

## PREFACE

UNTIL I had been in Chicago for some time talking about my war experiences, I never had any idea of writing a book. It was about the last thing in the world I ever thought of doing. But people who heard me talk always wondered why I didn't. Then a chap, who had been "over there" and written about it, said: "Oh! You can do it!" So I began to take observations, as you might say.

One man said I had nothing to do but to write about all the places I had been to, everything I'd seen or heard, and everything that had happened to me. "Some" job, as I found out.

Well, anyhow, I've done it, and I found I remembered more things than I thought I could—some things I'd as lief forget. I'm not a writer, but I have done the best I could, and I hope you will like my book.

I want to thank all the people who have been so good to me since my return to America. Somehow, I never seem to know just how to do it when I see them.

A. N. D.