

High Adventure

"My friends—" the deep, bell-like voice. In fancy, I hear a great shifting of chairs, and following the melancholy eyes with my own, over the heads of my ten fellow pilots, beyond the limits of our poor little mess-room, I see a long vista of polished shirt fronts, a diminishing track of snowy linen, shimmering wine-glasses, shining silver.

"My friends, believe me when I say that this occasion is one of the proudest and happiest of my life. I am standing within sound of the guns which for three — long — years have been battering at the bulwarks of civilization. I hear them, as I utter these words, and I look into the faces of a little group of Americans who, day after day, and week after week" (increasing emphasis) "have been facing those guns for the honor and glory of democratic institutions" (rising inflection).

"We in America have heard them, faintly, perhaps, yet unmistakably, and now I come to tell you, in the words of that glorious old war song, 'We are coming, Father Woodrow, ONE HUNDRED MILLION strong!'"

We listen through to the end, and Lieutenant