

I'D FEEL AT HOME IF THEY'D LET ME JOIN THE ARMY.

They will have to force the single men to go to war, I fear;
The married men all want to go; they always volunteer,
It takes the bravest of the brave to bear the battles' brunt,
That's why they always find the married men out in the front.

Oh, give me a gun and away I'll run to fight the foreign foe,
The sound of rifle fire would not alarm me,
For since my wife had twins, you see, each night I lead the infantry,
And I'd feel at home if they'd let me join the Army.

Since I got married my wife charges everything to me,
But I'd reverse the charge, and charge the enemy,
I'm always on the firing line, of that there is no doubt;
When she invites her company, I'm always mustered out.

Oh, give me a gun and away I'll run to fight the foreign foe,
A trip up in an aeroplane would charm me,
Since I've got married, I declare, I've always been up in the air,
And I'd feel at home if they'd let me join the Army.

My house is a recruiting station for her family,
They're first in war, and first in peace and first for lunch and tea;
Now I treat them to everything and anything I get,
But like a gallant Army, they have not retreated yet.

Oh, give me a gun and away I'll run to fight the foreign foe,
The life out in the trenches wouldn't harm me,
They're small but I'm used to that; I'm living in a Harlem flat,
And I'd feel at home if they'd let me join the Army.

PRIVATE M. CHERNIN,
Co. B, 105th Infantry.

BATTERY F, 104TH F. A.

Here's one Charley pulled:

R. O.: "Did your mother ever speak to you when you were home?"

Wop: "Shoe."

R. O.: "Well, she must have had a strong stomach."

"Major" Freeman, the most popular man in the 27th Division, has charge of a tent and he has the men under him bulldozed. Those under his control are: Frank Meyer, Joseph Lee, Herman Barre, John Manfredi (the spaghetti juggler), Wilhelm Frederick Muller (the Canteen soldier), and Richard Seddon. Every night a Russian Revolution takes place in this tent, and after falling back to his last line trenches, the Major makes a hurried retreat to the Y. M. C. A.

George Kenney, the Gas Mask Specialist, has his troubles checking up the men getting instruction and I guess he wishes real gas would come when the men haven't got any masks on, so he wouldn't have to check up any more lists.

By the way, "F" Battery was supplied with canal boats, beg pardon; dogs—I mean brogans; yes, that's the name; no it isn't, either, ah, trench shoes; they're fine to dance in; well we all got them the other day and right afterwards had gas mask instruction. Double time with those dogs on is no cinch and when one fellow's brogans came down gently on another fellow's he didn't wait to say "excuse me." That's all, thank you.

—S.

HEADQUARTERS CO., 105TH INFANTRY.

Lieut. Conant recently returned from a ten-days' leave spent at his home in Troy, N. Y.

First Lieut. Condert spent his leave in N. Y. City.

Lieut. Gore has returned from a fifteen-day sick leave. He recuperated in Chicago.

Lieut. Handy left on Saturday for his home in Troy.

Headquarters Co. has been signally honored in having Capt. Clinton, the company commander, selected as infantry instructor at the Divisional Officers' Training School. First Lieut. Condert is in command.

Lieut. George has returned from his home in New York where he was on leave of absence.

Pvt. Baldwin breezed in the other day from a ten-day furlough.

Stan Beattie, Headquarters' illustrious poet and man of letters, has been crystal gazing in Troy.

Stockings Conroy won his fight in Albany by out-pointing Kid Black, who substituted for Goodman.

Tommy Burke, the fair haired child of the intelligence department, is on the job.

Pete Shaibles' moustache is not a disturbance, it's a riot.

Tommy Morrissey, an Albany boy with the 2nd Field Hospital, was looking up old pals in the 105th last week.

—W.

**FIELD HOSPITAL CO. NO. 107, 102ND
SANITARY TRAIN.**

Mess Sergeant Burger had received inside information to the effect that "the Homer Ramsdell of the Central Hudson Line is in Dry-Dock at present being converted into a transport." The "Shinnecock," (according to Burger) is also undergoing reconstruction and is having twelve-inch guns mounted "fore and aft." This famous vessel will undoubtedly act as escort to the U. S. S. Homer Ramsdell. Evidently the "Sirus" of the Iron Steamboat Company will enter the Government service in the dreadnought class.

After listening to "Kalamity Karl" Killian's views on the subject of our early departure for "somewhere in Europe," his tent-mates are now considering the practicability of building a log cabin or a bungalow for occupation during the winter of 1918 and 1919.

Sid. Berger, who sometime ago hung a pitcher of milk in the ice box, while on duty in the kitchen; and was awarded the "booby prize" has relinquished his "honors" in favor of Kluefer, who hung a hot griddle iron in the aforementioned refrigerator.

After some months of rigid training in Camp Wadsworth, Stanwise indulged in a "sob party" with his tent-mates, which ended in his applying for a furlough. This furlough being granted he registered with the Southern Railroad and stamped to New York City. There he pulled "the blushing bride and bridegroom stunt." He is again among us "mortals" and having cast aside matrimonial cares he is considering life in a lighter vein—"service abroad."

Society Notes.

Having in mind the axiom—"Misery loves company," the fellows whose fair friends have given them the "Good-Bye" have organized a "Raspberry Club." The following "Rasberrians" have been accepted as charter members: Becker, Brophy, Burns, Byrnes, Cahill, Combs, Czepla, Cuddihy, Fraser, Hawthorne, Roy Hitzelberger, Howroyd, Malcolm, Millon, Montgomery, Murphy, O'Connor, Patterson, Phillips, Pierce, Read, Smith, Schill, Williams, and Woska.

At the initial meeting the "Committee on Ways and Means" reported "lots of ways but no means." The topic for discussion was "Did Eve hand Adam an Apple or a Raspberry?" There was little discrepancy of opinion among the members and the following resolution was adopted: "Resolved: That the person who witnessed the 'presentation act' in the Garden of Eden was nearsighted."

N. B. A few prospective members are awaiting developments before applying for admission into this exclusive society.

—M.

NO SUCH WORD IN OUR VOCAB.

Speaking of bum signs, there is one over a near-and-yet-so-far-beer emporium on East Main street which reads, "The Soldiers' Retreat." Whaddayamean, "retreat?"