

regrets . If you hadn't give that guy your canteen we might ha' lasted till morning .

The Conscript : If you hadn't crawled to help prop him up , your tourniquet might not have given way ---

Suddenly startled , both men turn their heads . Before them appears the figure of a man , nearly naked , an open wound in his side ; he is regarding them attentively .

The Marine : Hullo ! Where in hell did you come from --- front lines ? Sit down and take it easy ; no Croy Rouge nor nothin' here to hurry you . Got it bad ?

The Conscript : Here's an extra first-aid packet --- better stop the bleeding .

The naked man moves closer , but refuses the proffered packet .

The Naked Man : Thank you , brother , but it would do me no good .

The Marine : I guess you're right there . Bayonet , hey ? Jabbed up an' got you .

The Naked Man : I've come from inside the German lines .

The Conscript : Captured and got away , eh ? Stripped off your uniform ---

The Marine : What's your division ? I bet Liggett's corp's been catchin' hell !

The Naked Man : I am unattached .