Game Preservation Helps Food Supply

Dr. Hornaday's Plan, Carried to the Ultimate, Would Furnish Vast Amount of Fine Meat

TO put 2,000,000 elk and deer and many millions of wild geese and ducks and other game birds on the nation's dinner table annually, thereby reducing the vexations arising out of the shortage of beefsteak, mutton and pork—that in substance is the ultimate scope and aim of the Hornaday plan.

Since Mr. Hoover described conditions which presage a meat scarcity that may last for many years Dr. William T. Hornaday, director of the New York Zoological Park, trustee of the Permanent Wild Life Protection Fund and long time champion of the food supplying denizens of the American forests, has redoubled his energies to restore to the 100,000,000 people of the United States their heritage of game.

For twenty years he has been sounding a warning that the game supply was rapidly, wantonly being killed down to the very edge of extinction. He has carried the warning into every State in the Union. He has travelled from the Atlantic to the Pacific lecturing before State Legislatures. He has appeared before committees of Congress, where two bills embodying the Hornaday plan are awaiting consideration.

These bills, one in the Senate and one in the House of Representatives, provide for the establishment of game sanctuaries in the national reserve forests where big game such as elk and deer may be bred unmolested by hunters. There is still another bill, already passed by the Senate, which ratifies the new treaty with Canada and Great Britain making for the international protection of migratory game birds such as wild geese and ducks.

But the problem of the moment is how to stop the reckless slaughter of upland game birds. With the season now open for shooting quail, pheasants, ducks and geese, and with the stress of a scarcity of meat bearing down hard in every part of the United States, what will be the fate of the feathered game?

Fate of the Heath Hen.

When the story of the Christmas feast comes to be told, will Bob White have occasion to rejoice over a Hooverized spirit among sportsmen or will he be one step nearer extinction?

The fate of the heath hen is a warning to all true sportsmen. This was a very desirable food bird. It once abounded in the Eastern States. In New Jersey, New York, and particularly on Long Island, in Connecticut, Rhode Island and Massachusetts the heath hen afforded sport and supplied many households with game.

It was a speckled bird, and the more proper name for it is the Eastern pinnated grouse; it was larger than the quail, delicious and nutrient. The heath hen was averse to the forest life and lived in the open fields, thus being an easy victim of the reckless hunter, unhampered as he was in those days by restrictive laws, and even without the game slaughtering guns of this modern day.

So the heath hen was killed out of New Jersey, out of New York, out of every State in the Union. There is to-day but one small colony, and that was planted by the State Game Commissioner of Massachusetts on Martha's Vineyard, where he is trying to breed back the ill fated tribe.

Must the quail go the same way as the heath hen? In his own original way Dr. Hornaday drives the nail home to the conscience of all hunters in the warning which follows:

"To my friend the quail shooter and epicure:

"The next time you regale a good appetite with blue points, terrapin stew, fillet of sole and saddle of mutton, touched up here and there with the high lights of rare old sherry, rich claret and dry champagne, pause as the dead quail is laid before you on a funeral pyre of toast, and consider this:

"'Here lie the charred remains of the farmer's ally and friend, poor Bob White. In life he devoured 145 different kinds of bad insects, and the seeds of 129 anathema weeds. For the smaller pests of the farm he was the most marvellous engine of destruction that God ever put together of flesh and blood. He was good, beautiful and true; and his small life was blameless. And here he lies dead—snatched away from his field of labor and destroyed in order that I may be tempted to dine three minutes longer after I have already eaten to satiety.'

"Then go on and finish Bob White!"

When asked for a review of the work of the Permanent Wild Life Protection Fund during the last year and the recent enactment made by various States for the protection of game Dr. Hornaday said:

"During the last year several of these States have gone the limit and clamped down a five year closed season on upland birds, such as quail, grouse and pheasants, and there are evidences of a determination to enforce more rigidly the laws in States which had already limited the open season and the maximum bag. In many of the Eastern States there is better co-operation with the agents of the Federal Government in enforcing the migratory game bird law.

"Through the southern tier of States great progress has been made for the protection of game and fish. This awakening dates back nearly ten years, when these States began to establish systems of restriction, consisting in the appointment of State game wardens, or commissioners, who appointed county game wardens.

Better Game Protection.

"The laws passed were mainly with a view to reducing the terms of the open season and reducing the bag limits, but even with only that much accomplished there is a prospect of building back the dwindling game interests in the South. There is still great room for improvement in South Carolina, Florida, Louisiana and Texas. But all along the southern coast there is a better prospect of co-operation with the Federal authorities in protecting wild geese and ducks.

"Louisiana is about the only State, certainly one of the few States, to permit the sale of wild ducks. This is causing much indignation in other States northward, clear up to Canada. The people of these northerly States argue that it is palpably unfair for them to pass laws protecting the migratory fowl only to have them slaughtered for market in Louisiana.

"In Ohio a stubborn fight was made by the organized sportsmen against a bill for closing the quail season by placing that bird in the list of protected songbirds. A funny thing happened. Backed by an overwhelming demand of the farmers the Ohio Legislature swept the sportsmen off their feet and by large majorities elevated Bob White in the safe class as a songbird, and he thus became the beneficiary of a perpetual closed season.

"Further West much progress has been made. Iowa, Nevada, Idaho and Oklahoma have all given a long closed season to quail, grouse, prairie chickens and all manner of upland game birds.

"When we come to review the whole situation and note what the States have accomplished during the last year, stimulated as they have been by the scarcity of home raised meats, there is much ground for satisfaction. While there is much more that must be achieved, it is plain that the American people are determined to correct the conditions which have done so much to kill game down to the border edge of total extinction.

"In its final analysis the problem of protecting game to secure the utmost food supply from it is now largely a matter of conscience with the sportsman and the game warden. Will they take the warning?

"Mr. Hoover has sounded the warning in no unmistakable note. He knows that sheep, hogs and cattle are being killed for market which were due to be killed nearly a year from now. He has behind him the restaurants, hotels and housekeepers, all pledged to keep meat off the table at least one day of the week.

"Will our sportsmen when they take up their guns for a Christmas fusillade upon our feathered game just think of Mr. Hoover and say to themselves: 'We must be sports! We will not shoot our full bag limit, but we will leave a few birds behind for the sake of Mr. Hoover.'"

WHAT PROTECTION HAS DONE FOR WILD ELK AT JACKSON HOLE, WYOMING.

THIS PHOTOGRAPH SHOWS WHAT PROTECTION HAS DONE IN A WESTERN GAME PRESERVE IN THE RESTORATION OF OUR VANISHING WILD DUCKS.

THE HEATH HEN (NOW EXTINCT) WHOSE TRAGIC FATE IS A WARNING TO SPORTSMEN.

History Repeated In War Incidents

Gallant Acts of Warriors Long Dead Recalled by Daring of Present Day Fighters, Also Many Stratagems

HISTORY is being repeated in the present conflict.

The shot fired at Lexington that was "heard around the world" had its parallel in the shot that came from the pistol held by Gavrio Prinzip which brought death to Archduke Francis Ferdinand and his wife and plunged the world into war.

Horatius, who defended the bridge across the Tiber, has had his counterpart in many an individual, and Paul Revere's ride was made a thousand times when the Kaiser let loose his dogs of war.

It was in 507 B. C. that Horatius gallantly defended the bridge against the army of Lars Porsena, King of Clusium. The modern Horatius at the bridge was a Highlander, one of the thousands of unknown heroes.

One hundred and fifty men were detailed to hold a bridge. The German advance was temporarily held up by the courage of these men. Finally a silent Maxim was left standing with its gun crew lying dead in a ring around it. It had been loaded and the belt of the gun was charged when all the gunners were wiped out. There it stood on its tripod silent and the Germans advanced.

Suddenly in full view of the advancing foe a lone Highlander rushed out, seized the Maxim, shouldered it, ran across the bridge and on the far side deposited it. Then he opened a hail of bullets upon the advancing column, which broke and took to cover. He had checked the advance, this lone Horatius, and enabled reenforcements to come up. They arrived too late to relieve him, for when he dropped thirty bullets had cut him down, but he had saved the bridge.

In the Franco-Prussian war a despatch was "lost" which might have averted the French defeat in 1870. Bazaine, whose message Marshal MacMahon never received, was after the war ordered shot for treason, a sentence which was commuted to twenty years imprisonment.

Early in the war when Field Marshal John French and Gen. Joffre were straining every nerve to hold back the German advance, which they did finally at the Marne, a French General, so the story goes, refused to open orders sent by an officer who had been promoted over his head. The message, like the despatch in the Franco-Prussian war, was "lost" and a division, which was left without support, was almost annihilated. The story goes that the General was ordered shot.

The first Victoria Cross in the Crimean war was given to a sailor, who afterward rose to be a Rear Admiral, Commander C. D. Lucas, who when a shell, sizzling but unexploded, fell on the deck, picked it up with his hands and cast it into the sea. The tossing overboard of the shell undoubtedly saved the British flagship.

At the battle of Jutland when the fleets of Germany and Great Britain met for the first time in combat, a British bluejacket picked up an unexploded shell and tossed it overboard, saved his ship and won the Victoria Cross.

Germany's sea raiders recall the activities of Confederate raiders in the civil war. The Emden bagged a score of ships in the Indian Ocean; the speedy Karlsruhe captured many merchantmen and the Dresden and Leipzig gathered in others before they themselves had their careers ended, but none of Germany's commerce destroyers approached the record of the Confederate cruiser Alabama, which in the China seas, Indian Ocean, Caribbean Sea and the Atlantic captured 69 United States vessels, while the tally of the Florida totalled 37, the Shenandoah 36, the Tallahassee 23, the Sumter 18 and the Tacony 15. In a little less than two years the Alabama had sailed 75,000 miles before she met the Kearsarge, and was sunk off Cherbourg.

At the conference at Chatillon in 1814 the allied nations' representatives got together and agreed that no separate peace should be made with Napoleon. Early in the war Great Britain, France and Russia signed such an agreement against the Huns, and since then every nation that is fighting the Hohenzollerns has agreed that there shall be no separate peace made with Germany.

Camouflage in war is not new. It has been used in hundreds of forms on the battlefield and elsewhere. The wooden horse of Troy had its counterpart in 1915 when the steamship River Clyde, which was used as a transport in the landing of troops at Seddul-Bahr on the Gallipoli peninsula, deceived the Turks.

Apparently the ship got out of control and the British beached the vessel near the proposed landing place. Then in a spectacular way the crew took to the boats and rowed off. The Turks saw in the beaching nothing more than an accident. That night thousands of soldiers hidden on board effected a landing under cover of darkness.

The device used by the French to hurl bombs into German trenches is modelled on the principle of the catapult used by besieging armies to hurl stones into walled cities.

Another ancient device used in trench warfare is the shield used by bomb throwers to protect themselves from bullets of the enemy. In fact many of the instruments of warfare devised or used by Pericles, Archimedes, Leonardo, Cellini, Hanibal, Cæsar, Napoleon, Wellington, Moltke and Grant have been made more efficient.

Helmet styles have not changed in centuries. There is a curious resemblance between the iron pots worn by ancient knights and those employed by the soldiers of America and Europe. Indeed ancient and mediæval armor dating back to the time of the Crusades has been imitated by the twentieth century. Some of the designs found in museums have not even been altered.

It is more than a hundred years since the war of 1812, when wooden ships manœuvred for position, poured broadsides into one another, and were fastened together while the cry went up for boarders to fight hand to hand. Such encounters had their parallel in this war when two British destroyers met with six German destroyers in the English Channel. Every gun at one time was working, and a British and a German destroyer were locked together and the men fought furiously hand to hand, just as they did a century ago.

German seamen of a rammed destroyer climbed aboard one of the British boats and a midshipman fought them back again with an automatic revolver. They were killed or driven into the sea by British bluejackets who came to the midshipman's aid.

History is also repeating itself with gas and fire. The use of gases goes back to the days before Christ. It was used in the Peloponnesian wars, 431 to 404 B. C. The middle ages knew Greek fire.

Bows and arrows, used from time immemorial by the Indians, have been used in this war by expert archers to transmit messages.

YAPHANK BENNIE IN DOUBLY HARD LUCK AND SO DROPS THE SEX

Gertie's Appearance With a Marine Bad Enough, but When the New Queen Knits a Tiny Sweater It's Too Much

By FRAZIER HUNT.

CAMP UPTON, Dec. 9, 1917.

FRIEND BARNEY: Well this is Sunday morning and here I am close by the big barrucks stove trying to keep warm on Uncle Sam's cole and wishing that I was back in New York and had never volunteered for this draft army and never had quit civilian life and went into military currur.

After what happened last Friday night between me and Gertie and that rough neck Leather Neck of a Marine, I have not cared what happened, and I would just as soon get to France and die right now for my country and make Gertie wish that she had never done what she did to me Friday as to have to wait for a couple of months more. Barney when a fellow gets into the army he gets despurite and things that somebody like you who have never been out around the world much think amounts to a lot you get to see don't amount to much after all and it is all just part of the game of life. Women is one of the things I am refering to.

There was once in my life when I would have been hit hard by the actions of Gertie and would have been pretty broken hearted by the thought of a woman like her taking up a no good guy like that Marine, but now I know better. And I am going to silently base my grefe and not say nothing to nobody about it. That is what being a soldier teaches you.

But there is one thing—never again will I place any confidence in women. I am thrugh with the secks forever and all I have now is just memuries of what onat Gertie was to me. And the day will come Barney when she sees my name amung the casulies of them who have died in the trenches and she will have a pang of regret that she treated me like she done. I will be satisfied then.

Never again will I let a woman cross my path. I am going to dedikate my life to my country. And just to think that Gertie was such a hard boiled egg that she would rot even ever knit me a knit sleeveless sweater when for all she knew I might be freezing myself to death out here in Camp Upton with the merkury below zero and no cole. I am through with the secks.

Your old pal, BENNIE.

He Meets a Queen.

SUNDAY NIGHT.

BARNEY: I wrote you a letter this morning but I am going to write you tonight to because there is something that I want to tell you.

Barney I have just took a queen to the R. R. station that has got all the women in the world lookin like cheap imatations. She is a female bear cat Barney when it comes to knocking you right off the Christmas tree and she certainly did tumble some hard for your little old pal Barney.

If you remember I wrote you a few days ago about one of my pals out here having a sister that he was going to bring out here so that she could meet me, well this queen is her, and oh, boy, she is certainly a 25 carrot beauty. I was with her all afternoon and, Barney if I am any judge of women she thinks that when it comes to be a real soldier boy compared to me this General Pershing is nothing but a green rookey.

Of all the thousands and thousands of women that I have saw in my day Barney I have never yet saw a dame who was elijible to even start in the same beauty race with this little queen. Honest I think I must have been full of hop when I fell for Gertie because this Miss Josie has got her beat four ways from the Jack. I should worry about Gertie now Barney, I should worry.

And listen Barney this little queen she is going to really knit me a knit sleeveless sweater. It was kinda funny the way it happened.

O, it's awfully cold here, isnt it, she said.

Yes, I said. Especuly to the poor soldiers who havent got sweaters.

O, she said. I thought all the soldier boys had sweaters.

Not by about fifteen thous. I said. There's a lot of us soldiers that dont have one. I said. But you never hear any of us complane. We are soldiers, I said.

You mean you havent got no sweater, she explained. Why thats perfectly awful, she said, I never heard of such a thing. I will knit you a sweater with my one little hands this very week, you brave soldier boy you. I will adopt you, she said, you shall be my night errand and I will knit you a sweater.

That was talking turkey with a fellow the first time she had ever saw him, wasnt it Barney, and if I know anything about women it certainly ment that the queen just about tumbled all over herself when she first saw me in my uniform. And do you blame me now for not getting all het up about Gertie. She can knit the whole Marine Corpse sweaters if she wants to and I should care. I should. I'll have a sweater that will be made by a queens own hands that really knows what a fellow has to sacrifice to be a soldier and go to war so that women may remain safe at home and knit and not be in no danger.

I certainly want you to meet the little queen one of these fine days Barney, and I don't mind telling you old pal that if you read anything in the papers about a military wedding about to be pulled off don't be surprised any old pal. I sure did hit that queen some hard.

BENNIE.

Tells Gertie About It.

MONDAY NIGHT.

GERTIE: I am sending back inclosed a glove of yours that I guess that Leather Neck friend of yours must have dropped out of his pocket. It was found in the dance hall where you was having so much fun dancing with your Marine friend and the newspaper frieks when you was down here as my guest last week.

I hope someday soon you can meet a little friend of mine as I think you would like her fine. She is the finest looking woman I have ever saw and I have saw a lot of them, although until this time I never had much luck picking them out. If you ever see her you will wonder why I ever spent any time with any other girls.

Incidently she is knitting me a heavy wool sweater. Besides being the most beautiful and wonderful woman in the world she has the biggest heart and the second that she found out by chance that I did not have no sweater she immediately said she would make one. How different some women is. Good bye,

BENNIE.

Surprise Coming for Broadway.

TUESDAY NIGHT.

DEAR MISS JOSIE: Well I hope you got back to the city on time Sunday night. I sure would have liked to have gone in with you so that you could have enjoyed the ride to the fullest extent. And I sure would have enjoyed it myself to for that matter but as you know being a soldier is being a soldier so duty made me stay right here and all I could do was to think over what a fine time we had together when you was down here.

Now, Miss Josie, I hope that I get a furlong next Saturday so that we can have one big time in the old town. I guess you have never been down Broadway on Saturday night with a soldier but I will tell you right now that the girls with soldiers is the ones who are knocking everybody else dead. And believe me you are certainly going to have a soldier with you Saturday night. And maybe you and I wont make some little pair walking down the old street. I can just see people turning around to watch us as we go by. It looks to me like you and me were made to be real pals, Miss Josie.

How is the sweater coming anyway. You certainly are the old peach to think of making one for me and I certainly am going to apprecate it to for that matter. It is women like you who are doing their bit to help the brave soldier boys who deserve a lot of credit I want to say right now. And I am going to show my apprecatun by wearing it every day right up to the time we march into Berlin.

I sure would be glad to hear from you and to get the sweater. And I am counting big on seeing you Saturday night.

Your admiring,

SOLDIER BENNIE.

Fine Times in Camp.

WEDNESDAY NIGHT.

DEAR MAMA: I guess you think I have neglucted you but I have been so busy helping to train the new soldiers who just come down from that city that I havent had a second to even think of letter writing.

Well Mama we are having pretty cold weather but we got the warmest kind of clothes that the gov. can buy and we are as warm as a bug in a furnice pipe. Old U. Sam is certainly generus with his coal and we have big stoves going like steam engines all the time. And then we dont do much outdoor drilling these coldest days but we are all in such fine physicle condition that we could spend all day out doors in a storm and never bother any of us. But some of the officers want to practise on lecturing so they keep us indoors and talk to us by the hour on all kinds of war subjects, just as if we didnt have sense enough to know anything about it ourselves.

And Ma just to show you how old U. Sam looks after his soldier boys I will tell you that we have all the sugar out here that we could eat if we didnt eat nothing else but sugar. You must not worry any at all about me because soldiers is being looked after like they was a bunch of grand opera stars.

I expect to get home Saturday and then I will tell you all about everything in the army.

Love to all. Your loving son,

BENNIE.

Gertie Relents.

THURSDAY NIGHT.

BARNEY: Just got a letter from the little queen this afternoon and oh boy she certainly is Their with a big T.

Your sweater is just about done, is part of what she wrote me. And it was great pleasure to knit one for one of Uncle Sam's boys. I certainly do love soldiers, was some more she said. And especially soldiers who can play the piano as well as they can fight the Germans. I am glad my brother has such a friend as you and I know that you and I are going to be great pals.

And then she said she was saving Saturday night for me, and all I want Barney is that Gertie and that Leather Neck that she is so wild about should see her and me walking down Broadway together. Oh boy, what a shock Gertie would get when she sees us because the low down on this is that I and the little queen will have more class than any team trotting down the old street in a week. And when Gertie goes home and gets a squint at herself in the mirror she will just about want to take gas for ever trying to kid herself into believing she was there at all with the looks.

Well, it seems now more and more it I was in it for the last time and that most any time the old wedding bells might do a little ringing for me on the side. I certainly will wear my knit sleeveless sweater jacket that the little queen is making for me into the city, because she has knit that into my heart, into the tie that binds forever, and it will be like having on a suit of armor like the old nights used to wear when they went into war. And when I get to France if I get shot it will be with the little queens sweater on and she will know that I died thinking about her and with her sweater next to my heart. Barney she certainly is a female bear cat.

Women is funny things Barney and you never quite know it until you find the right one. Since I found the little queen Barney I have been thinking a lot about you and the widow and her four year boy Barney. Of course only a few men can find such a wonderful girl as I have found because there are not many such women as she in the hole wide world and then if I had not just been I and a soldier of course I would never have won her like it seems that I have did. When she said right away that first afternoon that she would knit a sweater right away for me I knew that she had fell and of course since I got her two letters and have her all dated up for Saturday night I know that nothing can ever come between us now.

But naturally you could hardly hope to be so fortunate, and if you realy feel that you love the widow I suppose you might as well go ahead and marry the widow and her kid and get it over with. It wont make any difference to her whether you are a soldier or not because a man is a man to her and it dont make any difference whether he has on U. Sam's od or wears just ordinary clothes like you.

To some women they would not have anything to do with a man who was afraid to be a soldier now but others like the widow would not care a partucl. So Barney you go ahead and do what you think is right and if you think you do not want to serve your country in this hour of danger you marry her and the kid.

And if you dont forget to have the license dated back before the war started or else it wont do you any good at all to marry her and you will find yourself in the army and have that woman on your hand not to mention nothing about her four year old kid. But that is up to you Barney and all that I can do is to advise you what I think is the right thing for you to do but you dont need to take it of course if you dont want to.

I almost forgot Barney to tell you that I got a letter this afternoon from Gertie and I guess that already she is sorry that she pulled that boner on me last Friday and come out to the dance with that fish eating Leather Neck hooked up to her right elbow.

You had not ought to have got sore about that, she wrote. Because I thought you would be glad to see Andy again and to see how nice he looked in his Marine uniform. I only give him most of the dances because you got sore, she wrote. And if you had not got sore I would have give most of them to you. And I only give that newspaper man one dance and I did that because I wanted to see what kind of a character he was. He was not so bad she said. And I had your sweater almost built, she said. Maybe I will send it to you anyway, she said.

Well I am going to write her a letter that will end it all. I should worry what she thinks when I got a queen like the little queen I have got.

I guess my sweater will be coming down here about to-morrow. I have told some of these fellows around this barrucks who think they are some ornaments because they have got sweaters that I am getting one made that will be just like haveing the President's wife knit it herself.

I certainly have been boosting that sweater some. Why only this morning a newspaper bird from one of the papers that is distributing sweaters come around to our barrucks and offered to get me a sweater, but I said No, I dont want no ordinary sweater. I have got the finest sweater coming that has ever been knit by the hand of woman, and I would not have one of your sweaters. Give it to some one who has not got some one to knit one for him, I said.

Well so long, Barney.

Tell It to Marines, Says Barney.

THURSDAY NIGHT.

GERTIE: You can send the sweater to your Marine. I am going to have one knit by a little friend of mine that is dying to do it and I guess I would rather have hers anyhow. Yours will be all right for the Marine Corpse.

And then you might tell all that stuff of youre to the Marines to. I am to busy to bother with it.

I expect to be fine and warm after to-morrow, because then I am going to get my sweater down. Goodby,

BENNIE.

Other Soldiers Jealous.

THURSDAY NIGHT.

DEAR MISS JOSIE: Your letter saying that you was mailing me the sweater to-night just come to me and I have just time to write you a line and tell you that I shall always wear it and no matter what happens to me when I get to France I shall always remember that it was your own gentel hands that knit it and I shall never forget it.

I have told all the boys here about my sweater and they are jelus of me. I certainly will be proud to show it to them when it comes tomorrow and tell them all about the little queen that made it for me.

Will write you tomorrow about Saturday. Look for me sure. Your,

SOLDIER BOY BENNIE.

And the Sweater Came!

SATURDAY MORNING.

BARNEY: Well do you know what I have just went and done. Well I will tell you.

I have just went to the Captain and told him that I did not want to go to the city after all that I would give my pass back to him.

Barney women is all got Italian marble in their domes. You could not guess what has happened now so I will tell you.

That sweater that that sister of that fellow I know down here has kept dogging me until I told her I would wear a sweater if she made for me and was foolish enough to do something about it to some of the soldiers here well it come last night. And Barney it would just about fit a four year old son of the widow. There had been another of them I would have swore that they was stilets to go on your rists or at the most thighlets to go around your legs like some of the dude soldiers are wearing out here.

But as for it being a sweater for a man sized soldier, Barney you could have possibly stretched it to go over a nine year old Boy Scouts. And I am going to send it to you so that you can give it to the widow's four year old kid. And it was made of this wool and might do for some Forth of July celebratun but—well I can't write any more.

I certainly am through with women now Barney and am going to devote myself to the army. If I try I will have any trouble at all in being an officer so that is what I am going to do.

But it certainly does seem kind of funny that all the people in this country would let some of their soldier boys go without sweaters when they wasnt for the soldier boys they wouldnt even have any wool to make sweaters out of or if there was wool they would be knitting them for the Crown Prince and a lot of Huns.

The next woman that makes a sweater vest to me I will choke with it. And I will starve before I let another to knit a single stitch.

BENNIE.