

104TH MACHINE GUN, COMPANY A.

Chuck Woodruff, the giant of the "Valley," pulled a Buffalo Bill stunt the other day on one of our hikes. An enlisted man from the Remount was attempting to ride a fractious mule, and his success was not to be compared with Gen. Joffre's. The mule unseated him, and he did a neck spin in a foot of Southern mud. Chuck handed him a real farm giggle, and offered to show him what it took to ride the mule. His offer was accepted, and Chuck promptly threw his young limb over the saddle and stuck there like a 90-year-old cowman. He and the mule got real pally, and before Chuck blew away, he tossed a kiss to the remount audience, and told them to spread it amongst them.

We were all corralled one afternoon this week in our bunks, and the blast of a whistle was the preliminary command for an afternoon's tuition on the machine gun drill. During the course of this drill the orders come quick and snappy. A different order a second was coming from the officer in charge, and Nat McGrane, the "hoo-man" tent pole, swung wildly on a lot of them. First it was: "All correct, sir," then "Number one, fall out," then "Post." Finally Nat gave it up entirely, and said: "My goodness, Lieutenant, make up your mind."

It took a world's war to make a man out of the wrist watch.

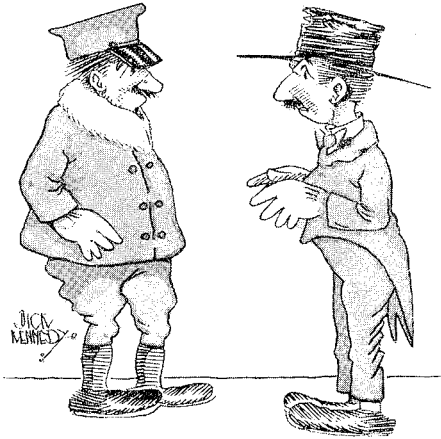
The consistent warm weather never fails to turn the soldier's thoughts to baseball. This outfit promises to put on the diamond a nine that will make other teams hustle for supremacy. Larry Leonard, Charley Smith, Breakaway Pauly, Bill Ryan, and a host of others are busy getting the kinks out of their wings, and in a couple of weeks will be shooting the old onion in big league style.

Vic Brinckman is drawing the long bow on a home made violin. In two weeks he will have a shade on Kriesler. The instrument was manufactured out of an oil-can.

The order emanating from Division Headquarters requiring each man to be a replica of Joie Ray, Ted Meredith and Hobey Baker, brought out upon the field a swell gang of jumpers, and one hundred yarders. Last Wednesday and Thursday were devoted to the much-heralded athletic meet, and the day's proceedings brought out some startling surprises. A number of dark horses came to light, and the results were big surprises. Following is a summary of the events and winners:

High Jump—Won by Dick O'Neill with a bounding leap of 2 ft. 5-16ths of an inch. 2d. Bob Trickler, who registered a kangaroo-like hop of 2 ft. 1-2 in. 3d. Mickey Moran, mark forgotten.

Running Broad—Won by Throw-her-down McCauley, an even 4 feet. 2d. Mike Stegman, 3 ft. 11 in. 3d. Jo. Fishbaugh, 3 ft. 10 in. This was close calling, and the excitement was intense throughout.



"In what way does Germany resemble Holland?"

"It is a low, lying country, and damned all around."

One-Hundred-Yard Dash—Won by John Olsen, time 2 days. He got a good start. 2d. Dick O'Neill, one day and a half. 3d. Guiseppe Mirra, 14 hours, 14 minutes. The finish was very close, and it took 23 judges to decide the winner.

Dick O'Neill was the hero of the meet, and he stands ready to box any 105-pounder in the world.

Speaking of baseball brings to mind a number of famous batteries:

Alexander and Killifer.
Mathewson and Myers.
Corn beef and cabbage.
Ham and eggs.
Haig and Haig.
Reveille and taps.
McIntyre and Heath.
Punch and Judy.
Come "and" get it.
Stew and beans.
Frankie and Johnnie.
Nickels and dimes.
Weeping and gnashing.
Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde.

But the greatest pitcher of them all is "PERSHING," the Iron Man of the Liberty League. R. J. B.

102D ENGINEERS, COMPANY E.

Horseshoer Blanvelt and Corporal James Hanley, Jr., are back from their furlough.

How is Kinnard and Skantze?

Sergt. Frank is going to sing at the Y. M. C. A. the next time the Engineers run a show.

Prvt. Frank Healey is wearing white silk socks now.

Corp. Fields and his squad got back from the wood cutting detail.

Corp. Waters is getting so fat his friends won't know him when he gets back to New York.

Is Cook Neville going to make corn bread for the mountain boys?

Prvt. McWilliams is still laying around with heart trouble.

AMBULANCE COMPANY NO. 108.

In our recent athletic events Private Clifton Oles seemed to run away with all the honors. In all events he scored highest except in the standing broad jump. DeForest Rossman won that, although hampered by immense rubber boots.

Our Top Sergeant, Michael Doyle, showed that he had not lost his old athletic ability. After much persuasion he managed to get the Pine Hill bunch to try out, and although they showed unusual ability, they couldn't come up to his record.

Lieutenant Buell, who has charge of athletics in our company, displayed some of his old-time college form. He ran Private Oles a close second in the running high jumps.

We are having cavalry and ambulance drill now under the direction of Sergeant Doyle and our officers. Every morning our drill field presents a spectacle that is a sort of a cross between a Wild West show and the charge of the Light Brigade.

Our Symphony Orchestra, under the direction of Conductor Philip Clements, attracts huge crowds every evening. Following is the personnel of the orchestra: 1st cornet, Phil Clements; 2nd cornet, Johnathan Bean; 1st, 2d and 3d violins, Ray McCann; Hawaiian guitar, John Rockwell; drums, Perkins; flute, piccolo, and mandolin, Corporal Collins; critic, "Major" Kortright; official bouncer, "Red" Finn. Conductor Clements announces that they are now open for bookings.

Mule Skinners have been doing guard duty!!! What next?

Boughton says he likes his Incinerator position very much. Red Cross nurses occasionally pass by, and taxis, containing fair damsels, now and then get stuck in the mud in front of the mess shack. Boughton says that having the female of the species so near has a very refining influence upon him.

W. C. R.

BATTERY E, 104TH FIELD ARTILLERY.

Joe O'Brien insists that Cook's Tours are short strolls alongside of the hikes we take.

Foley didn't mind being on half rations until he had finished eating the dozen sandwiches he had with him.

Bugler Beebe rode with his boots off. That is off and on the horse.

Lost, strayed or stolen—Barber Martin. Finder can keep him if he promises to treat him kindly.

Mess Sergeant Carey must be looking for a cross, or decoration of some kind, as he had a Sunday dinner menu working throughout the march.

TO THE 27TH DIVISION.

Give a run,
And jump on the Hun,
And show the darn Kaiser
What you have done.

By REUBEN DORSEY, Age 10.
Spartanburg, S. C.