

not the ports from which the real invasion armada set out for France. These ships were built by American rubber manufacturers and were as large and approximately of the same design as the real vessels they were "doubling" for. Since this hoax was an important factor in confusing the enemy, the phantom fleet had a part in making the invasion a success although its ships never carried a man or fired a gun.

There seemed to be nothing in the world that Private Sawtell couldn't do. Around Manila, where he served, they called him "the most versatile man in the army."

One day, when an officer wanted a haircut and the barber was away, Private Sawtell volunteered to do the job.

"Were you ever a barber?" asked the officer.

"Yes, sir," replied Sawtell, "I was a barber for three years."

A few days later another officer, heartily tired of the regular camp rations, wanted a special dish prepared.

"Did you ever cook?" he was asked.

"Yes, sir; three years' experience, sir."

The dish was marvelous. Three days

later the colonel's horse threw a shoe. Sawtell fixed it. After that he was, successively, dentist, letter-writer, watch repairer, leading tenor in the camp show, and a dozen other things. In all these tasks he claimed long experience, and in all he served superlatively well.

One day the colonel called Sawtell into his office.

"Sawtell," said the colonel, "I have a warrant for your arrest. Seems you're badly wanted back in the United States. You have been a particularly valuable man, Sawtell, and I hate to lose you, particularly as you will have to go to prison."

"Oh, that's all right, colonel," replied Sawtell. "I've had experience—four years in Leavenworth."

Butch Beeler, a gunner on one of Uncle's battle wagons, is home on leave for a spell. On Christmas day, while Butch was settin' with his cat before the fire, his wife, Rosie, had to deliver some Christmas presents across the street, so she warned him to keep an eye on the fire.

She went out. Butch fell fast asleep. Two hours passed. The fire died down. Rosie returned. She took one look at Butch sleeping there before the cold stove, and shouted: "Fire!"

Butch sprang to attention, tore open the oven door, rammed in the cat, slammed the door and yelled, "No. 1 gun ready!"

#### COVER PICTURE

*Western Sunset*

From Harris State Park on the Southern Oregon Coast.

RALPH GIFFORD PHOTO

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