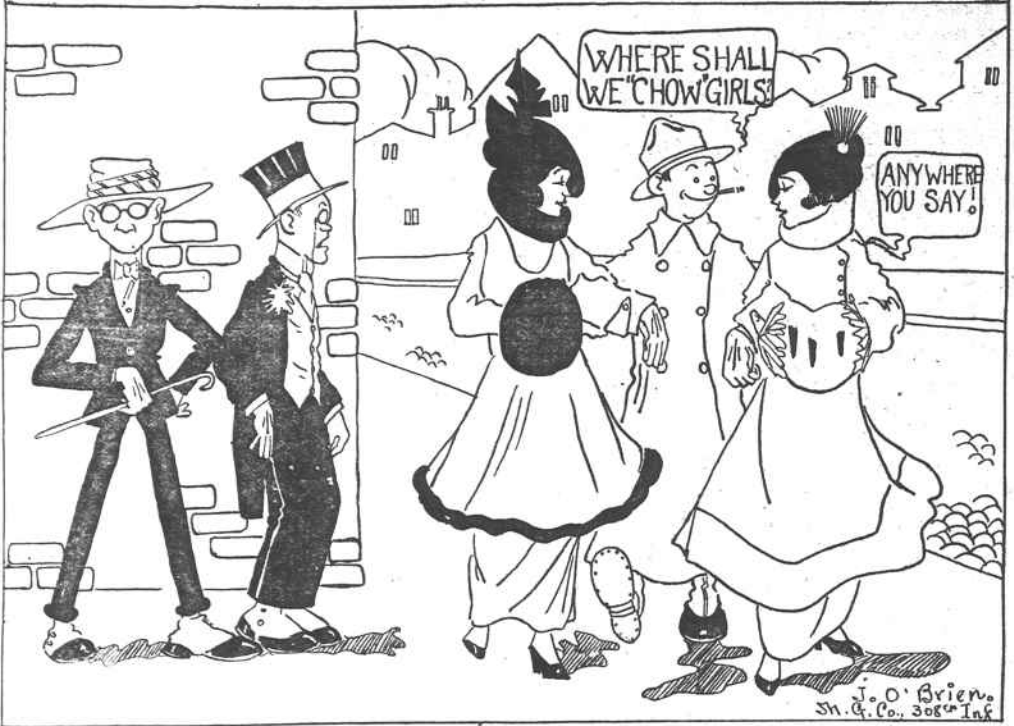


IT'S THE UNIFORM THAT GETS 'EM.



Drawn by Private J. O'Brien, Machine Gun Company, 308 Infantry, Camp Upton, Yaphank, N. Y.

THE BARRACKS WHEEZE

By PRIVATE G. W. SHAFER
(Camp Custer, Battle Creek, Mich.)

The first month
After the war
Is Over
Will be devoted
By all soldiers
To Teaching
Wives
and sweethearts
Visual signalling.

The order is:
Selection
Examination
Acquisition
Transportation
Affiliation
Vaccination
Innoculation
Adaptation
Completion.

There's a beautiful thought in every trench shoe—the homogeneous imprint it will make on the facial topography of a Boche.

While many save the original the carbon copies are usually thrown into the waste basket.

Camouflage—Boiling water with celery tops and putting it on the table at mess time as soap.

The best remark that was ever made by any soldier about winter was: "I'm glad it's spring."

Much discredit may be heaped on those who stand still, but it takes a very good soldier to mark time properly.

There's little romance in the heart of the private who turns out the lights efficiently at 9 p. m.

When the ski was taken out of whisky a similar operation was performed on a kid.

"Arm exercise in four counts."

"In cadence."

"Exercise!"

"Begin!"

A SIMPLE PER CENTAGE PROBLEM

"Ninety-nine per cent of the German people want peace," says a German newspaper. "It won't be long after the American soldiers get under a full head of steam in the field that the remaining one per cent will be very thoroughly persuaded in the same direction.

ONLY A DAY DREAM

(By FRANK M. HINES, Camp Logan, Texas)

A short, harsh command, followed by a protest uttered wearily and in pain, announced their coming. The sleepy sentry pacing back and forth before the forbidden entrance of the hoosegow became keenly alert at once. Peering keenly into the night, he saw nothing, but, listening intently, the sound of tramping feet came to his ears. The noise drew nearer and nearer. Finally the sentry discerned a mass of shadowy figures approaching.

He rubbed his eyes in amazement at the strange sight. Under the watchful gaze of many guards, armed literally to the teeth, a pathetic, huddled group stumbled along, old, dejected and ragged.

"A bunch of prisoners," was the brief response to the sentry's challenge. And, prodded by the gleaming bayonets of their escort, the dejected band was hustled unceremoniously into the dungeon keep, leaving an air of mystery trailing in their wake.

A stern, grim-visaged battery of officers faced them in frowning silence as they filed into the place of court-martial the following morning.

That they could expect no sympathy was quite evident and when the prosecution stated the enormity of the case against them in burning eloquence, little doubt was left as to their guilt. With shifty eyes and hands fumbling nervously, they appeared most miserable, but when informed that each might speak for himself, their sad countenances brightened perceptibly.

A LIFE-SAVING COOTIE

It was Sandy McNab who told this story of life on the Flanders front. Let him tell it again.

"You see, I had a awful itch. An' I couldna explain the thing, for we hadna had any oatmeal. But I decided to stand still and locate the cause. I caught it and it was the nicest little cootie you ever sa.

"While I was a looking at it, a big shell burst just where I'd a been if I hadna stopped to catch it.

"I looked at the shell hole and I looked at cootie. Says I to the cootie, I canna give you the Victoria Cross because you've got no place to wear it, and besides, I havna got one myself.

"But I'll jist put you back outer gratitude and let you finish your meal."
And that's what I did.

As the first prisoner took his place or the witness stand he appeared almost jaunty, possibly thinking that because he had "gotten by" on so many previous occasions there was still a ray of hope.

"You are accused of being the prehistoric joke about the soldier who, when commanded by the non-



com to 'right face' answered: "This is my right face." Is this true?" barked the president of the court.

"Sir," quivered the old derelict, wiping the icy perspiration from his wrinkled, bald dome, "the charge is correct. But as the peer of army jokes I plead that I be permitted to live, on the ground that I have brought smiles to the faces of millions of our nation's defenders."

"Nothing doing at all," quoth the stern judge. "You've lived too long already. I sentence you to be shot at sunrise. Next."

"PRETTY NICE COUNTRY"

"Everything here seems to be run by the women," writes a young enlisted man with the 11th U. S. Engineers in France. "The trolley car I rode in had women for motorman and conductor. The former was very robust and quite pretty, with considerable rouge on her face. I rode to the end of the line, and when she came through the car she chuckled me under the chin and said I was 'a fine American.' It is a pretty nice country where the motorman loves you, isn't it?"

MAIL IT HOME

Trench and Camp is published to inform, stimulate, interest, entertain and amuse soldiers. It is just the paper the folks back home want to read. Mail it to them today.

Shriveled, bony and of incredible age, the next prisoner, leaning heavily upon dilapidated crutches, hobbled to the stand.

"You," belloved the judge, "are said to be the kitchen police joke in all its moth-eaten variations, including the one to the effect that 'now that you have been promoted to kitchen police be kind to the men under you.' What have you got to say?"

"If you please sir, I am guilty," was the trembling answer, "but were it not for me, how many rookies would lack for something clever to write home? Spare me, I pray."

But his pleading was ignored. He was dragged off to his doom, and another prisoner took his place on the stand.

Swift justice was meted out to this victim, he being none other than the ancient wheeze about the sentry who challenged the chaplain, and addressed him as 'Charlie.' His exit was even more hurried, accompanied with hisses and hoots and shouts that he be hanged rather than shot.

In quick succession the remainder of the time-tossed and bedraggled quips were dispatched. As the last wretch writhed out, accelerated by an assisting bayonet, a tremendous cheer went up, for relief was at last in sight for a patient and long-suffering army afflicted for many years by these prehistoric puns.

Possibly in the days to come we may hear reminiscences of these same old gems of humor, but we hereby take the privilege of interring the ancient and honorable remains. May they rest in peace.

AN INTERESTING DECISION

An enlisted man who refuses to undergo a surgical operation cannot be court-martialed unless the specification of the charges against him contain the statement that there is no danger of fatal consequences. Private Brady E. Cross, Company G, 150th Infantry, was found guilty under the 96th Article of War by a court-martial assembled at Camp Shelby, Miss., of refusing to undergo an operation. He was sentenced to two months' imprisonment, but the Judge Advocate General holds the entire procedure null and void because of the failure of the attending surgeon to state that the operation was "without risk to the life of the soldier."