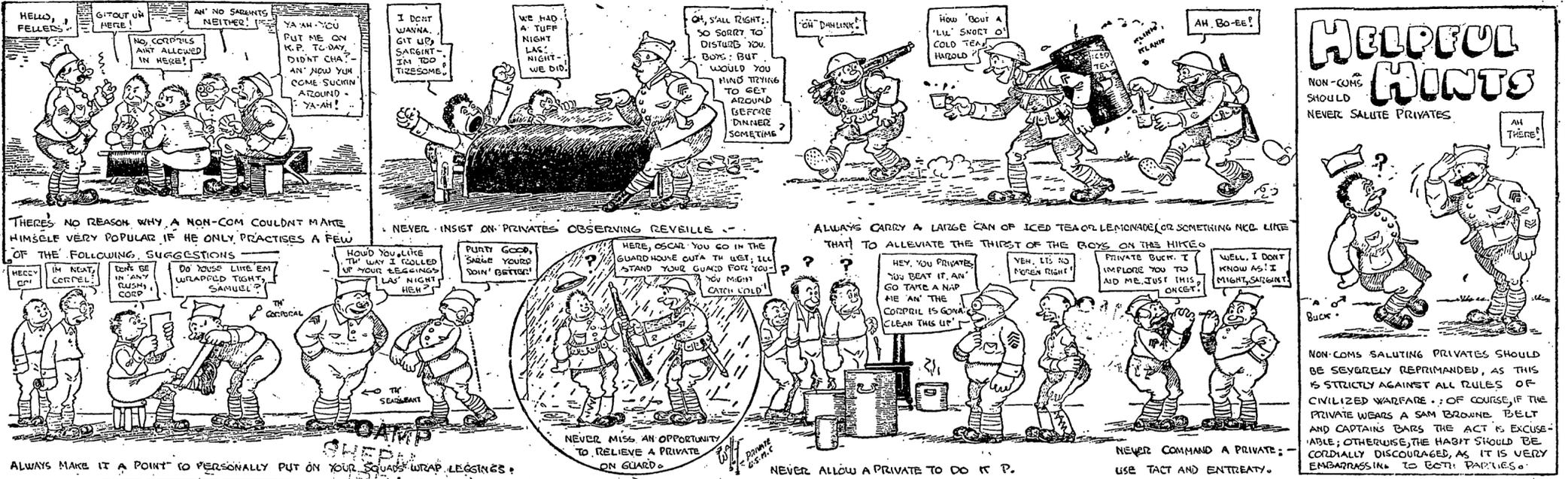


HOW TO BE POPULAR THROUGH AN "OFFICER"

-By WALLGREN



HELPFUL HINTS

NON-COMMS SHOULD NEVER SALUTE PRIVATES.

AM THERE?

NON-COMMS SALUTING PRIVATES SHOULD BE SEVERELY REPRIMANDED, AS THIS IS STRICTLY AGAINST ALL RULES OF CIVILIZED WARFARE. OF COURSE, IF THE PRIVATE WEARS A SAM BROWNIE BELT AND CAPTAINS BARS THE ACT IS EXCUSABLE; OTHERWISE, THE HABIT SHOULD BE CORDIALLY DISCOURAGED, AS IT IS VERY EMBARRASSING TO BOTH PARTIES.

TRIBE OF LEBRUN BACK ON HOME SOIL

Father and Two Sons Came to France on A. E.F. Transports

EUGENE, 11, INTERPRETER

Still Another Brother in Training While Fifth Man in Family Builds Ships

He's 11 years old—"go in on 12" to be exact—and he's won two service stripes.

It isn't possible, you say? Just trot down to Tours and look over Eugene Lebrun, messenger and interpreter too, for the Q.M. corps. There in his campaign hat and his O.D. clothes and his regulation leggings. Watch him put on the best salute yet lumped in the A.E.F. Then change your mind.

Eugene came over with his father, Frank Lebrun (born in France, by the way) a good year and more ago—came over in a transport, too, for his father is also a member of the A.E.F., being attached to the post quartermaster at Tours in the capacity of carpenter.

Naturally, when people got to know Eugene they "adopted" him right and left right off the reel. But when he began to show what he could do in writing and speaking the language of his father's native land, as well as the language of the land of his birth and upbringing, they found he was more than a mascot. In short, Eugene is a mighty useful citizen.

Another Lebrun Arrives

Along about last December another transport landed in France. It brought over still another Lebrun (also born in France) named Louis, a private in the Infantry. And as soon as Louis could get leave, and get the general (he had to go that far) to fix it so he might make Tours instead of Aix-les-Bains, he made tracks to check his father and kid brother for the first reunion they had had in four years.

There's another son, Johnny (born in America), now in one of the training camps getting ready to make it a Lebrun quartet in France. And Frank, Jr., the last to leave the family corral at Round-bay, Montana, is working in a Government shipyard out on the Pacific coast. So, altogether, from the Old Man down to Messenger-Interpreter Eugene (going on 12 and winner of two service stripes), it looks like a 100 per cent war record for the Franco-American clan of Lebrun.

NEW USE IS FOUND FOR CAMPAIGN HAT

You'll Find Part of It When—and if—you Reach a Hospital

They've found a use for the old campaign hat at last.

No, it isn't to be worn by German prisoners, or handed over to the French Boy Scouts, or even sold to Paris milliners to be revamped and befeathered and called "le chapeau Pennechigne."

It's going to be worn by you, if by any chance you go to a hospital (which we hope you won't unless you want to). And you're going to wear it on your feet, not on your dome.

When the old lid o' the plains was discarded, the salvage department of the A.E.F. saw there was going to be a lot of good felt left in its hands. With characteristic Yankee ingenuity, it fussed around until it devised the scheme of making slipper-soles out of that felt. So with uppers made of O.D. filched from hopelessly ripped pants and blouses, the old campaign hat is going to blossom forth as the basis for the new hospital slipper—thus fulfilling a long-felt want.

CUBA DETAINS RUM SHIP

[BY CABLE TO THE STARS AND STRIPES] AMERICA, August 1.—The Cuban Government has detained a suspicious schooner. No, it was not a U.S. mailer. It was loaded with 400,000 quarts of rum. Gotham liquorists are suffering torments of hopeless appetite and demanding intervention.

SHOP GIRLS GOOD FARMERS

[BY CABLE TO THE STARS AND STRIPES] AMERICA, August 1.—Two thousand girls are tilling farms in New York State as part of the land army movement. Many of them are from the shops and similar pursuits, and reports are that they fit in well.

WAR AS THEY'RE WAGING IT SOMEWHERE SOUTH OF SOISSONS

An American lying wounded in a wheat field was somewhat taken back by the spectacle, in slow and stately approach, of a German officer. He was magnificent with medals and he wore a monocle.

Every once in a while his impressive head was spoiled by a nervous turn of the head and the suspicion of a squirm, just as if someone were flicking his tail with a bayonet.

Someone was, for looking beyond, the wounded American saw a great, big, husky American negro prancing along, showing every tooth in his head.

"Hi, boss," he called out jubilantly, "Ah don't know what Ah's got, but Ah's bringin' it along!"

Whether sergeants are just the same, mess they're in Kansas City, Missouri, Chateau-Thierry, France—always suspicious that the whole Army is trying to edge in on their company mess.

The beans ran low—which will indicate the gravity of the situation—in a company that was having its first hot meal out of the lines.

"Three hundred and seventeen men I've fed," finally exploded the mess sergeant. "Three hundred and seventeen! And when we went into line we were only 250 strong. You'd think a company would lose when it's fighting, but it don't. It gains!"

The American regiments that share in the avalanche which fell on the German line between Soissons and Chateau-Thierry are groaning under the weight of their souvenirs.

Nearly every man wears a "Gott Mit Uns" buckle on his belt till you would think it was a Q.M. issue on which regulations insisted. Nearly every man carries a German watch, many of them handsome watches shielded by metal trench cases. One doughboy had 14 watches—"time to burn," as he wags hisly put it.

Some brandish Luger pistols, and the lucky ones can be seen these days staring into the distance through fine German field glasses and trying to look as much like generals as possible. But the prizes are iron crosses. Every Yankee wants to win the Iron Cross in a manner not contemplated by the Kaiser.

While the Franko-Yankee troops were chasing the Germans between the Aisne and the Ourcq, the generals were happily counting the stocks of ammunition and the hundreds of guns that were falling into their hands. But the hungry doughboy, loath from three days on iron rations and not too much of that, was happily devouring the food supplies they found in many a hastily abandoned dugout.

Never before in its history did the American Army eat so much veiner and punpernickel as it did that great day.

In the midst of the battle one young lieutenant, running into a pit of his, showed him under the flap of his pocket a little gold brooch.

"If anything should happen to me," he said, "try to get hold of this pin. It'll be yours, and when you get time ship it back home to my mother."

The other promised, and the lieutenant went his way. He had not gone 20 feet when he was struck by a shell and killed instantly. The pin is on its way to America.

The captain looked suspiciously at his left trench-shoe.

"A machine gun bullet went through the heel near the Marne," he said, "and yesterday another went straight across my foot between the sole and my stocking. It didn't do more than scratch me. But if it hit this darned shoe again, I'm going to get a new pair. They seem to think I'm Achilles."

A tattered doughboy, too now from battle to have been either shaved or deloused, was exhibiting an ornate and ugly revolver he had taken from a German officer.

"I'd like to have that," said an Artilleryman. "Us guys are so far behind we never get a chance at any good souvenirs like that."

"Take it," said the Infantryman, "it's yours."

"Why," demanded the Artilleryman's buddy afterward, "did you give that revolver away?"

"Aw," said the doughboy, "we'll be going over the top again in a week or so, and I'll have a chance to get all I want."

To those who hung about France through a long, monotonous winter of wondering if the American Army would ever get started, there is something startling in the occasional discovery of a young Infantryman who sailed from New York as late as June 12 and yet went over the top with the veterans on July 18.

On a dusty roadside near the front a line of empty trucks were halted at

various rakish angles, their wheels caked with mud. The drivers snored in the seats or lay stretched out in the wheat field alongside. Everything was still save for the distant boom of the guns and finally the rat-a-tat-tat, not of a masked machine gun, but of an unseen typewriter.

A passerby trailed the sound to the interior of one of the trucks, and within saw a soldier sitting in the throes of composition, his bandaged foot resting on a sack of oats.

"You poor stiff, do they make you do paper work up here?"

"Paper work, hell!" he replied affably. "I'm writing a letter to my girl."

One young lieutenant who was grazed three times by shrapnel was finally so badly wounded in the leg that he had to be carried to the first aid station. Going to the rear, and when he saw them lifting a friend of his who had collapsed from shell-shock, he volunteered to hold him in his arms.

The lieutenant got his fifth wound when a shell came out of space and struck him. He killed his friend as he was cradling him.

Listing prisoners is always interesting work.

Ernst Herman wore the insignia of an aspirant. In his pockets he had the spools of second lieutenant. His period of probation over, he was to have become a lieutenant the next day. Had he been captured 12 hours later, he would have had to work all the time he remains in captivity.

"Kaiser," said the next prisoner when asked his name.

"Ho! Smoke!" exclaimed the doughboy who brought him in, "I've captured the man show."

"Kaiser," repeated the prisoner, "Conrad Kaiser, and I'm 30 years old."

Up to the time that Germany's dwindling man-power caused the military finger to beckon him, Kaiser had been a college professor.

"Will they send us to America?" asked the next prisoner, an artillery captain. He was told that "they" wouldn't, and expressed regret.

"I've decided to go to America after the war anyhow," he explained. "There is nothing more for me in Germany. My father and mother were killed by an air bomb and my two brothers died in action. I'm the only one of the family left."

The American ambulance sections attached to the French Army are the boys that have the pets, it's so easy for them to carry a mascot around. But one of the sections has had bad luck with theirs. Now they have a puppy chosen because its coat is a perfect olive drab.

They have tried dogs before and kangaroos. They have tried foxes. One was

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Alex Taylor

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TO AID LUMBER WORKERS

[BY CABLE TO THE STARS AND STRIPES] AMERICA, August 1.—Colonel Bryce P. Disque, famous for his success in handling difficult labor situations in the woods, has completed plans with the lumber operators of Oregon, Washington, Idaho and Western Montana for arbitration between workers and employers.

His plans include conferences, the open shop and the eight-hour day now and after the war.

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