

WHAT THE MEN MUST WEAR

By RICHARD CONNELL

WE didn't realize what the phrase "horrors of war" really meant till we saw the overseas cap. Some thought it was a joke. It was — on us.

It appears to have been designed by a German plotter with a sardonic sense of humor. Perhaps one of the Simplicissimus artists did it.

No matter how handsome a man may be in a campaign hat, put him in one of these trick bean-protectors and he looks like —

- (a) A low burlesque comedian or
- (b) A Swiss yodeler or.
- (c) Frisco Red the Yegg or.
- (d) A Winter Garden chorus man.

The caps are "distinctly individual", all right; no two are alike. Perhaps they were made in the dark.

The only outfit with less uniform head-gear is the Chinese labor battalion.

The one thing our Chapeaux are good for, is to



absorb moisture. They can get wet quicker and stay wet longer than any object now known to science.

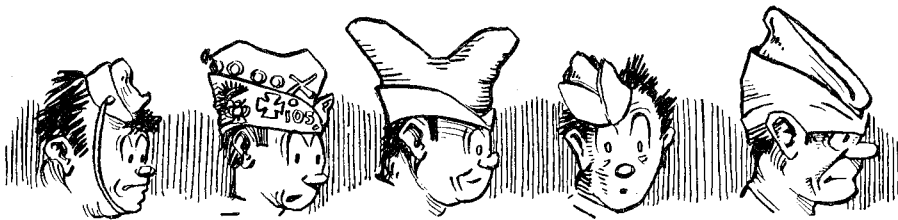
And snappy! Wet or dry they are almost as snappy in appearance as a mess tin full of three-day-old corned willy.

The genius who evolved these caps was probably responsible for other parts of our uniforms. They represent an early period in his career of practical joking.

We have been in the war nearly two years without discovering why all O. D. shirts are size 16; why all blouses are made for either Jess Willard or Charley Chaplin; why some blouses need a weekly shave, else their wearers will look like spaniels; why pants are so delicately made that they can be worn out by sleeping in them one night in a feather bed; why

blouse and pants never by any chance match.

Perhaps we will learn — apres la guerre!



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Does the water still flow in the Hudson?
Are there any more chocolate creams?
Are oranges and peaches within peoples reaches?
Was the Past just as good as it seems?

Do people still dine around tables?
And order the food that they please?
Or when they want taters and juicy tomaters
Do they have to eat crackers and cheese?

Are the taxis and street cars still running?
Do fashions change twice every year?
Are dances and dinners still blue ribbon winners
On nights that are balmy and clear?

And, by the way, now that I'm asking
Please, tell me, are you really real —
A live human being I once was a'seeing
Or a dream girl my waking hours steal?

PVT. RAY L. VAN BUREN.