



Private Butternut—What's your horse's name?  
 Private Hickory—Vesuvius!  
 Private Butternut—Why? Because he is so fiery?  
 Private Hickory—Naw—because he is covered with eruptions. Giddap, Vesuvius.

**AMBULANCE CO. NO. 105, 102ND SANITARY TRAIN.**

When Private "Foggy" Maynard, distinguished among the "mixed nuts" of tent squad No. 1, left the company street shortly after retreat on Tuesday, January 15, he was at peace with all the world and thoughts of home and wifey in Spartanburg lightened his steps as he ploughed through the deep, sticky Carolina mud on the way to the notorious P. & N. Spartanburg local.

Finally clambering on board he managed to squeeze himself into half of one of the seats and soon found himself in conversation with his seatmate who proved to be an artilleryman. Several interesting bits of camp gossip changed hands and the talk finally swung into a heated discussion as to the method used in wiring the electric lights which illuminated the car, Private Maynard confidently asserting that the removal of any one of the bulbs would throw the car into semi-darkness.

To settle all doubts in the mind of the artilleryman he stood up and loosened the

bulb nearest him and as the interior of the car darkened, a chorus of indignant protests arose from the other passengers in the car. In the resulting confusion the bulb slipped from the grasp of the flustered private and burst with a loud report as it hit the floor.

Unluckily for Maynard, the commander of the Military Police happened to be one of the passengers and despite the frenzied protests of the unfortunate benedict, he ordered the culprit to be put under arrest and now friend "Foggy" is listed for no one knows what. "Hard luck, old top! A little knowledge is sometimes a dangerous thing, isn't it?"

During the past week the members of this company have been favored with several very interesting lectures on the care of the teeth and most of the audience are now sadder but wiser men.

Lack of canvas with which to patch the holes that had been burned in some of the tents made the occupants of several of the tents very uncomfortable during the steady

downpour of hail and rain that visited us on January 12. Those in squad No. 5 suffered the most as lack of extra tentage had prevented them from replacing the one ruined by their New Years' fire, and they were forced to move bag and baggage to adjoining tents where men were absent on furlough. New tents arrived last Sunday and No. 5 squad is once more together.

Two big bunches of enlisted men, accompanied by Pvt 1st Class "Cuckoo" Gomon, and Privates Short, Parkhurst, "Tonsorial" Dessert, and the Bunch Brothers started for Syracuse Wednesday on 10-day furloughs and "Hank" Snyder, "King George" Collins, "Rosy" Phelps, Cook Nickels, Ernie Littlewood, and Walt Kurtz found time to reassure their tentmates that the Salt City still stands, that Snell's Academy is running full blast (Oh, Boy!) and on a hundred and one other questions.

Private 1st Class Jack Layden announces the completion of the program for our second entertainment which will take place

(Continued on page 24)