



"There, little horsie, don't you cry,
You'll be a beefsteak, bye and bye."

FIELD HOSPITAL CO. 107.

Although Christmas has "came and went," the Yuletide Festivities enjoyed by the enlisted men of the company, the officers and their wives, will long be cherished by all as a reminiscence of one of the cheeriest get-together parties they have attended.

The spirit of the season emanated from every one in the company, from the Major to the "buck privates." The officers and their wives acted as Messrs. and Mesdames "S. Claus" and plied their vocation after our sumptuous dinner was "buried with full military honors."

Our two Christmas trees were laden with useful gifts and luxuries for the "boys," but were far too diminutive to hold all the presents, so an improvised rack was pressed into service. These gifts were distributed in a novel way which provoked a great deal of mirth. Although the officers acted in the role of "Santa," they were not forgotten in the slogan "'tis better to give than to receive."

At seven-thirty in the evening a vaudeville show was staged in the "Fie Hosco Theatre," and all present voted the performance a success.

The lessees were convinced of this by the fact that none of the "talent" were injured. For details on the evening's performance see "Zit."

A handsome oak victrola and more than half a hundred assorted records, among the many gifts to the company, are transform-

ing our ultra decorated Mess Hall into a Club Room.

Hawthorne, our new instructor in Terpsichorean Art is kept busy these balmy days—so is the victrola. M.

SANITARY DETACHMENT, 106TH INF.

The boys of the Sanitary Detachment of the 106th Inf. were the guests of Major and Mrs. L. A. Salisbury at a Christmas dinner, at which the boys had hoped that Mess Sgt. Sutton would gather a few hints. Old boy Sutton, however, gathered everything he could in the line of eats but passed up all the hints.

"Merry Christmas or the Joys of Allotments."

In Two Parts.

Time: Christmas Eve. Place: Mess-shack, San. Det. 106th Inf.

Part 1. Scene 1. The boys gathered around mess-tables registering smiles on their more or less bright faces, joyous in their anticipation of receiving their overdue reward from their generous Uncle Sam; the boss seated behind two slim stacks of greenbacks with payroll in front of him. The C. O. speaks: "Fletcher". Old Sorrel Top advances and stands in front of C. O. with palm outstretched and a foolish grin on his freckled map. "Let's see," the Boss pauses and figures payroll. "Fletcher, you owe the government \$5.00."

Close up: Fletcher registering anger, dejection and bewilderment, close up diminishes with Fletcher disappearing in distance on a still, oh, so still hunt for Sgt. Hatter.

Part 1, Scene 2. Scene 1 except that Dapper Daniels plays the lead. Same as Close up: Daniels registering mirthless. Mirth disappears in the wake of Fletcher.

Part 2, Scene 1. The same boys registering disgust, dejection and a desire to kill, giving three cheers for our Allotment Expert, G. Berry.

Part 2, Scene 2. (Quick flash) G. Berry entering mess-shack.

Close up: Berry disappearing over the hills towards Spartanburg pursued by the boys daring him to stop. V.

JEWISH SOLDIERS ENTERTAINED.

The Jews of Spartanburg are doing their utmost to make things comfortable for the Jewish boys in the ranks of the 27th Division. The temple "Benai Israel" has opened its doors to them for religious services. Many of the boys visit the homes of the Jewish population of this enterprising city, and speak highly of the courtesies they receive and the welcome accorded them. The Jewish Board for Welfare Work has its representative here, Mr. Isidor Dominitz, whose painstaking efforts have resulted in increasing the good and welfare of the Jewish boys in the ranks.