

COMPANY G, 52ND PIONEER INFANTRY

Well, Pop, how was old New York? Never saw our Top Sergeant looking so fine. Honestly, Joe, now come across with the truth, did you or did you not get doubled up? Who is the girl, Joe? The one whose picture you carry with you? We admire your taste, Joe, because we were lucky enough to steal a look at that photo you brought back.

"My Darling Brother," Foxy old boy. Wish you luck Mac but cheer up, you'll get a letter soon.

Sergeant Rosemier has gone. We were too slow for him. How about a little poker, George? Jawbone? Yes? Luck to you, George.

Tom Farrell is following a new occupation now. He is our advertising agent. For Heaven's sake, Tom, advertise for a few privates. Feel sorry for our non-coms when we do get a full Regiment again. When fatigue call sounds it will be funny to see them all fall in just the same.

Jack Sampson is still in the contracting business. Jack is expecting to get a contract to build up a town in France when war is over.

Well, if here isn't my old pal from Junkers. Any new styles in rubbers today sir? Do you know why my feet just fit right inside of those shoes. Say! Aleck, no more pie in the Olympia restaurant, have some chicken?

Why hello, Andy. You are just in time to fall in for fatigue. Yes, you can take a broom and sweep up the street, but don't go below No. 16. We have a new family down there. Yes, the Boyle family, nice people, but talk very much, but I will send our little boy Willie down to see how many are in the family. You know perhaps they are our new janitor, poor folks, they look so lonesome, try and cheer them. Put all your garbage near them so they won't have to carry it far. I'm sure they will appreciate it.

Corporal, Private, First Class Private, Corporal Edward Ruege has gone to New York on a furlough. Have a nice time, Eddie. Some day you may make a success as a quick change artist.

The marvel of the grease pan. Don't worry, you will soon be home, and say, Tony, take my advice, beware of Aleck Young; he is sure watching you. I think he is following you. Beware.

Attention! Sergeant Major Thomas P. Malone, congratulations Tom. We all wish you the greatest of success. Hope to be able to joyfully extend to you a salute very soon. Men like you we will swear by.

JIGGY.

CHANGES IN WARFARE.

A story illustrative of the changes in methods of warfare comes from a soldier in France who took a German officer prisoner.

"Give up your sword," shouted the poilu as he covered the Hun with his gun.

But the officer shook his head and answered:

"I have no sword to give up, but won't my vitriol spray, my oil projector or my gas cylinder do as well?"

FIFTY-FOURTH PIONEERS.

On Wednesday evening, March 13th, only four days before St. Patrick's Day, the social climbers of this regiment made another foray of the town of Spartanburg, and as before, had an enjoyable time, even though they were forced to make the trip in one of Corporal Dunn's one lunged Maxwells. The poet and the Two Little Fat Boys obliged with their usual stunts. We often wonder how two fellows could grow so big. First Sergeant Clark enjoyed the trip back to camp, even though he didn't find what he was looking for, a hat larger than is issued.

As a result of G. O. 19, Supply Sergeant Moon of E Company, was appointed to a new job, that of taking the laundry out of the streets to the dark people looking for it. Of course if a few darkies, or more, mostly more, manage to enter the camp, they look for the custodian of the soiled socks. Now Mr. Moon says it is going too far, when five or eight coons follow him to the canteen, mess hall, showers, supply house and anywhere else. We think he is right, but wish he would arrange a schedule for calling for our wash, say every odd Tuesday.

Our popular Sergeant Morgan of A Company is perambulating on the sidewalks of New York, enjoying a fifteen day furlough.

Bugler Buttermark is also enjoying one of those things, by learning all of the latest dance steps. He will have plenty of time, when he gets back, to practice his steps in policing D streets, in the absence of the other member of the Company, whoever he is.

When necessity, who is the mother of invention, and a few other things, demands it, a bulb is taken from First Sergeant Steward's tent. He wants to know why the kleptomaniac has to "lay off" the officers' showers and pick on him.

Company Beck increased its roster 100 per cent last week by the addition of Sergeant Buehrger, whom we all wish the best of luck in his new regiment, but the Company is I Company still, that is, still after Beck goes to sleep, and gives his "Hello Joe" a rest.

The post exchange is doing a rushing business, catering to every one in the vicinity, and a galaxy of Top Sergeants. Here is a complete list of everything they have not got: Laundry bags. Sergeant Moon take notice.

"Buck Ellvia" of F Company who doesn't know what it's all about has arranged an interesting dance schedule to take place soon.

H Company reporter sends in the following: H kom-pan-nie, a-ten-shun.

De report-ter uv de reja-ment ast me to rite sumpin fer de gas attax, so I sez awl rite, so hear it tiz. De sar-jent dat dishes out de close, an so fort, is on a fer-loe, an we hope dat he has a gud tie-ime an pun-ish-shes a lot uv hops.

Its a wun-der dat kook Hacks-dead doant wize up sum day an kook sum aigs an gray-ape frute sum mourning.

De guy dat blows de horn in de mourning (I tink hez called a burgler cawse hez robbin' evry wun uv der sleep in de mournins) has bin de-moated to a mack-kin-nack. Keep

SANITARY DETACHMENT, 105TH FIELD

ARTILLERY.

Sergeant First Class Walter Longnecker leaves us to take up similar duties with the 106th Infantry. Sorry to lose you old top, and we all wish you the best of luck. Possibly you can explain to the Doughboys that Artillery isn't such a bad branch of the service.

Sergeant McNeill is only about 5 ft. 4 in., but as acting topper, one would think he was—Oh, why explain further?

Artist Voorhis says: "Why speak of checking up combat equipment, I always have my schalalea with me?"

Chief Gonsalves is going around very morose. Does our little South American Bearcat want to do another War Dance? How are funds Chief?

Stumpy Kiernan will soon return to us after a visit of ten days to the land of the White Lights. As heretofore, Gus, we all hope your Golden Voice will help keep gloom away and charm our topper.

Perturbed Hill is back with us again after an absence of three months at the Base Hospital and a thirty-day sick leave home. Jack, can't you help us fellows toward getting acquainted with some of your nurse friends? It seems to us as though you know every one of the fair sex in Camp Wadsworth.

A rumor says that Walter Helwege is going home to get married. Some of the boys, Walt., are inclined to think that you are going to pull a Phelan. Here's hoping that you are requested to bring back a marriage certificate with you.

Sergeant First Class Bill Miller is still at the Officers' Training School. Somehow or other, Bill, the boys all wish you get your commission, but then they are an ungrateful lot anyway.

SERGEANT GEORGE NEU.

it up Back-her yull soon be warin an neagel, con-grand-u-lashuns.

Sar-jants Bock an Oh Bryan, corpril Likes; her and Law-law, priz-vatz Bar-rag an Carrie and Gore-done ess-em-belled in are tent last satiday nite, de first tree were playing pig-nukel an evry ting was goin fine wen Mack-gin de bum trower come in an he started trowin bums, sum uv dem hit he pig-nuckle playis in de noze and dat fin-nisht de gaim. Awl hans (an feat) left de tent. dat guy kin shure trow de bums, o boy. Sum gim-mick dekorat-ted de mess shank wit criss-miss trees on Paddys day, dat fello musta had his daits mixed, how do they get like dat. Wate a minit I narely fergot to rite a-bout Oh Shade who duz awl de detales an awl he duzis play wid a tipri-ter in de adu—, gee, I cant spell dat wurd, but u no what tis. Its ware de top kicks go fer dere mourning reports bux an gets de name uv de ginks dat walk dere posts in a mill-in-airy man-ner at de cur-ral. I muss stop now as mess has plaid an I wan to beet I kom-pan-nie in line fer eats, ore he may get dere furst, Tanks.

D. J. M.