

## 52ND PIONEER INFANTRY.

With the New Year came a new birth. The many mutations suffered by the gallant 12th N. Y. Infantry in the past few months has received some Balm of Gilead by getting a new designation, and official information that its wilhelm rattling skeleton will soon have built upon it some good soldier flesh. Whether the new comers are to be regulars or yaphankers is still in the air. Although Webster's Unabridged informs us among other things that a pioneer is a backwoodsman, still it also means a "preparing of the way" and there is romance in this. For instance, blazing a new trail to the enemy's country. The Dandy Dozen have always been in the van, and the men are constantly expressing the hope voiced by their Commanding Officer, Colonel Foster, to wit: "Next Summer in Berlin." Here's hopin'.

Sgt. McArdle says that the best way to enjoy a furlough is to dream about it. It's less expensive. He also said that one of our Supply Sergeants has a new head; he has never used it yet. We have in our command now, non-commissioned officers only, and all are specialists, all the way from I. D. R. to carrying wood.

When Sergeant Harry Thiebaud was last at the Armory in New York he was photographed as a type of a handsome soldier, and should any one see his posters in New York under which is printed the legend, "Join the Army, see the world, learn a trade," they immediately become imbued with the ambition to be a soldier.

Sgt. Bugler Goff is practicing a new trill on the bugle. Some one played a trick on him and placed a larger mouth piece in the bugle than he generally uses. The other night, with the thermometer 6 above zero, he blew "Taps"; the result was a number of sour notes. Apparently the bucal muscles did not liaison with the mouth piece. Nevertheless there is no one in the Division who can blow "taps" as well as he, and we all say it will be a pleasure to have him do this final rite for us.

Sgt. Major Frank Doolittle has developed a morning report face. This only comes from long quarrels with first sergeants and company clerks, especially when the morning report shows some one "Present Absent." However, he has now an able assistant in Clerk Russel Kinney, of Co. A, who has taken the morning report vaudeville act off his hands. Kinney, by the way, has red hair, but is nevertheless calm, cool and collected.

Color Sergeant Charles Evans is about to go on a furlough, and between reveille when he plants the flag in front of the Colonel's tent and down to taps when he has completed his last story about his experiences as a railroad engineer, he is telling us of what he will do during his furlough. At the rate he is making promises to himself, he ought to go to the Thousand Islands, and spend a week on each island.

Band Master James O'Neill has returned from New York with an enormous amount of new music, and he gives a band concert



Private—"Sir, I would like to be promoted to a corpulency."  
Captain—"See the mess sergeant."

every day before retreat. Austin Walsh, of the Band, is 6 feet high, and Musician Short is 5 feet. Walsh plays the piccolo, and Short the helicon bass. Nevertheless, Walsh has never been reprimanded for staying in his tent "too long" at reveille, and Short is just as active in abandoning bunk fatigue.

1st Sgt. Frank Farrell and 1st Sgt. "Babs" Malone gave a dance at the Enlisted Men's Club the other night. It may be the Sunny South but it is certainly not the daughterly South. If more young ladies were present there would be more to go around. However, it was a fine elite affair and enjoyed by all. Corporal Thomas Farrell, of the M. G. Co., was an able-bodied assistant in the general festivities, while the regimental band discoursed sweet music, and Musician de Guilio, of the band, proved himself a sweet singer. He and Sergeant Dorrite, of M. Company, are rivals in this particular line.

Regt. Sgt. Major Ed. Boylan has been one of the lucky ones to be selected for the new Officers' Training School. His friends have given him a gold and black hat cord for a present.

L. G.

The Man Without a Country wasn't half so bad off as the man without the Gas Attack.

## 12TH N. Y. INFANTRY, CO. F.

Mess Sgt. White (The Sanitary Kid), has gone home on a fifteen day furlough because his mother is suffering from the news of his brother's death "Over There."

Supply Sgt. Billy Loyer, our esteemed "Fire Chief," is still trying to get some dope on how to charge us twice for stuff we have never received.

Say, Jess, what are you going to do with that big \$7.50 you draw for your monthly pay?

Sgt. J. Briley, when he isn't talking about his experiences in the Regulars, is either sleeping, eating or else growling. What do you say, Jack?

Sgt. James A. Halloran was greatly disturbed by the loss of his perfume bottle. Too bad, John; too bad. But never mind, she will send you down some more.

Where do you get all the stuff you put in those twenty-page letters you write every day. Lillie sure has our sympathy when we think of the fellow with the invisible mustache she has chosen for her life mate.

Sgt. Joe Dealey, our ambitious newlywed, was seen in camp for a few minutes one day last week.

W. E. R.

Capt. James Riffe, 108th Infantry, has been detailed as commandant of the camp prison, "Luna Park."