

WHAT'S COMING TO THE KAISER

"THE BARRACKS WHEEZE"

By 1st Class Private CHET SHAFER  
(American Expeditionary Force,  
Somewhere in France)

Some cookies  
Waited  
Until  
They made  
Their  
First trip  
To the Rail  
Before  
They  
Attracted any  
Real  
Attention  
In  
This  
Life.

And no matter how many were rolling about in the scuppers kinking up the oesophagus, there were always enough present who could nibble on their supply of crackers from the canteen and get a little questionable harmony out of "Who's Going to Love You When I'm Gone?"

ON SHIPBOARD ANYBODY'S YOUR BUDDY.

AND, BELIEVE US, OLD CAPTIE, YOU NEED 'EM!

On the last day of the journey someone suggested it would be a good time to promote a remnant sale.

With every available square inch of deck space utilized for hammock room, one private, after taking a squint around, asked his captain if he could purchase standing room.

The blue-nosed, blear-eyed, bob-headed deck scubber with his flushing hose was the best little bugler of them all.

He turned over all previous traditions regarding the snatching of several healthy winks after first call.

AFTER ELEVEN DAYS OUT ONLY A FEW OF THE MOST FASTIDIOUS TAKE TIME OUT TO BRUSH THEIR TEETH.

And when some coppersmith happens in and declares that he removed his clothing and shoes while he slept, everyone wonders if he expects to make a try for the nobility after he makes port.

You just naturally get used to a fur-lined mouth.

And if you removed your shirt you'd feel as strange as a civilian in a cantonment city.

After you get through sleeping on shipboard all you have to do is to stand up and you are fully prepared for the day's experience.

ALL THE SEA-DOGS SAY THERE IS NO CLOSED SEASON ON COOTIES.

A-hunting we will go.

ONE SOLDIER, JUST BEFORE DEBARKING, TOOK ONE FOND LOOK AT HIS MESS KIT BEFORE HE CHUCKED IT IN HIS PACK AND TRILLED THE FIRST LINE OF "THE ROSARY":

"THE HOURS I'VE SPENT WITH THEE, DEAR HEART—"

"You're a fine-looking soldier," Morton declared. "Your face is so thin it would hold a week's rain."  
"Never mind," Stanley retorted. "If the Germans ever caught you they could amputate your nose and use it for a powder horn."

And about that time the quartet rushed in with:  
"You'll be washed of all your sins or else you'll drown."

Even the Colonel, after combing his goatee, unlimbered one when he posted the notice that all enlisted men in the hold should report the discovery of any bedbugs weighing more than a pound.

Richard said that on the entire trip he noticed no sea cows grazing along the sea lanes.

For which Richard was demoted.

All ready for the second setting at Table No. 44, Section 38.

Out on the deck, wrapped in overcoat and slicker, cuddled to your buddy for his 98.6 degrees of animal warmth—with your vitals growling and your brain reeling—when the sun comes out from behind a cloud and you look up at it and give birth to a genuine, diaphragm-racking, ripping, whooching sneeze—Boy! That's a life preserver!

UNCLE SAM: "This serum will prevent a recurrence of the same disorder!"



"BLACK HATTIE" TELLS OF PERSHING'S BOYHOOD

Though Time has whitened her hair, her skin retains the rich hue of polished walnut and her fingers have lost no skill in frisking up such co'npone and fried chicken as haunt the memory.

Kansas City knows her as Mr. Gilliam. But in time ago she was "Black Hattie Lewis," and those were the days when she used to attempt to spank little "Jack" Pershing and get kicked on the shins for her trouble.

Laclede, Mo., the town which gave birth to America's field commander, still remembers her as "Pershing's Black Hattie." And she remembers John quite well. She even has heard that he's in the army, though not being much of a reader, she has little notion of his rank or just where he's stationed. Even detailed explanations have left her curiously unemotional.

"Black Hattie" glanced back over the years and declared that John was a "terror," and such he will remain, so far as she is concerned.

"Oh, my soul!" quoth she, "you couldn't make nothin' of him. If you slapped him he'd hit you back—yes, he would! If I slapped him to-day he'd bust me to-morrow. I don't care how little slap it was, he'd get it back."

"He was full of tricks. Always in to somethin' all the time. His brother Jim was more blond and quiet, like his mother, but John was a terror."

"One time he made a little sled and coasted it down hill—right smash into me—on purpose. And tease! He used to sing a colored folk song just to get me mad. Somethin' about comin' from the cotton and the corn. I can't exactly remember it, but it sure made me mad, and he knowed it."

John was particularly averse to putting good clothes on, according to "Black Hattie." He used to protest in fights and kicks, she said. Furthermore, he didn't like to get up in the morning.

"I used to wash him and dress him and send him to school," she explained, "and he said one time he'd kill me—sure did! Used to call me nigger. Oh, he was full of tricks. Had to fight with him all the time."

"Seemed like he was always workin' on somethin', though. Always busy. He was what I call ambitious—always doin' a lot of tricks. Kick me on mah shins, hit me with a stick—he'd get it back on you. I never got the best of that John, no time."

"I remember him just a little after he went away. He'd come back to town in summer time. They said he was awful smart. They said he was smart in school, too."

"My sister worked for the Pershings, too. They was fine people; always had help round the house. If John sees the paper with this in, he'll know who it is. Guess he ought to remember me, the way he used to lambast me around!"

KAN THE KAISER TO KINGDOM KUM.

GENERAL ORDERS

By LIEUT. WM. R. SHIELDS  
Camp Upton

- To take full charge of this my post And guard it well at any cost.
- To walk it as a soldier should. With bearing military, good. Observing well and hearing, too. All things in earshot or in view.
- To make report if rules that I Am to enforce be broken by No matter whom; I represent America's great Government.
- To keep alert while on my beat, And calls from distant posts repeat.
- To stick to this my post—not quit Till I'm relieved in manner fit.
- To hear, receive, obey, pass on To him who takes, when I have gone, The post I held, all orders that From my superiors I gat.
- To hold my tongue—no useless talk Will I indulge in while I walk.
- In case of fire or strife, lest harm Result, to give at once alarm.
- To let no one commit or be A nuisance on the post I see.
- Should something new and strange befall, The Corporal I'll promptly call.
- All officers I must salute, And colors cased not; no recruit Will I resemble—full of "pep" Shall be my movements and my step.
- To be, especially at night, Both keen of ear and sharp of sight, And don my post with watchful care, To keep a ceaseless vigil there, Allowing none to pass unless I know he ought to—I'll not guess. But be assured before I let The challenged one advance, you bet.

BOXING PREPARES MEN FOR "CRUCIAL MOMENT"

An interesting account of the method used in teaching boxing to the men of the Eighth Division at Camp Fremont, Palo Alto, California, as a basis for their bayonet training is related by H. Wilfred Maloney, camp athletic director, in a report to Dr. Joseph E. Rayercroft, chairman of the athletic division of the War Department Commission on Training Camp Activities.

The report follows:

"A series of boxing lessons—15 in all—was drawn up consisting principally of blows and parries and entailing footwork that would coincide with bayonet drill. Emphasis was placed on the control of the lower limbs and the co-ordination of the eye, hand and foot, which are vitally essential in the development of a good bayonet fighter.

"A school for boxing was inaugurated and given the same place in the military routine as the bayonet and grenade work. The instruction covered a period of two weeks, at the end of which the members of the classes were returned to their units as instructors. These men started in at once to teach the men of their commands to box by arranging company tournaments in which every one had to take part.

"The company tournaments were followed by regimental, battalion, brigade and finally division championship bouts. It is estimated that more than 15,000 persons saw the finals, in which between five and six thousand soldiers participated.

"No one will ever know, except probably the enemy, to what extent boxing has developed the efficiency of the Eighth Division," the report concludes. "When these men are asked to give their all in another fight they will not be found wanting. They will have learned many things in their friendly bouts with their comrades that will serve them in good stead when the crucial moment arrives."

YOU WILL FIND

Trench and Camp "mighty interesting reading" when you get back from "Over There." The best way to insure the safety of all your copies is to send them home regularly. Your mother and other relatives will be delighted to receive the news of your camp.

SAY, TELL US IS THIS LAD ALL THERE? PERHAPS HE BLAMES IT ON "THE AIR!"

My ma's too proud to say a word since I left home and turned to bird—I picked the Army Signal Corps the instant that they started war—My pals are in that section too and all of us were feeling blue, until a week or so today I overheard our C. O. say: "Within another month, it's France"—Ye gods, but now we get our chance! Just watch us as we take the air in La Lorraine far Over There. Come, Zeps! Come, Gothas! come on, Huns! We'll teach you all, you sons of guns! But shucks! It's no use gloating now until we get into the row. A week or so, Paree—one week! Oh, Boy! I've got to learn to speak that j'aine stuff they talk about when those French wrens go walking out. Then on! then on! you heroes all, to where Jack Pershing's got the ball—out from the hangar, give me room to sweep the skies with my new broom—You pop-eyed, baby-killing boob, I'll show you who's a Yankee rube! Helas! helas! I'm not there yet, and here I am all in a sweat! Another week until we start? Say, Mister Baker, have a heart!