

SAFETY FIRST



READY FOR WINTER.

—Photo By Toohey.

There will be no waiting for the coal wagon this winter at the U. S. Army base hospital, Camp Greene. Orderlies will not spend a portion of their time in hunting bits of wood to feed the faltering flames. The snow may pile high, if another bleak winter should sweep the Carolinas, and winds may howl but there will be plenty of fuel to beat back the frost lines.

The hospital being organized last fall there was little chance to get in coal before icy winds rushed upon the newly made wards. During the coldest part of the weather there was little coal to be had. Lieutenant-Colonel George A. Renn, base hospital commander, has taken steps to see that no such condition appears this year. For weeks the giant trucks and mule-drawn wagons have been bearing fuel to the hospital. The coal and wood is piled in the field back of the hospital quartermaster office.

The pile of corded wood reaches in a graceful line for more than 200 yards. There are several thousand tons of coal heaped on the extended mound which runs beyond the vision of the picture. Even if fuel is scarce the hospital patients are sure of comfort.

SOMEWHERE IN FRANCE.

Why is it that from yonder tower
The Colonel's lamp is beaming still,
Though it is past the midnight hour
And all's serene o'er vale and hill?
'Tis not the wisdom of the sages,
Nor any lore his mind enchants:
An earthlier task his time engages;
He's sewing buttons on his pants.
—Stars and Stripes.

LUCKY BO.

The only man in the detachment fortunate enough to secure a furlough since the camp has been quarantined is Corporal Hoyle, who hurried with all possible speed to his home in Massachusetts.

WHO AM I?

I come from far off islands, bathed in strong sunlight, swept by soft ocean breezes, and inhabited by dark-skinned peoples of an alien race.

I am one of the important articles of commerce, and fortunes are spent on me annually.

I am as much sought after by the moneyed millionaire as by the humble hobo.

I am a habit former, and people crave for me, just as they do for drugs, alcohol and tobacco.

I am known and used extensively for various purposes by all the soldiers.

I have been in every camp and cantonment here and "over there."

I have served as a fluid for shaving and as a dye for clothes.

I have been the ink that has written the letters from the first-line trenches to the folks back home.

I comfort the weary and stimulate the weak.

I am welcomed especially when the weather is cold and the night dark and long.

I am at times a necessity—never a luxury.

I am equally welcome to officers and men, wounded or well, weak or strong, ally or enemy.

I am the ARMY COFFEE.

PERMANENT POSSESSION.

A former sergeant who had just been busted and who carried fresh in his mind the melancholy memories of a court martial, was lifted wounded from the ambulance at the field hospital. He was grinning from ear to ear.

"Well," he said, "here's one stripe they can't take away from me, damn 'em."—Stars and Stripes.

LUTE AND BUCK

(Piedmont Fable No. 4.)

Buck P. Rivet and Lute Nant were once buddies. They were drug up in the same town, pinched watermelons together, played hookey, swam in the same swimming hole, and did all the usual stunts of buddies. Adhesively speaking, they stuck like Le Page's; you couldn't get a cigarette paper between them, they were that close, when kids.

Scientists say opposites attract. Positive has a great affinity for negative; big men marry little women; and bull dogs can't resist the inclination to chase tom cats. Buck was big, and fairly tall. Lute was short, but not so small, so perhaps the rule laid down by scientists applied to these particular two.

At any rate, what was Buck's was Lute's, and the property of Lute belonged to Buck. You know, each was meant for the other, and you could not separate them any more than you can separate the cream from condensed milk, they were so thick. "Soul-mates" is what they call it in the movies when a guy gets gone on a Jane the way they were stuck on each other. Foks never thought the partnership would bust up.

However, the best of hair must part. Buck and Lute are not buddies now; that is, they don't pal together any more. No, they are not even associates, for army regulations don't permit it. Buck is now "Private, Medical Department, U. S. A.;" while Lute's title is "First Lieutenant, M. C., U. S. A."

How come? Well, when Wild Bill, of Berlin, broke all records for butchery, causing Uncle Sam mie to mobilize millions and hand him the trimming that will soon wind up the "Watch on the Rhine" both were senior students at Starve Hard Medical school. Buck quit and joined the regulars, but Lute chose the reserves and finished the year, so now he wears the leather puts and has shiny shoulders.

Are Buck and Lute still friends? Army regulations can't break friendship, even though Buck does have to say "Sir" to Lute and touch his head-dress with his right hand, holding his arm at an angle of forty-five, when the latter passes.

They are both happily hunting the Hun, "Somewhere," etc., at the present time, but just as soon as the Kaiser is canned, the Crown Prince pickled and their armies annihilated, Buck and Lute will be buddies again. Yes, they will grub each other's smokes and swap shirts just as they did "before the war," for is this not a struggle in the cause of democracy?

Moral:—Army regulations establish discipline, but "Friendship is Divine."

KNIGHT AWDUHLE

TO THE OFFICE.

Private George Gavagan, formerly of the hospital postal department, has been transferred to the detachment office for duty.