

HAPPY HOLIDAYS

The holiday season is finally over and as was expected—the year did end on a good note. HHB saw its holiday spirit conclude with some vocal celebrating. The officers and the Enlisted Men both spent much of Christmas Eve caroling, saluting the birth of Christ the King. New Year's Eve's harmonizing was also something to behold and most likely will always be remembered by those who did participate.

ANIMAL FARM

The battery's managerie of pets has recently zoomed skyward. After the loss of many of our canine friends, the battery took measures to restore our zoo to respectable standards. "Sam" the cat was soon accompanied by a fowl pair, a goose and a wild turkey. "Goosie Gander" and Tom "The Bomb" Turkey have been seen waddling around the battery area; however, the carnivorous beasts that inhabit the battery have been eying them closely as they fatten up. It is expected that our animal farm will soon be devoured.

HAVE NO MERCY

The battalion's S-1 section stood in amazement as they watched their Christmas tree turn brown. Not only did it signal the end of the holiday season; moreover, it was the first time on record that an artificial tree had turned brown. The brain trust pooled, the astute S-1 team came up with the solution to this most peculiar situation. As with everything else, Quan Loi's clouds of red dust had no mercy and even S-1's "Ole Tannenbaum" was transformed into an ugly red brown conically shaped object.

FIVE REENLIST

HHB recently had five of its members reenlist for terms of three years. Those who took advantage of their tax-free VRB were: SP4 Charles Brown, SP4 Charles Rice SP4 Dwight Poston, SP4 Kenneth Vanderbogart, and SP4 Larkin Tucker. The Re-Up five are all enjoying their 30-day Reenlistment Leave but will soon be enjoying their remaining service agreement.

AND IF EVERYONE LIT JUST ONE LITTLE CANDLE

Recently, the HHB nocturnal happenings have been abruptly cut short as the battery power source, an overworked and undernourished 30KW generator has been failing us. Most of the occasions ended with a rousing chorus of the old religions standby, "And If Everyone Lit Just One Little Candle", and of course all of the parties were strickly BYOC-- Bring Your Own Candle.