

SALVAGE

A SADDER MAN BUT WISER

Comparisons we should e'er shun,
 In earnest or in levity,
 But one exception to the rule
 Is worthy for it's brevity.
 For brevity's the soul of wit —
 And long drawn stanzas we won't peddle,
 But was't Fritz an addled Hun
 When he started in to meddle?
 The Hohenzollerns lost their job —
 The throne is now a piece of junk —
 No longer are they supermen,
 They've lost that line of bunk.
 Those fourteen terms were just the dope —
 They put the kibosh on the Kaiser,
 And sure enough he's labelled now —
 A SADDER MAN BUT WISER.

Pvt. D. A. DAVIES.

The dough boys of the A. E. F. wish there were a fourth dimension for those Christmas packages.

ROSKET. — "Why do the Germans spell Kultur with a K?"

CORPORAL. — "Because the Allies control the seas".

CHATEAUX

A *Chateau* is a large house with a driveway in front, a garden in back and no bath. Each town has the most beautiful Chateau in France — many of these are also the largest; but only a comparatively few are the oldest.

Another feature of this style of architecture is its inability to keep out the weather. Chateaux have many windows, but few window panes; they have many doorways, but no doors. Some have roofs, yet this latter is not said by way of criticism because the roofs do not entirely bar the light of the lovely skies — especially when it is raining.

For these reasons Chateaux make excellent billets, better even than a shell hole.

Why not give Wilson as many terms as he gave Germany?

Company K of the 105th Infantry claims to be as good at acting as the Division Theatrical troupe. They have an acting first sergeant, an acting supply sergeant, an acting mess sergeant, several acting line sergeants, and, since they were recently paid, the entire company is acting strangely.

Now they're callin' 'em pants rabbits.

Why is it that the man who is constantly complaining about army food is usually the chap who complains of being "fed up"?

Nancy is a Nice Lille French girl.

If most of us hang up a sock Christmas eve one foot will have to go bare.

DIVISION PASSES IN REVIEW

Many things set it apart from all other reviews.

Miles of crowded sidewalks with people pressing forward, with bunting, flags and banners waving, with ornate stone architecture high against the light of the skies. These things existed — but only in the memory of the men. They were things of the past — of the day, in late August, 1917, when the Division marched down Fifth Avenue thirty thousand strong.

On that day New York waved good-bye.

Since then fourteen months had passed. Flanders. Picardy. Those who were left were veterans. They had fought with that spirit, unconquerable despite the odds, which can be accounted for only when loyalty to the division and pride in its accomplishments are taken into account.

They were veterans and something more — they were victors. And in Flanders and Picardy, particularly in the latter, this means something indescribable. The Division had paid the price. New York had, in fact, waved good-bye to many of its men.

Now, on this Sunday morning in early November, 1918, a bugle sounded, calling this same division to attention. There were no spectators, to lean eagerly forward and applaud: there were no flags and the only building visible was in the far distance — the scarred Cathedral of Corbie.

Yet, against the blue background of the hills of France, the New York Division, with its amazing spirit alone undecimated, stood at attention while massed bands played — not a marshal air, but a hymn in memory of those who had filled innumerable files now empty.

This part of the ceremony was a memorial to those who had fallen in action. Then, after a pause — a moment of silence — the division passed in review.

As the men, eyes right, marched by the Division Commander, their equipment was not new, their uniforms were not immaculate, and the companies were small, hardly larger than platoons.

And yet, those competent to judge say that never before in a review, whether in New York, Texas, South Carolina or France, did the Division seem so splendid and the men seem so proud.

At the request of French authorities, who explained that they desired to announce the signing of the armistice in a befitting manner, the chimes of the great cathedral of Amiens, silent for nearly five years, were rung on the morning of November eleventh by ten soldiers of the 27th American Division.

PERFIDY AND PAPER

Profiting by the example of a monarch, formerly well known in Europe, we shall never again speak lightly of a scrap of paper — particularly in view of the fact that the paper upon which this magazine is printed cost exactly twenty thousand francs.

Publishing a magazine in France during war time is like attempting to get the plumbing fixed on Labor Day.