

## ETHELBURT JELLYBACK, PRIVATE, GOES ON GUARD.

A Letter to the Editor.

Dear Editor:

Do you recall that bitter cold Sunday night—the ninth, I think it was? Dear me, the weather was egregious! And I, Ethelburt Jellyback, Private, was forced to go on guard—I, the scion of one of the first families in the country, of gentle breeding and impregnable social position.

Mind you, I express no dislike at being kept up at all hours of the night. Back in New York I often did it and enjoyed it, what with dinner dances that lasted until breakfast, and not infrequently I kept James waiting at Delmonico's with the limousine until dawn came over the roof-tops of the giant structures. Isn't Fifth Avenue wonderful at dawn? Dawn and reveille are one and the same thing, in point of time, and yet what a world of difference between them! There is something lovely, something that appeals to my soul in the word "dawn," but as for "reveille,"—well, as I started to tell you, dear Editor, I was on guard that coldest of all cold nights.

### Had to Sleep in the Guardhouse.

Fancy my exasperation in finding that I had to sleep in the guardhouse, a tent improperly fortified against the weather. I told the sergeant of the guard that I pre-



ferred sleeping in my own tent, and that as far as my being accessible whenever he wished to call me, I would be willing to hire a messenger boy from town to go on duty all night and to carry messages from the sergeant at the guardhouse to me at my tent. But, strange to say, the sergeant declined to accept my proposal.

It wasn't regulation, he said. But it was convenient, you must admit that.

Of course, my guard duty began with a two-hour pacing of my post in the afternoon. It was a lonely two hours, and I am not fond of loneliness. I like company. Nothing appeals to me so much as to sit down with another dear chappie and have a good old chat for two or three hours. It's companionable, you know.

### The Bewildered Lady.

While walking my post a lady, who looked unhappy and bewildered, got out of an automobile and came up to me. She was looking for her son, she said, and she couldn't find the regiment he was in or the company. I liked the well-bred tones of her voice, and my sympathies went out to her at once.

She begged me to go in search of her son, and volunteered to watch my post while I was away. I went.

When I came back the officer of the day was waiting for me, stern and denunciatory. In no uncertain tones he rebuked me for having gone on my altruistic mission.

I told him that the lady had been very insistent that I find her son. He replied that that had nothing to do with it. I retorted, with my usual self-possession:

"Any gentleman would give up his post to a lady."

The officer of the day went away muttering. It sounded as if he said something about being "against the rule." But a bystander said his words were: "The damn fool!" Of course, the bystander didn't catch his words correctly.

### He Must Have His Bath!

Going back to the guardhouse that evening, I told the sergeant that I desired to bathe. He wouldn't let me leave the guardhouse. But I outwitted the horrid fellow. I have one of those little cans of Sterno canned-heat, you know, with its tripod, and over this I heated a sufficient amount of water to achieve a superficial bath. I removed my upper garments and, while the other men in the guardhouse sat on their cots looking at me intently, I flipped the warm drops over my shoulders and torso. The men openly marvelled at my courage, bathing in such weather. But I realize that improving all sanitary conditions wherever possible is next to Godliness.

### He Denounces the Wind.

My turns on guard at night came from 10 p. m. to mid-night, and from 4 a. m. to 6 a. m. What untold agony I suffered. I wouldn't have minded it so much if I hadn't been betrayed by that seductive slogan "The Sunny South," or if the night had been warm and moonlit, for then I could have passed the hours composing one of those exquisite little poems which I now and then dash off. But one can't write poetry with good meter and regular feet when one's own feet are cold.

The wind—how I denounced it! It had none of those soft, gray tones such as one hears in the music of Chopin. It bit and cut, and the blasts were ice-coated.

I wore my Winter underwear, two O. D. shirts, two Red Cross sweaters, a blouse, and an overcoat. But even then I was rapidly succumbing to the wintry elements, had it not been for a unique scheme which I hit upon. I got a portable oil stove, and, grasping it by the handle, I carried it swinging by my side as I walked my post in military manner, keeping always on the

## MAKE THE 27TH CHAMPION OF ALL DIVISIONS.

By Sergeant James W. Beckman, 102d U. S. Engineers.

To be a champion you first have to have the qualities that make a champion. Then you must have the will to whip those qualities into championship shape and the spirit and determination to win.

The 27th Division has all the qualities that make champions. It has just as keen brains, just as sound bone, and just as lithe and powerful muscle as any other army in the world. These raw products can be moulded and turned and hammered into a finished product that will eclipse the best we will have to face.

The responsibility for the success of the 27th Division, so far as you are concerned, rests squarely upon the shoulders of one man, and that is the man right under your own hat. The Commanding General and your officers can plan and prescribe regulations and training for you, but unless you yourself get into the work with dead earnestness and determination to win, you will simply be one of those near champions who never arrive.

Don't depend altogether upon the men in command to make this Division the greatest in the world without your fullest support. Take the measure of yourself, or the Germans will, and see how far short you fall from doing your share. When every man does his part, the officers will have an organization which can not be shattered by howitzers or hardships.

Let this be the slogan of every man in the Division:

**MAKE THE 27TH THE CHAMPION OF ALL DIVISIONS!**

Then stake your life on living up to it, or you will likely give your life if you don't.

alert and observing that the stove was constantly burning.

### He Loses the Stove.

At the time the stove was handed to me by a thoughtful fellow-private, who said he wanted to do me a favor, I had no idea that it wasn't his to dispose of. What was my surprise to be confronted by the officer of the day at 3:15 a. m., demanding what in hell I was doing with his stove? I told him I was unaware that it was his. He then took it away from me and gave me so many new orders that they perplexed me to the extent of my forgetting them all. And I am said, by my friends, to be unusually intellectual.

My life since that night has been one of numerous punishments. Oh, if I had only known that the officer of the day was going to come bothering me like that. As I said to my chum and tent-mate, Dickie darling, what business has an officer of the day to be snooping around at night?

Yours truly,

ETHELBURT JELLYBACK, Pvt.

—C. D.