

BASE PORT SOJERS FIGHT IN DUNGAREES

And the Jobs They Do Make War Just One Thing After Another

MEETING PLACE OF RACES

Q.M. Stove Looks Good After Day of "Workin' on de Railroad"

Life in a base port in France is not all to a fighting man's fancy. He may be called upon to do much work not strictly in the line of military duty...

The hardest blow—such as it is—falls when the news is broken to the Old Regiment that for a time, must put by its rifles and bayonets...

Knockout Blow for Romance Then the blow falls. The camp quartermaster comes striding down an avenue of noble shade trees...

Funny Men Get a Chance The working party's column on the wide, dusty highway leads into a route step and sings: "Oh, Boy, Oh, Joe, Where Do We Go From Here?"

Tom Sawyer in Sad Strains It is about this time that Huck Finn and Tom Sawyer put in an appearance. They are a ragged pair of war orphans, about 14 or 15 years old...

Where Every Race Is Gathered Can you imagine watching a construction gang from the Tower of Babel to pass you on the way home from work? The sight here is something along that order.

BALLAD OF OFFICERS' MESS

The officers' mess Was wont to guess What kind of meat They had to eat.

It might be pork, It might be stork, Or might be steak, Or might be cake.

The colonel swore 'Twas deadly bore; The major swore He's tasted bore;

Our wagers rough On meat so tough All come to naught, As well they ought.

France-in-Africa. These other blacks who wear blue overalls with bright brass buttons are stevedores from our southern ports...

American troops of all services crowd the streets of the town: aviators, marines, doughboys, machine gunners, quartermasters, cavalrymen, engineers...

Monday morning the first working detail forms in the company street. Roll call over, the head of the column swings down the tree-lined avenue...

The harbor is full of merchant ships and small war craft. The Triolor, the Union Jack, the Stars and Stripes, Norway's red, white and blue...

TWENTY YEARS AFTER

"Yes, my dear, I simply can't do anything with John. When I wake him up in the morning, he always yawns and says, 'Oh, damn that bugger!'"

Millionaire Major in Dugout The millionaire major was in bed when we called. It being after midnight of a cold night...

THE GREAT HEARSE MYSTERY

Everybody who kept tabs on the hearse finally came to the conclusion that the suburb to which all those remains were brought back must be a hard place to dig in.

Another War Mystery An infantryman was discussing the tribulations of army life with a member of one of the negro work battalions which recently had arrived.

CERTAINLY, GENERAL KNOWS C CO.'S COOK

Good Fellowship the Rule Between Officers and Men of A.E.F.

MESS ARTIST'S GOOD LUCK

Moonshiner and Cowpuncher Also Glad to Be Along, Not to Mention Millionaire Major

By HERBERT COREY Correspondent of the Associated Newspapers

Six men unknowingly contributed to this story in the course of a night's ramble along the lines.

In thinking it over later on, I was struck by the extraordinary good fellowship that exists in the American Army, as revealed by their talks.

"The general had just been saying that he accounted himself extremely lucky to be able to take part in this great adventure on which the American Army is engaged."

"To cross the sea in this way to fight for world freedom is one of the most romantic bits in all history," said he.

Yes, They Know a Cook Imagine a general and a colonel in any other army knowing a company cook!

"I got a letter from home," he explained. The general hoped it contained good news.

"I certainly did, sir," said he. "My letterer fell out of a buggy and broke his leg."

"The general said that did not sound like good news," said Williams. "Wouldn't it be hard luck to have to stay at home and miss all this—and then break a leg?"

"The colonel was full of some new stunts in the artillery line he had been putting over. No use saying what they are, but they have appreciably speeded up the time in which he can get his barrage going."

He went on to talk of his men. He had been forced to work them pretty hard lately, building roads and what-not. After the day's work was done, they handled their ammunition for the next day's firing.

"And not a whimper," the colonel said. "They are the best I have ever seen. I don't think there is a grouch in the regiment. Now that they are fighting, I believe the regiment is absolutely happy."

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all youngsters. Not more than twenty-three or four years old, any one of them. Supper in their shack was more like a college "frat" dinner by some alchemy transposed to the woods than anything I could think of.

"I did not know that men could be so fine," he said, with deep feeling in his voice. "I am just a kid"—apologetically—"and had not had very much experience. I did not know that our people are so clean and straight and square."

"The cowpuncher used to ride for the Box E ranch in Wyoming. He was a 'wig' with the guitar and after supper had some of the classics of the range—"The Dying Cowboy's Lament" and "The Little Black Bull."

"They couldn't lick the infant-ree in a hundred million years." I asked the cowpuncher how he liked it.

"Of course," said he, "a white man just naturally had to join this war—but get I never thought I'd like it!"

"I had to go somewhere," said he, "and go quick because the revenues were after me. So I give mah mules to mah sister and tele the niggers to do what they could with the farm. I'm goin' to stay with the army."

PILE DRIVERS IN CONTEST (BY CABLE TO THE STARS AND STRIPES.) NEW YORK, April 4.—Thrilling contests for records are taking place all over the country between pile-driving gangs in the new shipyards.

The A.E.F. postal authorities aren't falling asleep on the job. A letter reached France the other day addressed to "American Fighting Trenches, Paris," and the right man got it.

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PHILLANTHROPY Syll (at the hospital): That little nurse kinda likes me. Bill (next bed): Why so? Syll: She gave the others one enamel pill, and she gave me a couple.

FREE ADVICE FOR LOVELORN LADS

By MISS INFORMATION Conducted for Suffering Doughboys Far Removed from Their Affinities

Q.Z.—When you write a letter to The Girl, take it to be censored—quick—and then mail it. Don't keep it in your pocket for three or four days and have it get soured with the smell of tobacco.

R.W.—You say she writes you that she's taking a course in Domestic Science, and still you wonder if she means business? Of course she does, you poor cheese!

V.V.—What if she can't spell? She may love you just as much, and be in such a hurry to get her letters off to you that she hasn't time to correct them.

E.E.—No, it is not wise to try and compete with a sailor, if he gets liberty to go and see her every week or so, and you are 3,000 miles away where there ain't no liberty.

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