

"C" COMPANY, 107TH U. S. INFANTRY.

Next to the "Christmas Day" celebration held in the mess shack, the Company dinner was the most important affair.

The affair was arranged by Private Maher and Bettes. The famous "Jazz Band," led by Bugler Sommers, played.

Sunday we spent a few hours in the Camp trenches, and if you should ask anybody they will tell you how much they enjoyed their visit. The mercury was hovering around the bottom of the thermometer, and the boys were bundled up like Eskimos.

There were many humorous events that occurred during our stay, especially our good friend Corp. Ingalls halting two or three trees; "Halt," cried our Corp. Ingalls, but not a sound disturbed the stillness of the night. "Come out from behind those trees," but there was no one there and if there were our Corp. would surely have had them.

One of the observers approached a certain man about nine o'clock Sunday morning and politely inquired if he could have a loan of his gun. Our bright friend replied that if anybody got his gun, it would be the sharp end of the bayonette.

Pvt. Delehunt has been appearing on Thursday mornings with a few bruises. He is a pupil, a very apt one at that, of Frank Moran, who is endeavoring to teach the art of self-defense to our boys.

We enjoyed our hike in the snow last Friday, and discovered also that we have a few pitchers who are wasting their ability throwing snowballs instead of baseballs.

"Snowbird" Schaumberg seemed to be the target for the bunch and the funny part of it is, he did not seem to mind it, except occasionally when somebody accidentally confused the mud with the snow.

The "lucky 24," that is about the most appropriate title for them, are busy "dolling up" for the trip home.

The "Old man of the Woods," whom we all know, had everything ready for the trip, but when he discovered that he had not been elected a member of the "24," he came and told us confidentially that he was not very anxious to go anyway.

We all wish to extend our congratulations to Sergeants Harnisfeager, Prindle, Rhinehard, and all the rest of the boys home on furloughs.

Arthur met Hayner and Pierce in town, last week, with two dames and he says that he tried as hard as he could to "horn in." According to Artie, Hayner was deaf, dumb and blind to everything.

If Smith doesn't hurry and get well soon, the boys will be sending him flowers. Our musical talent usually gather about nine o'clock in the "cook's tent" to rehearse their famous "Alley band."

Strong and Corp. Jack Lee have a grouch on these last few days. Guess those usual fine pink envelopes aren't appearing in the mail.

—J. S. M., Jr.

47TH INFANTRY.

Wednesday evening, December 19th, was "stunt" night for the boys of the 47th. The stunts were staged in the Y. M. C. A. building number 96. Captain C. L. Tucker of M Company, acted as master of ceremonies, that being his last night with his company, as his resignation had been accepted during the afternoon. The whole affair was most interesting. The Regimental Band rendered the opening number, which was followed by songs, recitations, and bouts. The building was crowded with an appreciative audience, and the consensus of opinion was that the fighting 47th could frolic with the best of them.

There was one disappointment, which those present keenly regretted. Top Sergeant Alexander, of Co. I, and Top Sergeant Klein, of Co. M, had drawn up the necessary papers to appear before the bunch and show the boys that all the fighters had not become camp instructor, but two, at least, were still in the ring—ready to do or die. When their names were called they were seen behind the stove arguing about whether they should shake hands before the bout started. It sounded somewhat like a Jewish Jazz Band playing a stolen march. When last heard of they were still "talking it over." Let us hope that in the near future the two "Tops" will be matched again. As Top Sergeants they are at bottom of all the trouble in their companies, and the boys would relish seeing them shaking their fists at each other, instead of wagging their tongues.

Sergeant Tucker, of the Regimental Band, is responsible for the following:

Native of Richmond (glaucing at the Sergeant, and the rest of Band): "What outfit is this, please?"

Sergeant (showing every sign of self-elation): "This, sir, is the famous 47th of Brooklyn."

Native: "Is this all there is of it?"

Sergeant: "No, Sir, we are recruited up to full war strength."

Native: "Where are they?"

Sergeant: "They are doing guard duty in four different states."

Native: "Are you sure there are not any of them in Brooklyn?"

Sergeant: "Quite sure, sir."

Native: "In that case I think I will move there—because I will be safe."

108TH INFANTRY.

The following have received furloughs to visit their homes during the past week from the Machine Gun Company: Private Daniel Flanigan, to Springfield, Mass.; Private Charles Leibert, to Buffalo, N. Y.; Corporal Perkins, to Rochester, N. Y.; Private A. Edwards, to Buffalo, N. Y.; Private "Bud" Cudahy, to Cleveland, Ohio; Cook J. Ryan, to Buffalo.

—D. F.

Send The Gas Attack to the folks back home. They like it.

COMPANY "C," 108TH INFANTRY.

Sergeant Hoskins and Corporal Michles proved themselves to be "live wires" while installing the telephones at the 108th Rifle Range. The result is that Happy and Mike have been held over here, attached to the Signal Corp.

Major Couchman feels mighty proud of the "Bungo-Cabin" erected for him by the boys. The cabin, with its cozy interior has made the Major's stay in the mountains worth while.

Lieut. Shaw, of Company C, is known to the men as "Snapshot Jimmy"—but not when he is within hearing. He has taken more pictures of the Rifle Range Expedition than Doc. Cook took of the North Pole.

After hiking the 32 miles like a "young one," Captain Farmer, of Co. C, was forced to surrender to a very severe cold, and returned to Camp Wadsworth.

Mountain Lions Scarce.

Private Mabie, while walking post about two a. m. Thursday had his attention attracted by a dark object. Mabie at once fixed his bayonet, and advanced upon the enemy. Arriving, he assumed the position of "on guard," and commanded "Long Thrust." He realized the point of the joke while pulling his bayonet from the tree.

Corporals Loukey, Goodrich and McCook had a rabbit feast after a little hunting party. But we regret to say that they tried cooking it on a Sibley stove. The next morning McCook and Goodrich answered sick call. Loukey would have responded too—if he had eaten any of the "Rabbit a la Sibley."

Lieut. Donlin returned from New York after enjoying a furlough. Little did he expect what he was returning to until he hit Glassy Rock, "The Rifle Range."

Some traps are made for the express purpose of catching animals. Lieutenants Shaw and Tieboldt spent much valuable time in building one in order to catch, what? Irish rabbits? We think so, as the bate used is a large piece of potato.

Corporals Hogan, Goodrich, and Meyer found a farm house where a delicious chicken dinner is served for fifty cents. Most every night now they duck for their chicken. The meal is not the only attraction, however, as the young lady of the house is just as magnetic in drawing them to that vicinity. If anybody has been favored with a smile as yet, from that quarter he has failed to mention it.

M. P.'S PLAY POOL.

The Pool Tournament that is being held in Oscar Heilman's Billiard Room on the Blackstock Road for the championship of the M. P.'s is going merrily along with private Spang leading with three wins to his credit. The winner and runner-up of this tournament will play two men from the Supply and two from the Ammunition Train for the pool championship of the 102nd Trains and Military Police.