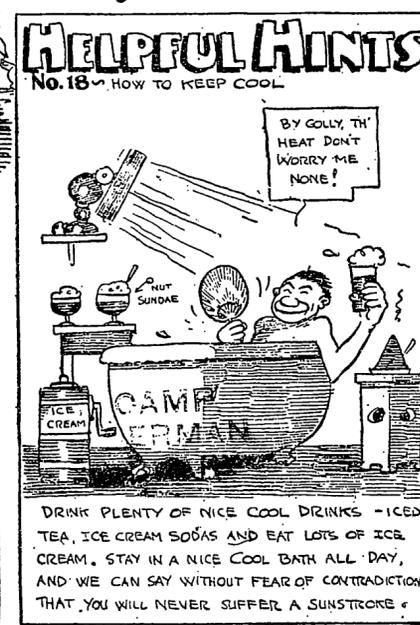
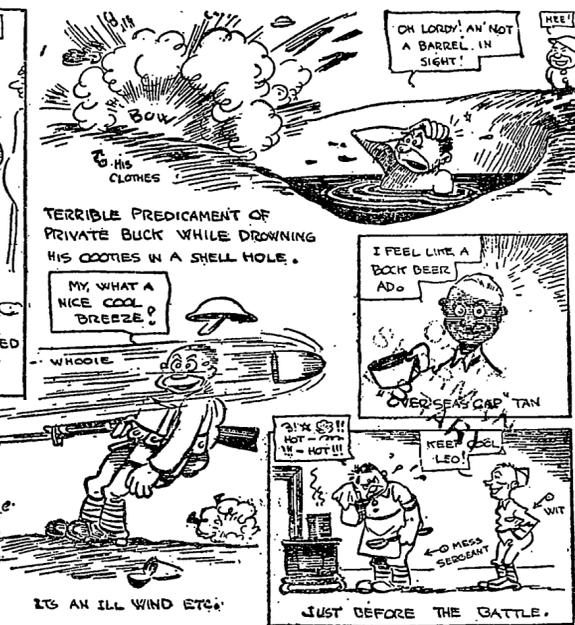


SUNNY FRANCE IS RIGHT AFTER ALL

-By WALLGREN



DON'T START ANYTHING THAT YOU CAN'T FINISH

And If You Are Ever Tempted to, Remember the Fate of Cook Kyler and Be Forewarned

Kyler is only a cook, else I wouldn't drag him into this. But this business of passing the buck has become such a fad in military circles that I've got to bring somebody into it or the readers of THE STARS AND STRIPES would doubt my story.

Now both Cook Kyler and I are entitled to wear the gold chevron about which so much fuss has been made during the past month or so, but we're still mere beginners when it comes to putting it over on the other guy and getting away with it without a star shell bursting over our heads.

Not so long ago, on one Sunday evening, we were standing on a street corner in the little town of C— discussing Eric's offensive and wondering just how it will seem when Miss Liberty smiles down upon us again, when an American soldier, who responds readily to the eloquence of Private Tice and who is a frequent boarder at the detachment guard house, turned the corner and headed straight for our barracks.

"Oh, ah, yes," Kyler asks him. "I'm out," he says and kept on going.

Free Man Once More
Now there aren't many American soldiers in C— but we have a guard house just the same; and on this very Sunday evening Private Tice had been released from there after two weeks of confinement, said confinement being imposed upon him after celebrating his first birthday on foreign soil.

In the town of C— there are five notable cafes each having a Yankee name, the names being donated by the members of this detachment. Walking east from our barracks they come in rapid order: The Three Cokes, The Dirty Spoon, The Bucket of Blood, Dirty's Cafe and Pop's Retreat.

When off duty, Private Tice made the rounds of these cafes daily and became quite well acquainted, as did a number of others, with the pretty mademoiselles who tend to our wants.

It was almost a safe bet, as Kyler said, that Tice would soon make the rounds again and spread the glad news that he was out.

"It'll be heading for the Dirty Spoon in ten minutes and I got an idea."

"What's that?" I says.

She'd Do Her Bit
So Kyler explained after which we entered the first cafe and found Marcelle frying eggs on the kitchen range. We explained our idea to her in French and she gladly consented to do her part. And before we left she could speak the sentence perfectly.

"Comment now?" says Kyler.
"Tice you're de bunk!" says Marcelle.
"Bon!" I says; "that's the girl!"
So we went to the other four cafes and taught all the girls to say "Tice, you're de bunk," it being understood that they were to greet him with these words upon his appearance that evening. Each, so as to keep the words fresh in her mind, invariably would say, "Tice, you're de bunk!"

After that we returned to our barracks and awaited results.
Along about nine o'clock Tice came home with a heavy heart and sat down on the edge of his bunk with his face in his hands.

"What seems to be the trouble?" I asks him.
"Pinch me," he says; "I'm dreamin'! Every June in town says I'm de bunk. Can you hear it?"
"Oh, cheer up," says Kyler. "Supposin' you are; is that anything to worry about?"

This last remark didn't seem to cheer him a bit.
"That night as we were turning in Kyler threw his shoe at a rat and the shoe went through a window pane into the back yard. While Kyler was after his foot gear, Tice came over and whispered:
"I got 'em yet!" says Kyler. "Just you wait till next Sunday."

So on the following Sunday we set forth once again in quest of the strange fish, but this time we carried no fishing

tackle; instead, our blouse pockets bulged with hand grenades.
If these don't bring 'em out from under them roofs, nothin' will!" Kyler says to me.
"Be careful," I says, "and don't bang on so hard or you'll find yourself walking along here without any middle."

Bang!—Heap Fish
At the first hole he tripped the lever on one and tossed it in. Presently there was a dull explosion and two nice ones turned their white bellies up on the surface.

You've heard that old line, "Just like shooting fish in shallow water." Anything compared with that expression is sure a cinch!
Well, by the time we'd exhausted our grenades we had a sack full of fine fish. If there's any laws in France forbidding the dynamiting of fish, we didn't break them. The interior of a hand grenade is not composed of dynamite, and that's about the only thing that would save us if it came to technical questions in court.

On the way back to town we came to a place where they were having a Sunday dance.
"There's some soldiers over there," says Kyler; "let's go over."
We placed our sack of fish in a fence corner and went in. There was a large crowd in attendance some drinking at the tables and others dancing to the tune of a mechanical music box that was operated with a crank. But nowhere were there any American soldiers.

"That's queer," says Kyler; "I'd a bet my next month's pay I saw an American soldier in here."
We looked on a while, had three or four lemonades and then left.
"Whew!" says Kyler. "Our fish are gone. I'm a liar!"

"What?" I says. "Fish gone! How's this?" Then I turned loose with some of my old time spasms that often came over me when I drove uncles miles to the hay racks, and it brought a lot of the dancers out to see what was taking place.

Private Tice Reappears
We searched the dance hall, all the buildings on the place, looked under the porch, and finally came to the conclusion that one of the dancers had gone south with our ill gained fish, whereupon we swore vengeance and set out for town.

First, we went to the cook house and had a bite to eat, then we went to the barracks. As we were entering we met Private Tice coming out.
"What luck?" he asks.
"We didn't go," I says.
We decided finally that the treats were on Kyler, he being the one who concealed the fish in the fence corner. So we went down to the Dirty Spoon, that being the nearest place.

Nobody was there drinking, Kyler began sniffling like a hound smelling a scent.
"Do you smell anything?" he asks.
I sniffed, too.
"Yes," I says; "I smell our fish cooking."

"Damn if I don't have 'em arrested!" Kyler says. "I'll learn 'em how to steal my fish!"
"Yes," I says; "but supposing we had to prove they were our fish, and how we got 'em?"
"I never thought of that," he says. "But at that I'll bet it's our fish they're cookin'!"

We went to another cafe and sat down.
"Encore," says Kyler; "that fish smell keeps right on following us."
And right he was; they were cooking fish at that cafe. So we went on to the next one, and to the next. At all five cafes they were frying fish!

That night after we had gone to bed Tice came in and lit the candle. He suddenly coughed violently, like he had something sticking in his throat.
"What's the matter?" Kyler asks him.
"Got a fish bone in your craw?"
"No," he says; "but if I don't kick all my covers off tonight trying to swim like fish, it won't be my fault!"

SETH T. BAILEY, Corp., Inf.

COLLEGE SPORT NOTES

Arthur Rathbun, crack Illinois A. C. swimmer, has joined the Air Service.
F. J. Natwick, the best hurdler at the University of Wisconsin, has joined the Tank Service.
Nebraska defeated Kansas in a dual meet 69 to 40. H. McMahon, of Nebraska, won four first, the 100, 220, 440 dashes, and the 200 hurdles.
Carroll, of the University of Illinois, ran the 100 in 10 flat, the 220 in 22 3-5 and the 220 yard hurdles in 26 4-5 in a dual meet with Chicago, Illinois winning the meet.
Jole Ray is planning on trying for Norman Tabor's mile record of 4:12 3-5 at "Bobby" in the near future.

ETIQUETTE HINTS FOR DOUGHBOYS

Play Manners

By BRAN MASH
Now that the baseball season as well as the war season is well advanced, it behooves us all to mind our P's and Q's about our manners on the diamond. Nowhere else on earth does American upbringing show up so plainly.

Never spike an officer who is covering second when you slide into him on your way down from first—that is, unless he is a general officer. If he is a general officer, slide right into him feet foremost, kick up all the dust you can and try to get him right about the shins. He will admire your aggressive spirit, and remember you for a long, long time. Besides, one doesn't meet general officers very often in the ordinary course of one's social duties, and it is well to take advantage of every opportunity for closer contact.

Never remove your pack, overcoat, blouse and shirt before marching up to the plate. They may impede your swing a bit, but you must be polite and military at all costs. Walk up to the plate in full equipment, as if prepared for a long hike around the bases. That will impress the pitcher so much that he

will undoubtedly send the first four over wild. And there you are.
Never remonstrate with an umpiring officer of your own unit. He will have access to your pay rolls and so forth, and will know just how much of a fine he can plaster on to you with impunity. If he is an organizer, kick like a steer every time he opens his trap. He will respect you for it, and may ask to have you transferred so that he can get even.

When you are in the box and the major is at bat, don't tarry to him by handing him a base on balls or sending slow ones over right about his waist. Such tactics are always easily spotted from the sidelines, and you may be drowned and hooted from the mound amid loud cries of "Teacher's Pet!" Give him the best stuff you've got and see what the old duffer is good for.

If you are pitching to a medical officer, do your best to beam him. Then, as he limps to first, holding on to his dome, holler out: "Orderly, point that man's head with iodine and send him back to work!" In that way you will make the ball game a howling success; and you won't have to watch the doc while he's at first, he'll be so crushed.

ON-THE-SPOT AID FOR OUR WOUNDED

Mobile Surgical Unit Will Go Straight to Battle Front

Immediate, on-the-spot surgical aid for the seriously wounded and whose injuries need instant attention, and whose lives might easily be endangered by the strain and time required for transportation to a stationary hospital, is the newest development in the A.E.F.'s sanitary provisions for its men at the front.

The two types of mobile sanitary formations just announced in a general order are to be known, respectively, as the Mobile Hospital and the Mobile Surgical Unit. One of each has already been designated and put in service in its new capacity, and others will be assigned to duty as far as organized.

The mobile hospital consists of fixed sterilizing, X-ray, and electric lighting plants mounted on two motor trucks. In addition, transported on ordinary motor trucks to be temporarily assigned as required, are a light frame operating room, tentage, and hospital material sufficient to establish a surgical hospital of 12 beds.

The mobile surgical unit consists of portable sterilizing, X-ray and electric lighting plants, a frame operating room and surgical material mounted on two motor trucks. This unit will supplement the equipment of the advanced field hospital of the division to which it is assigned and will provide facilities for immediate surgical aid to men so seriously wounded that it would be dangerous to transport them to a fixed hospital.

A Medical Department major will be in charge of each mobile hospital, with a staff of 11 commissioned officers. Twenty-two nurses will also be attached to each unit, and the enlisted personnel will number 80. These nurses, smack up in

the combat zone, will hold the "frontmost front" record for American women. The mobile surgical unit will be in charge of a captain or lieutenant in the Medical Department and will have a personnel of 12 enlisted men.

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DIAMOND FLASHES

The Minneapolis club, formerly owned by the Castillons, has been bought by a local syndicate of business men.
Pitcher Thomas, of the Minneapolis club, has been taken in the draft. Catcher Dillhoefer of the Phillies has enlisted.

The standings in the International League on May 21 were: Newark, 10 won; 2 lost; Birmingham, 9-2; Baltimore, 7-6; Rochester, 5-6; Buffalo, 5-6; Jersey City, 4-5; Toronto, 3-8; Syracuse, 2-10.

In the Southern association the standings on May 20 were: New Orleans, 21-9; Little Rock, 20-10; Chattanooga, 17-14; Mobile, 16-14; Memphis, 12-16; Birmingham, 10-14; Nashville, 12-19; Atlanta, 9-21.

Pitcher Carl Mays "beamed" Tris Speaker at Boston recently, but Tris was hit on the top of the head and was not injured.

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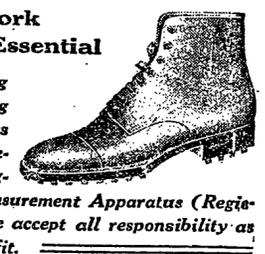
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