



SARISBURG COURT, HIGH TIDE IN ADVANCE OF THE "EUNIX."



The Seige Of Sarisbury Court

Which Chronicles the Feat of
BASE HOSPITAL 40
In Winning the World War.

By EX-BUCK PVT. JOSIAH H. COMBS,
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"A duck! a duck! My Kingdom for a duck!"

TO

My mother, always my inspiration and encouragement. And

To

The members of Base Hospital 40, U. S. Army.

“Wars are hellish business—all war . . . I was in the midst of it all—saw war where war was worst—not on the battlefield, no—in the hospital, there war is worst; there I mixed with it, and now say: God damn the wars—all wars; God damn every war; God damn 'em; God damn 'em!”

—Walt Whitman.

LISTEN!

Some folks would elect to call this a PREFACE, or FOREWORD. Anyway, listen! Once the wife of a former governor of New Hampshire wrote a book. This book was proudly advertised as being the first book ever written by the wife of a former governor of New Hampshire. A unique distinction, eh? Let some romancer arise to tell the story of the first book written on the Fourth Dimension by the first red-headed, cross-eyed nigger who wore the first rabbit's foot from a rabbit shot by a hump-backed, red-headed, cross-eyed nigger by the light of the moon in a country grave-yard. Thus it is that one thing fetches up another—especially after a fly has been swallowed. The author of this little volume may or may not be the first member of Base Hospital 40 to chronicle a little record in prose and verse of the doings of that now celebrated outfit. He is "putting out" this thing out of respect to his "comrades-in-arms"—two hundred and fifty of them.

The storm and stress of those days are gone. Civilization is saved, saved entirely by the efforts of the "Eunix." "The devil's in his hell, in the Army all's well." I studied out this paraphrase all by myself, thinking about something Browning said about God and His heaven. Most of us could have been put in jail for what we thought of the Army in those days; probably we have not even yet changed some of our opinions. As to myself, I rise to remark, I suppose I can forget it all—but I just can't help thinking about it! Not all of our experiences were pleasant. There were dismal, gloomy days, when some of us felt a sort of "all-overishness," akin to fatalism. You know, our feelings were closely related to those of a badly defeated candi-

date; we were too big to cry, and felt too much hurt to laugh.

With few exceptions, in Base Hospital 40, relations between officers and enlisted men were splendid. At the close of the war an English Tommy sent this terse "order" to a former officer: "Now that the war is over, I take this opportunity of telling you to go to hell." The reply was forthcoming: "All orders relating to troop movements must come through military channels."

Yet, all-in-all, that was a jolly outfit—Base Hospital 40. The bon voyage was handed to us long ago by our Uncle, when he slipped that sixty "bucks" to us with our discharge—and bade us go forth and invest, compete, capitalize! Long live the sixty! long live the "Eunix"!

NOTE. For the sake of the uninitiated, it is explained that "Eunix" means nothing more or less than "Units," or members of Base Hospital, Unit 40. We are indebted to an old gentleman in the Bluegrass for this pronunciation, and for this sobriquet.

—J. H. C.

Hindman, Kentucky

CONTENTS

LISTEN!
THE SIEGE OF SARISBURY COURT
WHAT THEY THINK OF HIM
MEDICAL CORPS PRIMER
 LESSON I
 LESSON II
FALL IN!
LET IT LAY!
O. D.
THE OLD ARMY HOBNAIL
AN HONEST SOLDIER
THE NURSE BEHIND THE GUN
THE SOLDIER'S BUNK
CONFINED TO CAMP
COME AND GIT IT!
C. C.
WALKING POST
PASSING THE BUCK
SOME BASE 40 SYLLOGISMS
BALLADE OF Ye GOODE SHIPPE "MARMALADE"
A BUCK'S REPLY TO GEORGE'S LETTER
IN HAMPSHIRE FIELDS
NETLEY ABBEY
CROSSING TO THE BAR
BEVIS OF HAMPTON VS. ASCUPART
'AMBLE OVER THE 'AMBLE
WHY IS A CASUAL?
THE MEDICOS WON THE WAR
PAT HARL'S LETTER
" 'BAN, 'BAN, CA-CALIBAN"
HERE THEY ARE!

THE SIEGE OF SARISBURY COURT

The germ of this memorable conflict had its origin in the summer of nineteen and seventeen, shortly after the United States declared war against the dark forces of Prussian militarism. The idea gradually synchronised into what became known as Base Hospital 40, United States Army. Dr. David Barrow, of Lexington, was the founder and organizer of the Unit, which usually goes by the name of the Barrow Unit. Dr. Geo. H. Wilson, Lexington, Dr. Virgil E. Simpson, Louisville, Dr. W. S. Wyatt, Lexington, and Dr. Virgil G. Kinnaird, Lancaster, played a prominent part in the organization and its activities. This volunteer outfit of two hundred and twenty men and thirty officers, mostly Kentuckians, went into intensive and extensive training at Camp Zachary Taylor, Kentucky, March the first, nineteen eighteen. Millionaires, lawyers, parsons, clerks, authors, farmers, barbers, students, business men, hoboes, bone tossers, black-jack and stud poker artists, walking delegates, individuals with long records and short bank rolls—all specimens of the omnium gatherum of the social strata wore the hat cord of the Medical Corps in this outfit, which was later on to become the best hospital outfit in the A. E. F.

After a time the outfit became a bunch of seasoned veterans. The fellows would sit calmly by and watch a "bird" "kick off," and take right hold of him after his demise. Ward 6-B had no more terrors for them, nor the "Nut ward," "Zip—" or "Ukulele Ward," or any of the others. The term "duck" was forever and indelibly stamped in the memory of every mother's son of us. Back in the early days of our apprenticeship, in March, a sick "bird" in one of the wards called for a "duck." One of our sympathetic lads rushed back to the bunk that held the stricken man, took a look at him, and then went to one of the nurses:

ORDERLY— Nurse, one of the men back there wants a duck. Ain't he too sick to eat duck?

NURSE—Why, boy, that's not what he wants.

Our braves had been sorely tried. We wondered

what induced us to leave our happy homes. Fast in his dreams one night, one Private Gray had broken forth, "Well, boys, it looks like they're going to make hospital men out of us, in spite of ourselves!" The pressure became so hard that a whole bevy of our lads solemnly appeared before the Detachment Commander and asked for a transfer to some other branch of the service. The "transfer" came in the shape of heavy K. P. duty for two weeks. During the last two weeks at Camp Taylor there had been heavy betting as to when the outfit would entrain for some port of embarkation. "Latrine dope" would rapidly mount above par, and as rapidly drop below par. Early in May, the sixth, a farewell ball had been given in the Seelbach Hotel Louisville, by the enlisted men, for the personnel of the Unit, and friends in the Bluegrass and Louisville. June the eighteenth the great day came, and the outfit entrained for Camp Mills, Long Island, reaching that camp the twentieth. All along the way to New York missives to the good people back home were dropped from the train. For two weeks here in Camp Mills we had a full-grown, juicy experience with Long Island wind and sand. The sand covered our Uncle's equipment at every inspection, and blew into our messkits at every meal, in the open, on the ground. We lived in tents. By this time the dope-sheet was almost worn to pieces, but was still functioning. By July the Fourth it became intelligible. That day we packed. Early the following morning, about one o'clock, "All outside with your O. D. babies"! rang out along the company street. Troop movements during those days were shrouded in mystery and usually took place under cover of darkness. We hiked to the train, and were ferried over to Hoboken.

This same day we were unfortunate enough to embark on "His Majesty's Transport, 'Scotian'," a British boat; which we later re-christened H. M. S. "Marmalade." Any member of Base 40 can tell you why the re-christening took place. As usual, we were herded together in the steerage. Our beds were hammocks, or "dream-sacks," fastened to the ceiling so close together that every time a sleeper moved he agitated the whole line of dream-sacks. One night

a hobnail shoe which had been fastened to the ceiling suddenly was attracted to the center of gravity, dropped downward from its moorings, and landed squarely on the mouth of a sleeper below, on one of the mess tables. The dentist had an urgent call the following morning. Unfortunately the sleeper's mouth was open when the hob fell.

"Imperious Caesar dead and turned to clay,
Might close a mouth to keep the hobs away!"

Yes, our quarters were hot, close, stifling, and never free from a foul stench. At night we were not allowed to open the port-holes on account of enemy submarines. A hotel keeper would be lynched for "puttin' out" the grub we lined up against on the good ship "Scotian." By early morning, July sixth, we had begun a zig-zag across the Atlantic. There were from twelve to fifteen boats in our convoy. A hydroplane, an American cruiser and a few destroyers accompanied us. The second or third day out, all war craft but the cruiser returned.

The voyage over, as far as U-boats were concerned, was uneventful. One of the first things that most of the outfit learned was that old Neptune's domain is all that poets have claimed for it—deep, blue, briny and the rest. Every morning all were chased up to one of the upper decks, to remain from 7:30 to 11:30. Always we wore life preservers, and went through boat drill daily. Setting-up exercise, on the upper deck, was the "prettiest thing in the world when done right." Of course, our good chaps persisted in saying "upstirs" for "above," and "floor" for "deck." "Fore" and "aft," "port" and "starboard" were as Sanscrit to our land birds. One night the commanding officer of the convoy discovered a light shining through an open port-hole. After a signal to our boat, one of our non-coms. came "downstairs" and blandly announced: "The officer commanding the fleet reports a port-hole open on the starboard side of the 'Scotian'." "Wha' chuh mean 'Starboard'?" sang out one of our fine lads. Another phenomenon worried our chaps, where do all these little birds roost, lay eggs and hatch, out there on the face of the broad expanse?

We were zig-zagging right along, and setting our wrist watches up twenty minutes every day; a sure sign that we were not on a dry land express. One day the weather would be fine and bright, the next, cold, cloudy, misty. Understand, we were "ploughing the whale-road," but only occasionally did we touch the old trade route. The fourth day out, or July ninth, we bolted into a school of whales. Their baggage was checked for the Arctic clime. Spouts of water were shooting from their massive heads high into the air. Some of our fellows thought they were Hun submarines, and that the spouts of water were gasoline escaping from below. About mid-ocean we began to steam to the northward, and the weather became very cold. But—the very day the whales crossed our path we had our first real excitement. "One day we descried some shapeless object floating at a distance." "A sub!" The gunners on some of the boats opened fire on it. Our good ship "Marmalade" shook from the roaring of the 10-inch gun on its aft deck. At the noise and confusion two of our heroes, Prichard and Brackett, on bunk fatigue down below, piled out of their hammocks and rushed wildly above, crying out, "Just as I expected, a submarine!" Now we were in for some adventure. But no, child, our sub. was only a big, wooden box out there! Some of the glamor of bloody war had thus vanished from us.

We still had the plucky American cruiser with us. One day some of the fellows observed that it was describing a circle around the fleet. As usual, there was much conjecture as to the purpose of its maneuvers. Pvt. Tucker solved the mystery: "Guess she's checkin' up boys." Pretty soon we reached the danger zone, the real submarine zone, in British waters. Right down by the Hebrides Islands we came, and the west coast of Scotland. For the first time on board, a talking machine was suddenly unearthed. A record was put on, and the first dismal words we caught were: "I'm sad and lonely, nobody cares for me." A mighty howl rent the sides of the "Scotian."

Now we had reached the Firth of Clyde, and could see the rugged coasts of Caledonia and Erin.

Here all the boats but three steamed southward toward Liverpool. Three were towed up the Clyde River Picturesque Scotland! No wonder Burns and the rest went into raptures. Old castles on the banks, almost hidden by trees. Mountains were towering in the distance. At times we were near enough to the river banks to greet the Scotch people, and in turn be greeted by them. They cheered us wildly along the way. One sandy-haired old Scot yelled out, "That's the stuff that'll git 'em!" We saw bonnie Scotch lassies dancing the Highland fling along the banks. All this was kept up for about twenty miles, till we reached Glasgow, the second largest city in the British Isles. Our transports put in at Glasgow late in the afternoon of July seventeenth. We stayed on board that night. Of course, our officers were very anxious that we debark and "take in" Glasgow, but no, we decided to remain on board!

At this point we had our first "casualty." "Dock" Wiley got sick, and was sent to a hospital in Glasgow. The following day, July eighteenth, we debarked, and lined up at the pier. Here each of us was presented with a letter from His Britannic Majesty, George V, King of Great Britain and Ireland, and Emperor of India. Here is the message George sent to us by his legates:—

**A MESSAGE TO YOU FROM HIS MAJESTY KING
GEORGE VTH., WINDSOR CASTLE.**

Soldiers of the United States, the people of the British Isles welcome you on your way to take your stand beside the Armies of many Nations now fighting in the Old World the great battle for human freedom.

The Allies will gain new heart & spirit in your company. I wish that I could shake the hand of each one of you & bid you God speed on your mission.

George R. I.

April 1918.

Later an English Tommy explained to some of our inquisitive chaps that "R. I." (Rex Imperator) meant "Royal 'Ighness."

George is a regular fellow, and had not forgotten us! Some of the fellows began to compare their letters, to see if they were all alike. One observant chap quickly discovered that George had forgotten to address the envelope to him! And some of the fellows were "rawther" ungrateful, "don't you know," for they forgot to answer this letter from His Britannic Majesty.

Soon we were hurried into a troop train. We were crowded into tight little compartments or "carriages," not "coaches," for "huit chevaux ou quarante hommes," and were bounding southward through the "tight little Isle." For France? We shall see. Just over the Scotch-English border, at Carlisle, England, we were served hot coffee by the English Red Cross. Here a ripple of laughter broke out, when an Englishman walked up and asked us if we were snake charmers! So much for the Caduceus insignia on our blouse collars!

About July nineteenth, the outfit found itself on bunk-fatigue at a place which Army authorities politely designate as "rest" camp, at Southampton, England. (Probably "rest," because it was surcease from the stale codfish, cheese and marmalade common to the "Scotian"). At this place a sharp conflict, lasting five days, took place. After a fierce charge the doughty Kentuckians, led by Col. Leonard Hughes, took all objectives—including English rain, floors for bunks, boiled spuds, mutton, cheese, English ale, English tobacco; and were paid off in £.s.d., including such things as "tup-pence," "threp-pence," "ha-penny," and "three ha-pence." The "tanner," "bob," "quid" and "wrapper" were yet beyond us. This engagement offered our brave iads the first opportunity to give the gas mask the "once over," in action, against the deadly fumes of English smoking tobacco.

We suffered some casualties, Sgt. Graves was hit IN THE BACK by a stray bullet, while gallantly urging the men to fall back. Good strategy, Sergeant,

good strategy: Advance by retreating, retreat by advancing!! Pvt. Rush, heavily gassed; Pvt. Jack Rogers, foundered on mutton and cheese; Cpl. Leedy's helmet badly battered by boiled spuds; Sgt. Foushee overcome by the English damsels; Pvt. Jo Kuhn laughed himself to death from laughing gas, and Pvt. Fahey was found exhausted in a barrel of ale. We also suffered heavy casualties at the "pubs" and canteens.

The day of July twenty-third broke with heavy rains,—not unlike the conditions incident to the Battle of Waterloo. The previous night our lads ate little and slept but lightly. All hope of going across the Channel had vanished, like a ray of sunshine in England. The "zero hour" on a new front was fast approaching. But none of us knew what part of the English front we were going to attack. We only knew that we had reached that part of France known as England. Suddenly, precisely at 1:30 p. m., "Fall in with your packs!" rang out along the entire company street. The "big push" had begun! Across the Channel? No. "Squads right, march!" Straight through Southampton and beyond the pier, and, at the city limits, a bridge. All hope of seeing France gone! Beyond this bridge lies—a part of rustic England. In the Army, during the stress of war the officers get chummy with the enlisted men, tell them where they are going, when they are to leave, and when they are to reach their objectives. "Soldiers! beyond you lie Sarisbury Green and Sarisbury Court! 'In Hampshire fields the lassies grow, and spot the Sammies row on row!' Up, my braves, and at 'em!" One long look across that bridge, ladies and gentlemen, and, "Forward, march!"—into rural England. The Siege was truly in its incipency—and heightened by an incompetent non-com. and an officer, who showed remarkable facility at not knowing how to hike men heavily laden with impedimenta, on a hot day. The two aforesaid men boldly strode forth without packs.

Go back with me, if you will, to the months of March, April and May of 1918, in Camp Zachary Taylor, Kentucky; where our chaps were engaged in a desperate struggle—chasing "quack-quacks" and

rattling "gunboats"; where many flagged the "gravey train" and bore down upon it, or else "swung lead" till they swore by the white knees of the Graces that the war could have been better won if C.C's had never been heard of; where the old "gim-wagon" was ridden to pieces. Back, I say, to the days when we "bucked the mess line" for real, honest-to-Goodness chow; when some "buck's" messkit habitually rolled on the ground and fell to pieces, and "Let it lay!" rang out from the whole outfit; when, in formation, that "sergeant of the soldierly bearing" was wont to thunder forth, "Up with that dress! You know how to do that as well as I do! It's the prettiest thing in the world when done right!" Think, if you will, of the countless "dead soldiers" hidden away in the great stovepipes after a "fine large night." Farewell, a long farewell——

Now, on this warm July afternoon Uncle Sam's 'obnails were crushing the pebbles on an English country roadside. Nobody got warm. "One should not get 'ot when one has only one's pack, overcoat, slicker, and blouse-on-buttoned-up to worry with." Onward and forward our braves go. We hike right up one hill after another, and down again, on the other side. The action grows warmer and warmer. We have no reserves or replacement troops immediately behind us. The 'eavy 'obs become 'eavier still. For,

"It ain't the bunk-fatigue that 'urts the Sammies' feet. But hits' the 'eavy, 'eavy 'ikin' on the 'ard 'ighway."

After we advance about seven or eight kilometers, we again suffer some casualties. Packs, 'ot sun, 'eavy 'ikin', it overcomes a few of our braves. Orders are becoming confused. Instead of attacking with "coffee-grinders" and rifles, as directed, some of our men rush forward with "submarines" and "gunboats." For hand grenades they are throwing rolls of adhesive tape and bandages. Pvt. George Haddad saves the situation by emerging from the masses and hurling forward several bundles of valerate of ammonium.

We continue to advance. We go forward for about a kilometer and are held up. One thing buoys up our

tired spirits. At the end of each pause, "Le's go!" rings out from every throat. Privates Mongeon and Sarvene are loudest in the clamors to advance. A squad is left behind to take care of the casualties.

At Bursledon Bridge our warriors are weary and footsore. They are near to exhaustion. We have advanced till the Court is partly in view. There it lies, half hidden by the thick foliage of the trees around the Manor house, a familiar flag flying from the flagpole. We pitch forward again. A temporary pause holds us up at the village green. On ye braves! Another kilometer, and we sweep down on the Court! But

THE SIEGE CONTINUES

Sarisbury Court was the property of the American Red Cross. It is located on the Hamble River, overlooking Southampton Water and the Isle of Wight. Was it by "council of the immortal gods" that a bloody siege be enacted amid these peaceful surroundings? Within sight of the spot where Tennyson said,

"Sunset and evening star,
And one clear call for me;
And may there be no moaning of the bar
When I put out to sea."

"I saw thee, Netley," of the Ingoldsby Legends, only two miles from the Court, and now in ruins; once the haunt of Cistercian monks. Four miles from the ruins of Titchfield Abbey, now known as Place House, where Charles I made his escape, and where Shakspeare and other celebrities drank ale and feasted. But these surroundings have not always been peaceful. Only a few hundred yards away, down on the Hamble, Alfred the Great met and defeated the Norsemen on their own element, the water, in the ninth century. Around these haunts Briton once clashed with Roman; Viking and Saxon with Briton; Briton with Scot and Pict; Norman with Englishman; and many other conflicts, legendary and semi-historical, knights, cavaliers and "roundheads." The place-names of this county, Hampshire, or Hants, shows its occupation, in suc-

cession, by Celt or early Briton, Roman, Norseman, Saxon and Norman. Hants was a gateway into England by early invaders. Yes, and the Germans pursued the phantom of a false hope when they incorporated in their wild scheme of world-conquest, plans to capture the Isle of Wight, and from that vantage point to bombard Southampton and Portsmouth.

The haunts of Hants! Amid these legendary and historical surroundings one feels one's self mysteriously communing with the long-departed manes of mighty men of the past. This history of Hampshire was for a long time almost the history of England. Old Winchester was the capital. Here Arthur and "Hys Knyghtes XXIV" feasted and held council around the famous "Rownde Table." Here Guy of Warwick vanquished the Danish giant Colbrand, on Denmark Mead, a few paces from King Alfred's Place. Here Alfred the Great lived, the greatest of all of England's monarchs, and who contributed his share to the Saxon Chronicle. Here William the Conqueror was crowned, lived, and had his castle, now known as Winchester Castle. Here the Domesday Book was compiled, in Wolvesey Castle. Here Jane Austen lived, and old Izaak Walton angled in the Itchen River. Sir Isaac Newton lived near Winchester, so did Florence Nightingale. But it were a long and difficult task to chronicle all the Hampshire worthies. In passing, one could also mention Charles Dickens, born in Portsmouth; another Chas., Charlie Chaplin, born in the same town. Southampton lays claim to Dr. Isaac Watts, famous hymn writer, who outdid himself when he wrote:

"Let dogs delight to bark and bite,
For God has made them so!"

Which classic couplet perhaps prompted him to implore, as he was bent over his stern old father's knee:

"Oh, father, pity on me take,
And I will no more verses make!"

It was from Southampton that the "Mayflower" and the "Speedwell" departed with the Pilgrims, because the immigration laws of North America at

that time were anything but satisfactory. In spite of this the good people of Southampton have allowed a monument to be erected down at the old pier, in memory of the stern old fathers.

It was in this same shire that Mr. C. J. Caesar's legions contended with the Iceni and the Atrebates, Belgic tribes of south Britian. From the Iceni we have the Itchen River. Pilgrims on their way to Canterbury stopped to worship in Winchester Cathedral. In this famous old Cathedral now rest the bones of the Danish and Saxon kings of England, including those of Canute the Dane, who rebuked his courtiers on the coast at Southampton, when they presumed to clothe him with the "divine right of kings."

We have been digressing a little, for the purpose of giving you a sort of detailed background for the Siege. What we are trying to say is that history has been made around Sarisbury Court. We are going to add that Base 40 had swooped down on this place to add a little "pep" and spice to this long chain of legend and history. Not all the chaps of the outfit were conversant with the aforesaid history and legend, and cared less. For, are not Mother Bush's, The Bold Forester, The Red Lion, The Rising Sun, Warsash, Swanwick, Bursledon and Hamble almost within hailing distance of the manor house and the camp? And was not the plaintive wail of the "whippumpoof" bird at night solace enough for the fellows as they "rolled the bones" on the O. D. blanket? Besides, the patter of the cold, English rain on their heads and above their heads served to make them forget what Hampshire history they may have known.

Let the Siege continue. Henceforth it divides itself into two stages, the tent stage and the barrack stage. After the grill of the "Scotian," the memorable run from Glasgow to Southampton, and the boiled potato, "rest" camp escapade from the latter place, the fellows had had time to learn to steer to the left on the highways, and to say "Shoot a shilling!" "A florin he comes!" "Two bob he don't!" etc. Now it was tents and decent mattresses, as far as these things go in the Army.

The very next day after reaching the Court, throngs of our chaps found their way out to Swanwick, and to Mr. Welch's Cycle Works, about two miles from Camp. The County is famous for numerous and good roads. And so, almost before our lads had had time to relieve themselves of the foul stench of "Scotian" codfish and cheese, they were after bicycles. But the Englishman, Mr. Welch, didn't "rumble" them when they called for "wheels." He thought they wanted separate wheels, to repair their own bikes! We understood English pretty well, but spoke American.

During these days the fellows responded nobly to at least three bugle calls; pay call, recall from fatigue, and chow call, which brought them out to buck the mess line for their mutton, cheese, boiled spuds and English jam.

Early in August "one of our Uncles" "put a horse on us." It appeared that the old, broad-brimmed, or campaign hat was not in good favor overseas. It is the only serviceable hat ever adopted by our Army. On this occasion the overseas "go-to-hell" hat took its place. It must have been about this time, also, that our first mail from America reached the Camp. The previous night one of our lads had heard a boat whistle down on the Hamble. Ever afterward, as surely as a steam whistle of any kind was heard, either on the Hamble or on Southampton Water, a chorus of voices tore loose, "More mail! Bet it's the 'Olympic'!"

Truly these were the halcyon days for Base 40. However, so far, Sarisbury Court was only a camp. It was to be transformed into a hospital. Somebody across the Channel was getting hurt, every day. We were in the midst of an almost primeval forest. Anybody could have looked around and seen that there was "much work to be done." Wheelbarrows, shovels, spades, picks, axes, were stacked up everywhere. It was not long before all of us could use them like veterans; in fact, so well that some camp wit renamed the outfit the "Wheel-Barrow Unit." Various details for fatigue sprang up overnight, as rapidly as the growth of a "mushroom" city in Oklahoma. By this time every man in the outfit now

realized for the first time his Uncle's foresight, when that little Dennim hat and fatigue suit were thrown at him back in Camp Taylor, in his "gum-and-sheepskin days" as a raw recruit. The gravel pit; the ditch-and-swamp detail; the concrete detail; the wood detail, and about twenty-four "hard-boiled guards" to keep the peace while the others worked and slept.

At this time but few of the medical officers and nurses were at the Court. They were on duty at various camps and hospitals, in England and in France. Late in August the assault on Paignton, over in Devonshire, became so furious that a detachment of our brave lads was hurried to that point as replacements. Thus was the original personnel beginning to suffer further casualties. Our doughty chaps at the Court continued to struggle manfully, "puttin' out" as little as they possibly could. Their activities soon reached out beyond the confines of the estate. They could spot every "pub" within a radius of fifteen kilometers, and were fast friends of all the Hampshire damsels. Not a man of us but that could find his way, blindfolded, back to camp, through twenty-seven different paths other than by Post 1. Southampton, Portsmouth and the Isle of Wight, they fit us like an old shoe.

Late in September other points became hard pressed. A detachment was rushed to Winchester, where the Battle of Morn Hill was raging. A sortie against Hursley Park, near Winchester, caused a detachment to be hurried to that point. Portsmouth was near capitulation, and we nobly responded to its Macedonian call. From over the Channel, in France, came the S. O. S. call, and a squad of our indomitable lads hastened forth. Thus was our original list of effectives cut to half a company.

Listen, if you will, bend down thine ear that I may pour more words of information therein, and tell you of a thing that happened about this time, late in September—a thing that hit the spirit of our fine lads like a charge of TNT. The big wards had been completed—and patients began to fill them! It was a brusque awakening, more ward work! More long lines of patients' bunks, nurses innumerable,

medicos, laundry details, coke details, and the long-forgotten clank of "whiz-bangs" and "gunboats." "Orderly, bring me a" "Make it two!"

The Siege was now at its height again. Bunk fatigue was no more, except for a few non-coms. Some of the chaps almost forgot how to "roll the bones," and some forgot how to make their way surreptitiously out of camp around Post No. 1. The K. P's. slept with a mop and a dishrag under their heads. None but the "guards," the C. O., and a few non-coms., and officers seemed to have it soft. In accordance with its usual habit, time was passing. It always does when people get busy. Winter was coming. With it, more rain, more mud. We dropped right into our Uncle's gum boots, and almost forgot what shoes were made for. It was raining nine days, seventeen hours and forty-five minutes out of every week. The weather was coming in samples, and the climate was not a climate, but a disease.

What some of the folks back home call an armistice was signed with the Huns November eleventh. Another, but a different charge of TNT had hit Base 40. Back in Camp Taylor the fellows were "rarin' to go," and staking dollars on the date of our leaving for "over there." Now there was a quick reaction, they had had enough, and were ready to stake pounds to get out of the Army (?), and back home. But five long, Army months were before us. (Later on, in January, some of the fellows were wearing six service chevrons on their left sleeves, because they said the six months overseas seemed like three years). The tent stage, up to a certain point, had been as uneventful and as halcyon as a Sunday afternoon on Titchfield Common. As we have remarked, above, the first breaking point was late in September, when the tent stage was well advanced. At that time enlisted personnel stock dropped away below par.

The armistice did not put an end to our work. The "duck" quacked even louder, if possible. By this time the outfit was comfortable ensconced in barracks, and the barrack stage was on. Late in December those detachments that had been sent to certain hard pressed points began to return to

the old roost, at the Court. A strange thing had just happened. In "this man's Army" extraordinary things may, and do happen every day. Presto chango, a quick, downward stroke of Aladdin's Lamp—and, "Ladies and gentlemen, we have with us tonight" Lieutenant Graves! The "sergeant of soldierly bearing" had been metamorphosed into a shave-tail. We must use this Greek word, because that's the only way he could ever have come by a commission, not to mention a "straight salary." Sows' ears never become silk purses, save by some magic wand, or presto chango stunt. "Dere Mable!" how the fellows enjoyed daily barrack inspections henceforth! So anxious was the new detachment commander, said shave-tail, to show the fellows a "ripping," time, that passes were flashed in our faces without the asking! If a fellow had not crawled into his bunk by 11:00 p. m., it was all the same; for the D. C. merely patted him on the shoulder and reassured him: 'S all right, Jack, all of us forget, sometimes; I'll not mark it up against you this time, but be a little more careful hereafter, for you may some day have a 'hard-boiled' detachment commander over you. Good night." Our hearts were further gladdened by the sudden appearance of Sergeant "Black Mike," from Portsmouth. But let certain "Eunix" relate how his claws were clipped one night.

In January patients began to leave the Court for the States. Some of our patriotic lads, erstwhile hale and hearty, suddenly were "taken sick," and it became necessary to hurry them back to the States, along with the patients. Everbody was deeply touched at this misfortune of our brethren, and there was only one dry "O. D." rag in the whole outfit. So strangely and mysteriously do nostalgia and "platinum-slinging" react on the best of us. In February there were further urgent calls from France, and a detachment or two was sent across the Channel. Office men especially were in demand. Here again masterly efficiency and a knowledge of men's qualifications were manifested to a high degree—when our new D. C. yanked out a dozen men who scarcely knew the difference between a "writin' machine" and a Dago's grind organ. But, "listen, my children, and you shall hear" of the swift retribution

which followed later. These men found themselves in Marseille later on. On their return home, they cast anchor several days at Gibraltar, and helped coal the boat with baskets!

About this time the outfit suddenly found another charge of TNT, like the sword of Damocles, hanging over their "tin derbies." The commanding officer had reported us ready for duty in - in - in Siberia! We were seeing strange things in our temporary hallucinations—Russian roubles, vodka. Cossacks, Bolsheviks, snow, icicles. The spell was broken, however, when Col. Barrow suddenly arrived in camp and succeeded in scotching the Siberian peril. At last most of the patients had left the Court. Those of our fellows who were lucky enough, were availing themselves of the much-heralded seven-day leaves. Our lads thus began to bear down upon London, Ireland and Scotland. We were not allowed to go over to France, although men in France were allowed to visit the British Isles. Well, our chaps had long since learned how to say "booking office" for "ticket office," and "carriage" for "coach." In London one of them spent several hours looking for the "Church of England." Another looked up Piccadilly Circus, because he wanted to see a good show. Nothing escaped our lads except their £. s. d's. The sights in London, the old English castles and cathedrals, the Scotch Highlands, Glasgow, Edinburgh, Aberdeen, old Erin, Dublin, Belfast and Cork,—our chaps hit them with characteristic Yank impetuosity. We now had more time to go among the English people, to learn more about them and their customs. For a long time we had harbored a sneaking desire to sally forth over the "bloody" country, and to pry the lid off to see what made old England tick.

And so began the days of A. W. O. L's. The authorities at the Court had a pernicious custom of checking up on our bunks at 11:00 p. m. It was easy to slip one over on them here. All a fellow had to do was to tear down his bunk and hide it, either under the barracks floor or out in the woods. Dummies also became common, and at night were quietly put to bed with the head covered. Sometimes we

could beat the officers doing what they were trying to do to us.

What have we been saying? Those who were lucky enough got these seven-day leaves. A few got them. Priority of application had nothing to do with it. It was almost as startling a myth as was the American University Union in Paris and London, and the educational myth. So much for pseudo-Army efficiency and justice.

"The Stars and Stripes" had announced that overseas men would be allowed to wear divisional insignia on the left shoulder. Why "divisional" insignia for Base 40, no one knows. Some of our chaps had been sent up to Tottenham, around London. At about this time, in February, they suddenly blew into the Court, gaily bedight, with a big "S.O.S." on their shoulders. Almost before nightfall the entire outfit blossomed out with this strange device, although few knew what it meant. "Upidee-a-dee-a-dee"—what did it all mean? Speculation as to its significance was rife. "Save, Oh, Save!" "Save Our Souls!" Others avowed that it meant nothing more than "Service Over Seas." Why not?—weren't we overseas? The thoughtful ones, however, declared that the designer of the insignia must have been a Cubist, or a Futurist, and that the mystery was simply this: S.O.L. It was left for the imagination to twist the final S into L.

Time was hanging heavy over the heads of most of us. One day some ingenious chap carried a plain, silver finger ring into camp. It had been hammered out of a two shilling piece by a German prisoner. The following day a slow, steady hammering was heard in one of the barracks. It was marked by a monotonous swing of the hammer, and could be scanned by two slow, heavy beats,— —, followed by two short, quick ones, — —, or, as it said, B-a-n-g-b-a-n-g, bang-bang!" From that it spread to all the barracks, and the noise and confusion became general. Now the steady pounding seemed to say, "T-w-o—s-h-i-l—ings-gone!" A shortage of florins was threatened all over England, and a camp order put a stop to the steady hammering of His Majesty's coins.

Another big day was fast approaching. The days of the Siege were almost numbered. All the supplies had been boxed and crated, and shipped to Liverpool. Officers were coming down from London every day or so, and "final" inspections were taking place daily. This was a sign that something was about to happen. An inspection underneath the barrack floors, and in nearly every "copse" would at this time have revealed a mass of souvenirs, junk, etc., which the fellows were hiding, in order to take back to the States. Early in March the barrack bag had come under the ban. One day, then, during the first fortnight of March, the order came, "Entrain for Liverpool!" For three weeks our steeple-jacks had been scaling the tower of the manor house, and scanning with field glasses every boat on Southampton Water. The Siege was at an end. Out by the same old village green our heroes strode, more than a hundred strong, having been made stronger still by Strong's Romsey Ale at Mother Bush's; on to Swanwick station! Good-bye, Mother Bush! Good-bye, Hampshire lassies! Good-bye, Southampton Water! Good-bye, Sarisbury Court. The Court is dead, long live the Court!

Here the chronicle of the Siege proper should close. But wait. We had invaded the British Isles during the stress of war. On the way from Glasgow to Southampton we had passed through English cities over which hung almost total darkness, because of the Zeppelins. We had almost lived in darkness up until November 11th. Now the background had changed. We could see these same cities lighted up at night. The outfit, now numbering scarcely over one hundred men, marked time in Liverpool, awaiting embarkation orders.

About March nineteenth, 1919, something happened in Liverpool. A chill wind blew in from London, in the guise of an order, that hit a certain shave-tail so hard that the tail of his blouse rolled up like a window shade, and he waked up among strangers, over in France.

The fellows were on bunk fatigue at Knotty Ash Camp, Liverpool. March twentieth, "Fall in with your packs!" The Army trucks unloaded us at the

Cunard docks. Before our eyes lay the giant Cunard liner, the "Aquitania." Shades of the "Scotian," what a difference! At night we say good-bye to England, and the foredeck of the Aquitania is pointed southward, through the Irish Sea. The next day, March twenty-first, we sight the coast of France, Brittany; for most of us the first time, France, the France that we had been cheated out of seeing. We put into the harbor of Brest, where several thousand dough-boys join us. The following day the Aquitania executed a brilliant "right-face," and struck boldly out across the Atlantic.

The voyage back across was not spectacular. Yet, in mid-ocean the water suddenly became choppy and boisterous through the night. Like the "cullud lady" who jes' na'chelly done lost her taste fo' dat niggah, we suddenly lost our taste for grub. There was not room at the rails for all of us, but most of us "came," and came strong.

The morning of March thirtieth we found ourselves in New York Harbor, close to the Lady that holds high the Torch. The Mayor's Committee was out in a boat to welcome us. But much of the thrill was gone, for had not New Yorkers been welcoming returning Yanks since December. We stood on B-deck for five long hours. At 1 o'clock p. m. we debarked, and fought our way into the big shed at the Cunard dock, where we made a savage attack on good, old honest-to-Goodness American grub. Then the ferry boats to the New Jersey side, and a train for Camp Merritt. Here we again mark time, till April fourteenth.

Just previous to leaving Camp Merritt permission from the War Department had been received for the outfit to parade in Lexington, the place where the fellows had "joined up." On April fourteenth we entrained for Lexington, arriving there April fifteenth. The story of the parade is short. Out of more than two hundred men that had entrained for Camp Taylor at the Southern Depot more han a year before, slightly more than a hundred were in the parade. The others were in France; so was he. The Bluegrass welcomed "her own" warmly, with all the ardor attendant upon "heroes back from the wars."

In order that the parade might appear more martial, more veteranlike, two of our lads strode past the gazing multitudes, with their side-arms girt about them. The night of the same day we entrain for Camp Taylor, and quit working for our Uncle April nineteenth, which is a historic date otherwise, also.

WHAT THEY THINK OF HIM

(A Short Study in Poetics)

- - - - - !
- - - - - gorge!
- - - - - !
- - - - - George!

- - - - - !
- - - - - braves!
- - - - - !
- - - - - Graves!

- - - - - !
- - - - - mean!
- - - - - !
- - - - - lean!

- - - - - !
- - - - - bad!
- - - - - !
- - - - - cad!

- - - - - !
- - - - - leaven!
- - - - - !
- - - - - heaven?

- - - - - !
- - - - - tell!
- - - - - !

MEDICAL CORPS PRIMER

LESSON I THE DUCK

It is a duck.

The duck is a fowl.

The duck swims on the water.

Ducks have feathers.

The duck talks. It says, "Quack! quack!"

The duck has a broad bill.

Are all ducks fowls?

Do all ducks swim?

Do all ducks have feathers?

Do all ducks talk?

Do all ducks have broad bills?

Any Medical Corps man can answer these questions.

Is there a picture of the duck on this page?

No. The picture is in the memory of all Medical Corps men.

LESSON II

It is a gunboat.

The gunboat is a war vessel.

It fights on the water.

It was made for war.

Many men can stay in it.

It is more dangerous than the duck.

All gunboats were made for war.

All gunboats do not fight on the water.

All gunboats do not hold many men.

I know one that will hold only two or three ducks.

The "C. C." is the weathercock that tells us when the gunboat will likely go into action.

Medical Corps men do not like the duck; they hate the gunboat.

FALL IN!

"Fall in!" he heard it first at Camp Taylor, in March, 1918. The first time he "fell in" was when he held up his right hand and swore he would be a good soldier. At that time he did not know what "soldering" means. In fact, he fell in so deep that time that he probably thought it impossible to fall any deeper in. Well, that day he cherished all those fine visions about the uniform, and marching on foreign soil, how soon he could get into a uniform, get his picture taken and hurry it back to fond ones at home,—that day when he held up his right hand, he had only slipped over the brink.

He fell in for reveille; he fell in for drill; he fell in for mess; he fell in for fatigue details; for hikes, with full "papoose;" for inspection; for "short-arm;" for pay; he fell in for so many other things that he can't remember them. He fell in to help save Civilization; before he got through with falling in he felt like falling out, and letting Civilization fall to pieces. Sometimes, yes, usually, he was not ready when the assembly call blew. Sometimes a mere shoestring, or legging string would break; sometimes somebody would annex his hat; sometimes a close "black-jack" game, or "stud poker" game was on hand. If his name began with any letter after S in the alphabet, at roll call, he stood a chance of getting there before his name was reached; if his name stood near the top, he was likely to be all out-of-luck. If he was late, and the sergeant didn't like him, he stood in line for a promotion as a K. P. If he was late, and had loaned the sergeant five bucks, he was safe. If he fell in late for chow, the "belly-robbers" would flatly tell him he was out-of-luck. Poor old buck! The next time he falls in —————.

LET IT LAY!

"Come and git it!" yells the sergeant,
Raw recruits line up for chow;
Nervous fumbling at the mess kit—
Handle it "like a Spanish cow!"

Stiff old handle flies up quickly,
Then the mess kit slips away,
Falls and hits the ground and rattles—
Raw recruits all holler, "Let it lay!"

Bucks and non-coms. out for roll call,
Hard-boiled sergeant holds the book;
Standing at attention, rigid,
With a steady, forward look;
Ready for the hike for duty
Early at the break of day;
Mess kit hits the ground, in pieces—
Sergeant hollers, "Let it lay!"

So it is, in "this man's Army,"
All along the cussed way—
Every time a raw buck fumbles,
Someone hollers, "Let it lay!"

O. D.

"Now blessings rest on the head of him who first conceived
this same color scheme!"

O, it's O.D. this and it's O. D. that,
And it's O. D. here and there;
'T was O. D. then, 't is O. D. now,
And it's O. D. everywhere.

It's O. D. blouse, it's O. D. shirt,
And it's O. D. hat, and pants;
'T was O. D. back in U. S. A.,
'T is O. D. here in Hants.

It's O. D. kerchiefs, O. D. gloves,
It's O. D. sweaters and puttees;
It's O. D. coffee all the time,
And also O. D. cheese.

The O. D. comes around at night
And N. C. O. D., too.
Some O. D. people have it soft,
I'll tell the O— D— world and you.

It's O. D. now for some time yet,
Then O. D. cross the pond.

I hope this O. D. stuff will end,
Up there in the Great Beyond.

THE OLD ARMY HOBNAIL

(With apologies to the author of The Old Oaken Bucket)

“Hit 'im with a hobnail!”—Army Bluff.

How dear to my heart are things Uncle issued,
When every inspection presents them to view!
I can't think of all, no I can't, not to save me—
How many I've lost out of those that I drew.
The “dog-tag,” the name and the number stamped
in it,
The mess-kit, the helmet, the blue barrack bag;
The blouse, with a collar so big I can't chin it,
The hobnails so heavy I can't “shake a leg.”

The old campaign hat, now discarded and turned in,
The go-to-h- hat that has taken its place;
The medical belt and the knapsack above it,
The punk (N)Ever-Ready, disgrace to the race.
The canteen, the axe and the brown first aid packet,
The condiment can, and the rest of the junk;
The best weapon handy in any old racket—
The old Army hobnail lined up 'neath the bunk.

The small shelter-half, and the thin O. D. blanket;
The little Dennim hat, the fatigue suit of brown,
Indeed, 't is a pity the “Scotian” never sank it—
The “nawsty” short rain-coat worth full half a
crown.

The chocolate bars handed out by the ladies—
“Two lamb-chops, two eggs, or three apples” on
the square;
But—the old Army hobnail—let it go to hades—
The old Army hobnail we wore “over there.”

AN HONEST SOLDIER

In the Cathedral churchyard, Winchester, Eng-
land, a beaten path leads to a tombstone, which
bears the following quaint and humorous inscrip-

tion. Members of Base 40 have left it many a time with wet kerchiefs.

In Memory of

THOMAS THETCHER

A Grenadier in the North Reg't
of Hants Militia, who died of a
violent Fever contracted by drinking
Small Beer when hot the 12th. of May
1764, Aged 26 Years.

In grateful remembrance of whose universal
good will toward his Comrades, this Stone
is placed here at their expence, as a small
testimony of their regard, and concern.

Here sleeps in peace a hampshire Grenadier,
Who caught his death by drinking cold small beer.
Soldiers be wise from his untimely fall,
And when ye're hot drink Strong or none at all.

This memorial being decay'd was restor'd
by the Officers of the Garrison A. D. 1781.

An honest Soldier never is forgot,
Whether he die by Musket or by Pot.

This Stone was placed by the North Hants
Militia, when disembodied at Winchester,
on 26th. April 1802, in consequence of
the original Stone being destroyed.

Copyright destroyed with original Stone!—J.H.C.

THE NURSE BEHIND THE GUN

You've heard of how the boys over there
Struck terror to the Hunnish heart—
How Pershing, Foch, Haig and all the rest
Stood up to play the hero's part.

Now Fritz is gone, the "cock-pit's" free again;
The roar of mighty guns is stilled;

No longer clanks the bloody, Prussian sword,
By treason, trick and cunning willed.

But there's another valiant story yet,
Of deeds the world is less aware—
The story of the gallant A. N. C.,
That toiled and labored over there.

Now deeds of daring, both on land and sea,
And thrilling air fights overhead
Most often tincture war's romance,
And hallow spots where heroes bled.

The art and ghastly weapons of grim war
Were fashioned to destroy men;
Then came the Medico and gentle nurse
To build the suffering up again.

Then here's a health to Florence Nightingale,
And all her sisters in the cause;
A curse on Mars and all his martial tribe,
Who cut down man and ruin his laws!

THE SOLDIER'S BUNK

The soldier's bunk is his home.
Though narrow, free from linen white
And pillows soft, with scarce a mattress,
It is his home. Three O. D. blankets,
Bedsack, straw—for "bunk fatigue"
And sleep. Who spoke of useless chairs?
Or table, escritoire, or hatrack,
Chiffonier and all that stuff?
"How'd ye git that way," to think a soldier
Needed all these unnecessary things?
The O. D. blanket is the table
Where the "black-jack" artists gather;
Where "stud poker" goes its limit;
Where the "spotted bones" are rolling;
Where goes the "royal game" in silence.
The old mess kit a writing board.
When tired and wet from walking post,
Or weary from fatigue outside—
When everything has gone dead wrong,

When there is nowhere else to go—
The soldier's bunk is yet his home.

CONFINED TO CAMP

Confined to camp, because his bed
Had the blankets at the foot instead of at the head;
Confined to camp for two weeks more,
For leaving a toothpick on the floor.

Because his "hobs" were not in line,
With the toes in front instead of behind;
Because his bunk was one inch out,
And not in line with the bunks about.

Confined to camp because his hose
Did not match up with the rest of his clothes;
Because he hadn't got new pants,
When there were none in all of Hants.

Because he wore his sweater outside,
And not beneath, next to his hide;
Because his "hobs" were never mates—
Issued that way, back in the States.

Confined to barracks that same date—
On twelve hour leave, ten minutes late;
Because he lingered thereabouts,
And lit his candle after "taps."

"COME AND GIT IT!"

"Come and git it!" yells the sergeant,
Bucks rush in for chow;
How they eat it is a wonder—
No one knows just how!

"Hold your messkit over the counter!"
"Hold on, don't get gay!"
"Get your place back in the line-up"—
"How'd ye git that way?"

"Come and git it!" yells the sergeant,
Bucks sing out, "Git what?"

Waiter answers over the table,
"Gullion, sizzling hot!"

"Belly-robbers!" yell the hungry,
Gnawing at the beef;
Then there's "Seconds here on gullion!
Are you guys all deaf?"

Beefsteak when I'm hungry,
Corn liquor when I'm dry,
Pretty little girl when I'm lonesome,
Sweet heaven when I die.

"Come and git it!" yells the sergeant,
Bucks rush in for chow;
How they eat it is a wonder—
No one knows just how!

C. C.

B

Does your conscience hurt you, brother?
Do you pine for home and mother?
Have your spirits sunk down low?
Take a C. C., let it go.

Does the world seem dark and dreary?
Are you tired, are you weary?
If you are, say, listen, bo,
Take a C. C., let it go.

Do you pine for lost years waning?
Your desserts you are not gaining?
Let them rot, all in a row—
Take a C. C., let it go.

Are you spineless, are you craven,
Soul as black as midnight raven?
Listen, soldier, hearken, bo.
Take a C. C., let it go.

Retribution are you fearing,
As the candle's end is nearing?

Let your face be all aglow—
Take a C. C., let it go.

Your transgressions unforgiven?
Closed to you the gates of heaven?
See your future white as snow—
Take a C. C., let it go.

Does your head feel heavy, dizzy,
Bowels locked like some "tin-Lizzie?"
Doctor can this balm bestow:
Take a C. C., let it go!

WALKING POST

"For it's two hours on and four hours off,"
In the steady, pouring rain;
And it's "Halt! who's there?" "A friend." "Advance!"
Monotonous, daily refrain.

Eight hours of duty in the rain,
"In a military manner" to walk;
The banshee screams and the "whippumpoof" howls—
We're not allowed to talk.

The O. D. makes the rounds to see
If the post is walked aright;
He calls for General Orders all,
But he himself couldn't give them right.

He says, "Hold every man tonight
Who hasn't got a pass!"
And soon a "bird" is pased right by—
Out bent to see his lass.

PASSING THE BUCK

pass the buck, to, Verb phrase. It does not mean to pass the buck private by a hard-boiled guard, or an M. P. It is a subterfuge, behind which every man in the service, except the buck, daily hides. Even the B. P. may sometimes resort to it, with varying degrees of success or failure. How-

ever, the top-kick and the shave-tail are the ones who most commonly pass the buck. If the detachment commander happens to be a shave-tail, therein lies a tragedy, and the buck is overworked.

Here is a typical example of buck-passing. "G. O. (which Englished, means nothing more than General Order) 1,648,237: Hereafter, better sanitary conditions must prevail in all camps and hospitals of the American Expeditionary Forces." Hot from Washington! The order makes it way over to Headquarters in France and England. It is intended for "Black Jack" and Biddle. They may see it, they may not. Anyway, it is transmitted by a series of downward geometric progression, until it finally reaches the C. O., a mighty man, in each camp and hospital. After a few months it appears on the daily latrine sheet, the bulletin board. After a few more weeks the C. O. calls the Adjutant's attention to it, let us say—for the buck must be passed. Or maybe the C. O. passes it along to the detachment commander, or to the sanitary officer. The commissioned "bird" passes it on to the top-kick, let us assume, who in turns looks up the sergeant or corporal of the sanitary squad. This dignitary is a past master at the art of buck-passing. Onward and onward goes the order, downward, ever downward. There is for it but one logical destination. A day or two before the outfit receives orders to leave camp, two hefty buck privates find themselves over the big grease-trap, in front of the hospital kitchen. . . . Yes, the buck private won the war, and he knows he did. Plutarque a menti!

SOME BASE 40 SYLLOGISMS

(Otherwise known as "Latrine Dope")

At the Training Camp

MAJOR PREMISE: When one outfit leaves camp for a port of embarkation, it follows that another outfit will soon move from camp.

MINOR PREMISE: The 309th. Ammunition Train has just pulled out.

CONCLUSION: Therefore, Base 40 will leave soon.

Whenever a troop train is standing ready in the yards, some outfit is going to leave on it.

Somebody said a troop train was expected to be ready next week.

Therefore, Base 40 will leave camp next week.

At the Port of Embarkation

Whenever an order to move is given, the outfit is going to the docks.

The sergeant said we would move this afternoon.

Therefore, Base 40 embarks for France some time today. (The outfit moves over to another company street).

Out on the Deep

All birds must nest, hatch and have their habitat on dry land.

These little things fitting about out here on mid-ocean are birds.

Therefore, they must have dry land on which to nest, hatch and have their habitat.

If a boat continues on its course far enough, it will eventually sight land.

The "Scotian" is three days out.

Therefore, Base 40 will debark at Brest.

U-boats are likely to attack the outermost transport of the fleet.

The "Scotian" is the outermost boat in our fleet.

Therefore, the "Scotian" will in all probability be attacked by submarines.

At the Rest Camp—Southampton

Whatever Base 41 does, Base 40 will also do.

Base 41 has just left for France.

Therefore, Base 40 will leave for France soon.

At Sarisbury Court—England

Some hospital outfit is going to be sent to Siberia. Base 40 is here in England, and the war is over. Therefore, Base 40 will be sent to Siberia.

Whenever a boat whistle blows, mail has arrived from the States.

A whistle blew a few minutes ago. (Down on the Hamble.)

Therefore, the "Olympic" has just put into Southampton Water, and it carries mail for Base 40.

Whenever a boat puts into Southampton Water, it is a sign that somebody's going home on it.

The "Olympic" left New York for Southampton last week.

Therefore, Base 40 goes home on the "Olympic." (One of the fellows had been looking for the "Olympic" for seven days, from the tower of the manor house.)

BALLADE OF Ye GOODE SHIPPE "MARMALADE"

It was the good ship "Marmalade"
That sailed the salty sea,
Sent out from New York Harbour,
To carry the M. R. C.

She was a staunch old transport—
On port- and starboard side;
For she was launched at Glasgow,
Close by the bonnie Clyde.

Her crew were "bloomin' " Henglish
From hold to quarter-deck;
O it's beastly, and it's blawsted—
And it's bloody, too, by Hec!

I cawn't relate the voyage—
What chawnced along the wi-ay,
For a bloomin', nawsty, censor man
Deletes, and cries out "Ni-ay"!

I say, 'twas Unit Forty
Out from the bluegrass clime,
That paced the deck of the "Scotian"
All in the summer time.

O it's stale cheese and it's codfish,
And marma-liade, to-boot!
And the stench thereof was mighty,
From foredeck back to poop.

Base Forty held the steerage,
Beneath the old hatchway;
The bloody brine splashed upwards,
And came right down our way.

'T was hammocks swung so closely
Down in that sultry hole,
When one "dreamsack" was shaken,
It shook each bloomin' soul.

The good ship zigged and bounded,
And then she veered and zagged;
She beat the mighty waters
Till she was tired and fagged.

Our lads bore up right bravely,
Like buccaneers of old;
They braved the waves and rolling,
Nor feared the Arctic cold.

Although far out to windward,
Away from nook and lee—
We'd shipped all on the "Scotian,"
Some fereign land for to see.

'T was cheery yo-ho-ho-o,
But no bottle of bally rum!
For the spirits on the good ship
Had all gone on the bum.

One night blew up a hurricane,
The waves leapt over bow,
Our brave lads clenched the railing
And fed the fish below.

O the beastly drill to boat-deck,
And the portholes closed to eyes;
O the bloomin' life preservers,
And the settin'-up exercise!

Now the nightly watch for U-boats,
"Guy-ing-wi-ee" for a good K. P.!
Parade for the bloody "short-arm"—
All on the old salt sea!

"Ot stuff!" our K. P's bellow,
And sling the slop below;
It sinks among the sea-kind,
And then the fishes know—

What we have had to suffer
To save the bloody world!
Rise up, ye tars, in passion—
The "Scotian's" flag is furled!

O the "white-caps" and the flashes
Of phosphorescent glow—
O the balmy breezes of ocean,
And the gentle ripple below!

O the din and hell of warfare,
And the clank of bloody arms!
What a vision for the hero,
With all its thrills and charms!

We love our noble country,
Adore her like a mother;
But if this blamed war's over,
We'll never love another!

Blank bells, and we're in Glasgow,
Far up the River Clyde;
O the balmy breezes of ocean,
If the skipper hasn't lied.

How many knots we covered,
Our brave lads are "at sea;"
They know how many fathoms deep
The "Scotian" ought to be!

"We sailed all over the ocean,
We sailed all over the sea;
So safe-ly we got landed
In the wars of Germany!"

A BUCK'S REPLY TO GEORGE'S LETTER

(The King's letter appears in *The Siege of Sarisbury Court*, page 11.

George, R. I.!

I got your letter all right, and was sure glad to hear from you. One of your men handed it to me at Glasgow, right after I got off of your boat, the "Scotian," last week. I'll say, it sure done me good, after what I went through with on your boat.

I wanted to answer your letter before this, but it has been raining nearly all the time, and I have been wet and cold, and they put me to K. P'in' as soon as we got to the rest-camp; besides, the Y. M. C. A. wouldn't let me have but one sheet of paper. Say, it must take a lot of your time to write us fellers. I wonder if you write all of them?

George, you said you'd like to shake hands with every one of us. Seein' as how you don't have time to associate much with privates, and how big a job it would be, I don't guess you'd have time for it. Yep, and I guess the Tommies and Poilus are sure glad to see us come along.

If I ain't on K. P. duty next week, and hear from you again, I'll write a longer one. Listen, George, don't let the Irish slip nothin' over on you. (Ha, ha!) Well, so long, George.

Yours,

B. P., A. E. F.

P. S. We had a fight with one of your ancestors, but that don't matter, now, does it? You forgot to address your envelope to me, but I got the letter all right. If you don't get this letter, let me know.

July, 1918.

IN HAMPSHIRE FIELDS

(With apologies to Col. John McCrae)

In Hampshire fields the lassies blow,

And spot the Sammies row on row,
Around our camp; and in the sky
The larks still bravely singing fly,
Scarce heard by spooning Yanks below.
We are now gone. Short months ago
We sparked, felt love, saw Hampton's glow,
Jilted, got jilted, and didn't cry
In Hampshire fields.

Take up our nightly spooning, bo,
To you from parting hands we throw
The torch; be yours to flaunt it high.
If ye break faith, don't ask us why
We shall not sleep, though lassies grow
In Hampshire fields.

NETLEY ABBEY

I stand at sunset 'mid thy crumbling ruins,
O Netley, haunts of monks Cistercian, where
Thy humble churchmen once were wont to pray.
Here in this solemn place where vesper called
To worship all the lowly men of God,
Who sang Hosannas to the King of Hosts.
I see behind the veil of that long past
The cowls that enter, one by one, to do
Their Aves, and to go about their tasks.
I see the foot-sore Pilgrim passing by,
Just as the shades fall o'er Southampton way;
The quiet and stillness of the water turn
Him in to seek the holy monks within.
Ah, Netley, centuries have left thy quiet
Domain a mass of slowly crumbling ruins;
Thy glory was, but is no more, save in
Good souls that love the past, and thee.
Now creeping vines cling round thy crannied walls,
And flowerets here and there peep forth to bloom;
Above on some projecting stone the thrush
Sits perched, and sings and looks about the ruins.
The vault of heaven is now thy architrave;
Thy sun, thy moon still shine for Pilgrim sore;
The subterranean water in the ditch
Still runs beneath thy cold and mossy stones;
Twilight yet steals far o'er Southampton way,
And sheds upon the water all its glow.

No vesper bell now sounds its gentle toll,
For all is silent in the folds of night.

CROSSING TO THE BAR

Sunset at Bush's "pub,"
And one clear call for me;
And may there be no shortage of the "goods"
When I put out to see!

BEVIS OF HAMPTON VS. ASCUPART

British legend has it that once upon a time Sir Bevis of Hampton and the giant, Ascupart met in single combat. It was at Southampton. Whether or not by agreement, these two worthies met on top of the old Bar Gate, on High Street. We herewith offer a sketch, as a modern sport writer might have "covered" the event.

BEVIS BATTERS ASCUPART

The giant Ascupart is no more. Pugilistic fans had the thrill of their lives yesterday, when they saw the crafty Sir Bevis wrest the long-held title from the mighty Ascupart, in a ten round bout. A quick, sharp undercut connected with the giant's left jaw, and his bettors and admirers saw him tumble headlong from the gate, a lost champ. It was a clean knockout. All Britian should feel highly gratified, since this is the first time the belt has come this way for two hundred and eighty-seven years.

The day broke with rain. Undaunted by the rain and cold weather, fistic fans thronged High Street and covered the roofs of the buildings around. Promoter Lord Fitz de la Mar was determined that nothing should interfere with the bout. Count Coningsby Nosegay was picked to referee the bout.

At the first the betting odds had been heavily in favor of the giant, because of his huge size, and because he entered the arena with all the confidence usually characteristic of a champ. But after the

sixth round the Hampton Kid looked like a sure card, and the odds suddenly shifted and about-faced. Referee Count Nosegay had much difficulty in the eighth and ninth rounds, when the Kid and the giant continually clinched. The giant tried to foul the Kid by using his great club, and the Kid sometimes forgot himself, and rushed at the giant with his long spear.

In only one round, the second, did things look hazy for the Kid. In this round the giant shot forward with a hard right to the Kid's nose. He went down in a heap, but was on his feet again at the count of eight.

In the fifth round some clever work was done. The giant was losing wind, owing to the Hampton Kid's agility. In this round the giant thus strove hard for the solar plexus. With a feint at the Kid's left jaw, he suddenly drove a right, straightforward. But the Kid quickly parried this thrust, and leaped to the side. The giant shot out lefts and rights in quick succession. Now was the psychological moment all in favor of the Kid. He planted a sharp right straight on the champ's left eye. Whereat the ex-champ counted constellations till he reached the Pleiades, while down for the count of five.

The tenth round was the beginning of the end. The Kid was going strong, and appeared to be as strong as ever. The mighty Ascupart was groggy, bleeding, often holding to the ropes, and trying to clinch. Cries of "Finish the job, Kid!" "Put him to sleep!" "Paralyze him!"—were heard everywhere. Quick as a flash, with unlooked-for energy, the giant stiffened for a new jab, when the Kid negotiated his famous right uppercut—the thing was over, and the crowds began to disperse.

The bout lasted exactly one hour and seven seconds, according to the watch of the official time-keeper, the Duke of Cricketford. The "Gate" receipts were unusually heavy, five pounds, six shillings going to the new champ, and one pound, six shillings to the loser. The new champion will probably divide his time between vaudeville engagements and the training of prospective fighters. However, he wants it understood that he is willing and ready to defend his title, and to take on all comers.

'AMBLE OVER THE 'AMBLE

Let's 'amble down the 'Amble
And ferry o'er the tide,
Then amble up to 'Amble
And at the "pub" abide.

The rays of sun are falling
O'er Netley's crumbling walls—
And the ferryman calls us thither,
As the tide so gently falls.

I say, let's up to 'Amble
And tarry there a spell,
For 'Amble's ale is "ripping,"
And the Port we love so well.

There's Bass's "Stout," and Guinness,
And "Scotch," and rum thrown in;
There's Strong's good ale from Romsey—
There's "Irish," and there's gin.

For 'Amble lies before us—
Beneath the evening star;
And see, the boatman's waiting
Down at the lonely bar.

Let's 'amble down the 'Amble
And ferry o'er the tide,
Then amble up to 'Amble
And at the "pub" abide.

WHY IS A CASUAL?

casual, .adj. Occurring by chance; accidental; unusual. —The Standard Dictionary.

A casual, in the Army, occurs;
A casual always occurs by chance;
A casual is indeed accidental;
A casual is always unusual—
That is, his station and his status
May change and shift at any moment.
Identity is lost, and he's a wonder
If he can keep in mind from day
To day his outfit's name; he may

Forget his own name, even, and
His officers? He never knows
Their names, and scarcely ever sees them.
His "messkit number" he recalls,
For even a casual must eat.
If his name comes early in the alphabet
He's a hard-worked soldier-out-of-luck,
On whom the non-coms. pass the buck.
Time for demobilization comes;
Our casual has to hang around;
He's one of many other bucks,
From Maine to California,
Who wait because they're casuals,
And nothing more. Just accidents,
About to happen. The odds and ends
Of every outfit in the Army,
Old Flotsam, Jetsam, gathered
Together, shoved together, casual-like.
Finally it occurs to him, by chance,
Accidental, unusual, to get discharged.
Back home a friend walks up and asks,
"Old man, what outfit were you in?"
"It don't occur to me just now;
I happen to forget the name."

THE MEDICOS WON THE WAR

Tune: Hinkey, dinkey, parlez-vous.
(With Apologies)

The Medicos bucked the battle line,
Parlez-vous!
The Medicos bucked the battle line,
Parlez-vous!
The Medicos bucked the battle line,
Prescribing C. C.'s and iodine—
Hinkey, dinkey, parlez-vous!

The Medicos sent them over the Rhine,
Parlez-vous!
The Medicos sent them over the Rhine,
Parlez-vous!
The Medicos sent them over the Rhine,
Took their souvenirs and drank the wine,
Hinkey, dinkey, parlez-vous!

The Medicos knew the drill, all right,
Parlez-vous!
The Medicos knew the drill, all right,
Parlez-vous!
The Medicos knew the drill, all right,
They said "Right face" for "Column right"!
Hinkey, dinkey, parlez-vous!

PAT HARL'S LETTER

On learning of the projected "Siege of Sarisbury
Court."

Owensboro, Ky., November 11, 1919.

Oh, Jo!

. The world is fortunate, that before the first anniversary of the end of the war came around, the greatest masterpiece of the war should be ready for the printer. My only fear is that you may have stolen some thunder from Milton, Shakespeare, Whitman and others of that bunch in this new work of yours, "The Siege of Sarisbury Court," which I am sure is being awaited with eagerness; and which will be read with avidity in certain bellicose circles of Kentucky, which have but lately beaten their hobnails into dancing pumps, and are, no doubt, finding successful in peace the same tactics which won for them so much fame in their conquest of England. I am sure you have produced one of the masterpieces of invective art on the late and lamented war—one which, had you not already so appropriately dedicated, I would suggest you dedicate to Walt Whitman.

I shall read "The Siege" with all the care and decorum the narration of such an important historic episode deserves. Frequently have I heard of that memorable siege: How those picked and doughty warriors advanced to the attack one hot July morning, with all the ardor with which the Jews hurried to the promised land! And why should they not? Was not Sarisbury reputed to be overflowing with milk (how many cows were there?) and honey (of course, honey, for would not those Forty "Eunix" find honey even in the most barren wilds?) Now, if history be correct, there were more hills on the road

to Sarisbury than on the road to Jericho, and there was no Moses to strike the rock for water, and only one ass (a sergeant) to carry the burden of curses. Also have I heard how those "Eunix," "sequestered by the sea," as your friend Rush would say—turned themselves to rustic sports and gambols on the Green, in the intervals of rearing that great redoubt which was to hold them well in the trying days to come.

Now there finally arose a schism, and the Forty were split asunder, as though they had never been a unit, and sent thither and yon to cry, "Let me be his orderly!" in the four corners of Albion; how some went to the far-off wars in France, and some languished at Morn Hill—where two were imprisoned—and some nearly fell into the sea at Paignton; and some fell among thorns at Portsmouth (as I have heard tell), from which they still bear scars; and others, still, found solitude at Hursley; how happy they all were at being called together again, albeit a little piqued to find that they were to become hewers of wood and drawers of water for their brethren who had remained at Court—who like all who remain at Court had now risen to high places; how carefully, however, their benevolent and paternal guardian, dear old Graves, tried with soft words and gentle manners to smoothe their feelings; how, in consequence, divers stubborn and stiff-necked ones of this hard-headed lot refused to "put out" anything; how, as time went on, those veterans of war, in their splendid isolation of mud and country grew so unbearably happy that there was no doing anything with them; how, finally, as a reward for honest merit, and earnest toil, some were selected to serve their country with the rear-guard in France. Ah, 'twas a famous victory, that Siege of Sarisbury! He that tells the story faithfully and well, deserves an honorable discharge and a Victory button. . . .

Sincerely,
L. P. HARL.

"BAN, 'BAN, CA-CALIBAN"

No more dams I'll make for fish;
Nor fetch in firing at requiring;
Nor scrape trencher, nor wash dish;
'Ban, 'Ban Ca-Caliban
Has a new master; get a new man.
Freedom, hey-day, freedom! freedom!
hey-day, freedom!

—The Tempest.

"Ban, 'Ban, Ca-Caliban
Has a new master, get a new man!"
Buck, buck, O luckless buck,
Get a new master, your time's up!
Now you've done your hitch in hell,
Done your part and done it well!
No more K. P., no more "ducks,"
No more hobnails for the bucks;
No more drilling, no more slum,
Army life is on the bum!
No more hiking, no more packs,
Four-horse teams upon your backs!
Now you're back down on the farm—
No more cooties nor "short-arm."
Drag your carcass to the shade,
You are through with marmalade!
Can the call for reveille—
You're a whate man, and you're free;
Maul the sergeant with a rail
If he comes for that "detail."
Sleep your sleep and live at ease,
You are done with Army grease:
Done with M. P.'s, done with "brigs,"
Done with brainless Army prigs.
Yell your lungs out, yell like men,
Civilization's free again!
Buck, buck, O luckless buck,
You're no longer out of luck!
Get a new master, get a new man,
You're no longer Caliban!

HERE THEY ARE!

Addams, Abe B.	Clemmons, Lt. W. P.
Adams, Charles C.	Cole, Samuel H.
Alder, Orville	Coleman, Capt. R. M.
Alexander, June Gayle	Combs, Josiah Henry
Allender, Harry B.	Coons, William L.
Arnold, Capt. C. G.	Corbin, Chester C.
Asbury, Charles A.	Cornn, Charles W.
Ashcraft, O. C. (Dec'd)	Craig, Capt. L. R.
Bailey, Lt. C. H.	Cottrell, Harry R.
Baker, Grover	Cumbus, F. P.
Banks, Gabriel C.	Curtis, Charles M.
Barbee, James E.	Dale, William M.
Barnett, George A.	Davis, Lt.
Barrow, Lt. ol. David, (Organized outfit)	Davis, Richard W.
Bean, C. L.	Dawson, Andrew L.
Bell, George S.	Dean, James C.
Blankenship, L. G.	Deputy, Erby C.
Boaz, Robert A.	Dick, Samuel S.
Boaz, William G.	Downing, John P.
Bonebrake, Ray	Dozier, Emmitt W.
Botts, Omar R.	Drake, Ernest G.
Boughton, Abram J.	Dye, Eugene D.
Boulware, Lt. J. P.	Early, Cuvier C.
Brackett, Wallace W.	Eckley, Ishmael
Bradshaw, C. W.	Fahey, John J.
Bronaugh, Forrest	Faulkner, Forrest
Bruce, Walter H.	Faulkner, Ray H.
Bryant, Marshall T.	Feedback, John K.
Buchanan, Emil B.	Field, William G.
Bullock, Maj. W. O.	Fithian, Capt. J. L.
Burch, Hiram P.	Fogg, Richard J.
Burton, Leland D.	Foster, Richard W.
Burton, Orrin J.	Foushee, Clyde E.
Byrd, Herbert E.	Foushee, Francis C.
Caldwell, Frederic B.	Fratman, Omar W.
Caldwell, Russell E.	Frazier, Carl
Cart, Nutter O.	Freeman, George S. (Deceased)
Castlen, Robert C.	Gano, Sterling S.
Chambers, Alvin L.	Garr, Maj. C. C.
Chaves, William C.	Garrett, John T.
Clark, Hunter	Gatewood, Wm. H., Jr.
Clay, Douglas K.	Gilbert, Ray H.

Gilmore, Thomas E.
 Ginocchio, Louis M.
 Goodwin, Roland C.
 Grant, Capt. H. L.
 Graves, George
 Gray, Allen E.
 Gray, Clarence R.
 Haddad, George A.
 Hagan, James A.
 Hager, Walter
 Haggin, Lt. Louis L.
 Hahn, Lt. A. G.
 Hail, Wade Ottis
 Hancock, John S.
 Hanes, Maj. G. S.
 Harl, Louis Patrick
 Harney, Clarence W.
 Harrison, Clyde D.
 Henderson, Henry B.
 Hill, Riley B.
 Houston, Albert L.
 Howard, Hugh F.
 Hughes, Lt. Col. L. S.
 (Comanding Officer)
 Humphreys, Wm. J.
 Hundley, Robert E.
 Hunt, Gordon C.
 Hunter, Hal
 Ingels, Julian A.
 Jefferson, Capt. C. M.
 Jefferson, Douglas N.
 Jenkins, William L.
 Jones, Earl T.
 Jones, Edward S.
 Joplin, George A.
 Joplin, Vaughan T.
 Jasper, Gaines
 Kane, Richard K.
 Kennedy, Capt. R. C.
 Kimbrough, Henry C.
 Kimbrough, Marion L.
 Kinnaird, Maj. Virgil G.
 Kirkpatrick, Russell
 Knapp, Lt. John
 Kuhn, Joseph C.
 Lambert, George

Lancaster, Frank S.
 Lane, William N.
 Lassing, Coleman H.
 Ledridge, Edward W.
 Lee, Owen S.
 Leedy, John W.
 Lockhart, Capt. Robert
 Lovelace, Wayne
 Macrae, Harry M.
 Maloney, Henry
 Marchildon, Homer J.
 Marks, Capt. S. B.
 Marks, Lt. T. M.
 Marsh, John R.
 Marshall, Hubert
 McAdams, Oliver K.
 McClintock, John
 McClymonds, Lt. Col.
 J. T.
 McConnell, Jno. L.
 McCormick, John M.
 (Deceased)
 McCoy, Capt. F. C.
 McCullough, Charles
 McDougal, Edgar B.
 McGovern, Michael E.
 McKellar, Archibald
 McKenny, Garnett J.
 McKinley, Capt. David
 Milam, James W.
 Miller, George A.
 Minihan, William A.
 Minium, Charles L.
 Minor, Winfield H.
 Mongeon, William A.
 Montgomery, Bruce
 Moran, John H.
 Moren, Maj. J. J.
 Muller, Mortimer G.
 Murray, Charles W.
 Myers, Winston B.
 Neal, Burwell
 O'Brien, Anthony W.
 Parrigin, Lt. O. P. H.
 Pearson, Clarence A.
 Peters, John B.

Pirkey, Capt. M. E.
 Porter, Ashby F.
 Porter, Roy S.
 Porter, Thomas E.
 Potts, Edward E.
 Powell, Benjamin C.
 Prather, Frank
 Prichard, Thomas
 Punch, Richard E.
 Raines, Harry B.
 Ready, Thomas J.
 Reddish, Maj. W. D.
 Reed, Cephas R.
 Reed, Lt. (Deceased)
 Reynolds, Goodson
 Reynolds, Wm. Bruce
 Rice, Lewis D.
 Rinder, Lt. Karl
 Rix, Elmer
 Roche, Henry W.
 Rodes, Frank B.
 Rogers, Elwood
 Rogers, Jack D.
 Roy, Leonard G.
 Rush, Lovell F.
 Ryan, Capt. J. A.
 Sager, George H.
 Sammis, Capt. G. Frank
 Sarvene, Jno. F.
 Scott, Harrison L.
 Seward, Glen M.
 Shipley, Carey S.
 Short, Hardin G.
 Shouse, Leonard, B.
 Shropshire, Grover
 Simpson, Maj. Virgil E.
 Skillman, Avery W.
 Sledd, Herbert T.
 Smedley, Percy W.
 Smith, Robert W.
 Snipes, Frank L.
 Snipes, Percy D.
 Snoddy, Leland
 Stephenson, Frank O.
 Stevens, Henry A.
 Stewart, Artie
 Stewart, James H.
 Stokes, Fay
 Stokes, James W.
 Stone, Andrew K.
 Stucky, Harry C.
 Swan, Ralph L.
 Taylor, Robert B.
 Taylor, Robert D.
 Taylor, Lt. S. T.
 Thomas, Marion C.
 Thompson, Alvin
 Thompson, Shelby W.
 Thornton, Charles A.
 Tileston, Capt. R.
 Todd, Demaree
 Tomlinson, R. H., Jr.
 Tucker, Roy J.
 Turner, John H.
 Upington, Theodore
 Van Meter, Samuel W.
 Walker, T. L., Jr.
 Ward, Will W.
 Watkins, Lt.
 Watson, Otto
 Whaley, Clarence N.
 White, Morris B.
 Wiley, Albert N.
 Wiley, Dawson
 Wilson, Ethelbert R.
 Wilson, Lt. George H.
 Wilson, Millard O.
 Wilson, Robert E.
 Wise, Thomas M.
 Womack, Gilman M.
 Woods, Baldwin
 Worthington, Scott M.
 Wyatt, Maj. W. S.
 Young, David W.
 Young, Leving P.