

News From Division Units

REGIMENTAL NOTES 54TH PIONEER INFANTRY.

Our butterfly fluttered his wings in flight the other day, and left us flat. We refer to Jack Dunn, corporal, reckless driver, fairy-footed gracer of ball-rooms, and coach of the All-America Lady-Killer's Team. He is now an M. P., and we wish him all the luck that we wish for all M. P.'s. In one week of duty he shot one man, shot at two others, lost the seat out of his breeches, wool, O. D., and hurled a challenge to the "tough-eggs" of this regiment to come to Whitney and be given a practical demonstration of his ability as a guardian of the law and order.

Color Sergeant Dietz is teaching the officers a lot of things about musketry, thereby neglecting his more important duty of keeping their grounds clear of butts. He thinks that Major Wells should establish a deadline around the range-finder.

Regimental Sergeant-Major Ginn, suffering from an acute attack of malade d'amour, the well-known Springtime illness, has gone to New York for treatment by Dr. Hymen. May you never get well, Bill!

Overheard a couple of nights ago. It was dark, so we can't identify the speaker. "You know what I hear now? It's rumored that they're saying I'm the best band-leader in the division. Of course, I'm not THAT good, but I'm"—etc., etc., etc., till the audience fled.

That thing which Postmaster Robinson wears is not a coat-of-mail. No, it's a hunting-jacket, and he expects to wear it to Chimney Rock, hunting nymphs. Going to take the mail-hounds on that hunt, Robbie?

Why the sergeant-majors (or is it sergeants-major?) should pester Rosie to get them saddles is a mystery. They couldn't stick in 'em if they had 'em, which was ably demonstrated by "Stonewall" Jackson.

Scotty, while in New York on furlough, attended the annual barn-dance of the Field Music of the old 71st at the armory, where he made one of his famous after- (liquid) dinner speeches. He was accompanied on the trip by his faithful man "Friday," known in civil life as Arthur Josenhans.

When the best chaplain in the army returns, he will find his house doubled in size, equipped with running water (think of that!), and surrounded by an attractive garden. Sgt. Weber planned the surprise and directed its execution.

Phyrat Will offers the following toast for what it is worth—which isn't much: "From Great Neck, I trust,

To Berlin, or bust,

And when I cross the river Rhine so blue, Dearest, I'll always think of you."

(Business of gargling a bottle of sarsaparilla.)

C. T. M.

MIKE PHILOSOPHIZES.

Words of Wisdom From Co. D., 53d Pioneers' Mascot.

Say Editor, I'm only a little pup—the mascot of a bunch of fighters from Brooklyn—but gee whiz, I been lookin' 'round a lot since I been in the army, an' say—I'm glad I'm a dog!

Why? Well, in the first place I'm so darned happy. Now, I don't know a blamed thing about baseball. I can't roll the bones, I never tasted whiskey, an' I'm not strong for the ladies—but I have a bully time all the time.

You know, Mister Editor, I been thinkin' a lot about you men. Some fellows come around and play with me, an' just fool; an' throw me on my back, and I make believe I'm mad, an' growl an' snap, an' try to bite them—but not hard, you understand. I wouldn't bite them for the world, no sir, not me! An' they laugh, an' pick me up an' carry me 'round, way up in the air, an' they stroke me just back of the ears, or tap me on the forehead where I love it, an' they talk sense to me!

Then there's the guys who don't pay no attention to me, or say "Here, puppy, here puppy!" Gee whiz—I ain't a "puppy"—I'm a dog! An' then, when I don't come up to them they get sore. Well, why should I? I ain't a carpet they're beatin'—I don't want to be slapped all over an' talked to like a baby! No, sir, not me! I'm a mascot, an' it's a dignified job, Mister Editor, like a lance corporal's!

Well, I guess men are pretty much divided into two kinds:—Those who like dogs, and those who don't.

Now, the first bunch—they can have a fine time anywhere. They're usually smiling, or just gettin' ready to smile, or else just finishing smilin'. And they don't have to go to town to get fun out of life—they don't even have to play ball. They just naturally see the funny side of everything, an' they read, or write good, snappy letters home, or else they're busy makin' somethin'. But they're always busy, an' always on the job, an' always happy. An' when it rains, they like it, an' when it's hot they like it, an' when it's cold, they say it's invigoratin', or something like that. Any how, they don't have time to growl about "the good old days," and they ain't hankerin' to get an S. C. D. or a furlough, or to dodge a detail, cause they're so darned interested in everything!

But the other fellow? Gosh! He's kickin' all the time. Hates reveille, hates the exercises, hates to wash,—rotten breakfast, d—the rain! Or else it's too blamed bright to sleep, too hot to work, too cold to rest. An' some one swiped half his laundry, an' the

HEADQUARTERS COMPANY, 105TH MACHINE GUN BATTALION.

Wagoners Kind, Noye and Reynolds are preparing for another over-stay at Gaffney. Gossip around Headquarters Street when Sergeant Major McPike received his commission.

Private Meehan—Gee! Mac, only last night I had a dream about you getting that! Congratulations.

Wagoner Grauwiler smells something in the air and marches into the new lieutenant's tent. You are one lucky bloke, Jack.

Hey! How about me for your dog robber?

Private Sulzer comes marching down the street.

Wagoner Costigan—Why the happiness, Dick? Did your uncle die?

Private Sulzer—No; but I am sure of my thirty-six hour passes now.

Sergeant McGrath—Congratulations, Mac! I am glad to see you get it. Where are you going to go?

Lieutenant McPike—Newport News.

Sergeant McGrath—That's good!

Lieutenant McPike—I know it is.

Cook Lange—Don't go, Mac, I'll give out stew only six times next week.

John, the barber—(as the new Lieutenant passes). And he didn't even come in for a shave!

Sergeant Major Miller—Good-bye, old bunkie, and good luck to you.

Corporal Sheridan—No more bawling outs for me.

Everybody—Well, he was a good skate anyway.

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Wagoner Beahan—Baker, did 'ou Groom 'ure hoss?

Private N. Baker—Yes.

Wagoner Beahan—'ure a liar.

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Wagoner McLoughlin—I hear you were a coal passer before you joined the army, Bock.

Wagoner Bock—Who told you that and how do you make that out?

Wagoner McLoughlin—Well, you're always heaving something.

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Private Granger—Coming to that dance to-night, Lou?

Private DeHayes—No.

Private Granger—Oh! I forgot Frenchy, that you promised to be true to her.

H. SHERIDAN.

Lieutenant's ridin' him, an' the top's unfair—an gee whiz, "don't I wish I wuz back in lil' ol' Brooklyn!" An' when he gets the ball he drops it—an' nobody writes to him—an' all!

Gosh! I'm glad I'm a dog, Mister Editor!

So long—

MIKE.