

teacher, as she marshaled her warblers and the campus was filled with song—"The Soldiers' Chorus," "God Bless Our Men," "Onward, Christian Soldiers" and then the little Chorus of their own.

He could hear the voice of the blue-eyed Senior and with transformed face, Gordon Benjamin sang with his mates:

"We're the students of Columbian,
All fair and square, we'll do and dare,
For our colors true—the white and blue,
Staunch, loyal, free, we'll soldiers be
And when we say we've always won,
And when they ask us how it's done,
We'll proudly name our Roll of Fame,
The Honor Roll of C. M. C."

Now again the hush! The President was reading aloud:

"Yes, Dad!" If it weren't for Gordon Benjamin, one of the C. M. C. boys, I wouldn't be snatching an odd moment in the dugout to send you the jolly old news.

"We had been ordered out on a night attack. The Tommies told us afterward that we finished the job like Canadians, but on the way back a stray shell got two of us. The Boches would have ended things if we had been left there until morning—but Gordon crept back in the darkness and dragged us both a long mile, over the top and under again. How he ever did it is a miracle but he was always the 'champ' at old C. M. C. 'gym.'

"All three of us had to be doctored up for a while. He left us first for the Big Tank Corps, and the day he went he said to us:

"Say boys, we never used to talk much about the advice the President and Dean gave us in Chapel, but I've thought about it lots lately. Let's remember. And see here—I'm not much on poems, but I copied this clipping for each of you, one that the Dean sent from dear old B. C. Good-bye, kids, and good luck."