

102D AMMUNITION TRAIN.

Lt. Col. Cleveland C. Lansing, of the 102d Ammunition Train, has been transferred to the 107th Infantry. Lt. Col. Lansing is the man directly responsible for the organization of the 102d Ammunition Train; it was his efforts and military knowledge that brought the Ammunition Train up to the high point of efficiency which it has attained. Lt. Col. Lansing has always been very popular with the men of his command, and in taking up his new duties with the 107th Inf. he carries the best wishes of every man of the 102d Ammunition Train.

Lt. Col. J. C. McLeer, who has been assigned to the lieutenant colonelcy of the 102d Trains and M. P., is a soldier of the highest type. Formerly with the 1st N. Y. Cavalry, he established a reputation for fairness and discipline such as to earn for him the respect of every man of that organization. In welcoming Lt. Col. McLeer to the 102d Ammunition Train, it is with the assurance that he is among friends who will offer him every co-operation.

Sergt. Tompkins, of the Wagon Co., the biggest sergeant in the 27th Division, says anybody can drive a motor truck but you've got to know more than a mule in order to drive a mule.

One of the mess sergeants in the motor section is blowing about the extra fine coffee he serves to his company. He claims it costs a cent and a quarter a pound. Yes, Felix, right you are, the bill says 26c per pound.

Anybody heard any of the natives say, "This is the worst snow storm we have had in ten years?"

Unless the Paymaster gets on the job pretty soon, it looks as if Christmas this year will just be the 25th of the month.

We wish to announce to all friends who have been anxiously inquiring about high Private Carroll that he is still with us, hiding behind a beautiful jet black moustache.

Private Bridget Clarke still reports every morning for reveille but between retreat and reveille (Ah! That's the question).

Corporal Trainor, the bewhiskered exhaust pipe, is still reading dime novels in feverish haste.

Sergeant Constantine, the Russian without the Caviar accent, is envious of the Bolshevik guards who are drinking Kummel from jardinieres in the royal palace.

Sergeant Welsh and Corporal Johnston are the inspirers of our worthy S. O.'s famous expression, "Can't get a damn thing done." Our over-worked Sergeant Major Toomey is back in camp after a much needed rest in the North. Welcome back, Jack.

Our mud gutter blonde, Steno. Cackett, still insists on smoking butts in the office. She's getting positively awful.

Sergeant McCusker, the fighting Syrian, is now visiting New York.

We regret the loss of double time O'Grady, the famous wind-jammer who has transferred over to the Q. M. N. A. in quest of more laborious duties.

Headquarters welcomes Joseph F. Flanagan, the famous American horseman. Acting Buck Private Useless S. Grant is now aspiring to the rank of High Private or may be better, who can tell?

—G. A. Y.

AMBULANCE COMPANY 107.

Private Graham, the entertaining and genial undertaker, possesses an ambition which outranks any of the week. That is, that he may officiate when the Kaiser of all Germany is followed by slow music and measured tread.

The corporals take this war seriously. That fact was expounded during the week of the Siberian Christmas. The weather was prohibitive of considerable training on the outside but was prolific of attempts from within. Provoked by Corporal Beirne, who has an awful propensity for work which is conducive of disorder, the boys sawed a trap-door in their hardwood floor and seriously undermined the tent, making a modern, up-to-date dugout. Enough dirt was passed out of that tent to dam up the raging torrents of Niagara. Corp. Smith, the lightning calculator of the company, estimates that the entire command can find refuge in the "basement" in case of aerial attack or further Government allotment.

The winter caps have been issued and despite the comfort they beget a fellow can't perish the thought that he looks like a cross between a coal miner and a Tennessee squirrel hunter.

"Jack" Phillips, C. O. orderly grandiose, who is on speaking terms with all the top-notchers in the fistic limelight, is training "Freddy" McDermott, a speedy boy with the 2nd Field Hospital of Albany, for a series of bouts in the Y. M. C. A. tent under the direction of Frank Moran. "Jack" and his protege are out on the snow covered roads every morning long before first call is sounded, and the old war horse takes to the three miles or over like a soldier to a home-made dinner.

Sergeants Pasco and Kellerman, Privates Sheridan and Downey were ordered to New York City December 11th on special detail, to be away five days. Seemingly, the men in question had no reluctance to prompt obedience, and they hurried for the first train going North before the delectable order could be rescinded.

The Q. M. Dept. was swamped with demands for O. D. snow-shovels and snow-shoes when the snow intended for Alaska stopped off here.

Elaborate preparations are under way for the Christmas show, and this extravaganza is going to eclipse by far the two shows already staged in our mess shack. The new piano will be installed by that time, and the stage changed somewhat by new drops and curtain. Special music and new red hot stuff have been obtained from Broadway, and the woods hereabouts are giving forth strange noises as the actors prepare for the festivity, outside gun range.

G. F. B.

FIELD HOSPITAL CO. 107.

During the recent cold spell the kitchen police were having considerable trouble drawing water as the water was frozen in the pipe. Hennessey, after listening to Pierce's complaint, in reference to the ice in the faucet, said, "Why don't you let the water run—the exercise will keep it warm."

Someone upset a pail of water in No. 1 tent one night last week and the occupants were surprised to find a sheet of ice on the floor around the Sibley stove.

Jim Malcolm, detailed as office orderly, was awakened from the slumber, usually indulged in by orderlies, and was called to answer the 'phone. The following conversation took place:

Deep Bass Voice (a la General)—"Who's this speaking?"

Malcolm (sleepily—"Office orderly, Field Hospital Company 107.")

D. B. V.—"I understand that thoroughly, but who ARE you? What's your NAME?" Malcolm (now thoroughly awake)—"Private First Class James Malcolm, sir."

D. B. V.—"That's the stuff, Jimmie, old boy, speak up. Listen, Jim, this is Mess Sergeant Burger; go over to the kitchen and ask Cook Rhodes if those frankfurters came on time. Will you, please?"

Malcolm—"?XZ&—!?"

Montgomery, not having heard from his numerous fair correspondents in the last few days, is still doubtful as to whether the postal authorities are at fault or whether the ladies all belong to the same sewing circle and are reading each other's mail as part of the evening's entertainment.

Sergeant George Killian received an itemized list of articles ranging from smokes to comfy-kits from his friends in New York City. Instead of acting upon their suggestion and marking an "X" along side of the most acceptable gift, he "voted a straight Democratic ticket" and mailed the list back to his friends. To date he is still waiting a reply.

Sergeant Bruger received a box containing a few jars of preserves and other things. The preserves will remain under cover until gas masks are issued as they were two weeks en route to this camp and look suspicious.

Society Notes—The men in No. 8 tent, quarantined, pending investigation of "measles," are having little to do, and less to worry about. Judging by the care free life they are leading it will be a sad day for them when the quarantine is lifted.

N. B.—The gentleman who composed the song entitled "Keep the Home Fires Burning" evidently wasn't referring to the "Sibley Stove."

Millon.

LIEUTENANTS TRANSFERRED.

First Lieut. Donald C. Strachan has been transferred from the 108th infantry to the 106th infantry, and First Lieut. Frank A. Bayles goes from the 106th infantry to the 108th.