EVENING PUBLIC LEDGER-PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, JUNE 29, 1918

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CHAPTER 1 I Join the Colors

Some of my buddles have the superstitious belief that destiny picked me to fire the frot gun for the United States in the war

against the Hun. Personally, I take very little stock in Centiny, fate or any of those things of the occult, around which sentimental, half-baked novelists like to weave impossible yarns,

According to my understanding of the case, I was selected to send Uncle Sam's first shell-message to the Kaiser because I put in many weeks of hard training, and got to know every twist and wrinkle in the disposition and temperament of my French eventy-five.

But, just to give the romanticists a little asolation, I will concede that I come of a race, of red-headed, freckled-faced fighters, and am proud of it.

My father, Walter de Varila, was a United States cavalry scout in the early seventies. and helped to round up the Apaches in Arizona.

Dad was a red-head, and had freckles as big as copper cents. He was a fighter, and a good one, too, as United States army records will show. Hemmed in by savages. while on one of his scouting expeditions, he cut his way out in a running fight, using two Colt's revolvers to excellent advantage The Indians dubbed him "Red the Brave." My grandfather on the paternal side fought for the Confederacy under General Stonewall" Jackson ; he had hair like burnished copper. My mother's father served the Union under Grant.

There was a red-haired De Varila with "Mad Anthony" Wayne, when he stormed Stony Point, and a pair of sorrel-topped. lusty De Varilas delivered hammer-blows for democracy of the pioneer brand in the French Revolution.

Every one of these fighting De Varilas had freckles as well as red hair-God bless them all!

My mother was of Irish descent, and my father French.

Now you need wonder no longer why I love to fight when the fighting is good. When you get a French and Irish combination. and breed it for several generations on the stimulating soil of the good old United States, you are bound to produce something that absolutely refuses to let "George do it" when there is a scrap on deck.

The Fighting Lust

I was fifteen years old when the Kaiser and his gang of international burglars set out to crack the safes of the nations of the world, and revive the chain-gang methods of unholy old Roman Empire.

the unholy old Roman Empire. I wanted to get into it then, honest I did. although I had just blossomed out in my first suit of long trousers, and was proudly wearing my first dollar watch. My hair always has a habit of bristling like a cat's tail when I scent a scrap, and when the Kaiser started to reach through Belgium to get at the throat of France, I could feel that red alfalfa of mine crinkle all over.

could feel that red alfalfa of mine crimes all over. The hair of some folks bristles when they set scared. It is just the opposite with me. When mine starts to lift up, I'm just fighting mad. My mother has told me that it was always that way with the De Varilas. My buddles in the battery over in France used to get a iot of fun watching my hair when I got real warmed up with my French seventy-five gun, and was pumping shells into the boche first-line trenches. They found the effect particularly startling one day, when, in the height of a battle, I put on my gas mask. After that, they called me "The Little Red Devil."

But that is pushing ahead of the yarn. old De Varila fighting itch when the German Emvaria fighting itch when the German Em-peror began to blast his way through Bel-glum, burning citles, blowing up villages, and killing women and children. Maybe it was the blood of some of those French ancestors stirring in me and urging me to do something for France, but more likely it was that unbeatable combinationcan, Irish and French.

Uncle Sammy told the German Ambassador to pack up his duds and clear out of Germany. I couldn't concentrate on my studies after that. The print on my lesson books became blurred, and all I could see were marching troops and maneuvering battleships.

But the bottom dropped clean out of my education when Congress bucked up to the boccasion and declared the United States at war with the German Empire.

Wow! Every fighting De Varila in the whole list of De Varilas seemed to rise up be-fore me in spirit and announce:

"Now is the time to get in, my boy." That settled me; I determined to get into the scrap while the getting was good. I was eighteen then, and big for my age. All I nceded was my mother's signature to pre-cipitate me into the biggest war in history. I packed my suitcase, went home and told my mother I was going to enlist in the United States army

She was game and didn't even blink a tear. And why shouldn't she be game? She was Irish, her father had fought under Grant, and besides, she had married a De Varila.

"You are a De Varila." she said. "and I'd be ashamed of you if you didn't want to go. Your father and both your grandfathers went in when they were eighteen."

Her voice shock a little bit, and the next morning I noticed her eyes were a triffe red. I enlisted in Battery C. Sixth Field Artil-lery, U. S. A., April 25, 1917, minteen days after, the United States jumped into the war. I was proud as a six-year-old boy just learning to whistle when the army doctors looked me over and decreed I was as sound as copper from head to toe.



Corporal Osborne De Varila

I was hustled off to the recruiting barracks at Angel Island in Frisco Bay, and was inoculated and vaccinated. I was pretty miserable for about a week from the different brands of anti-disease virus which they pumped under my hide, and on the whole I feit like an animated fever blister. But just as soon as the effects of the virus wore away I developed the appetite of an army mule, and took on weight like a woman who s kidding herself with one of those anti-fai treatments.

Early Training

We were given full equipment, including uniform, underwear, leggings, shoes, mess



The FIRST SHOT by Corporat Orborne De Varila

buddles rushed into my tent one night, and said excitedly Reddy. we're off for France tomorrow

I thought he was kidding me, but no, the news was buzzing all over the camp, and the next morning we "entrained for parts un

We all knew what that meant-we were going to France, going overseas to put the Yankee punch into the fight against the Hun.

CHAPTER II Of for France

WE were boiling over with the fight spirit as we slid over the rails toward the east coast. The weeks of training in the dry, bracing

The weeks of training in the dry, bratthe air of Arizona had steel-plated our constitu-tions and lifted our morale to the twentieth story. Every fiber of our bodies ached for a try at the Hun; we felt then that our regiment, unaided, was capable of turning the tide against the boche.

We gave our pals husky blows across the back and told what we were going to do

back and told what we were going to do when we bored our way into Berlin. "When I get to Berlin town." said a giant artilleryman from Montana, "I'm going to drop everything else and put in my time hunting for the Kaiser. Remember now, he's my meat; I'm going to settle with that blocdy old boy, and I don't want any inter-forence." ference." "You've got no monopoly on this Kaiser-

retorted a gunner from Kansas killin' job," "You've got to walk fast if you beat this buddy out looking for his royal highness, the chief butcherer of Berlin."

This sort of talk may sound foolish, but it showed the excellence of our spirits. We were ready for anything-the rougher the better. I believe we were about as reckless outfit of artillery roustabouts as even

an outfit of artifiery fousiabouts as the moved toward a battlefront. The trip overland was one continuous ovation from Douglas to the Atlantic port where we embarked. At every stop, even at the tank stations, enthusiastic Yankees pulled train the hero stunt on us, flowing into our and overwhelming us with fruit, candy and pastry. Everybody wished us godspeed in our mission against the Hun. All this, of course, lifted our war spirit several more

At 3 o'clock one morning we piled off our trains in an Atlantic part At a o clock one morning we plied on our trains in an Atlantic port, and marched on to a transport. The ship pulled down the channel and anchored. We remained there for two days, and they

were blamed tiresome days. We couldn't see any sense in this delay at getting a whack at the Hun. I growled with the best whack at the Hun. I growied with the best of them, for the boche hate had taken a heavy grip on me. In me was a deep-scated feeling that I would not be content until I had planted both feet on French soil. I suppose some of my buddles would say that it was destiny pulling me on to fire the first even for liberty. I'll confess that I did have gun for liberty. I'll confess that I did have a feeling I was needed on the other side to help start the ball a-rolling for Uncle Sam.

Off at Last

Every mother's son of our lusty crew of boche haters gave an ear-ringing yell of joy when, at sunset on the second day, the trans-port weighed anchor and steamed slowly out the backet when, at sunset on the second day, the trans-port weighed anchor and steamed slowly out of the harbor. Off to the fight-country; it seemed almost too hully good to be true. I felt like kicking myself to see if it wasn't all a dream from which I would soon awaken and find myself in that rather dull prep school in Los Angeles.

interned in Sing Sing prison, and the nations of the world have returned to peaceful pursuits, we are going to show our appreciation for what these lads have done for their adopted country, or I'm a poor prophet.

adopted country, or I'm a poor prophet. There was only one fly in our ointment on the trip over, and that was the chow, which, for the first few days was about the worst ever ladied out of a ship's kettle. It smelled to the heavens, did that chow, and before we were two days out, a third of the outfit were groaning in their bunks with dysentery and other aliments of the digestive organs. We belowed long and loud to the head chef, a big, fat darky, who didn't know as much about cookery as a longshoreman. gate.'

We might just as well have complained to the ship's anchor or the keel of the transport. The chow grew worse and more of the boys went to the mat.

I have a stomach as vigorous as a blast furnace, but it balked at the kind of stuff that was being served up in the messroom. I saw I would have to do something to keep out of the sick hay, so I decided upon a little

out of the sick bay, so I decided upon a little strategy. I was on pretty good terms with an under-cook by the name of Sam, and for two bits a day he supplied me with chow from the officers' mess. I let my buddy, the sergeant, in on the graft, and a little before mealtime we would steal away to the bollerroom and eat the food which had been cached there by Sam

The best in eatables on the ship was pur loined for us by the ebony rascal, and my buddy and I waxed fat and comfortable while our comrades howled in increasing volume at the steady decline of the chow. Of course the sergeant and I had to yelp

and complain with the rest so as not to excite suspicion. If the bunch had discovered our little game they would have mobbed us. We felt like a pair of Judases at first, but under the influence of that good food our con-sciences became covered with rawhide. I have always noticed that a well-filled stom-ach 14 the best conscience souther in the

world. Things came to a ripping climax on the Things came to a ripping china on the third day when the rascally chef served a concoction which he labeled "Irish stew." The stuff was an insult to the Irish race. Several of the boys gagged and beat it to the deck rail the minute they got a whiff

The colonel did take a whiff, and he drew back with an expression of disgust. "Well, I should say so," he observed. Then he turned to the chef and said angrily:

ollerroom cache The day after the chef was fired out of the

"Periscope on the port bow."

With Pershing in France

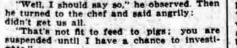
with that dread mechanical monster of the

Stinging with excitement, we crowded to the rall and strained our eyes to port over

the fail and strained our eyes to port over the dancing sea. All was a-bustle on the transport: officers issued sharp, quick orders, while the gunners awung their pieces and felt for the range. Sailors in blue yanked the lids from munition braces and lifted out shells. The cruiser ahead swung about, pointed

her prow due north, and forged along swiftly in response to the quickening of her engines The guarding destroyers darted about like eager hounds searching for a quarry that had orarily eluded them.

hear a shell go screeching out into the brine. About a quarter of a mile away I could see something sticking up out of the sea.



sate." The colonel did investigate, and he found that the men in the culinary guarters never washed the kettles. Bits of food were allowed to lay in the bottom of the pots and decom-pose. Fresh food was put right in on top of this mess, cooked and served up to the boys. It's a wonder that the ptomaine bugs The chef was laid off the job for the rest of the voyage, and we had no further trouble with the chow. However, the sergeant and I continued to get our private stock from the boilerroom cache.

galley in high disgrace, a shrill call rang ou from one of the lookouts of the transport!"

CHAPTER III

A DYNAMIC thrill ran through every mother's son of us.

Here, at last, we were face to face

leep-the German, submarine.

"This is the life," I heard a comrade say

through gritted teeth. I stood tense, expecting every second to

The ship was athrob with excitement on August 13 when we sighted a thin blue line on the horizon—the coast of France. "Hip! hip! hurrah! France," yelled a gun-ner, and we joined him in a deafening roar of cheering.

cheering. Now for the Hun." I said to my buddy. the sergeant.

"We'll soon be in his bailiwick," he replied

Then my buddy said something which I have thought of a good deal since that mem-"Do you know, Reddy," he said. "I be-

lieve you are going to do well over here." "Not any better than yourself or anybody else." I replied, trying to be modest. "Oh. I don't know," he said with an air

of seriousness; "I've a hunch you are going to do something big." "Can that stuff, buddy," I observed, try-

"Can that stuff, budgy," I observed, try-ing not to show my pleasure at his words. On the day after I opened the war for Uncle Sam, my friend the sergeant grasped me by the hand and said: "Didn't I tell you, old man, you were going to do something real over here?" But that is getting ahead of my story. The excitement grew as our transport

The excitement grew as our transport swept nearer the French coast. Soon we could make out dozens of neat little white houses with red tile roofs-all against a background of beautiful green. It was a sight good for sore eyes.

A warlike touch was given the scene as we neared the entrance of the harbor.



for the jokester, but he was wise enough to stay out of sight until. I had cooled down. One of the breeziest, brightest little per-sonalities on the ship was our chaplain, a man by the name of Dixon from Illinois. That fellow was just one human bottle of sunshine with the cork out so that the slad stuff could pour out and warm up the whole boat dames in my history book back in They wore prim white caps, exce-tight bodices, wide skirts and shoes. The little girls were pocket of of their mothers and big sisters. A Colorful Recoption The men were attired in velveteen costs, corduroy trousers and sabots. The when scene put me in mind of a grand opera 1 had once attended in Frisco.

Well, the chaplain sure did love that song "Uncle Sammy," Every time he found a bunch of us together he would say with one of his blithe smiles:

"A cigarette for every boy who will sing

The populace, so to speak, went wild as we slipped through the locks, our band glap-ing alternately the "Star Spangled Banner" and the "Marseillaise." "A cigarette for every boy who will sing Uncle Sammy." We would obediently yelp all three verses of the song, and after we had roared forth the last stanza the little chaplain would deal out the cigarettes. We dubbed him "Uncle Sammy." though he didn't look any more like Uncle Sam than the man in the moon. He really looked like a pocket edition of Theodore Roosevelt, with his eyeglaases, mustache and gleaming testh, which he dis-played abundantly when he smiled. It was the ambition of the chaplain to "Marselliaise" in French, and he drilled us with this song every afternoon. There were a few in the outfit who had good volces, but the majority couldn't have qualified for the choir of the corner church in Fodunk. And the way we slipped and slid over those French words would pave worn the nap off any ordinary man's patience. But the chaplain had patience that made Job's seem thin in comparison. He kept at us hammer and tongs until once in a while wonde a direct hit on a French word. The chaptain would reward us with one of his Rooseveltian smiles and hand around the smokes. Men ripped their saudy scarfs from the waists and waved them frantically : woo and girls fluttered their handkerchieze, a American and French flags were in evidence everywhere. We could easily gather by the action

We could easily gather by the actions of these good people that we were the bu-things they had looked upon for a long the There was something pathetic and childen about their joy. Many of them sobbed line children, they feit so glad to see us Tanks. and I did not blame them when I thought of what they had been through the last three years. years.

Sons. brothers and fathers from this city had died by the thousand on the front line, along with other loyal Frenchmen. In the coming of the Americans these poor follow-saw hope and a prospect of a turning of the tide against the invading boche. Our fighting edge was sharpened when we filmpsed the depth of their welcome. We couldn't understand a single syllable of the jargon they tossed to us, but we took it for

granted that it was all complimentary and consoled them with good old United States.

"Take heart, you folks, for we're going to pasts hell out of the boches." yelled an artil-

"Uncle Sam is on the job now." cried an

other Yank. We docked that night, but were not allowed to go ashore. But the Frenchies seemed de-termined that we should feel the welcome of France, even though we were peuned up aboard ship. They swamped us with baskets of fruit and bouquets of flowers. Soon the old transport looked like a forist shop, and we consumed fruit until we were threatened

The Yankee spirit of exploration and ad

The lanke spirit of exploration and ac-venture got the best of some of the boys that hight, and they slid down ropes to the dock. Some of them were grabbed by the marine sentries and returned to the ship, but most of them penetrated into the city, returning be-fore morning and bringing glowing reports at the hospitality of the French. "Great place, this France," said one of the might providers a little thecks, upon his me

night prowlers, a little thickly, upon his re-turn. "Folks in this burg wouldn't let me pay for a blamed thing; never saw so much wine in my life. It must rain boose in these

The Landing

The Landing We landed the following day, August 14, 1917, and I shall never forget the event. At this same port, the first detachment of Gen-eral Pershing's forces put in nearly two months previous, on June 26, 1917, and they were received like a lot of gods. But the novelty of seeing Americans had not yet worn off, and the inhabitants of the port gave us guite as rousing a reception as they did the first arrivals.

first arrivals. It was a clear, beautiful morning at we marched down the gangplanks, singing the "Marselliaise" with an ardor that nearly prostrated "Uncle Sammy," our chaping.

us. Shouting, "Vive l'Amerique," they make for us as if we were something good to out The first thing I knew. a middle-and woman in peasant costume had swung ha arms around my neck and was kissing mo first on one cheek and then another. Any body would have thought I was a long and the set the set bought I was a long and

son. I tried to pry her loose, but she had grip like iron, and I had to grin and bear i until she let go.

until she let go. But the thing was not over by any metal, it now developed into a matter of take turns. No sooner had the elderly went let go my neck, when another pair of an flopped around my collar, and I started run, but I changed my mind when I got

rood look. And you would have changed your mi do, if you had been in my place. The pr lest girl in France had annexed hermeif

my neck. All eyes told me that there could be a prettier girl in France than she. Her hair was as black as a crow's wing : eyes were big and brown, and her rid i pouted up at me invitingly. I am an American and do things in a hur

I am an American and do things in a hur I gave her a smack that must have be heard at the Battery in New York. 6 blushed and then kissed me on both ches and let go. And I am frank to say I w sorry to see her go. The next in the line-up was an axeitan Frenchy-looking chap with a goatee and ev glasses. He had his lips pursed up libs a interrogation point, and he was making me, full steam up. I blocked his approximity a with a twist of my elbow, for I suspected with design.

design. "Nothing doing, Frenchy," I said,

where we come from, men don't kins

too, if you had been in my place tiest girl in France had annexed my neck. My eyes told me that the

with pride and joy. Well, say, those Frenchies fairly mo

we consumed fruit until we were threate

eryman.

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parts."

first arrivals.

grip

good look.

I stood it as long as I could, and then I told my mother I was going to Canada to enligt. I let her know I thought it was a ice for a fighting De Varila to be wasting his time going to school while a bunch of boodling Huns were running loss over Bel-gium and France, and doing murder by the wholesale.

Mother's Wiles

Tould see that she liked to hear me talk that way, for there were tears in her eyes, and she gave me one of those warm motherly whiles that make an American boy in his first long trouters feel that he has suddenly rown three inches taller and is a man. But, of course, I did not realize then that no sensible mother is going to enthuse very much about sending a fifteen-year-old son into the erse of battle. But she understood her boy all right, and didn't argue with me. She snaked a freshly baked mince pie out of the oven, and told me to scoot to the back steps and gorge myself. It was a mighty good pie of the mother-used-to-make kind, and in the eating I almost for-rot about the Kaiser and the Belgians. A few months after mother had camouffaged the De Varila fighting lich with mince pie. I was packed off to a prep school at Los Angeles. I not the school a regular incubator for the argenter. I could see that she liked to hear me talk

the war spirit. There were a couple of English lads there

who received frequent letters from relatives in the thick of the fighting in France. The Britishers used to sneer at us American lads because Uncle Sam wouldn't get into the

because Uncie Sam wouldn't get into the fight for civilization. I was obliged to lick one of them to make him stop saying rotten things about Uncie Sammy. I have often wondered if the Eng-lisher I pummeled knows that the Reddy de Varila who blacked his eyes on that memor-able day is the same De Varila who fired the first shot for Uncie Sam against the boche. If he does, maybe he has forgiven me for the licking I gave him. I am certain that by this time he has taken back all the unkind lings he said about Uncle Sam. I warmed up good and plenty when our

kit and blankets, and shipped to Douglas Arizona. For eight days we raw recruits were kept shut up in a quarantine camp, and after that followed weeks of arduous training on the Mexican border. It was a tough grill, but it made every man-jack of us hard as rocks.

Our training embraced bareback riding. instruction in the use of equipment, and the grooming of horses. We were given an idea of the various parts of the field pieces, and engaged in battery drill and target practice with three-inch guns. We put in a lot of work on those guns, little thinking that we would handle an entirely different kind of field piece when we arrived in France.

I became the driver of the lead team of the first section field piece, and before many weeks had passed I could maneuver that piece like a veteran. By listening to the fiery rhetoric of some of the old-time drivers fiery rhetoric of some of the old-time drivers in the battery. I learned there are certain cuss words which have a special and most effective meaning to artillery horses, and I sometimes used them with wonderful result. But, say, I hate to think about the early stages of that bareback training. It was fierce, worse than anything I encountered later on the battlefront. Our battery was afflicted with positively the most evil-minded, devilish-dispositioned horses on earth. Hon-est, I believe that German propagandists had been working among every one of the

devilian-dispositioned norses on earth. Hon-est, I believe that German propagandists had been working among every one of the nags, for how they did hate us! No one can tell me that the horse doesn't possess the power of thinking like a human being. The way my nag used to scheme to break my neck rivaled the machinations of the villain in a melodrama. Every time the nag tossed me into the desert sand among the cactus, he would grin and toss up his heels cactus, he would grin and toss up his heels in the most flendish manner.

Off for France

During the first few days of the bareback riding I hadn't the slightest desire to sit down, and couldn't have if I had wanted to. There was a little comfort in knowing I had company in my misery, for all of the raw recruits ate their chow standing up as I did, But as time wore on I became toughened to the work, and developed a contempt for a

All this time, as you can imagine, we were getting keyed up for war. We longed for action and waited impatiently for the day when we would receive orders to move east ward. The latter part of July, 1917, one of my

Angeles. Most of us were a triffe glum as we saw the coastline of Yankerdom fade away in the violet mists of evening, but not long did we hearties mope. Out of the east stiff, salty breezes brought to us a smell of adthat jacked up our spirits like venture

venture that jacked up our spirits like drafts of sparkling wine. Here at last, I thought, I am afloat in the sea of mystery and danger—the sea which for three years had been the theatre of events which had vibrated the world. Hundreds of miles to the eastward, I knew that destroyers provided about on the alert for the treacherous submarine, while cruiser and battleship fleets patrolled wide, watery areas, eff ctually bottling up the battle enuadrons of the Kaiser.

areas. efficitually bottling up the battle squadrons of the Kaisor. I was supremely content as I hung over the rail and watched the foam churn over the bow. About a mile ahead, a United States cruiser of the latest model rode the seas majestically, while on our flanks Yankee destroyers saucily plowed the waves. "Uncle Sam is on the job." I said enthusi-astically to my buddy. Sergeant Pasquale Atilio, a young, intelligent New York Italian, one of the best artillerymen in the battery. ne of the best artillerymen in the battery.

"You can bet your bottom dollar Uncle Sam is on the job Reddy," he replied. "Mr. Submarine has about as much chance of poking in our game as a Jersey mosquito has of drilling through one of the steel plates f this transport I was mighty lucky to have the sergeant

t was mignty lucky to have the sergeant for my buddy, for, aside from being one of the best chaps that ever rode an artillery calsson, he was a competent man, and it was largely through his instruction that I was ted to corporal after the regiment landed in France.

Our New Americans

This war has opened my eyes to the fact that the sons of our immigrants have the makings of absolutely top-notch Americans. This is being demonstrated eyery day on the western battlefront in Europe, where they are fighting and dying in the cause of thests. Liberty. And before this war is over we are going to take off our hats many times to the iads who, in ante-bellum days, we rather contemptuously classed as foreigners. Believe me, they are proving themselves yanks of the first water, every one of them. Some of them are wabby in their English.

but they are backing up the spirit of Wash-ington and Lafayette just as if their ancestors had played heavy parts in the Amer-ican Revolution. When we have the Kaiser Landing of part of the American Expeditionary Force at a French port

of the steaming, stinking mess, while down-right murder, and nothing else, gleamed in the eyes of other artillery huskies.

the eyes of other artillery huskles. As for me, wretch that I was, I pounded on the mess table and yelled: "Boys, thig thing has gone far enough: I'm willing to die for my country on the field of battle, but I'll be blamed if any lump-headed, fumbling jackass of a nigger cook is going to shuffle me off with a kettle full of ptomaine bugs."

· All for Murder

If the lads had known that only ten minutes before I had polished off a good square meal in the seclusion of the boiler-room, they would have lynched me. But they didn't

My words had an immediate effect, for they were ripe for murder, pillage and every-thing else in the category of lawlessness. "Right you are, Reddy," yelled a buddy from Michigan. "I move we hang that rot-ten cook to the yardarm. He's out to get a sea funeral for all of us, and he'll accomplish his purpose if we don't get him first."

"There ain't any yardarm on this ship," observed an old artilleryman, "but, boys, we can lift him to the crow's nest and drop him off into the brine."

"To the crow's nest with the black beg-gar." chorused the desperate crew, and the rush was on into the galley. The big chap from Michigan led the band. He was a feroclous-looking object as he jab-bed viciously at the air with a pair of table

hed viciously at the air with a pair of table forks. But the chef heard the uproar and the rush of feet down the stairs. He must have suspected that a day of reckoning was com-bled up another companionway and gained the deck. So great was his heats that he took along with him a great wooden ladle from which hung threads of dough. The boys were hot on the trail and they reached the deck just in time to see the white coattails of the chef disappearing around a corner of the charthouse. The chase was now on in earnest. Up and down com-panionways, through the main saloon, down into the engine room and back up sgain to the deck, the chef ran for his life with the pack of enraged artillerymen at his heels. Finally, exhausted, the terrified negro-punding officer, bellowing: "Save me, for de Lord's sake, save me." "What does this mean?" asked the col-onel sternly as he surveyed the panting, per-spiring artillerymen gathered about his door.

spiring artillerymen gathered about his door

"It means just this, colonel," spoke up a sunner who had just arrived from the mess-reom. He stepped forward with a bowl of the stuff that had been served as stew. "Just take a whiff of this, colonel," he stid. "It's the kind of chow that black ras-rail has been serving up over since we left

"That rubberin' periscope." I thought; "I hope we make a direct hit."

Then came the sickening reaction. "False alarm: nothing but one of those I norpoises." cried the lookout, lower-ms his glasses.

Ing his glasses. A groan of disgust ran through the ship. "Wouldn't it make you sick?" observed a Californian. "Here we were all primed for the best movie of our lives, and the lighte go out and the screen goes on the blink. I'd like to skin that hell of a porpoise." As for me. I was as mad as a devil, for I felt that our trin across would not be com-

felt that our trip across would not be com-plete without a good warm argument with one of Germany's U-boats.

Anyway, that was our introduction to the nuch-talked-of submarine zone.

Taking No Chances

A porpoise at a distance does look very much like a spying periscope and the pesky mammals fooled our lookouts several times before we reached France. But then, these instances only showed that our men were ever on the alert for the Kalser's under-the-

passing through the territory of the U-boat. For three nights the transport traveled with-out lights, and our guardians, the cruiser out lights, and our guardians, the cruiser and the destroyers, redoubled their vigilance. We were routed out of our bunks at 3 a m. on each of those three days, and were com-pelled to remain on deck until.7 a m. with our life preservers buckled on and our shoes and trousers unlaced. The favorite time for the average submarine to attack is around dawn.

dawn. We didn't sight a single U-boat all the way over, but we had a lot of fun at the expense of these sneaking craft. Naturally we ware all thinking about subs when we entered the sone, and hardly an hour would pass but that some jokester would yell: "Hey, boys, there's a sub." Then we fail Sups would crowd to the

Then, we fall guys would crowd to the rall and put our eyes out looking for peri-

I was taking my turn at poker one day I was taking my turn at poker one day around noon when the submarine chestnut came along and caught me an awful wallop. My hand was a pretty good one-well it was nothing less than a royal flush, some-thing which had never before rubbed ac-quaintance with me during my brief experi-ence as a poker player. I was about to proceed with this poker knockout when a voice screeched at my elbow:

elbow: "Holy smoke, lads, here comes a torpedo; going to hit us 'midships." Zowie I was on my feet in an instant, dashing my cards on the table. The other players followed suit We did our little marathon to the reil, only to find that we had been properly guyed again.

ain. When we returned to the table, of course found the cards all mixed up and had make a new dual. I spent an hour booking

Two big French airplanes advanced to meet us. flying low and scanning the water closely for hostile submarines. It was a dangerous spot, the entrance of that harbor. Only the day before, we learned later, a Ger-man U-boat had sneaked close in and sunk a supply shin supply ship.

> CHAPTER IV A Royal Welcome

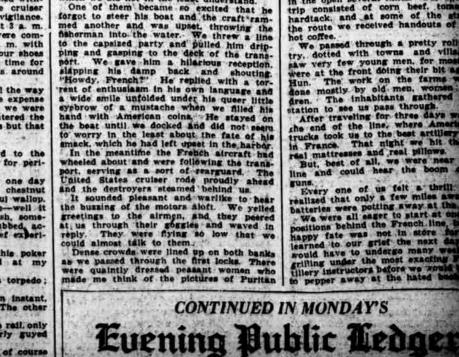
where we come from, men don't kins wo ther." He evidently didn't understand and the to sneak in under my guard, but I shear fist warningly in his face. "Lay off." I yelled, "or I'll soak yos con He saw I meant business and sounder his kissing offensive. Of course I knew it was the custom everybody in France to kiss, but I man my mind not to get used to man allow each other on the check. That night we slept in an open field our blankets. It was bully to field so ground once more and know that we we close to the fighting sone. We remained there a week, stretching legs and resting from our voyage T was evident that our approach had been well heralded, for the docks were dense with people, and on public buildings, dwellings and warehouses hundreds of American and French flags were snapping to the breeze.

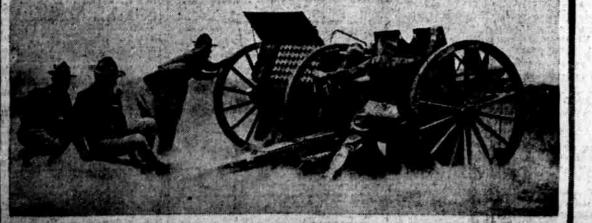
Quaint little French fishing boats swarmed about the transport, and the occupants of these craft were the first to greet us.

We remained there a week, stretching legs and resting from our voyers, course we were impatient at the delay, we wanted to beat it to the front line distely and take a hand in the big arres Of to Barracks We were elated at the end of the we when we were loaded into funny little cars, which were about half the size of American brand. We were packed so the that we barely had standing room and to shove and squirm before we could, space big enough to sit down. Neverthe we were in high spirits and were find to on the move. these craft were the first to greet us. These fishermen were very picturesque in their rakish, red tam-o'-shanters and cor-duroy trousers rolled up to the knee. They wore a red scarf about the waist and their feet were bare. The faces of these foreign-looking men were wreathed in smiles; they jabbered and gesticulated after the manner of the French, shrieking questions at us which we did not in the least understand. One of them became so excited that he forgot to steer his boat and the craft ram-med another and was upset, throwing the

to shove and mouth to sit down. Never space big enough to sit down. Never we were in high spirits and were glad on the move. We gambled for the positions at the doors, and I was lucky enough to win y in the open several times. Our chew trip consisted of corn beef, tomate hardtack, and at some of the stati the route we received handouts of sho hot coffee. We passed through a pretty rolling two very few young men, for most were at the front doing their bit add fun. The work on the farms we done mostly by old men, women and dren. The inhabitants gathered at station to see us pass through. After traveling for three days we the end of the line, where America in France. That night we hit the real mattreases and real pillows. But, best of all, we were near the line and could hear the boom af some. Every one of us feit a thrill wir realized that only a few miles away batteries were potting sway at the O We were all easer to start at one batteries behind the French line, but happy fate was not in store far

positions behind the French line happy fate was not in store i learned to our grief the next of would have to underge many w grilling under the most exacting tillery instructors before we would to pepper away at the hated be





The First Victory

sea dogs. Our officers took no chances while we were