

## Jim Wishes Al "Mary Crismus"

### BY OUR OWN RING W. LARDNER



or pendulous lie be satisfied beside knowing that time doing the rite thing & hating to think of having to go back to the office the next day.

From what is heeling dead hear we want have such a poor crismus ennyweigh as the most sargent is planning sum food & we are having little sawdoff treat out of the woods in the bareux wear we can lie them up & put on a dubbel fire garde so they wont burn down the bareux witch will make it pretty much like home only nothing is like home wear your mother alant or the old man dont sit around & cuss out the neckties & bum seegars out side of having your foaks a round the what is crismus al but showing peepil that your thinking sumthing other about them be sides trying to sell them sumthing or make your boss think your worth 20 dollars moar than you are worth. It should be a grate time then for us soldiers al because as far as i can make out no one is heeling thought moar about the soldiers crismus & that ought to make us feel pretty good al because when i was a kid the most successful crismus was when i got the largest am't of junk from sandy claus. after a while they maid me see that it wasent the pile i got so much as the pile i gave.

well al by both those piles the soldier has got no kick. take the pile hes getting al a lady rubbes out of a lmasene the other they in a big fur coat & i beeing next to the car witch had come into the training camp from sum city the throws her arms about my neck al like i wish Aggie wold only shes not that kind & ced you dear soldier we are thinking a bout you so much & wandering what we can do to make crismus nice for you. well al it was sum fur coat she had on i cood feel the dollars in the seelskin almost & i ced that is very nice but we have never met befor have we. she ced of course not but you are defending our homes arnt you & i ced so far i have did vary little defending only offending the sargent. she laffed & ced ennyweigh we ladies are making up boxes for you boys out hear & what woud you like best. well al it aguned just like the old man when he woud ask my little sister millie when i was a kid to find out what woud i rather have a tool chest or a pare of donahow skates. well i ced yourself lady it is up to you we got so we talk everything. only dont make the box so big we are libel to wear them as underdoses. she ced you are a nobel young man & i lit a cigarett having no comeback you know me al.

there is dozens of wimmen like that al rushing a round & beleeve me theyre a grate bunch al they sartainly are bighearted & i belev arnt nestling in that fur coat for a cappel of seconds that the guy was rite hear the other nites who ced the wimmen will win this here war.

we will know al on the twenty fifth of this month that hear are thousands & millions of peopl who are with us & even if we can get home the foaks can get stuff to us & we can get stuff to them & ennyweigh i hope time not detaled on dubbel fire duty to watch that tree outt the woods with the candels on it. crismus comes but onct a year. hay al.

& the other pile that were giving isent so small either al but it isent up to me to pull no sob stuff about time giving because its not much & its not as much as lots of the poor ducks have had to give. wen i joind into this here army al i give them myself & they are welcome to it such as it is. well al may crismus as we ust to say the nite befor leaving the offis.

your friend, PRIVATE JIM.

## HER CHRISTMAS

BY ROSCOE GILMORE STOTT

NO, DO not pity me nor call me sad.

Indeed you are in error—I am glad!

Glad that I bore and glad as well I gave;

Glad that my blood may help to free, to save,

"Somewhere in France!" 'E'en that I do not know;

He heard a call; my lips close whispered: "Go!"

And now 'tis Christmas Day—and he is there—

And earth's most precious hour I've learned to share.

No, do not sympathize—your eyes are wet!

Indeed, you do not understand—or you forget.

I gave him freely—as my cheerful gift—

And now no doleful song my voice shall lift.

No! Help me to be brave, deny my tears;

Think of the glory and allay my fears;

For this is Christmas Day in every land,

And over seas of space I touch his hand.

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## INSIGNIA FOR SECOND LIEUTENANT

Second Lieutenants now are authorized to wear a distinguishing insignia. A gold bar, as distinct from the silver bar of the first lieutenant, will denote the lower rank. On the overcoat sleeves the second lieutenants may wear single knots of braided ribbon of an inch wide. The distinguishing feature will be its color, brown.

## GEN. PERSHING'S AID HERE

Lieut. Nelson E. Margetta, personal aid to General Pershing, has returned to the United States with six army officers who also have been at the front. They will map out and conduct at the training camps here a course of instruction in European war methods. Col. Margetta says the progress of American soldiers has been unusual. He says the men overseas are eager for their mail from home.

## U. S. First To Organize Morally Against Enemy

BY JOHN D. ROCKEFELLER, JR.

At Present Serving as a Y. M. C. A. Secretary at Camp Dix, Wrightstown, N. J.

One of the most encouraging things in connection with America's entrance into the war is the fact that, through the Commission on Training Camp Activities, established as a department in the offices of the Secretary of War and the Secretary of the Navy, with Mr. Raymond B. Fossick as its chairman, the period of military training of such large numbers of our young men is to be used to bring about the highest degree of development, both physical and moral, of these splendid youths.

A highly important feature of this work is being carried on, at the request of the Commission on Training Camp Activities, by the War Camp Community Service, whose particular field of endeavor lies in the 126 communities adjacent to our great training camps, to finance which work an effort is now on foot in five thousand communities throughout the country to raise the sum of \$4,000,000.

### Fighting Loneliness

Experience has shown that, when enlisted men have free time many of them want to get away from camp routine and seek these nearby communities. Within the camps they are under strict discipline. When they are on leave they are free to do what they choose. The War Camp Community Service is seeing to it that the recreation provided for them in these communities adjacent to the camps is clean and wholesome. It is opening up channels through which the soldiers may find substitutes for the normal relationships of life from which they have been suddenly cut off. It is making it possible for them to meet the townspeople and providing antidotes for the depression of social loneliness, which is so real a menace to the moral strength of the men.

This work should not be confused with the splendid efforts of the Young Women's Christian Association, the Knights of Columbus and other organizations under the direction of the Fossick Commission inside the camps. The work of the War Camp Community Service outside the camp is supplementary to

these efforts, and is done in order that much of the benefits derived from them may not be lost.

We non-combatants cannot set up moral standards for the fighting men that we are not living up to ourselves. I believe that it is our pre-eminent duty to live cleaner lives, to set a higher standard of morality for ourselves, as one great means of helping the fighting men. If the non-combatants will do this, it will be a tremendous support to the soldiers in France and will be a mighty factor for military victory. For it has been estimated that soldiers, physically and morally clean, mean an active army of at least twenty-five per cent more men on duty.

### Helping to Win the War

It is a splendid thing to be able to say that the United States is the first nation in the history of the world to organize morally against the enemy. That is the meaning of all this work under the direction of the Fossick Commission, inside and outside the camps. Its purpose is to help win the war, to help win it in the shortest possible time, and to win it with the sacrifice of a minimum number of lives. It is a work which will affect directly the character and the spirit of the men behind the guns, that will keep them clean of mind and body, that will prevent them from being incapacitated through disease, and that will bring them home an asset to the nation and not a liability.

I want to emphasize the fact that the work of the War Camp Community Service is entirely constructive and in no way restrictive of the soldier's liberty. At home he has his friends, his club or association, his local dances, moving picture theatres, books and outdoor sports. This organization is supplying him with substitutes to occupy his time when he is on leave from camp. It is building him club houses and recreation buildings, comfort stations and swimming pools. It is giving him books to read, social and receptions, smokers, vaudeville, athletics, concerts and motion picture shows. All these will be at his disposal. He is free to choose them or to shun the unwholesome amusements which scar the body and sear the soul. No one questions what the choice of the average wholesome, manly American boy will be.

## U. S. SOLDIERS' CHRISTMAS TODAY IN STRONG CONTRAST WITH COLD, CHEERLESS YULETIDES THEIR FOREFATHERS SPENT IN FIELD

Christmas in trench and camp will be very different this year from the Yule-tide known by our soldiers in the war between the states and in the Revolutionary War.

This year, greens, welcome packages from home, entertainments, dinners and cosy gatherings in recreation centers will mark the Christmas festivities. Quick transportation, a highly organized mail system and telegraph and telephone communication will bring substantial gifts and tender messages.

Through the untiring efforts of the Quartermaster's Department, the American soldier today is not only well fed but warmly clad and comfortably quartered.

Think of the contrast between the Christmas of today and the Christmas of Civil War days. Following are a few facts from the "Reminiscences" of General John B. Gordon, C. S. A.

### "A Melancholy Wreck"

"My men were winter-quartered in the dense pine thickets on the rough hills that border the Occoquan. Christmas came, and was to be made as joyous as our surroundings would permit by a genuine Southern eggnog with our friends. The country was scoured far and near for eggs, which were exceedingly scarce. Of sugar we still had at that time a reasonable supply, but our small store of eggs and the other ingredients could not be increased in all the country round about. Mrs. Gordon superintended the preparation of this favorite Christmas beverage, at last the delicious potion was ready.

All stood anxiously waiting with camp cups in hand. The servant started toward the company with full and foaming bowl, holding it out before him with almost painful care. He had taken but a few steps when he struck his toe against the uneven floor of the rude quarters and stumbled. The scattered fragments of crockery and the aroma of the wasted nectar marked the melancholy wreck of our Christmas cheer.

"The winter was a severe one and the men suffered greatly—not only for want of sufficient preparation, but, because those from farther south were unaccustomed to so cold a climate. There was much sickness in camp. It was amazing to see the large number of country boys who had never had the measles. Indeed, it seemed to me that they ran through the whole catalogue of complaints to which boyhood and even babyhood are subjected. They had everything almost except teething, nettle-rash, and whooping-cough. I rather think some of them were afflicted with this latter disease."

### Barefoot in Snow

Fluke, in his history of the United States, says, "The dreadful sufferings of Washington's army at Valley Forge have called forth the pity and admiration of historians, but the point of the story is lost unless we realize that the misery resulted from gross mismanagement rather than from the poverty of the country. As the poor soldiers marched, their route could be traced in the snow by the blood that oozed from their bare, frost-bitten feet. On the 23rd of December, Washington informed Congress that he had in camp (2,898 men unfit for duty because they are barefoot and otherwise naked). For want of blankets many were fain to sit up all night by fires instead of taking comfortable rest in a natural and common way.

"Cold and hunger daily added many to the sick list and in the crowded hospitals, which were the most part mere log huts or frail wigwams woven of twisted boughs, men sometimes died for want of straw to put between themselves and the frozen ground on which they lay."

Montgomery tells us, "While Howe and his officers were living luxuriously in Philadelphia, Washington's men, naked and starving, were dying of putrid fever on the frozen hillsides of Valley Forge. They were dying, too, before the good news could reach them that the French king would certainly aid America."

