

BATTERY C, 104TH FIELD ARTILLERY.

This happens to be our first contribution and providing the writer is in good health after the boys read this issue, we hope to hold a regular place hereafter.

In the recent firing, as usual, the Apple-Knockers, "knocked 'em cold," while our K. O. fired problems that "made 'em all step."

General Rumor has informed Private Gilson that we will be "Somewhere in New York" State soon, so "Ollie" has arranged to spend his "week-ends" at home (H. W. Williams.)

The "Megaphone Quartette" meets every evening in Sergeant Hull's tent, under the careful tutoring of "Big George," and promises to develop good singers after a few years practice.

Stable Sergeant Johnson is our hardest working man, and since he has taken up his new duties, the horses are looking in fine condition.

"Buck" Hallman wore a green ribbon in honor of St. Patrick on the "17th" but we were disappointed in having soup, instead of "Irish stew" for dinner.

Quartermaster Sergeant Kimble is with us again with a large stock in store, and due to his sudden change of nature, even the "small guys" aren't afraid to approach him.

"Stay at Home" week is now in progress. Everyone consented to refrain from dice or cards or eating meals in restaurants, etc. The returns will be donated to purchase sugar for our morning oat meal and coffee.

Received word that Private Shields, who went on detached service, has arrived in France O. K. Good luck, Shields, we'll be with you soon.

Things that are impossible—

(1) Trying to make the Mechanics work. (2) Get a hat to fit Van D. Walker (3) To keep Sergeant Hull from that mysterious thing in Asheville. (4) To find anyone with shoes not polished in "C" Battery. (5) To win in a crap game with the "Hudson Street Steve," the millionaire tenor. (6) For Private Brannigan to be a friend of the Quartermaster Sergeant.

Some singers in Sergeant Howard's tent. Caruso is good, but you fellows are better still. (Hope they see through it.)

Contrary to the general rule, our First Sergeant is very popular with all the men, even the Bucks. Our former instrument sergeant has certainly made good in his new position.

Everyone is feeling fine and our popular Mess Sergeant Loomis is serving chow "fit for a king" and the weather here is very good. In general, life here is much more enjoyable than in Camp Wadsworth.

What was "Red" Quick thinking of when he repeated the 10th Commandment to the officer of the day? Observing Lieutenant "Red."

Our newest officers, Lieutenants Sanchez and Breen, are fast becoming very popular, and well liked by all the men.

G. P. W.

HEADQUARTERS COMPANY, 3RD PIONEER INFANTRY.

Did you notice our gallant band leader standing reveille and retreat lately. Gotta hand it to our new skipper, everybody plays the game nowadays.

The boys are all anxious to know if "Dolly" went to Framingham during his furlough. It has been the custom for all Headquarters men visiting Boston, to make the trip out to Dennison Town, some attraction there.

How was the new Liberty Motor a success without the aid of old "Annie" McDermott, Hyde Park's would be Thomas Westinghouse Edison Smith? Now his argument is "Me for the Navy Yard."

The organ grinder from Roach street will have to look to his laurels, for the Roxbury Crossing "Hot Dog Man" is hitting the trail for "Hank the Hermit." Santie Claus remember your Anna needs you home now to wind up those alarm clocks.

Funny how all the "Gloom Chasers" are getting pally with "Baby" Cawthorne lately. Everytime a box arrives or the gold piece is broke the boys decide to move the cots.

All the famous border non-coms are receiving daily instructions in the manual of arms from Old Timer Carney, and to think after all their famous training and that hike to Las Cruces and that Irish water up at the Cement Plant, made famous by the "Dandy Fifth."

"Spurs" Dudley, the boy who promenaded Tremont Street while on furlough with Spiral putts and spurs, is somewhat peeved since he lost his job driving the Adjutant's car.

Sergeant O'Leary Ryan of American Federation of Labor fame will never forgive Washington for the orders prohibiting the wearing of spiral puttees. So "Mother" once more will place them back with the camphor balls.

Barney Keough has failed to answer sick call since the Pioneers have been taken off their daily training the wood pile, and how the boys did regret their release from real work.

Just as we anticipated the Golden haired Lounge Lizzard of Jordan and Marsh fame, has ensnared several of Spartanburg's society buds and making his usual splash. But why abduct Benedict Beale and Detention Camp Saunier?

We have just learned that our "Rumor King" and Ex-Striper is about to depart from our fold, and enter the Signal Corps. How about that much talked of discharge?

Things that never happen—

Sergeant Rainey telling the K. P. to take it easy.

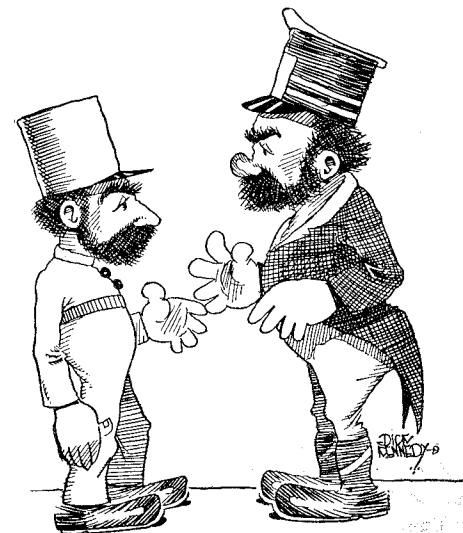
"Bandy" refusing a piece of pie from B Company.

Supply Sergeant Barry getting some clothes for the boys.

"Coo Coo" Hurley's steeds being cleaned.

Joey Bell and his tentmates going to sleep at taps.

UGOCHASSER.



A JOKEVITCH.

First Moujik—"Hurrahsky, for the great Russian revolution! We nicked Nick Romanoff, let the Huns chase us till they are out of breath, and soon we will turn and wallop the Kaiser, and there will be free vodka and—"

Second Kvass-imbiber—"Cut out the Bullshiviki!"

COMPANY L, 108TH INFANTRY.

Mess Sergeant Edwards said that Codfish came from Cape Cod. Tell us, Sergeant, if codfish come from Cape Cod, do oysters come from Oyster Bay?

Sergeant Edwards says he's running short of codfish. How about Freddy going to Cape Cod?

Corporal Tormey is hereby appointed Chief Whistle Blower.

Private Pierce is now firing the Bingle Boiler at the head of the street.

Corporal Poncho Villa Pougatz is still looking for his furlough. Ask the Top, Al, he'll give you one.

The twenty-third squad mourns the loss of Bob Freeman. He's in the Base Hospital with appendicitis.

The twenty-third set aside Easter Sunday for a semi-annual gathering at the bath-house.

There was a social gathering in Company L mess hall Monday night. Top Sergeant Weaver thinks its a good idea to cut out the profanity at formation. We think so too, Sergeant, how about you?

Lieutenant Bentley is wearing a big smile these days. He ought to; no more squads right for him for a while yet. He's now Canteen Officer, succeeding Lieutenant Rignal.

We envy Ray Canfield who has his wife here in town. He is envied by all of us. Sorry we didn't get married now.

Why does Sergeant Holway shake all the wooden boxes Bill Bissell brings in? Something strange about that, Eddie.

Sergeant Simcoe, commanding our fourth platoon, has his mother here for a short stay. But that doesn't stop him from yelling "Hurry up down there, double time!"

A. B. C.