



ON THE ROAD TO SPARTANBURG

DIVISION HEADQUARTERS TROOP.

Lieutenant Cameron is back with the troop after a twenty-day honeymoon. His bride is now residing in Spartanburg.

One of the recently appointed first-class privates has been burning things up so much lately that he even attempted to collect the insurance on the troop auto in front of the Cleveland. Somebody says Stark is taking orders from a rival automobile concern.

Hampton Anderson, who hangs his hat in the Division Intelligence Office, is rapidly losing all his respect for the members of the press. Every morning one of the scribes is sure to ask him, "Have you any Intelligence this morning?"

Smiley, the Division mail custodian, is living up to his name. Even the recent blizzard failed to change his beaming countenance.

Cornelius Vanderbilt, Jr., is now on his way to New York on a furlough. He is making the trip by auto. His only companion is a pet racoon, whose handiwork is well known to visitors at the Cleveland.

The baa-baa benny coats are gone, but we still have the squirrel hunter caps.

WELL BEHAVED.

Reports gleaned from over the entire country indicate that Uncle Sam's army on leave is an orderly, well-behaved, gentlemanly one. "Tell me what you do when not 'in the line of duty' and I will tell you the kind of fighter you'll make," stands the test of gentlemanliness with the olive drab soldiery.

H COMPANY, 107TH INFANTRY, BRIEFS.

Of course the young blizzard hit H street and for a few days our row of tents resembled a row of vanilla ice cream cones.

It gets the first sergeant's "goat" to hear anyone allude to the "Sunny South," and one can hardly blame him, for plus his regular duties, he now has snow shovelling details to worry about.

The company unites in extending a hearty welcome to Lieut. Edward M. Burtis, who has just joined our happy family, having been transferred from the 10th N. Y. Infantry.

Erwin S. Potter has been made a corporal and Privates Bellman, Johannes, King, Kowan, J. C. McCabe, Masterson, Payne, Sherman, Stewart and Susse have been promoted to privates first class.

The unfavorable weather has not hindered our training to any extent, and with drills, hikes, bomb throwing, and practice in the use of the gas mask, the past week was far from wasted.

However, it must be admitted, that our drill field was very much like Van Cortlandt Park skating rink, and everyone had to watch their step. If such conditions continue, why not an issue of O. D. in skates and such commands as "On skate into line!"?

—"T." K.

The first call had just been blown. The Signal Corps was waking up. Suddenly a voice boomed out, "Batteries for to-day's game: Red Seal and Eveready!"—And a few days later they held a military funeral.

**NEW ASSIGNMENTS FOR CHAPLAINS
IN CAMP.**

New assignments for regimental chaplains are announced as follows:

First Lieut. Peter E. Hoey, chaplain to the 106th machine gun battalion, and in addition to his other duties will continue his temporary duty with the 107th infantry.

First Lieut. Francis A. Kelly, chaplain to the 104th machine gun battalion.

First Lieut. John C. Ward, chaplain to the 105th machine gun battalion.

First Lieut. Edwin F. Keever, chaplain, is permanently assigned to the 27th division, and will report to the commanding officer, headquarters trains and military police, for temporary duty.

An O. D. Table d'Hote.

They're talking about food tablets again—this time for the army. An organization of privates has been formed to prevent the spreading of this idea to the minds of mess sergeants. If the plan bore fruit—no, not fruit—what we mean to say is, if the plan were perfected they'd probably give us one food tablet for breakfast and one and a half for dinner and one and three point seven and two one-thousandths for supper. The worst of it is that we wouldn't be able to tell the difference between a food tablet and an O. D. pill until it was too late. And, maybe, they'll get to inoculating us for Christmas dinners.