marked in the initiation ceremonies into Company I, to hurl a bit of a harpoon into his bunkie.

“Can’t you do notin’ but hit blue ones, Bull?” demanded Private Flaherty, likewise nursing memories of the company goat. “Here you been playing on that bugle three solid hours ever since mess and you ain’t had two notes straight runnin’ right yet. Some Kid Gabriel, you be.”

But like the well-known rain sliding off the equally well-known duck’s back all such banterings and persiflage slipped gracefully and freely past Bull’s bugle, dripping off along with Bull’s blue notes. For ambition, while a cruel master, is oft a pleasant companion, and Bull was basking in the sunshine of his self-promise. He would be the company’s one and only bugler. It would be his privilege to get ’em up in the morning, make ’em drill, feed ’em and then let his Taps tuck ’em in between their olive drab army blankets at night.

To Bull this was the end of a fairly perfect day. Along with his musical ambition he had

done quite well with his nursing and self-raising of his determination to be a first-class trick soldier as well as a master bugler. The little blue book of army regulations was his bible, hymn book and prayer guide all bound in one precious volume. By studying this carefully, Bull had been able to keep a couple of leaps ahead of his bunkies. While they were bothering with such kindergarten work as the manual of arms he had been studying the duties of a sentinel. And only this very afternoon he had been practising them.

The brass bugle rested unassaulted for a moment while Bull let his mind wander back to this little guard duty of his. Rather funny about

that. You see he'd gone out to the regimental drill grounds where half a dozen or more companies were working and had just taken his



guard mount post when an officer with a gold leaf on his shoulder straps rode by.

“Halt! Who goes there?” Bull demanded, bringing his gun down to a port arms.

“Major Cassatt, Divisional Inspector-General,” the officer answered, very much surprised at the challenge.

“Advance, Inspector-General, and establish your identity.”

Without any serious difficulty the Major proved his statements, announcing that he was making an inspection tour about the drill grounds.

“All right, sir—pass, Inspector-General.”

With the formalities finished the Major suddenly changed his tone and severely demanded: “Now who in the ***!!”“”“*?”“? put you here in the middle of this drill ground?”

“Nobody,” Bull blandly answered.

“Well, what in the ***!!”“”“??”“? are you doing here, then?”

“Just practising, sir.”

“***!!!!,,””“??”“??”“*?”“,” the Major declared with rising emphasis.

Bull recalled all these things while the bugle rested in his mighty right, slowly recovering from the punishment it had been receiving. No gloved opponent of Bull's ever went to his corner at the sound of the gong with as much thankfulness as Bull's bugle. But with the minute of respite ended Bull rewet his puffed upper lip and twisted most of it into the brass bugle mouth-piece.

On Bull's knee rested the little blue army book with the calls diagramed in the back. Impartially and without favour Bull had worked his way down the pages blowing the very heart out of each call. And now he was on the very last one and, wonder of wonders, it was so simple that Bull had no trouble in making it.

"Tra-la-la! Tra-la-la! Tra-la-la!" it went, a simple repetition of three notes.

With great eclat and pride Bull pointed his brass upward at a 45 degree angle and let the call tumble out again and again. Then, like an echo, from the direction of the barrack to the right came a repetition to the call. Then another barrack took it up, and finally all over

the section the call sounded, and then shouts, and in a half minute the company streets were filled with wondering rookie soldiers.

Bull played on as Nero might have played on one famous occasion in Rome. Then there came the sound of heavy footsteps on the stairs—and then up popped the head of mighty Top Sergeant Charles French. Ten feet away, his back turned with his bugle tilted high, sat the pride of the company blowing away on his brass.

Quietly the Sarge tiptoed up to a fire bucket, and then, swinging free and wide, let Bull have it back to.

“Maybe that’ll put out that Fire Call you’re playing,” he allowed.

And Bull, spluttering, dripping and shocked, wondered for the minute whether ambition wasn’t a fool thing to be fooling with anyhow.

2—LOCAL TALENT

AND ambition knows no bounds. The barber from Harlem would rather be known as the world’s slickest shaver than President; Johnny McGinn would prefer soldiering to millionairing

and Kid Bologna would rather be a K. O. artist than a Brigadier.

For about two seconds it looked as if Kid Bologna would break up the whole show and simply spoil everything. There's no use talking—a prize fighter who boxes in his army undershirt is a dangerous character and should be watched. Bologna simply cinches all argument.

For two and one-half rounds Bologna had been raked fore and aft by the long arm jabs of Harry Frederick, the lightweight hope of Company C, and Bologna was plenty sore. In fact he was mad, hornet mad, and so it was that the next time Frederick belted him with that long skinny right of his Bologna forgot all about science, Marquis of Queensbury rules, army regulations and a gentlemen's agreement, and bucking his thick, dark, Italian born head and assuming a low visibility waded in and charged low and deadly.

“Knock 'em dead, Bologna, old kid!” “Give 'em your Jack Johnson!” “Atta boy, kid. Atta boy, kid. Atta boy!” cried the spectators.

But again Bologna ran plumb into a wicked left, and then it was that the 122 pound wonder

of Company C forgot all his manners and training and cut loose with his deadly right army boot. "Wham plam!" echoed the boot on Handsome Harry's olive drab pants.

"You kick me again like that, you darn spaghetti eater, and I'll knock yer darn block off!" Handsome Harry screamed. "Don't yer know nothin', you big barber?"

Phil Elhoff, neutral and conscientious referee, quieted Harry down, admonished Bologna, known on the company payrolls as Tony Perrone, that kicking was against all articles of war, Hague peace agreements and was permissible only when fighting with a German, and thus not only saved Company A's first great party from being a rout, but swung it into the history making pages.

This 302d Field Battalion, United States Signal Corps, is quite a doggy, proud, young outfit anyway, when all is said and done, and this night Company A, as host and tea pourer to the battalion's original reception, more than laid themselves out. In the first place a considerable portion of the battalion is made up

of men who enlisted in the Signal Corps Reserve, while the remainder are very carefully hand picked, selected men, and for a commanding officer they have an honest-to-goodness dashing, young West Pointer, Major C. M. Milliken.

Until the day before the organization had been collected indiscriminately in three companies, but this night a complete reassignment had been made, making Company A the wireless outfit, B the wiring division, and C the outpost company.

“Fine idea, wouldn’t it, for us men leaving old A to fix up a farewell party so the boys would know we was with ’em all the way, eh what?” Phil Elhoff, who is none other than our own intrepid referee, suggested to Nat Weiss, the equally intrepid announcer of the subsequent fruit of the suggestion.

“That’s the very lily, bunkie,” Nat replied. “Let’s show the dear old boys of A—the boys we have fit and died with through all these early trying days of the war out at Camp Upton—that we’re with ’em to the bitter end.”

So it was that the great tea pouring was ar-

ranged with Company A men as official hosts and the officers and men of all three companies invited and made welcome.

“The next on the programme is goin’ to be ukelele and mandolin music by Charley Gordon, Company B, and George Miller, Company C,” the voice of Announcer Nat rang out through the barracks of Company A. From out of the dark background, far behind the rows of soldiers perched and jammed about the ten foot square stage and fighting ring, came the mournful sound of a ukelele being coached and bullied into crawling into tune. Then on came Charley and George armed with their trusty weapons.

With three duets laid away to rest Charley was urged into singing some original little ditties native and indigenous to the army. One of them was laid out at Waikiki and had something to do with a girl called Hula and walking on the beach and had a wild wolf of an ending that ran fancy free, to wit, as follows:

And when the moon goes down at Waikiki
Leave it to me—he-he-he-he
Oh boy!
Leave it to me—e-e-e-e

Then Charley sang a sad melody entitled, "Since We're in the Army," with words and music that ran on for quite a time. Two of the verses caught on the wing were:

No more ham or eggs or grapefruit
When the bugle blows for chow;
No more apple pie or dumpling
For we're in the army now.

No more shirts of silk or linen;
We all wear the "O. D." stuff,
No more nightshirts or pajamas,
Cause 40 underwear is good enough.

More songs, more star bouts, recitations, Old Bill Ferreri and his trick dog Prince, speeches by seven officers, and then a trick supper of combination fritters a la wireless, cottage pudding a la telephone, fruit salad a la telegraph, all closing with ice cream, coffee and cigarettes.

Well, now, who wouldn't want to be in the army?

3—BUG POWDER AND SHOULDER STRAPS

PROBABLY Old Doc Spavin of the Engineers at this particular moment would have set up a

long, loud and determined wail in volunteering for that special honour of not wanting to be in the army. For right at this time the army didn't mean anything at all, at all, to him.

Old Doc leaned on the handle of his axe and swore gently in a strange, weird language. He had a grievance against the whole known world, especially against the army and more especially still against his own company commander in the 302d Engineers, National Army of Freedom.

Old Doc had been reduced. No longer could he wear the service ribbons and the fancy tinted hand-painted shoulder straps that went with his rank. From a certain rather high and unknown position in army life he was now back swinging an axe when he wasn't learning how to drill and shoot with a rifle. In truth, Old Doc was all out of luck.

"I no ain't no ordinary individual," Private Doc Spavin moaned on. "Don't I got a lot of professions? Ain't I one chemist, I ask you—and ain't I studied by de forestry profession? And ask me if I don't know all about something on taxidermy and medical medicine and phar-

macy. I am a turrible waluable man, I was, an' I don't get nudding from army but one rottin' deal. I am disgusted wid being a wood chop in the engineers.

“Back in New York I got a business all of my own making bug powder. I can kill so many bugs as you never see wid one package. Don't I kill a lot of little ones for some of the boys in my company. Jus' ask me dat, will you?”

Old Doc Spavin, at present naught but a lowly private, leaned almost savagely on his axe handle and swore some more. The strange oaths seemed to go nicely with Doc's build.

Just as he was short and squat—very, very squat—and had somewhat of a wild, foreign look about him, so did these flowing curse words of Doc's have all the flavour and character of short, squat, and very virile oaths. And, too, they were a bit ratty, resembling Doc in this particular possibly closer than in any other.

“I don't put in no claim for exempum or noting when I come down here. I vant to serve my country sometime, so I leave my factory and my buziness and come. And ask me—do they

make of me a doctor or a good job give me? You guess not. I don't get noting but vork and vork and vork. But should I care—I don't tink not. I just vork and vork, and vork and I don't vant no small office. I vant something big and I say, 'No, I don't vant any corporal.'"

With wonderful disdain Doc pointed toward a corporal who was taking both his roadmaking and his official job quite seriously. "Lookey, I should vant some five cent job like that, I don't think!" he went on. "What I wanted was something fine like a company adjutant. You know him?"

Doc's audience, with only a score of years of soldiering to his credit, confessed that he had never heard of any such officer as company adjutant. Adjutants are far from rare birds around armies—battalions, regiments, brigades and divisions all have their pet adjutants—but although one of Uncle Sam's new companies now boasts of six commissioned officers, it has hardly advanced to the swagger state of having its own adjutant.

"Ugh, there is a lot of something you don't

know about the army yet, no," Doc announced.

"I was one one day, wonst. I am the kind of a man that you should have always as company adjutant. It is a fine job and tooks all the work from away off of the captain. And what some more—I was made adjutant by all the boys of my company right themselves, I was.

"You know we got a lot of fine fellers in my company and they have a lot of fun and they joke themselves all the time with me. They think they—what you call him? Oh, yes, spoof me, and I just let 'em have some fun. But just the same when they wanted a company adjutant ask me who they took? Well they took me—them boys did.

"Sunday night when I don't know nothing at all about it they took me upstairs in the barracks and the sergeant he say, 'Doc Spavin, we have decided to make you company adjutant by unanimous vote. This is one fine high office and we all got to salute you and you are right up next by the captain.'

"Then they pinned the service ribbons on me, right over my pocket up here, and then give me

the shoulder straps, and had a lot of ceremony, and I make one speech and after that every time I walked up and down they all stood by attention and saluted me like a general or something."

Doc's round, red, and foreign face fairly beamed as he related the story of his hours of triumph.

"Some job, wasn't it?" was suggested.

"Ask me if she wasn't. And wasn't I gettin' \$57 a month for pay, when you only get by \$30 like a private. And didn't all the boys know a good officer when they see him—ask me? and what do you suppose happened? Jus' guess."

A guess was hazarded, but it was the wrong one.

"Vell, the second day what I was company adjutant I was in the kitchen and don't I see something wrong and don't I go up to the captain and say, 'Captain, the mess hall he should be washed better.'

"Well, the captain he got sore and he asked me who I thought I was, and when I told him who, he said, 'You are a private now.' He re-

duced me, that's what I got, and now I have to work like I was nudding but one private soldier again, and already while I am in the army I lose twenty-nine pounds and I don't weigh nudding but 187. This is a fine lot of business, ain't she?"

Just then the strident, rather peeved voice of Corporal Billings rang out through the still November air. It was a voice of authority, naked and unadorned.

"What the h—— you doin', Doc? Watcha think this is—your birthday party.? You're always talkin' about how you can play a piano; well, let's see you play a tune on that stump with your axe. Rustle, rustle."

Old Doc Spavin, late company adjutant, unleaned himself from his axe handle. He was slow and deliberate and very, very dignified, swinging lightly and with little emphasis.

And silently he heaved a sigh in deepest sympathy for a one-time famous Czar now shovelling snow in front of his one-time palace in Siberia, farthest north.

Spoofing is rough work at the best.

4—WINDOWS OF PROMISE

FROM Old Doc Spavin to the girl at the train is a big jump—but this is an army of and a year for big jumps. And even gentle readers must make them without previous warning.

Just how the girl got in the camp so early in the morning never has been solved. It is possible that she came to the post from the city on some daylight work train or it may be that she spent the night in one of the numberless nearby villages and made the trip into the reservation in a motor car. But anyway she was down at the station at 9 in the morning in the very midst of the worst downpour of the year.

On a siding stood a long train of tourist sleepers and each car was filled to the last upper berth with wet, soggy, low spirited troops who a half hour before had splashed and floundered from their barracks through the rain on the first leg of their tedious journey to a great training camp somewhere in Georgia. The engine ahead was puffing and threatening to start and officers in rubber hip boots and ponchos were hustling up and down the dozen cars checking, compar-

ing figures, receiving reports and finishing the business of sending this part of the 5,000 troops to the Southern training grounds.

Inside the tourist sleepers the soldiers were stripping themselves of their soggy, water-soaked garments and assisted by the oaths of a score of tongues were changing to dry clothing. Already socks and undergarments were steaming in their initial drying process and every inch of steam pipe was commandeered for a clothes line.

Against the window panes of the cars the rain spit and splattered and tattooed its ill-pitched song. There was nothing pleasant about the morning or the job or the young soldiers or the future. From being close to their homes where even a furlough of a day once a month lightened all the intervening days they were being shipped a thousand miles away and from there to France and the great question mark.

The whistle of the engine far ahead sent out its warning. Even the conductor was out in the mad rain now, his watch in his hand, consulting with one of the wet, dripping figures crouching underneath his officer's poncho.

Then it was that the girl came running toward the station, the rain treating her no kindlier than the others. In her right hand she carried a little black hat—once gay and dashing even if it had been the least tawdry and cheap. And the black suit that it had taken so many weeks savings to pay for had lost its chic and stylish look and was now dripping and sagging. The shoes, whose slate-coloured high tops had been so swagger looking in the sales window, were now springing a dozen leaks and the paper soles were hardly holding the water that filtered through the ruined uppers.

Rapidly and without thought or regard for the pouring rain the girl walked the length of the long train, peering eagerly into each car window. Now and then a hand waved at her and through the closed window she could hear the muffled echo of some Broadway born greeting and then see some strange face plastered against the pane staring down at her. But she could not find the one she sought. Crossing in front of the engine she walked back down the full length of the long train, feeling her way with her soggy

shoes while her eyes were kept glued to the windows of promise. But she was disappointed, and when she had reached the last car she could no longer keep back the tears. For a half minute she stood silently crying in the rain and then started to turn from the track to the great sprawling station house. But before she had taken two steps she turned back and again started down the line of sleeping cars.

A tiny handkerchief as wet as the tears it was meant to dry was pressed to her quivering lips. There was nothing determined nor desperate about her—she had lost, and she was cold and wet and heartbroken, and she was afraid she never again would see the one for whom she was searching.

And then she heard a cry and a car window was thrown open. For a second a gust of wind swept into the warm, inviting car, spraying the four men in their undershirts who occupied the section. But the next moment most of it was broken by the deep shoulders of a man filling the window opening and now leaning far out.

She cried out his name and then her arms

reached up for him and catching them he drew her up; ruined black hat, dripping suit and all. Then he lowered her to the cinders and in a half dozen seconds he had raced the half length of the car to the platform and reached her side.

For a half minute the rain did not beat against her—the olive drab flannel shirt around his great shoulders took the shock of the storm, and the dripping hair and wet cheeks found a warm haven in his arms.

Far ahead an engine whistle sounded—and this time it was more than a warning. Slowly the train gathered itself up for the long run to the southland. Without a wave of hand, a cheer or a bon voyage the train slipped through the storm.

Suddenly the soldier bent down close to the wet cheeks of the girl and then releasing her ran toward the train. His own car had gone by; the next vestibule was closed, and the next. Then came the last and a soldier was already pulling up the steps. Half throwing himself he got aboard.

Leaning far out he could see a single figure standing in the storm by the track.

For a second he saw her waving, and then he saw her hands go to her face, her thin shoulders draw together in an appealing, pathetic posture. At her feet lay the little black hat, now crushed and ruined.

Swearing under his breath, he pulled the lever that folded the steps and closed the door.

5—BILL AND ALECK DO A PINK TEA

Aleck and Bill came back to camp to-night on the first train that left the Pennsylvania Station. From the time they shot through the tunnel until they reached Jamaica neither said a word, but from the midway station on conversation would brighten up for a whole three or four minutes at a time.

“I never wanted to go in that place nohow,” Aleck, once famous whip on a truck sailing out of West street, whined to his pal and comrade in arms. “I wanted to go to some real movies; but no, you had to fall for this free and fancy dance stuff. Talk about being all out of luck.”

Bill, one time riveter par excellence of the Structural Iron Workers' Union, raised from the



depths of the ancient red upholstery and tried a counter attack. "Wasn't you willin' to go in when that there woman with all them glass diamonds on come out and invited you?" he demanded. "Didn't you say like some regular dude, 'sure, thank ya, we'll be pleased to come in?' Whatcha jumpin' on me fur now, anyhow?"

Aleck took his eyes from the dreary stretch of scrub oak and brown earth and turned belligerently toward his bunkie. "First time we been in town since Christmas, and last time we'll get in fur a month, and ya had to spoil it—that's why."

"What was we figgerin' on? What we been figgerin' on fur three weeks—you know it was on gettin' a couple jiggers of old redeye and seein' some of the boys in the old gang and havin' a regular old time Saturday night. And what did we do? Ugh, we didn't do nothing but get mixed up in the Soldiers' and Sailors' Friends' Ladies' Auxiliary's dance and pink tea fight and get made a bunch of suckers out of—that's what we done."

Bill sank back in the antiquated plush seat that had held up tired travellers since Garfield first dreamed of being President.

“I didn’t have nothin’ to do with it at all ’cept point out the sign to you— ‘Soldiers and sailors welcome; dancing and music and a splendid time promised all of Uncle Sam’s boys.’ And while we was lookin’ at it and that there diamond woman come out and ballyhooed us in you was the guy what led the way. Blame it on yourself.”

This seemed to hold Aleck for a half minute, but pretty soon he was reciting over again his wail of sorrow.

“Honest to Gawd,” he said, “if there was a dame there that wasn’t old enough to have voted for Bill Bryan the first time he run for President, then I don’t know nothin’ about signs.

“And there was some there old enough to be the mother of a couple of Presidents and some Governors, who was all camouflaged up with some seventeen-year-old kid’s skirts and things that they musta borrowed from their grand-

children fur to show us soldiers a good time in.”

Aleck, his whip hand busy with the curtain snap, turned again to Bill. “Know what one of ’em said to me? Well, she said: ‘Oh, we think you brave soldier boys are jest the loveliest things and us girls are trying to do our bit by making you happy. Won’t you dance this’n with me?’”

Aleck swore softly in memory, and then regaining his control continued: “And I done it. Holy Smoke! It were the kind of a dance that you would expect a preacher to trot with the rich old lady who is paying most of his salary. And all the time this dame with the kittenish dress was sayin’ that they had only the very nicest girls come to meet the soldiers, and that they really like to have each strange soldier bring a letter of introduction from his regimental chaplain.

“Get that, Bill—me bring them dames a letter from my regimental chaplain—‘the bearer of this here letter is a soldier in the 306th Infantry, and he is a nice young man and don’t

swear, use tobacco or likker in no form and ain't never been A. W. O. L. only onst, and he loves his Colonel and Col. Vidmer loves him and he's city broke and will drive double and ain't afraid of no automobiles or engynes, and will stand without hitchin'.

“Or they might give you a letter sayin' that onst you was the best riveter in all Fourteenth street, but now that you was a man-eatin' soldier who had killed all the Huns in Long Island and was going to start in and finish up Manhattan but that when it come to wimmin you was as gentle as a—well, as a Y. M. C. A. worker used to be before the war and before they got in all them two fisted regular gents.”

Bill straightened up at this. “Well, how about what them dames done to me?” he demanded. “The one I drawed started out by sayin' that they did not allow no jazz music no more because some of the soldier boys was likely to get a little 'tomboyish' and so they was not allowin' nothin' now but just some mild, unfermented fox trots and some two steps and waltzes. Then she said that they had to have

three chaperons accordin' to the rules and regulations and that everything was off except the lid—at 11 o'clock.

“Then I said to her that I reckoned that they would not never have no trouble getting soldiers, and sailors too, for that matter, to stop dancing at 11 o'clock easy enough. But that there dame only laughed and when we was through she asked me if I wanted anything to drink.”

Bill waited for a half dozen seconds before continuing. “Well, I tried not to act too excited when she led the way to the end of the hall up to that there flowing bowl. There ain't no use of tellin' more about it to you, Aleck, because you was there when I arrived. An' you know as well as I, Aleck, that it did not have no more authority in it than a lance corporal—no authority at all.”

Silence and a deep understanding between the two pals whose cots were together and who soon would be fighting shoulder to shoulder in a trench in France. Slowly the train jogged and jostled into a spur and then slid into the great army reservation. Then Bill broke the peace.

“An’ there’s nineteen different furrin officers out in this here camp teachin’ us how to shoot and stab and choke and beat them Huns to death—and here all them dames in New York is trying to make us nice little boys that would not think of dancin’ to no rough jazz tunes or naughty fox trots. War sure do a lot of foolish things—don’t she, Aleck?”

Aleck slowly turned back to his view of what had once been scrub oak and brown earth.

“She sure does, Billy,” he muttered and then settled down to a long silent retrospect of the days that were—when drinks had authority and jazz tunes were pleasant and popular.

6—AT THE SIGN OF THE RED TRIANGLE

BUT strange as well are the trains that come to camp, bringing as they do their weirdly assorted and motley crowd of passengers.

A trim young soldier returning from a special midweek leave of absence shares his seat with a little old woman with a shawl around her head who is on her way to see her soldier son, ill in the great hospital. A labourer shares an old-fash-

ioned red plush cushion with a Sergeant-Major of the British Army, a bayonet instructor, whose breast is covered with service ribbons of half forgotten wars and British victories.

Each is bound on his own errand of life or death or mercy or hope or abandon to this sprawling, fascinating camp, and each has a story well worth the telling if it could but be garnered—a story probably as impelling and dramatic as the story the old man with the patriarchal beard told to the secretary of the negro Y. M. C. A.

The car was crowded and the two had been fortunate in finding an unoccupied seat. As the train ducked under the East River and then, coming up for air on the opposite shore, shot its way across Long Island the old man silently let his fingers play through his long snow white beard while he gazed intently out of the window. The Y. M. C. A. secretary opened his magazine and turning to a half finished article, began reading.

Presently the old man let his eyes take in his seat companion. He saw that the young negro was clothed in a slate grey uniform cut closely

after English military models, and on his left sleeve was a red triangle.

“The uniform, it is of the army? No?” he asked politely of the negro.

“No, sir; it is of the army Y. M. C. A.,” came the answer. “My name is Selden, and I am in charge of the coloured men’s branch of the Camp Upton Y. M. C. A.”

“A pleasure this is, a great pleasure. If there is anything that I, an orthodox Jew, am grateful for it is the Christian army Y. M. C. A. and its work among the soldiers. I owe a great deal to it—I owe for the life of my son. I will tell you why.”

And then into the ears of this Y. M. C. A. army secretary there poured from the lips of this ancient orthodox Jew, born in Russia, the story of how a great human training camp leavened by a Christian organisation had turned the hate and fear and anger in a boy’s heart to love and respect and determination.

“He said he would never fight,” the old man went on, his voice breaking now and again as he recalled his own anguish and hopelessness.

“He said he would shoot himself before he would shoot another human being. We could do nothing with him. He belonged to some society on the East Side where they told all to despise the Government and talked far too much for young men, and when he came down in September he was sick with hate that first day he went to this place, Company B in the 307th Infantry.

“His mother, she wrote him every day and told him to be a good boy and obey the officers. But his letters that came back during the first days were filled with vows that he would never be made a soldier. He wrote that he hated the army and the life and that he would never go to France and help pay back the Government for all that it had done for us.

“We did not sleep at nights for fear that he would do what he had promised, and every time the doorbell rang we were afraid to answer lest it be a telegram saying that our boy was dead.”

The old man slowly shook his head as those tragic laden days and nights spent in the little apartment trailed vividly by before his mind's eye. Then shortly he went on.

“Then one day his mother received a letter that was far different from what any of the others had been. The envelope had a little red thing like that on your sleeve and the letter said he would be home for two days beginning Saturday and that he was well. His mother she wept for joy when she read that and we knew something had happened.

“And that Saturday when he came home he told us what it was. He had gone into one of your Y. M. C. A. camp houses discouraged and heart sick and there a fine young man behind a desk had spoken kindly to him and given him paper and envelopes and pointed out the magazines and offered him a book and showed him how to run the talking machine.

“He stayed there an hour and then when he returned to his company house the hate had gone out of his heart and that night he sang with the other soldiers and played with them. And the next day he began to make friends and to catch the spirit of this great army. And he told us that he did not mind drilling now and that everything was different. He sees that America

is in the right and he is willing to help her win freedom for all the peoples of the world. He is happy—and it was the Army Y. M. C. A. that pointed out the way. I am in deep debt to you.”

A whistle far ahead sounded and then the air brakes bit in and the train slowly stopped. The battle scarred British sergeant-major hustled into his overcoat and made for the door. The little old woman with the shawl around her head waddled toward the entrance, followed by the soldier carrying her black emigrant bag. Then the patriarch with the long white beard made his way down the aisle, with the Y. M. C. A. army secretary close behind.

Half way down the station platform an up-standing young soldier stepped up to the old man and kissed him. Then he hooked his arm through the father's and led him toward the long row of army barracks.

“The Captain told me to-day I would be a corporal soon. Think, papa, a corporal! Stripes on my sleeves!”

And the old man tried to answer back, but after an unsuccessful second reached up and

patted on the back the boy who had found himself.

7—BENNIE JOINS OUT

BUT the coloured Y. M. C. A. secretary and the Jewish patriarch are only one of a thousand queer pairs that this whirlpool of army life daily throws together.

“On the level, am I dreamin’ or is all this blowout real stuff?” Private Bennie Farley, brand new rookie, pinched himself on the left arm and solemnly addressed Private Steve Gish, both members of this Upton club and fellow soldiers in arms of Company F, 306th Infantry, National Army of Freedom.

“Give it to me straight, Steve. Am I being kidded or did all them guys really give that layout to us to-night?” he went on. “It don’t seem possible after all the knockin’ I heard in the city about this place—it just don’t seem that it could happen when I expected to get fed horse meat and sleep in a barn.”

Private Steve, with full three months service chalked up in his favour and with all the army

wisdom and side that the knowledge of being one of the real old soldiers in camp would give him, promptly calmed Private Farley's doubts.

"Sure that's the way Company F does," he calmly announced. "We get the right spirit dee corpse in this outfit. And when we get a man we don't like we get him sent some place else. Didn't ya ever hear of our Capt—Captain Johnstone—in the city? Honest, didn't you? And didn't ya ever hear of our Old Man—Col. Vidmer? And the finest bunch of lootenants in the whole army. Didn't my own platoon leader tell the Major the other day that he didn't want no promotion if he had to leave us fellows? That shows you what kinda spirit dee corpse we got in Old F."

Private Bennie Farley sat open mouthed on his cot and let these pearls of old army lore spray him. And then a little later, while Steve slipped down to have a good-night cigarette, he reviewed, like one in a daze, the tremendous span of events that had whirled by him the past few days.

It had been a wonderful week. Brought down

from the city in one of the week's quotas of selected men, he had been marched directly to this warm, friendly barracks as a casual soldier. Two days later it was announced to him that he was permanently assigned to this very infantry company and that same afternoon he and the fifty odd ex-casuals with him had been taken to the regimental "Q. M." depot and immediately had been issued long, warm army overcoats. The rest of his uniform, he had been told, would be given him shortly, but the weather being so extremely cold it had been arranged to furnish the necessary warm great coats at once.

The next morning, he recalled, he had been given his first lessons in drilling, and although the old men in the company joked about the "awkward squad" he had not minded it in the least, and in truth had really had a bully good time learning the elementary steps in how to be a soldier.

And during these first few days he remembered now that he had been greatly surprised and infinitely pleased at the big, strapping, wholesome meals that had been served, and even after

one or two tries had suddenly lost all resentment at having to wash his own aluminum dishes and eating tools. And then, too, he had found that the beds were comfortable and the three heavy wool blankets that Uncle Sam gives out, with a thick, old-fashioned gay comforter as extra measure, had kept him as warm as toast.

But all this musing only led down or up to this night of nights itself. It was one of the sergeants, he guessed, who had told him about the big blowout to be tended the new arrivals, and it was this same sergeant who had tied the cardboard slip with his name written on it, to his right arm.

And then, with all the drills and inspection and retreat over, the party had opened at 5:30 with the half hundred new men being escorted into the company mess hall. Each of the rookies had been carefully placed between two old men and he remembered that he had figured that it was just like having a birthday party or something like that. Steve had been on his right and already he and Steve were old army pals, ready to go to the final limit for each other.

And after supper a jazz band from the negro regiment had entertained with different brands of noise, and Private George Randall of the same regiment had clog danced simply all over the place. And then had come a part of the joy evening that still sent a great thrill through him.

A big, friendly-looking man, with a funny little gold leaf pinned on his shoulder straps, who Steve had said was Major Bozeman Bulger, had given a fine, welcoming talk to Bennie and his fifty rookie pals, and had told them and the older men of the regiment how the army breeds friendship, and whatever of privations and sacrifices it demands it returns in a deep feeling of brotherhood and respect and love. And even then he remembered he felt instantly a great surge of loyalty and respect for this man, whom some day not so far distant he would actually fight under and for.

Then a short, solid looking, foreign officer in a sky blue uniform, who was introduced as Lieutenant Geismar of the corps of French army instructors attached to the camp, spoke of this same great brotherhood and democracy of the

trenches. Then last had come a smiling young soldier who had paid dearly for his patriotism.

“Private Sidney Cramp, of the British army,” Lieutenant M. J. Hayes, who had charge of the party, had introduced him, and with the arm that had been half shot away hanging helpless at his side, he told from the plain fighting soldier’s viewpoint what friendliness and brotherhood meant to the men in the heart of the fighting. Two years and a half in the mud and danger and horror of the front-line trenches had given him much to tell, and yet it had left him believing infinitely more in this same brotherhood and fellowship and the need for it in life and war.

Then there had come ice cream and cake—all served by the old men, the veterans of three months of training—and then more music, with George Randall, chocolate coloured and grinning, clogging out his very heart. And then Bennie had wandered up to the great open, friendly living room, upstairs, and now was trying to figure it all out.

“Well, pal, let’s turn in,” suggested Steve,

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blowing from the chill of his outdoor smoke.

“She’s been a big night, ain’t she?”

“She sure has, Steve, old pal; she sure has.”

And Private Bennie, looking up at his three hour old “old” pal with growing affection, nodded slowly in the affirmative.



CHAPTER TEN
SERVICE RIBBONS

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SERVICE RIBBONS

1—THE SPORT OF KINGS

IN a thousand articles and books and stories we have been told that this is “a young man’s war”—that trench warfare, with its bombs and bayonet charges and mortars and star shells and all the rest, are of and for a new generation of fighting men. And we have been told that young officers do best in the pinch and that they can stand the strain under which men with grey about their temples and service ribbons above the left pocket of their army blouses break down.

For the most part, the men whom France and the British Empire have been good enough to send to teach us the last word in strafing the German, have run true to form. Both the



officers and non-coms have been the trim, young soldiers that we have expected. The blue of the French uniform has been the dashing sky blue of the sweet days of peace. The olive drab of the Britishers has been set off with the gallant Sam Brown belt, with the proper touch added by the swagger cane. And there have been crosses of war and medals of honour and little gold stripes on the sleeves to signify their years of service in the trenches.

Some of these officers were schoolboys when the great war started, and all they know of the army that Kipling loved and immortalised was what they have read in the "Plain Tales of the Hills."

But among these olive drab clad Britishers is one to whom the name Lord Roberts means more than the memory of an old man who could only look on—rather it calls up the picture of a fighting soldier, the "Bobs" of the Soudan and India. And the name Kitchener means more than the genius behind a desk in the War Office, but a soldier on horseback—Kitchener of Khartum.

For more than a quarter of a century the name of Sergeant-Major G. C. Covington has been down on the lists of the British army—twenty-eight years in active service and five on the reserve lists. In India and in South Africa and pretty much everywhere the royal standard floats, Sergeant-Major Covington had done his bit to see that the sun never set on British territory.

And old in years and old in service he had retired eight years ago on a comfortable pension, and with more than enough ribbons to pin across his breast on special gala days. But to keep his hand in, the Sergeant-Major had gone in for auctioneering as a side line along with his soldier yarning.

It was light work and pleasant and added a tidy sum to the pension that a kindly but none too generous Government gave him. Altogether, what with his decorations and his tales and his auctioneering wit, this old British soldier was quite a personage in his own bailiwick.

Then out of a tempest in a teapot of trade-

union strikes and home rule squabbles and Asquith fights had popped the great war. And to old Sergeant-Major Covington, retired, came the smoke of battle and the call to arms.

Immediately he enlisted and was sent to his old battleground in South Africa to recruit volunteers and hunt out German spies. Then back to the British Isles and away to the front line trenches in France with his own beloved Duke of Cornwall regiment.

“When I got me first ’un I loses me bayonet and I goes ’ead over ’ead in the trench,” he explained to a group of officers in his bayonet lectures out at this camp this afternoon. “Always withdraw with care—’at ’s harf the game. I ’ad to go back and get me gun and bayonet that time I got me first ’un—and I did not ’ave no hinclination to heither.”

A year in the trenches and then Sergeant-Major Covington—somehow you wouldn’t any more think of calling this old war horse without his full title than you would a British staff Colonel by his first name—was attached to General Headquarters and assigned to teach

bayonet work to officers and N. C. O.'s at the great English training camps.

By some peculiar twist the knack of instilling fight and confidence in men was his and consequently he was tremendously effective as a bayonet instructor. And so it happened that when our ally decided to send us the best of her finest experts Sergeant-Major Covington was chosen with one other non-com. bayonet expert to come to America. And Camp Upton was fortunate enough to win him.

Thirty-two officers and non-coms. ranging from Lieutenant-Colonels to swagger young Sergeants, were grouped about him this afternoon. Each man carried a Lee-Enfield with a naked bayonet in place. In front were a row of wooden gibbets with dummies hanging in the middle of each.

“Carry on till I tells you ’tention,” he ordered, and when Lieutenant-Colonels and Sergeants alike looked at him without the faintest understanding as to what he meant—he carefully explained: “Carry on—carry on—do any bloody thing you care to do—do what you been doin’.

Don't you know what 'carry on' is? If you're playin' you carry on—and if yer fightin' you carry on. When I blows me whistle stand where you are at 'tention. Then when I says 'Fall in!' you falls in 'ere in front of me and to me right."

For a second this sturdy, red faced old soldier, with the knotty, powerful legs, just bowed enough to give the proper swag and class, fingered his whistle. Then he stopped and, turning to the group of men who in a few days longer will in turn teach this wickedest but most necessary of all man-killing arts to the rest of the regiment, called them about him.

"It's the 'eart that does it, men," he began. "You 'ave to know you're a better man than 'e is. Bayonet fightin' is the sport of kings—and your own life—and that of all the civilized world depends on 'ow well you do it. It's cruel and hard, but remember the 'uns broke every known law of civilized warfare. An' remember you're not fightin' one man but millions. It's the 'eart that wins."

And then came the practice formation, with the description of the vulnerable parts of a man,

and then the actual bayonet drill—and all carried on in the way that only a sergeant-major of the British Army of Lord Roberts' day could give it. Officers and non-coms. were alike told how impossible they were and how "perfectly rottin'" their work was. No Brigadier ever was more self-certain—or more effective.

"Now, when I soiy 'igh port' don't 'old your gun loike a bloody banjo and when I soiy 'on guard' don't 'old it loike a bloomin' swagger stick, but in a threatenin' hattitude. And when I soiy 'meuve,' why, meuve. Don't stand there loike a lot of bally hasses—meuve!"

And so like a football coach worrying over his men, bullying them and then complimenting them ever so little, Sergeant-Major Covington led this group of American officers over their first jumps in the manly art of bayonet fighting a la British.

For two hours and a half they practised "high port" and "on guard" and how to properly hold the gun at "charge"—"Aim it at me neck and look loike you meant murder!" he shouted.

And then came the test, the charge itself.

Advancing at "high port" on the run, the men of his command lowered their bayonets and with a great cry charged. It sent a thrill of terror and appreciation into every one of the half thousand spectators banked about the practice ground. It appeared to be a wonderful charge—superperfect charge.

"Perfectly rottin', perfectly rottin'." Sergeant-Major Covington shook his head in despair. "You're dismissed until to-morrow!" he roared.

The once carefully groomed ends of his great army mustachio were shaggy and tired looking. His florid, British complexion was three shades deeper red and there was honestly earned perspiration over his face.

"Perfectly rottin'," he repeated half to himself. And then he added. "But oh, what sogers they will make—oh, man, what sogers!"

2—"WHEN FIGHTIN' WAS FIGHTIN' "

"WHAT sogers they are" some might even say—for in these 40,000 young bloods are many

who have known the smoke of battle. Young these soldiers are in years, but still they are old soldiers—and they have fought all around the seven seas and the two hemispheres.

“I was going to be made a General and Panama Bob he was going to be Secretary of War, and Schweitzer Bill he was going to be Admiral in the Nicaraguan Navy, and we was all going to have gold lace all over us when we captured Managua.”

Sergeant Emil Welt, one time cadet in the Rumanian Military Academy, later Corporal in the French Foreign Legion, later soldier of fortune and filibuster in the Nicaraguan service, and at present of Company H, 305th Infantry, Army of Freedom, was holding forth in his barracks to an audience, kindly but doubtful, seated on the nearby bunks.

“Things was getting warm for us down in Panama, so Schweitzer Bill, he says, ‘Let’s be sojers again,’ and there being very little high grade fighting at that time, we opened negotiations for a cheap little revolution down Managua way. The head revolutor was a feller named

Gen. Corlez and he promised us a hundred bucks gold a month and loot and was going to make me a General.

“Well, we fell for this, so the General loads us up on a tugboat and we goes from Balboa, Panama to San Juan Del Sur—that’s in Nicaragua. There was a couple hundred of us, and we was mostly some birds, I want to state, and old Gen. Corlez, if he wern’t a regular bird of paradise I don’t know one when I sees it. He had a purple dress coat that must a belonged to some Chilean Admiral. It was mostly faded and it only had one epaulette, and that one was about as big as a half bushel basket and so heavy it drew his left shoulder down.



“And he has a pair of trick pants, but he wasn’t much there when it come to shoes. He was wearing mostly a pair of native sandals that they call *garuches* that he had stole from a sailor on the tugboat. Taking by and large he was some General.”

Sergeant Welt stopped long enough in his tale of loot to borrow a cigarette and a light. Then he continued with more abandon.

“And I might add right at this point that were some army that he had, too. Take Panama Bob Brown, for a sample. Now Panama Bob right to-day is a highly respectable keeper of a gin mill in Red Hook, Brooklyn, but in the early days Panama Bob wasn’t a keeper of nothing much but somebody else’s gin. And Panama Bob was going to be made Secretary of War! Think of that, wouldja! Then there was Schweitzer Bill. Bill had callouses on his knuckles from busting jaws and wasn’t nothin’ pleasant to meet in a dark alley. And Bill, he were going to be made admiral! They was samples of this here army—and they was two hundred of ’em, half white and half otherwise. And the whites was all officers.”

“What was you Sarge, Lieutenant-General?” asked an obliging private at this stage.

“I was going to be one when we took Managua. But right then I was only a colonel. You see, there were about twenty generals, forty

colonels, thirty majors and ten captains. Nobody wanted much to be a captain, and I bein' only eighteen years old, they wouldn't let me be nothin' but a colonel. But at that I had a major and a captain and one nigger private under me—but I didn't have no sword. Old Gen. Corlez he had the only sword in the whole army and it were some sword—five feet long, rusty and it must a weighed about forty-five pounds. Along about 3 o'clock in the afternoon the General he would get tired packin' it, and then he would let some of the other brigadier generals pack it, and once in a while he would even let a colonel carry it."

"Comic opera stuff, eh?" the same obliging army private interrupted.

"Sure, but even a gasolene circuit outfit, playing the 'Isle of Spice,' never had no such uniforms, nur smell, nur equipment, nur a collection of officers like we did. There was every kind of a gun that could be stole and some that was even given to us—blunderbusses, muzzle loaders, breech loaders and some that you couldn't even load at all. I had one of them

last kind. She were a French make Lebel rifle, and fur ammunition I had two bandeleros full of Mauser cartridges that wouldn't no more fit that old girl than a three inch shell would a navy one-pounder.

“And for eats it were mostly *platinas*—that's Nicaraguan fur bananas—and *frijoles y tortillas*—which is beans and tortillas. I mean, we et them when we was lucky. You see, what we done mostly was to cut our way through the tropical forest runnin' from the coast back inland with our *matchettes*, gettin' volunteers and what we could eat as we went along. Most of the volunteers come along with us with ropes and most of the food that was give us we just naturally took.”

The obliging private stepped in again. “How about loot, Sarge?”

“Loot? How can you loot when there ain't nothin' fit to loot? Them natives down there was safe, fur they didn't have nothin' at all—not even clothes—that we could steal. And sometimes we was so powerful hungry we would all but et the natives themselves.”

It looked now as if Sergeant Welt was getting down to the climax of his yarn, so Sergeant Daniel J. Patterson contributed a fresh cigarette.

“Three months that army plotted its way through the tropical fastnesses of dark Nicaragua toward Managua. One evening when our army had growed to about a thousand men we camped in a little Indian village, and there we had nothing at all to eat. But out in the main *calle*—that there’s Spanish for street—there was a native mule. I hate to tell you what we done to that mule, but honest he weren’t such turrible bad eating. Even the Generals come back fur more.

“Well, we was just fightin’ over the last scraps when some native Captain comes runnin’ in and spoiled our whole supper by tellin’ us that there was an enemy force right in front of us. Everybody got excited and all the Generals and Colonels started givin’ orders at once to their own special privates, and it looked like they would be a lot of bloodshed, when suddenly a bunch of strange birds come over the top right in our midst with white handker-

chiefs tied to their bayonets. Know who them birds was?"

Everybody politely shook their heads.

"Well, they was nothing but United States marines and United States bluejackets. That is all them birds was."

When that had sunk in, Sergt. Welt continued:

"They was six of them, and after talking the situation to Gen. Gomez and explaining that there was about six hundred of 'em back in Managua just a day away, the General he surrendered his trick sword without a shot being fired, and we was all made peaceful prisoners. Them six bluejackets and marines marched us all the next day and that night we was in the capital of Nicaragua.

"A couple of days after that we marched down to Corinto and was put on board a United States ship and brung back to Panama—me and Panama Bob Brown and Schweitzer Bill and all the other hundred generals and colonels and majors. And back there in our own old stampin' ground around Balboa, Panama Bob

and Bill and me fixes it up to capture a tugboat named Hector that once a month run to Cartagena, Colombia, with \$30,000 pay for the Allgemeine Bananan Gesellschaft plantation. Panama Bob was assistant engineer and Schweitzer Bill was deckhand and I was outside man getting the information. Well, the night we was going to hold up the boat and get the dough and then scuttle the old bottom, watcha think happened?

“They brung the 30,000 bucks on all right, but they brung thirty other kind of big black native bucks along as well, so me and Bob and Bill we come up here to the States.”

The Sergeant yawned.

“Say, gimme another cigarette.” He had done a good night’s work, he intimated.

Somebody gave the Sarge another cigarette. The party was breaking up. Two or three of the audience winked at each other. All the bulls were tied—held up at the Union Stock Yards in Chicago, their winks implied. Sergt. Ben Patterson, however, did not wink nor did he yawn.

“What was the name of that United States cruiser that took you aboard at Corinto, and what year was that?” he asked quite casually.

“Let’s see. Oh, yes; she were the U. S. S. Denver, and it was in—wait a minute—I was in the foreign legion and Moroccan war in 1908 and that was a couple of years after. That’s 1910.”

“Well, holy smoke!” shouted Sergt. Ben Patterson, grabbing the yarn master by the horny right hand. “I was a gun captain on the Denver then and was in that gang of blue-jackets that captured you. You’re the goods, boy. You’re there. Holy smoke!”

All of which is religiously true, and is only told so that the grossly uninformed, who think that Uncle Sam’s great army of freedom is made up entirely of tenderfoots and city born, may know once and for all that in it there are many two fisted gents who know that at times powder is used for something else besides rubbing on the male face after scraping.

3—AMONG THOSE PRESENT

AND there are some to whom the adventure is small but the Revenge looms up big and promising.

Over in the casual barracks of the 304th Field Artillery they keep the selected men only a few days until they are permanently assigned to the different batteries of the regiment. But these first few days mean a great deal to young soldiers, because they are the days of deep impressions and quick friendships and lasting thrills, when never ceasing pride and loyalty is born for officers and bunk mates. The army is new and all its wonder and fascination and gripping magic reaches far into the hearts of these city men.

“Know who our first Sarge is?” the short, smiling lad from Harlem asks, breaking the third button on his O. D. blouse, as the pride in his chest bursts forth. “He’s a motion picture actor—a star villain. Ain’t you never seen him? Say he’s a bear cat, played in ‘The Stolen Heart,’ ‘Womanhood,’ ‘Pearl of the Army’ and maybe

he wasn't some knockout as *Robinson Crusoe* in that filum. Some class to this here barracks, eh?"

"Sure, I seen him too," pipes up Bennie Levinskie, pantmaker from Rivington street. "Say'd you ever see him in the 'Money Mill'? He's a furriner, ain't he?"

It was the shady side of 410 Twelfth street, where the casual barracks stands forth in all its nakedness, and Bennie and a half dozen were sunning themselves and watching the outdoor, indoor baseball game.

Noon mess was over and it was forty-five minutes before the call would be sounded for the first lap of the long three and a half hours of afternoon drill.

Two or three more new soldiers of the army of freedom pounded out through the big double door of the barracks, their hobnailed trench boots clicking against the wooden steps. With a demand for a match they joined the group, leaning back against the wall of the building, their hands sunk deep into comfortable pockets.

Then another soldier joined them—a big,

broad shouldered, heavy faced fighting man, with villainous mustachios and strong, powerful hands and great muscular wrists. "That's him now," Bennie whispered.

But the Harlem picture fan spoke out frankly and directly after the manner of Harlem born civilians, who know very little army ways and means. "This correspondent guy here wants to know how you happened to get into the movies, Sarge."

The Sarge had very little time to smile, but he did stop for a word or two. "I was—what you call him?—a super for one play. Den I have a part. Dat was all."

"Where'd you learn how to drill, Sarge?" the Harlemite demanded.

The big man who had little time to smile hesitated as if he were about to reprimand the soldier for impudence. Then very simply he answered, "In the Serbian army."

And years of movie fanning having developed a sense of the dramatic in the Harlemite and Bennie, by hook and crook they dragged out the story from this fighting man, ex-Lieut.

Milan Steffanovich, of the Serbian Army, who waits for his day to come again.

“From the military academy in Belgrade I graduate in 1907,” he went on, “and am assign to the First Heavy Artillery. But soon the Government send me as secret service man to Austria and I enlist as a sailor in the Austrian navy. Then when the Balkan war come I fight for two year as lieutenant and win the King Peter cross in the battle of Chatolgte against the Bulgarians. And then come the great war, and I, with my artillery regiment, fight in the battle of Rudnik against the Austrians.

“In December, 1915, in the great Austrian offensive near Monastir I am captured. Eh, eh—but I kill three before. We fight hand to hand—I kill one and another he goes down. But he grabs my foot and a third attack me from behind. He pull my head back, strike down with his bayonet—look, here is the scar on my chin where the bayonet go, and I grab the sharp bayonet with my bare hand. Look—see the scar in my hand. But he tear his gun loose and stab me here in the side and then I

get him down and kill him so." The heavy boot struck at the imaginary head.

"Then I drop and when I become what you call—yes, conscious, I am in the Austrian hospital at Petrovoradin. Three months later I meet an Austrian officer who sympathise with my countree and who I knew well and he help me escape. I go to Trieste and then escape by fishing boat to Ancona, Italy, and then go to Marseilles. Then I work my way over to America as sailor. I have no money here and I work as orderly in Mount Sinai Hospital. Then I see 'ad' in paper for super in military play, 'Enemy to the King,' and I work and the director see I know army things and he make me play a part and from then on I play villain parts many times. And then when America goes into war I want to go too and get them to send me down here."

"Well, holy gee, and I tought you was nothing but a pitchure actor," Bennie declared.

"Any of your folks killed over there?" the Harlemite asked, with new pride.

Again there was a flash in the black eyes and



the knotting of the powerful hands. "My brother, a lieutenant in the army, was captured and hung by the Bulgars. My father die of typhus. My younger brother, a private, was killed in the trenches. My sister, a Red Cross nurse, was hung by the Bulgars. My mother she die of a broken heart. I only am left."

Not even Bennie had anything to say for half a minute, then he repeated quite respectfully, "And I tought you was nothin' but a movie villain."

With a shrug the man who has little time or wish to smile turned and walked back to his work in the barracks.

4—HEROES BOTH

AND after all these men who wear strange service ribbons are really typical of this great National Army of Freedom. But anything and everything is typical of democracy's hope at arms—except the army dads of old, and they are as rare as flying Germans.

For the most part even the regular non coms assigned to the division are mustacheless

youths who have at best done no more than one hitch in the regular service. And so it happens that generally speaking the companies are fatherless and the men must need learn their soldiering from border sergeants and Plattsburg graduates.

But here and there, scattered wholly by chance throughout the great sprawling cantonment, can be found an old soldier of the days that were, when America's 25,000 were enough to play their little games of paper war and make good the boast of being the greatest scrappers of them all. And almost as rare and almost as fortunate is the company barracks that can show old soldiers of another school and flag—the men of strange armies who help to make this division a new foreign legion.

And just as the spirit of motherhood lies hidden in all women so does the surge to father rookie lads lurk in all old soldiers. It is part of the game—one of the finest parts and knows no tongue or borders or camp.

As doggy as the military police, as upstage as the Engineers and with the swagger of a headquarters troop and the dash of the artillery, the

Field Signal Battalion has the additional point of being of strangest birth.

Made up half of selected men and half of signal corps reserve men, it stands forth as the twin outfit in the camp, and for this reason recognises no peer. And quite rightly so, for to it came volunteers of high degree and to it as well were assigned picked men from the selected lists—wireless men, expert electricians, draughtsmen and a half score followers of skilled trades.

And then it has as mess sergeant Fernand Combs, known throughout all of the roomy barracks of Company A as Frenchie and one high private, Theodore Parker, known equally far and favourably as the baby elephant, alias the Kid, alias the Smiler—the one an ex-French sergeant with two years' active service and an honourable discharge and a pension to his credit, and the other a curly haired smiling boy who "won't be 16 until February," and yet has three full weeks of Canadian army service to look back on.

"Zat ees not zee way you say, pass zee coffee,"

Sergeant Fernand cautioned. "Eet ees dees way: *prenez le cafe*; try eet."

The Kid who "won't be 16 until February" tried it, but it didn't sound at all like that. But that didn't discourage the man who had an honourable discharge and a pension from La Belle France. And again and again he led the boy with the curly hair and the big smile over the jumps of his first French lesson.

But even the glories of learning trench French when France doesn't seem so terribly far away, can't be expected to hold a fifteen-year-old soldier so very long. And so it was that shortly the Smiler led his teacher to tell of those brave days of the Marne and Ypres and Notre Dame de Lorette and all the others when the Blue Devils—Sergeant Combs's own regiment—gave their lives that democracy and France might be saved for the world.

Without attempting the broken English spiced by full bloom French words as the tense descriptions came, the story told very simply of that day in early August, 1914, when Fernand, a hotel manager in England, hurried back to

France. Joining his old regiment of chasseurs—the Blue Devils—he had fought in Alsace, and at the taking of Mulhausen. Then had come the terrible days of the Marne, with the Blue Devils always in the centre of the fighting. Then north to Arras and then the terrible battle of Ypres, when the French first learned that Tommy Atkins could die as bravely as any poilu.

At Ypres it was that Fernand's squad had been decorated by King Albert himself for bravery. For eight days they had held a trying position without relief against overwhelming odds. And the king who smiles no more, learning of the wonderful squad, ordered the decoration. And as all had been equally brave the squad drew for the signal Order of Leopold and the cook won it.

Then had come the campaign at Bethune, where in May, 1915, Sergt. Combs had been wounded, having his arm broken in a hand to hand combat. And then later the battle of Notre Dame de Lorette, where Fernand had been gassed, rescued by an American ambulance driver and following eleven months in the hospi-

tal discharged as unfit. Rejected a second and a third time in June, 1916, he was formally discharged and pensioned. Then he came to America with his wife and two children, Rene, the eight-year-old son, and petite Fernande, five-year-old daughter and namesake.

A year here as chef and hotel manager and then came America's entrance into the war. Fernand, strong and well again, could no longer wait and the week after declaration joined the Signal Corps Reserve.

The Smiler' didn't have anything to say for a full minute after the French hero had finished. He had wanted to tell about his own army experience—he had wanted to at the start, but it never occurred to him when the sergeant had finished.

“You too—you been in ze armee, no?” questioned Fernand with a smile.

The Smiler gulped, smiled and his eyes sparkled. And then because he was a big, fine, smiling kid he told the story of his three weeks soldiering under the flag of Great Britain in the days before he had joined out with Uncle Sam

and become the youngest soldier in the army of freedom.

In August, though three years later than Fernand's fatal August, the Smiler had gone to Niagara Falls on a sightseeing trip. Two weeks later the Bellevue High School in Pittsburg would open and he would enter his junior year. And here was a great war and he was a big, upstanding lad, with a trick smile and a look of 18.

So he had crossed over to Toronto and joined a Canadian mounted outfit and was shot into one of the great Canadian training camps. But his dream only lasted for three short, wonderful weeks. And then he was called in by the friendly battalion Adjutant and handed an honourable discharge on account of being under age.

"What zee officer say to you, Smiler?" asked Mess Sergeant Dad Combs.

"Why, he just said I was discharged from the Canadian army from now on. So I came on down to Pittsburg and my father, who served in the Spanish-American war—well, my father, he said that the Parker tribe had had somebody

representing it in every war since the Revolution and he guessed I could get in this if I wanted to. So he went to the recruiting station with me and signed his consent for me to serve, and here I am."

Mess Sergeant Fernand Combs, one time member of the Blue Devils and now high in the circles of Company A, 302d Field Signal Battalion, Army of Freedom, patted the Smiler, "who won't be 16 till February," very proudly and affectionately on the back like old dad sergeants have done since Cæsar taught the art of fighting.

"Great armee dis of America—she save France." What are tears to a man who has been at Arras and the Marne and Ypres?

"Best army I ever saw, Dad; lot better than the Canadian," and the Smiler generously patted Dad Combs in return.

5—INTO WAR'S MAGIC

FLOATING around the army is a story of the daybreak inspections of a battalion of the

famous British Black Watch regiment in the trenches in Flanders. Like great ghosts these battle tried men lined up in the mist of each foggy dawn with only a faint gleam of light catching now and then a naked bayonet. Each morning their numbers were cut down by the score, and each morning the cold fear of this game with death bit with the chill of the winter night into every man's heart.

"Men of the Black Watch," the grizzled Colonel would shout down the long line that lost itself in the dark before a dozen men were counted off, "with what do the soldiers of the Black Watch clean their bayonets?"

"Blood of the Huns!" the answer would roar back.

And army observers back from the trenches report that this scene and this phrase that appears so melodramatic and theatrical when put in words was, in its battle setting, the most inspiring and vivid and striking of the whole mad war.

American soldiers soon will be sending back from overseas their own glorious tales of fight-

ing and training. But even here in this secure camp, busy with its soldier making and its drills and stump clearing and practice trench digging, there comes now and again the deep, surging thrill of the American army, touched by the magic of the real war.

And to-day at dusk 8,000 recruits fresh from warm city stores and offices and shops felt this tremendous surge for the first time. Down company streets and through regimental areas a wind that brought the mercury to zero was tearing and biting and freezing. Even great army overcoats could not stop it, and these 8,000 did not have greatcoats.

A bugle blew, and outside the barracks in the roaring wind and biting cold each company lined up in double column. Every man with an army overcoat carried a rifle with naked bayonet in place. And at the lower end of each company the newly arrived men were placed by two months old sergeants.

At the command from the Captains the companies formed into columns of fours and the four companies of each battalion marched by

battalions into place for a regimental Retreat. Silently they swung down the company street, the steel of their bayonets as dark in the deep dusk as the guns themselves. It was a grim and serious business, this Retreat at zero, and especially this battalion Retreat of the swagger 306th Infantry.

Then the drum major raised his baton and the buglers played "Retreat" while each of the three commanding Majors brought his command to parade rest. And then came the first notes of "The Star Spangled Banner" and the Majors and the company commanders in turn sang out, "Present, arms!"—and like a great machine working in perfect accord the 3,000 men of the 306th Infantry snapped up their rifles to present.

Then half frozen lips played this wonderful national air through half frozen instruments—played it badly and only half of it, but the hundreds of recruits shivering in their thin city clothes did not know it. To them it was the most thrilling, inspiring moment that they ever had lived. This was the army they had feared and this was the life they had felt they were

being dragged into. And here in a desperate winter night they had suddenly caught its magic.

And then in another second the music had ceased and the old men—the men with the greatcoats and the rifles with the fixed bayonets—were breaking for their warm, homey barracks. It was dark and to the recruits the figures were almost like the characters in a half forgotten dream. Their first retreat was over—and it had done its work.

And some day from some far distant front there will come back tales of these men of the National Army—tales of daybreak inspection or of Retreat at dusk, tales that will match even those of Britain's centuries old Black Watch.

6—THE VAN NORDENS—'61 AND '18

Jay Van Norden, National Army '17 and '18, doesn't exactly belong in this chapter on "Service Ribbons," but Van Norden, Sr., Army of the Republic '61 to '65 does belong—so we'll tell the story anyway for what it's worth.

The pride of a soldier in the little bronze button worn on the collar of his blouse is one of the unexplained mysteries about army life. A soldier will change the style of his uniform without a grumble and it makes little difference to him whether it's trench or dress shoes that are popular this season, but he'll stand for no monkeying with his insignia.

To the regular the plain U. S. on his button stands for a good part of all that's sacred to him. But the same holds true of the old guardsman with U. S. N. G. on his collar, and now the spirit is reechoed with the men of the National Army, with their U. S. N. A. But as he is the oldest in tradition and service it is the regular who will do anything but mutiny at even the suggestion of changing his plain U. S.

"I'd like to see 'em take that U. S. button away from me," Private Jay Van Norden remarked casually, laying aside his card files and paper work in the examining room of the 305th Field Hospital. "I don't ask for much—just to be sent across and to keep my U. S. That's not much."

And when Private Van Norden's story is heard it does seem a very little for a soldier to ask. And it shows that patriotism is a living thing here in America, German propaganda and prophecies notwithstanding.

The war was very young when Van Norden started south on a big job in his highly paid trade of steeplejack. Behind in the little home at 2309 Catalpa street, Ridgewood, Queens, were a wife and two girls, and already with the morning papers at hand telling of the selective service bill with the age set at 31, the mother was uttering unspoken prayers of gratitude that Jay was 34 years old and so would not be taken.

But on the train making his way toward Baltimore the steeplejack had another line of thought. It was of duty and patriotism, and when the train pulled into the station at Baltimore Van Norden hurried away in search of a recruiting station. As expert mechanic and motorcyclist he joined as a despatch rider in an ambulance company and was sent at once to Columbus, Ohio, to be mustered in.

It was at this same old barracks in Columbus

that another Van Norden, the father, had enlisted early in '61, when the first call to arms was sounded. Then it was the 105th Ohio Volunteers that had gained a recruit—the first battalion of the 105th—whose Major fought gallantly through the four years, only to die two score years later a beloved and martyred President, Major William McKinley.

So with much the same thrill that the senior Van Norden had felt when he raised his right hand and took the oath of a soldier this younger soldier pledged his life. He wanted to go across at once, to do his bit as his father had done, again to make the world a place for free men.

But it was not to be. Instead of his unit, the Twenty-third Field Hospital Section of the Regular Army, being hurried abroad it was sent to Fort Benjamin Harrison, Indiana, and then later ordered to Camp Upton, where it was split into four units and called the 305th, 306th, 307th and 308th Field Hospital of the National Army.

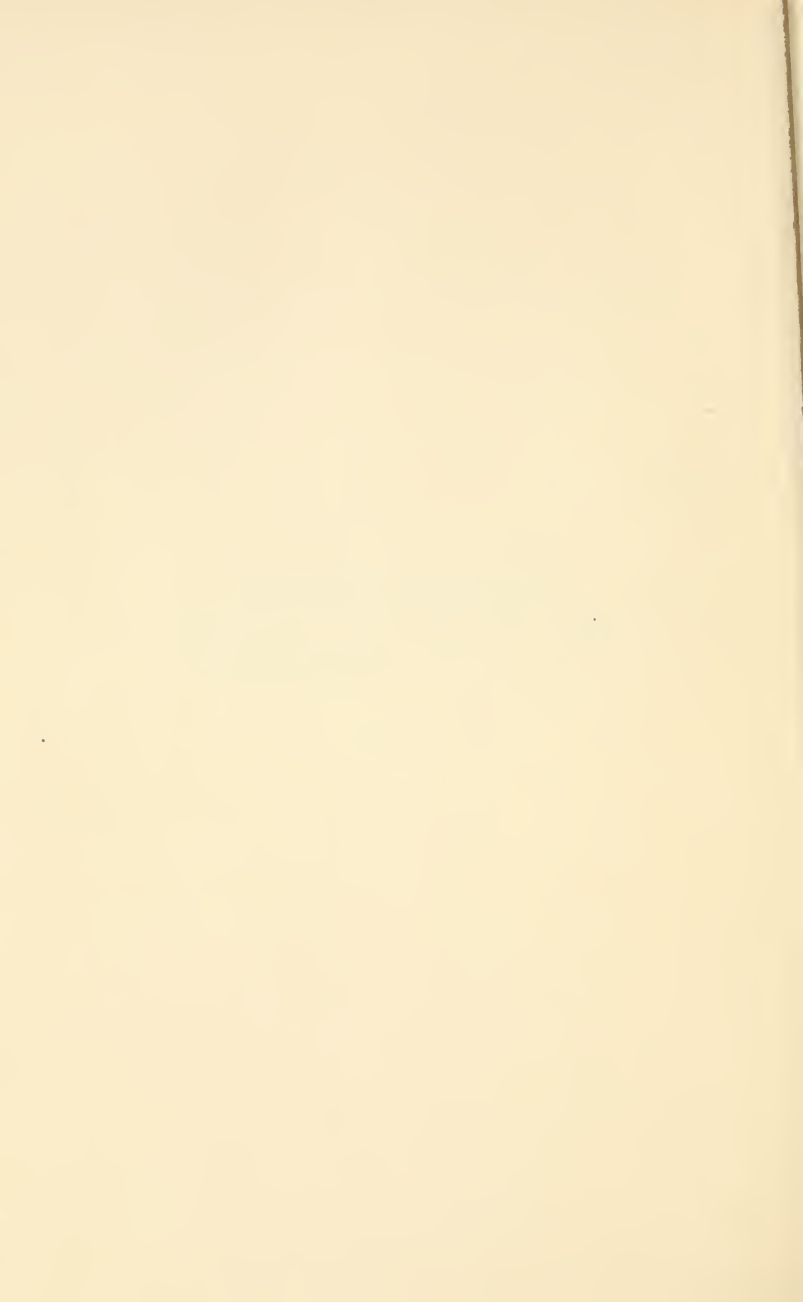
And instead of dashing across shell torn areas in France bearing messages Private Van Nor-

den was put to keeping records and assisting the lung specialists through whose hands have passed all the 40,000 soldiers of Camp Upton. And then as a crowning disappointment came the news that there was a possibility that even the coveted U. S. button showing that he belonged to the regulars might be taken away from him.

Back in his little stationery store at 108 Eldridge Street, Brooklyn, a seventy-four-year-old man with a Minie ball still buried in his body, with four years of Civil War service to his credit—the Van Norden of 1861—to-day vice-commander of Perry Post, G. A. R., tries to tell a rather impatient son that the ways of the war gods are strange and beyond conjecture.



CHAPTER ELEVEN
NOT STRICTLY REGULATION



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I—NO REGULAR GENT

MESS SERGEANT ALECK BROOKS sat on the sunny side of Company I barracks, 307th Infantry, with a large heap of prickly pine cones between his feet. Now and again at short intervals he would toss one of the cones with considerable spirit and velocity in the direction of Kaiser Bill. Bill would grunt from the blow, shake his untrimmed whiskers and then with unfeigned relish eat the morsel itself.

“Look at that fool goat eat them cones,” mused Mess Sergeant Aleck. “Know what he done an hour ago? He up and et a piece right out of the garbage can. He’s the eatnest goat you ever seen. An’ he’s the foolnest goat too, and he’s the glutenest goat; look what he done to me!”

Mess Sergeant Aleck raised up from where he was planted in the sunshine, turned slowly around and showed exactly what the goat had done. Never would those precious army pants of his be the same again.

The tear extended all the way across diagonally east and west and made sitting a proper and natural position for Sergeant Aleck to assume.

“That there goat done that. It didn’t hurt me none except the pants, but you should see some of the other fighting men. I’m sitting down right comfortable, but them others they’re lyin’ down face or standin’ round thinkin’ up ways to get rid of Bill there. Top Sergeant Charley French he was goin’ to buy Bill a fine blanket, all blue with ‘Company I, 307th Infantry, U. S. N. A.,’ in red letters—just like is inscribed on that there collar of his.

“He was goin’ to buy that blanket; he was, but he ain’t goin’ to no more. Know where he is now? He’s out back trying to bribe the cook to slip a little poison in the food, so that when Bill eats what’s left it’ll lay Bill out. Even I

wouldn't do that. Take that, ya darn German!"

Aleck burned another pine cone into Bill's fat, well protected ribs. Bill grunted, strained at his half inch thick chain, showed about nine inches of fine high power horns—and then ate the cone.

Down at the other end of the barracks a dozen promising young soldiers were building an 8x10 foot stockade of six inch scrub oak logs set upright and sunk two feet in the ground. No king of the forest, wild German boar, rhinoceros or mountain goat would have even Kaiser Bill's chance of escaping from that corral. Aleck pointed up to it with the butt of his cigarette.

"Bill goes in there until he can learn how to be a regular goat and a gentleman," Aleck went on. "In three hours he's ruined \$80 worth of Uncle Sam's clothes—mostly pants—laid up four soldiers, and, what you might call, brought disgrace and temporary ruin to the whole company. An' Company I's got the best Captain in the regiment, an' his name's Capt.

Bill—I mean Capt. William D. Harrigan. Did you get that down?”

Mess Sergt. Aleck heaved another can, this time catching Bill slightly above the beard.

“Take that, you tin eater!” Aleck pronounced with emphasis. “Here, I spent all my furlough and a half month’s pay buying you and gettin’ you down here, and look how you behaved. You’re a fine member of Company I. Didn’t I go and get you that there brass collar made with your name on, and your company and your regiment, and everything? In that there pen you go, and in that there pen you stay until you know how to behave.”

“I’m glad you weren’t around here this morning, mister, when Bill come,” Aleck resumed as he turned away from Kaiser Bill. “It was a disgrace to the army, and if one fire eatin’ goat like that, even if he has got low visibility, can just about clean up a whole company it would be pretty tough on the National Army if the news got out. I don’t mind tellin’ it, but I am glad you didn’t witness everything.”

At this moment an innocent looking private from Company K, travelling peacefully along toward his own barrack and absolutely minding his own business, by a twist of cruel fate stepped within the firing range in No Man's Land. Aleck cried a warning, but it was a tenth of a second too late. The attack was a complete surprise and was very successful as far as Bill was concerned.

"See that? See that?" repeated Aleck, just a faint bit of pride creeping into his voice. "He ain't no natural goat. That there goat's a German goat. Didn't I buy him of Abe Einstein, and ain't Abie a German by birth—and what's more, don't Abie run a fish store up in The Bronx? Listen, mister, don't never buy a goat from a German fish dealer up in The Bronx. Plain Harlem goats is bad enough, but when you get all them things together you got a goat that ain't fit for any respectable soldier to associate with.

"You see, I used to live up in The Bronx, and I had a kind of passing acquaintance with Bill ever since he was born, two years ago. So when

I came down here and was made mess sergeant and had all that kitchen stuff to throw away every night I just naturally thought of Bill and decided I'd buy him and dedicate him to the company.

“Well, I got a pass Saturday and paid Abe seven bucks for Bill—you know goats has gone up, the same as everything else—and then give him five bucks extra to bring him down here in style. Then it cost me three more to have that there collar made and inscribed. Them fifteen real iron men was spent without knowing what I was really buying.”

Mess Sergeant Aleck mused a half minute over his extravagance and then gently heaved another pine cone at Bill.

“Well, this morning, just after drill was over and a half hour before mess, a big limousine drew up and there was Bill strapped in behind. In four seconds the whole company was crowdin' around and yellin'. And I reached in and loosed Bill's feet and spoke nice to him and was goin' to lead him out quiet and gently. Bill got scared and jumped through the glass door and kicked

a couple of privates down and you should ought to have seen them soldiers drop their guns and beat it. And Bill, he jumped from krag to krag, as you might say, and then made for the brush with about 179 soldiers after him.

“Finally they thought they got him cornered, but about this time Bill went into action fore and aft, an’ say, what he done to about nineteen pair of pants is somethin’ awful to relate. Talk about a fightin’ gent; Bill don’t even know when he’s licked, and it weren’t until eight privates, three corporals and the top sergeant was sittin’ on his beezer and pullin’ of his whiskers that Bill give in. Then we borrowed a chain off’n one of these stump pullin’ outfits and with a great deal of care and attention got Bill back here and nailed him in the barracks. To-night he’ll sleep in that there goat guard house and he can fight them six inch oak posts till his beard turns white, an’ see if I care.

“We was hopin’ to take him to France with us, but I heard Capt. Harrigan say that Capt. Richardson, the camp intelligence officer, told him that it weren’t allowable to take any ani-

mals other than human along on the transports, but Bill might go as a consignment of poison gas. A goat ain't no sachet bag, I know, but as far as I'm concerned I think he ought to be labelled a British tank—he's about the charginist affair around these parts. Ain't ya, Bill?"

"Ma-a-a-a!" Bill commented by way of answer, turning on the final vowel and nibbling of the pine cone his master contributed.



2—KAISER BILL GETS THE RANGE

THE Kaiser Bill munched in a very gentle manner at a choice selection of Capt. William

Harrigan's own Brussels sprouts. It was cold, but Bill's blue trick blanket with the inscription "Company I, 307th Infantry" embossed on its left side was warm and comfortable. Then, too, Bill was just finishing his tenth straight sprout, and with the edge of a strong goat appetite well worn Bill was getting particular.

"Don't go hurryin' yerself none, Bill, but you might as well wipe yer whiskers now and go inside," Private Bull Ryan, Bill's own high keeper and pal, cut in. "I believe a gent like you ought a have all the time he wants at his meals, but it's colder 'n the well known hinges out here, Bill, and I ain't got no overcoat on. An' you got a fine little house there waitin' for ya. Go on an' give her a little more gas, Bill."

Bill looked up at Private Bull, recently ambitious but unsuccessful company bugler, and gave a sweet little nod of approval—or as near a sweet little nod as a two horned, cloven footed he goat can give. But Bill, he didn't say anything.

"Listen, Bill, I wouldn't hurry ya fur the world, not after what you done for old I Com-

pany," Bull went on. "You know that, don't ya, Bill? I'm fur ya, Bill, from right now on until you lead the procession down Wieneywurst avenue, Berlin. But yer through and ye might as well go on in your house."

But Bill kept right on nibbling while Bull kept right on talking.

"Foolinest goat I ever saw in my life," Bull confided to a passerby. "He's got more brains in a way of speakin' than a whole squad of ordinary buck privates—say, he's got more plain brains than a fool bird dog. Now, you wouldn't think that o' Bill just to look at him, would ya?"

Before even a negative answer could be given a strange bird of some foreign clime and species wandered down from a very tiny house resting on Bill's own private, double walled, paper lined log cabin. He looked pretty much like a cross between a fancy fantail pigeon and a white Wyandotte rooster. And he was bowlegged and walked with a certain rambling sidewheel swagger that reminded one of a deep sea sailor, but about the eye he looked as wise as a marine. Then, too, he was squatty and heavy around

the shoulders and hardly resembled any self-respecting fowl to speak of.

“Know who that there bird is?” Bull proudly announced. “Well, that there is Mak, and he’s our other official company mascot. He’s a full blooded, pedigreed Japanese rooster and his right name is Makado—he is named after the King of Japan—and he and Bill are bosom pals. I reckon Mak is comin’ down to sleep with Bill, this bein’ the coldest night we’ve had yet. Am I right, Mak?”

Mak chuckled a couple of times and very nonchalantly strutted over and with a considerable lot of noise and no small effort flew up to Bill’s back. Bill kept right on nibbling his sprouts just like any other gent would have done under the same embarrassing circumstances.

“Greatest pals on earth, them two are,” Bull, erstwhile bugler, went on. “An’ don’t it beat everything what’ll hook up together in the army? Here’s a royal, blue blood Jap and a he goat from Harlem bunkin’ together and thinkin’ the world and all of each other and always boostin’ each other’s game. Say, did ya hear about Bill

having the jam with a Q. M. officer? Didn't ya hear about that?"

Bull threw Bill another sprout and reached over and stroked Mak's reddish brown, slightly frosted comb. Then he continued:

"Well, yesterday morning one of our brightest young lieutenants that this here company has got was all shined up and dolled out like a gambler's bride to go into the city and give a lot of them dames on Fifth avenue a great big free treat. You could comb your hair by the polish on his shoes and you could see to shave by with his leather puttees.

"He was standin' out there in front of the barracks and he was waitin' for another lieutenant to come out and start for the train, when a Major of the Quartermaster Department come walking down the road here; there was a lot of the boys fooling around the company street, getting ready to go to town and fixin' themselves all up, and Bill he was cavortin' about and having the time of his young and prosperous life. He didn't have no chain or nothin' on and he was running high, wide and handsome.

“Well, when our proud young Lieutenant saw this ‘Q. M’ reserve Major comin’ along he come to attention and just about broke his arm salutin’ this gold leaf officer. But do you think that there Major give our Lieutenant a tumble? Not so as you could notice it at all. That there Major was so busy wonderin’ how his commission business was going on since he entered the army and so het up about the high cost of feedin’ rookies that he didn’t have no time to go salutin’ back no plain lieuts.

“Now this sounds like some goat story, but I hope I never get to France if Bill didn’t see that insult to the fair name and reputation of Company I and decide at once that he’d do his own little bit for his company and his flag. Well, attackin’ from the west he caught that reserve ‘Q M’ Major a little bit low for the best kind of work but he done pretty well at that. I would say offhand that he done about eighteen to twenty feet. And outside of one pair of major’s pants the casualties were slight and not worth speaking of. I tell ya Bill is strong on this honour stuff. Ain’t you Bill?”

Bill didn't even bother to answer such a foolish question but being through with his Brussels sprouts he slowly meandered toward his own private log cabin with Mak resting safely on his back.

"Say, I almost forgot to tell you how Mak done his part in vindicatin' Company I," Private Bull continued. "Well, when Bill had made his drive and was retreating, what do you suppose that fool Jap rooster done. Give it up? Well he flapped his wings a couple of times and crowed four times straight runnin'. That's what I call being a pal of a gent. Say, ain't I right?"

And it was allowed that Bull was infinitely correct.

3—MIKE THE SEVENTH

PETS are pets, but Bill the Kaiser and Mike the Seventh have very little in common—unless it might be pride in the same division. And even newspaper correspondents attached to an army feel that same pride.

Sergt. Bill Dennison sat crosslegged on the floor of the orderly room of Division Head-

quarters troop and talked to Mike the Seventh in a weird Filipino Americano patois. Sergt. Bill's face was leathery and lined with the deep sun wrinkles of a half score of years of service in the Islands. His hair was white and a bit scarce, and from the yellow cord on his campaign hat as well as from the angle that it was tipped you would know that here was a United States Cavalryman of the old days, when Uncle Sam's regulation uniform was blue, and when the Second and the Third and the Seventh were swaggering outfits, and when "cavalry was cavalry" and not mere machine gun units or artillery organizations.

All in all Sergeant Bill seemed about as much out of place among these young two-month-old soldiers in this new army of freedom as Mike the Seventh did. His tales were not of Manhattan nights, nor was he deeply concerned in the tragic dimming of the lights on Broadway—the yarns he spun and the language he talked were of Badoo and Mindanao and great nights at Manila, when a soldier spent his \$15 a month pay in one great blow, and shooting his last

goo - goo *peseta* would gamely allow that it was but a case of easy come and easy go.

Five hitchers in the regulars make of a man somewhat of a philosopher, and Sergeant Bill was surely one, and so what mattered it if he was now serving in a green outfit under Plattsburgers after fourteen straight years with the gallant old Second Cavalry, and with a hitch in the Third to start with?

“We should get all *calienti*—all het up, eh, Mike, old *amigo*?” Sergeant Bill said to Mike the Seventh.

“Me and you has been there and back, ain’t we Mike—*Chico*? Ah, Mike, *caro* my dear—you remind me of the first little darling I ever had.

“Did I ever tell you about him, Mike—how I found him up in Nor-Luzon, in ’99 in a cocoanut grove when we stoned a hule gang of monks and this little beggar was so young he couldn’t run away and I picked him up at the foot of the tree? He didn’t have no hair on him, not at all—what you think of that, Mike? Cuss, you *malo muchacho*—cuss, you bad boy.”

“Egh! Egh! Egh!” Mike the seventh squealed in a very tiny high voice, then he buried his head under the Sarge’s arm as if he were seeking forgiveness.

“Ah, it’s all right, Mike—come on out now. Come on—*pronto, pronto*; you’re awful slow to learn, goo-goo Mike. Here I had you two weeks and you don’t know more’n twenty words of the language. Come on, the Lootenant won’t hurt you, Mike—*pronto, muchacho*.”

Pretty soon Mike did stick his head out and he laughed, or as near as a very small monkey can really laugh. Taken by and large Mike was a knockout. Although it’s all out of the question to make any accurate estimate as to a monkey’s age, it is certain that Mike was a very, very old boy—possibly up around Sergeant Bill’s half century mark. And he was very, very wise as well.

“That ’er boy is the wisest boy I ever owned,” Bill spun on, “and he’s No. 7. Yes, sir, I’ve owned seven monkeys in my day and they all been named Mike; but this little fellow is the wisest and the meanest and the orneriest that I

ever seen. *Diablito*, let go my finger—let go, you little devil!”

Mike the Seventh let go and then laughed. Mike was all that Bill said and then some. And Mike was a mystery. Just how an old cavalry sergeant assigned to the National Army to teach city boys the east from the west of any army horse came by an aged, ornery monkey is something that Capt. J. S. S. Richardson, division intelligence officer should investigate.

Monkeys don't grow on scrub oaks around Camp Upton like they do on cocoanut trees in northern Luzon, and you can't buy them for "*un peso*" like you can out in the Islands. But one day, a couple of weeks ago, when Sergt. Bill Dennison and First Sergeant Bob Eckenrode, likewise from the old Second, returned from a two day leave they had Mike with them.

"Oh, we just found him," Bill went on when questioned. "'At is, I found him—Bob he was along, but Mike's mine. Ain't ya, *Chico*? An' don't ya sleep with me and ain't ya goin' to France with me?"

"How'd I do it, did you ask? Right in my

little old haversack, just where I brung a dog from the Islands one time. I used to try to bring my monkeys back too, but I never had no luck.”

“One time I got Mike the Fourth on board and as far as the quarantine station off Maniler, but they found him out and turned him out. But Mike here he’s goin’ to France with us. Whoo! I’d give forty cents to be in France right now. Wouldn’t we, Mike?”

Mike curled up in Bill’s arms and shut his eyes. France didn’t worry him.

“Lookey at the little cuss,” Bill smiled. “Darnedst pet I ever had—and I had every known kind ’cept wilcats. I don’t think a soldier got any right having a wild cat. Ugh! I had dogs, monkeys, lizards, birds, and down in Mindanao one time I had a deer until the Colonel made me give him away because he et all the trees around headquarters. And one time in Balabary—that’s in Mindanao too—I had a couple hundred chickens fur pals. Talk of eatin’ and aggin’! I was some in funds in them days. But I wouldn’t trade Mike here for none of ’em.”

Mike slept on through this eulogy. He was having happy dreams. He was a fine old monkey who had grown old gracefully and was now basking in the warmth of a well deserved sunshine. Then through the door of the orderly room stalked Jerry, young, black and very much a dog. No ancient trooper with a half foot of ribbons across his left breast pocket claimed him—he belonged to a rookie and what was more a rookie bugler—Private Douglas M. Fraser, same troop, same army, but a rookie bugler. And this black young dog, he was certainly treading hallowed ground.

Like a flash Mike the Seventh awoke, and like a second flash he attacked poor, friendly, innocent, good natured young Jerry. And being the ward of a gallant old trooper, he could ride, and ride he did. In one wild leap he lit astride Jerry's head, and Jerry, with a long, pleading yelp, did a Russian army out of the orderly room and up the stairs. The second time he made the circuit he managed to brush Mike off. So it was that a minute later Mike was back in his old seat on Sergt. Bill's lap.

“’At’s it, *muchacho!*” roared Bill. “Don’t ever let no rookie’s black pup make free with ya! ’At’s it! Yer just like old Mike the Fourth was. ’At’s the stuff, boy!” Mike squealed out a word or two of thanks, and then curled up and went to sleep.

The army is for the young, after all.

4—“WOOF! WOOF!”

AND while we’re writing about Kaiser Bill and Mike the Seventh we shouldn’t forget Amok. For Amok, while in a military sense is not strictly according to regulations, is a sort of mascot to his own outfit—and so in he goes.

A short, stocky, copper coloured rookie in dusty, blue store trousers and a celluloid collar and bearing the marks of some strange distant land was certainly running amuck in the company street in front of Barracks R 5, where Company I, 307th Infantry, holds forth. Round and round in ten foot circles he was prancing, eighteen inches of braided black horse tail hair

shooting straight out from the nape of his neck with every prance.

“Who-o-o-o! Whee-e-e-e-e! Wow-w-w-w-w! Wow-w-w-w-w!” Bent almost double and prancing in short two step prances every three or four seconds the strange young man would lift his head high and bay his call to the feeble October sun.

“Know what that are?” asked a Kentucky Regular Army corporal with company pride registering in his voice. “That thar’s a Feely-pino practising up fur his dance. You couldn’t see the likes o’ that nowhere fur less’n 10 cents. He’s in my squad.”

“But what’s he doing and why is he practising this dance—going to have a company show?” a timid observer asked.

“Somethin’ worse than a company show. He’s jes’ gettin’ a tuned up for the big dance when he gets a German’s head. Say, that feller’s a head hunter—you know, he cuts off the heads of his enemies. Somethin’ like a caneybal, I reckon. His name’s Amok—he usta be in a show at Coney Island.”

“Woof—woo-o-o-o-o-f! Woo-o-o-f-f!” The long wail rose like the call of a long lost soul. And he was but tuning up.

“Head hunter”—“Amok”—“Coney Island”—“Filipino.” Strange bits of recollection seemed to flow in on these words. Somewhere, some time, none other than some great family newspaper itself had used these mystic phrases. “Woof-woof”—ah, that was the clue! “Woof-woof,” the call of the wild; the sweet, simple, expressive word used by head hunters while they are on the trail of their sworn enemy in all the great side shows of the world.

“Woof-woof, wo-o-o-o-o-F!”

Like a bit of sunshine of purest ray serene the truth broke through. This Amok was surely the Amok—our very own Amok, made famous by a great family newspaper. From his iron cage in Col. Jim Edwards’s greatest shows in all Coney Island had not Amok broken into its columns?

At that time he had been suffering from ennui—head hunting among the cages of Coney Island had lost its thrill. Civilization had done its worst, and from a savage woof woofing head

worshipper he had changed to a yawning, tired young man.

Not even the thought of chasing Germans up and down the banks of the Rhine would unloosen the pangs of ennui. He didn't care to go into the army. He loved his ennui.

But when the great family newspaper had told of poor Amok he awoke from his yawning days, scraped the long dried bit of dark red stain from his favourite bolo and stealthily stole down to *The Sun* office. But the hunting was poor and all that Amok could do was to return to Col. Jim Edwards's greatest show in all Coney Island and do a dance over a thing with a wooden dome and a hank of hair.

But the old ambish had been awakened; that head hunting trip to the newspaper office had furnished the little divine spark that was to some day break forth into a great burning, blazing passion. Fooling with wooden domes at 10 cents a person was not anything to brag of for a full grown Igorro-e hand raised on head hunting and feasting back in dear old Bantoc, Island of Luzon, Philippines.

He'd throw off this white man's ennui—he'd go into the army and he'd get himself half a dozen or so fine young German heads. He'd show all those wise ones back in Bantoc who had been shaking their heads over him ever since he had left there with a wandering show troupe six years ago. Some fine day he'd get off the 4:17 water buffalo cart special at Bantoc station and he'd give 'em a real treat.

“Lookey what I brung ya, Ma,” he'd say in the prevailing language of Bantoc. “Here's one for you too, Pa. And there's one apiece for all you kids—and, lookey, I got a German General for myself.”

And then they'd have a legal holiday and put all the presents on top of poles and have a fine old homecoming war dance, and kill off the pet dogs for the prodigal who'd come back with the bacon. And after the dance they'd put the things in baskets and hang 'em under the eaves of the “ato,” which is pure Bantoc for the meeting house, where only the male head hunters are allowed to go and which is a kind of an Elks club for all the young bloods of Bantoc.

“Woof, woof, woo-o-o-o-o-f!” Amok completed another circle and then threw her into high and opened the exhaust.

Plain it was now that he had gone into the great army of freedom. Clear it seemed that he was a first class fighting man in Company I, 307th Infantry, Seventy-seventh Division, Camp Upton. Beyond the slightest shadow of a doubt he was keeping in practice for the big feast and blowout when he'd blew into Bantoc with his presents.

With a wonderful extra strong “woof!” Amok drew up plumb in front of the family newspaper's amateur war correspondent.

He didn't have his bolo on him—that is, it was not visible any place. He was small, and there was a fine young smile about his lips and a very wise twinkle to his eyes. And there was not any bolo showing.

“Going to Germany and get some heads, eh, Amok?” was asked in as much of an offhanded impromptu way as was possible under the circumstances, the asker being none other than he who had himself been head hunted.

“Me—sure. Get some heads. Maybe Captain he care. But I get ’em—six.”

“That’s fine—get a lot of ’em,” was advised. “Get a couple for me too. Say, you have not got your bolo along, have you, Amok?” This was what lawyers might call a leading question.

“Nope, him home. I get him when I go France, maybe if Captain he let.”

The good news about the bolo put a new complexion on things. One could talk quite frankly now.

“Your family in the business, too, Amok, head hunting?” “Nope, two caught—him in jail.”

“Well, that’s right sad. Put in jail just for doing a little private head hunting. Well, well. In for life, I suppose?”

“Nope—just from now. But me—when I go Germany—woof! I getta heads—sex, ten tousands. An’ I go home Bantoc big dance—dog feast—everything fine. Watch—I show you.”

“Woof, woof, woo-o-o-o-f-f-f!” Around the circle pranced Amok begging the dull October sun for no less than six German heads.

In the next street to the right of I Company a score of rookies were whiling away the hours doing vocal exercise. A high boarding house tenor struck up a fresh old one and they were off.

You're in the army now,
 You're in the army now,
 You son of a gun, you'll never get rum,
 You're in the army now.

But even this mention of such a wonderful thing as rum had no interest whatsoever for Amok.

All he wanted was his six German privates and a Major-General to take back to Bantoc—and the amateur war correspondent wished him all the luck in the world.

5—AMOK LOSES HIS “WOOF! WOOF!”

AND now Amok, once ambitious head hunter of far away Bantoc, Island of Luzon, has gone and got his hair cut. Like a certain Biblical gent, Amok hairless is plumb helpless. And to-night Company I isn't near the outfit that it used to be. It has been pretty much of a blow to dear old I Company, taking it by and large.

Here for two months Amok, fresh from the

wilds of Coney Island and Col. Bill Edwards's greatest show on earth, has been getting in shape to do some plain and fancy ground and aloft work in the line of head hunting around the Rhine. In fact Amok, had it all fixed out to surprise the folks back home after the war and slip in some night for supper with a head for ma and pa and one for each of the kids. And it seemed certain that it would be a knockout and give the old town a thrill that would last until the next Methodist lawn supper.

Then, too, Amok was the pride and hope of I Company. Whenever ma or pa or the best gal would come out from the city on a Sunday afternoon the boys would point out Amok and in a low tone sing his praises and boast of his mighty deeds.

"He's a twenty-four karat head hunter he is and he's got a yard of hair curled up under his hat that would make a Chink laundryman in the city fall over and drown in his own wash-tub," more than one buck private has repeated with rising pride on these civilian tours of inspection. "D'ya know what that guy's got? A

big knife that you call a bolo under his mattress: and say, boy, when he gets a lot o' meat you gotta watch out. We all say Mister to him when he's eatin' meat."

That was in the old days. But alas! alas! they will never more come again. This morning Amok went into the company barber shop to get a slight hair trim. For two days the poor little head hunter had been practising the vegetarian arts and he was a trifle weak. Now it's all right for prize fighters and football players and such to go vegetarian if they want to, but it isn't anything for a doughboy and most of all for a late head hunter with a bolo under his mattress to go fooling with. So having been without his meat for two full days Amok was weak.

And being weak he didn't bother much to take any particular pains in instructing Tony Babero, barber high private, as to the latest style in hair cutting in dear old Bantoc.

"Cut him, eh?" he drawled, running his fingers affectionately through a couple of tassels. "Cut him queek, eh? You know him, lettell, eh?"

“Sure, sure! I gotta fine hair cut; sure, sure!” Tony picked up his scissors and gently cut a chunk or two out of the barracks air.

Tony started deftly and carefully clipping around the ears and little odd parts that were hanging loose, and about the time he had finished the left ear poor old Amok, weak without his meat, dropped off in a doze. Fifteen minutes later he woke up with a start. Instinctively he felt back of his head, where the pride of his heart had been hanging for lo these many years. It was a terrible scene that followed.

Strong men have wept and wrung their hands at far less. For close up, in fine Wisconsin Kaiser Bob style, lay all that was left of handsome Amok's precious locks. And what was more, Tony had given him the clippers on the back of the neck and shaved down both sides in the latest Sixth avenue style. It was a haircut that any one of a little group of willful men would be proud of, no matter whether they had come from Wisconsin or Missouri, or even the dear old home State of New York.

Just what Amok said never will be known,

there being few if any translators of native Luzon dialect on hand at that exact moment. Abuslam Ben Hamid Shariff, the popular ex-Arabian professional tumbler of Luna Park and points West and now acting corporal, was waiting for a shave, but even Abuslam could not catch much. Then there was Corporal Amerigo Carrucie waiting for a massage, and he took oath later that he wasn't able to grasp more than the general meaning—but Corporal Amerigo was right smartly occupied with worrying over his massage and his chance of going home this afternoon to see the bride.

And then there was Sergt. Leonard Carroll, who was going to shoot a whole day's pay to Tony to get everything on the bill from a shave to a hair singe, and Leonard took oath that he couldn't remember—but Leonard is excused with apologies because this very afternoon he hurried to the city with the idea of getting himself all tied up in some kind of a matrimonial knot. Company I, it seems, is very powerful on marrying non-coms.

Anyway Amok said a lot of things that might

have been left unsaid and fortunately were pronounced in a wild and far distant tongue. Even when Tony offered to throw a dime off the bill it didn't help matters much. But in a minute Amok was all tuckered out. He'd been two days without his meat and on top of that he's been shorn close. Babbling in native Luzonese, he gathered up eight quarts of raven black tresses and carried them to the privacy of the second floor. There, with a little Bantoc ceremony, he gently placed them alongside his beloved bolo. And down stairs in the barber's corner Tony keeps an eye on the door and a razor in his pocket.

But Tony's fears are groundless—at least they are groundless as long as Amok don't get hold of any red meat. If that should happen Tony would better slip over to the negro 367th Infantry and take a few private lessons on "The Razor in Time of War."

6—WHEN PRIVATE BURKLE GOES HOME

But Amock, even though his precious locks are now shorn, is not the only soldier in this

great Army of Freedom who is going to upset a lot of old family traditions when he goes home after the war is over to see how all the folks are getting along. There's Fred for instance.

Germany papers will please copy this story of Private Fred Burkle. It should make interesting reading back in Private Burkle's old home town of Feldrennach, Kingdom of Wurttemberg, and even in certain quarters of Berlin it should attract some little attention.

For Private Burkle is figuring on going back home via Camp Upton, the Atlantic, certain intricate trench systems, barbed wire entanglements and the River Rhine. And the folks, from the Crown Prince down, may want to be on hand to welcome home one of the old boys.

"And I'm going back in style," Private Burkle announced to his bunkies, toasting their shins around the big barrack room stove last night. "I'm going to tie a little red, white and blue flag to my bayonet and march down the Hauptstrasse singing 'The Star Spangled Banner,' and shoutin' 'To hell with the Kaiser.'"

Private Fritz borrowed a pipeful of tobacco and slowly continued his remarks!

“Then I’m goin’ to look up my two brothers in the German army and I’m goin’ to make them recite the Declaration of Independence and President Wilson’s April message to Congress askin’ for war.

“Then I’m goin’ to tell my brother Ernst that he is a pig and a traitor for living for six years off the fat of America and then sneakin’ back to Germany so as to fight for this verdant Kaiser against the only country that ever did anything for him. But if Germany gained a soldier when he ran to her, your Uncle Sam got one when I stayed here. I will make it more than even. This is my country.”

Coming as it did at a moment when traitors to America seem everywhere, and when there have been grave doubts as to the completeness of America’s assimilation of her foreign born, this half jesting, half angry statement of a plain soldier whose sympathies might easily have been shaky was like a warm breath of spring to the snowbound camp.

Scores of soldiers there have been who have demanded that they be taken from fighting branches because of relatives in the armies of Austria or Bulgaria or Germany—and in many cases generous powers that be have seen the broad justice of their pleas. But these soldiers were different from Private Fred Burkle.

“I asked to be sent down here in the first contingent,” he went on. “I wanted to prove that there are some German-born who see the justice of America’s cause. And if my brothers don’t think it is right for brothers to fight against each other—why, let them quit. I am in the right.”

And then came the old story of a boy who left Germany because of hard taskmasters and ran away to great, free America. At 14 he had been bound out on a seven year contract to learn to become a mechanical engineer. For three years he was to receive no pay and then for two years two marks a week and then for the final two years three marks. Each morning he must get up at 4 o’clock, walk for two hours to

his work and then labour until 7 at night. And he received no pay.

So Fritz took a bright moonlight night for it and started for America. That was twelve years ago, and in these twelve years he had learned the fancy painting and lettering trade and had prospered. Six years ago he sent money to his brother Ernst to come over, and, like Fritz, this second boy prospered well in his trade of machinist. For a long time the two brothers lived happily together at 1131 Broadway, Brooklyn.

During the first three years of the great war they agreed that Germany should fight on. But the day that diplomatic relations were broken off the breach began to open. And the morning that a letter came from the father in Feldrennach urging that the two boys leave America immediately and make their way somehow to Germany and join the army there was open rupture between the brothers.

“I’m going,” Ernst solemnly pronounced.

“Don’t be a fool,” Fritz warned. “This is your country. You have a home here, you have

friends—America had done everything for you. What do you care for the Kaiser?”

But words were only the start of the quarrel and a half hour later when Fritz started for his work there had been blows. And that night when Fritz came home Ernst was gone.

The first week in September, through some underground route, a second letter came from the old father back in the Wurttemberg village.

“Ernst has arrived and has entered the aviation service,” it read. “Your younger brother is also in the army. I will expect you to do your duty.”

But Fritz’s idea of his duty being a bit different from his sire’s, Fritz hustled to his draft board and asked to be sent with the first contingent to Camp Upton.

“I wish there was an aviation branch in this camp,” he concluded last night, “but then I guess a ‘dough boy’ in the trenches ain’t so bad after all. Fightin’ is fightin’, ain’t it? Just as long as you’re fightin’ the Kaiser.”

CHAPTER TWELVE
THE GREAT ADVENTURE

CHAPTER TWELVE

THE GREAT ADVENTURE

1—TOMMY GOES BACK FOR MORE

AN' you all is goin' back; you's goin' back fo' more? My Gawd!"

Private Bill Raymond, from Lock Haven, Pa., attached to the volunteer 305th Ambulance Company as negro chef for the officers' mess, spoke with vast respect and wonder. For a half hour, wide eyed and open mouthed, he had drunk in the tale of the going out of 1,100 brave men. It was his first glimpse at the real price of war and it had left him trembling and unnerved.

On the adjoining cot in the barracks sat the man who wasn't afraid to go back. Under his left eye there were tiny stars and now and then there was a slight twitch. And there was a certain pallor about his face that spoke of unfor-

gotten hardships and hospital, and fitted poorly the square fighting jaw and the sturdy shoulders.

He was one of the thirty-three—the ghost of an outfit that was. To-day on Canadian war records you must turn many pages back to find so much as a mention of the Eaton machine gun brigade of Toronto. This, unlike its sister outfit, the gallant Princess Pats, went out unsung and unknown, but in a blaze of glory and at “Wipers” (Ypres) on the Queen’s birthday. And its 1,100 had helped to make the word Canadian the gloriously hated one that it is on the Fredrichstrasse.

His full name was William J. Atkins, but a British soldier by the name of Atkins is doomed to Tommy forever. And by all the rights of reward and merit a British soldier with an honourable discharge from the Canadian overseas expeditionary forces in the hip pocket of his National Army “O D” breeches and now drawing Uncle Sam’s bit each month most certainly deserves to be called Tommy.

And more—a Tommy marked with shrapnel like a tattooed man, with nerves gone and a

brave record of cheating the army undertaker for a full year, who is not afraid to go back for more and volunteers in a special unit and is mightily well pleased when he's assigned to serve with the National Army and New York city's proud young division—well he deserves a medal and at the least a couple of knit sweaters.

“Ever see a Colt automatic machine gun?” Tommy Atkins, aged 34, asked Bill Raymond, aged 19, negro and musical cook. “No—eh? Well she's a daisy. She makes 'em like it. We had some Vickers, too, but the Colt was my pet. She's a daisy.”

Tommy's left eye, near where the shrapnel bits had buried themselves, twitched in memory. Machine gun jealousies and arguments somehow are always bad for shrapnel wounds.

“Guess the machine gun outfits here must have their guns by this time,” he went on. “We had ours just about the time I enlisted. That was in February, 1915, at Toronto. Why say, two months after that we was in England finishing our training—1,100 of us with twenty-

seven officers. Then, after a month there, we was shipped to France and jumped right in—the Eaton Machine Gun Battalion and our little old Colts.

“We were first at Vestberg—I don’t know how you spell that—and then we were pushed on to ‘Wipers’ (Ypres). By the time we got there they was only about 900 of us. Well, we didn’t no more than get our Colts in position to draw out the German artillery when the big battle started. That was May 23rd, 1915.

“And that night the Kaiser told his troops that the next day was the anniversary of Queen Victoria’s birthday and to make the day one that the Canadians would never forget. They certainly did—but they never got by and they never will get by.”

Again there was the twitch, and the hand that took the proffered cigarette shook—it wasn’t quite as steady as a soldier’s ordinarily should be.

“Four days we fought without relief. Wave after wave of Germans in solid mass formation rolled on us—and the old Colts drove ’em back.

The whole earth was rocking from the big shells and we was fighting day and night. Time and again they took our first and second line trenches, but we always got 'em. But we were done and all through. Then at 2 o'clock in the morning of May 27 word came that reinforcements was coming to our left. And 'Wipers' was saved from the boches.

"Five hours later my gun section was buried by a high explosive shell and then shot up by shrapnel. My gun was out of ammunition and I had just blown my whistle three times for more when she hit us.

"Eight days later I woke up in Ward H of the Bevon Home Hospital at Sandgate, England. I was nothin' but a jelly fish. I could not talk; I couldn't see and I was 90 per cent. dead. And there was only thirty-three of us men and ten officers even so much as alive. We was 1,100 strong when we left Toronto two months before and now there was nothin' but a handful of cripples left.

"Say, I want to tell you something. When you talk about standing your ground and takin'

your medicine like a man don't forget the boys from across the border. Thirty-three out of 1,100!"

Everybody waited for Tommy Atkins to go on. Pretty soon he did.

"After about three months in England I was sent back home on a cot. Then I did a turn in Canadian hospitals and convalescent places and then for almost a year I was on the sick list. But it looked like I'd never amount to anything again, so in September last year they discharged me.

"After floating around a while I wandered down to Lock Haven, Pa. And after Uncle Sam rolled back his sleeves and they started raisin' this outfit in that town I thought I'd just try joinin' out with it. Well, the surgeons, they took me—and say, did you hear we might be sent to France before the rest of the division. Some news, ain't it? goin' back to help the Yanks finish the job."

And then it was that Cook Bill Raymond managed to gulp out his single contribution to the afternoon.



“An’ you all is goin’ back—you’s goin’ back for mo’e? My Gawd!”

And Private Tommy Atkins, one of the thirty-three of the Eaton Machine Gun Battalion that was, and now of the great National Army, twitched an affirmative with the eye that had been tattooed with shrapnel.

2—“A BLOOMIN’, BLOODY ’ERO”

STRANGE and wonderful is the great National Army of freedom. The Bowery boy sleeps in the cot next to the millionaire from Riverside Drive; the Long Island gardener eats at the same long mess table with the man whose country estate he used to care for; the barber who once saw service for Italy against the Turks in the Tripoli campaign merrily clips the hair of a one time sergeant of the British Flying Corps and wearer in his own right of the King’s Distinguished Conduct Medal.

Down on the muster pay roll the D. C. medal man is Harry Booton, but over in the 304th Field Artillery’s headquarters company bar-

racks they call him Ben Welch, in honour of the Jewish comedian. But for all that his real name is Ortheris, whom even Kipling himself thought had lain dead these twenty years and more in the hill country of India. And for the brand of service for his reincarnation he has chosen the artillery—the bloomin', bloody artillery that he used to hate so much when he and Mulvaney were wearing the infantry uniform of the little old Widow of Windsor.

London cockney he was then, a quarter of a century ago, and London cockney he is to-day. And if there be some who say his name is not really Ortheris let it be stated that names are of small moment after all. It's the heart that counts—and the heart of this undersized little Jewish cockney is the heart of Kipling's hero—and the soul is his and the tale is his. And instead of telling his yarn to Mulvaney he now tells it to an Italian barber they call Eddie rather than his own gentle name of Gesualdi.

From Headquarters Hill, where the Old Man With the Two Stars looks out and down on his great melting pot that's cooking up this stirring

army of freedom, you walk a half mile or so west until you stumble on Rookie Roost J 18, where the headquarters company and the band of the 304th Field Artillery play and sing and sleep and work. In one corner of the low, black walled wash room nestling next the big pine barracks Eddie the Barber lathers, shaves and clips hair for I. O. U.'s when he isn't busy soldiering. And into Eddie's ears come stories of girls back home and yarns of mighty drinking bouts of other days, and even tales of strange lands and wars and cabbages and kings. Eddie is the confidant of headquarters company, and the blowey, doggey regimental band—the best band in the whole camp by its own admission.

If you stand around on one foot and then another long enough and add a bit now and then to the gaiety of the nations represented in Eddie's home concocted tonsorial parlour you'll hear some of these wild yarns that pass uninterrupted from the right to the left ear of Eddie. And if you're lucky you may even hear the tale of the D. C. Medal—and the five wounds, and the torpedoed bark and the time the King's

hand was kissed, and all from the lips of Ortheris, alias Harry C. Booton, alias Ben Welch.

So make way for the hero whose medal was "at 'ome in me box," but who had a cockney accent and five bullet wounds and a pair of army boots and a full rigged "kiki-ki" uniform to prove that though he had once been a part of Kitchener's Mob and a soldier of the King he is now a part of Wilson's Men and a soldier of a certain determined irate old gentleman who has reefed his beard, changed his striped trousers to O.D. breeches and switched the pen for the sword.

"I was borned down in Whitechapel, Lunnon, and me ole man died seventeen year ago in the Boer war," the tongue of Harry began this tale. "'E was a soger under 'Mackey' McKenzie, and 'e was killed over in S'uth Africey. Well, when Hingland goes into this war I says to meself I'll join out too an' do me bit, an' so I done it wiv the Lunnun Fusilliers, and after two or three months trainin' we was sint to Antwerp, but we didn't stop there very long.

"Then we fights in the battle of Mons and

Lille—I don't know how you spells that Lille, but I think it's 'L-i-l'—or somethin' loike that. Well, in the battle of Mons I gets blowed up. Funny about that. You see, a Jack Johnson comes along and buries me, all except me bloomin' tootsies, and then I gets plugged through both legs with a rifle bullet and I'm in the horspital for a month. When I gets out I'm transferred to the Royal Flying Corpse, and I goes to the Hendon or sumthin' loike that aerodrome up Mill Hill way, fur trainin'. You see, I was a bloody stige electrician in the Yiddish theayters on the Edgeware road, and knowin' things like that I was mide a helper and learnt all about flying machines."

The b-r-r-r-r-r of an airplane—the first one to fly over the camp—caused Harry's ear to cock for a second and then a smile to pop out of his face.

"'Ere's one of the bloody things now," he went on. "Well, I was made a sergeant an' arfter a bad bumbin' of Lunnon by the Fritzes six of us machines was sent to pay compliments to the Germans.

“It was dark and cold and narsty when we started out to attack Frederickshaven and give ’em some of their own medicine.

“Three hundred miles we flies an’ I’d dropped eighteen of my nineteen bums—you see I was ridin’ with Sergt.-Major Flemming—when they opens up on us with their anti-guns and five of us flops down, blazin’ and tumblin’. Then somethin’ hits me back and somethin’ else stings me arm and then I felt her wabble and flop. I glances be’ind and my sergeant is half fallin’ out and just as ’e tumbled I mikes a grab for ’im. ’E was right behind me and so as to right the machine I grips him wiv me teeth in his leather breeches and then I throws ’im back and swings into his seat and tramps on the pedal for risin’. Up we goes to 9,000 feet, but it was too bloody cold up there, so I come down some and points back for Hingland.

“The sergeant ’e were there wiv me, and I was glad even if ’e had been killed dead. You wouldn’t want ’im back there with them Boo-ches—’im my pal and my sergeant. I wasn’t going to let the Booches have ’im.

“More’n 300 miles I had to fly—6 degrees it were—when I caught Queensborough, and then I come down. Funny about that—just as soon as I ’it the ground I fointed loike a bloomin’ loidy.

“An’ I was up in a Hinglish horspital in Lunnon when I come to a couple of d’ys after. An’ I wykes up a bloomin’ ’ero, and the King ’e sends for me an’ some other ’eroes, and we all goes to Buckingham Palace, and ’is Majesty the King and Queen Mary and Lord Kitchener and a ’ole bloomin’ mess of them bloomin’ dooks and lydies comes, and the King pins the medal on me. Me a bloody ’ero with a D. C. medal. And now I’m warin’ this bloomin’ kiki-ki and hopin’ to get another crack at Kaiser Bill and Fritz the sauerkraut.”

The rest of Harry’s story came slowly. Invalided out of the service, he was ordered to the munitions factories in northern England. But Harry had no stomach for such work as making high explosives and left London as a stow-away on the Swedish bark Arendale. Fifteen days out of London the ship was torpedoed, and

after several hours in the water he was picked up by the Dutch steamship *Leander* and finally landed in New Orleans via Panama.

Then Harry came to New York a little over a year ago and made his abode at 157 Rivington street. By day he worked in the A-Z Motion Picture Supply Company, 72 Hester street, and by night he told brave tales of war and sang snatches of opera that he had learned behind the scenes in London.

Then came America's entrance into the great war and the selective service examination. At Board 109 Harry demanded that although he was a British subject he be allowed to go. And after considerable scratching of heads the members of Board 109 decided to ship Harry to Camp Upton with the first increment on September 10 and what was more to make him the squad leader on the trip.

"Salute me, ya bloody woodchopper," Harry, ex-Tommy Atkins, shouted in derision at some lowly private who ventured to try a light remark. "Hain't I yer superior? Hain't I actin'

corporal? Hain't I goin' to be a sergeant major? Arsk me—hain't I?"

And the answer was decidedly and emphatically yes. And power to ye, Harry Booton—medal or no medal.

3—A SOLDIER OF HIS COUNTRY

Private Thomas Tagney is not carried any longer on the books of Company D, 307th Infantry, as A. W. O. L. That's been scratched off and to-day his service record has been revised up to date—and there is not a mark against it.

Possibly, even in these days of war, there are civilians who do not know what the letters A. W. O. L. mean in army life. But the youngest rookie in this great National Army of Freedom does, and to be Absent Without Leave is in his eyes a crime against his company and his country.

And for forty-eight hours there it had stood on Company D's books in accusing black and white: "Private Thomas Tagney, A. W. O. L."

"I never thought Tom would pull anything

like that," said the top sergeant as he laid down his papers and turned to his company clerk.

"Maybe something wrong, sergeant," the clerk contributed.

"I hope so. It'd be a shame if Tom would get in bad right now when he is just about to get a pair of stripes. The Captain's had his eye on him for some time and he'd landed as a corporal if this had not come up."

And all over his platoon and especially his own squad Tom's pals and bunkies were shaking their heads. They liked him and it was tough to see him get in so bad. He'd have to stand trial and there was no telling what might be handed to him, two months in confinement to camp, or long hours of special fatigue duty, with the possibility of a money fine tacked on to either.

"Let's wire and tell him to send some excuse down to the Captain at once," suggested the lad whose cot was next to Tom's.

"Aw, it's too late now—that won't do no good," was the answer from the other side of Tom's cot.

So Tom's pals and his officers waited and hoped that when he did return he would be armed with doctor's certificates and proofs galore of his necessary absence. Just a line or a wire might straighten out matters and make the explanation easy.

And yesterday it came. It was a telegram bearing a physician's name:

"Thomas Tagney died to-day of acute heart trouble. Funeral Saturday morning at St. Luke's Church."

And last night when the men of Company D were finishing their mess Lieut. Weaver called them to attention and read aloud the message. And since then the piano has been silent in D barracks and little knots of soldiers have gathered on neighbouring cots or in corners of the mess hall and talked of the boy who is no longer A. W. O. L.

But there was something more than talk. for soon a paper was making the rounds, and soldiers boys whose total earnings are \$30 a month were gladly and willingly giving a full day's pay toward an American flag of silk and a

great bouquet of flowers for the pal who had gone out before he had so much as tasted the glory of battle.

“Let’s see Tom all the way through,” said the boy whose cot was on the right of the A. W. O. L’s.

“Sure—let’s speak to the Captain,” the boy on the other side answered.

So last night a little delegation of Tom’s own squad called at Capt. T. C. Hastings’ quarters.

“We’d kinda like to give Tom a good send off,” the spokesman declared, standing stiff at attention. “Could the men in his squad go in to be pallbearers and take a bugler along to blow taps? We’d like to do that much for Tom, sir.”

“I’ll go along, too,” Capt. Hastings quietly answered. And so on the first train that pulled out of Camp Upton this morning Capt. Hastings, with a squad of eight men and a bugler under the charge of Sergt. Siegel, left for the city on special military duty.

Late this morning they slowly bore the body of their bunkie on his last march. As he was

lowered on his final soldier's cot a bugler who tried not to let his lips quiver and his notes break, played taps.

It was not much as military funerals go and it lacked the impressive simplicity of a soldier burial back of the battle front, but there was something deeply pathetic about it—the passing of a soldier who had been cheated out of a glorious death.

Probably the piece that appeared this afternoon in the little four sheet weekly paper that the boys of Company D put out on a mimeograph tells the story better than any other words can:

“Anything that we his pals may write will mean little to the bereaved family; but they may find some condolence in the thought that he died a Soldier of his Country, as honourably as if he had given up his life in a front line trench. May God bless his soul.”

4—THE ARMY THAT WAS

FOR the most part the soldiers around headquarters are trim, slim waisted young chaps

with the army all before them. They hardly knew the meaning of the service ribbons and long after the last coloured bar ribbon was granted these lads were being tucked into trundle beds and sung to sleep.

Into headquarters came a deep chested, thickset old campaigner with the crow's feet of the desert around his eyes and the bronze of a thousand suns stamped on his face. And across his left breast was pinned a half foot of service ribbon—the Indian wars, Cuba and the Philip-pines. And on his left coat sleeve were the three bars of a sergeant with the queer emblem of the supply department resting in the inverted V.

To this army of green selected men with its Plattsburg officers and regular army sergeants who point with pride at their three or four years of border service Sergt. Edward Busick came as a ghost of the United States Army that was. He was a call from the past—from the days when the present Major-Generals were shave-tails just out of the Point and chiefs of staff were young Lieutenants and the old Seventh Cavalry

was the cockiest outfit of the whole service—from the days when in another country and under another flag Mulvaney was just after entering his second enlistment “a-servin’ to her Majesty the Queen,” and had hardly more than met a young reporter named Kipling or his own later pals, Ortheris and Learoyd.

So to-day the slim lads at headquarters who know how to run typewriters and are far better acquainted with motor cars than cavalry horses, didn’t know just what to do with the stocky old veteran with the half foot of service ribbons spread across the left pocket of his blouse. And stranger still, even the man of many years and many wars didn’t even know just exactly what to do himself.

“I’d like to see the General, if you please, sir,” he told Sergt. Frank Dunbaugh, who is one of the watchdogs without Gen. Bell’s sanctum.

“Very well, sergeant, but—well, have you an appointment?” Sergt. Dunbaugh asked a bit hesitatingly.

“No, not exactly—but the General knows I am coming. He told me to come back, so I’m here.”

“The General is out in the camp right at this moment, but when he gets back probably you can see him. Possibly you’d better tell just what you want to see him about.”

And so it was that the story of Sergt. Busick was told—the story of a once trim young trooper and a once dashing Lieutenant of the Seventh Cavalry, immortalised by Custer and honoured by a whole army.

Twenty years ago Edward Busick was assigned as a private to G Troop of the Seventh, stationed at Fort Apache, Arizona. At that time G was officially lacking a Captain, so a certain young First Lieutenant was acting commander, and for his orderly he chose one trooper Busick.

One evening a year later the Lieutenant received sudden orders to report immediately to a staff post. All that night his orderly worked with him packing his personal belongings and helping him get ready for an early morning

start. It was a long job and a hard one, but the orderly didn't mind the work in the least; all he cared about was the loss of his troop commander.

"Don't suppose I'll ever see you again, Busick, but if so and there's anything I can do for you I'll be glad to do it," the Lieutenant told him when the job was finished and the last box had been nailed down.

It wasn't very much for a Lieutenant to say to his orderly, but it meant a great deal to this trim young trooper. Somehow in the old army orderlies get to thinking a great deal of their officers and Busick happened to be just that particular kind. He had an especially good memory, too.

The whirligig of fate that seems to have so much to do with army affairs sent the Lieutenant to the Philippines, where, as Colonel of the Suicide Regiment, he won everlasting honour for his regiment and a Congressional medal for valour for himself. Then on up he jumped until his shoulder straps bore the single silver star of a Brigadier. Then another star was added and he

became Chief of Staff and ranking officer in the whole army.

And all the while the whirligig that looks after enlisted men saw to it that Trooper Busick added other coloured bars to his service ribbons. And slowly he added pounds to his slim girth and a wife and children to his fireside. But as a heavy girth and a family aren't exactly synonymous with dashing cavalymen Sergeant Busick saw to it that he was transferred from the roving cavalry to the stationary Coast Artillery. And through all the years he remembered the Lieutenant and his promise that if he ever wanted anything he would try to get it for him.

One month ago Sergeant Busick got a furlough from his Coast Artillery company at Fort McKinley, Portland, Maine, and bought a ticket to Camp Upton, New York. There were only a few men here then, so he didn't have any great difficulty in seeing his old First Lieutenant.

For half a minute or so Gen. Bell, commanding officer at the time of the 77th Division of the National Army and one time First Lieu-

tenant of the Seventh Cavalry, didn't recognise his old orderly—but it was for only half a minute.

“You'll sleep in our quarters with us to-night,” Gen. Bell ordered. “To-morrow we'll see about that old promise.”

So that night Sergeant Busick had the room between Major-Gen. Bell's and Brig.-Gen. Read's. But sleeping next to Generals was pretty strong for an ordinary sergeant and he didn't accept Gen. Bell's invitation to have mess with him.

And a little later Busick told his old commander that the big request that he had come across the continent to make was that he be transferred to the Seventy-seventh Division and allowed to serve under the General. But army tape is still long and red, so all that the General could do was to send the sergeant back to his post and promise that he would do all that he could. This, it proved, was sufficient.

And to-day Sergeant Edward Busick, smiling, happy, fat, and with his reassignment papers safely tucked away in the pocket of his blouse

under his half a foot of service ribbons came back to report for duty. It took twenty years to do—but he's done it.

And the National Army of Freedom hasn't any idea as yet how much richer in real soldier talent and colour it is to-day. But a certain old campaigner who used to be a First Lieutenant of cavalry knows.

5—THE ARMY THAT IS

But Sergeant Busick really belongs to The Army that Was—while Amok, and the barber from Harlem, and Lang Lee and Harry Booton and all the thousands of others belong to The Army that Is.

And The Great Adventure! That is not for The Army that Was but for The Army that Is—this strange, wonderful, untried, unsung yet sure army that is.

Will it justify American democracy? Will it show the world that American youth has not been born for naught? Will it demonstrate that this great country can take to its heart the

peoples of the whole world and make them her own sons?

I know the answer—and thank God it is of three letters instead of but two. And soon throughout all the countries of the world this answer will ring true and clear. Even in Berlin they shall hear it.

And now this last line is to be my own to you men of the National Army. I have lived with you; I have laughed with you; I have felt keenly your disappointments—and they have not been few; I have watched you work; I have known your hopes; I have witnessed your sacrifices; I have seen you come to these great camps—a mob—and go away skilled fighting men—go away to face the wonderful Unknown, the final test, the supreme test, bravely, unflinchingly.

I salute you, men of the National Army. And my one deep hope is that you will come back to the better and finer world that you yourselves will have made possible.

Good luck, old pals.

(END)



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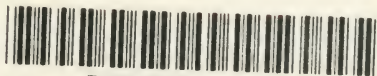
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