

# BON JOUR, HOW'S YOUR ITCH?

—By WALLGREN



## AUTO PARTS GALORE FOR AILING BETSIES

Nothing Gets Smashed So Badly That M.T.S. Can't Fix It

MANY WRECKS IN BONEYARD But They're All Grist for the Mill—And There Are Lots of Mills

That auto part you have been looking for—it's in France.

No comfort in just knowing it's here, is there? But cheer up, when the old wagon gets so badly crippled that it won't function any more, as they say in Congress, it will go to the place where all good automobiles go when they aren't any good any more. Then those long missing, much longed for parts will be replaced.

The parts are waiting now on long, carefully arranged shelves and hooks and racks, listed and catalogued. All new and new, bright and shiny, waiting for the day when Betsy comes in to the boneyard, wrecked or crippled beyond all semblance of use.

Then the new parts will be hauled off the shelves at Advance Motor Transport Station No. 1, and presto! in almost no time Betsy will be herself again, chugging her way among the shellholes or rolling along the national highways from signpost to signpost.

Mix a dash of the Mexican border with a portion of a Detroit shop, throw in a lot of practical experience and season with French scenery. There you have the recipe for Advance M.T.S. No. 1, the scene of all front line automobile repair work in the A.E.F.

Parts for Fifty Makes

Advance M.T.S. No. 1 is one of those outfits that can take care of a grand old car. There are for 50 makes of autos, but 50 isn't the limit of the repertoire. If they haven't the part, they'll make it, or find one just as good. From the boneyard, where lie the wrecks of every sort of shell-shattered motor-going craft the fancy can be taken to the front gate, whence depart the revived, renovated, remodeled, reconstructed and revived motor vehicles, the outfit speaks the spirit of American efficiency which is summed up by the words, "We can do it."

This bunch from everywhere, Detroit to the border everywhere that autos have been made, assembled, repaired or driven, is full of that idea. Nothing in the repair line is too tough to be overcome. All that comes to the boneyard is grist to the mill, every wrecked, twisted, smashed and shattered part can be replaced, and the part replaced can be returned to practical use. And out from A.M.T.S. No. 1 are going every day the mobile repair outfits that you see lumbering along the roads to the front.

A.M.T.S. No. 1 is just one of many Motor Transport Service stations, front being Number one, it is the head of the field in many ways so far. It is one of the outfits which is going to get the maximum utility out of the great trains of transport sent across by Uncle Sam. Under the system that it represents, every foot pound of motor power, brought so many thousand miles, will be used to its utmost, then repaired and used again.

So when Betsy has turned over for her last flop, there's some one ready to take charge of her case who can do the work. Give her gas, put your foot on her, get the job done. Advance M.T.S. No. 1 will take care of the damage.

The Police Board also announces that labor prices for war industry must be stabilized, and the governmental organizations and departments have agreed on a plan of eliminating competitive bidding by labor by contractors and others. They have ordered the committee on standardization to establish standardized scales of wages.

## HERE AND THERE IN THE S.O.S.

They are still talking about the old overseas cap down in the S.O.S., talking of it as though it were a hideous nightmare, recollections of which still fill the mind with vague and unholy terrors. But sometimes they only joke about it. "We borrowed one part of the uniform from the British," said an officer high enough up to know what he was talking about. "We borrowed another part from the French. And we borrowed still another part from ourselves. But we didn't borrow the old overseas cap. We polished it."

The stevedore's task was done—for the day, anyway. He was reading the transport figures in a week-old newspaper. "Two hundred thousand and a lot more in June!" he exclaimed. "Say, bo, in a few weeks that whole Unhated States gewone be ovah heah!"

These long summer twilights are all right in their way, but they raise havoc with Y.M. movie shows. Taps is sounded before it is quite dark, so the movies have to be shown at the tail-end of sunset or not at all. You look at the screen for a few minutes, and if your eyesight is exceptionally good you really are able to see something stirring. A few harder souls laugh and clap to convey the impression that they actually can follow the picture.

Darkness could be secured at the expense of ventilation, but everyone wants the ventilation—even the fellows who tried to have every window in the Adrian barracks kept tight shut last winter.

The three most popular colors in the S.O.S. paint line are not red, white and blue, but black, white and O.D. The O.D. is, of course, for truck bodies and such rather than for uniforms, unless someone sits in it. The black and white have made an old French caserne look like new. The black shows to advantage on the stoves which were forever going out in the chill days that were—and that probably will be again.

It is used principally as a bandstand, but when you ask why the stakes around the edge are carefully wrapped in hurlap and connected by two stout ropes, they will admit that they occasionally stage a bout or two there.

The other night the program wound up with a free-for-all affair between six dark-skinned members of a labor battalion. The game was wrapped up in the last long, and as the crowd had put up 60 francs for the lucky man, it was some little exciting match. For a time it looked as though all six would be laid out, but eventually it narrowed down to two, and the better man of the two won.

The wonder of it is that the bandstand didn't break down during the rumpus.

When two officers who had had much to do with organizing a military band left one town for duty elsewhere, the band gave them a smashing send-off at the railroad station.

## HOSPITAL STAGES ALLEGORY OF WAR

"Democracy Victorious" Reveals Vanquishing of Kaiserism

Base Section No. 1 is still aglow with the pleasant memories of an impressive pageant staged on the greensward at Base Hospital 101. It was presented for the entertainment of the patients by the nurses and Medical Department men on duty there.

"Democracy Victorious" was the title and the theme of the allegory, which revealed in successive scenes of splendor the vanquishing of Democracy with all its crew of Pride, Selfishness, Slavery, Falsehood and Cruelty. Miss Florence Hunt, the chief nurse, was resplendent as Liberty, but the name of the player called upon to assume the rôle of Germany is suppressed by request.

The excellent surpassed in imagination and beauty all earlier efforts at entertainment devised in that neck of the A.E.F., but they do say it was not so funny as the more modest show put on at the same hospital early last fall, when the superb—not to say bouncing—figure representing the Goddess of Liberty collapsed at the discovery that the hospital blankets with which he was tastefully swathed were, in full view of a delighted audience, slowly but inexorably slipping off.

AROUND THE POKER BUNK

First Player: That guy that's doing all the winning doesn't know the game at all. Every time anyone says "I pass" he says "Lessee 'em."

Second Player: Well, that's because he's an M.P. when he ain't working.

The band, of course, hated to do this bands always hate to play in public, especially when they know they're good. But this band swallowed its compunction and went to the station, where it played itself hoarse. And when the train pulled out the music must have been audible for five or six kilometers away.

The band started to go home. But another train had pulled in on the up-track. And one car was filled with Yankee nurses. So the band went into action again and almost blew a perfectly good roof off the trainshed.

Private Jawn Walker, of ebony hue, could not get the proper swing to his arm when saluting. Besides, his life-long custom of calling all white folks "cap'n" had got him into trouble since he joined the Army. He would salute a general or a top sergeant with a wave of the hand and a "Howdy, Cap'n."

Being called for this breach of etiquette, he tried to avoid further trouble, and was telling a comrade his difficulties. "Fistidy," he said, "I seen a lieutenant 'lowed 'I'd run 'round de corner so as not to have to 's'lute. And bless Gawd, I run smack into one of dem men wid buzzards on his shoulders!"

He had come down from the front with a shrapnel gash in one leg and a machine gun souvenir in one arm. "Say," he said, "I just got out of the hospital and they sent me up here. Now what are they going to do with me?"

"That all depends," they told him. "If they keep you here, they'll probably let you do something—plenty of work, details, and all that."

"Details," he moaned. "Say, war is hell, ain't it?"

Nurses may be second lieutenants, or first lieutenants, or even brigadier-generals, one and all, for anything we know to the contrary, but their lives are not for that reason all hazy and unexciting. When a squad, or platoon, or company leaves one town, they all ride down to the station in Q.M. trucks—and they don't sit down, either.

The cigarette shortage reported from various quarters of the S.O.S. is due to the diversion of large shipments to troops at the front. A certain percentage of the "tailor mades" available is being allotted to the men of the S.O.S., but not as much as formerly. The delicacy is being made up with "the makin'."

When, months ago, Americans first began to flock into a certain S.O.S. city, the populace wondered how long they were going to stay. They intimated, very politely, that the front was some distance further to the north and east. But now that the Yanks have come and are giving a good account of themselves, Americans enjoy no greater popularity anywhere in France. Go into a store in that city, and you can't buy anything until *monsieur le patron* has read you, in a perfect fervor of enthusiasm, the American communiqué.

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