

BATTERY F, 104TH FIELD ARTILLERY, AT THE RANGE.

This Battery has just finished policing up South Carolina, and to start the new week off right, we have advanced on a seven-mile front into North Carolina, which State we expect to have policed up before the end of this week. Up to the present moment, nothing has phased us, so with the view of going over soon, a little practice will do us no harm before we police up France. With this small thing in mind, no doubt before long we will be policing up Germany. Who knows?

A few fellows, who had the exploring nature in their blood, ventured forth the other day in search of the best still in South Carolina, that is, a still which still had producing qualities, providing the still was still there, and not demolished, as numerous others around here are. A mountaineer was questioned on its direction and distance. "Up yonder," said he. We traveled up yonder. At last, after going quite a way, we ran into another resident, who in turn was questioned. "Two miles, over thar," he rejoined. Two hours were consumed in getting "over thar," but we had not yet reached our destination. We expect he meant two miles into France by "over thar." A young boy was next met and he said, "Up yonder." But we gave it up and never reached "up yonder." So to content ourselves a few gallons of water were poured into one of the abandoned still's boilers, which still remained, and each fellow fooled himself by taking a swig.

We were all dolled up to look our prettiest, polished shoes gleaming in the sunlight, swallow tailed coats fitting snugly on our backs, derbies perched upon our beans; in other words, we were on our way to church, it being that our camp is situated about a mile from the 104th Regiment's. Six Fifth Avenue busses, which we had chartered, were waiting outside at the curb, and away we went. But upon arriving at the camp, to our dismay, we found that church was over—the reason being, as everybody knows—that the clocks had been put ahead an hour. However, to console ourselves, a fashion parade was held on Hogsback Mountain until somebody spoiled the parade by shinning up the Aiming Point and tearing his guardmount breeches.

"Fool 'em, Billie, no more beans." These were the unbelievable words which escaped from our head chef, and immediately our best detectives were put on the job to discover how a Battery could be fed without beans. For three days "Billie" was shadowed and a clue was found. This is how it happened. A careful search of the kitchen was made, also its surrounding vicinity. All the experts on the case assembled to compare notes, and unanimously it was decided that the reason no beans were served was because they had none in stock. This was two weeks ago. Since then we have been feeding great, and all the fellows certainly appreciate the work of the cooks for getting up such appetizing meals.

A Little About Camp Fullpak.

Camp Fullpak is situated on the banks of Mess Hound River, at the base of Hogsback Mountain. It is bounded on the north by the Picket Line, on the east by Mess Hound River, on the south by three or four stills, and on the west by a stiff breeze. Its former name was "Dark Corners," but as this was not suitable for such a pleasant valley, it was changed to Camp Fullpak, by order of the Ladies' Home Journal. Many shootings have taken place here, consequently its former odd name. It was inhabited in olden days by Sunshine Biscuits, who made Haig & Haig. But no man was shot here unless by just cause. One night a traveler happened to pass through here and was met by a mountaineer, who inquired for a match. The wanderer replied that he had none, whereupon he was shot dead, which shows that no shooting is done unless necessary. Camp Fullpak's present population is about 70 souls, although last week it was 74—four immigrant cows visiting camp. It has one large sized bank, the bank of the Mess Hound River; four cafes, which are the stills; also a Major from the Irregular Army, who commands respect upon his approach. Any inhabitant of this camp promptly calls attention when our Major approaches, and that officer promptly returns all salutes. One hospital reclines within its limits, also it is the proud possessor of a dozen rubber boots. May its people prosper.

NODDES.

COMPANY C, 106TH INFANTRY.

At last we have come to life. From now on, we intend to praise those that deserve it and pan those that need it.

We will pass up the cooks, but they better show improvement.

There is a show about to be staged by Private (1st Class) Bush, entitled "Gimmie." The author, being one of the most noted gimmies of the 106th Infantry, promises to put on one of the best shows ever seen in camp.

Some of the leading gimmies in the cast will be Corporals Craig, Kelly, Hame and Zimmer; Privates Lundquist, Reardon, Whitey Christenson, Skee Carlins; Guards H. B. Florence and Walsh.

We are wondering why Privates First Class Bush and Hennessey like kitchen detail. They are always working for it.

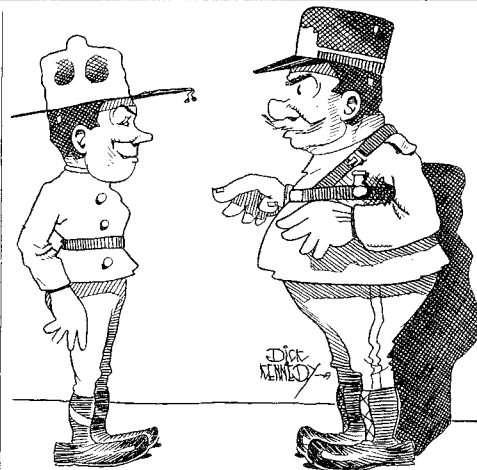
Who got the idea that a coat of paint would make the "racer" go that has a stationary post at the head of C Street.

Ray H., how is the best little girl in the world? We are all with you looking for that daily letter.

Go to it, Artie. You are playing great ball. We are all out there cheering the team on to the championship. It looks good to us.

NEW COFFEE POT.

American soldiers have found a new use for the "tin helmets" issued to them. When their coffee gets cold they pour it into the helmet and hold it over a fire.



General von Iceburg (to American Prisoner)—"Here, you, Yankee dog-pup, call me a taxi!"

The Prisoner—"Well, General, I could hardly call you hansom!"

BATTERY B, 104TH FIELD ARTILLERY, CAMP DETACHMENT.

Battery B's Musical Review:

"The Biscuit Shooter's Revenge".....

..... by Pete Deana

Camouflage War Dance, by Wild Bill Vojik

Spring Fever Two-Step Jimmy Madden

Stable Call March ... by Sergeant Gingerich

The Artillery Growl by Fraser

Ragtime Blues by Jack Naughton

Hobo Rag by Christian

Handshakers' Waltz by McGenty

Yiddish Fox Trot by Loeb

Mail Carrier's Protest.....by Corp. Galka

Clover Kicker's Waltz

..... by "Hickey" Conklin

Stable Boy's Dream by Uncle Henry Curtis

Easter Greetings by Jack Dillon

Over the Hills

..... by Nette, Rose and Riley Trio

Hickey Conklin asked Wild Bill Vojik to

write him out the poem, "The Shooting of

Dan McGrew." Bill did so and has now

lived to regret it. All we hear, from morn-

ing till night is, "A bunch of the boys were

whooping it up," etc., as fast as Hickey

memorizes it. It gets so a fellow can't write

a letter to the "only girl" or read a book

in peace. Bill threatens to bend a gun over

Hickey's head if he doesn't stop his oratory,

and the rest of the boys feel the same about

it. That's the stuff, Bill, camouflage his

eye.

The commuters' rush for the 5:15 has nothing

on the rush the gang makes every time

a fellow opens a package from home.

Famous Sayings.

"Everybody up," by "First Call" Jake

Galka, the peace disturber.

"All out for stables," by our Boy Ser-

geant.

"Lights out!" entire Mess Hall Chorus, as

the hob nail shoes fly through the air.

\$100.00 Reward for the capture of Corp.

Galka's whistle.

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