

ABOVE THE BATTLE

I believe a number of wags had suggested to the adjutant that he might improve the shining hour by placing a truthful if not cheering inscription above the door, similar to the one carved on the dungeons of the Tower of London, "Give up hope all Ye that enter here." This suggestion, however, had apparently not been approved by the adjutant, who continued to lurk inside his official web without warning, to young aerial *debutantes*! I eagerly pushed through these grim portals, expecting to be greeted by some urbane and pleasant officer. This idea was speedily scouted by a small corporal, who, looking me over as a butcher might a sheep before he slaughtered it, pushed a large book to me, saying, "Sign here, sir, please."

From my signature he then made out a small card, giving my name, Regiment, and "Course" at the school, at the same time presenting me with several closely typed sheets of foolscap which advertised themselves to be "Standing Orders." This beneficent youth closed his services to me by telling me where to go to get my quarters.

Again employing the three powers which I mentioned before, I presently pulled up outside what