

BATTERY F, 105TH FIELD ARTILLERY.

We are all still alive although most of us feel half dead out here in these Blue Ridge Mountains.

We still have our old friend, Bill Longheed, who can peddle the Bull Durham faster than you can smoke it, but when it comes to rattling the bones he sure is there.

Jack Weir got frozen feet in bed one night and now he goes to bed with his spurs on to keep them warm. (Editor's Note: We didn't know that spurs ever kicked at the cold).

Sgt. Reinecke is all smiles because he managed to get his horse to trot.

Troop Sgt. Major Bolger is still wondering when reveille is going to be at ten o'clock, and has made up a new little ditty which he lives up to.

The work is hard,
The pay is small,
Cop a nap and "fool" them all.

Now that the holidays are over and all the packages are gone, that old disease has returned which is called the "gimmies" and Joe Fitzpatrick is very ill with it, but we all hope he comes out O. K.

Who said horseshoers don't shoe horses at nights? Jack Timlin "shoos" them in his sleep. What say you, Johnny?

Corp. Van Cura is now known as Tent Marshal, because he directed the movement of troops from under the covers.

Sgt. Kelly is now acting as Top Sgt. Good luck, Joe, we are all with you.

—"One of Us."

AMBULANCE CO. 108.

Corporal Robbins is again in our midst after spending a ten-day furlough in the Empire State. While home he played the title role in that screaming farce—"A Modern Romeo."

"Possum" Louden, a regular Beau Brummell up in Masonville, by gosh, has lately acquired a most deplorable habit of appearing at reveille without his hair neatly combed and brushed. Naughty, naughty.

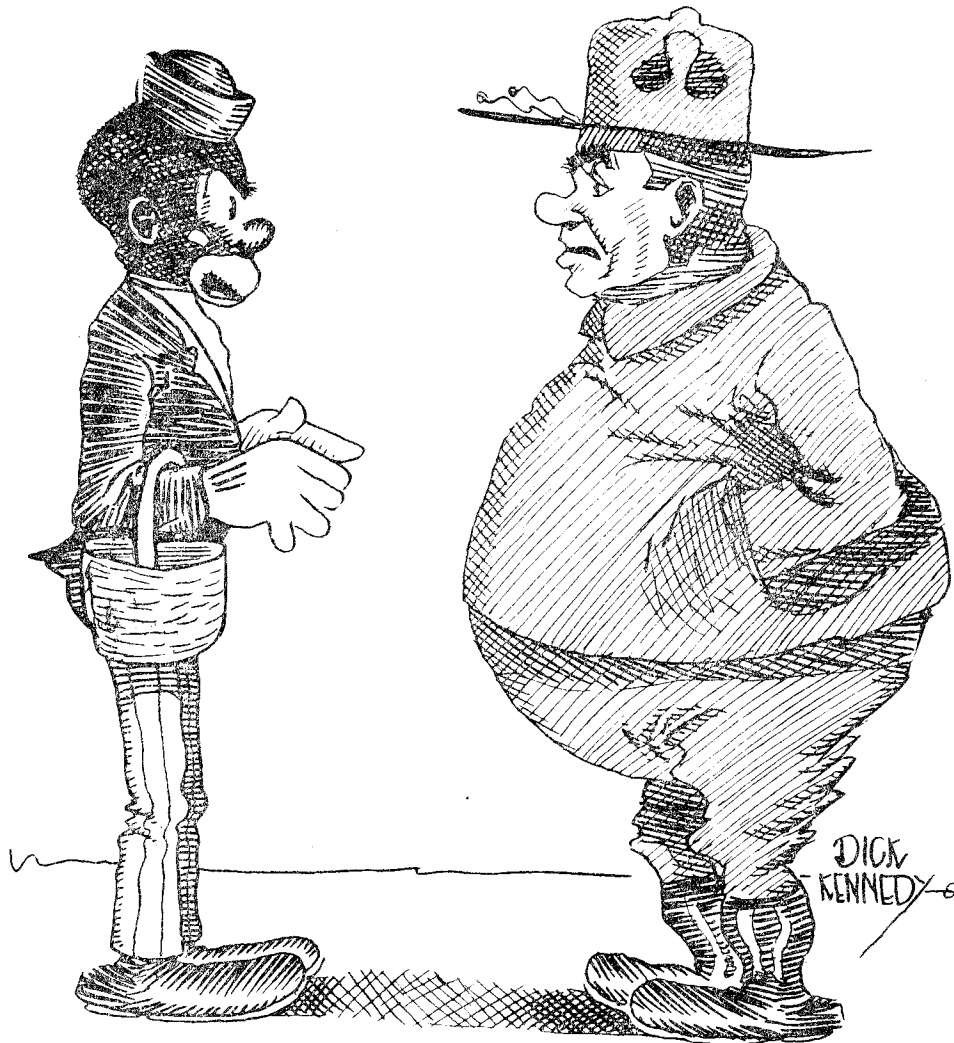
Joe Desmond wanted his name in the paper. We don't know what to say about him, except that he's a cook. We can't go much further than that.

The S. H. quartette wishes to thank Farrier Dacey for his discovery of that touching ballad, "Bob White."

All of our ambulances have been confiscated by the quartermaster. This means, of course, that we will be sent across immediately—company rumor No. 343.

Two of our sergeants who are in the officers training school spent Sunday with us, wearing their new red, white and blue hat cords. At mess one of the bright and shining lights of the third section asked: "Say, barber, can I get a hair-cut to-day?"

Tom Cartledge, our expert ambulance driver, took his turn at bare-back riding the other morning. After doing a regular Paul Revere past the Field Hospital companies, he alighted slowly and gracefully among the



"Sam, why don't you enlist?"
"Captain, I'd like to, 'deed I would. But then they might make me wear spiral puttees and I'd ketch the disease."
"What disease?"
"Spiral meningitis!"

mules on the engineers' picket line. His technique was perfect.

Lieutenants Buell and Bagley are with us again, after being laid up a few days with Southern colds.

Privates Goodenough, Keefe, Ling and Divine have been assigned to Sanitary Squad No. 1.
—W. C. R.

CO. M, 105TH INFANTRY.

There is a rumor going about that the R. R. fare to N. Y. is to be only \$8. Far be it from us to spread false reports, but we sure do hope it comes true, as we are due to go home next month.

Pvt. Joe Whalen goes to the canteen daily to eat pancakes and acquire flat feet.

"Battling" Hickey and Kid Morgan had a short bout the other evening. It was short to the extent of one swat from "Batt" to the "Kid's" jaw.

The 15th squad daily prays that "Goo Goo" Hlyviak, the flat foot wonder, will cease borrowing Corp. Matson's boots, soon.

Pvt. Walter Fox, the camouflage artist, is preparing a series of lectures for the Company. Walt has the remarkable ability to take a rake, shovel or pick and completely disguise himself as work.

Special Announcement—Pvt. Bill Nies has been appointed hydrant inspector.

It is said that Corp. Anson has a disappearing squad. Anyway, we know he spends most of his time looking them up for details.

Yes! Yes! If you don't believe Brock Hughes has a new line of "Gas," ask the cooks.

And at last the miracle has come to pass—Corp. Patsy O'Connor, the boy with the ambition, was actually seen pushing a wheelbarrow yesterday. We wouldn't believe it, only we saw it happen.

—F. B. R. JR.