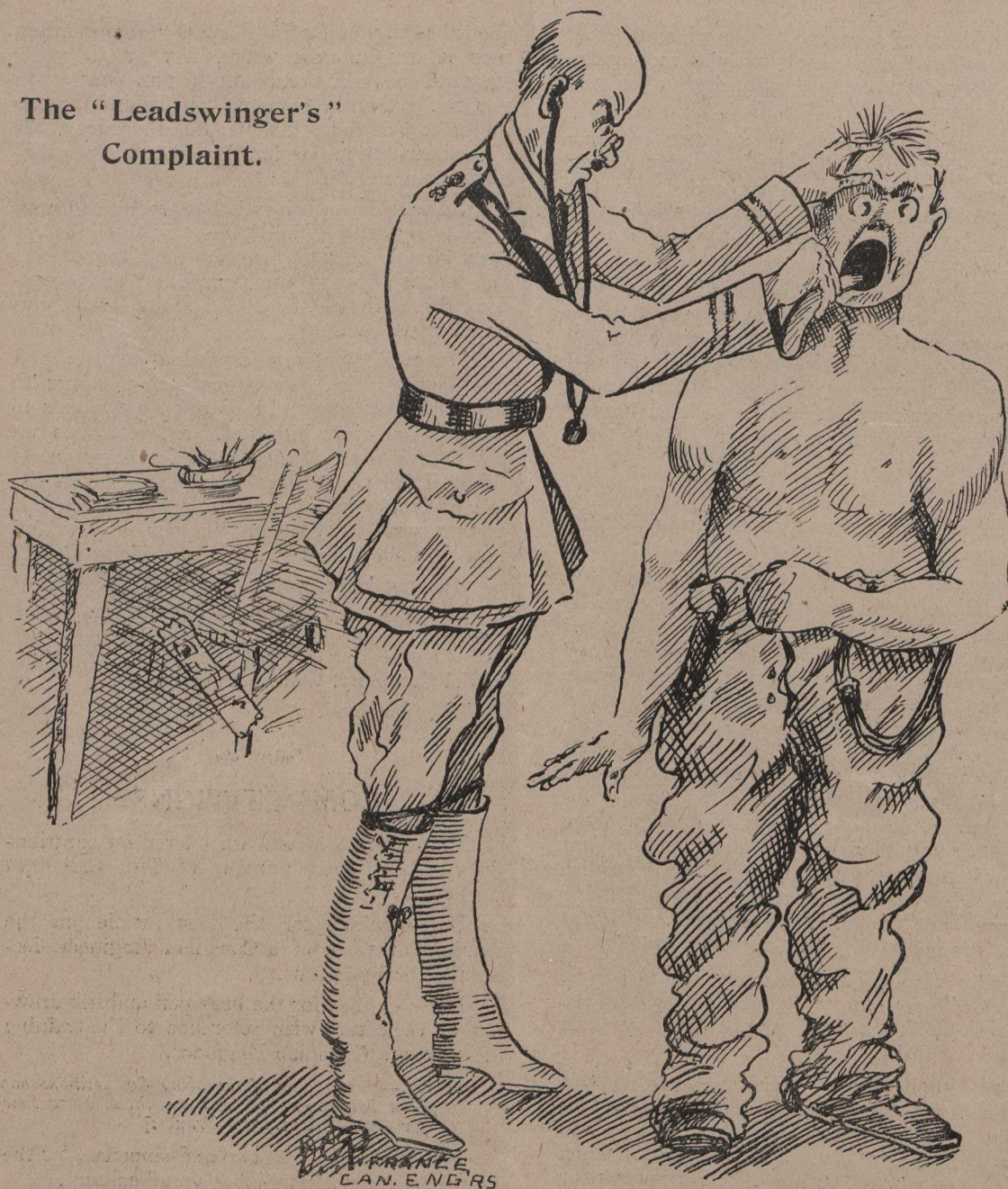


The "Leadswinger's" Complaint.



"Camouflage."

He sez to the M.O.: "Kind sir," sez he,
 "My leg gives me pain, old scar on the knee,
 I can't sleep at nights, I rest not a bit,
 And sometimes I think I'm having a fit.
 I grow faint and weary, heart's on the bum,
 Once I near died of consumption, by gum!
 My eyer are quite blind; I hardly can hear.
 The dear folks at home—!" (he sheds a great tear)

"I've got lumbago; I'm nearly 'all in.'
 To send me to France would be a big sin!"
 The M.O. inspects and sez: "My poor lad."
 And then with sarcasm remarks: "It's too bad!
 A serious case, I greatly do fear,
 With the best of good luck you may last a year.
 It's no use, old son, to throw that barrage,
 I diagnose your case as pure CAMOUFLAGE!"

—D.E.P.