

## UNIT NO. 96.

There has been an unusual amount of gayety in Unit No. 96 for the past week. On December 19th the 47th N. Y. Infantry put on a fine program, under the direction of Chaplain Edrop and Captain Tucker. The band and the different men who took part certainly gave us a corking good treat.

Dr. Jefferson's talk on Thursday night was fine; there was a good crowd and the fellows sure did appreciate his message.

The movie Friday night was also good.

Saturday night was left open.

Sunday morning Chaplain Edrop held regimental services. At night Dr. Baker gave a good talk.

On Monday night, Christmas Eve, the 108th N. Y. Inf. band gave a fine concert between 8 and 9:30. There was also some singing, etc. From 11:00 to 12:00 the 47th Band played; at 11:55 Otto Kuhl of the Supply Co., 108th Inf., sang Ave Maria.

The building was all decorated with holly, colored lights and a Christmas tree and a beautiful altar was erected by the chaplains.

Christmas night there was a good movie. The crowd, for there was a crowd, seemed to appreciate it.

## FOLSOM'S IDEA OF RUNNING AN ARMY.

We'd answer reveille in wheel chairs,  
And have our breakfast brought to bed;  
We'd have beer and liquors all the time,  
And never think of eating bread;  
But we'd feed the boys on angel cake, and  
demi tasse fine  
And then we'd have ice cream and pie,  
and good old Burgundy wine.  
We'd never answer taps at night—  
You'd get home when you could,  
And we'd have electric heaters,  
And never think of burning wood.  
We'd never attend to lectures,  
And we'd ride the bunk all day,  
And when a man was dead broke,  
He could just go draw his pay.  
We'd have lectures and drills on poker,  
And teach the recruits to roll the dice—  
Now think it over well, boys,  
Wouldn't that be pretty nice?

SERGT. HARRY FOLSOM,  
Field Hosp 106.

## WANAMAKER SOLDIERS, AHOY!

All men in the 27th Division who were ever connected with the John Wanamaker Store, Philadelphia, Pa., are requested to send their name, rank and organization to Colonel William R. Scott, John Wanamaker Store, Philadelphia.

Gen. Haig: "Didn't it scare you when you heard the bullets whistling all around you?"

Gen. Joffre: "They didn't whistle. They were dum-dums."

## GERMAN ATROCITIES AGAINST AMERICAN SOLDIERS REPORTED.

Despatches from the Western front say that German atrocities against American soldiers are officially reported. An American sentry has been found with his throat cut and it is officially declared "He must have been so killed after capture."

Information concerning German savagery has reached the troops in one of a series of bulletins read to them by the unit commanders and posted on the bulletin boards. Here is what they heard:

After a raid by the Germans on trenches held by American troops, a lone sentry of — Infantry was found with his throat cut from ear to ear. He had been surprised by an overwhelming force of Germans and must have been so killed after capture.

Such brutality is familiar to old soldiers, who served against savages in the Philippine campaign.

Another bulletin tells the men how the Germans in occupied sections of France and Belgium are turning women and children out of their homes into the snow, the buildings being then given over to soldiers, horses and material.

## SERGEANT BECKMAN GAS ATTACKS ENGINEER HOSPITAL CORPS, BUT LOSES BRAVE FIGHT.

Sergeant Beckman, of the Engineers, is out for revenge against the Hospital Corps. He breezed in the morning before Christmas complaining about a wisdom tooth and some white spots left in his throat after a case of tonsillitis, and was attacked en masse by Lieutenant Bles and Lieutenant Fitzgerald, of the O. D. Pill department, and Lieutenant Macroskery, of the Dental and Demolition department, reinforced by the entire hospital corps under command of Sergeant Toole.

Sergeant Beckman was seized, head, hands and heels, while Lieutenant Bles made a bayonet attack for the white spots with Lieutenant Fitzgerald reconnoitering. Beckman entered upon a wordy warfare of camouflage, but suffered intensely as for fully fifteen minutes he was prevented from talking.

When Beckman was groggy the brigade placed him in the dental chair and Lieutenant Macroskery continued the assault with a set of dynamite drills brought in by the demolition squad.

Beckman left threatening to train further and attempt a come-back to get even; but he was told that if he came in again he would lose a tooth. Being Christmas season, he decided that wisdom was the better part of valor and the come-back will not be staged until a later date.

## NOT IN HIS LINE.

Manager: "Hey there! Run up that curtain, will you?"

Stage Hand: "Say! I'm hired as a stage hand, not a squirrel."

—Purple Cow.

## FIELD HOSPITAL CO. 107.

Saturday night, December 15th, the men who had been detailed to the Rifle Range at Glassy Rock arrived in camp after a very eventful trip. On the way to the range the motor truck skidded while making a sharp turn near "Dark Corners," and plunged over the edge of an embankment, carrying Sergeant Williams, Church, Harrison, O'Connor, Womersley, Heitzler and Sutka along with it on its wild journey down the precipitous slope. "Slats" Burns was the only passenger who was not "dumped" into the valley. Owing to his slim proportions the first jolt catapulted him skyward and lodged him in the boughs of a sturdy pine tree, where he nestled for a second and then back-flipped involuntarily to safer but less comfortable quarters—a babbling brook.

The second truck, containing Lieut. Strickler, Stanwise, Hawthorne, Mosher and Brophy, narrowly avoided a fate similar to the one that befell the first machine, by becoming jammed between two small boulders. Led by Lieut. Strickler, the occupants of this truck jumped out and scrambled down the slope to where the first machine lay overturned with its freight lying distributed in all directions. They were joyfully surprised to find the bunch unhurt, save for a few slight bruises.

Stanwise, one of the "rescuing party," received quite a jolt when he noticed a pair of shoes protruding from under a pile of tentage and heavy boxes but after he succeeded in moving the heavier freight from the "victim" and discovered that he was administering "first-aid" to a pair of "shoes, russet, marching," he explained to the grinning crowd that he thought "sure'n blazes some one needed the attention of an undertaker."

Bill Brophy, better known as "William S. Hart," begged "Mistah Hike," the mountaineer canteen owner at the Rifle Range to open up his store and sell him some cigarettes, etc., and "Hike" blandly informed him that "it was too d— cold for a humin' be'in to be up and moving around," and "the fellaws oughtn't be a-hangin' aroun' a-pesterin' ta buy sumthin' or other."

Womersley and Stanwise, fondly known as the "German Spies," while working in the kitchen, lived up to their reputation when they served "embalmed weiners" to the bunch—the following morning the entire detail reported "sick."

One night while the wind was blowing 80 miles per hour, Brophy, after watching the tent pole "lean to" and careen like the mast of a schooner, remarked, "that they ought to make Sandy Hook by three o'clock."

Hawthorne, the snake charmer, nearly lost his reputation when he used an angle-worm as a substitute for a cobra.

The detail indulged in small arms firing and Sutka was voted the "dead-shot" of the bunch, excluding Lieutenant Strickler, who hails from "old Kentucky."