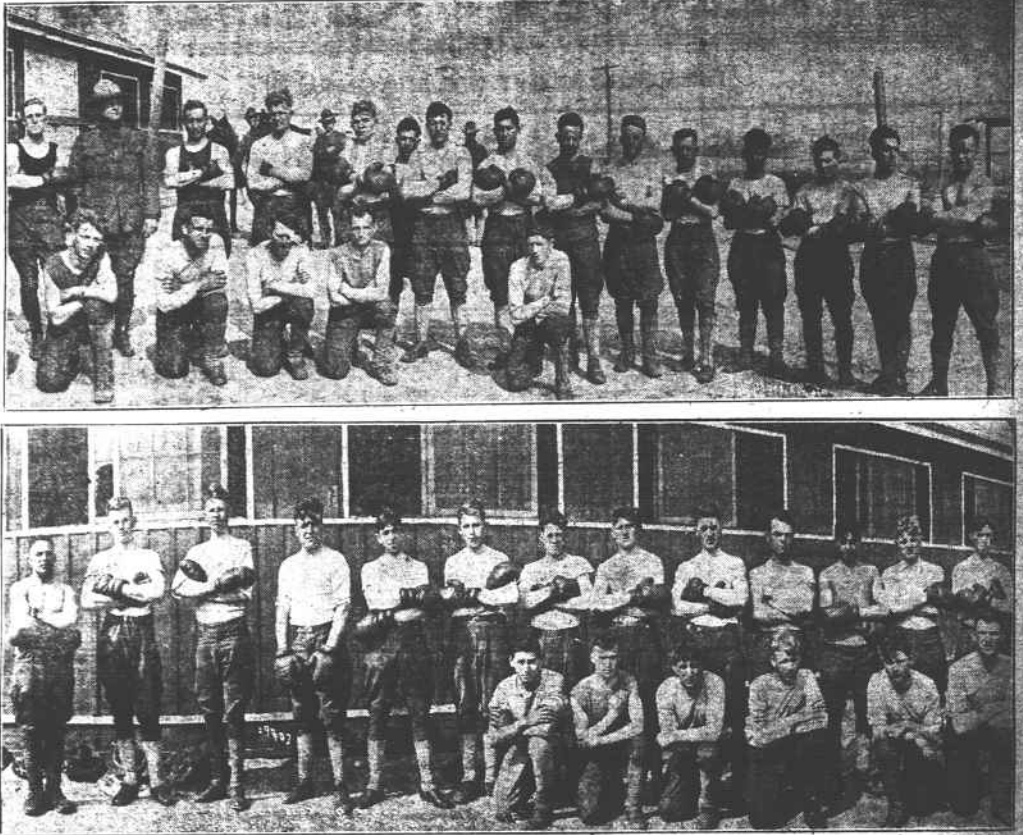


# Many Notable Boxers Are in Thirtieth Inf. Boxing Class



## COMPANY F, THIRTY-NINTH INFANTRY.

The boys of this outfit who were transferred to the Fighting Twelfth Machine Gun battalion, Company D, are having the time of their lives strolling around the woods with machine guns, while the boys in Company F are doing skirmish and right front into line. We understand that the infantry does all the fatigue for us when we hit the trenches. Nothing would give us more pleasure than to sit around smoking butts while the boys in Company F prepare our machine gun emplacements.

Corporal Morford is back on the job. His little trip to New York state netted him a badge.

Private Walsh made a flying trip to Cleveland. He came back the other day, but was pretty shaky on his pins.

Private McCort received a fine worsted helmet. It's pretty warm for helmets these days, but it could be used to dry his messkit.

Privates Van Duzer and Flossie Daniels are getting real clumsy these days. Van even dries Flossie's messkit for him.

Private Walsko was made a first-class private. This boy is a comer. He will be wearing the bars soon.

Private Conroy is still around and picking away the rats.

Private Simmons is busy these days telling the boys how things are done in Boston. Boston must be some burg.

Private Mann, commonly called Colonel Mann, wonders why the lieutenants pick on him. Maybe it's because the "colonel" is always thinking of dear old Broadway instead of the drills.

Privates Natcello and Martineau were both discharged and are now somewhere "up north eating mother's cooking."

ed; once more the glaring headlines proclaim what's what in Company D. Heard in mess hall last week: Lieutenant Lynch to Private Diamillio—"Diamillio, why is water purified by boiling?" Diamillio: "Because it's boiled." Did you ever stop to consider, "Pocketbook," that if brains were sunshine, you'd be in the dark? Never mind, Pocketbook, you are all brains from the feet down.

Owing to the energy of Captain Clement, Company D is the proud possessor of a victrola. Henceforth, on passing the mess hall one might hear the strains of "canard" music softly wafted from the windows. And intermixed, might also be heard the desperate attempts of such unfortunate who are forced to attend the singing class. Sherman said a mouthful when he quoted "War is hell."

Moradano, our dark complexioned Chinese friend, had charge of the second squad today.

Everyone congratulates Meyer on his sudden promotion. When a man has been in the service 15 years it is about time he was made corporal. But hereafter, corporal, it would be better to say "squad halt!" than "squad stop!" We know you are awkward, but you are learning fast.

Of course we don't mean to insult anyone, but we have an opinion of a man who smokes tarred rope for a cigar. I wouldn't smoke those Cheapixto cigars, even if they are a hundred for a dollar.

Private Mauthe is drilling recruits. Well, it takes a recruit to drill a recruit. He's learning fast, though.

### BASEBALL GAME.

Last Sunday afternoon there was a pretty game of baseball on the ground at Y 194. Co. I and Co. K of the Thirty-ninth Infantry participated. Kelly's pitching was the feature and he let the batters in Co. I down light cigar. I wouldn't smoke those Cheapixto cigars, even if they are a hundred for a dollar.

Batteries for Co. I—Kilns and Williams.

Batteries for Co. K—Johnson (4), Kelly (3), and Sanders (2). The score was 11 to 4 in favor of Co. K. The spectators included several officers and we extend a welcome to the companies of the 39th to give us many other games.

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## COMPANY C, FIFTY-EIGHTH INFANTRY.

Company C's barber is on a furlough. Gee, he'd better hurry back, or we'll all look like bears.

Old Pop Lynch sure is getting away with it soft. He claims he is half blind, but he sure sees those seven and eleven's when he rolls the old bones.

The fourth squad's sweethearts are all going back on them. Gee, boys, what a relief! But Corporal Race's girl tells him the worst is yet to come. Oh, boys!

Privates Conine, Hersche and Trotter and Corporal Nicholson, who are attending signal school, think they are it. They are proud because they say they are the "Brains of the Army."

The non-coms go to school in fatiguing clothes. Oh, well, their clothes won't get dirty while digging.

We all like to hear Corporal Fagan give the commands "right dress" and "front." The old humpy sure can spout her out some.

Private De Selles got his discharge. Poor boy! We wonder who he is telling his experience to now?

Sergeant Bennette got a big bull dog lately and he thinks more of it than he does of the whole company. He says, "Just so 'Mack' gets his meals, I don't care." But listen, boys, he is some dog.

Private Hersche is always speaking of that girl of his back in Wilmering, Pa., Oh! go on; give him 10 days anyhow.

As soon as the rookies came in Old Pop Lynch was around looking for ball players. He certainly has a peppy team.

Corporal Finney is getting good around here. He sees that the squads have enough coal for the night.

Smile Fellows, smile! "A good woman loved by all who know her, admired by those who covet an acquaintance and with a smile that lights up everything and everybody near her, was approached by a messenger boy. The boy's face looked like a thunder cloud, his voice rumbled like a milk-wagon on a cloudy morning."

"The good woman looked up from her work and smiled. Instantly the atmosphere of the room seemed to take on a 'something' invigorating, vitalizing, health yielding, joy producing. In a voice that was a vocalized smile she said: 'Why not smile and look a little brighter? You'll feel so much better.' The boy went out whistling."

"Say fellows, the whole face of another nature is smiling—smiling tenderly, most kindly. The peach-blossoms declare it; the red huckleberry trees manifest it; the leader green of the ambitious grass studded with yellow dandelions affirm it; the air laden with heavy fragrance of jonquilla, violets, hyacinths, mixed—wonderfully mixed, with the songs of many little feathered throats—proclaim it."

"Nature—God is smiling! Forget your 'grouch, fellows, and smile.' The above is right from the front-line trenches of Camp Greene—a story written by one of the ablest, truest and noblest men in the camp. The morale of his spirit, his nature, is beautifully reflected in the poem of thought given above.

**SUFFERING FROM TOO MUCH WEATHER?**

Stiff neck, rheumatic twinges, following exposure.

Out in that storm yesterday and didn't think it would get you. Easy remedy the after-effects of severe weather, however.

Just apply a few drops of Sloan's Liniment. Don't rub it—let it penetrate naturally. Quick and positive relief will follow.

Clean, won't stain skin, refreshing, economical. Very generous sized bottles, 25c, 50c, \$1. Your druggist and all others have it.

**Sloan's Liniment**  
F. M. BAYLOR

### NOTES OF COMPANY D, THIRTY-NINTH INFANTRY

For several weeks old Company D has remained silent and has not sent any contributions to Trench and Camp. Now, however, all is chang-

