

tent with a new Stetson hat. Has anyone noticed an officer at Division Headquarters going around barehead of late?

I saw Corporal Bruhn, our canteen steward, conversing with a Ford salesman yesterday. What not a Pierce-Arrow, Bruhn? Opportunity knocketh but once at your door.

There's silence on the Picket Line,

No loud noises there to-day,

Everyone's sad and solemn—

One of Donnelly's pets has passed away.

It is rumored our old friend Poncho Villa, the notorious Mexican bandit, is wearing the same shirt we saw him in last summer while on the Border. Villa hasn't a thing on our Company Clerk, Corporal Wallace, who hasn't changed his shirt since Balboa was Top-Sergeant in J Battery.

Sergeant Ross of "B" Battery has become a wonderful horseman since learning that the horses are taken five miles to the rear of the firing line after the guns have been placed and are in action.

J. Ford Lubick is kicking because the Government has the wheels of our escort wagons made so large. He is an expert repairer of these well-known vehicles and admits he can use every part of the wagon but the wheels.

Members of "C" Battery take notice. I had Harry T. Ramsdell, "Jr.," over in the woods with a detail to-day and I found out that he can't duck falling trees as well as he can dodge work.

Monday our entire regiment went over in a body back of the Hospital Building for singing lessons. I wonder who suggested taking them near the hospital and what did the surgeons think? Should we ever run out of ammunition while on the firing line there's nothing to worry about. Just blow your pitch-pipe and start 'em up.

"Red" Whalen, chief of the Supply Company's "K. P.'s" pulled off a new one the other day. He tried to boil water in a wooden pail. He might have succeeded if the bottom of the pail hadn't burned out and extinguished the fire.

—Sergt. E. A. S., Supply Co.

TRENCH NOTES OF CO. M, 105TH INFANTRY.

1st and 2nd platoons lacked dugouts to sleep in, resulting in many spoiled tempers, and numerous colds.

Private Trohn, when ordered to cut the wood for the cooks, did so, but in the dark mistook the wood belonging to Co. K, and obligingly cut it up. Needless to say that Private Trohn is now most popular with aforesaid cooks.

If you don't believe the trenches are hard to dope out, ask Private Lepitskie. It took him one hour to find his way back to our dugout—only 50 yards away.

The second platoon claims some of the men of the 1st platoon fell off the firestep while asleep, on post. In retaliation the 1st platoon claims the observers got quite a few hats off the men of the 2nd, making the honors even.

The big catch of the day, in observers, was made by Privates Brust and Fidelo. They halted, arrested, and sent back to quarters, Col. Foster, of the 12th Regiment. When told who their catch was, they nearly fainted.

—F. B. R., Jr.

MILITARY POLICE NEWS—COMPANY A.

The Military Police are fast becoming crack riders. Major Shanton is supervising their course in equitation and before a man can qualify to ride alone he must pass a stiff test under the critical eye of the Major, who insists on a high standard of horsemanship in his command.

Corporal Tom Regan has made a good recovery from a broken collar bone sustained in a fall from a jumping horse.

Bob Dunlop has named his trick horse "Toto," after the Hippodrome clown. Toto's curious taste in breakfast food is only one of the remarkable things about him.

Jimmy Meers is a tired business man these days. He is dealing out pop and nut-bars at the M. P.'s new canteen. Carl Serling has given up competing with Fritz Kreisler



"Where are you going?"
 "To get some water for the Colonel."
 "What, in that coat?"
 "No, in this bucket."

for a while to assist in running the emporium.

Sam Panter was once in the United States Navy. Sam sometimes forgets that he is not still a bounding tar. The other day an officer called to Sam, "Where is Blauvelt?" Sam clicked his heels together, saluted, and replied, "Gone ashore, sir."

Company A has three men who have already seen service in the Great War. Corporal Maurice Annothe was in the Belgian army, Private Wilford B. Wilkins saw service with the Australian army at the Somme and Ypres, and Private Lionel M. Doherty drove a Norton-Harjes ambulance.

The men learning equitation have a number of ex-U. S. Cavalrymen to imitate, including Corporal John Lodarinsky, formerly of the 12th Cavalry, Jack Davenport of the 12th Cavalry, Sergeant Gadlewski of the

mounted scouts of the U. S. Marines, and Sergeant Westen, whose military experience includes acting as orderly to General Pershing.

The services of Arvid Paulson, who now sports a first-class private's chevrons, are in great demand. Arvid was a leading Broadway juvenile actor when he enlisted. He was one of the strongest branches of "The Willow Tree," when it showed on the Gay W. W. He has recited at almost every sort of affair from a W. C. T. U. meeting to a Barbers' Convention. He is "book-ed solid" as Variety would say. He hopes soon to play a European engagement, during which he may appear before crowned heads in Berlin. His role will be that of an energetic M. P.

Cal McCarthy says he likes kitchen police because it feels so good when you're there.

Tommy Yore, when the horses were first issued, drew a steed that had hair like a St. Bernard dog and the build of a pickle barrel. When Tommy started to curry the animal, he found that three owls and a cuckoo had built nests in its hair, so he turned the animal in and got a horse.

The 11th Squad has a bulletin board on which current squad events are reported. Among the entries yesterday were: "Surcingle McIlroy takes a bath. Will recover." "Kniffen loses his eating irons. Excused from mess." "E Flat Tuba Callahan kicked in the chest by Benedict's horse. Horse lamed for life." "Barry loses O. D. shirt." (P. S.—O. D. stands for Old and Dirty.) This humor is ascribed to Sam Murphy, the Pasaic Mark Twain, and Howard Herty, the Jersey bard. And Ferdie Mayer, who is corporal of this squad, gets only the regular \$36 a month!

Squad 2 is getting to be known as the meeting place of Flatbush A. C. Its song is "When It's Nesting Time in Flatbush." The following are charter members of the Flatbush A. C.: Harry Clapp, Lester La Mothe, Chuck Curtis, Roscoe Allen, George Arata, Bill Bradley, Kenneth Logan, Leslie Callahan, and Ralph Bolton.

Next week watch for some warm Company B news.

COMPANY A, 105TH MACHINE GUN BATTALION.

Richard Hess, the boy bugler of Co. A., who was kicked in the shins by a horse, has discarded his crutches and looks forward to the coming of a bright and shining cork leg. He has the record for putting it over on "Iodine Ike," who is still missing from drill and gets away with it.

Axel Weiberg, the Swedish yordler who bane come from Sweayden an bane made en foist class private, can't see why they pick on him.

It was a case of: May the sun shine for you and the flowers grow over your grave, when Toney Giachetta put the Russet Polish in the tomato soup, had it not been for the rage of Algernon La Grasse, the chief striker, who gave him "the business" for wasting the polish.