

BARRACKS BAG MYSTERY.

Battery F, 104th F. A., Presents a Perplexing Problem.

A few months ago we discarded our boxes with their many shelves and locks for the w. k. & j. c. barrack bags. These bags are wonderful contrivances but they must have been invented by a man who only owned one suit of B. V. D.'s. They say the Gas Attack has a circulation of 20,000 copies. We wonder if there is not someone who reads (and enjoys) this magazine that can come to our rescue and solve a most important question. Why is it that if you lay an article on the top of your barracks bag in five minutes it will be at the bottom of all your belongings. The writer has tried to fathom it out on all the theories possible but without any success at all. A laboratory test was made by the Special Detail a few weeks ago. A carefully marked pair of socks (you know, the kind that were knitted by the "sweetest, etc.") were laid by A on the top of a tightly packed barracks bag. B was placed on guard over the bag and A left the tent. The latter returned in 15 minutes and B swore before the committee that nobody was seen at or near the bag. However, A was unable to find the socks where he had placed them. Upon emptying the contents of said bag the socks were found carefully rolled in with a pair of breeches. It is a mystery, but nevertheless a fact. Cannot some kind reader help us out? Perhaps one of you are a friend of the famous Houdini. Could he explain it?

It is only because we have not had a press agent that you have not had columns upon columns of Battery F news, the 104th Field Artillery. Now we will come from under "a bushel." Do not think that a Brisbane has been brought to light. No, it is only one of the 180 men, who have been questioned by "fond relatives" concerning the lack of notes, that is writing those few words.

Since January 5th, Battery F has been attached to the Officers Training School as the instructing battery. Doesn't that sound well? We arrived at our new campsite only to find that the drainage system installed by our predecessors had not been a success. The mud was a foot deep. However, our road and drainage experts with the aid of a warm sun and a stiff breeze soon made the street a Broadway of the camp. It is now a pleasure to stand retreat on the high and dry thoroughfare.

The duties of the battery at the training school have been many and various—but we won't waste valuable space telling you everything we do.

Our Top Soak, Sergeant Malley, is learning some of the latest pokes and stabs at the Division School of the Bayonet. He tells us they keep him going pretty steadily all day. It is a good thing Kenny wasn't assigned to the work.



Soldier—"How bad are you?"
Sailor—"There are only two bad men on this ship and I am both of them."

COMPANY H, 51ST PIONEERS.

The Storm tent (buglers, mechanics and cooks) are the same old bunch that started house-keeping at the Arsenal.

"Rheumatics" Mack must have sold his book on crap shooting to a certain party, by the way said party is making passes.

Bugler Tieman only missed Reveille seven times last week. Cheer up, Georgie, the weeks are going to be longer.

"Apple-O Joe" Bellesheim still writes his letters by candle-light after Taps. If he mislays that candle Sadie gets no letters.

Supply Sergeant P. N. (Painful & Noisy) Young has returned from a furlough with a smile that won't come off—cause "The girl and the Minister." Congrats from the Storm Tent, Percy.

Pop Lowe, the "Yiddish Nightingale," is looking worried again. Cheer up, there's worse details than K. P.

Incinerator Sergeant O'Brien has been reduced to an every day Corporal.

Three motorcycles are being used at the school. The job of running them seems softer than even our congenial clerks' work. George wonders what makes the blame thing run alone for 100 yards before falling. Especially after he has suddenly given her the limit of gas and has just as suddenly been left behind—hitting the ground with a thud.

Sergeants Humphreys, Smith, O'Brien, Corporals Schilling and McGill are learning a great deal about artillery at the School. The Battery wishes them the best of luck.

A monkey chase took place in the street last week when a mascot of a neighboring regiment broke loose. The little episode made Corporal Cananico a trifle homesick. We haven't discovered the reason as yet, though someone suggested that perhaps he had been in the hand organ business before the war.

One of our sergeants has a brand new O. D. whistle. They say he was trying it out in the woods. MESS HOUND.

55TH PIONEER INFANTRY.

The officers of the Third Battalion tendered a get-together party to Major Lyman A. Wood the other evening on the occasion of the Major's birthday. The chairman of the arrangements, Captain John H. Knuebel, Company I, even adducted a piano to make the affair a success. With the aid of First Sergeant Earl Borron and Mess Sergeant Hunter Crooks of I Company, the officers' mess hall was decorated with wild (?) flowers for the occasion. The 55th Pioneer Orchestra furnished the music for dancing and Privates Detig and Parrish of C and M Companies sang several solos.

The recent change in schedule which advanced the first call for Reveille from 6.30 to 5.45 A. M. was eagerly welcomed by the permanent K. P. who claim that it gives them greater opportunity to think up other delicacies for our table.

Colonel Arthur Kemp is on a leave of absence and no doubt has been giving good reports about the skeletonized 74th regiment to its friends in Buffalo. Colonel Kemp is keenly interested in the Pioneer work and has built up a splendid officers organization since the full complement of officers arrived.

First Sergeant Joe McAvoy, Company L, certainly hates publicity. He was discovered last Monday boiling his chevrons—no, don't get it wrong, they are boiled you know to make them smaller—not to bleach 'em out.

Color Sergeant Jack Wall who was reduced to Sergeant at his own request and transferred to Company I, claims that he is in the best outfit in the regiment; and Private McLean, who is the whole enlisted strength in that company, agrees with him that it is a fact.

First Sergeant Harry Ashdown of Company F, and First Sergeant Martin Mulligan, Company M, both student officers at the Officers Training School, dropped in to see the boys last Sunday on their "day of rest." Both sergeants are in the best of condition and both are looking forward to rejoining their old regiment as commissioned officers very soon. It is hoped that this will be the case as Harry and Mart, as the enlisted men may still name them, will get a rousing reception when they report here for duty.

The regimental canteen recently opened has been a big success from the start. Lieutenant Gilbert is in charge and is ably assisted by Sergeant "Art" Wills of Company A, Band Sergeant Schwab, and Musicians Lauer and Ostertag. The location of the canteen at the head of the 55th Pioneer regimental street next to Y. M. C. A. building No. 95, affords a splendid opportunity for business. In addition to that the Whitman station of the P. & N. railroad is at the end of Supply Co. street. To accommodate the patrons of the P. & N., the 55th Pioneer Canteen is open every night until the 10.20 train from Spartanburg arrives at Whitman Station.

Regimental Sergeant Major Tom Heard has the classiest office in the Division and keeps things on the go all the time. Get those pay rolls in on time and he'll get you your money on the first of the month every time.