

---

pected, might have been responsible, threatening to cut us off with field postcards if we ever gave out any information whatsoever about him. So, though I have some good stories of his exploits as a runner, and one particularly racy story of an early morning surprise party across No Man's Land to the German lines (it was here, I think, that he won a Bar to that Medal), and another story telling of the attack on Regina Trench in October of 1916 (a story of uncut wires and consequent tragedy—a story of twenty-four hours that seemed twenty-four years—Morton making, as runner, innumerable trips between the line and headquarters, never stopping going one way or the other—he was the only runner left at the last) I must leave the story untold. I have often thought, anyway, apropos of Hawthorne's "Twice-Told Tales", that a series of "Half-Told Tales" also might be interesting. Just a suggestion or two—let the reader do the rest.

Morton came through a thousand adventures and escapes, and he lives—but *not* to tell the tale. He is reticence itself, and what information I have, though authentic, is not from him. It is amazing how all the boys, indeed, while communicative enough regarding the heroic deeds of others, preserve a sphinx-like silence about