

# TRENCH AND CAMP

## "Every Man Get His Own Hun"

By GEORGE L. MOORE

(Camp Upton, Long Island, N. Y.)

It seems probable that when the full strength of America's armies are lined up for fight, a shortage of Kaiser will be one of the disappointments to our combatants.

The hope in the bosom of every fighter is to "Get the Kaiser," with a peculiarly personal slant to the laudable ambition. It is a pet ambition, nestling close to every soldier's heart, to administer one poke in the imperial ribs, one punch in the regal jaw, one kick in the royal seat of retirement and various pummellings, maulings and manhandlings distributed otherwhere on the Hohenzollern Person.

"Can the Kaiser," "Get the Kaiser," "Hit the Kaiser," and dozens of other kindred phrases rampant in every poem, song or story written by soldiers sum up this ambition.

Isn't it barely possible that the Last of the Prussian War Lords, being a single, lone and solitary individual,

of the American fighter, with its dangerous steel studs and its efficient horseshoe makes it seem that His Williness is going to find one applicant of it, propelled forcibly,



Not necessary to stand in line.

enough. And several Bared Fists have been seen among our defenders which are of a size and hardness that make a mule's foot seem like an instrument of soft caress. How long would one (1) Kaiser stand up against the short-arm jabs which use one of these "Dakes" as a weapon? We give Wilhelm about thirty (30) linear seconds.

What's to be done, then? Our Bolshevik friends might make this a cogent argument for peace: There being a dearth of Kaiser, let us cease our strivings. Let us call off our war dogs, since there isn't sufficient quarry. As usual, such Nevsky-Prospek logic has a joker in it.

It's answer is this: Let us transfer some of our desires for personal satisfaction to the few million Plain Huns who have been doing their bit in this war.

Let the slogan be Hunt Out the Hun, in addition to the rallying cry, "Kan the Kaiser." Despite the bear stories to the contrary, there are un-

doubtedly enough Plain Huns left to go around. They will make just as good receivers for punches in the jaw, kicks in the shins and pokes in the ribs as their Master. They'll probably be a trifle more available than Potsdam's star boarder. And it will be more satisfactory to pick out your own, private, individual Hun than to have to stand in line while several thousand comrades are having their poke at the One and Only Bill. The number of kicks, bites, et cetera, will not be limited when given a personal Hun. It would cause bad feeling if, while the line was impatiently swaying back and forth, each member of it clamoring for "just one little poke at Bill," some hogish creature should polish him off with a Single Haymaker. There would be disappointment and untold aggravation.

According to this "every man get his own Hun" plan, there will be no such embarrassment. There will be



"Every man get his own Hun."

no jealousy or bad feeling in the ranks. Everybody will be given a chance. It isn't democratic to destroy autocracy all by oneself. Give the other fellow a chance. Cease the striving to be First at the Kaiser's Person. Leave that to a Committee of Experts, and let everyone, all together, pick a Hun of his own.

## "THE BARRACKS WHEEZE"

By PRIVATE CHET SHAFER

(310th Sanitary Train, Camp Custer, Battle Creek, Mich.)

With the Prevalence Of Mess Room Activities, Several soldiers Have Shattered The Records For Gourmandizing Previously Held by Some Poland-China Hogs.

Apreros of appetites— There is a current feeling that the manufacture of bread pudding and hash in the army is strikingly similar to hoarding coupons in civil life.

The guard house is the little pink pill of military circles.

"Son," queried the father, "how are you progressing at camp." "I'm getting along nicely," the youth responded, "but I'm still lacing my leggings."

Of all the pretty alliances of history not one is more beautiful and sublime than the friendly pact between the regulation issue heavy and the goose-pimpled skin of the soldier just before taps.

His recommendation was: "Before taking my oath of fealty and allegiance I was addicted to the use of pajamas. Now my pajamas are in the bottom drawer of the marble room back home and I sleep in the spare thing but my trench shoes."

On the advice \_\_\_\_\_

Of the artist: \_\_\_\_\_

"Read 'em \_\_\_\_\_

And weep." \_\_\_\_\_



What Wilhelm's face might look like if American soldiers got a crack at it.

will prove inadequate to these millions of desires for personal vengeance (see accompanying illustration?)

One inspection, slight and cursory though it may be, of the Trench Hoof

## DESCRIBING BASEBALL PROVES HARD JOB FOR FRENCH SPORT EDITORS

The Clark C. Griffith Ball and Bat Fund has sent more than two thousand baseball outfits to the American soldiers "Over There," and the boys in khaki have introduced our national pastime in many parts of France. Here is the attempt of a French sporting editor to describe a baseball game:

"The theque is the ancient game of ball to the field modified and regulated. One can play to ten, but to well play the theque it is necessary to be eighteen players. The dimension of the ground is illimitable, all the same she ought not to have less than 300 square meters. One traces a polygon, of which each side can have from five to ten meters. The bases are indicated by blocks of wood. The first chamber (home plate) or base is ordinarily a square of two meters of side. The post of emplacement of the lancer (pitcher) ought to find itself at four meters from the first base. The lancer ought not to eject the ball, but lance her in such fashion that she arrived between the shoulder and the knee of the beater (batter). The role of beater is of to beat the ball—as soon as she is served—in the direction which he desires (but all the same before his field) and far enough for to permit him of to run at least just to the second base and thus soon again just to the base of return. The play of the opposed field is to send back the ball the most rapidly possible to prevent the beater from to make his run around."

## FRENCH AS SHE IS SUNG

The negro soldiers in France have invented a French song which they sing while performing their duties back of the lines. The ditty, set to music of the negroes' own making, runs something like this:

"Polly voooh Fransay?  
Polly voooh Fransay?  
Wee, wee, wee!  
Ceska say ca sa,  
Oo-la-la!  
Oo-la-la!  
Come bien por sau' sous.  
Come bien por Sie' sous.  
Oo-la-la.  
Oo-la-la!"

## MAIL IT TO MOTHER

Mail this paper to your mother too! She wants to read every scrap of information she can get about your camp.

## US FIGHTING FELLERS

