

were accosted by our old « friends » the M. M. P. who said they could put the N. C. O's and men up for the night in Barracks! That was't at all inviting so we proceeded under the direction of a representative of the other Club to awaken all the night porters in the Hotels.

Gee, if we didnt look like a ration party lost in a fog. Well we crawled around nearly all the hotels in a « fools radius » and then gave it up resigning ourselves to sleep in the next back alley we came to. Gee' it was cold and crawling around Paris in mid-winter without anything to eat and at 2 a.m. in the morning aint at all joyful. We went to a large hotel and spread ourselves out on the floor before a big hall fire and waited events. Two of our party had procured a taxi and were beating it around the burg for accomodation and the night orderly at the hotel was phoning the other hotels for accomodation. We were fixed up at last at the Grand Hotel — some Hotel — so we once more collected our duds and wended our cold and hungry way to that roost. We were fixed up all right and happy and thankful crawled into bed at 2-45 a.m.

There was no parade next morning so some slept in, but being hungry I awoke at 6-e and dressed for breakfast. After breakfast we went out in taxis in groups of four to see all that could possibly be seen in a morning and succeeded in some measure to satisfy our curiosity in that direction.

After another lengthy swig of Rye the old Buck resumed— Maybee, fellers — some of you will live to see this burg grow quite a piece, but I'll bet it will never equal Paris in beauty if it's here until the end of time. The boulevards there are bordered by great stores, some of which have got Eatons Dry Goods store skinned a mile, to say nothin' of other buildings which you'd have to see before believing they existed. There's a place they call the Made-line with a swell bunch of columns in front, and I'll never forget Napoleón Bonaparte's tomb (I guess you've all heard about him) with its great dome. Then there's the Place de l'Opera where all the big bugs in the musical world do their bit. It was right in the same street with our hotel, and, believe me, some building. The bunch I was with all went into the Cathedral Notre-Dame de Paris, and we simply stood and gaped at the stained glass windows,