

Rifle Queers Jim On Guard
BY OUR OWN RING W. LARDNER



well al i of ben in the middul of a bunch of eggwattment witch vary few peepul has a chants only wunce in a wile to get mixed into becaus i guess as Aggie ced their is always something doing wear- ever you are jim you know me al. most of this egg- wattment has ben on a/s of my bean on gard duty part of it is due to the rifle line terning to handul so that Germ man arme will be fewer & father between when i get to frants.

they is a no. of things that can happin to you wen you on gard al & i gues ive had most of them hapen to me sents i of ben a soldger such as fall asleep.

this time i was put onto duty as a gard their was nothink you cood see by sutch as a moon or a streat lite or nothink sutch as the cops have on the city witch is a job a good deyull like bean on gard only a gard dont have no lam points to lean agensit & his rifle ever is a rifle & not no pistol.

well al this gard of mine was on a rode wear no i ever travels on so i thot went i took it to gard, everything was fine their was nothink to do but set and smook & i was just getting ready to get up & go back & tell the commanding officer wot is the out of

garding a rode like that nothing is ever a round wen i herd a masheson with a masheson going at that it wood only muss you up and ennyweyhe mbeebie their not frends but ennymes. i ced nothink wen the masheson cam up to wear i was setting only held my sigarett behin my back so they coodent see me. beleve me al a gard cant talk no chants us. If these garn mans ever catch a gard so they say their is no moat chants of his getting a weigh than the chane of my getting a weigh to see Aggie every nite in the weak witch is sum chants hay al.

well this masheson was drilling a long that rode like i of these hear brittish tanch witch their is so mutch in the papers about & i was glad that i had decide it not to chaldenge them but was sitting quietly a long the rode with my sigarett behin my back as to not attract no attenashun you can see the lites of the masheson grining at you out of the nite like two cats eyes and she i mense the masheson al not the cat was snortink a weigh and she was spowding & making other noyses witch a masheson cam maik. beleve me i was getting gladder & gladder i was setting tite as that thing calm out of the dark and blackness. i laid back with my gun laying their beside me & if it hadent ben for that rifle al nite of ben well and i & the masheson wood of ben the best of frends, but you cant never trust no rifle al no moat than theshear come edions say you cant trust no women all thot wat they say is bunk hay al after me noing Aggie.

as i was laying their with that gun beside me i was as innoces as onny baby ever was befor it grewed up into manhood & yet something happint al that shoed never have happint. just as the masheson got up to within a cappel of it, of wear i was laying i shift it a round some weigh or another and their was a sound broke out on the nite their witch never shoed of broke out it was the sound of a gun xploading al & the worse of it was that it was my gunn. the vary rifle witch had been laying their with me. well al it is hard to tell wat happint following after the rifle went of.

the masheson stopp going and the lites went out somewear & their was some fangwitch i cant rite to you for fear sum i mite get this not-ut to natch talk. their was a lot of hollering & yelling & finely i dish covered their was hollering for me but wat had i done hay al. so i just laid their & after a wile i stretch my arms & pretend it i had just wot up from sleeping & ced well i gues it time for that other guy to cum hear and gard sort of as the their was no i to here me but i was talking to myself. i gues the stiffs in the masheson must of ben scart for they sed nothin for a cappel of minits & at last wun i ced who goes their & i replide back thats not your line i say that who goes their yourself. then a tella cam up with i of these hand electric lites & he had a uniform on witch i found out was an officers uniform. wen he seen me he said are you the garde i ced thats not for you to ask i demand to know who are you & do you know the pastword. well he ced you have got a deleted by consor) of a nurruv talking to an officer this way we was coming a long in the masheson wen a rifle goes of was it your i ced it was until it made that bull and exploded now i will have nothin moat to do with it i have throwa it down four good. i was having a fine time laying their on the ground smooking until that gunn goes off now my fun is spollit and yrs to as your masheson wood of went bay without no trubbel. now i gues it is my duty to put you bay under a rest you are my prisoner cum with me. i start it to grab him by the oercoat tale but he ced by gordge this gink has got enough nurruv to be a jerrill their will be no questchun but wat he will clean up the Germ mans alright. so they goes of and looves me al but this a. m. i was told to cum up & see the madger & lime riteing you befor a j.

he will probly say you have got some nurruv & mbeebie want to maik me a corpral or sumthing.

your freind PRIVATE JIM.

Your Flag And My Flag

Your flag and my flag,
And how it flies to-day
In your land and my land
And half a world away!
Rose-red and blood-red
The stripes forever gleam;
Snow-white and soul-white—
The good forefathers' dream;
Sky-blue and true-blue, with stars to gleam bright—
The gloried guidon of the day, a shelter through the night.

Your flag and my flag!
And, oh, how much it holds—
Your land and my land—
Secure within its folds!
Your heart and my heart!
Beat quicker at the sight;
Sun-kissed and wind-tossed—
Red and blue and white

The one flag—the great flag—the flag for me and you—
Glorified all else beside—the red and white and blue!

By Wilbur D. Nesbit, in Watchman Examiner.

ASK THEM TO KEEP IT

Let the folks back home know what is doing in your camp. Send Trench and Camp to them and ask them to keep a complete set of the copies for you to read after the War of 1917.

NO "OFFICIAL" SERVICE FLAG

No company or individual has obtained official sanction from the War Department for any particular service flag. Secretary of War Baker has announced, and no service flag can be sold legitimately on the claim that it is the "official" flag.

LAUGHS AT LOSS OF BOTH LEGS; STILL EAGER TO SERVE

BY HOWARD KAHN

A port in France (By Mail)
When the transport _____ sails from this harbor in a few days, it will carry the happiest boy in the world. That is the way he characterizes himself. I would call him the nerviest boy in the world.

His name is Aubrey McLeod. He is a former student at Purdue University, a resident of Boston, and he served in an Indiana battery on the Mexican border last year.

All of which has nothing to do with why he is the happiest and the nerviest boy in the world.

When histories of the present war are written, Aubrey McLeod's name will go down as the first American casualty. The air raid on Base Hospital No., which resulted in the death of Lieut. Fitzsimmons of the medical corps and three privates early in July, injured McLeod so seriously that his two legs had to be amputated six inches above the knees. This much has been briefly mentioned in official newspaper dispatches. But nothing has been said about McLeod himself or his hopes for the future.

I met a hospital sergeant on a train bound for this port the other day. "We're taking Aubrey McLeod home," he said. "Would you like to see him?"

I was not sure. I had seen a lot of French and German "muttles" during four months at the French front, and the memory of some of them was still with me. I did not know whether I wanted to see a pale-faced, drawn and suffering American. I had known some of McLeod's friends on the Mexican border last summer, however, and I thought some news of them might cheer him a lot.

I entered his compartment. Two soldiers were there. Both were hearty, red-cheeked, fresh-looking Americans, neither of whom appeared to have known what a day's illness meant. "Where's McLeod?" I asked.

"His first glimpse of McLeod," replied one of them smiling.

Then I noticed that the lower part of his body was covered with a rug. If the American wounded and the lady, while accept their misfortune, American people accept their misfortune, the receipt of the long casualty lists which are sure to come will cause no alarm as to American morale.

"Looking for a sick man?" laughed McLeod, reading my thoughts. "There's nobody sick around here. I may get a little seasick in a few days, but there won't be anything serious about it."

"Just what happened?"
"The last of Boche planes. They dropped six bombs. One of 'em got me. Now I'm minus two legs."

McLeod said all this with a smile on his face.

"I had been on guard. Somebody relieved me, and I lay down for some sleep. I heard a commotion and jumped to my feet. Two bombs went off and I knew it was an air raid. Then a third exploded very near to me. Another man in my unit began yelling, 'help me,' and I saw that he was wounded. Then I looked down and saw that my right leg was almost cut in two. I didn't feel a bit of pain, but I began yelling too. Just like the other fellow was doing. I remember the colonel ran in and told two men came with a stretcher."

"Next thing I knew was when I woke up the following day. I remembered about my right leg dangling as it ready to drop off. I reached down and found that it was gone. Then I reached for my left leg. It was gone too."

Please remember that McLeod was not telling this with tragedy in his voice. There were no sighs, no self-pity. There was merely an air of satisfaction—satisfaction at having done his duty. He did not show the least indication that he considered that he had done more.

"Tells of loss of Both Legs
"I called for my nurse," he continued, "and I remember that I had a long argument with her before I sank off to sleep again. I told her that she had promised they wouldn't amputate my legs, and here they had amputated both of them. I told her that I thought it was not fair to be lied to like that. But there was no heart-breaking realization that I was a cripple for life. I was too full of medicine for that. And by I suppose I had quit worrying about the future."

"And now?"
"Well, I'm going home. I want to hear 'em speak English like Americans. I want the kind of food my

mother knows how to cook. When they got me pretty well patched up I'm going to try to find something else I can do for the government. I don't know what it will be, but I've got two good arms, and I know something will turn up. I'm far from being ready for the junk pile."

And Aubrey McLeod smiled again—a smile that brought confidence to the other Americans who had crowded into his compartment during his recital. For they regarded McLeod as a typical American soldier, and if a typical American soldier has this philosophy of life, what is there to fear?

McLeod will start for home amply supplied with everything to make him comfortable for the long trip. The government is taking the best of care of him, and the American Y. M. C. A. has seen to it that he has books, candy, and everything else a traveler could want. The boy attributes his happy state of mind to the fact that Americans, particularly Y. M. C. A. secretaries, have watched out for him so carefully.

"I'm not nearly so unlucky as I would have been had I been born a Frenchman, an Englishman—or a German," he concluded.

MAIL CENSORSHIP RULES SHOULD BE PRESERVED BY SOLDIERS IN CAMPS

It is suggested that every reader of Trench and Camp who is likely to be a member of an expeditionary force save the following reprints of official correspondence. While both letters are dated from Hoboken, N. J., it is fair to assume that the regulations regarding mail and mail censorship have been standardized for all embarkation ports.

Hqrs. Port of Embarkation, Hoboken, N. J.

Memorandum: Subject: Instructions reference mail.

Notice to Men Sailing: It is suggested that you write postals to your parents, stating that you have arrived safely abroad. These postals you must put in the mail bag on the ship before sailing and they will be held at these headquarters until your ship has arrived safely abroad and then mailed. Your safe arrival will, therefore, be announced to your loved ones two weeks earlier than you can advise them by writing from the other side.

By command of Major General Shanks:

D. A. WATT, Adjutant General.

Hqrs. Port of Embarkation, Hoboken, N. J.

Memorandum: Subject: Censorship of Mail.

To Troops Going Abroad:
1. A mail bag is placed at the office of the quartermaster or purser where all mail must be deposited. All sealed mail will be held until your arrival abroad. All unsealed mail will be censored at once, then sealed and forwarded to destination.

2. The object of the censorship is to prevent any information reaching the enemy which would endanger your lives while en route, and therefore nothing should be said as to where you are sailing from, or where you are going, or anything as to the boat you are leaving on, whether transport or commercial liner, nor whether boats, transports, or warships are leaving at the same time. Remember particularly that postal cards pass through a number of hands, and protect your own life by being careful to give no news to the enemy.

3. You can write your loved ones as fully and freely on personal matters as if you were at home. The censor has to read as many as 1,000 letters a day. He pays no attention to names or addresses, but simply runs through a letter to cut out any prohibited matter as mentioned above. The letter is then sealed at once by him and is ready for the post office.

4. On the way over you will be able to write and tell about your trip, but remember again that your mail must go through the censor over there, so again avoid trouble by not mentioning names of boats, organizations, convoys, etc., and remember all the time that the object of the censorship is to protect your country, you comrades and yourself.

By command of Brigadier General Shanks:

T. EDWARD HAMBLETON, Major, A. G. S. Adjutant.

THE QUESTION

Missionary—A little contribution for the beaches, sir.
Doctor—How are you going to get it into Germany?

