



News From Division Units



1ST PIONEERS HARD AT WORK.

New Men Gradually Getting Into Shape for Duty "Over There."

(By Staff Correspondent)

The appointed hour is close at hand. Very soon now the 1st Pioneers will be ready for overseas duty. Upon their arrival in the theatre of active operations the aspect of the great war will change considerably. You will then be safe in laying your bets on an early peace. Because the Pioneers have got the Kaiser's nanny. Listen, let us tell you a little story:

A few days ago a little bird flew into the headquarters of the 1st Pioneers and delivered the following message:

"The Kaiser has heard of the Pioneers, and he's scared to death. It is reliably reported that he began his LAST big offensive on the Western front several months sooner than he wanted to just because he was afraid the Pioneers would get across before he had fought his way through to Paris and the English Channel. France, England and her allies will, therefore, welcome the arrival in Europe of the 1st Pioneers to which organization they wish Godspeed and a safe journey across the big pond."

How's that? Isn't it a good one? Got the Kaiser buffaloed even before we set our feet on French soil. The mere report that we are getting into shape to come after him has set the cold chills running up and down his spine and the little Red Devils are dancing a tango on his conscience. He sees defeat staring him in the face on every turn. Death stalks in his wake. Failure haunts him in his dreams. And disappointment greets him each morning and bids him Adieu each night. He's on his last legs and he knows it. And he's scared to death the Pioneers will get "across" before he has succeeded in reaching Paris and the English Channel.

Well, the Pioneers will get him if he don't watch out.

Men Have Right Spirit.

The men of the 1st Pioneers have the right spirit. We have them from all over the United States and representing almost every nationality on earth. And all of them are eager to get one crack at the Kaiser's bean. And that's all they will need. If the Kaiser ever so much as shows his right ear around a tree stump a half-mile from the Pioneers' firing line he might just as well hang out the crepe. Because he will be a dead one sure enough.

You undoubtedly wonder why we talk so boastfully of our little organization. Well, here's the dope. The 1st Pioneers are made up of real fighters. Among them you will find sharpshooters from the back woods and

farms of Kentucky, Alabama, Tennessee, and a dozen other equally noted regions for breeding Kaiser-hunters. These men have handled a gun since they were knee-high to a door-step, and they have quite a reputation for killing. It's true they have done very little man-hunting in their lives. Yet, a man who can blow the head off a fleet-footed rabbit or squirrel at 300 yards can certainly knock the eye out a Boche at three times that distance.

Under the leadership of officers from all parts of the Union and non-coms from the Metropolitan State, these back-woodsmen of the South are gradually rounding into real soldiers. And they're just itching to get into a real fight. In addition to these domestic warriors we have a large number of foreigners, representing not only every country already engaged in the great war, but also many of the neutral nations. And these men, too, are anxious to get the Kaiser's scalp.

So you see the Kaiser has some reason for his fever and chills. And right now we predict that if the Germans don't break through the Allied defensive before the 1st Pioneers reach the battle-front they might just as well begin forming a band to play their funeral march. Because it will be "all over but the shoutin'" a few weeks after the Pioneers get into the scrap.

Bits of Wit.

Though hard at work we still find time to smile and laugh at a good joke. And the jokes are plentiful. Among those most recently heard are the following:

One of the officers had just finished instructing a squad how to do "squad right about." He had taken one man at a time and showed them how to execute the movement. He then told them to do it all together. They tried, but one man was lost in the shuffle.

"Now, what's your trouble?" asked the officer.

"Kidney trouble, sir," replied the man.

The men from one of the companies were being instructed in guard duty the other day. They had been told by one of the officers that their company would go on guard the following day and that one lieutenant would be commander of the guard and another lieutenant would be officer of the day. When asked whether they fully understood the explanation one of them piped up:

"But who will be officer of the night."

A BOVINE HOARDER.

"It doesn't seem right," said the man with worn-out shoes.

"What doesn't seem right?"

"That a mere cow can afford to wear all that leather."—Washington Star.

ORDNANCE DETACHMENT, INFANTRY RIFLE RANGE.

The Detachment boasts of a corporal who can shoot with any man in the Division. He is known in the old Third as "Shorty" Waterman and I am sure the name is suitable for if "Shorty" wore spiral puttees, one would think he had the gout.

Mechanic Ives who came up here in February to take charge of the repairing of targets, was given the job of cook. He did so well, the Range Officer gave him the job permanently. Why not let some of the cooks and mechanics shift jobs in camp, it might bring satisfaction in some companies.

Sergeant Talcot who had just returned from a trip to camp, was quizzed by all of us as to the new rumors in camp. He was doing his best in answering until our stuttering mechanic, Carroll, asked him, "W-w-what d-do you t-think our chances are of g-g-going over?" The Sergeant looked up from making his bunk and answered, "Our chances of going over are every bit as good as they are of our staying here."

HEADQUARTERS COMPANY, 3RD PIONEER INFANTRY.

Boys, the spirits are with us (no, not Black and White or Green river) at nightly sessions that are being held in a certain tent on Headquarters Street. So here's somebody's chance to discover the location of the Titanic, Dorothy Arnold's whereabouts, or maybe Red Gillis, our prodigal Son.

We have heard of many wild tales in the vicinity of Norumbegan, but this latest "Fly hunting and scouting expeditions" is over our head. Our golden-haired drummer boy can let you in on the rest. My, but some policemen are rude.

And to think that the boys should even think of moving Rollin's cot. Guess they forgot that in his former days he was a Woburn callman. Anyway he lived up to his reputation and called them as they were never called before.

We would suggest that our Blonde Cook kinda camouflage his spiral putts his next visit to town for aside from having Wm. J. Burns Pinkerton in this company we also possess an eagle-eyed "Top" who can see about everything except the range in the Huns' latest 76 miler.

Us girls must have our scandal and the latest is will the good looking non-playing band Sergeant get that Sergeant Major's berth. An awful blow to the band and just at the time he was going to join the ranks of the cymbal players.

"Shamrock Grandma Mitchell," our ex-Sien Feiner, has become very indignant over his new John Hancock. Never mind Fred, "Honey" Bell will cling to you.

—"SCOOPS."