

**H COMPANY, 107 INFANTRY.**

While we must admit there is no place like home on Christmas Eve, the next best place for a happy time was at our party in the mess shack. It was a messy party and we all enjoyed ourselves.

We were honored by the presence of a number of guests, including Major Engle, Lieutenant Kent, Mrs. Rowland Tompkins, Mrs. Arthur J. McKenna, Mrs. W. Hodgetts, Mrs. L. Hodgetts, Mrs. J. Vollbracht, Mrs. John Dewey, Mrs. Perry Breck, Mrs. Clinton May, Mrs. and Miss Williams, Miss Taylor and Mr. and Mrs. Theo. Langdon.

Sergeant Phillips was the master of ceremonies and started the party on its merry way with a neat little speech, which was most apropos.

Privates Schmidt of Co. M and Whitman of Co. F then tore off about ten yards of rag on the bango and piano.

Mrs. Dewey finished up with a real treat by singing for us, Miss Taylor accompanying her on the piano, and Mrs. Breck added a lot of pep to the occasion by rendering a ragtime song, finally getting all the boys to join in. Whitman, Johannes, and Unger then gave us five minutes of harmony, and just to prove they liked it the boys made them sing five minutes more.

About this time "Santa Claus" arrived loaded down with gifts, and proceeded to distribute them.

We found him most generous, for everybody received a package and we dubbed "Santa" a pretty regular sort of a guy.

"Santa Claus" in "private" life proved to be none other than Private Van Zandt. The party would not have been complete without the "General" to help entertain, and in his new role of Santa Claus he made a decided hit. Just why he failed to distribute any of his cure for barber's itch is a mystery.

We also had a donkey party, and the 2nd Squad of the 2nd Platoon carried away first prize which soon went up in smoke for it was a box of cigarettes.

The company is especially indebted to Mrs. Tompkins, Mrs. McKenna, Mrs. Hodgetts, Mrs. Vollbracht, Mrs. Breck and Mrs. Dewey for doing so much toward making the evening such a pleasant one, and their efforts are very much appreciated.

The Christmas tree and mess hall were decorated by the ladies and the place looked as cheerful as we felt.

In short, we went to bed satisfied that our first "O. D. Christmas" was not half bad.

Mess Sergeant Roe went home on a furlough over New Year's. We should not wonder a bit if he stayed up after taps.

Sgt. "Bobbie" Vollbracht has been Acting Mess Sergeant during the period of Sgt. Roe's furlough, and in the kitchen he is the



"Please, sir, I want to transfer to Wofford College and be a Major."

same "old pepper box" as when "long pointing" with the bayonet. He kept Jim Thornton busy trying to stir the stew by the numbers, and Sunday, Dec. 30th, when it was so cold all the water pipes froze tight, we were the only company in the regiment to have red hot coffee for morning mess.

James King and Joseph Dickman have been made corporals. "Jimmie" and "Joe" are popular boys, and we congratulate them.

Corporal Singer is sporting a very tight fitting overcoat.

"Postmasters" Morin, Korwan and Mitchell are very glad Christmas comes but once a year. It really must be hard to preserve a straight soldier-like carriage when so many mail bags have to be wrestled with.

We strongly suspect Jack Johannes of having been in the navy at one time, for he appears to have a sweetheart in most every State.

A real Grecian Bend—Harry Triantifillu doing squatting exercises.

There are still some people who are not "Spugs." Corporal Schmeiske received a dazzling green neck tie as a Christmas gift.

We are going to invite those Coney Island "Snow Birds and Polar Bears" to visit our shower baths.

Private "Dink" Robinson's pa and ma paid him a short visit and he gained three pounds

"amid ships" eating mess in camp and then joining them at the Hotel Gresham for another "feed."

Mrs. L. Gosselin has just departed after a short visit with her son.

The weather in the Sunny South is not what it is cracked up to be. Ask Walter Puckhaber, he brought his cotton bathing suit down with him.

—T. K.

**COMPANY "H," 106TH INFANTRY.**

Sergeant Klinger, of our company, refused to eat his Christmas dinner with the squad of his platoon, as he believed in eating with his rank. But the squad took it very coolly as they thought he was rank enough to eat by himself.

He Will Learn.

While doing his bit in the kitchen taming pots, Private Hewlett was asked by the Mess Sergeant to get two copies of the **Gas Attack** from the canteen.

Hewlett stood with a smile on his face and chirped: "The last time I was on kitchen detail the Mess Sergeant sent me for a liver saw, so I refuse to go on any more fool errands." S. B.