



News From Division Units



71ST HAS FIRE.

Were you there?

Did you see it?

Our first annual mess shack fire.

Things were quiet along the Rialto. Nothing to disturb the serene surroundings of this peaceful skeleton unit on New Year's morning but the welcome "Soupy, Soupy, Soupy." But hardly had the last notes of that welcome call died in the distance, when out in the crisp noonday air was heard another succession of bugle blasts.

"Can this be recall from mess?" some wag asked. But it was too soon for that. No. It dawned upon us, one and all, at the same time. That was what we used to hear when we were in the army, in the event of fire. And so it was. We all fell out of the mess shack to fall in at H street and there to repair to the scene of trouble.

And so the bucket and axe brigade hastened to D street to find the luxurious and palatial dining hall of Company D in flames. At last the desire of our young lives was accomplished. We saw the mess sergeants bring into play and service those pretty little gilt kitchen hypodermic syringes that hang just outside each mess sergeant's door.

Captain Evans being the first officer on the scene, took command of the fire brigade, and with a few well-directed chops and aqua streams, the fire was brought well under control in short order, and soon extinguished.

And so a poor skeleton unit has captured first fire honors by having the first fire in the division in the New Year.

And lest we forget. This was the place that Mess Sergeant Piggy Johnson made his abode. And Piggy is somewhere up north enjoying a furlough. Besides being burned out completely, he has evidently lost those treasured khaki breeches whose rips and tears were so well adorned with Red Cross adhesive tape.

Captain W. J. Evans, besides being C. O. of Company D, is also acting company commander of Companies I, K, L and M. Oh, no. That's not all. He is also acting commander of the 3rd Battalion. Then besides this, he is keeping up on line with the others in Major Sharp's bayonet course. Outside of this, the captain hasn't a thing in the world to do.

Good news comes to us in the information that Captain De Lanoy is to return to the 71st in the near future. Welcome home, captain. Nothing could make us happier. We told you when you bade us good-bye that you only meant au revoir. So a fond welcome awaits you, Captain, Mrs. and Junior De Lanoy.

If you want to know who is the proudest man in the 27th Division, just ask Sergeant Major Arthur T. Jackson to let you see those pictures of Jackson Junior, with whom his wife presented him since he arrived here. And we don't blame you a bit for being so proud, old boy. He sure is some boy.

Stevadores and Dock Builders, ATTENSHUN ! ! ! ! FALL IN with Picks and Shovels.

It sure enough is tough, Doc. We don't know whether to envy you or sympathize with you. Just think of it. Having your furlough all tucked in your blouse pocket. And your new O. D. uniform just back from Jacob's. And then to be told you are detailed to the rifle range. Goo'-bye, furlough. Goo'-bye, maw. Goo'-bye, paw. Goo'-bye, gang, with your old hee! haw! Well, you can take it from us. There's many a little soldier boy down around these diggin's that would give a whole lot to be out there with Major Wells and Captain Robertson.

Miss Bailey, sister to Sergeant Bailey, of the Remount Station, but formerly with the Mounted Orderlies of this regiment, is in town.

Lieut. Cooper has just left on a leave of absence. Destination—somewhere in Texas. Imagine anyone in the New York Division going there for a vacation. Well! the South's the thing.

Our class in musketry has become a popular institution, what with Pop Dietz and his basic equation and mill rule.

Seen Buck Taylor around lately? Of course not. Major Sharp, of the Buffs, has been putting him through a bit of a bayonet course, and the only thing that looks good to Buck just now is his cot on Sunday morning.

Some one wanted to find the responsible party in one of the companies. It was a Saturday afternoon, and most of the chevrons in town.

"Where's the first sergeant of this company?"

"To town, sir."

"Where's the senior non-com?"

"All the non-coms are out, sir."

"Well, then. Who in blazes is the senior man present?"

"Sorry, sir. He's out too."

Lots of snow outside. Blowing as hard as can be. The W. K. yule log burning in the equally as W. K. Sibley. Four of the "Skeletons" around the Supply Sergeant's new desk. S-h-h-h-h! Poker? No. Emphatically, no! Plain pinochle. But our

red-headed Edwards will never get anything like that scientific stuff down. Always reneging. And so with all kindness, Baldy Rosholdt suggests, "Say, Red! Why don't you send to New York for a copy of Hoyle?" To all of which, friend "Red" interrogates: "Hey, what's this Hoyle book you guys are always talking about?" To which, quick, just like that, replies "Butch" Hahn, "Why, don't you know? That's Moss's Manual on Pinochle."

A certain particular sergeant just squirms all over the place when anyone shouts to him, "Hey, Sergeant." Someone pulled it on him to-day, and before he turned around to find out that it was the Skipper, he replies: "Oh yes! the hay sergeant. You'll find him over at the corral." Watch your step, sergeant, and don't try that stuff on friend Skipper.

Major Eben, Major Slee, Captain Ronalds, Captain Keyes and Capt. McDermott have returned to New York on leaves of absence and are spending the holiday season at home.

Furloughs have been granted to Sergt. Major W. Ginn, Color-Sergt. Baer, First Sergt. Robinson, First Sergt. Revielle, Supply Sergeants McCahill, Gress, Pendleton, Jergensen, Werkle and Corporal O'Shea.

My! but that little burg, New York, must be a mystical city, according to the tales brought back by First Sergeants Cobbett and Thompson, Sergeants John Dillon, John Oakley and Lindow and Corporal Lawler, all just returned from there.

Pack up. We move to-morrow to the 14th Regiment Camp.

Unpack. We don't move. We stay.

Say! Where d'ye get that stuff.

It's like the Leather Seats getting their horses back.

Oh, well! It's all in the game.

"LITTLE GUY."

OFFICERS GO TO SCHOOL.

The following officers have been designated to take courses of instruction at the infantry school of arms at Fort Sill, Okla., and ordered to report there January 4:

Capt. Herbert L. Watson, 102d field signal battalion, liaison technical.

First Lieut. Gilbert F. Rudkin, 106th infantry, grenades.

First Lieut. G. L. Wilder, 108th infantry, field fortifications.

First Lieut. H. W. Bousfield, 106th machine gun battalion, machine guns.

Second Lieut. Lewis H. Gibbes, 105th infantry, bayonet combat.