

O Lalala, the Gambler

By FREDERICK O'BRIEN and ROSE WILDER LANE

Illustrations by Arthur G. Dove

PARABLES are commonly found in books. In a few words on a printed page one sees a universal problem made small and clear, freed from those large uncertainties and whimsies of chance that make life in the whole confusing to the vision. Yet it was my fortune to see, in the valley of Atuona, on Hiva-oa, a series of incidents of unbelievable merriment that slowly clarified themselves into a parable when I sat later considering them on the palm-shaded *paepae* of my cabin above the blue lagoon.

They began one afternoon when I fled the duties of host to seek a quiet smoke with M. L'Hermier des Plantes, the young French governor of the Marquesas. Six months on Hiva-oa had not exhausted my novelty for the simple cannibals of Atuona. Blood-brothers of the white race that forgot them through unnumbered eons, my neighbors still kept the childlike directness of the time when all mankind was young. All day they crowded upon my *paepae* to marvel at The Iron Fingers That Make Words, to smoke pandanus-leaf cigarettes, and to chant the endless genealogies that run back through a thousand years.

Simplicity wearies a mind that has lost the capacity for it. With relief I left my cabin at the mercy of my guests, and followed the road down the jungle-walled valley to the governor's palace in the banana-grove.

As I mounted the steps I beheld on the veranda the governor, stern, though perspiring, confronting a yellowish

stranger on crutches who pleaded in every tone of anguish for some boon denied him.

"Non! No! Nai!" cried the governor, poly-linguistically emphatic; "it cannot be done!" He dropped into a chair and poured a glass of Pernod, while the defeated suitor turned to me in despair.

He was short and of a jaundiced hue, his soft, brown eyes set very slightly aslant. Although lame, he displayed an alertness and poise unusual in the sea's spawn of the island beaches. In Tahitian, Marquesan, and French, with a few English words, he explained that he, a Tahitian marooned on Hiva-oa from a schooner because of a broken leg, wished to pass the tedium of his exile in an innocent game of cards.

"I desire," he begged, "a mere permission to buy two packs of cards at the Chinaman's store that I may teach my neighbors here the *jeu de pokaree*. I have learned it on a journey to San Francisc'. It is Americaine. It is like life, not altogether luck. One must think well to play it."

Now, gambling is forbidden in the South Seas. It is told that throughout the Southern oceans such a madness possessed the people to play the white men's games of chance that in order to prevent constant bloodshed in quarrels a strict interdiction was made by the conquerors. White men in the islands are always excepted from such sin-stopping rules, and merchants keep a small stock of cards for their indulgence.

"But why two packs?" I asked the agitated Tahitian.

"*Mais, monsieur*, that is the way I was taught. We played with ten or fourteen in the circle. I wish merely to pass the time. More of my poor brother Kanakas can enjoy the game with two packs."

He was positively abased, for no Tahitian says "Kanaka" of himself; it is a term of contempt. He calls his fellow so only as an American negro says "nigger." I looked at him closely. The suggested slant of his lids, the thin lips, reminded me of a certain "son of Ah Cum" who had guided me into disaster in Canton.

"Your name?" I asked.

"O Lalala," he replied, while the smile that flickered in his eyes was killed by his tightening lips. "I am a French citizen, for my grandfather was of Annam, under the tricolor, and my mother of Tahiti."

Fourteen-handed poker, with O Lalala as instructor to cannibals ignorant of the game the code of which was written by a United States diplomat, appealed to me as more than a passing of the time. It would be an episode in the valley. My interest was aroused. I called the governor aside.

"This poker is not like *écarté* or *baccara*," I said. "It is a study of character, a matching of minds, a thing we call 'bluff,' we Americans. These poor Marquesans must have some fun. Let him do it! No harm can come of it. It is a long way to Paris, where the laws are made."

The governor turned to O Lalala.

"No stakes," he said.

"*Mais non!* Not a *sou*," that suppliant promised. "We will use only matches as counters. *Merci, merci, monsieur l'Administrateur!* You are very good. Please, will you give me now the note to Ah You?"

As he limped away with it, the governor poured me an inch of absinthe.

"*Sapristi!*" he exclaimed. "O Lalala! O la! la! la!" He burst into laughter. "He will play ze bloff?"

At midnight I had returned to a deserted cabin and had lain down to sleep when on the breeze from the valley a strangely familiar sound came to my upper ear. I sat up, listening. In the dark silence, with no wind to rustle the

breadfruit- and cocoanut-trees, and only the brook faintly murmuring, I heard a low babble of voices. No word was distinguishable, not even the language, yet curiously the sound bore a rhythm that I knew.

I have heard in the distance preaching in many languages. Though only the cadences, the pauses, and rhythm reached me, I had no difficulty in knowing their origin and meaning. Thought casts the mold of all speech. Now my drowsy mind harked back to American days, to scenes in homes and clubs.

I rose, wrapped a loin-cloth about me, and set out with a lantern in search of that sound. It led me up the valley, across the brook, and into the dense green growth of the mountain-side. Beyond I saw lights in the cocoanut-grove of Lam Kai Oo. My bare feet made no noise. Approaching cautiously, I peered through the undergrowth.

A blaze of torches lighted a cleared space among the tall palm-trees, and in the flickering red glow I beheld a score of naked, tattooed figures crouched about a shining mat of sugar-cane. Beside them piles of yellow-boxed Swedish matches caught the light, and on the cane mat gleamed the white and black and red of the cards. The midnight darkness of the inclosing forest and the great stems of the palms, upholding the rustling canopy that hid the sky, hinted at some monstrous cathedral where heathen rites were performed.

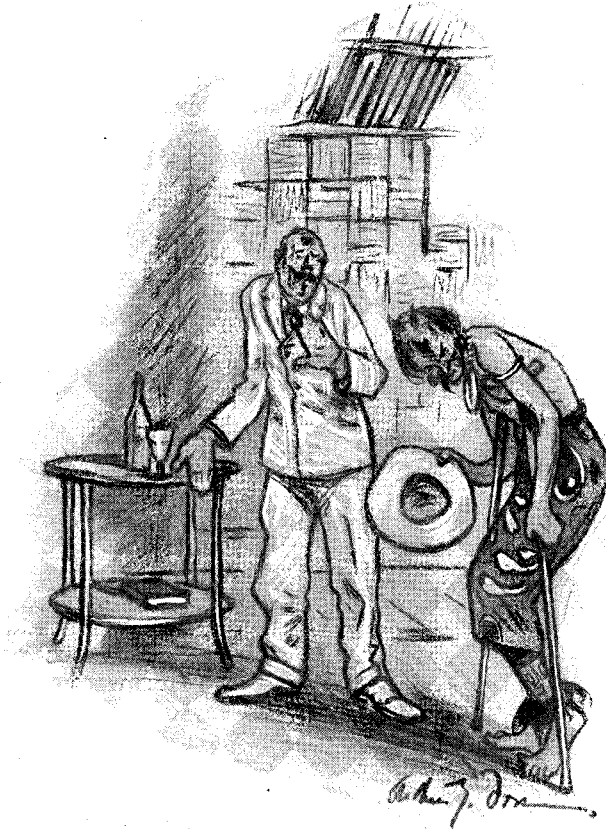
A ray of light fell upon the face of O Lalala, sharply lined, intent. Yellow boxes were piled high at his back, his crutch propped against them, and constantly he speeded the game with cries of "Passy, cally, or makum bigger!" "Comely center!" and "Ante uppy!"

These were the sounds that had swept my memory back to civilization and drawn me from my sleep. O Lalala had all the slang of poker—the poker of the water-fronts of San Francisco and of Shanghai—and evidently he had already taught his eager pupils that patois.

They crouched about the mat, bent forward in their eagerness, and the flickering light caught twisting mouths and gleaming eyes ringed with tattooing. Over their heads the torches

flamed, held by breathless onlookers. The candlenuts, threaded on long spines of cocoanut-leaves, blazed only for a few moments; but each, as it sputtered out, lighted the one beneath it, and the scores of strings shed a continuous, though wavering, light upon the shining mat and the cards. In the half-

ness of the play was upon them, the calm placidity of every-day was gone, as in the throes of the dance they kept their gleaming eyes upon the fluctuations of fortune before them. Twice I spoke sharply before they heard me, and then in a frenzy of supplication Apporo threw herself upon me.



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darkness around them gigantic shadows soundlessly leaped and danced among the tree-trunks.

I pushed through the fringe of onlookers, none of whom heeded me, and found Exploding Eggs, my valet, and Apporo, my landlady, who had leased to me her cabin for a year in return for the promise of my "golden bed" of brass when I should depart. The mad-

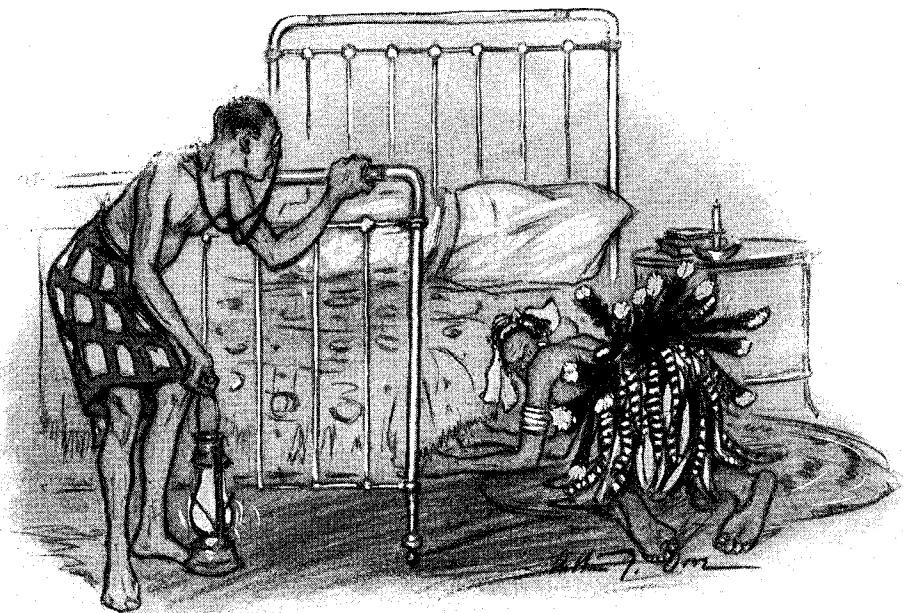
Would I not give her matches—the packets of matches that were under the golden bed? She and her husband, Great Fern, had spent only an hour in the magic circle before they were denuded of their every match. Couriers were even now scouring the valley for more matches. Quick! Hasten! Even now it might be that the matches under the golden bed were gone.

"Surely, then, come," I said, struck by an incredible possibility. Could it be that the crafty O Lalala—impossible! But Apporo, hurrying before me down the trail, confirmed all my suspicions.

O Lalala had stated and put into effect the prohibition of any stakes other than the innocent matches, mere counters, which he had mentioned to the governor. But swift messengers

standards were naught. Exploding Eggs had been one of the first squatters at the sugar-cane mat. "The bishop himself would trade the holy-water founts for matches were he as thirsty to play as I am," she declared.

There were no more matches in the valleys of Atuona or Taka-uka, she said. Every dealer had sold out. Every house had been invaded. The losers had



"'Exploding Eggs!' cried Apporo, her dark eyes rolling in rage"

had heralded throughout the valley that there would be gambling, authorized *par gouvernement*, in Lam Kai Oo's plantation, and already the cards had been shuffled for seven or eight hours. Throughout all Hiva-oa matches had been given an extraordinary and superlative value. To the farthest hut on the rim of the valley the cry was "Matches!" And, as fast as they arrived, O Lalala won them.

We hastened into the cabin, and Apporo was beneath the golden bed before the rays of my lantern fell upon the floor. The packets had disappeared.

"Exploding Eggs!" cried Apporo, her dark eyes rolling in rage.

"But—he is honest," I objected.

In such a crisis, she muttered, all

begged, borrowed, or given articles of great value for matches. The accursed Tahitian had them all but a few now being waged. Couriers were even now racing over the mountains in the darkness, ransacking every hut for more.

The reputation of Hiva-oa, the island itself, was at stake. A foreigner had dishonored its people, or would do so if they did not win back what he had gained from them. Apporo was half Chinese, and her father's soul was concerned. He had died in this very room. To save his face in death she would give back even her interest in the golden bed, she would pledge all that Great Fern possessed, if I would give her only a few matches.

Her pleas could only be useless; there was not a match in the cabin.

We returned to the cocoanut-grove. O Lalala still sat calmly winning matches, the supply of which was from time to time replenished by panting new-comers. He swept the mat clean at every valuable pot.

His only apparent advantage was that he made the rules whenever questions arose. He was patient in all disputes, yielding in small matters; but he was as the granite rocks of the mountain above him when many matches were at stake. With solemnity he invoked the name of Hoy-lee, a mysterious person who had fixed immutably the taboos of pokaree. He made an occult sign, with his thumb against his nose, and that settled it. If any one persisted in challenging this *tiki*, he added his other thumb to the little finger of his first symbol and said, "Got-am-to-hel-lee!" As a last recourse, he would raise his crutch and, with public opinion supporting him, would threaten to invoke the law against gambling and stop the game if disputation did not cease.

Steadily the pile of Swedish *tændstikker* grew behind him. All night the game raged beneath the light of the candlenuts in a silence broken only by the hoarse breathing of the crouching brown men, the sandy-sounding rustle of palm-fronds overhead, "Ante Uppy!" or "Comely center!" When dawn came grayly through the aisles of the grove, the players halted briefly to eat a bowl of *poipoi* and to drink the milk of freshly gathered nuts. O Lalala, relaxing against the heap of his winnings, lifted a cocoanut-shell to his lips, and over its rim gave me one enigmatic glance.

Whistling thoughtfully, I went down to the cabin, breakfasted there without the help of Exploding Eggs, and then sought the governor. He had gone in a whale-boat to a neighboring deserted island to shoot *kuku*.

All day the madness raged in the cocoanut-grove. In the afternoon the vicar apostolic of the Roman Catholic Church, supported by the faithful Deacon Fariuu, himself toiled up the slope to stop the game. The bishop was received in sullen silence by regular com-

municants. A catechist whom he found squat before the mat paid no attention to his objurgations save to ask the bishop not to stand behind him, as O Lalala had said that was bad luck. The churchmen retired in a haughty silence, unheeded by the absorbed players.

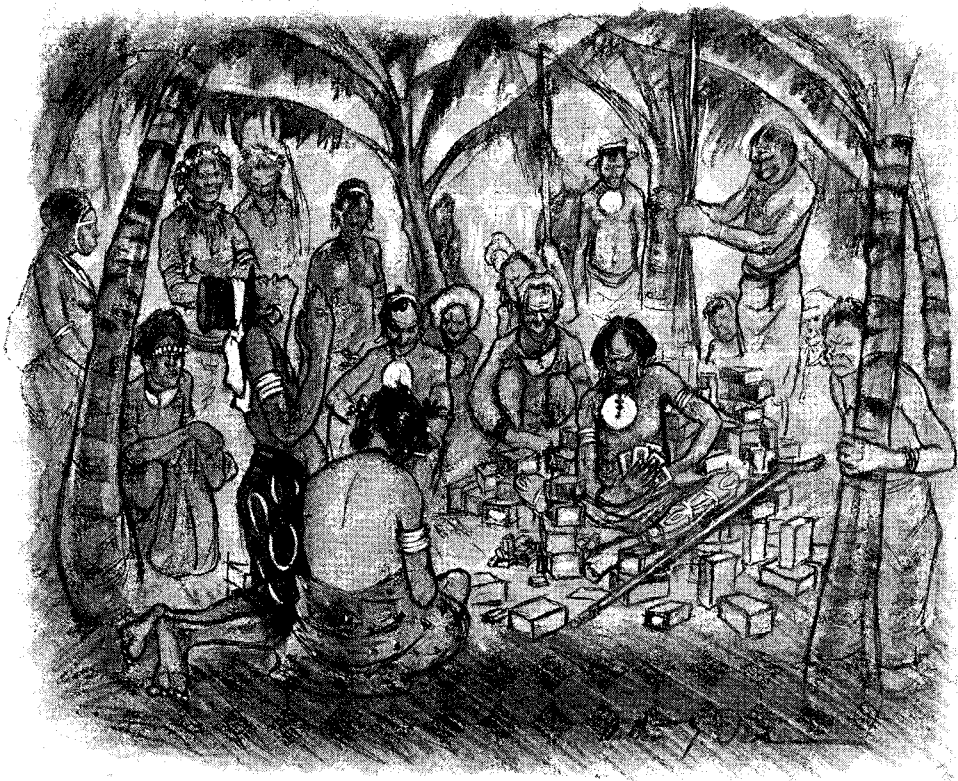
Later the deacon returned alone, bringing with him the very matches that had been kept in the church to light the lamps at night service. These he staked on the sugar-cane mat, and, elevating his hands toward the skies, fervently asked the Giver of All Good Things to aid his draw. But he received a third ace, only to see O Lalala put down four of the accursed bits of paper with three spots on each one.

The vicar bishop visited the grove again only to call down the anathema maranatha of high heaven upon the renegade who had robbed the cathedral and the priests' house of every *tændstikker* they had held.

At three o'clock next morning the game lapsed because O Lalala had all the counters. These he sent to his house, where they were guarded by a friend. For a day he sat waiting by the sugar-cane mat, and the Monte Carlo was not deserted. He would not budge to the demands of a hundred losers that he sell back packages of matches for cocoanuts or French francs or any other currency. Pigs, fish, canned goods, and all the contents of the stores he spurned as breaking faith with the kindly governor, who would recognize that while matches were not gambling stakes, all other commodities were.

On the fourth day the canoes that had been sailed and paddled to every other island of the archipelago began to return. Some brought fifty packages, some fewer. Dealers had tossed their prices skyward when asked to sell their entire stock.

The game began anew with the fierceness of the typhoon after the center has passed. Men and women stood in line to redeem their fortunes, to gain applause, to slake their rage. Once they thought they had conquered the Tahitian. He began to lose, and before his ill fortune ended he had sent more than thirty packages from his hut to the



"Fervently asked the Giver of All Good Things to aid his draw"

grove. But his star rose again, and the contents of the canoes were his.

On the fifth day it became known that the Shan-Shan syndicate of Cantonese held one remaining case, a hundred boxes of matches. It was priceless as the sole possible barrier against ending the game.

The Shan-Shan men were without heart. They demanded for the case five francs a packet. Many of the younger Marquesans urged giving the Cantonese a taste of the *u'u*, the war-clubs of a previous generation. Desperate as were the older gamblers, they dared not consent. The governor would return, the law would take its course, and they would go to Noumea to work out their lives for crime. No, they would buy the case for francs, but they would not risk dividing it among many, who would be devoured piecemeal by the diabolical Tahitian.

"Kivi, the vagabond, the drinker of *kava*, is the chief to lead our cause,"

said Mouth of God. "He has never gone to the Christian church. He believes still in the old gods of the high places, and he is tattooed with the shark."

Kivi was the one man who had not played. He cared nothing for the pleasures of the *Farani*, the foolish whites. After palaver, his neighbors waited on him in a body. They reasoned with him, they begged him. He consented to their plan only after they had wept for their humbling.

Then they began to instruct him. They told him of the different combinations, of straights and flushes, and of a certain occasional period when O Lalala would introduce a mad novelty by which the cards with one fruit on them would "runnee wil'ee." They warned him against times when without reason the demon would put many matches on the mat, and, after frightening out every one, would in the end show that he had no cards of merit.

Immediately after sunset, when the

poi and fish had been eaten, and all had bathed in the brook, when the women had perfumed their bodies and wreathed the scarlet hibiscus in their hair, and Kivi had drunk thrice of *kava*, the game began. The valley was deserted, the *paepaes* were empty. No fires twinkled from the mountain-sides. Only in the cocoanut-grove the candle-nuts were lighted as the stars peeped through the roof the world.

The worn cards had been oiled and dried. The pipe was made to smoke; Kivi puffed it and solemnly it passed from hand to hand of those who had joined in the purchase of the case from the thieves of Cantonese. Then in a breathless silence the cards were cut, and dealt by Kivi.

O Lalala and he eyed each other like Japanese wrestlers before the grapple. Their eyes were slits as they put up the ante of five packages each. O Lalala opened the pot for five packages, and Kivi, nudged by his backers, feverishly balanced them. He took three cards; O Lalala only one. Standing behind him, I saw that the Tahitian had no cards of value, but coolly he threw thirty packages upon the mat. The others shuddered, for Kivi had drawn deuces to a pair of kings. They made the pipe glow again. They puffed it, they spat, they put their heads together, and they threw down his cards.

O Lalala dropped his own, and they saw that Kivi could have beaten him. They shouted in dismay, and withdrew Kivi, who after some palaver went away with them into the darkness.

One or two torches dimly illumined the figures of the squatting women who remained. Upon the sugar-cane mat O Lalala stretched himself at ease, closing his eyes. A silence broken only by the stealthy noises of the forest closed upon us. Apporo, her dark eyes wide, glanced fearfully over her shoulder and crept close to me. In a shaking whisper she confided that the absent players had thrown earth over their shoulders, stamped, and called upon Po, the Marquesan deity of darkness; yet it had not availed them. Now they went to make magic to those whom she mentioned only obliquely, shuddering.

We waited while the torches sput-

tered lower, and a dank breath of the forest crept among the trees. O Lalala appeared to sleep, though the quivering of his lids betrayed him. It was an hour before the players returned. Then Kivi crouched into his place without a word, and the others ranged themselves behind him, as though having in mind a cabalistic number formation.

Fresh torches were made, and many disputed the privilege of holding them, as they controlled one's view of the mat. O Lalala sat imperturbable, waiting. At last all was ready. The light fell upon the giant limbs and huge torsos of the men, picking out arabesques of tattooing and catching ruddy gleams from red *pareus*. The women, in crimson gowns caught up to the waist, their hair adorned with flowers and phosphorescent fungus, squatted in a close ring about the players.

O Lalala took up the pack, shuffled it and handed it to Kivi to cut. Kivi solemnly stacked before him eighty-five packages of matches, all that remained in the islands. Five packages went to the mat for ante, and Kivi very slowly picked up his cards.

He surveyed them, and a grim smile of incredulity and delight spread over his ink-decorated countenance. He opened for ten packages. O Lalala quickly put down as many, and thirty more.

Kivi chuckled as a man who has his enemy in his hand. He then carefully counted his remaining wealth, and with a gesture of invitation slid the entire seventy packages about his knees. They were a great bulk, quite 840 boxes of matches, and they almost obscured the curving palms of blue tattooed on his thighs.

Again he chuckled, and this time put his knuckles over his mouth. "Patty!" said Great Fern for him, and made a gesture disdaining more cards.

O Lalala scrutinized him as the sailor the heavens in a storm, slowly studied the visages of all his backers. He closed his eyes a moment. Then, "My cally," he said, as he pushed a huge heap of boxes upon the cane mat. The *kava*-drinkers grew black with excitement.

Kivi hesitated, and then, amid the most frightful curses of his company,

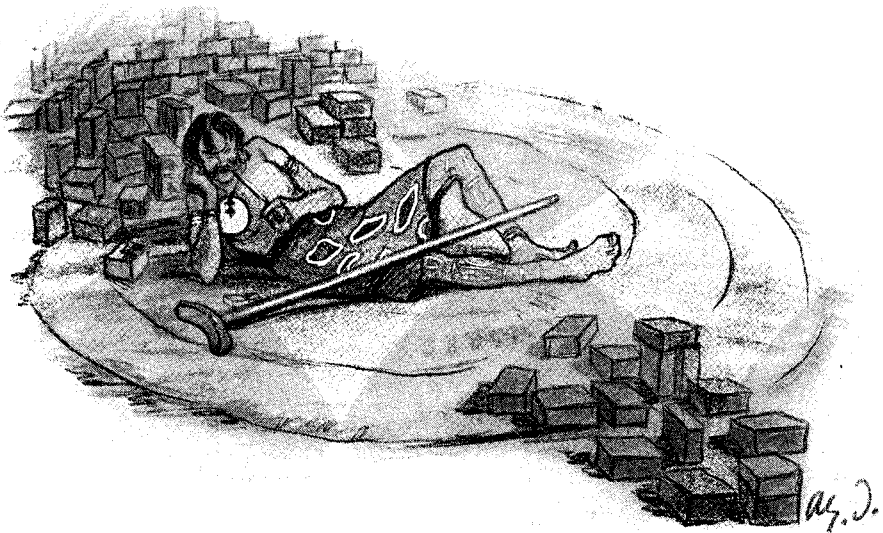
laid down only a pair of kings, a six, a nine, and a Jack. O Lalala, without a smile, disclosed a pair of aces.

The game was over. The men of Hiva-oa had thrown their last spear. Magic had been unavailing; the demon foreigner could read through the cards. Kivi fell back helpless, grief and *kava* prostrating him. The torches died down as the winner picked up the spoils and prepared to retire.

At this moment a man galloped up on horseback, displaying two boxes and a handful of separate matches. O Lalala refused to play for this trifling stake,

inch of the walls was covered with stacked boxes of matches, yellow fronts exposed. On his mat in the middle of this golden treasury O Lalala reclined, smoking at his leisure and smiling the happy smile of Midas. Outside a cold wind swept down from the mountains, and a gray sky hid the sun.

I paused in the reek of those innumerable matches, which tainted the air a hundred feet away, and exchanged morning greetings with their owner. I inquired as to his plans. He said that he would make a three-days' vigil of thanks, and upon the fourth day he



"On his mat in the middle of this golden treasury O Lalala reclined"

but in a storm of menacing cries consented to cut the pack for double or nothing, and in a twinkling extinguished the last hope.

The horseman had looted the governor's palace. The ultimate match in the Marquesas was now in the hands of O Lalala. He had the absolute monopoly of artificial light and of cooking. Soberly the valley-dwellers went home to their dark huts.

Next morning, after a cold breakfast, I was early afoot in the valley. On my way to the trader's store I beheld the complacent winner in his cabin. Through the open door I saw that every

would sell matches for a franc a small box.

The valley people were coming and going about their affairs, but sadly and even morosely. There was no match to light the fire for roasting breadfruit or to kindle the solacing tobacco. O Lalala would not give one away, or sell one at any price. Neither would he let a light be taken from his own fire or pipe.

The traders had not a match. The next schooner was not expected for two months. The only alternatives were to remain smokeless and lightless or to assault the heartless oppressor. Many dark threats were muttered in the

cheerless huts, but in variety of counsels there was no unity, and none dared attack alone the yellow-walled hut in which O Lalala smiled among his gains.

For two days there was not a spark of flame set in all Atuona save by O Lalala, and that for himself alone. With each hour of deprivation the value of the hoarded matches increased, as he well knew. He sat serenely smoking and smiling contentedly upon his golden world, while the smell of his roasting breadfruit curled through the open door to waken madness in those who passed. On the second day many of the younger men, those who had counseled the use of the *u'u* on the Shan-Shan syndicate, were missing from the beach, and there were rumors of a palaver on the mountain-side. The traders looked to the oiling and loading of their guns; Exploding Eggs, passing the yellow-walled hut, slashed stiff fingers across his neck in a significant decapitating gesture; but still O Lalala sat serene and untroubled.

So matters stood at the arrival of old Kahuiti, the handsomest of cannibals, who lived in the valley of Taa-oa. He strode into Atuona, a stern and striking figure of marvelously tattooed nakedness, and made it known that he would hold a meeting in the high place, where of old many of his tribe had been eaten by Atuona men.

In the first graying light of evening I climbed the mountain. The population of the valley, eager for counsel, was gathered on the old stone benches where half a century earlier their sorcerers had sat. In the twilight Kahuiti stood before us, tall and haughty, his long white beard knotted on his broad, bare chest. His voice was stern.

We were fools, he said, to be denied food and smoke by the foreigner. What of matches before the French came? Had he known matches in his youth? *Aoe!* Fire was to him who made it. The peoples of the islands must return to the ways of their fathers.

He leaped from the great stone on which he stood, and seizing his long knife, he cut a length of *parua*-wood and shaped it to four inches in width. With our fascinated gaze upon him, he

whittled sharp a foot-long piece of the same wood, and, bracing the longer piece against a fallen monolith, gripped it firmly between his bare knees. Swiftly he rubbed the pointed stick up and down upon it. A groove formed, in which the wood-dust collected at one end.

Soon the wood was smoking hot, and then the old man's hands moved with a rapidity the eye could not follow. The smoke became thicker, and suddenly a gleam of flame arose, caught the dust, and was fed by scores of trembling brown hands. In a few moments a crackling fire blazed on the sward.

Pipes sprang from loin-cloths and from behind ears, and the incense of tobacco rose on the still air of the evening. Dozens of brands were improvised and hurried home to touch the fagots for breadfruit roasting, while Kahuiti laughed scornfully.

"A hundred of this tribe I have eaten, and no wonder," he said as he strode away toward Taa-oa. Lights were coming out like stars up the dark valley as each household made again its vesper fire, and lanterns flickered once more upon the bamboo palisades that marked the confines of favorite pigs. The monopoly of O Lalala was no more.

Incredulous, he heard the news. Atuona valley had turned back the clock of time a hundred years to destroy the perfect world in which he sat alone. For a day he remained stubborn, unable to realize the disaster that had befallen him. Then he offered the matches at usual traders' prices, and the people mocked him.

All over the island the fire-plows, oldest of fire-making tools in the world, were being driven to heat the stones for the broiling fish. Atuona had no need of matches. O Lalala had them all, but the people had returned to the ways of their fathers in the days before matches were known to their world. In all the huts in Atuona valley the happy barbarians, barbarous once more, laughed at the memory of their former stupidity, while O Lalala sat miserable upon the beach, gazing at the empty blue sea and longing for a rescuing schooner to bear him away.

They Are not like Us

By DAVID CARB

IT was inevitable that there should be a reaction from the fervid glorification with which we entered the war and fought the war. This reaction, augmented by many irritating circumstances, has created among some of the officers and men of the A. E. F. a strong disaffection for the French. It would seem wiser not to ignore such a situation, but rather to try to understand its causes, and if they are based on misunderstanding or incomplete knowledge, to present the truth, and thus eliminate what might eventually, if left to grow, tarnish one of the finest ideals and cool one of the warmest international friendships that history knows. The purpose of this article is to set forth the causes of the misunderstanding, and to give the point of view of one who has seen French life, both military and civilian, from the inside.

WHAT AMERICANS EXPECTED TO FIND IN FRANCE

Long before the United States entered the war, the pro-Ally press in America centered its propaganda on two things, Belgium and France. The former was made to seem a plucky woman who had been and was still being violated, the latter a strong man fighting nobly against the greatest odds. Both pictures were true, but after Verdun its defenders were considered in America not merely as courageous men; they became in the press and in the public estimation supermen. Our sympathy had been theirs from the first; suddenly they enlisted our reverence as well. And it is only a short step from reverence to the elevation of the revered to a pedestal so high that it makes vague his real characteristics.

Then the Dragon reached out its claws toward us, and we in our turn

were called upon to play the rôle of St. George. The French became our instructors, our models. Marshal Joffre was acclaimed in the United States as probably only one other man in the history of the nation had been acclaimed; the editorial columns of the newspapers all over the country chanted pœans of praise of the French; the popular songs were largely on the same theme. The story of the aid France had given us in our Revolution and after was retold a thousand times. Gradually a mental picture was created, and in the picture the Frenchmen wore wings, and the Germans horns.

WHAT THEY FOUND

The American troops did not find in the villages and cities of France a population composed of people like Jeanne d'Arc and Henry of Navarre; they found a people who welcomed them as the bridegroom welcomes his bride into his home, with joyous affection.

You can make war with fury, but you cannot make it with fuss. After the first great welcome the enthusiasm settled. It did not diminish; it was merely repressed because there was a war going on in the north and the east, and the war was grim and not succeeding. The ovations calmed themselves, and although one may be embarrassed by ovations, when they are over one feels distinctly let down. So the American soldier felt. Moreover, he did not see the glorified people that his newspapers and his songs had pictured. The people that he saw were not different in essentials from ordinary people, except that they spoke a strange language and did things in a manner which to him was "queer." He was equally surprised later when he entered Germany; the people did not wear horns, and seemed just like ordinary folks. They *were* like ordinary folks to him; that was part of their new