

around. I'm supposed to have put up a sign over a field where the crosses are so thick you can hardly step between them. The sign reads: 'Wake up, your king and your country needs you.'

"The boys must have their jokes—even if they are ghastly—and because I was always up to some devilment they put a lot of them on me.

"They say that my shoes were so worn out that the officer put me on patrol duty with orders to take a new pair from the first German I shot. I—according to the story—stayed away a long time, and when I got back the officer demanded what had kept me.

"'You told me to get shoes,' I'm supposed to have said, but I had to kill fifty men before I got a pair to fit.'

"What was the narrowest escape I had? Sure, I nearly had my teeth taken out. No, not by a bullet, but by a