

106TH INFANTRY, MACHINE GUN CO.

Corp. Kennedy's squad would like to have some one solve the mystery as to what Pvt. Welda does with his "bank roll" after he pays Kissam his monthly debt of "two bits?"

"Humpty" Jackson is spending a laborious week-end (three days) at Mess Sgt. Thompson's bungalow. Get the oatmeal out of the corners, Humpty.

The squad would like to know how "Yonkers" Murray's wife is getting along?

Can you imagine "Pat" Crosby returning 25 iron men to Brooklyn after being denied a furlough? The "cubes" tempted "Patty" many times—will-power personified.

Now that the squads' trips to the woods have been curtailed, Private Bartley realizes the danger his head is in.

How does Corp. Kennedy afford to dine in town seven times a week on \$30 per? Are they loaded, Jack?

They say that "Practice Makes Perfect." Now, we know why Private Fisher stays up after taps rolling the bones. Here's luck for a big hit next pay day, "Fish."

Sgt. Wilson and Andy Wood have gone home on furlough. They are going to bunk together in the trip North. The sergeant is lucky to have such an able bodyguard.

"Smiling Dick" Harrahan is getting mysterious letters signed "Regina." Put us wise, Dick.

The boys would be pleased if Sergeants Wilson and Roderedge would stop losing their pencils so often.

Corp. Hunter is going on furlough, and the boys of the 17th Squad wish him a good time.

"The Wop," Private Grillo challenges all comers of 105 pounds in the squared ring. For particulars apply to Manager Zimmerman, 17th squad.

We wish Sergeants Archer, Bowne McCaffrey and McKeown success upon their entry into the O. T. C.

Sgt. Monahan has returned from his furlough. Why that far away look, Sarge?

When is Private Patrick going to get his furlough? He recently received his furlough coat, but is looking for the furlough. He's one of Lieut. Curtis's Tigers.

Our official Gen. Rumor, Pvt. Norman, has been transferred to the M. P.'s. Here's luck, old top. W. N.

ADJUTANT STOCKBRIDGE.

Capt. Marton G. Stockbridge, Company G, 53d pioneers (formerly the 47th New York infantry) has been detailed as adjutant of the regiment, succeeding Capt. Charles E. Coffin, who has been discharged for physical disability.

Batter at gloom, put up a fight against adversity, never mind if you couldn't get seconds on the pudding. In other words, buy the Gas Attack.

NOCTURNE.

There was no moon, yet the unending stars,
That infinitesimal array of sparks,
Ranging from nothing to the ruby Mars,
Shed light enough to see the fresh-made marks

Across the snow where the last weary guard
Returned to the rough comfort of his cot.
I was alone and no rude noises marred
The crowded silence that called to mind my lot.

I was a silent part, a small mute cog,
To grind salvation for democracy,
To save the world from the barbaric fog
Springing from dungeons of autocracy.
I. but one small inevitable star

In all the mortal firmament of strife.
Yea, kings could not my splendor mar,
For was I not to sacrifice my life?
And in these meditations I could hear
The solemn funeral slowly creeping,
The deadened drums, the rumbling heroes bier—

THE CORPORAL SPOKE: "TEN DAYS' FATIGUE FOR SLEEPING!"

Corp. Paul Hyde Bonner,
Co. A, 102d M. P.

105TH INFANTRY, CO. G.

"Chink" Youngbug has transformed himself from a good looking Harp into a funny looking Dutchman by the addition of a blond lip warmer.

"Pinkey" McDonnell has been so busy corresponding with some Murray Hill doll that he loves to hear recall. He also received a present from said Doll in the form of a pair of feet warmers with pink ribbon decorations.

Thrifty Jake Bahr always has his mind working on some invention to end the war.

Our most beloved corporal, "Dolly" Viweg, the Schenectady heart breaker, is now home on a furlough, and is probably spending all of his time with his many affinities, judging from the numerous pink letters he receives. B. S. G.

105TH INFANTRY.

Speaking of rumors: Who is it that saw 105th Infantry painted on the shacks at Mineola? Serg. Gately! Who says we are going to Terafly—Serg. Gately! But Eddie Byrne and Eddie Olsen still hold all records for coralling rumors. They were overheard the other day discussing the possibilities of a card index system as they are getting dates and places of embarkation mixed.

Discovered at last—where Joe Pearman gets his walking ability—hiking up for seconds.

Corp. Gibson came back from New York looking rather downhearted. What's the matter, Jim? Why didn't you do the same as Corp. Mayer did and marry the girl?

Corp. "Nick" Crean shaved off his mustache just before he left on his furlough. What's the matter, "Nick"? Wouldn't they recognize you with the camouflaged lip?

105TH INFANTRY, CO. A.

Corporal "Troy" Mahoney's Battling Second Squad is rather quiet these days, after arguing for weeks as to who is to get the next stick of wood.

"Bellhop" Byrnes has a swollen jaw. He felt indisposed a few days ago, and finally went to the Lieutenant in charge of the Dental Demolition to have his two troublesome teeth "yanked." On his return "Bellhop" was heard to say the following: (! ? * ! O * ? * !). He returned from the "chair of battle" with six teeth missing instead of two.

"Dutch" Schmidt found a new book.

"Turner" Hawkins and "Gaby" Krafft are trying to squeeze 25 hours sleep into a 24-hour day.

"Old 98" Evers and "Hobnails" Teeling are now patronizing the Y. M. C. A. Our other two friends are killing time in the Base Hospital. They are "Kippy" Kane and "Hebe" Brown.

Corporal "Troy" Mahoney doesn't know what to make of it, as absolute silence now reigns in the tent of the Battling Second Squad. Coal is the reason.

Our friend, "Sherlock" Lee Clarke, the snappy sergeant of our platoon, is trying to find out where the Battling Second Squad got their abundant supply of coal. Here's luck to you, "Sherlock." N. J. S.

105TH INFANTRY, MACHINE GUN CO.

Capt. Tiffany has returned from his furlough.

Hey, Doc, what happened to the chicken fricassee New Year's Day? The company is out gunning for you.

Hey, doc, we really had pancakes Sunday morning.

Terrible Kit Carson, the erstwhile correspondent at the border, is now corporal in the Machine Gun Co., and has been on special detail at the adj. office.

How is "All" in Glendale? I don't want to mention any names in particular, doc.

Ah, Kingsley, the next time you try to clean dynamite, take off your shirt as he don't like non-coms.

Will some kind person donate some tools to Horseshoer Callahan, so that he can shoe the company's horses?

Sgt. Haddie made his annual trip through the tents, looking for electric bulbs. I think he found some, for the mess shack looks brighter.

What do you think? Sergt. Russell has not as yet located a flower pot; perhaps his wife is wise.

Raspberry O'Leary is still cook.

Lieut. Thomas is now with us again. We all missed him very much.

J. K. H.

KNICKERBOCKER GREYS!

Members of the Knickerbocker Greys Veteran Corps are requested to send in their names to Mrs. Pierre Noel, 131 Jamaica Avenue, Flushing, Long Island, N. Y.