

TO ALLEN SEEGAR

TO ALLAN SEEGAR, THAT CON-  
SCRIPT OF DESTINY

(By Joe Lawlor)

Ever since the Big Scrap started overseas we have read with great devotion the sacrifices made by those taking part in the stately drama. In the mind of the writer all have performed their tasks nobly but their was one youth born with talents rare who now lies in Sunny France and may now be forgotten, but who I hope some day will receive the credit due him, for his as a rare spirit who made the supreme sacrifice. I have reference to Allan Seegar, that gallant American and Harvard graduate of 1914.

Seegar joined the Legion in 1915 and on his 28th birthday when charging up to the German trenches on the field of Belloy en Santere his "escouade" of the foreign legion was caught in a deadly flurry of machine gun fire, and he fell with most of his companions on the blood stained but reconquered field. To his friends the loss was grievous. To literature, we shall never know how great.

The writer feels that Allan Seegar died happily and his death we can truly envy. Youth had given him all that it had to give, and though he would fain have lived on, though no one was less world weary than he, yet with eye undimmed and pulse unslackening, he met the death he had voluntarily challenged in the cause of

the land he loved, and in the moment of victory. Again and again in prose and verse he had said that this seemed to him a good death to die, and two years of unflinching endurance and hardships had proved that he meant what he said.

From his boyhood toward his one passion was for beauty and it was in the guise of romance that beauty revealed itself to him. He was from the first determined not only to write but to live romance and when fate threw in his way a world historic opportunity he seized it with delight. He knew that if death won his ideal was crowned forever safe from withering time.

The writer remembers Allan Seegar's letters to his mother printed in the New York Times while he was with the foreign legion, and what masterpieces they were and such a talent for expressing things as he saw them. If the reverence was a being who said, "Yea" to live accepted it as a glorious gift and was determined to live it with all his might. It was that "conscript of destiny, Allan Seegar, yet this is a case if there ever was one which we may not only say "nothing is here for tears, but we may add to the well known phrase its less familiar sequel:

Nothing to wail or knock the breast  
No weakness of contents  
Dispraise or blame, nothing but well  
and fain  
And what may quiet us in a death so  
noble

UPS AND DOWNS.

"Just think of the ups and downs of the poor soldier misses today," raved the company philosopher while shoveling coal for the provost. "The tinsmiths are always up the spout, the paperhangers and plasterers are all up against the wall, the sewer digger is always in the hole while the oyster dealers are always shelling out and getting up a stew. Even the poor elevator men have their ups and downs Street car conductors are fare, but they get too many transfers."

"And as for business: The coal business is slack. The doctor business may be patient, but the undertaker's is dead. The carpet business is held down by tax, and the chair business has been sat upon. Only the baker has plenty of dough."

"Fellows," went on his majesty, the philosopher, "do you see that fellow over there with the white whiskers, who walks about the field so often. He got those while waiting for his unit to leave."

"Gosh, some of us have lots of luck," he concluded, "but it's always hard."  
—Madison Barracks Barbed Wire.

OTHERS LEAVE.

The elusive furlough was captured by a good many of the boys this week five more leaving for their homes on Tuesday evening, the fortunate fellows being: Hitchcock, Kraznowski, Gannon, Walter Sullivan and Gilbert Bently.

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FRIEND HUSBAND

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IN

BONNIE ANNIE LAURIE