

HEADQUARTERS CO., 102D ENGINEERS.

Cook Louis Goldberg, of Headquarters Co., after giving the boys one grand good dinner for Christmas, left the same evening with his wife on a furlough. Our hearts are with you Goldie, and may you take a few for each of us.

There has been a considerable congestion of the mail in Headquarters Company since the mail man left.

That Border Stuff, B. S., has all frayed out in Headquarters Company.

Thomas Bracken, formerly top sergeant in the old 71st N. Y., is now with the Headquarters Company of the 102d Engrs. Tom brought his Aeolian Victrola with him and a great deal of classical and ragtime music has been heard coming from his tent, and the place has become one of the recreation centers of Headquarters Co. Tom has been with us only a short while, but he is already one of the most popular men in the company.

Cook Dietz's favorite song is, "It's nice to get up in the morning; but it's nicer to lie in bed."

Joe Halpin, of the Sanitary Detachment, is orderly for Gen. Rumor.

Hinchey, Messemer and Pop O'Brien, of the Midget Squad, are doing corral duty for Gen. Rumor.

Supply Sergeant Greeley does not say, "Go west, young man, go west." He directs them elsewhere.

First Sergeants Thompson, Turner, Lennox, Widland and Olson have just completed the barracks for the reserve officers assigned with this regiment, and they have now begun work on the engineer regimental church.

Has anyone seen anything of a letter for Sergeant Greeley? Since his return from the Big Town, his inquiries for mail have been fervent and frequent. Rumor has it—but never mind—we all expect an engraved card some time in the near future.

Peter J. finally got his allowance of O. D. breeches.

That tall Southern gentleman, J. C., is evidently failing in health. When Joe refuses "thirds" something is radically wrong.

Understand you got a furlough, Joe.

There has been a noticeable increase in "furlough-grams" for the past week. Holidays are very hard on grandmothers and stepmothers.

We are unanimous in our opinion that the candy our topper receives from N. Y. is O. K.

He's sweet on the girl, too.

Eternal questions: What are the official duties of Headquarters Company? When are we to get our mounts and ordnance equipment? Ask Jack Barry. He don't know.

We are glad to announce the complete recover of our esteemed compatriot Jerry O'Connell from a serious attack of "bunkus-fatigus."

Well, anyhow, it's better than no war.

"AN AGED LADY" WRITES TO THE GAS ATTACK.**HER LETTER.**

Dear Mr. Soldier:

We've never met each other,
And we may never meet,
Though I may pass another
When walking down the street.
I thought you might be lonesome
If no one writes to you,
So hence this little letter—
And you may write me, too.
For I'll not take offense at
This breach of social grace,
Though you may take exception
If you should see my face,
For I'm an aged lady,
Not handsome, this is true.
No wonder everyone must laugh
At everything I do.
But if you'd like a letter,
A friendly word, that's why:
Just write to Miss Jeanne Walters,
Astoria, L. I.

279 Seventh ave., care MacLeod,
Astoria, L. I.

OUR ANSWER.

Miss Walters, we acknowledge
Your note of yesterday,
With thanks for what you write us
In such a pleasant way.
And we enjoyed your letter,
Your "friendly word," that's why
We're grabbing pens with fervor
To send you this reply.
For we take no offense, dear—
No social rules can cramp
A letter-writing soldier
If he can get a stamp.
And though you may be aged,
No lady could have sung
With such a kindly nature
Unless her heart was young.
So we'll not stoop to laughter
If we should chance to meet,
We'll kiss you for your spirit—
And do it on the street!

C. D.

COMPANY A, 105TH MACHINE GUN BATTALION.

Private Banz, better known as The Mighty Hunter, goes forth once a week for game of any sort. So far he has caught nothing but wet feet, and a cold in his head. His tent-mates are willing to stand for anything he catches, but the fun will cease should he ramble in some day with a few cats—of the Polish variety.

Private Manrick almost dropped dead when he was ordered to cease sporting around in his trench coat, and to cover his lower extremities with something else besides leather puttees. We do admit that he looked somewhat like an officer, until Headquarters got wise to him.

G. S.

DIVISION HEADQUARTERS TROOP.

On Christmas Eve a special entertainment was celebrated in the troop mess hall. It was attended by the friends of the officers and men.

A regular Broadway program was issued to each of the audience. It was prepared by Corporal King and Private Comacho.

A large, beautifully-dressed Christmas tree had been erected, and the evening's fun started when Santa Claus appeared from behind it and distributed handy little gifts to all. Gus Odin handled the part of St. Nick to perfection, and there are several who suspect that the foremost steeple-chaser in the troop has qualified at the Santa game before.

The feature of the night was a one-act fantasy written especially for the occasion by Private Hugh Strange, whose production, "Seventeen," is just beginning its appearance on Broadway. The title of the play was "The Choice." The scene lies in a dugout on the western front where a young American soldier of German birth is about to go over the top for the first time. Strange has cleverly depicted the mental condition of the Sammy, who is influenced on one side by the inherent respect for the land of his nativity, and on the other by the knowledge that his adopted country is acting on the side of justice. The latter finally wins his support.

A stage was built at one end of the hall with regular scenic and lighting effects. Rex Swain operated the spotlight, while Corporal Davies and Private Painter were stage directors. Teddy Gemp, whose motorcycle riding has had every military policeman on the reservation on the jump for the past two months, handled the orchestra. The cast included: Private Jack Garvey, the Soldier; Private Charley Ward, Reality; Private Strange, the Fatherland; Private Hughes, the Brother; and Sergeant Major Flannery, Truth.

Lester Hunt, attired in the costume of a French Field Marshal, thrilled the troop with a tale of his daring work in the Battle of Spartanburg, attributing most of his success to the assistance of Sergeant "Slinger" and Corporal Chanut. He was attended at the lecture by his faithful orderly, Lance Corporal King. Several Christmas chorals were well rendered by the Troop Quartette, Privates Hughes, Bonk, Campbell and Corporal Davies. Sergeant Loeb directed the program.

During the past week three of the troop were commissioned. The lucky men were Privates Vlober and Crowski, who have been made second lieutenants and assigned to the billeting service, and Wilder M. Lahy, who is ordered to report to Petersburg, Va., as second lieutenant Engineers. Lieutenant Crowski lost no time in getting into a position where he could give orders. He was married in New York on Christmas night.

Horseshoer Sam Pine received a neat little wrist watch for Christmas. On the follow-