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✓ A DOG'S LIFE

by Tige ✓

Army Cartoons and Comic History
of Our Boys in France

by

C. B. Hopkins ✓

Ex-1st. Lieutenant M. G. Co. 316 Inf. 79 Div.

Known Over There as "HOP", Author of "The Passing Dog"

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Grim Humor of War

Humor finds and takes the brightest way in every walk of life. This humor, somehow, shows in "A Dog's Life." The humor of our boys in the world war will live in spite of everything. It shows grim at times, like life and death, "but always 100% American."

It is earnestly hoped that all who see this humor will bear in mind that, at every bit of brave brightness, we are in the eternal presence of the spirit of our dead through the merit of whose sacrifice we enjoy our present life and whatever measure of freedom is ours today.

S. P. Stearns, Exclusive Publisher.

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Author's Preface

This story is told by Tige, an American dog. He tells his experiences with our boys in France during the world war.

C. B. Hopkins.

EXPLANATORY

A. W. O. L.—Absent without leave.
Corned Bill—Corned beef or corned beef hash.
Dog robber—Nickname used by enlisted men for soldier who looks after officers' equipment.
Dud—Unexploded shell.
Embryo Officer—Newly commissioned.
Flare—Burning power on ground to light up no man's land at night.
Flying victrolas—Shells that sing.
Frogs—French, nicknamed by American soldiers.
Goldfish—Canned salmon.
G. H. Q.—General Headquarters.
Humming birds—Pieces of shrapnel.
Loui—Lieutenant

Lighter—Barge.
M. P.—Military police.
P. C.—Post commander.
Sam Brown—American soldier's nickname for officer wearing broad belt around waist supported by narrow strap over right shoulder.
Shavetail—Newly commissioned officer.
S. O. L.—Sure out of luck.
Striker—Official mention of soldier who looks after officers equipment.
Tin Lizzie—Steel helmet.
Jerry, Heine, Fritz, Hun, Boche and a number of other names—Germans and Austrians.

A DOG'S LIFE

When a pup half-grown I wandered into an Army Camp with a boy. I lost the boy when I heard the Band. Since then I have lived on Army rations.

* * * *

When our outfit was ordered overseas, I was smuggled aboard the transport. The sailor who finally found me, though he declared me a "Depth Bum", did not throw me overboard.

We started with the Goddess of Liberty pleading with outstretched arms. But away we went, anyhow. We couldn't help it, we were blown into it. Simply drafted, that's all!

We saw sea gulls, sharks, a whale or two, flying fish and porpoise that jumped and raced with us beside the boat. Now and then we had a submarine scare. The boys slept in their life jackets. My bunkie said I was S. O. L. because he could not find a jacket to fit me. Nevertheless I appeared at every boat drill, which is twice a day, tucked snugly under the arm of my bunkie whom I named "Smellfoot."

Funny I wasn't sick once although at times it was very rough. But, say, that reminds me! One day, while standing on deck, a boy whom later the boys named G. I. Can, was intently feeding the fishes. My bunkie came up and slapped him on the shoulder saying, "I am sorry G. I., that you have such a weak stomach."

"Weak stomach nothin'! Bet I can throw as fer as you kin!" said he—and he did.

Gee! It's a good thing there wasn't an officer near for we weren't allowed to throw any-

thing overboard for fear the subs might trail us. I suppose he wouldn't have cared anyhow. I heard him say he didn't care what happened to him now. He hadn't eaten for two days.

* * * *

Here we are in Port! It is now 3:00 A. M. Lighters have for some time been lying alongside our transport.

About an hour ago, Smellfoot, who is on the baggage detail, carried me down a rope ladder and deposited me at one end of the lighter on a pile of luggage.

Gee, it's fierce! There is another lighter just above us from which the transport is taking on coal and the wind is blowing in our direction. Smellfoot turned the light on me a minute ago and told G. I. that from all appearances he would have to call me Nig now instead of Tige. I tried to smile up at him but all I could do was sneeze. Finally our lighter and two others were pulled ashore by a tug.

* * * *

Then we marched down the docks and quartered in pig-sheds open on three sides and paved with mud. All this time the rain was coming down in torrents. Most of the boys fell asleep leaning against the sheds or on boxes.

About ten that morning the Loui who was in charge of our detail returned from town. Gee, he looked funny! I had to smell him six times before I recognized him. He had on one of those cute oversea caps and a brand new Sam



"Oui! La! La! Sweet Papa! Kiss me Queek!" See the French Jane on the fence! Is the handsome young soldier telling her a funny story? No! Is he asking her out to lunch? No! She is telling herself a joke and is smiling out loud. The young soldier imagines she is enjoying his conversation; and perhaps she is!

French girls were very entertaining. They did everything they could

to keep our boys from getting homesick.

Tige, the dog, is having the time of his life. He has walked all the way from a distant town. He encounters a beautiful maiden dog with whom he falls in love at first sight. His French is dog-gone limited. The maiden dog is much impressed with his American manœuvres but is shy in her own French way.

Brown Belt. His shoes were shined and he had taken a bath although he had had no sleep. The bath only made him look like a scarecrow. The coal-dust from the lighters was firmly imbedded in the cracks of his face, eyes and ears. He told us to "Fall-in" although he said he hated to do it. We were informed we would have fine quarters at our next camp. Just then the rain increased in volume.

We marched through the railroad yards up into the town. We wound round and round through it, up hill after hill, with grey stone buildings and fences on either side. At last we reached our destination. A vast swamp lay before us with many tents sticking out of the mud. Here we were told to pitch ours. But let me tell you something right here. Even if I am a dog, I am a little particular where I sleep. Smellfoot was grumbling while he worked, "Tige, this is heaven." But he couldn't fool me. I just wagged my tail stump.

* * * *

After remaining in this camp, which we dubbed ptomaine barracks, three days, we broke camp and marched down through the town again where we were packed tightly in box cars. Each car was labeled 8 Cheveaux ou 40 Hommes meaning eight horses or forty men.

When we were "all set," there was just room enough for me to squeeze in, so they left the horses out. Few of the boys could sit down at one time and no one could lie down. Some of them stood up the whole trip which lasted three days. In this space of time we traveled about a hundred miles.

The second day we stopped and were called outside to fill our canteens with water. When we returned to the cars the officers cautioned us that it might be three days more before we got any more so not to be wasteful. We should be very economical. The water was to be used only for drinking, shaving and washing clothes; if there was any more left we might possibly take a bath also.

G. I. Can and Smellfoot willingly did without their baths, shaving and clothes washing, so that I got my drinks when they did. They agreed that as long as they were to live a dog's life they would share up with me. Never before, they said, had they any comprehensible idea of what a dog had to put up with. Never would they refuse a dog anything again. I felt closer to them than ever before.

Smellfoot said, that a bone thrown to a dog after you have had your fill is not charity. But when you only have a bone or a can of Corned Bill that must last you three days and you shared it with him, that was real charity!

I am beginning to think as much of Smellfoot as I did of my own mother. They are so much alike in their ways.

We passed through some hills with many villages built in cliffs, but gradually came to the level country. Every town we came to we stopped in the yards just outside. Hundreds of prisoners were working about the tracks, while here and there French soldiers whom the boys called "Frogs" stood around with guns on their shoulders.

At last we arrived at the training area. The French "dames" received our boys with open

ACTION IN THE REAR



Isn't this a striking picture?

It is a well protected spot, except the southeast of the south end of the old Army Mule.

The gentle animal is so tickled at the prospects of getting a new pair of shoes that he throws his free front leg around the blacksmith's neck.

The man on the left has a tired disposition. He is resting momentarily on the right hind leg of the mule. It won't be long before he tires of this

position and lies down.

The man on the right appears to be holding a bottle of smelling salts. In reality it is a stick with a piece of rope attached, called a twitch. One end of the rope is wound about the upper lip of the mule. This piece of rope adds to the mule's confidence and keeps his lip from quivering. An upturned nailbox shows the carelessness of the blacksmith. Tige decides that it is no place for him.

arms and marched beside them through the town. It was the first time many of them had ever seen an American, but it wasn't the last. Soon all of the fences were decorated with them.

* * * *

Z-Z-Z-Z-Z-Z BANG! Z-Z-R-R-R-R-R-R
ZIM! B-R-R-R-R-R He Haw! Whang!—D
—! D—! He Haw! D—!!???? He Haw
Haw Haw Zif Whang!

Startled, I leaped to my feet and started off toward the picket line.

As I rounded the newly constructed horse-shed, the battle was raging high.

We had just received a bunch of mules and horses, some gassed and some sick, also a few that should have been both sick and gassed too. Out in the arena one of these latter stood at bay, ears pricked forward, waiting the next manoeuvre.

Souvenir Hunt, who was on a permanent stable detail, was trying to throw a rope over the mule's neck. Not succeeding in this he placed the noose on the ground and the whole detail proceeded to back the mule into it.

At last the trick was done!

Up steps the blacksmith again. shoe in tongs. Quietly he puts the shoe in place.

No one knows just what happened then!

It seems Souvenir had caught the wrong leg of the mule and seeing his mistake loosened up on the rope. He smiled affectionately at me. Suddenly the smile seemed to freeze on his face. He rose far in the air on the mule's hind leg.

"Don't let go, don't let go, hang to her,"

shouted Slim who was holding the twitch and was being dragged all over the place. At the same time the mule swung a leg caressingly over the blacksmith's shoulder and grasped the raised hammer, daintily, in his teeth.

What was said I wouldn't dare repeat but blacksmith, Slim, mule, Souvenir and another helper were down on the ground, seeing which would kick up the most dust. I beat it! It was no place for Tige!

* * * *

Drill, Drill, Drill!

Nothing but drill except Saturday and Sunday when we hike. I am getting tired following the bunch. At first I took side chases after a rabbit or a French dog, but now the drills are so long and tiresome I take my place in the file closers and stick where I belong.

Smellfoot is a No. 1 in the rear rank of the last squad.

The area we now occupy is a little nearer the front; a short while back it was occupied by the Boche. Trees and ground are torn up horribly and mud everywhere. No wonder the Boche left! Today on our hike we tramped down a road unusually swampy. I was reconnoitering on the left flank when suddenly several suspicious looking objects jumped up and leaped away before me. Before Smellfoot could reach me I killed about a dozen. I heard him coming behind me yelling something about my bringing on international complications.

"What do you mean, complications?" says G. I. Can.

"By chasing the Frogs." says Smellfoot.

When I heard this I stopped short horror

INTERNATIONAL COMPLICATIONS



The animal chasing the frog is Tige the dog, not a goat. Sometimes he thinks he is. This time his master, Smellfoot, prevents him from bringing on International Complications. The French soldiers are called "Frogs" by American soldiers. Frequent intense rivalries arise between them. It is a very serious affair to offend the Frogs.

The high explosive shells have neatly trimmed the trees. See the shell-holes on the hill to the right! The dud in the foreground is one of many which fail to explode. Some of these were filled with sawdust. One contained

a note written by a prisoner in Germany which read: "Do your bit we're doing ours."

Smellfoot's pack gives considerable protection to his spine. It contains not only his provisions and household equipment, but, when unwrapped, frequently holds three or four enemy bullets, which had lodged there. His spade protects his "tin lizzy" but the captured German helmet is not carried for any such purpose. It will be mailed home at the first opportunity where it will either be used as Grandfather's cuspidor or Sweetheart's flower pot.

stricken. Up to this time I did not know that "Frogs" were French soldiers. I began to realize what I had done so I crouched upon the ground to await the end. Smellfoot laid his hand affectionately upon my head and said if I wouldn't tell anybody he wouldn't either. To get rid of the evidence he picked them up one by one and dropped them into his pocket; that night our carnivorous squad had them for supper.

Say! some awful funny things occur over here. The other day a few of the boys were passing down a road when they saw a colored cook drop a piece of meat in the mud and, without washing it, throw it back into the pan. One of the men stopped and said, "Good Lord, cook, you're not going to serve that piece of meat, are you?" The cook replied, "Now you-all go 'long 'bout yo' business! Tain't none o' yo' business! I'se cookin' fo' the officer's mess."

Another instance: An American nigger walking up to a French nigger from Algiers smilingly asked where he was from. The Algerian politely said "No Compre". The American nigger backed away from him cocking his head on one side said disgustedly, "Huh! Whah yo' from, nigger? Yo' ain't no nigger at all! Yo' can't speak good United States talk."

* * * *

What do you think You could never guess. It seems so impossible. We have moved again. This time into a town. Can't tell you what its name is. I suppose it had one once, but the people who lived here must have taken it with them when they left. If they didn't the

Boche did for they took everything else. Can't say everything exactly for a couple of ducks and some young chickens wandered into our boudoir. How they ever overlooked them I can't say unless they were born after the Boche left.

We billeted at once. Couldn't find Smellfoot so took up a temporary bunk with Souvenir Hunt. Hardly had we gotten our bunk made up when in comes G. I. Can and explodes, "Where in Purgatory am I going to bunk?"

"Bunk!" snapped Souvenir turning around, "You can't 'bunk' me. This hotel is filled already. I suppose you know it's first class too. Tige and I and the rest of the aristocrats sleep here. We have all modern conveniences, even running water—when it rains. Why don't you try the hotel across the street?"

"Nothin' doin'," said G. I., "they're full even upstairs. Have a heart, Souvenir. Who 'as got your upper bunk?"

Souvenir leaned forward gloweringly, "Say, soldier, where do ya' git that stuff? Don't ya' know what thet's fer? Well, I'll tell ya'. Each guy in this hotel has an upper and a lower berth. When the rain comes down from above he sleeps below. In case of a very likely flood and the water gits deeper than usual he takes the upper. It's what we machine gunners call an alternative position. Git me? So you see for yerself this hotel is filled. We believe in preparedness. Tige, page Mr. G. I. Can outside."

* * * *

Well, did you ever! Smellfoot and I are billeted in the grand Hotel de Barn with plenty

HOTEL DE BUNK



Isn't this a homelike scene?
Little family quarrels, chickens "and everything!"
By the looks of things, everybody left kind of sudden like. See where a shell made a direct hit on the house across the street. Also where part of the roadwall is gone, probably so that the cow and chickens might find the Boche!

Tige already feels at home.

Would you enjoy one of these lovely beds commonly known as "bunks"? They were built by an army carpenter, who perhaps in civil life was a college professor, and a blacksmith who was a barber. Such men as these went ahead of the troops under command of a billeting officer. Bunks were constructed when no other sleeping quarters could be obtained. When no material was available the men slept on the ground; often firewood was very scarce.

of hay. We slept fine last night, too, only—well, I'll come to that presently.

In my dreams I had an awful attack of the French itch, back of my left ear. I guess I must have made a mistake which ear it was. Twice Smellfoot awoke with dreadful yells, using most unparlorly language. At last he got sore, there was blood in his eye—and on his face, "Scratch yer own dern ear," he hissed, as he clamped his hand to his face. "Cut it, pup, or I'll pull yer toenails out by the roots!" When he gets affectionate he always calls me "pup."

It was my own ear I thought I was scratching. When I had pulled myself out from under him, I scratched it just to show him.

* * * *

Today I noticed Smellfoot acting queerly. Many times have I watched him glance furtively around. At first I didn't bother much and only followed him with my eyes. Once I got up and trailed him to the door. But now he is acting wild and sings crazy songs. One in particular impresses me, it runs something like this:

"They run wild, simply wild, over me,
In a skirmish line they travel up my knee;
They wait their every chance
To go scooting up my pants.
They run wild, simply wild, over me."

There he goes now out to an old ruin, stealthily I follow him. He is quite delirious. He has started a different melody:

"Cute, little cute, little cootie,
Oh! My! what a beauty!
As long as you travel up my back

My frantic fingers will never slack
Cute, little cute, little cootie."

Honestly, I am worried! I don't know what rash deed he may commit next. There he stands, in a pile of debris, taking off his slicker, overcoat and blouse. I am quite certain he is crazy. Off comes his shirt! He actually removes it. Just think of it. He hasn't had it off for two months. Muttering dire threats, he holds it close to his eyes.

"Hello, old jungle buzzard," comes a voice just behind me and turning quickly I behold G. I. Can stripped to the waist and apelike mimicking Smellfoot, his own shirt held before his eyes.

"Jungle buzzard yerself!" says my ward, never taking his eyes off his shirt. "I've just discovered a flock of lizzards and am havin' a feast. Ya hav'n' any success yerself?"

I didn't hear the reply for suddenly I became possessed with a frantic desire to scratch.

* * * *

We had inspection today. Our gas masks "and everything". I suppose I showed you that we had been wearing them in the alert position for sometime now.

I assisted the lieutenant. We inspected the bunch in our platoon. All went well till we came to G. I. Can. "Why didn't you shave this morning?" said the Loui.

"I did, sir," said G. I.

"What!" said the Loui.

"Shaved, sir," reiterated G. I.

"Let's see your razor," said the 'Sam Brown' guy.

"Here, sir."

OBSERVATIONS



The officer in the picture has been inspecting the men. He now stands before the last victim. For twenty minutes he instructs the man in the art of shaving and the care and use of the razor. Being an "embryo officer" this, in his eyes, is the most important event in modern warfare. Tige is very much afraid, that, in the officer's enthusiasm he may lose his beard also.

Unbeknown to the "Shavetail" the men also are holding inspection.

A short while before a G. H. Q. order had been read to them, demand-

ing that at all times in this area the gas mask and field helmet be worn by officers and men at all times. The gas mask to be worn in the alert position. The men have decided that the officer would make a better barber than a soldier.

The lieutenant though, feels that he is making a great impression on his men. For he had spent two hours placing his overseas cap at the proper angle and kept his "dogrobber" busy for the same length of time polishing his Sam Brown belt and boots.

Slowly the officer passed the blade across his gauntlet. "Better use the sharp edge instead of the back, next time you shave," he said and passed on to the next victim.

* * * *

We had gas drill again today. Nothing new for me. I get mine quite often; whenever and wherever Smellfoot gets the notion. Sometimes he wakes up in the middle of the night, slams something into my mouth, puts a clamp on my nose and then yanks a hood over my head. It always happens whenever some guy takes a notion to hammer on a piece of pipe, turn the handle of an old auto horn, or accidentally discharges a gun. At first it was extremely funny! Now it has ceased to be a joke! I am willing to try anything once, but my patience has ceased to be a virtue. All night long, every five or ten minutes, someone hollers "Gas". Instantly my wind is shut off and that abominable thing is forced on my head. So now I simply stay awake all night and wait for it. What sleep I get I steal during the day when the nuts are squirrel-hunting.

Smellfoot, as a rule, is quite rational; but from loss of sleep he is getting as dippy as the rest. Last night he lay down to sleep. No sooner had he closed his eyes than G. I. crawled in and taking off his shoes put them up under his head for a pillow.

"GAS!" yelled Smellfoot, jumping up, and jammed my head into that straight-jacket again. Immediately everyone yelled gas and tooted and pounded on tin cans for miles around. And they shoot dogs for hydrophobia!

* * * *

Today we are on the "hike" again. Hike, hike and more hike. Through rain and more rain. Then to make it interesting, on our way through the mud, one of the mules, while the driver was walking ahead with another driver, decided to kick up some thing. He didn't have anything particular to kick about but just kicked on general principles. Most all good soldiers are kickers, too.

Our home now is a "corrugated iron shell-proof," and oh you mud! Smellfoot says Sherman only said half of it, for he forgot about the mud. While we were all tired out, orders were passed down the line for foot inspection. I don't get as much foot inspection as the rest, but, believe me, I get enough. By the way, on the hike today, Smellfoot made me wear my gas mask for a full hour, saying that tomorrow I'll have to wear it again. Dog-gone him, he tries to make a dog's life as uncomfortable as possible! What good is a dog's smeller if he can't use it? The country is full of wild daisies and other odors too. I wandered today to an old chateau looking, as usual, for nothing in particular. The sun came out for about five minutes, so I lay down in an open window. The walls of this house were about two or three feet thick and the windows, what's left of them, are very narrow. It must have been very pretty here at one time, perhaps about three hundred years ago. I looked out across a stone-walled inclosure that still contained a few flowers in the many gardens here and there. The chateau rested upon a hill. At its base, a walled road winds down and away, slowly twisting through and between

SOMETHING TO KICK ABOUT



Drivers of machine gun carts were very sociable fellows. They took every opportunity to chat together. They even tied their mules lead ropes to the back of the cart in front, when no officer was near. Their conversations were not limited to any one subject and usually drifted from mules to generals. There is a shellhole in the road. Tige is not looking at that. He is looking over and beyond, philosophizing on the natures of men and mules.

Do you see the driver running back? His mule had been tied to a cart. For some reason the train had stopped. When it started on again the mule was asleep. The halter broke; this awoke the mule! Therefore he decided to register a few kicks.

The little round doughnuts in the sky are not doughnuts at all—no Salvation Army there. They are shots from anti-aircraft guns playing tag with aeroplanes.

old grey houses until it becomes the main street of the village. Across the road from me is another hill, rising up from the opposite road-wall, which has been hit by many shells. Like the trees that run half way up the slope it is not beautiful to look upon.

Ghost-like on the summit of this hill, clearly outlined against the sky, is the ruin of an old church built early in the 13th century. It was still in use when the Boche came. A few old, gray houses are seen, immense holes in their brown and red tiled roofs, rafters sticking out awkwardly, like the ribs of a manhandled corpse. A good many people have returned to their homes. Although the shells screech incessantly overhead, the village crier makes his trips through the streets every morning. Every once in a while he stops and beats upon his drum. When a crowd gathers he chants forth the news in a weird and monotonous voice. He is a queer-looking individual with a gizzly beard, about sixty-five years old, lame and bent. He wears a long cape and hood under which are clothes and cap of the type much in vogue during our famous war of 1865. He told the people yesterday that they must not sell us anything; particularly milk and eggs. As though we cared for anything but Corned Bill and crackers.

Do you remember seeing a picture of Marie Antoinette, hands clasped before her, seated beside a priest, in a two-wheeled cart? I did, in a pile of wreckage in a chateau court yard. But what I was going to say is this: They still use those same carts today, pulled by rickety, gassed, worn-out army horses or little donkeys

hardly larger than I. One is just going by now. Every two or three steps the driver hollers, "Allay! Allay! Toot Sweet!" as he walks beside him. The sound of his wooden shoes clattering down the pavement, the remembrance of his faded blue smock that drops like a cloak to his knees and his tilted tam-o-shanter will always remain with me.

* * * *

Souvenir Hunt started something yesterday.

He and Smellfoot were standing arguing whether one of the French civilians had skirts on under his blue apron.

Smellfoot swore he had.

Souvenir bet "du franc" he had none.

Smellfoot dared him to see—for he didn't believe it. Souvenir walked up slowly and, while Smellfoot engaged the victim in a monkey-shine conversation, suddenly lifted up the apron and looked under.

My bunkie beat it, but Souvenir was laughing so he couldn't run. I felt the same way myself. With comic indignation the frog yanked loose his apron, waving his arms wildly as he turned on his curious visitor.

I never was much good with the French lingo anyway, so don't ask me to repeat it. All I heard was a rapid fire of unintelligible adjectives, so swift and venomous that even Souvenir missed two-thirds of it. But he understands the sign language all right, all right! The Frenchman shook first one fist and then the other under his nose. Finally he passed a finger across his throat, all the time dancing up and down.

Suddenly I saw the expression on Souvenir's

FIFTEEN MINUTES' REST



Don't keep very quiet while surveying this scene. If you do you will wake these sleepers. They cannot rest without noise. If you get close enough to them you can hear them snore. In a few minutes they will be on the hike again. Please note the mud.

The trees have been neatly trimmed by many shells so that when the war is over the forester will have little to do. The light in the distance is not caused by the rising sun. It is the reflection from the discharge of many guns.

face change. You'd think he'd seen the devil.

"Tige," says he, "we must beat it. Here comes an M. P.!"

I was laughing so I could hardly follow. But the Frenchman did, taking great strides, leaping into the air yelling and gesticulating. The M. P. made as though to follow, but after enjoying the scene for a few moments obligingly turned in another direction. I followed and harassed the frog, but I was so filled with glee that I could hardly nip his legs. Suddenly Souvenir stopped and whirled about.

"Huh! Ya ain't no burglar!" said he, as he pushed out his hand with outstretched fingers.

The frog's nose instantly flattened out, his legs shot out to either side, and with extended arms he sat down.

Reaching down Souvenir grasped him by the nose.

"Do ya tink yer scarin' somebody, huh? Well, ya ain't, see?" said he and, giving the nose a little twist, turned away.

As we walked down the street, I occasionally glanced back. The last I saw of our violent adversary, he was scratching his head and staring after us. He was no longer demonstrative. He had met his first American.

* * * *

Oh, Yes! I sneaked into church yesterday. It is the only way a dog can get there. Souvenir and Smellfoot also went. Smellfoot said it wasn't because they really needed religion but merely because they wanted to see, for once, how it was done. Their faces didn't look it, though, for they seemed very pious. They had been told that the services hadn't changed

since the church was built.

I believe some of the queer looking tombstones dated back long before my ancestors became pets.

The ceremony was the most weird I had ever heard.

Smellfoot discovered me after he sat down and I crawled between his feet.

Slowly the sound of little tinkling bells, ringing softly, filled the air: broken now and then by a clang of deep throated gongs. These last sounds made me very sad. I am so sympathetic. Very! I could hardly keep from voicing my sorrow. Smellfoot must have thought that I would, for twice he punched me with his foot.

The priest I saw had on a gorgeous robe. He tried—yes, I mean tried—to sing all his readings and prayers. Small boys in white robes swung incense lamps to and fro. A group of females at one side suddenly opened up with a terrific barrage of fierce music. They slung it wildly and defiantly across to their male opponents. They didn't know any more than three or four notes. I know five myself. After about fifteen minutes it got upon my nerves.

I let out a howl! I can stand almost anything, you know, but this was too much.

Souvenir grabbed my snout and cut off my wind.

Of course everyone looked at Smellfoot, who I suppose, did look guilty. He turned red.

It seems the first female barrage was a failure. Back across the church came the male retorts, fierce, jerky, like the infantry firing at

FORTUNES OF WAR



This is a captured "dugout." Inside are steps leading down to rooms forty-five feet under ground large enough to hold two companies of infantry.

The curtain before the door is kept wet, so that in case of a gas attack it can be dropped to prevent the gas from entering.

About twenty feet farther down is a thick wooden door which gives added protection to those in the dugout. In the entrance a guard is stationed who drops this curtain when necessary and gives the alarm with the auto

horn you see fastened to the door frame. The interesting little objects that look like bugs, in and about the box in the corner, are not cooties—they are hand grenades. The men are playing "African Golf"; a'1 but one who is watching for aeroplanes, and incidentally officers.

Gambling in the army was forbidden and when these games were pulled off the men usually had to be on their guard.

Tige for some reason or other is not interested in the dice, but is playing a game of his own, called "scratch as scratch can."

will. Gradually their tones ended in deep booms like distant cannon.

Fiercely opened up the second female offensive, slowly obtaining fire supremacy over their adversaries, whose booms died down to moans. As usual, the females won the day!

I heard Souvenir telling G. I. later that it was an old French war song.

Gee! I believe it would make anyone want to fight just to hear it!

The services in that church were so old that an American Catholic wouldn't recognize them at all.

And now it comes! It started this way! I got nervous and wanted to walk around. I wanted more air, for my head was almost splitting. The more I tried to get up the tighter Souvenir closed his legs upon my ribs. Just then some other gongs, which had up to this time been quiet, suddenly let loose and I let out an awful yell. In trying to grab me Souvenir caught my ear and I made a noise as great as the female barrage. Lifting me off the floor Souvenir dove for the door, Smellfoot following. Everybody was shouting, shaking their fists and I was kicking and snapping. I didn't care much about myself, but I was trying to protect the man who carried me. When we got outside I had between my teeth some goods off a man's pants, one collar button, two cuff links and an old hat.

* * * *

Well, we are packing up, so I imagine we are going to move again to "somewhere else in France".

Just about the time we feel at home they

move us on again! I suppose they don't want us to get too fond of any one place over here. I don't know exactly where I am now, anyways, or where I'm going, so I guess I am not exercising any breach of military etiquette or rules by writing this.

I am just as glad to be on the move again as the boys, although I am not so busy. Of course I have my duties though, running down to the picket line and visiting the drivers and rest of the mules every so often. Also I inspect the kitchens now and then in order to stand in with the cook. But outside of that I spend much of my time making the rounds seeing the bunch.

But say, before we leave this place, I want to say lest I forget it, these are some houses over here. Each house has a cow room, chicken coop, horse room and wood room right adjoining its living room or one of its bedrooms.

Sometimes the cow gets into the bedroom or the living room and makes herself at home.

If she is quite satisfied the people, temporarily and without regrets, take up their abode in the cow shed. I suppose it really does not matter much which room they stay in although the cow room is usually the cleanest. No provision is made for the dog. He sleeps in the place most convenient.

Smellfoot says he will never get rid of his cooties as long as he has to sleep every night in the sheep-shed.

* * * *

France is having another of her intense weeping spells and the mud is nearly up to my neck. We are all wet to the skin.

LOOKING FOR THE USUAL SCRAP



The man sitting on the French, stone, kitchen sink has a can of "goldfish." He has no steel helmet on, because there doesn't happen to be an officer near; the "tin Lizzv," in his opinion, is of no use except to ward off the abuse of his superiors, so he carries it on his back. His stomach is in good condition, for he believes in preparedness. You see the can of tomatoes, the can of corn bill and a box of crackers in the top of his pack. The pick in the picture is not always used for hard work. Today it is used to dig for souvenirs. Suddenly a shell hit the ground not far away.

"Tige," said Smellfoot lifting his finger warningly and in a hushed voice, "keep your head down, do ya wanta get killed? If ya don't wanta live go away off by yerself. Don't try to bring the fire down on us. Supposin' they hit Corned Bill? Why yer eats is S. O. L. I don't care personally how many shells they drop so long as they don't upset this 'canned chicken.' The boche are great at hitting the can you know."
"Ya-a, and they'll spill the beans too," put in Slim. Come here Tige and get a knife ful. of them and some goldfish too.

The boys are now "falling in" so I'll take my place in line. Believe I will go with the carts.

Although the boys wear their slickers over their overcoats they don't keep out a drop of rain. Somebody got stung on those coats, I know, because I live with Smellfoot and he says so. The air is bitterly cold.

Not a man in our machine gun company fell out today although all last night and today they fell out by dozens in other organizations.

I understand we are to push on to another point. My friends the horses and mules are keeping up fine, although we have but one feed left. I heard the stable sergeant say they will get that tonight when they need it most.

G. I. Can, who grumbles at everything, says that he supposes we'll hike all night tonight. He says we never rest! As though we didn't rest for ten or fifteen minutes every hour. How much more does he want anyway? He forgets we had a square meal a week ago last Sunday, too.

* * * *

Everyone is still in good condition; although a little wobbly and footsore. This last hike lasted for three days. We are now camped for the night in an old German dugout and the boys are shooting craps. "Um-mmm, little Joe".

They won't let me play with them anymore because the last time I did I swallowed one. Smellfoot says that the cook was supposed to keep me supplied with bones. But a soldier is always taking chances so that's where Smellfoot lost.

But say! I bet I can lick any dog in Europe

and I guess the boys feel the same way too. Americans think and move quicker than any other race. Smellfoot says our dogs are brighter, too. I guess the Kaiser is finding out to his sorrow just how much he underestimated us Americans.

* * * *

I don't know just how many days we hiked this time but we feel "all in". We seemed to walk while we slept and we seemed to sleep while we walked.

We are going to rest here awhile. I heard the captain tell his Loui that, while I was investigating about his tent. We all sleep in pup tents now. There is plenty of mud still, although in some places it isn't as deep as others, but as usual our squad gets the deep mud. We are located in a dense wood at present.

All day long, and in fact for a couple of days, the air high over head has been filled with queer droning noises. Some of them were like express trains at home; others had a wobbling noise similar to the "gobble, gobble" of the turkey. The boys were so tired that they didn't seem to pay much attention to them. I don't especially like them myself though. Occasionally off in the distance one of these noises ends suddenly in a bang! It sounds like one of those galvanized iron cans dropping, that Whitey, the cook, used to dump the remains of the dinner in; and in which he also cooked coffee, back in the training area. Smellfoot calls them G. I. Cans.

Away up above the trees gray puffs of smoke in small circles appear, followed by loud reports. Now and then black puffs show among

THE BOCHE IN A TIGHT PINCH



One of the joys of no man's land was a wire cutting expedition. The wire at times was very cutting especially if you got entangled in it. The Hun officer in the picture will vouch for that. The two "heroes" in the shellhole have found a new use for their wire snips. An American, only, would think of such a thing.

The figures beyond are not turtles, they are Boche scurrying away to other holes. In the distance others are in orderly retreat. Searchlights are seen in the sky trying to locate aeroplanes. These are operated from a great distance back of the Boche lines.

the gray ones. They are from our anti-aircraft guns, I understand, firing at Boche planes which are trying to locate us. You see we have been moving for several days past in small bodies scattered over long areas.

I understand that we have many big guns hidden in this wood. They are pretty well hidden, I assure you, for I came right up to them today before I saw them. The frog artillery is also thick in here. All day long they have been getting in our way and they don't know one side of the road from the other.

* * * *

Gee! Every once in a while a shell drops in the woods near us with a whiz-z-Bang.

Smellfoot said yesterday, while we were eating our noonday luncheon in an old trench beside a ruin, that he didn't care how many they dropped as long as they didn't hit corn-willy. Just then one burst a short distance away. I actually believe the Boche had spies watching us eat that day for every place we went they dropped other shells just as near us. But we soon had to fall in again and move on. I wish they would quit shelling at meal time. I don't mind their shelling at night. I am getting so used to them that I wake up if they stop to take a rest for a few minutes.

* * * *

It is raining all the time now. I have taken up my abode with the train lieutenant who, with the stable sergeant and other excess baggage, sleep under the escort wagon. It is really more convenient here, as all the kitchen supplies are kept in the wagon. The lieutenant steals us a good feed now and then. Also it keeps off some

of the rain, though none of the mud. The lieutenant and sergeant can hang up their boots and coats at night and have a dry place to put their tobacco and pipes. The lieutenant says he has all the comforts of home, except the blankets. He wrote another letter home just now. In it, I heard him tell the sergeant, he wrote, "Yes, Dear, I'm in France but just where in the — I'm at, I am not at liberty to state at present".

* * * *

Do you know the more I think of it the more I wonder we ever got here. We traveled principally at night, without lights of any kind, the men not permitted to smoke, no whistling or singing or noise of any kind, automobiles and trucks, machine gun carts, artillery, infantry, all moving down the road at one time. Down through the rain and mist aeroplanes amused themselves by dropping bombs and shooting up the road with machine guns. The lieutenant slept in the saddle, so did the sergeant. When we would stop, in order to locate the right road or for any cause whatever, I would drop down wherever I happened to be. The men did the same, some sleeping, leaning or bending over gun carts, while others stretched out in the cold mud of the gutters and went sound asleep and snored, yes, actually snored! Sometimes outside and sometimes inside ruined villages, beside dead horses or fallen walls. When we would move on again I would have to assist the officers and N. C. O.'s in awakening the boys.

"And glad we have passed through purgatory," wrote the lieutenant, "and have reached

VERY SHOCKING



The troops on their way to the front had to pass behind and between these giant belchers of fire and noise.

Whenever a gun would bark, a mule would jump. At every jump a driver was yanked into the air. The concussions would knock their knees from under them.

Tige is wondering how many barks, jumps and "yanks" will be required to lick the Boche.

The roads here were in very good condition having been repaired for

weeks beforehand.

The big coast defense guns had been brought up slowly traveling nights and resting days under great piles of camouflaged material.

There was hardly a spot sixty feet square that did not conceal an artillery position or a dugout. Quartermasters supplies and ammunition dumps were thick here. "Shellproofs" were also scattered about thickly. These were made of corrugated iron, covered with boughs to escape aeroplane observation and somehow looked like African huts.

east Hell. Can't tell just when we will get Hell proper or meet his Royal Highness but it will be soon. We are certainly fixing to give a fourth of July celebration, in the middle of September, in ye good old American style. Hope the Kaiser can be present as I have a remembrance especially reserved for him."

The lieutenant is almost as good as Smellfoot and my mother. I feel like kissing him at times but I don't dare. He won't let any of us get very familiar with him. Besides he might use disciplinary measures. If I keep him at a distance he will not get familiar either. He only pats me now and that is enough. I saw him stand up in a kicking match with a mule once. He was still kicking when the mule was through and wanted to quit.

* * * *

Was up in some trenches last night. We walked in single-file down a road for several miles before we got there. Gee! but things were spooky! Several times we were challenged by sentries. No word was spoken, just so many slaps on the gas mask and the return answer the same way. I did a lot of sniffing around, there were smells up there that I had never dreamed of before in my philosophy! Smellfoot fastened an extra gas mask on me but I didn't have to wear it. Once while crossing a crossroads several big shells fell just beyond us and exploded in the road. I beat it as fast as I could but seeing that no one was coming with me I returned kind of ashamed and went along with G. I. Can, who brought up the rear of our squad. I don't know whether he is nicknamed G. I. Can because he eats

everything that a garbage can does, or because he is watching the falling shells. He always talks and mumbles about them and makes everyone grin or laugh.

Our squad carried one Browning machine gun and ammunition with us. What they couldn't carry in boxes they strung around their necks. They say it is easier to carry the belts that way. They look like porcupines.

We stopped to get water at a little running brook. The Boche were shelling a spot quite near us. We finally left the wood behind us and started off across the open ground. The night was very dark, but every now and then it was lit up by star shells and flares. Colored signal stars burst and fell, away off ahead of us. Big guns behind us boomed and distant cannon somewhere in front answered.

Ra-a-tat-tat-tat-tat-tat-tat-tat-tat of machine guns off in every direction. More frequently now, shells and shrapnel burst around us. Finally we stopped on the road. I went forward to investigate and found a soldier who said he was a runner from Company P. C. sent to escort us there. So we started on again. Don't know what Company P. C. means unless it stands for "pretty close." The ground was hilly here and whenever a flare or star shell lit up I could see that at one time the hills had been covered with trees which had been shot down and mangled. Stumps stuck up weirdly against the sky line. Horrible odors and combinations of odors reached us. I was firmly convinced we were now near the Boche lines for that reason. I had been taught to hate them and knew that if the odor didn't come

THE ONLY WAY THOSE TWO GOT TOGETHER



Seems strange how circumstances throw people together doesn't it?
"Where is the lieutenant?" yelled Smellfoot excitedly in G. I.'s ear.
"I am a runner from Company P. C."
"With the captain," blurted G. I. his breath almost knocked out of him.
"Where is the captain?" shrieked Smellfoot.
"With the major!" came the retort.

"Where is the major?"
"In the deepest dugout!"
"I've got a message for him!"
"So have I!" And the next minute they were gone.
So was Tige. It was no place for any self-respecting dog.

from them direct that they were responsible for it anyway. It was simply rotten! Many dead horses and wrecked wagons were scattered along the side of the road. Occasionally artillery ammunition carts blocked the road, some coming and some going, and water wagons and troops resting, stopped us. But we simply closed up and went ahead, following the guide. Here and there a battery would open up either to our left or right, usually in a hollow, sometimes all the guns shooting at one time, or singly. There was much cursing going on in the road in muffled tones. Finally we took a path which led off to the left, passing down another hill. Whenever the sky was lit up, we would stop still and crouch until they died down again. At last we reached the P. C. Here another runner escorted us up to platoon P. C. which is closer still and from there a third runner took us to our gun position. We had to climb down into a dark hole.

* * * *

Souvenir pushed me in and Smellfoot caught me. After crawling awhile we finally got into an open trench. Down this we passed, being challenged every few feet, until at last after a half-hour's travel we went into another hole called a dugout. This was built in the side of the trench. Here we were told was our new "home sweet home." There were bunks in the sides, also a great variety of cooties. Some I had never eaten before, rather sour to the taste. I imagined, of course, they were either German or Austrian. Well, I decided to sleep with Smellfoot again for you know he is my real bunky and he gets sore if I stay away too much. But I can't always sleep good.

Along about one o'clock when Souvenir

Hunt and G. I. Can were called out by the sergeant, I strolled along with them. No one ever seemed to mind me much.

Down a zigzag connecting trench we went. A short distance away in the angle of a fire trench we stopped.

The sergeant explained that we were to go out and cut some wire. I say we, although to tell the truth, he never mentioned my name. I was only a volunteer. I felt as though something was about to happen and I had better be in the party.

The sergeant told us what to do, it sounded easy and reasonable. He wasn't excited at all.

So over the top we went. G. I. Can first, Souvenir afterwards and then Tige. I had to jump several times and then the sergeant saw me. He made a grab for me but he was too late. As he reached for me I put in new energy and over I went.

* * * *

Gee, it was fun! All I had to do was to keep down and crawl on my belly when Souvenir crawled; and stop when he stopped, which was quite frequent, as we had to listen and couldn't move whenever flares lit up no man's land. Souvenir and G. I. Can both had their hands and faces smeared with mud before they started out so that they couldn't be seen easily. But I don't think that this was at all necessary, as we had to root a furrow through no man's land in mud a foot deep.

I heard Souvenir whisper that he had forgotten his gun and G. I. answered back that he had, too. But of course they were only going out to cut a little wire so why bother about a little thing like that.

It wasn't so far to the Boche wire; but it was

THREE OF A KIND



Note the humming birds and flying victrolas in the distance. Isn't it a peaceful scene?

That I suppose, is why the mule sits down to rest. He appears quite contented.

The long bag on the halter does not contain oats. It is a gas mask.

So you see the mule isn't hungry. He wants to be gassed. In another minute he will disrobe himself of the French harness, the machine gun cart

shafts, and lie down.

The driver has just been told that in two minutes the spot he now occupies will be shelled. Isn't it interesting.

"Don't use profanity, G. I.," said the sergeant, "according to orders from Washington, we must speak kindly to the anima's."

"Ya a," answers G. I. Then to the mule, "but wait till I get you a'one, angel."

slow work. While my comrades were cutting I made my presence known. Both used a little unpreacherly language under their breath, but I think that they were pleased at that. As they worked I crept off a short distance to a shell hole. Both my comrades I could see out of the corner of my eye were working industriously. After resting here awhile I crept out to see if it wasn't time to go home.

Zowee! I looked straight into the face of a Boche. Almost a full minute we looked at each other. He was just as scared and surprised as I was. When I yelped he turned about and turtle fashion beat it toward another hole. Then instantly I recovered my courage and charged, grasping him just where his tail would have been had he been a dog.

Down we went together and up again. As quick as he loosened me from one place I got a fresh hold on another until eventually we got all tied up in barbed wire. I soon got loose but he didn't. Never did I hear such language before. I didn't imagine there was such a great variety of pigs in the world. He must have called me at least two or three hundred different kinds. Good thing though that I couldn't understand all he said, I am rather refined for an army dog. But some other boche did and I saw them scrambling madly back toward their trenches silhouetted against the skyline. I saw them disappear in orderly retreat. When I was convinced that my prisoner was well fastened I made a hurried reconnaissance in the direction of my party. As I neared their hole I saw Souvenir Hunt holding tightly, a Boche, by the nose, with his wire cutters, the Hun was trying to say Kamarad through his nose. He was certainly in a tight pinch.

G. I. Can also held a prisoner in the identical manner I caught my first grip on my prisoner, only instead of his teeth he used his wire cutters.

But wire cutters I firmly believe are not as dependable as teeth for as I looked the prisoner escaped, turtling it swiftly away into the distance leaving that part of his trousers worn the thinnest in G. I.'s wire cutters.

I immediately returned to my prisoner, G. I. following. When we had untangled him from his clothes and the wire we crept back to our line urging forward our prisoners with teeth and pincers. I heard Souvenir's victim, who had, it seems, been a saloon keeper in Chicago before the war, say, that in all his experiences he had never been in such a tight pinch before.

* * * *

Well, last night the Captain sent Smellfoot back to the carts. He is a runner, now, carrying messages from Co. P. C. to the train.

Orders were that the lieutenant was to get ammunition up as soon as possible.

We arrived at the woods in which the carts were located just before the moon came up. It was about 11:30 said the stable sergeant who looked at his watch.

Suddenly a shell burst overhead, another and another until the air about us, seemed alive with vibrations.

Limbs of trees fell about us amidst strange humming and droning sounds, like overgrown mosquitoes probably would make if they were the size of elephants. Somebody yelled shrapnel.

Then my head was jammed into the gas mask while all about me I heard the pounding of iron pipes and tin cans, and wild cries.

THE QUESTION OF TIGE'S PEDIGREE



If it wasn't for the September "Fourth of July celebration," in the sky overhead, you might think these fellows were out for a stroll on a Sunday afternoon.

G. I. Can, pointing to Tige who has just come up with Smellfoot, who this day carries the tripod, says, "this dog has more nerve than half a dozen doughboys."

"Gowan," says the infantryman, "I can't see why he associates with a machine gunner then."

"That's the reason," says G. I.

"Wonder who he was in civil life?" says the doughboy scratching his head.

"Pretty hard to say."

I heard later that immense shells also fell about us filled with hand grenade. Let me tell you, here, that from what I have seen it is hard to get a mule harnessed in broad daylight. But in the inky darkness—well, what's the use? We came out all right, all right!

It took one whole hour before the last cart was hitched. Strange to say we didn't leave a thing behind.

The lieutenant told me later, while patting my head, that it was pretty hard to stand there and throw the bluff that he wasn't excited. If those duffers only knew how he felt they would have bolted, "toot sweet."

When we left the woods and started down the road, we found that it also was being blown to smithereens.

The Boche evidently had the range to everything and every place.

Trucks, carts, escort wagons, field kitchens and water carts, littered the road, and were piled up on either side. Fallen horses kicked their legs until they could kick no more. Pandemonium was let loose!

I heard that some of our own carts were getting it now. We were told to "double time" it, down to the crossroads, keeping our interval of thirty paces between carts. The sergeant and I led the way, while the Loui stayed to see that the last cart passed safely. We were nearing "central hell" much faster than we had expected. As we rounded the cross roads an immense shell struck the ground about thirty feet in front of us, square in the middle of a French battery, killing four "hommes" and six "cheveux" strewing their parts over the road and in the nearby trees. More shells were striking the road a short distance beyond.

The sergeant turned and led the train off in the opposite direction. I, gas mask and all, followed closely at his heels. Finally, my friends the mules—that is what were left of them—were placed in shell proof stables. These were provided in advance, unknowingly, by our billeting committee, the retreating Boche. I and the rest of the boys, crawled into a dugout.

Don't see how anyone got off that road alive, especially me, a mere dog. Kicking, screaming horses, backing wagons, motor cycles and trucks, coming and going, wild men, some without gas masks, yelling, swearing and gesticulating. Shrapnel burst overhead and shells dropped in and around us. Sherman had a glimpse of Heaven only—not Hell.

Up to this time our own artillery had been comparatively silent. But now, slowly at first, it opened up. A small field piece, here and there, then some larger ones and more and more, until at last the sky was as bright as day from the flashes!

Then not a single Boche shell came over.

We had gained fire supremacy and were putting the "kibosche" on the dutch.

I never heard such a noise in all my life. Every time I tried to yell I would almost swallow my gas mask.

Those big coast defence guns which had been hidden for months everywhere, as thick as flees for miles around, opened up. The air suction would jar your knees out from under you and almost knock you down. Uncle Sam's surprise party for his satanic majesty, Kaiser Bill! Where he had expected to shell only infantry with small artillery support he punctured a hornets' nest!

* * * *



Tige occasionally made excursions into no man's land. Once he "smelled" up a Boche.

The Boche evidently was trying to get into the American lines. He carried a gas mask in the can you see in the picture, as a souvenir for one of our friends.

In the sky two star shells are seen three hundred feet above ground. They, and the distant "flare" light up no man's land. Americans, as a rule,

wisely allowed the Boche to furnish the artificial lighting system needed there, demonstrating the usual American shrewdness.

Stars from a signal rocket are falling to the right, giving a range to the German artillery farther back. These rockets usually are sent up from the front lines.

The posts, that support the barbed wire in the foreground, are made corkscrew style at the bottom, so they can be worked into the ground without the noise of hammering.

Thus started the greatest drive in the world's history.

There was more artillery, and of larger caliber, here, than was ever seen.

From the time we left the dugout that night until the end of the fifth day we had a very sweet time. "Toot-sweet."

Up to now we had only lost seven horses and eight carts. Don't remember how many men but they more than tallied with the number of carts. The worst of it was we had to go forward over roads our own artillery had blown to pieces. In some places we couldn't even find a spot large enough for a mule to walk on. So you see, our artillery wasn't slouching either. My respect for them has increased tenfold.

In some places the engineers were trying to fill the holes. By now we had reached a point far ahead of our own guns and the Boche were now shelling us from the front. As fast as the engineers filled the holes new ones appeared. Night and day these road builders worked, amidst moving ammunition carts, supply trains, artillery and machine gun carts, from every organization around, seeking to reach their separate units who they knew needed them badly. Empty ammunition carts, returning to the rear, mingled with ambulances and wounded soldiers being helped or carried on foot, added to the congestion.

Here and there swearing M. P.'s were trying to regulate traffic.

Men would stand dazed, in front of vehicles until knocked down or moved aside.

I saw one fellow, pushed to one side by stretcher bearers, stand there until pushed back again by a party coming from the opposite di-

rection.

More men now were straggling rearward, with bandaged heads and arms drooping forward; some leaning on others, some walking with sticks, like old men. They were smeared from head to foot with mud and blood! They were no longer boys!

Now and then Boche prisoners passed toward the rear. Whenever any of them tried to get friendly with me I usually left a bad impression. Usually on the lower part of their anatomy.

Overtaken and broken vehicles, dead men and horses everywhere. Slowly we wormed our way to a town that Smellfoot said reminded one of Pompeii.

Well, what's the use of telling our troubles; it wasn't all trouble! A fellow gets loose occasionally, when his keeper isn't looking, so I can't help saying just a few things more. The Huns held us up finally on a certain hill because we had reached a point far in advance of our artillery and couldn't go on without their support. So Smellfoot and I returned to the company. Hope I will never obtain another glimpse of Hell like this first one.

We had to crawl over dead and dying men and horses, in some places, five feet high in that ruined town.

Our division is pretty well shot to pieces, not so many dead as wounded. Our officers are all more or less bunged up, two of whom were taken to hospitals. I, myself, stopped a machine gun bullet with my leg! Smellfoot said it was a good thing I did, for if it had gone much farther it might have killed somebody and also that I should get the congressional medal pinned on my leg for saving somebody's

TIGE GETS HIS "DUTCH" UP



This was not posed for a movie machine.

The man seen hanging from a tree is a Boche sniper.

He is not looking for snipes at present. He is otherwise engaged—so are his pants.

The dog is either trying to disengage them or the Boche. He isn't at all particular which.

The tree they are in was formerly a sniping post. Doubtless higher up in the branches a machine gun had once been hidden.

The tree with the ladder is one of many used for Hun observation purposes in the Argonne forest. The two Americans are coming from a dugout. These dugouts and shellproofs were very plentiful along the narrow gauge, sectional railroads, that honeycombed the great woods. The track is laid in seven tie sections. Note between the trees how it is laid in a bed so that shells will pass right over it.

The two Americans are not merely touring France for their health. They are simply scientists seeking the "germ" of death.

life. As though it was the only one running around with an address on it!

G. I. Can just came up, and as usual, gave us the latest rumor.

Our Colonel, after a pleasant afternoon spent in a shell hole on crackers and shell-hole water, decided to depart that evening for some hospital in the rear where he would not be so neglected. He had contracted "gas tritus" or, they claimed he would have to be treated for it. At any rate he will get a little better eats than he has been getting, for a while. I suppose he didn't want to go for G. I. says they had to carry him.

* * * *

Souvenir Hunt is in his glory. "Beaucoup" Souvenirs! Camouflage helmets, knives, watches, guns, machine-gun parts, pistols, iron-crosses and lots of things.

Smellfoot sneaked out and hunted himself a pair of shoes early this morning. He got a pair of boots instead. They were "made in Germany," I guess, as he brought back with him a barefooted German. He said that this one only, had feet the size of his.

Gee! You can get anything you want—anything but eats. Slim just located our kitchen and said, although they had no provisions, they had found, in a dugout, four dozen bottles of mineral water and would serve that to the boys for dinner, but we shouldn't let the medics get next.

But changing the subject: French ways are doubtless all right, but they are so different to what an American dog sees at home.

I and some of the others, stopped behind a hill the other day to breathe for a moment. There were about twenty "baby tanks" all

about us. A French "Soldat" was talking half-breed American to us.

"Ah! Ze Americ infantree par bon! par bon! azy no vate for ze tanks; par bon!"

But no wonder! Every time they preceded us the Boche would throw a terrific barrage. The tanks would then turn about and seek the shelter on the opposite side of the hill often in the midst of our infantry who would then get orders to advance. We had less casualties when this comic opera stuff was left off the program.

A short time later we were waddling through a town, mud up to our neck. An American on a worn out horse pushed by. As he passed us, his horse slipped and almost fell.

"That's the stuff! Slip, slide, hop! I don't care which, so long as you get me there."

The tanks aren't worth two hurrahs! You should have seen them form carefully, in a line, run up and over a hill, fire a few shots, turn about and dash madly for cover followed by shells, thus bringing the fire down on our heads.

We are going to give America and the world a real Christmas present this time. We shall supplant the iron cross, with a great Christian flag.

"Hell, Heaven, or Hoboken by Christmas, is our battle cry."

* * * * *

We are over on another sector now. Fritzie is dropping shrapnel all around us and last night presented us with gobs of gas. But as our artillery now sends back ten shots for every one he sends us—and we don't shoot "duds" either,—I don't believe he slept anymore comfortably than we did.

We now occupy shacks and dugouts we just

THE RIGHT STREET BUT THE WRONG ADDRESS



Number one and number two of this machine gun squad are in a holé. This hole was dug several days before. They had just started a three hour barrage.

In fifteen minutes the Boche had the range to their position, and for the balance of the three hours, shells fell thick and fast about them.

During all this time, there was but one catastrophe. A shell burst directly

in front of this squad's hole, half burying them. Their machine gun was hit and blown fifteen feet in the air. The water box fell and struck No. two on the head.

Number three, who carries the ammunition, and our friend Tige looking from the dugout, don't know whether to call the medico or the chaplain.

If the shell just hitting the tree hadn't been a dud the chaplain would have buried the whole works including Tige.

took from the Hun. They were living here, very comfortably, and evidently had no thought of moving. Some of the tables were set, sheets were on the bed, shoes, clothing, hanging on the walls and on the floor. Bottles of wine, unopened, stood here and there. Women's shoes and other apparel were scattered about. There are plenty of horseshoes and nails, if we only had the horses to put them on. We have only eight horses left out of thirty-five. Of course, we are much obliged for small favors. Don't think for a minute that we are ungrateful. We found, also, a dugout partly filled with potatoes, cabbage and onions. I can eat onions now, when they are flavored with something else. This life changes even a dog's views. I am not as particular as I used to be. Funny, how one's taste will change! There are several nice springs of water, too. We are going to chase Heinie again in a few days; just as soon as we get our wind. He sure is some Marathon! Wish we could capture some horses or mules from him as we need them badly! The only ones he has left behind so far we have had to bury in self-defence.

* * * *

The sun has shown only once in the last two weeks. Everybody is on the doctor's list. Confidentially, our medico is not a doctor at all. He is a graduate dentist, but is a game rooster.

Fritzie left several big ovens of charcoal, also a few hand cars on tracks that lead from our quarters to the ovens. So we should bibble!

Each shack has a nice little iron stove. I should worry!

After that last five-day chase we gave him, everybody had a running desire. I guess our nerves are getting settled now, somehow.

Doc said the main cause for our ailment was due to the famished condition of our stomachs. But I don't believe him! I remember distinctly eating three crackers and lapping up shellhole water three days before we arrived here. So you see we had plenty to eat.

You know the roads are so torn up and we move forward so fast that our supplies cannot keep up with us.

One thing, Fritzie, old top, that gives us a pleasure in chasing you, if we are close enough we can always get goodies to eat, although we have to run so fast after you we can't hardly take the time to enjoy our food.

Smellfoot just returned from down the road where he had managed to buy some cigarettes and chocolate from a French commissary. Funny our commissaries can't keep up with us.

The mud here is an improvement on all previous mentioned mud. It is like glue but we are used to it, now. It seems to make us stick closer together!

Since we took this Gibraltar hill, which the Hun bet we couldn't, he thinks nothing will stop us. I guess he's right. We took it in a day.

* * * *

These woods are a mass of telephone wires. We don't dare cut them, the captain says, for you can't tell which belongs to us and which to the Boche.

Early this morning, while on my way to see that the horse-guard was awake, I saw a figure slowly climbing a tree. I was firmly convinced that he was a Boche and that the tree no longer belonged to him. I charged directly at him without saying a word, and caught hold of that part of him nearest to me. He was so taken by

AN IDEAL POSITION



The potato masher at the top center, is a Hun hand grenade.

The dog in the shell hole is not a water spaniel, but he is enthusiastic about his position. It is the best one he can find.

Number one, the man behind the gun also likes his surroundings. He is firing as fast as he can. The faster he fires the less he hears what is falling around him. What he is shooting at is best known by his section sergeant. When a belt of cartridges has been fired he yells excitedly until another is put in.

Number two lying on the ground, embracing number one's back with his feet, has rolled a dead Hun in front of him for concealment. His duties are to see that the gun is kept fed.

Number one is not camouflaged as a porcupine. The extra belts wrapped about him are placed there simply for convenience. He has jammed his automatic near him in the mud in order that it may be handy if anything should happen to the machine gun and he should need it in close quarters.

Very thoughtful indeed!

surprise that he yelled "Kamarad" at the top of his voice.

Higher and higher he climbed, trying the while to shake me loose. He even crawled out on a limb and hung by his hands kicking wildly. I wanted to let go but I didn't dare, it was too far to the ground.

Finally the stable sergeant and Slim, who happened to be on guard at that time, came up. When they saw what I had, they gave the alarm; and the bunch came hurrying up. When they had enjoyed the scene sufficiently, they loosened me and pulled the Boche down by the legs. It seems he had been spying around Company P. C. for sometime and had a telephone in the tree from which he sent his messages. It was an old observation post. We didn't find out where he spent his days though. So again I received much praise. I had caught another prisoner.

But in spite of my popularity, like all the rest, I wish this disagreeable business was over. However, I mean to "outstick the dutch."

The French seem to enjoy rooting around in this mud forever.

I woulc'n't give them one inch of the great American desert for all of Europe.

* * * * *

Well, for sixty-five days now, we have been under shellfire and constantly chased back the Boche, foot by foot, through mud and fog. We have hardly had time to eat—or the wherewith—and no water to drink, except what we could find in shellholes.

I am beginning to know which shellholes to drink out of. I have had some very sad experiences with new ones. Pluto water has nothing on these.

We only sleep when completely exhausted. Yesterday we started out early in the morning in a cold, thick fog, to attack a high hill across a wide valley. Two rivers, which the Huns had dammed farther down, lay in this valley. The valley was also pock-marked with immense shellholes but these were completely hidden under ice-coated water, which flooded the whole area. The nearer shellholes, as we descended, were so close together that the ground looked like a polka-dot-dress worn, after ten years of constant wear in the jungles of Africa, by a female gorrilla. But the rest was a vast swamp.

The gas has kind of gotten into my throat. After wading through water all day, swift running in places, so deep that it was up to Smell-foot's neck at times, I can't bark at all. My lungs feel as if there was a huge steel plate on them.

Say, it's interesting to wade through an ice-covered swamp, tumbling into hidden holes anywhere from five to twenty feet deep, in a fog so dense that you can't see thirty feet ahead, while all the time machine gun bullets are flying about you like hail!

When we reached the hill on the opposite side of the valley, soaked and oozy, we sank down on the heavily frosted grass. When we first started, we were supposed to support the right of the first wave, but somehow we passed them in the fog. Luckily, we were not mistaken for Boche, being only a couple of hundred yards ahead of the right of our infantry. But we had troubles enough without that.

The Boche sniped at us constantly with machine guns and dropped big shells among us.

* * * *

FOOD FOR THOUGHT



This white man, whose stomach had been flirting with his back bone for several days, wandered back A. W. O. L., seeking what he might devour. He is now in a captured trench. Although he might be very hungry, he could not possibly mistake the town of Montfaucon on the distant hill for a bunch of spinach.

The colored doughboy sitting on the ammunition box, is refusing to exchange his loaf of French bread, carried on his bayonet, for an Iron Cross and a Croix de Guerre.

The captured enemy machine gun, with the nipple stuck in its mouth, is no baby. It took from ten to twelve Boche to carry it.

During a barrage the other day Souvenir Hunt crawled under a truck to get out of the way. He didn't know that it was loaded with ammunition. A French officer passing by, asked what he was doing there.

Instantly Souvenir replied that he was trying to fix the machine.

The officer was so impressed by this show of bravery that he immediately recommended him for a Croix de Guerre. Souvenir is very proud of it.

Late in the afternoon, one at a time, we c'ucked back out of range and reassembled on the bank of the second river, in rear of the right of our infantry. It was easy going back, as the shells didn't fall any closer together, than automobiles passing each other on a busy thoroughfare at six P. M. back home.

Our artillery had not yet been placed in position, so of course could give us no support.

Miracles surely happen, nowadays. Strange to say, just a few of us were scratched, although some of the shells blew holes in the ground twenty to thirty feet in diameter and the machine gun bullets sang by our ears.

Then our artillery opened up and our machine guns, too. About 1 A. M. Hell was let loose! This lasted until eleven minutes of eleven today, the eleventh day of the eleventh month, when we suddenly received orders to cease firing.

This was complied with to the letter.

Bugles were produced which had been silent for months. Cheers deafened the air and men got up out of their hastily dug trenches, covered with mud and ice, and danced in mad frenzy. I didn't realize why I felt so good, but ran wildly about trying to bark and make friends with everybody, for suddenly everything seemed different. I knew something good had happened, so when the excitement had died down a little I pricked up my ears and listened. I could hear, distinctly, the glad cries of the Boche celebrating on the other side of the hill. Someone said that an armistice was on. But Smellfoot, who had been hit eleven times in the eleventh hour said the war was over.

All evening the Boche sent up red, white and blue rockets. So did we.

Don't know whether I like it so quiet or not. Things don't seem at all natural now. No shells falling or anything! If this keeps up I wcn't be able to sleep!

The shed I am in has candles burning before open windows and there are lights twinkling in the windows of Boche shacks across the valley. We haven't been permitted to have lights exposed for months.

The medico says that I have been gassed but being a dog I may recover.

I understand the Boche are to retire and we are to slowly follow them back to the German border, about twenty miles from here.

* * * * *

This is Sunday, a nice, quiet day. What do you think?

The sun stuck his head out through the clouds. Some joker!

I am getting so I don't believe him anymore than I did the Boche when he hollered "Kamarad." You know it is better to shoot him first and then take him prisoner. We used to be easy marks for them, they were such prevaricators. We believed them when they yelled Kamarad and held up their hands; but many Americans lie buried in "No Mans Land" on account of being too credulous; so eventually we took no chances, and few prisoners.

But talking about the sun I think that if it had appeared oftener some things would have been brighter over here. Most of the time we groped through a fog with fogged brains.

Except for a few officers, very few men knew the day and date unless they laboriously puzzled and pieced together events. One day seemed to run right into the next, for we worked night and day; Sunday and week day

HEINIE SUDDENLY THINKS



No dear reader, that is not a big umbrella stuck in the mud. It is the mud itself. An instrument, previously one of Uncle Sam's big shells, casually dropped into the ground.

Heinie also dropped things! He dropped his intention of eating his next

square meal in Paris and several other things.

His horse has good horse-sense. He is running toward the American lines. Heinie doesn't need him anyway. By the looks of things the horse would only be in the way. Heinie wishes to run away that he may fight again some other day.

alike.

The scenery here is very beautiful, in spite of the wreckage.

There is little more to be said.

G. I. Can went to an officers' training school, upon being recommended by his commanding general, where eventually he was examined by a bunch of officers, who had never been near the front. They rejected him on account of being "inefficient;" but he was honorably dis-

charged! Smellfoot went to a hospital. Souvenir Hunt had something worse happen to him. He got married! He now spends his time on a perpetual K. P. He was well trained in this line he says.

About myself! Well, it doesn't matter much!

I am only a dog, but still one hundred percent American. I live with Souvenir, awaiting the return of Smellfoot.

Finis

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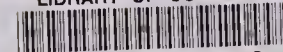


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