

102D ENGINEERS, HDQRTS. CO.

After an absence of about thirty days, Dan Gleason has once more joined the 5th squad, the cream of the company.

Bill Garcia, after getting a furlough, borrowed a sergeant's shirt to go home with. But there'll be some wild parading home in that shirt.

After suffering a week, Howard Turner, an inmate of Squad No. 1, known as the dizzy squad, finally returned to his special detail. He was affected with ab dul ungada of the solar plexus.

During the spare moments before and after the daily calls, almost half the company can be found in Squad No. 5's tent listening to Tom Bracken's Aeolin Vocalion. After returning from his furlough, he brought some snappy songs with him, most of which are the present hits in the big city, especially the "Stack of Barley."

P. J. Cardarelli has once more started on his musical detour. Big party down the town and Petie did some playing.

Ex-squad leader Francis P. Finnegan can often be seen diving up for seconds. God was liberal when it came his way in donating feet—for he got a portion of Cardarelli's.

McGinty is hoping that captains are once more changed, so he can gather himself together and go up for seconds on the furloughs.

Whenever you see Joe Carey tell him—"Last Sunday some one stole the contribution box;" he has never been the same since.

Chris Newman, another one of the dizzy first, has lost 20 pounds since he returned from his furlough—worrying about seconds.

102D TRENCH MORTAR BATTERY.

A battery running club has been established and our able Corporal, George Bennett, is chief instructor, with Persimmon Ebbinghaus assistant instructor. Every morning after reveille, Corp. Bennett blows the famous whistle, and the athletes fall in, but all the response he gets to it is poor Al, who is trying to reduce weight.

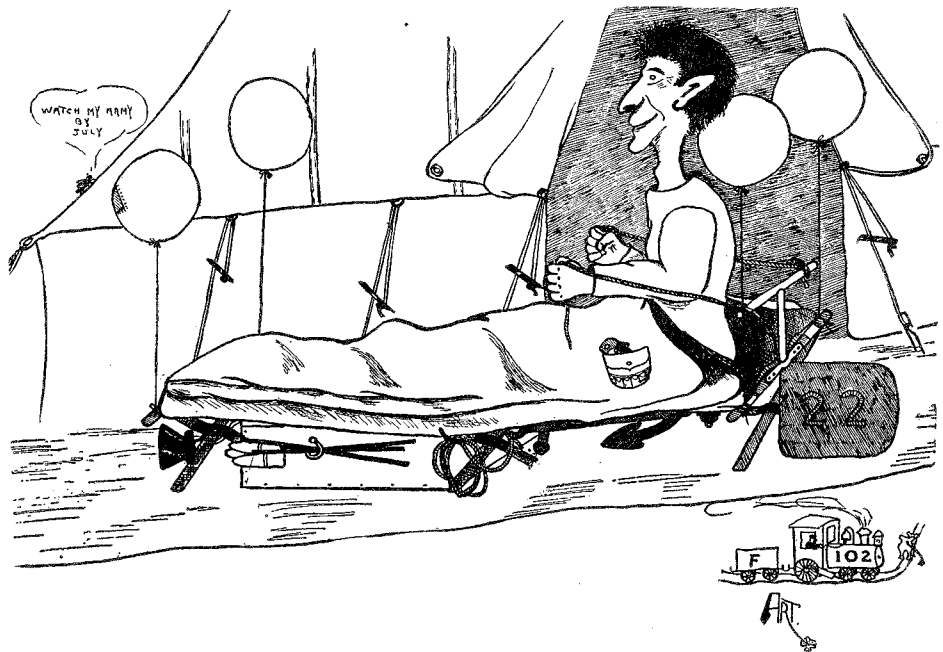
Private Joe Malone is getting all ready for his expected furlough. He has a list of places all mapped out on a regular schedule, with Newburgh in the lead.

Private Alfonsus Bronzert expects a transfer to the canteen; he is smoking cigarettes, now, and figures he won't have to buy them when he gets the job.

Private Minnick is sporting a new specimen of the wilds of South Carolina. While out on a wood detail, Johnny ran across a tree lizard. Now he takes him to bed with him at night, but to Private Brandt's discomfort, the lizard takes his morning walk before reveille blows, and walks all over Brandt's face. It will delight our hearts if we wake up some morning, and find Mr. Lizard A. W. O. L.

Private Tom Malone is still writing those 27-page letters; the only way we can figure is that he writes about the whole squad.

Private M. Brandt.



SATURDAY MORNING INSPECTION

or
A PRIVATE'S DREAM.

Devised and Patented by
"THE NATIONAL COT-BENDERS'
SYNDICATE."

At last a long-felt want has been supplied, and no longer does Saturday morning hold any terrors. For the belated "buck" who took the 10 o'clock P. & N. train to camp on Friday night this is a Godsend.

The equipment consists of the following: 4 balloons, 1 cap pistol, 4 caps, 1 ton and a half anchor, 1,500 feet of hauser rope (at least 3 inches thick), 1 Ford horn, 30 feet of electric wire, a flashlight battery, 1 rudder, 3 skyrockets (1 red, 1 white, and 1 blue), (Hurrah!), 1 box with the following equipment: Ordnance, half dozen hand grenades, 1 copy of the *Gas Attack*, 1 O. D. umbrella, and a pack of "Camels."

How to operate: On Friday night inflate the four balloons to a pressure of 15 pounds with a bicycle pump, making sure to drop the anchor beforehand. Post notice for those coming in late not to stumble over anchors as they might disconnect same and find their friends up by the ceiling in the morning. Be sure to go over cot thoroughly and see that all machinery is properly oiled and in good working order.

At first call Saturday morning, pull up anchor; the corporal leads, and the rest take the air according to their length of service, navigating the company street at least once. When hovering over his right spot, the gallant soldier immediately draws his cap pistol and after loading same, proceeds to deflate the four balloons by shell fire, and drops into place, already for roll call, callisthenics, inspection, mess and whatever other punishment a court-martial may decide.

Its efficiency does not end here. Why send a soldier 35 miles to a rifle range when his marksmanship can be developed right in camp. Every Saturday he gets four shots at the balloon, which means 16 a month and about 100 in six months. If he hits 75 out of a hundred, he is doing good and is entitled to a medal, as it is very hard to hit anything with a cap pistol.

Extra precautions: If by any chance the cot should ascend to an altitude of 3,500 feet or more, withdraw rockets and light them, first the red, then the white, and the blue, showing that an American is in distress; he will then receive aid from one of our Service Stations, open day and night. If they don't see him, we guarantee a discharge and a squad to carry the remains to New York.

CO. F, 102ND ENGINEERS.

ANY BUCK PRIVATE.

A feller used ter pike away,
After laborin' all the day,
An' straggle inter Joe's Cafe
To roll der bones ter see who'd pay.
A feller had no "boss!"

It sure was life without the gall
To Walk the Dog aroun' th' Hall
Wit' Lizzie, at th' Milkman's Ball,
Wen worry had no show a'tail.
A feller bore no cross!

Then some guy starts this dog-gone war,
An' now it's peace we're fightin' for.
Not from th' fear of blood an' gore—
But 'cause the details are a bore.
A feller's at a loss!

From reveille to ole retreat,
Th' topper wanders down th' street,
While detailed men jus' shake their feet,
Their hearts cry out wid fearful beat:
"My God!—the Albatross!"

B. E. B.,
Co. D, 104th M. G. B'n.