

Goat Shatters Yaphank Bennie's Love Dream

By FRAZIER HUNT,
Author of "Blown In by the Draft."
SOMEWHERE IN FRANSE
Monday

FRIEND BARNEY: Well old pal we got Old Dynamite back last night and I must say that if the engineers don't know any more about building trenches than they do about taking care of goat mascots that us dowboys is up against a pretty tough game. Honest Barney you wouldn't hardly know old Dynamite for the shadow of his former self. He's thin and looks kinda worn and sad like and I guess probably they been feeding him on tent pegs and engineering instruments and a lot of stuff they didn't have any use for.

Gues you remember Barney about me writing you how I bought Dynamite with my hard earned dow and how later he rambled into the Majors pet garden and set up all the fresh vegetables and how the Major ordered me to kill Dynamite and instead of doing it how I took him over to Steve Gardner, who is a private in B Company of the Engineers, to take care of until Galloping Bill calmed down. Well late yesterday afternoon I went over and got Old Dynamite and I gues it was just as well I didn't wait no longer because if I had there wouldn't a been nothing left of him but his horns. As it was he wasn't nothing but bones and skin and a little baaa but Barney the old boy is sure still full of fight. Say, he must of been some wild goat in his day Barney because now after being starved and abused by the engineers for three or four weeks he still had enough pep to want to but the hand that fed him.

I brung him on back to our company but I am keeping him kind of hid so that the Major won't run into him so soon. We got him tied out behind the bilet and I got some fresh green stuff that I borrowed late last night from some Froggies garden and you should ought to have seen Dynamite go to it. I gues it was the first green thing outside of Engineering Lutnants that Dynamite has seen since he went over there to live with them while he was in disgrace. I got an idea that in three or four days of good feeding that he will be his old self again and then it will be wowe to the man who flirts with him. Anybody that thinks he can make free with Old Dynamite never seen him in action that is what I mean Barney.

I must say old pal that I am certainly getting a little discusted with Gertie. I gues she is so busy entertaining a lot of leather Necks and Blue jackits that she has not got no time to write any letters to soldiers who are offering themselves to get killed way over here in Franse. I have not got any male from her for a couple of weeks now and if she thinks that she can pull that tempermental stuff on me she has got the wrong idea of what the army is. I would like to see the false teeth of the dame who could get by with that ruff stuff on a Us solder especially one who has been in the service for almost a year and know more about fighting Germins that all the Blue jackits who ever wore there trousers upside down put together.

Well old pal, bone swor, as we say in Franse.
BENNIE.

A Bunch of Pangs for Gertie.

FRANSE
Tuesday

GERTIE: This is just to tell you that I am going up to the trenches soon and that I gues I won't ever come back again so this is good by, are revore.

I certainly never have asked no girl yet to write me a letter if she didn't want to and I certainly am not going to start in now begging people to send me some male so that I can be a little happy before I get killed for my country and for the people mail and female who stay back home and wear silk stockings and spend there time entertaining Blue jackits and people like that who put on a lot of gov. scenery and trop around like they was winning the war when of course it is only the old Us soldiers who are doing that little thing. I wouldn't even suggest to no girl in the whole world to write me if she didn't want to, because in the first place Franse has got more beautiful winin than a Belgun police dog has flees.

There is millans of them everywhere and you can not even put out your hand over here in Franse without touching the most beautiful female that you ever saw. And they have got dow to. There is millans of them that will pay for the whole wedding seremony and there old man will throw in the wedding breakfast and everything and a upstanding young

dowboy like myself over here can get married and everything and it will not cost him a single French Sue.

So I gues you can see how much I should worry about whether girls back home want to write me letters or not. If they want to have there heros die without sending them no word or a look or anything like that then we will die ahead and you will not never hear no more words of complant coming out from our seled lips. Only someday there will come a pang of remorse to you female back home and then you will say Oh why did I trete him thus, but it will be to late then and we will be filling some heros grave over here far away in far away Franse where the daisies grow over our graves and there is no one to drop a gentil tear over our graves.

So good by, because I am going up to the front next week and never again will you be bothered off me. Only just one dying request and that is that someday when you aint got no Blue jackits or Lether necks to entertain that you will sigh a quiet sigh for me and think of me only as filling some heros grave way over here. Farewell,
BENNIE.

Baa! Baa! And a Beaut!

FRANSE
Wednesday

DEAR BARNEY: Well old pal I got a great scene. I met a girl this morning who has got a flock of sheep that she lets eat out here in the country and I must say that she is certainly the most beautiful woman that I have ever saw in Franse, and I gues that is saying some. And just leve it to old Bennie to knock her dead and push her right offn the Christmas tree.

Now my seeme is this old pal—I am going to take poor Old Dynamite out there to the country where this French kid is and I am going to let them lambs and goats lie down together like the lamb and the mouse in the Bible. And while I am improving my French along side this little peach Dynamite will be grazing around getting acquainted with her lambs and getting fat and living offn the best of the land. I certainly will be killing two sheep with one stone, eh Barney.

Say I even know this beautys name Barney. It is Marie and I must say that is some wonderful name. It listens kind of Spanish but I gues is pure French and it is awful musical when you pronounce it in French like I do when I talk to her. And I gues maybe Gertie will wish that she had not took no chances with me and fooled around with a lot of camaflogged birds when she hears about this little dame Marie. I call her Bow Pepe after that old

kid story but she dont make me very well, but I and she certainly do understand each other even if we cant talk much together.

Oh you Marie, Barney. Oh you little French Bow Pepe.
BENNIE.

Mama, Meet Mlle. Marie.

YMCA HUT, FRANSE
Wednesday

DEAR MAMA: Well Mama I met an awful nice French girl over here the other day and I certainly wish that you could see her Mama. You would fall right in love with her I tell you and I bet it would not be more than three minutes before both of you would be thinking the world of each other.

Of course Mama there is nothing so very awful serious between I and Marie yet but she sure is just about the finest girl that I have ever saw yet. You would like these natif French girls Mama if you only knew them and you would say that American boys who did not trete them nice certainly had something wrong in there domes. They have got the looks Mama and they are awful kind and lots of them has got dow to burn. Gee I wish that you could see Marie. Maybe you will some day Mama.

Well I am awful busy right now trying to improve my French Mama and I gues that in a couple of weeks more that I will be able to parley this stuff just as good as any natif around here. There is only one way to lerne French Mama, ha ha Mama. By by Mama and lots of love. Your solder boy,
BENNIE.

Bennie "Sines Up" for a Date.

FRANSE
Thursday

FRIEND BARNEY: In a couple of hours I am going to take Old Dynamite out to graze Barney and while he is grazing I will be talking to about the most beautiful piece of femininity in all Franse. Boy she is there like the American army. Nothing can stop that dame, at least while she running on my private line.

I just got done seeing her early this morning and I give her a bow like she was some female Prinse or something like that and then I went up to her and told her in French that I was coming out to see her this afternoon and I made my date and everything is all fixed up. Of course she cant understand me very good yet but the way we get along with this sine stuff is something wonderful Barney.

I and she is certainly going to hit it off like a couple of humming pigeons old pal and by the progress that we are making we will be telling our real names and exchanging addresses in about two days

French Marriage Formalities Most Discouraging to Yankees

WRITING in *La Baionnette*, a Paris humorous weekly, Maurice Dekobra makes some interesting observations on the marriage difficulties encountered by American troops in France:

"Anglo-Saxons are no novelty in the war zone," he says, "but just now we are making the acquaintance of a different branch of the same race. I refer to the Sammies, the brave Sammies who have come all the way from their Far West to take part in the splendid fight of the nations allied for democracy.

"After all our Franco-Anglo-Australo-Canadian unions we are now going to have some Franco-American alliances. The lucky girls near the fighting line will have any number to choose from, and Mr. Eros is already sharpening his arrows behind the folds of the flag that bears the stars. Yankees from New England, Southerners from New Orleans, Californians from the land of the orange groves and giant palms are going to initiate us into their expeditious methods of hurlyburly weddings.

"Said one Sammy to me the other morning:

"I want to ask your advice about something. I'm going away to-morrow morning on a four days leave, but I want to get married to Madame X—before I start; she's my landlady, you know. Whom do I go to to get the affair attended to right off? I've no time to lose, you see."

"Unsuspecting Sammy! He had no idea of the ancient formalities of our French marriage laws, which make this business more complicated than the solving of an equation of the fourth dimension!

"My dear Sammy," said I, "in France we are not in the habit of going about this thing in a hurry. We regard marriage as something to be meditated over for several years. We weigh the pros and

cons, the notwithstandings and the subsequentlys. We shift and hesitate, and then when the hour for crossing the Rubicon comes the shepherd's pipings have often lost a good part of their charm.

"But when we have at last come to the fatal decision we have to go to the Mayor, to the notaries and to the solicitors to get a bundle of indispensable documents. And then, after all that, the bans are published and the ceremony takes place! We are married in conformity to the law. We love each other and are happy in conformity to the law. And then if everything does not go as we imagined we can only blame the law for frightening Cupid."

"I get you," sighed Sammy. Then he protested more forcibly:

"Look here! Suppose I meet a lady on the train and I take a fancy to her and she takes a fancy to me. Do you mean to tell me that we could not hunt up the nearest minister and ask him to marry us on the spot?"

"We don't go about things in that way, Sammy."

"Well, you do live in a queer country, don't you?"

"I sympathized with his discomfiture and did my best to explain the formalities which he would have to undergo in order to be legally married to the young woman who was lodging him. He thanked me, but then spoke anxiously:

"It's all plain enough. But how many days is this business going to last?"

"A month, six weeks, perhaps longer. Your sweetheart is a widow, you know."

"Sammy lifted his eyes to heaven.

"I'm not going to marry her," he concluded desperately.

"Why not?"

"Wait six weeks!" he exclaimed. "Why, in that time I may want to marry somebody else."

more. But I was only kidding about that old pal because I been telling her all about you and I bet that she would know you if she just passed you on the street any place and we aint got no secrets between us and I told her all about what I was making in the army and everything like that.

So you better not be surprised Barney at anything you hear because all bets are off now old pal and if any of these Froggies pop up and try to steel my little Marie Bow Pepe from me there will be a battle that will make the first battle of the Marne look like the charge up San Wan hill in Cuba. I would just like to observe the color of the birds uniform that could take that gal away from me. He would want to be bigger than one of the Russian grand dukes and have more nerve than the Germin crown prinse.

Well old pal you know old Bennie and if its anything about wovin I gues you dont need to worry any about me. If there is anything about this sext that I dont know they been kidding all of us boobs from Adam down.

I must say, I kind of feel sorry for Gertie though. Well so long old pal.
BENNIE.

FRANSE
Friday

BARNEY: Well I dont care whether the people back home subscrib for that six billun of Liberty bonds or not—I'm done with this war business and all I want to do is to get a arm shot off or something like that and get it over with and be sent home. Im tired and sick of being made a sucker of by these natif people over here.

Well as I wrote you yesterday I met a little dame that aint nothing but a sherpedis of some sheep and lambs and I said to myself Well here will be a good chance to learn some French, so I made a date with her to come out where she had her sheep and to bring Ole Dynamite along and I was going to let Dynamite eat some grass and get nice and fat while I talked French to this natif girl.

Well along in the afternoon I started down the rode leading Dynamite and pretty soon I come across this dame Marie, and there she was along side of the rode with her sheep and a lot of lambs and she had a crooked stick over her arm and then she had one of these Belgun police looking dogs that was running all around dizzy as a new Secund Lutenant.

So I sat down and we started talking and I said Bone jar Madamoisel and she said Bon jar Mesure and then we got going pretty good and everything was ok and just about this time this damn dog of hers come up and begun teasing Dynamite. Well for quite awhile Dynamite went on about his business eating grass and didn't pay no attentun to this dog at all but after this animal had teased him for about ten minutes Dynamite rose up and started head down for this dog.

Well I was kind of busy right at this time talking French to this dame Marie and when Dynamite run he pulled the rope out of my hand and then bellsfire commenced to pop. He run after that dog for awhile and then he got tired and I gues he was seeing red he was so mad and then he begun bumping into these sheep of this dames and pretty soon there was some sheep and goat and dog battle there, I want to say right now. Well in the mix up some of them new born lambs got killed I gues and Dynamite run that dog until his tongue was hanging out way behind his hind legs.

Then Dynamite began running them sheep and before the day was done he had em chased all over that part of Franse, and there was the dead and the dying and the maned and the halted everywhere as far as the eyes could reach.

Well you can talk about your dames being sore. Barney you should ought to have saw this girl Marie. She didn't do a thing but go right up to my Major and tell him that I had sieked Dynamite on her sheep and that he had killed three lambs and they was worth 25 franks apiece. Then the Major sent for me and what he said must have give even him a headache. And when it was all over he made me kick in 75 franks to that dame for them dead lambs she claimed Dynamite killed but I know just passed away from heart failure and the heat. Think of that Barney, 75 franks—pretty near 15 bucks in real money.

Talk about Liberty Bonds to me. If I had one I would sell it for two bucks Mex and buy some poison with the dow and feed it to that sheep dog of this dames. Fine war, is what I mean, I dont think. Yours for piece at any price. **BENNIE.**