

The Fusilier Giants Under Fire

By Sergeant Arthur Guy Empey Author of "Over the Top," "First Call," Etc.

Mr. Empey's Experiences During His Seventeen Months in the First Line Trenches of the British Army in France

(Copyright, 1917, by The McClure Newspaper Syndicate)

We were sitting on a firestep in the front line trench. It was bright and sunny and we were bubbling over with good humor. There were two reasons for this: First—our battalion was to be relieved at nine that night and we were going back for a two weeks' rest. Second—it was spring. We could smell it in the air. Even the wind blowing from the German trenches in our direction had a sweet and "springy" smell.

About thirty yards down a communication trench to the left was an orchard. The trees were scarred from bullets and fragments of shell; but even these battered trunks could not resist the feel of spring, because here and there on the twigs and branches could be seen bursting buds. Flitting around were numerous birds, chirping, and sometimes wrangling among themselves.

To me it seemed odd that birds could accustom themselves to war. Occasionally a German shell, or perhaps one of ours, would go screaming over the orchard. The birds did not seem to mind the noise—just carried on with their nest-building.

In our company was an American named Alexander Stewart. Naturally he and I were very chummy.

Stewart and I were the chief "amusement promoters" in the company, the Tommies constantly looking to us for some new diversion.

In the English army a Tommy seems to have the idea that an American's chief vocation in the United States is to invent, and to keep on inventing. Of course, Stewart and I did not in any way try to dissipate this idea; in fact, we encouraged it, and took great pride in being looked up to in this way; but, believe me, it kept us hustling to keep the Tommies amused.

It was getting too warm for soccer football, and we knew as soon as we got into rest billets that the issue would be put right up to us: "How are you going to amuse us while behind the lines?"

We were Americans, and red-blooded; spring was in the air, and our thoughts turned to what every American boy is thinking of upon the arrival of spring—baseball.

I turned my eyes to the muddy parapet (rear wall of the trench) and fixed my gaze on a fragment of German shell embedded in the mud. Pretty soon this fragment seemed to change into a baseball player, with mask, protector and catcher's mitt. He was crouching behind the home plate and signaling to the pitcher. Just then Stewart said: "Say, Emp, I wonder if we could teach the Tommies how to play baseball?"

I immediately turned in his direction. He was also staring at that fragment of shell.

I answered: "Did you ever try to teach a Chinaman how to speak French?"

He got it right away and a dejected look spread over his countenance, and he let out a long-drawn sigh.

A Tommy sitting on my right butted in with: "Did you s'ye byeball, Yank? Why, I saw a gyne in London, and it is absurdly easy to plye, but I cawnt s'ye I fancvy hit."

With a look of disgust Stewart turned to me and said: "I guess you're right, Emp, it would be easier to teach the Chinaman French."

That night we were relieved and went behind the lines.

The next afternoon, after parade, we were sitting in an orchard drinking tea. About a month before, Stewart and I had taught the Tommies how to pitch horseshoes. There was great rivalry among the different squads, each squad having a team.

Just then Corporal Watkins came over to us and asked: "Where are the 'orse shoes? I cawnt find 'em."

Another Tommy answered: "Strafe me pluk, where are your h'eyes? Cawnt you bloomin' well see the h'officers usin' 'em be'ind that billet over there? Blime me, they're always a'gummin' the gyne."

Sure enough, the officers were using our horseshoes.

Stewart, with a look of depression on his face, turned to me and said: "Well, here goes, Emp. Steve Brodie took a chance, so I might be able to get away with this."

Then, turning to the Tommies, he said: "Did any of you blokes ever hear of John McGraw?"

Three of the Tommies answered, "Yes."

A sunny smile and a look of hope flitted across Stewart's face, and he breathlessly asked, "Who is he?" The three started to answer at once, but Stewart, majestically extending his hand, said forward, "Get in line, one at a time. Now, Perkins, who is John McGraw?"

Perkins answered: "Why, 'e's a lawnce corporal in the Royal Irish Rifles."

According to Stewart's look, that Tommy should have immediately dropped dead.

Turning to the next, he said, "Curly, for the love o' Mike, who is he?"

Curly, with a knowing look, answered, "E runs the King's Arms public 'ouse, down Rye lane."

With a piteous look, Stewart glanced my way and I jerked my thumb in the direction of the other Tommy, who seemed to be bursting with suppressed eagerness. Stewart, looking at him, ejaculated, "Split it out before you choke."

This fellow, with a superior air, turned in the direction of the two dejected Tommies, and answered, "John McGraw, why everybody knows 'im; 'e was the fellow in the London Scottish who clicked 'crucifixion' for stealing the rum issue at 'Wipers'. 'E was a lad, not 'arf he weren't."

Two weeks later we went up into the front line; then came back again for another rest. The interest in baseball was dying out and we were at our wit's end. Time passed, and we figured out that we ought to be hearing from our appeal, but nothing came. Then, once again we went into the front line trench.

The Tommies were very skeptical and every time baseball was mentioned they would gaze in our direction with a sneering look. This completely got our goats.

One evening we were sitting in a dugout of the support trench; it was raining like the mischief, and we were cold and downhearted. Pretty soon the rations came up. The ration party generally brings the rations down into the trench, and almost "shot the chutes" down the entrance to the dugout. They were breathless with excitement. One of them yelled out: "Yank, there's a limber full of parcels down in the reserve dugout. They're all addressed to you, h'Emp, and they're from America."

Stewart let out a shout and I felt warm all over. How we lorded it over those poor Tommies. That night we were to be relieved and go back to rest billets. We could hardly wait for the time.

The next morning was Sunday, and after church parade we made a mad rush to the orderly room to get our mail.

The quartermaster sergeant was waiting for me, and behind him stood every officer in the company, trying to disguise the expectant look on their faces. Every eye was turned in the direction of a heap of parcels. I thought the "quarter" never would start. Even the captain could not stand it, and giving way to his eagerness, said: "Sergeant, you had better issue the mail."

Stewart and I were all anxiety. Then, stooping down, the sergeant took up a parcel and read off: "Emp, No. 5203," and threw it over to me. I caught it on the fly. The sergeant kept on reading out "Empey," and parcels came through the air like a bombardment.

The first parcel I picked up was stamped "Passed by Censor," and contained twelve brand-new baseballs.

Then, as is usual in baseball, things began to happen. A jinx seemed to rest on our candidates. Every time we had to go up the line on a working party, one or two of the players would get wounded or killed; in fact, being a baseball player got to be a perfect Jonah, and the Tommies commenced getting superstitious. If one of our team happened to be working among ten or twelve other company men, he was sure to get hit, while the other fellows came through without a scratch. Stewart and I also began to get frightened, and decided to chuck up the whole thing before we got it ourselves.

Then we went further back behind the lines. During this stay we rounded out a passable team.

A Canadian battalion, just sent out from England, on their way to "Wipers," went into billets about a mile from us. This was our chance. Stewart went over and challenged them to a game for the following Sunday. The challenge was accepted.

We had a week's time in which to strengthen some weaknesses and to teach the bunch a little "inside" baseball. Then the jinx popped up again.

On the morning of the game with the Canadians, our cleverest infielder, the first baseman, picked up an old German hand grenade and brought it to the billet. This man was a great souvenir collector; always hammering at "dud" shells, trying to remove the nose-caps.

Seeing him fooling around with the German bomb, I told him to throw it away; that one could never trust those things, and that I did not want to take any chances of losing a first baseman; but being of a naturally curious disposition, he refused to do so. Taking the bomb out behind the billet, he proceeded to take liberties with its mechanism; result, right hand blown off and another vacancy to be filled at first base. What we said about him would not be fit for publication.

The game was scheduled for two o'clock, and exactly at one-thirty-five Mr. Fritz plunked a stray "five nine" shell into our infield between home and first base, making a hole big enough for a limber to hide in. This meant picks and shovels for all hands to fill in the hole.

By this time a large crowd of rooters for both sides had lined themselves along the foul lines. The compliments that were waffled back and forth made the chaplain pack up and leave before the game started.

Then the betting commenced. It waxed hot and furious. I don't believe there was a loose penny in the crowd after all bets had been placed. Stewart and I tried to discourage this betting because we knew that if we lost we would be ostracized from that time on. We explained to the Tommies that the Canadians were baseball players, and that we were in for an awful trimming, but they wouldn't listen, saying that anybody who could make a ball curve in the air the way

any team, and that all the Canadians would strike out. We insisted no further.

We came to bat first. Our first man up got beamed, and instead of taking first base he went out into the pitcher's box to lick the pitcher. After a little argument we managed to get him on first.

The Canadian pitcher was wild. The next ball went over the catcher's head and our runner took second.

The next man up struck out.

I batted third, hit to the outfield, the right fielder dropped the ball, and I reached second, the runner ahead of me moving to third base. Then Stewart got up and placed a corking double out into left field. Stewart was a fast runner. I started for home, touched third, the runner in front of me plowing along for home plate. He ran like an ice wagon. I was shouting to him to hurry up. I could hear Stewart pounding behind me. The Tommy's cap blew off, and instead of going home he stopped to pick it up. Stewart was shouting, "Leg it, here comes the ball," as he slid into third base. I could not precede the runner in, so we were trapped for a double play. Stewart's angora was bristling and mine was tugging at its chain.

The Canadian rooters were tickled to death, their sarcastic remarks burning into Stewart and me. Stewart was fast losing his temper.

The first two Canadians struck out. The third man up got his base on a passed third strike. My error.

Then our substitute first baseman pulled a stunt which turned the tables on the Canadians and we were somewhat appeased.

The Canadian runner was laying a few feet off first base. Suddenly our first baseman shouted to him, "Look out, 'ere comes a shell; duck low!" The Canadian dropped to the ground. Stewart instantly sized up the situation and tossed the ball to the first baseman, who touched the baserunner and three were out. We had got our own back. Stewart and I could have both kicked that rube first baseman of ours. Right then and there we put him in a class with Hal Chase.

Up to the fourth inning neither side scored. Stewart was pitching in fine form. The Canadians just couldn't connect with his delivery. All they were doing was fanning the air. The Canadian rooters commenced to get frightened because they saw their money disappearing into the Tommies' pockets. They had the greatest contempt for the rest of the team, myself included, but realized that if Stewart did not weaken it would be a case of their going back to billets broke.

Then old Mr. Jinx butted in again, and it happened.

In the British army there is an order to the effect that gas helmets must be carried at all times, even while sleeping. To disobey this order is a serious offense, and means immediate confinement. These gas helmets are in a canvas bag and are slung around the left shoulder by means of a canvas strap.

In pitching, Stewart's gas helmet bothered him greatly, and after the second inning he took it off. I warned him to be careful, because I noticed several military police in the crowd. But Stewart would not listen. He always was pig-headed.

One of the Canadian rooters spotted that Stewart had laid aside his helmet, and artfully communicated this fact to the rest of his team's rooters. I noticed the rooters crowd around him for three or four minutes, and then a great laugh went up and they stretched out along the foul lines.

Suddenly, one fellow, getting out in front of the bunch, like a cheer leader, counted, "One, two, three." Then up went a mighty chorus of, "Hey, Stewart, where's your gas helmet, where's your old gas bag, where's your old gas bag?" They kept this up and it got Stewart's goat. I went out into the pitcher's box and warned him to put on his gas helmet, but still pig-headed, he refused to do so. He was in an awful temper.

A sergeant of the military police was watching the game, and hearing the cries of the rooters he walked out on the diamond and asked Stewart where his helmet was. By this time Stewart had completely lost his temper and answered with a sneer: "Where do you think it is? I sent it home for a souvenir." The sergeant explained to him

that it was against army orders to be without a gas helmet, and that he had better put it on. Stewart would not listen to him, and answered: "Well, if

that was against army orders to be without a gas helmet, and that he had better put it on. Stewart would not listen to him, and answered: "Well, if

that was against army orders to be without a gas helmet, and that he had better put it on. Stewart would not listen to him, and answered: "Well, if

that was against army orders to be without a gas helmet, and that he had better put it on. Stewart would not listen to him, and answered: "Well, if

that was against army orders to be without a gas helmet, and that he had better put it on. Stewart would not listen to him, and answered: "Well, if

and fill in the other positions with the most likely candidates. This scheme did not work in with the popular version a little bit. Out of the forty trying for the team, twenty-eight insisted on being catcher. They wanted to wear that mask. If there had been a camera, each of the forty would have had a photo taken of himself wearing the "wire cage." Here was a great dilemma. At that time I was only a private, and there were sergeants, corporals, and even an officer, who wanted to catch. Stewart again came to the rescue. Calling me aside, he said: "Leave it to me, Emp, I'll fix 'em. I'll try out each one in turn. Let them wear the mask, and I'll send in some curves, and when the ball cracks them on the shins a couple of times you couldn't pay 'em to put on the cage."

The Tommies were strange to curved balls, and Stewart had speed. It did my heart good to see him dampen their ardor and dent their anatomy at the same time. The Tommies would see the ball coming to them and would reach up their hands to get it. Then the ball would "break" and hit them on the shin or knee. After five or six had retired, rubbing sore spots and cursing Stewart out, no one else wanted to catch, and the situation was saved.

Tommy is a natural born soccer player and clever with his feet, but stupid with his hands when it comes to baseball. Several of them had a bad habit of stopping grounders with their feet, especially our shortstop. He would see a hot grass-er coming his way, then, instead of using his hands, he would put his foot in front of it. The ball would climb his leg and get him on the chin or in the eye. After receiving a puffed-up lip and a beautiful black eye, he flatly refused to play unless I would let him wear the mask. Americans, picture a shortstop wearing a catcher's mask, and then sympathize with Stewart and me. The shortstop was a sergeant, and through diplomatic reasons, I gave the mask to him. At this every infielder wanted to wear it. Stewart solved the problem by putting in another shortstop and giving me the mask.

In England they have a game called "rounders," in which you are supposed to hit the baserunner with the ball to put him out. This is generally a tennis ball and does not hurt very much.

Well, those Tommies had a habit of lamming the baseball with all their might at the unfortunate runner. Many an early practice was broken up by this, because the team would lose interest in baseball when they had a chance to view a fight between a giver and a receiver.

After about ten days' practice we had picked two pretty fair teams and arranged for a scrub game. Stewart's side won, due to his pitching.

Then, as is usual in baseball, things began to happen. A jinx seemed to rest on our candidates. Every time we had to go up the line on a working party, one or two of the players would get wounded or killed; in fact, being a baseball player got to be a perfect Jonah, and the Tommies commenced getting superstitious. If one of our team happened to be working among ten or twelve other company men, he was sure to get hit, while the other fellows came through without a scratch. Stewart and I also began to get frightened, and decided to chuck up the whole thing before we got it ourselves.

Then we went further back behind the lines. During this stay we rounded out a passable team.

A Canadian battalion, just sent out from England, on their way to "Wipers," went into billets about a mile from us. This was our chance. Stewart went over and challenged them to a game for the following Sunday. The challenge was accepted.

We had a week's time in which to strengthen some weaknesses and to teach the bunch a little "inside" baseball. Then the jinx popped up again.

On the morning of the game with the Canadians, our cleverest infielder, the first baseman, picked up an old German hand grenade and brought it to the billet. This man was a great souvenir collector; always hammering at "dud" shells, trying to remove the nose-caps.

Seeing him fooling around with the German bomb, I told him to throw it away; that one could never trust those things, and that I did not want to take any chances of losing a first baseman; but being of a naturally curious disposition, he refused to do so. Taking the bomb out behind the billet, he proceeded to take liberties with its mechanism; result, right hand blown off and another vacancy to be filled at first base. What we said about him would not be fit for publication.

The game was scheduled for two o'clock, and exactly at one-thirty-five Mr. Fritz plunked a stray "five nine" shell into our infield between home and first base, making a hole big enough for a limber to hide in. This meant picks and shovels for all hands to fill in the hole.

By this time a large crowd of rooters for both sides had lined themselves along the foul lines. The compliments that were waffled back and forth made the chaplain pack up and leave before the game started.

Then the betting commenced. It waxed hot and furious. I don't believe there was a loose penny in the crowd after all bets had been placed. Stewart and I tried to discourage this betting because we knew that if we lost we would be ostracized from that time on. We explained to the Tommies that the Canadians were baseball players, and that we were in for an awful trimming, but they wouldn't listen, saying that anybody who could make a ball curve in the air the way

any team, and that all the Canadians would strike out. We insisted no further.

We came to bat first. Our first man up got beamed, and instead of taking first base he went out into the pitcher's box to lick the pitcher. After a little argument we managed to get him on first.

The Canadian pitcher was wild. The next ball went over the catcher's head and our runner took second.

The next man up struck out.

I batted third, hit to the outfield, the right fielder dropped the ball, and I reached second, the runner ahead of me moving to third base. Then Stewart got up and placed a corking double out into left field. Stewart was a fast runner. I started for home, touched third, the runner in front of me plowing along for home plate. He ran like an ice wagon. I was shouting to him to hurry up. I could hear Stewart pounding behind me. The Tommy's cap blew off, and instead of going home he stopped to pick it up. Stewart was shouting, "Leg it, here comes the ball," as he slid into third base. I could not precede the runner in, so we were trapped for a double play. Stewart's angora was bristling and mine was tugging at its chain.

The Canadian rooters were tickled to death, their sarcastic remarks burning into Stewart and me. Stewart was fast losing his temper.

The first two Canadians struck out. The third man up got his base on a passed third strike. My error.

Then our substitute first baseman pulled a stunt which turned the tables on the Canadians and we were somewhat appeased.

The Canadian runner was laying a few feet off first base. Suddenly our first baseman shouted to him, "Look out, 'ere comes a shell; duck low!" The Canadian dropped to the ground. Stewart instantly sized up the situation and tossed the ball to the first baseman, who touched the baserunner and three were out. We had got our own back. Stewart and I could have both kicked that rube first baseman of ours. Right then and there we put him in a class with Hal Chase.

Up to the fourth inning neither side scored. Stewart was pitching in fine form. The Canadians just couldn't connect with his delivery. All they were doing was fanning the air. The Canadian rooters commenced to get frightened because they saw their money disappearing into the Tommies' pockets. They had the greatest contempt for the rest of the team, myself included, but realized that if Stewart did not weaken it would be a case of their going back to billets broke.

Then old Mr. Jinx butted in again, and it happened.

In the British army there is an order to the effect that gas helmets must be carried at all times, even while sleeping. To disobey this order is a serious offense, and means immediate confinement. These gas helmets are in a canvas bag and are slung around the left shoulder by means of a canvas strap.

In pitching, Stewart's gas helmet bothered him greatly, and after the second inning he took it off. I warned him to be careful, because I noticed several military police in the crowd. But Stewart would not listen. He always was pig-headed.

One of the Canadian rooters spotted that Stewart had laid aside his helmet, and artfully communicated this fact to the rest of his team's rooters. I noticed the rooters crowd around him for three or four minutes, and then a great laugh went up and they stretched out along the foul lines.

Suddenly, one fellow, getting out in front of the bunch, like a cheer leader, counted, "One, two, three." Then up went a mighty chorus of, "Hey, Stewart, where's your gas helmet, where's your old gas bag, where's your old gas bag?" They kept this up and it got Stewart's goat. I went out into the pitcher's box and warned him to put on his gas helmet, but still pig-headed, he refused to do so. He was in an awful temper.

A sergeant of the military police was watching the game, and hearing the cries of the rooters he walked out on the diamond and asked Stewart where his helmet was. By this time Stewart had completely lost his temper and answered with a sneer: "Where do you think it is? I sent it home for a souvenir." The sergeant explained to him

that it was against army orders to be without a gas helmet, and that he had better put it on. Stewart would not listen to him, and answered: "Well, if

that was against army orders to be without a gas helmet, and that he had better put it on. Stewart would not listen to him, and answered: "Well, if

that was against army orders to be without a gas helmet, and that he had better put it on. Stewart would not listen to him, and answered: "Well, if

that was against army orders to be without a gas helmet, and that he had better put it on. Stewart would not listen to him, and answered: "Well, if

that was against army orders to be without a gas helmet, and that he had better put it on. Stewart would not listen to him, and answered: "Well, if

that was against army orders to be without a gas helmet, and that he had better put it on. Stewart would not listen to him, and answered: "Well, if

that was against army orders to be without a gas helmet, and that he had better put it on. Stewart would not listen to him, and answered: "Well, if

and fill in the other positions with the most likely candidates. This scheme did not work in with the popular version a little bit. Out of the forty trying for the team, twenty-eight insisted on being catcher. They wanted to wear that mask. If there had been a camera, each of the forty would have had a photo taken of himself wearing the "wire cage." Here was a great dilemma. At that time I was only a private, and there were sergeants, corporals, and even an officer, who wanted to catch. Stewart again came to the rescue. Calling me aside, he said: "Leave it to me, Emp, I'll fix 'em. I'll try out each one in turn. Let them wear the mask, and I'll send in some curves, and when the ball cracks them on the shins a couple of times you couldn't pay 'em to put on the cage."

The Tommies were strange to curved balls, and Stewart had speed. It did my heart good to see him dampen their ardor and dent their anatomy at the same time. The Tommies would see the ball coming to them and would reach up their hands to get it. Then the ball would "break" and hit them on the shin or knee. After five or six had retired, rubbing sore spots and cursing Stewart out, no one else wanted to catch, and the situation was saved.

Tommy is a natural born soccer player and clever with his feet, but stupid with his hands when it comes to baseball. Several of them had a bad habit of stopping grounders with their feet, especially our shortstop. He would see a hot grass-er coming his way, then, instead of using his hands, he would put his foot in front of it. The ball would climb his leg and get him on the chin or in the eye. After receiving a puffed-up lip and a beautiful black eye, he flatly refused to play unless I would let him wear the mask. Americans, picture a shortstop wearing a catcher's mask, and then sympathize with Stewart and me. The shortstop was a sergeant, and through diplomatic reasons, I gave the mask to him. At this every infielder wanted to wear it. Stewart solved the problem by putting in another shortstop and giving me the mask.

In England they have a game called "rounders," in which you are supposed to hit the baserunner with the ball to put him out. This is generally a tennis ball and does not hurt very much.

Well, those Tommies had a habit of lamming the baseball with all their might at the unfortunate runner. Many an early practice was broken up by this, because the team would lose interest in baseball when they had a chance to view a fight between a giver and a receiver.

After about ten days' practice we had picked two pretty fair teams and arranged for a scrub game. Stewart's side won, due to his pitching.

Then, as is usual in baseball, things began to happen. A jinx seemed to rest on our candidates. Every time we had to go up the line on a working party, one or two of the players would get wounded or killed; in fact, being a baseball player got to be a perfect Jonah, and the Tommies commenced getting superstitious. If one of our team happened to be working among ten or twelve other company men, he was sure to get hit, while the other fellows came through without a scratch. Stewart and I also began to get frightened, and decided to chuck up the whole thing before we got it ourselves.

Then we went further back behind the lines. During this stay we rounded out a passable team.

A Canadian battalion, just sent out from England, on their way to "Wipers," went into billets about a mile from us. This was our chance. Stewart went over and challenged them to a game for the following Sunday. The challenge was accepted.

We had a week's time in which to strengthen some weaknesses and to teach the bunch a little "inside" baseball. Then the jinx popped up again.

On the morning of the game with the Canadians, our cleverest infielder, the first baseman, picked up an old German hand grenade and brought it to the billet. This man was a great souvenir collector; always hammering at "dud" shells, trying to remove the nose-caps.

Seeing him fooling around with the German bomb, I told him to throw it away; that one could never trust those things, and that I did not want to take any chances of losing a first baseman; but being of a naturally curious disposition, he refused to do so. Taking the bomb out behind the billet, he proceeded to take liberties with its mechanism; result, right hand blown off and another vacancy to be filled at first base. What we said about him would not be fit for publication.

The game was scheduled for two o'clock, and exactly at one-thirty-five Mr. Fritz plunked a stray "five nine" shell into our infield between home and first base, making a hole big enough for a limber to hide in. This meant picks and shovels for all hands to fill in the hole.

By this time a large crowd of rooters for both sides had lined themselves along the foul lines. The compliments that were waffled back and forth made the chaplain pack up and leave before the game started.

Then the betting commenced. It waxed hot and furious. I don't believe there was a loose penny in the crowd after all bets had been placed. Stewart and I tried to discourage this betting because we knew that if we lost we would be ostracized from that time on. We explained to the Tommies that the Canadians were baseball players, and that we were in for an awful trimming, but they wouldn't listen, saying that anybody who could make a ball curve in the air the way

any team, and that all the Canadians would strike out. We insisted no further.

We came to bat first. Our first man up got beamed, and instead of taking first base he went out into the pitcher's box to lick the pitcher. After a little argument we managed to get him on first.

The Canadian pitcher was wild. The next ball went over the catcher's head and our runner took second.

The next man up struck out.

I batted third, hit to the outfield, the right fielder dropped the ball, and I reached second, the runner ahead of me moving to third base. Then Stewart got up and placed a corking double out into left field. Stewart was a fast runner. I started for home, touched third, the runner in front of me plowing along for home plate. He ran like an ice wagon. I was shouting to him to hurry up. I could hear Stewart pounding behind me. The Tommy's cap blew off, and instead of going home he stopped to pick it up. Stewart was shouting, "Leg it, here comes the ball," as he slid into third base. I could not precede the runner in, so we were trapped for a double play. Stewart's angora was bristling and mine was tugging at its chain.

The Canadian rooters were tickled to death, their sarcastic remarks burning into Stewart and me. Stewart was fast losing his temper.

The first two Canadians struck out. The third man up got his base on a passed third strike. My error.

Then our substitute first baseman pulled a stunt which turned the tables on the Canadians and we were somewhat appeased.

The Canadian runner was laying a few feet off first base. Suddenly our first baseman shouted to him, "Look out, 'ere comes a shell; duck low!" The Canadian dropped to the ground. Stewart instantly sized up the situation and tossed the ball to the first baseman, who touched the baserunner and three were out. We had got our own back. Stewart and I could have both kicked that rube first baseman of ours. Right then and there we put him in a class with Hal Chase.

Up to the fourth inning neither side scored. Stewart was pitching in fine form. The Canadians just couldn't connect with his delivery. All they were doing was fanning the air. The Canadian rooters commenced to get frightened because they saw their money disappearing into the Tommies' pockets. They had the greatest contempt for the rest of the team, myself included, but realized that if Stewart did not weaken it would be a case of their going back to billets broke.

Then old Mr. Jinx butted in again, and it happened.

In the British army there is an order to the effect that gas helmets must be carried at all times, even while sleeping. To disobey this order is a serious offense, and means immediate confinement. These gas helmets are in a canvas bag and are slung around the left shoulder by means of a canvas strap.

In pitching, Stewart's gas helmet bothered him greatly, and after the second inning he took it off. I warned him to be careful, because I noticed several military police in the crowd. But Stewart would not listen. He always was pig-headed.

One of the Canadian rooters spotted that Stewart had laid aside his helmet, and artfully communicated this fact to the rest of his team's rooters. I noticed the rooters crowd around him for three or four minutes, and then a great laugh went up and they stretched out along the foul lines.

Suddenly, one fellow, getting out in front of the bunch, like a cheer leader, counted, "One, two, three." Then up went a mighty chorus of, "Hey, Stewart, where's your