CHICK SPRINGS HOTEL
CHICK SPRINGS, S. C.

Opens the first of May at the urgent request of military authorities to care for army men and their families. Chick Springs, famous for years as a Southern resort owing to the curative qualities of the water, is located on the direct line of the P. & N. Electric Railway (station on hotel grounds) midway between Spartanburg and Greenville.

The hotel is new, modern and situated on the crest of hill overlooking a large open air swimming pool and well-kept lawns with the Blue Ridge Mountains as a background only a short distance away.

Chick Springs Hotel will be operated on the American Plan and will be the social center of all military activity, with two cedar hardwood dancing floors, private dining rooms, roof garden, orchestra and open air attractions.

Owing to the crowded condition of Spartanburg and Greenville immediate reservations are suggested.

Under Management of W. C. MacKENZIE, Formerly Strand and Shelburne Hotels, Atlantic City, N. J.

First Aid To The Soldiers

Eastman Agency for Kodaks, Kodak Films and Supplies, and Vest Pocket Cameras. We have enlarged our Camera and Film department, and a new and complete stock of Cameras and accessories have just arrived.

TOILET ARTICLES
Tooth Brushes
Tooth Paste
Creams and Powders
Ligon's Toilet Articles of best quality for ladies.

SAFETY RAZORS
Gillette
Gem
Ever-Ready
Auto Strap
Enders and Penn

LIGON'S
PRESCRIPTION SPECIALISTS AND FIRST CLASS DRUGS
Corner of North Church and Main Streets
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That's All—

Don't toss this number of the *Gas Attack* away. Send it up North. Let the folks know what sort of Division we have. Some day you'll be glad you saved *Gas Attacks*. 
When We Come Back

When we come back, remember . . . the things we planned to do:
The little house upon the hill with room enough for two,
The casement with the ivy, the grass so soft and deep,
The singing roof where drops of rain would lull the night to sleep.

You said you'd hold me tight and never let me go again,
You'd kiss each scar upon my face, and every mark of pain;
When we come back, remember—you laughed when it was said—
I might be out an arm, but you would hug me twice instead.

I'll know you will have suffered far more than even I,
I'll know the sleepless nights when you could only walk and cry.
Remember, proud of heart, dear, if I should chance to fall,
You'd rather I had not come back, than never go at all.

Remember all the nonsense we said we'd talk at night
When, leaning on the swinging gate, we'd watch the stars in flight;
And don't forget the roses, the tinkling, leafy brook,
And how—you did, you know it—you said you'd learn to cook.

When we come back, remember . . . the things we planned to do:
The little house upon the hill with room enough for two,
The casement with the ivy, the road a winding track,
The little house upon the hill, and . . . and—when we come back!

Rembrandts in Khaki Show Pictures

First Salon of New York Division Academy Great Success.

The idea of a New York Division Academy and a grand salon or art exhibit originated, as far as diligent research can ascertain, at one of the Sunday morning meetings of the G. William Breck Chowder and Social Club held in the quaint studio of the Seventh Regiment Gazette, which, as all the members of the Wadsworth Latin Quarter know, is situated under the neo-Doric mess-shack of the Machine Gun Company of the 107th Infantry, which, in the four old days, was the old New York Seventh, you know.

G. William Breck himself, president, founder and cook, was probably author of the idea. He was busily preparing the coffee in Editor Yone O'Brien's fatigue hat while Sawtelle and Cutler, bon vivants and Bohemians of more than local notoriety, were scrambling the eggs with a paint brush, when he suddenly said:

"Let's have an art exhibit."

"Let's," assented Artist Raeburn Van Buren.

"Awright," agreed Artist Konkle.

"I don't care if we do," assissed Artist Card, reminiscently.

"I won't bust out crying if we do," said Camoufluer Lauren Stout, who was busy sketching vampires on the wall with a piece of burnt toast.

Hostesses' House a Louvre.

So they had it last week at the Hostesses' House, whose walls Colonel Bertha M. Loehe, commander of that admirable institution, donated for the purpose. Division artists were invited to contribute and they did. Visitors came from as far as Tryon to aim an eye at the exhibit. Everyone said it was fine and weren't those soldier boys just too clever for anything.

The pictures were hung in the spacious lounge of what some of the tribes on this reservation affectionately call "the club." Nobody was slid and no blue ribbons or gold medals were awarded, so, aside from a few females who suffered shell-shock at Stout's conception of a salamander, there were no casualties. Of course, several of the artists got stiff necks, craning them to hear what the visitors were saying about their pictures, but war is war.

Mr. Stout's Maxims.

Stout's contributions, showing the wide range of his talent, ran the gamut from what one sees at the tables at the Matamora Club in Bustanoby's 39th street champagne spa to subdued restful sketches of picturesque tumble down South Carolina farm-houses.

Stout is not scared of colors. His biggest picture "the black fan" (which, of course, he gives a French name) has a background of gold, visible in Hendersonville. The lady on it is typically Stoutian. On seeing her you immediately hide your watch. Another one of his vampires is labeled "11:45." She is on a background of red, and has green ear rings the size of eggs. A quaint little decorative border of gold, blue, black and white stripes completes the picture. Of course she has the inevitable pousse cafe before her. None of Stout's ladies would enjoy South Carolina. He is said to have a sequel to "11:45" in the course of preparation. It is called "1:15." We'd like to see it. His "Salamander" makes Theda Bara look like a nun. She is very untamed.

Just to show his versatility, Stout contributes a little landscape, "Dusk in the Blue Ridge," in which the hazy colors melt and shadows is perhaps the daintiest piece of work on view. "The Return from the Trenches," "General O'Ryan's Tent," and "After the Review" are excellent. So much for the G. William side of him. The Bill side comes out in a smashing Boardman Robinsonish picture of two convict street cleaners in the striped suits which are calculated to effect the reform of the men. As Bill has shown the slinking men, one can see the stripes on their souls, too. "Pay Day at Yaphank" is a scream.

Hull's Swanky Pictures.

Harry Hall has two ultra pictures on view. You know him, he's that "Siren." He sums it up in One is "On Leave," in which neither the man nor the woman have any appreciable eyes. The other is "Lucky Dog," also showing a soldier on leave being ministered to by a sophisticated young lady.

Hall's work has the firm, sure, clean-cut feature in the leading magazines of the country for some years. He has the ease and grace of the professional.

Judson Card introduces us to two statur­

"Isabelle and Francine." They are very lovely ladies indeed, delicately colored and with an expression about their fur­

"The Siren." There is plenty of life in the drawings shown by Van Buren, whose work has been a feature in the leading magazines of the country for some years. He has the ease and grace of the professional.

Cutler's Posters.

Merritt Dana Cutler shows three poster­

"The Outpost," "Fo' de' lan's sake," and "Pome cake," in which he invests the South with oriental color. Cutler's use of color reminds one of Joseph Urban on a stick. It is most effective. Cutler says that his pictures are frankly posters, meant to catch the eye. He has even left space where the words "Use Blevitch's Shelter-Halves." "Try O`Cohen's Bass Drums, They Can`t Be Beat" might be inserted to advantage. They are the sort of pictures The Inland Printer would delight to reproduce by "its new four color process." They were the bright bits of the show, and if Cutler could have heard what some of the critics said of them he..."
A WORD TO READER AND CONTRIBUTOR.

This number marks a change in the management of the Gas Attack. Up to this time the Gas Attack has been under the direction of the Camp Wadsworth Army Young Men's Christian Association, which started a Camp paper early in the autumn of 1917 and asked the men of the 27th Division to co-operate in editing a magazine which would be worthy of the Division representing the Empire State and the Y. M. C. A. with them.

The Association has stood sponsor for the enterprise which has cost nearly $50,000, but the men in the Division have made the enterprise possible.

Were it not for the advisory direction of Major General John F. O'Ryan, Lieut. Colonel Franklin W. Ward and Camp Y. M. C. A. General Secretary Ernest W. Leslie, there would not have been so great a co-operation between the men of the Division and the Y. M. C. A., which united their forces to produce a creditable paper. Editor Richard Connell has spent great energy and manifested marked ability in his editorial work. Charles Divine, our poet of sunshine, who was called by the Literary Digest the Kipling of America, has enriched the Gas Attack by his frequent poems, his "Ideas of Ethelburt Jellyback." Lieutenant Edward Streeter, in "A Soldier's Letters to His Sweetheart," has made a page of the Gas Attack as popular as any page in any American periodical. Sport Editor Fred J. Ashley has made his department attractive and popular. Walter A. Davenport has given weekly feature articles which have brought forth commendation from numerous and eminent sources. The artists who have adorned and illustrated the covers and the inner pages of the Gas Attack gave to it an appearance which though modest, needed no apology when compared with a metropolitan periodical. The editors, contributors, artists, all have worked without stint or pay. Generally there was sufficient material furnished from the different sources to produce two or three magazines slightly inferior to the Gas Attack, but all could not be published, and yet no offense was taken by those who were not among the fortunate contributors.

No periodical can run without financing. The Gas Attack, in order to be a periodical costing twice its subscription price, had to gain a reputation among the greater advertisers. This task has been done by Regimental Supply Sergeant Gaylord W. Elliott, whose advertising management has made the Gas Attack a paying proposition and an advertising medium sought out by the best national advertisers. No doubt no other American Division could have furnished superior contributors of news, art, wit and humor.

It is with great regret that the change is necessary, but be it understood that circumstances, not volition, caused the change. The Gas Attack will be published in the near future by the Division. There will probably be some times of temporary suspension in publication owing to necessary circumstances, but resumption will take place as soon as possible each time. Any suspension will be made with apology to the reader. In other words, the Gas Attack will be published unless war duties suspend it. The editor will be like the lad, who, while saying his prayers, was tickled by his little sister. He said, "O Lord, excuse me two minutes while I lick the devil out of sister." In the religious duties of publishing the Gas Attack there may be times that Bill must be disciplined.

All subscribers can have subscriptions refunded on parts of unexpired subscriptions by applying to the Y. M. C. A., Camp Wadsworth, within the next ten days, after which time all subscription funds will be handed to the Division, which will assume the obligations of future deliveries.

We wish to thank the public for their liberal support and co-operation.

Most sincerely,

J. S. KINGSLEY.
A Soldier’s Letter to His Sweetheart

Dere Mable

I guess I was born with a silver spoon in my mouth though up to now I thought Id swallowed it. I told you Id make you happy some day. Now Im goin to. Im comin home on a furlow.

I always wished theyd kristened me something besides Smith till now. Theres a fello named Hank Smith what lives two tents down with a red nose and hair that hangs down under his hat. His mother wrote the Captin and said she was din. She said she didnt expect to live more than forty-eight (48) hours or however long it took Hank to get home.

The Captin thought it was me. He called me up an says “Smith your mother is sinkin rapidly.” I couldnt believe that though cause she wouldnt never go near any place where they was water. Then he read me the letter. I knew right away it was Hank Smiths mother cause he was figarin last week on the most likely one to kill of sos he could get home.

I never let on though. Quick. Thats me all over, Mable. I says “Geo, thats to bad like I was all broke up. And then I said “Shes the only mother I ever had Captin.” I said it so sad that I almost got myself cryin. And the Captin says “Well Smith, you been workin pretty hard an need a change. Ill give you a ten day furlow to go home to the railroad ticket so you see the trip aint goin to cost me a cent. I bet youll be glad to get to know him.

Im comin up Mable just as soon as I can borrow enough close and the like. It seemed to me when I used to lay out my stuff for inspection Saturday mornings that I had enough junk to equip the draft army. I just been lookin over my stuff to find something to wear home. It makes a fello feel enough junk to equip the draft army. I start savin thrift stamps. I got pretty near two books full. Angus says its gotta be more. When you get enough you get some dandy things. I wrote the premium department at Wash D. C. for one of their catalogs. I want to get a mandolin as soon as I get enough. Joe Loomis is savin for a Ukalyly. I hope it takes more stamps than he can ever save.

I started savin thrift stamps. I got pretty near two books full. Angus says its gotta be more. When you get enough you get some dandy things. I wrote the premium department at Wash D. C. for one of their catalogs. I want to get a mandolin as soon as I get enough. Joe Loomis is savin for a Ukalyly. I hope it takes more stamps than he can ever save.

I got to stop now an borrow some money to come home on. I think Hank Smith got some. Hid be awful sore if he knew I was goin home on his furlow.

I just found your picture at the bottom of my barrack bag. It gave me an awful shock first. Then I remembered that my bob-nailed shoes had been sittin on it. I wouldnt care though even if you did look like that. Cents before beauty. Thats me all over, Mable.

Yours till I see you

BILL.

The Gas Attack last week received this letter from Colonel Roosevelt:

“Three cheers for the ‘Gas Attack’ and for all my comrades at Camp Wadsworth! May you meet my four sons on the other side.

“Faithfully yours,

Theodore Roosevelt.”

COMMISSION FOR CAMOUFLAGE ART.

Sergt. Linwood P. Ames of division headquarters, has been commissioned a second Lieutenant and assigned to duty with the 106th infantry.

Lient. Ames, who is a well-known artist, has been in active charge of the Division Camouflage School, and is rated as one of the most expert camouflage artists in the country.
SPLENDID RECORD MADE BY 102d MILITARY POLICE

Report Shows Efficiency of Major Shanton's Command.

"Your brassard is not a club. You must treat every man with the greatest courtesy. But if it is necessary to start anything, be sure you finish it."

"The Military Policeman must be the neatest, cleanest, smartest, most courteous, and most efficient soldier in the service because he is the most conspicuous."

"You are the friend of the other soldiers; see to it that you retain their friendship and respect by the way you perform your duties."

These are excerpts from talks given by Major T. Harry Shanton to the 102d Military Police when they first came to Camp Wadsworth early in September to undertake the man-sized job of acting as police force for a city of 30,000 able-bodied male citizens. How well the men have caught the spirit of these instructions was shown last week when the 102d Military Police were highly commended by Major-General O'Ryann in a letter printed in the Gas Attack last week.

Unquestionably the military police have won the respect of the men of the division. There has been a minimum of friction, due, to a great extent, to the fact that Major Shanton and the other officers of the 102d M. P. have been constantly on the alert to prevent any man being officious or dominating in the discharge of his duties. Courtesy first has been the rule.

Immorality of every sort has been hunted down and suppressed until Spartanburg, like the celebrated soap, is 99 and 44-100th per cent. pure.

The M. P.'s have become especially well known for their attention to the important details of military courtesy. Saluting is one of Major Shanton's hobbies, and every M. P. has learned to click to attention in the presence of an officer. They have also become excellent horsemen, and are one of the few outfits in the division who can do both cavalry and infantry drill.

There isn't a question but that the excellent record they have made over here will be continued over there. The detailed report of the activities of the 102d M. P., together with the letter sent by Major Shanton in submitting the report to the commanding general follow:

Headquarters 102d Military Police, Camp Wadsworth, S. C.

April 13th, 1918.

From, Commanding Officer 102d Military Police.

To: Commanding General, 27th Division.

U. S. A.

Subject: Report.

1. Appended hereto, a recapitulation of the work done by the 102d Military Police from September 11th, 1917, to March 31st, 1918, within the camp zone. This does not include, however, the great number of soldiers who have been corrected in one way or another for minor violations, and each of the arrests recorded, have been bona-fide.

2. I am very proud of the work done, and the manner in which it has been accomplished by the Military Police, and very few cases of importance have escaped their vigilance. This work, I believe, has been done without creating any ill feeling between the Military Police and soldiers belonging to other units, and with the civil and county authorities and has been done at all times without undue publicity or notoriety.

T. HARRY SHANTON,
Major, Commanding.

Headquarters 102d Military Police, Spartanburg, S. C.

April 19th, 1918.

Consolidated Report of Military Police Blotter from September 11th, 1917, to March 31st, 1918, Town of Spartanburg, S. C.

Violation of camp regulations:

No pass or qualification cards; failing to salute; not properly uniformed

Fraudulent furloughs

Intoxication

Cashing and forging worthless checks

White and colored women; soliciting for immoral purposes; prostitutes

Assisted civil authorities in making arrests; violators of liquor traffic laws

For gambling

Apprehension of auto thieves

Camp Wadsworth, A. W. O. L.; 386 confined

Taken from trains in and around Spartanburg, S. C., from other camps:

Camp Sewater, Greenville, S. C.; 124

Camp Hancock, Augusta, Ga.; 27

Camp McClellan, Anniston, Ala.; 43

Camp Gordon, Atlanta, Ga.; 3

ANOTHER CHANCE FOR COMMISSION.

Fourth Officers Training Schools Open May 15th.

The fourth officers' training camps will open May 15, at various divisional camps and cantonments, Secretary Baker has announced.

The secretary said that two per cent of the enlisted personnel of the divisions and detached units of the regular army, national guard and national army, excepting the coast artillery and the various corps will be designated to attend the schools. This procedure, he said, will operate through regular army channels.

In addition there will be admitted all graduating members of senior divisions, reserve officers' training corps units, who have completed the course prescribed for the reserve officers' corps, and all members of the advance, senior divisions, of the corps, who by May 15, have completed one year of the advanced course, and who have had 500 hours of military instruction since January 1, 1917, under supervision of an army officer.

In addition, a number of men who have had a year's military training under army officers, at any time during the past ten years, in educational institutions, recognized by the war department, will be admitted. All applications must be filed by May 1.

The several educational institutions recognized by the government, the secretary said, have been assigned quotas and they shortly will be advised as to the method of selecting candidates.

DIES OF INJURIES RECEIVED AT RANGE.

Private Alexander Polaski, of Battery A, 106th Field Artillery, died at the Base Hospital, April 17th, as the result of injuries sustained on April 9, at the artillery range when a gun caisson ran over him. Polaski received internal injuries in the accident and although everything known to medical science was done for him by the medical officers at the Base Hospital under Major W. R. Dear, he failed to rally.

Camp Grant, Rockford, Ill. .... 1

Camp Greene, Charlotte, N. C. .. 36

Camp Lee, Petersburg, Va. .... 3

Camp Jackson, Columbia, S. C. .. 3

Camp Hill, Newport News, Va. ... 1

Camp Forrest, Chickamauga

Paris, Ga. .......................... 1

Deserters from draft: ........................... 6
Go northward on my turough. I was at the con­
tactor, who handed me in change, several of the dirt-
most yellow-looking bills I ever con­
fronted. I protested.

The conductor astounded me by his reply:
"They shoot so much crap in the South," he explained, "tossing the money and the dice on the dusty ground that I ain't seen a clean, fresh dollar bill since the snow went away."

How quaint, I thought. Also, how crude! But there were many quaint incidents which I encountered on my journey to New York. One of them was the trial through which I passed in making connections at Washington.

I had eight minutes to catch that train known as the Congressional Limited. What, with the pushing crowds in the big station, I became frantic. I dashed through a multicolor sea of uniforms toward the ticket office. I had four minutes left. I flung myself toward the Pullman ticket office. Another mob. I saw that if I waited my turn at the window I would miss the Congres­
sional Limited. So, getting out of line and breath, I dashed to the train-gate. The ticket puncher refused to let me pass with­
out a parlor-car ticket. I dashed back to the ticket window. Two minutes left! I reached the window after jockeying around a fidgety woman, who fluttered about like the nervous energy of a misspent life.

"Oh!" I cried, "how I would like to skull-drug her!"

That phrase, "skull-drug," is one of the latest bits of slang. It smacks of the primi­
tive, and harks back to the days when brave men handled the fair sex about by the hair of their head.

The Fever of Traveling.
The ticket agent told me he could sell no more parlor-car tickets because the diagram had gone to the train.

"There's another train at four seven on track fifteen," he said.

"But I don't want it," I retorted. "I dis­
tinctly desire the four o'clock train on track Seventeen." There was half a minute left! I ran back to the gate. The ticket-puncher again re­
fused to let me pass track seventeen, so, my ingenuity taxed to its utmost, I scurried through the gate to track fifteen and, once inside, I ran slyly over to track Seventeen and boarded the train I wanted. The Pullman conductor said he'd let me sit in the smoker. I got in. The engine puffed. The train proceeded. I perspired. All of which brought me to the amazing conclusion that it's harder to get into the Congressional Limited than it is into Con­
gress... Several hours later—New York! What joy, what exhilaration, in the humming streets and teeming canyons. What pleasant days were spent in Fifth Avenue! I had best not dwell upon them; I would be the envy of all my fellow soldiers. Suffice to say that I returned to camp when my leave was ended.

He Goes to Gas School.
I was at once sent to the gas school. My first lesson consisted in learning how to ad­
just on my countenance that contrivance of rubber and cloth known as a gas mask.

Of course, there is a manual of the gas mask. In the army there is a manual for everything. But I don't particularly fancy the present manual of the gas mask, by which you put the mask on by the numbers, and so I have devised a manual of my own. It follows:

One, you stroll leisurely across the drill ground, enjoying the view and breathing God's pure air. Two, some crude officer hollers: "Gas shell!" Three, everybody grabs for his gas mask and gets his hands all mixed up with the tube and straps. Four, you get your mask on and look at the fel­
low next to you, who looks like a face in a nightmare. Five, your mask smells like the inside of a dentist's office. Six, it tastes worse. Seven, the instructor tells you you've got it on wrong! Dickie Darling and I got into a heated argument over the appearance of the mask. Our disagreement reached the point where we confronted each other belligerently. I shook my index finger in Dickie's goggle.

Mugrums, the Peacemaker.
"I insist that it looks like a gargoyl of the period of Louis XIV," declared Dickie violently.

"No, of the period of Louis XV!" I cried.

"Aw, quit yer fightin'!", said Mugrums.

"Split the difference an' make it Louie the fourteenth an' a half."

Mugrums had been so impressed by the pictured horrors of being gassed that he said he was going to keep his mask on until the war is over.

"And are you going to purchase a safety suit?" I asked.

"What's that?"

"It is a suit of rubber, I believe, which prevents exposure and keeps you afloat in the event a submarine should torpedo your vessel."

"Where do they issue 'em, Ethelburt?"

"They are not an issue. They may be procured for a dollar or two."

"Then why isn't everyone wearing one?"

"I dunno whether I get-cha or not, but I know that the Mugrums family has planned to use my insurance in a season at Palm Beach."

The instructor came up. He had all he could do to get Mugrums to remove his mask. The crude fellow was for keeping it on until, as he said, it rotted off.

"What would you do, Ethelburt, if the enemy started one of them there gas at­
tacks at you and you didn't have your mask on?"

"I'd tell them to go back, that I was not as yet ready to fight."

"Yes, and then people would be looking at you and calling you the 'remainit.'"

THE IDEAS OF ETHELBURT JELLYBACK, PRIVATE.

XXII. On Catching a Train, and Going to Gas School

The Division, by reorganization, was brought up to full war strength but it lost many good men through wholesale transfers to the mechanic regiment at Camp Hancock and the French speaking regiment at Camp Greene and by individual transfers to many other branches of the service.

CORRESPONDENT RAE LEAVES.
Grace Rae, efficient and popular corre­
spondent for the New York Times at Camp Wadsworth for the past eight months, has returned to New York to resume her rep­
torial duties on the city staff. He made many friends in the New York Division, who will miss him.

COL NORTON LEAVES SERVICE.
Col. Frank H. Norton, of the 106th Infan­
try, has been discharged from the service because of physical disability. Lieut. Col. William Taylor of the 108th Infantry, who was commandant of the Officers' Training School has been transferred to the 106th Infantry.

GAS ATTACK

2,200 NEW MEN.
Recruits Arrived from Camp Upton to Fill Up Division.

The Division has been filled to full strength by the addition of 2,200 men, trans­
ferred from the National Army camp at Camp Upton, Yaphank, L. I., N. Y. When they arrived here, most of the men had been in service two weeks. A detail of com­
misioned and non-commissioned officers from the various units in the Division has been detailed to the work of drilling the new men into shape. When they have ad­
vanced far enough in their drilling they will be assigned to the various regiments which need filling up. They were first camped near the Base Hospital.

The Division, by reorganization, was brought up to full war strength but it lost many good men through wholesale transfers to the mechanic regiment at Camp Hancock and the French speaking regiment at Camp Greene and by individual transfers to many other branches of the service.

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LETTERS TO MABLE IN BOOK FORM.
Famous Epistles of Bill Are Now Collected.

"Dere Mable" will be handed down to posterity. She will take her place in fiction with Portia, Becky Sharp, Rowena, Little Eva and other celebrated feminine figures. Bill’s letters to her, which the Gas Attack has been privileged to print weekly, have been collected and illustrated and are now out in book form under the title "Dere Mable, a Rookie’s letters to his Sweetheart."

The author of the letters, as most of the civilized world and part of Germany know, is Lieut. Edward Streeter of the 106th Field Artillery. The letters are illustrated by the inimitable G. William (Bill) Breck of Co. B, 107th Infantry, a distinguished graduate of the Camouflage College, and a professional artist of note in New York City.

Lieut. Streeter, whose home is in Buffalo, started a promising literary career at Harvard University where he was president of the Harvard Lampoon, a college humorous magazine which has graduated a number of now celebrated humorists. He was with the First Cavalry on the border, where he was one of the editors and principal contributors to the Rio Grande Rattler. He came to Camp Wadsworth as a sergeant in the 106th Field Artillery, and by his excellent work won a commission as second lieutenant. He is reputed to know as much about azimuth, as he does about humor, showing that it is possible for a literateur to be a soldier, and vice versa.

Lieut. Streeter discovered Bill Smith, author of the letters, shortly after he was down here and the camp has laughed at William and his weekly epistles ever since.

The letters are printed in attractive form by the F. A. Stokes Co., New York. The book sells for seventy-five cents and is on sale at the Calhoun Office Supply Co., Kennedy Place, Spartanburg. A more interesting souvenir of our stay here isn’t made.

A LAUREL WREATH FROM M. S.

The Gas Attack receives many letters from all over the country confirming our suspicion that the New York Division is SOME division. The least enthusiastic is from a literary young lady who veils her identity under the initials M. S. Among other things she says:

"We people back home know what you are doing. We think you are accomplishing more than any division we know of. You train in real trenches, hike up to the mountains and back, edit a perfectly good and sensible magazine (very unlike LIFE), produce a wonderful show, "You Know Me, Al," walk knee deep in mud and do many other wonderful things!"

We salute M. S. and thank her.

R. E. C.
THE LATEST RUMOR.

The man in the center of this group (you can’t see him) has a sister who has a friend who is married to a second lieutenant who has heard that we leave for Siam by way of Walla Walla, Wash., some Thursday. He has what is commonly known as the “scalding hot dope.” His story will be believed for fully four minutes, when a new man will come in with the latest latest, to-wit, that we are to disguise ourselves as oysters and patrol Chesapeake Bay.
Diplomas for Slum Architects

School is over for the present. The mess sergeants, cooks and students are on their vacation. No more can you hear them brain­
down in the third tent from the mess shack. No more will rations, braising, add­
ing and subtracting fill the air in that vicinity. The papers are in; the lucky ones, who
made the trip to the Home of the Extrait Manual, are back, some crestfallen, others
happy.

The precious documents have been issued, and are being shown by their lucky owners
to their chums and tent mates. When they go over the top in France, rest assured, that
these selfsame parchments will be safely stowed away in the barrack bag, far too
precious to be sent home, to be hung in the parlor and admired by one's sweetheart and
all the neighbors. The careless civies don't know the value of these documents, but the
chow generals and chefs do.

Cook Earl G. Lawrence won the honor in the Division for having the highest aver­
age. We all like handsome Earl and wish him well. We understand that before many
moons pass, he will have three stripes on his arm. Congratulations. Right behind the
pride of the 106th, comes the hope of the 108th, dauntless Wilson. He and his side
kick, Cook Otto with that wonderful name, together with Dickie Alvord of the 108th,
landed all in a bunch. Dickie, sore over his beating by his "once friend," promptly went
to the hospital. We hear, however, that he tried to drown his woes in Spartanburg and
the cause of his present vacation is not sor­
row, but "Bevo." We don't believe it, Rich­
ard. Hope that rumor don't go North.

Dickie McCormick headed the "Doctors," with another Celt by the name of Tierney
not far behind. Bertie Reed, a wearer of the red hat cord, was best for the Trains and
M. P.'s. That Intelligent, stylish-looking chap
in the Ammunition Train who is a freshman
and the ammunition if you care to listen.
Artillery is a fad with Freddie these days.
He thinks a lot of this part of the world and
his Cadillac car, will tell you about the Artillery
and the joys of living in Jer­
seny when he can spare time from Spartan­
burg. The P. & N. sells mileage books 1
understand, and it is no secret that he was
seen to pay his fare to the city of "Apple-O
and Sundae" with one of same, not many
days ago.

The Mystery of the Mess Hall, why does Obie go to town only when it is a dry day?
"Our Scotch" friend "whom royalty and in­
feriority" once smiled upon, that dashing
rookie, Eschbacher, says the doctors have
the cleanest kitchens in camp and is very
proud of them. Why then does he always
come home to his meals?

Mayer, 1st Class Sergeant, the late mayor
of Panama City, and owner of the famous
Cadillac car, will tell you about the Artillery
and the ammunition if you care to listen.
Artillery is a fad with Freddie these days.
He thinks a lot of this part of the world and
I think his next fad will be trips to the
sticks. I understand Kings Mountain is a
great health resort, and have recommended
that he try his Cadillac on that road.

Hats off to the latest best kitchen in camp,
the Field Bakery. One who wandered past
the "Police Station," on his way to look at
the place where they pay on finales, would
hardly recognize the "Inn of Eats." You
have to take your hats off to the noblest
Danes of them all. We enjoy eating these
days.

The Detachment expects to have some ad­
ditions shortly to its numbers. Since the
Pioneers have been taken over, there has
been no rest for the hustling instructors.
We are still marking the castles of steward
and beans and trying to do our bit. Our
motto is "Beat Kaiser Bill. We can't go over.
We'll do it here."

MAJOR HALLAHAN CHIEF SIGNAL
OFFICER.

News of the Signal Battalion by Lieut.
Ireland.

Major William L. Hallahan, commanding
the Battalion for three years, has been ap­
pointed Chief Signal Officer of the Division.
His departure from our immediate command
is a blow that will be felt by all who have
served under him, for even so short a time
as since coming to Camp Wadsworth. We
feel certain that his eye will be upon us
and his good wishes with us wherever we
may fare. Major Arthur L. Howe, lately
acting Chief Signal Officer of the Division,
and for many years a first lieutenant with
us, returns to command the Battalion.

Captain Robert W. Maloney, Co. C, recent
graduate of the Signal Section, School of the
Line, Fort Sill, was honored with an
appointment as Assistant instructor, and
kept on for six weeks, for the course follow­
ing that in which he was student.

Sergeants Burrell, Cathcart, De Wolfe and
Eagle and Corporal Lanchantin made good
at the 27th Division O. T. S., and have be­
come officer candidates and been transferred
to the 106th F. A. as extra members. We
wish them the best of success, and early
commissions.

M. S. E. Wishart and Sergeants Fowler,
Hall, Terry, Tuna and Wilshusen, all gradu­
ated successfully from the S. O. R. T. C.
at Camp Samuel F. B. Morse, Oklahoma,
and are returning with the white badge of
honor. Sergeant Terry led the school of 490
graduates, and has already received his com­
mision as 2nd Lieutenant.

The work of installing a permanent tele­
phone from the ranges to Campobello is
proceeding steadily, despite thoroughly ad­
verse conditions of weather and transporta­
tion. The Battalion has been out on three
two-day field exercises and benefited much
from the practice, even though both friendly
and hostile troops were only stimulated.

1ST LIEUT. GORDON IRELAND.

STILL GOING.

One of the numerous privates that help
make up the 106th infantry wanted a fur­
lough. He thus declared himself to his
captain.

"Sir," he began, "I have the first sergeant's
permission to speak to the captain."

"Well?" demanded the captain.

"Sir," the youth resumed, "I would like a
furlough."

The captain glared for a few seconds and
then growled.

"About Face!"

The doughboy turned sharply about.

"Forward, March!" commanded the cap­
tain.

The supplicant obeyed.

Eight days later the captain received from
the boy, the following telegram from Syra­
"Sir, where shall I halt."

C. L. H.
GAS ATTACK

CANTEEN TEAM WORKERS, TUESDAY'S TEAM.

Reading from left to right, standing: Miss Margaret Suckley, Mrs. J. M. Wainwright, Captain, Miss Eleanor Edson, Miss Mary Turk, Mrs. Button, Miss Frances de Peyster; seated, they are: Miss Fonrose Wainwright, Miss Elizabeth Suckley, Mrs. Hancock, Mrs. Ruxton, Mrs. Ashton de Peyster, Mrs. George Schiefflin, Miss Lulu Ceballos, Mrs. William Lesher, Mrs. Douglas Despard, Miss Lois Keith.

THE "CANTEEN."

At Least One Place in Town Where Prices Are Low.

The Canteen in Spartanburg for the soldiers at Camp Wadsworth has been one of the most successful and interesting works that has been undertaken for the men. The Canteen is managed by a number of women, principally the wives and relations of officers who give their services and sell food to the men at cost. The object of this work is to have a place where the men may have a quiet environment and good food at reasonable prices.

Each day of the week has a different hostess or "Captain" and a working team of 25 or 30 women. These women wear uniform of French blue, apron and cap with a Red Cross. The work has outgrown its present surroundings. An old building has been taken and operations are now under way to make a place where the soldier may have his food on attractive tables on screened piazzas under trees. The building is on Main street, opposite the Cleveland Hotel, next to the Soldiers' Club.

All work is volunteer; all contributions voluntary. Mrs. Bondinot Keith, Cleveland Hotel, is treasurer.

102ND FIELD SIGNAL BATTALION.

It is with joy and gladness that we grasp our Remington firmly between our knees preparatory to dashing off these few journalistic tid-bits.

Some things require to be recalled to mind. Now that Company A has been permanently relieved and Co C taken over all guard duty, we don't seem to hear much about Engineer Pike's rheumatism. Whispering Charlie Dusenbury has suddenly regained the full use of his vocal organs. And the child motorcycle juggler, Private Earl, has withdrawn his broken rib from its place in the sun. Naturally, being averse to ascribing sordid motives to such rapid recoveries, we will merely remark that the army medical staff must be very efficient.

It is quite probable that we may soon serenade the powers that be. We have been invited by Dr. Charles Woolsey, the Division Song Leader, to sing before Major General O'Ryan and his staff. As there is some skepticism in the Battalion as to the probable result of such a concert, the invitation has not yet been formally accepted. We believe we now have a fairly high rating at Division Headquarters, and we intend to take no chances.

AMERICAN PLANES.

Report comes that every American airman in France now has a new American plane. The Liberty motor is a wonderful accomplishment. It was designed by a score of the greatest gas engine experts in America. It includes all the advantages of the best European motors for European scientists turned over their knowledge for the use of the Americans. It runs equally on the surface and at a height equal to the elevation of Pike's Peak. It is built in standardized parts thus enabling one part to be produced in San Francisco and another part in Boston. It is tested in a room where air can be compressed or exhausted till it becomes as rare as it is on the top of the Alps or it can be made as dense as on the sea coast. Airplanes are so delicate that certain parts of them must be refurnished or refitted each week. A single dive may demand a complete readjusting and yet they are built so stalwart that a comparatively few accidents occur.

UNDER THE MISTLETOE.

"You had no business to kiss me," said she poutingly.

"But it wasn't business; it was pleasure," he responded.
"LOUIE" PONZO, THE BATTLER OF B COMPANY, 107TH INFANTRY.

"Tammany Lou," as his intimates call him, is one of the best two-handed little battlers on the reservation. He can wallop like a charge of T. N. T. and has quite a long list of K. O.'s to his credit. His ambition in life just now is to get just one punch at the Crown Prince. "I'll knock 'im for a battalion of mess shacks," Louie assures us.

BASE HOSPITAL GETS SIGNALS CROSSED.

There was weeping and gnashing of teeth and a loud wail for smelling salts at the Base Hospital last Saturday when the baseball players of the 102nd Field Signal Battalion interned the nine of the Base Hospital in the morgue. The score was 9 to 8 in favor of the A. D. T. enthusiasts.

The game was uneventful until the last session, neither team showing any marked supremacy. When the morphine experts took the field the tally was tied 8 to 8. Private George Walsh of Company A, did the work for the Signal men. He managed to get an exclusive wire to the Medico pitcher and polled the first pitched ball for a homer.

VIC VOTERETSA WINS MARATHON TRYOUT.

Team Chosen for Evening Mail's Race in New York City.

The last tryout for the Evening Mail's Modified Marathon was held last Saturday. The candidates for the team which will represent the 37th Division in the long distance classic, started from the Division Headquarters office at 2:00 P. M. and followed the Snake Road to the Morgan Monument in Spartanburg, returning over the same route. The journey was an even eight miles. Nick, the Greek of the 106th Infantry, who was in New York on furlough when the trial was held and a pair of the harriers from the 102nd Engineers, who have been on special duty in Virginia, will also be on the starting mark for the Gotham fighters.

The order of finish: Time 50.42, Voteretsas, Co. K, 105th Inf.; Time 50.43, Williams, Base Hospital; Time 50.45, Sankof, Co. E, 105th Inf.; Time 51.00, Naylor, Co. C, 102nd.

SAVE TIME AND TROUBLE.

"Shall I have your lunch brought up to you on deck here, dear?" asked the husband of the sea sick wife.

"No, love; have it thrown straight overboard; it will save time—and trouble."

HIS HAT'S IN THE RING!

I have under my management the famous lightweight of New York, Johnny Molanari, who stands ready to box either Kiddie Diamond or Barney Williams, who both claim the Camp Championship.

As neither of the two boys mentioned accepted the challenge, all the boys in camp are beginning to think Diamond and Williams are afraid to meet Molanari.

Molanari is ready to box, just for the pleasure the boys of the camp will derive from it. But it seems Diamond and Williams won't box him unless they get paid for it.

Molanari is anxious to decide, and see which one should be called the camp champion.

Molanari has a record to be proud of as he has boxed some of the most prominent lightweights in N. Y. City and up State. Will the manager of the two above mentioned fighters please answer this challenge so arrangements for the bouts can be made?

The semi-finals of the camp boxing tournament were held to-day and Johnny Molanari's name was given as an entry, but was not allowed to box because he did not belong to the 27th Division. But he gave a three-round exhibition bout, with Jimmy Pottrell of Co. I, 107th Inf. just to show the boys of the camp that it isn't money he is looking for.

So, if Diamond and Williams still have the idea that they are camp champions, Molanari is ready to take them on and prove it.

MECH. HARRY METHVEN,
Care of Co. I, 31st Pioneers.

ANOTHER BOXING DEPT.

"Indian Kid" wants to meet any lightweight or welterweight boxers. For further information inquire for Sergeant Will, 55th Pioneer Infantry, Post Exchange. A. E. Will, Sergeant, manager, 55th Pioneer Infantry, Post Exchange.

THAT WAS SOMETHING.

"Can you keep anything on your stomach?" the ship's doctor asked.

"No, sir," he returned feebly, "nothing but my hand."

The Twins—U-Boats and Wastefulness are a menace to the Allies.

S. O. S.

Engineers; Time 51.10, DeSilva, Co. E, 52nd Pioneers; Time 51.15, Brochelle, Co. I, 106th Inf.; Time 51.50, Duffy, Co. L, 105th Inf.; Time 52.10, Guido, Co. I, 105th Inf.

In addition to the foregoing, Harvey Oboh has Included Sergeant Zuna of Co. E, Lemberg, Supply Co., and Davis and Burrell of Co. E, 2nd Pioneers, to the Mail Team.
K. OF C. MEN VISIT NEWLY ARRIVED NEW YORKERS.

Charmingly situated on the outskirts of the camp, beyond the base hospital, are a number of newly erected tents housing the men of the Second Recruit Detachment of the 27th Division. At the time of this writing there are about 1,600 newcomers, all of whom are drafted men from East-side, West-side, and all around the town. They were in a Northern camp for two weeks when they were suddenly shifted a distance of 700 miles. Consequently on reaching here and discovering their whereabouts they wished to inform the folk back home of the change by telegram or post.

Without telegram blanks, writing-paper, envelopes, stamps, etc., the men felt that they were out of luck. Imagine the anxiety of such a situation to these recent civilians, many of whom had expected visitors at the former camp on the day that they arrived at Camp Wadsworth.

Knights of Columbus headquarters had learned of the influx and the next morning, immediately after breakfast, three secretaries, each mounted on Shank's mare and staggering under the weight of writing material and stamps, galloped to the beauteous spot where the newcomers are beginning their South Carolina sojourn. Over hills, fences and creeks tramped the gallant three. What cared they for the two-mile jaunt each way? What cared they for the weight of the paper or the blinding sand of the drilling desert or the choking dust of the unsprinkled highway? “Nothing cared they,” say we; for it is but part of the great work they have set out to do and are doing for the welfare of Uncle Sam’s warriors; work which, no matter how tiring at times, gives as much pleasure and happiness to K. of C. men as melts a small globular quantity of compact snow in a sulphurous region which is often coupled with the Kaiser’s name.

Scores and scores of telegrams were given to the K. of C. workers who saw that they were speedily clicked to New York to apprise relatives and friends of the unexpected facts.

I have had the good fortune of spending several years in Ireland; and while working among these new men, had many interesting chats with sons of Erin—some of whom were New York policemen. One chap from Mayo told me with a tear in his eye that he was an intimate friend of Martin Sheridan: that he came over in the same boat with that marvelous all-around athlete who died last winter. Another strapping fellow from Galway—a good conversationalist—said that in New York he had, of course, heard of the K. of C. camp work; but he did not realize the scope of our activities; that we were doing so much good in so many ways.

We discovered some talent there and they have promised to entertain at the K. of C. hall as soon as they are able.

SHAN MQUENCY.

ENTERTAINMENT BY SPARTANBURG LADIES.

Three cheers and then some for the Woman’s Music Club of Spartanburg, which gave a thoroughly enjoyable concert at the Knights of Columbus hall on Friday evening, April 19th.

During the day “Old Jupe Pluvius” was in a cantankerous mood and of uncertain mind, intermittently sprinkling the camp and it was feared that the ladies would be compelled to postpone the affair. But they came despite the inclemency of the weather.

Of course, there was an overflow audience, many being perched on the counters, phone-booths and big stove. Those who were fortunate enough to secure chairs and benches voluntarily engineered a close-up maneuver to allow more space for the standing army in the rear.

Several of the ladies arrived early and were given a rousing welcome. Then Mr. Carter, K. of C. entertainment director, announced that these young ladies had offered to play popular songs for chorus singing to keep things going until the others appeared.

Everyone appreciated these kindly services and the show opened with the community singing of three exceptional sentimental ballads—“Keep the Home Fires Burning,” “Mother Machree” and the “Sunshine of Your Smile.”

The program which followed was excellent. There were piano and violin solos and duets; vocal selections by well-trained voices and plenty of the “old pep” chorus singing by the soldiers.

At the close, during the solo singing of a beautiful lyric to the strains of “Taps,” one could hear the proverbial pin drop. Then came a great ovation of appreciation for the night’s performance.

The ladies held a sort of an informal reception after the show and a number of the boys shook hands with them and told how pleased they were.

They certainly gave a grand entertainment and we hope to have them with us often at the K. of C. hall.

JIMMIE CARTER IS SHOPPING.

Mr. James Carter, the popular and versatile K. of C. secretary, is at the present time a dusty knight of the road as he is piloting our new well-known automobile from Cincinnati to Camp Wadsworth. We are patiently awaiting the arrival of the “manse” as we are very much in need of such a vehicle in our work down here.

STRICTLY IRISH.

It was an Irishman’s first day in a trench, and he had been told to keep himself out of sight. All Irishmen have an aversion to orders, and this particular soldier was no exception.

So, just out of curiosity, he stuck his head over the parapet. Whiz! came a bullet by his ear. He wasn’t hit, but he was thoughtful as he seated himself on the ground.

“Well,” he decided, finally, aloud to the others, “they’re right, after all. The more you look around in this place, the less you’re likely to see.”

TELL THE TRIBUNE.

If a Merchant Cheats You, N. Y. Paper Wants to Know.

Editor, The Gas Attack,

Dear Sir:

A number of complaints having been filed with The Tribune Bureau of Investigations by soldiers visiting New York, who have dealt with illegitimate merchants and have been defrauded, it might be well to call to their attention that in all such instances The Tribune Bureau of Investigations is at the service of any soldier who happens to be in New York.

This Bureau handles all matters of fraudulent advertising, dishonest merchandising practices, and public service. There is no charge for the service, and if the soldier is required to leave the city before an adjustment is made, we shall gladly handle the matter by correspondence with him.

In the event that he is in doubt as to the standing of any merchant with whom he contemplates dealing, he can get full and complete information by calling The New York Tribune and asking for The Bureau of Investigations.

Yours cordially,

THE NEW YORK TRIBUNE.

Richard H. Lee.
Y. M. C. A. TO TEACH TROOPS.

Organization of educational classes and lectures for the members of the American Expeditionary Forces has been undertaken by the Army Young Men's Christian Association with the approval and indorsement of General Pershing. Dr. Anson Phelps Stokes, secretary of Yale University, who is now in Paris, has obtained a few months' leave of absence in order to perfect the preliminary organization. Dr. Stokes has been studying the question of educational opportunities in the army for two months.

The plan of work during the war is based on the conviction that the American soldier will be most efficient as a fighting man if he understands thoroughly the country in which he is living, the cause for which he is fighting, the tremendous issues at stake between autocracy and democracy, and the institutions and ideals of France, England, and other allied nations, as contrasted with those dominant to-day in Germany.

Dr. Stokes believes it to be a matter of vital importance that our troops should be able to understand, and make themselves understood by the French people in whose villages they are billeted and the French soldiers with whom they are fighting. Emphasis will be laid on the teaching of French. The assistance of teachers in French schools and lycees in large towns near camps is counted upon for giving lessons by the direct method, in which no English is used.

Classes in elementary English to soldiers of foreign parentage, in mathematics for men preparing for promotion, examinations, and lectures and classes on other subjects will also be introduced in camps, as the demand arises and can be met. Attendance will be voluntary and classes will generally be held in the Young Men's Christian Association huts in the evenings so as not to interfere with regular military duties.

Lectures will be free, while the question of the payment of a small fee for classes will depend largely on whether or not professional teachers not connected with the army or the Young Men's Christian Association have to be employed. American extension and correspondence courses will also be utilized. Professor Daly, head of the Department of Geology at Harvard University, and Professor Esken, of the Department of English at Columbia University, both now in France as Young Men's Christian Association secretaries, will be among the first to assume the new teaching duties.

"Y. M. C. A. WITH NEW RECRUITS."

The aggressive methods of Building Secretary F. J. Knapp of Unit No. 92, are illustrated by the promptness with which his secretarial force got on the ground in case of the arrival of Recruit Detachment No. 2, recently arrived from Camp Upton (Long Island). Upon the arrival of the recruits, they were placed in a recruit camp. Here's where the Y. M. C. A. functions most happily by prompt service. A tent was erected at once as an arm through which unit 92 could function. Stamps, stationery, post-cards were at once supplied. The boys flocked in, happy in being furnished the means of home communication. After four or five hours of strenuous work the 92 detachment went back to headquarters loaded with a bag of mail besides unnumbered night letters which were later dispatched. The tent and its service to the New York contingent will continue until men are located permanently. Concerts, stunts and religious services will be held there.

Unit 92 has recently undergone a radical change in its secretarial force. Mr. Anguish, physical director, and Rev. Cunningham, religious secretary, have left for overseas, and Mr. Hildreth, social secretary, has been transferred to Camp Hancock. The new men to take their places are W. D. Sterling, of Grand Rapids, Mich.; Mr. J. G. Wilburn, of Atlanta, Ga., and Mr. D. C. Cooper, of Aniston, Ala.

We welcome these men to our unit. Already they are a part of our organization and work.

A MESSAGE.

THINK VICTORY
SPEAK VICTORY
WORK VICTORY
PRAY VICTORY

FINE CONCERT AT 271.

This has been a busy week at 271. Through the kindness of Capt. Aunchinloss of the Ordnance, Miss Anna Christian, of Minneapolis, gave an interesting talk on the "Homes of Spain." Miss Christian has spent considerable time studying the architecture of Spanish homes, and the beautiful slides illustrating her remarks were made from pictures taken by Miss Christian herself during a protracted stay in Spain.

The league baseball games are in full swing. The "Q. M." nine are in the lead as usual. The San Diego nine is in second place. Miss Christian was transferred to Camp Hancock. The new men to take their places are W. D. Sterling, of Grand Rapids, Mich.; Mr. J. G. Wilburn, of Atlanta, Ga., and Mr. D. C. Cooper, of Aniston, Ala.

DEMON DIRT DEFEATED AT 96.

The past week has been largely devoted to an orgy of spring house-cleaning. The house was closed for three days. The secretaries were metamorphosed into char-women, mechanics or interior decorators, each according to his lack of gifts. The crafty Demon Dirt, if not pushed into the Rhine was at least driven back into his second line of trenches. At last on Saturday peace was declared, all embargoes were lifted, and our friends were welcomed to a hut replete in green paint trimmings, with doors oiled and windows curtained, in humble rivalry of the Hostess House.

In the absence of Chaplain Jaynes, who because of his warm sympathy and splendid support of the Y work we miss exceedingly, the joint regimental service Sunday morning was conducted by Chaplain Gribben of the 3rd Pioneers and Chaplain Harper of the 2nd Pioneers. Chaplain Harper delivered a strong and thought-provoking sermon. At the Y service in the evening one of the secretaries in our own building was the speaker. The attendance at these services was not so large as usual. Besides these meetings and the Sunday afternoon meeting at the division stockade our religious activities for the week include five company Bible classes, which, while small, are full of promise. Another innovation was the use of the intervals between reels of the movie program on Tuesday evening for two very brief and direct appeals to the men to enlist for Christ.

On Monday evening there was a lecture by Mr. Kingsley, giving a most instructive review of current events. Tuesday evening Professor Libby gave a mass lesson in French.

Two-Seven-One appreciates the kindly interest manifested by the Rev. W. E. Jordan, of Philadelphia, who is Dr. Gilmore's assistant at the First Presbyterian Church, Sparta­nburg. Rev. Jordan has been with us recently to deliver a vital message before the Wednesday evening meeting, and he has also been helpful in securing Spartanburg talent for amateur night. Both professional and amateur nights have contributed largely to the programs of 2-7-1. The Orpheus Four of Los Angeles proved themselves good entertainers, and Mrs. Botky, of Spartanburg, made a bigger place for herself in the hearts of all the boys by her splendid management of the best musical program we have had yet at Two-Seven-One. Recently chosen were a just tribute to the playing of Miss Elsie Stotherson, violinist, of New York, who is a guest of Mrs. Botky, and the occasion will not soon be forgotten.

GAS ATTACK
MANY ATTRACTIONS AT BUILDING 95.

It would indeed be difficult to tell just what has made No. 95 so popular this week. On Wednesday evening "The Serbian String Orchestra" from the Second Pioneer Infantry played to a crowded house, while William S. Hart in "What Happened to Father" in five reels amused the fellows.

Howard Ortner, our physical director, is kept very busy these days helping about two hundred and fifty officers and men in their informal games and competitive stunts.

Richard V. Crane, Building Social Secretary, has been organizing all of the available dramatic and musical talent; as a result we have had some excellent entertainments. The "Song Contest" was a great success. The regiments which we serve surely have fine talent. Prof. Libby's class in Mass French is still pleasing the men. The Camera Club keeps up an almost continual performance, the dark rooms being constantly in use.

We are greatly indebted to Capt. Anderson of the 52nd Pioneers, and Lieut. Walters for their co-operation in Bible Study Classes. The Sunday and mid-week religious services are always well attended. The men and officers who attend these meetings surely do enjoy the helpful and inspiring services. If you have not been at Unit 95 recently, come around and get into the game. You will like it. The Staff of 95 are your friends. We will be glad to see you.

FORMER Y. M. C. A. SONG DIRECTOR HONORED.

Robert E. Clark, formerly Camp Song Director for Army Y. M. C. A. at Camp Wads worth, now acting in same capacity at Camp Hancock, Augusta, Georgia, has been promoted. Besides having complete charge of all the singing at Camp Hancock, Mr. Clark will be in charge of a training school for Y. M. C. A. song leaders at Augusta. He will also supervise the work of song leaders of Army Y. M. C. A. in Southeastern Department.

All of Mr. Clark's many friends at Camp Wadsworth rejoice in this merited recognition of his ability and talent.

ASHEVILLE TRIP A SUCCESS.

The Army Y. M. C. A. at Camp was able to offer a rare privilege to a considerable number of soldiers on Saturday last. Through the co-operation of Mr. Hammer slough, secretary of Y. M. C. A. of Asheville, these soldiers were entertained in some of the best homes in the city. These men report an exceedingly enjoyable trip, leaving Spartanburg Saturday 4:30 and returning late Sunday evening.

The people of Asheville are high in their praise of the visitors from Wadsworth.
REGIMENTAL NOTES 54TH PIONEER INFANTRY.

Our butterfly fluttered his wings in flight on the other day, and left us flat. We refer to Jack Dunn, corporal, reckless driver, footed gracer of ball-rooms, and coach of the All-American Lady-Killer's Team. He is now an M. P., and we wish him all the luck that we wish for all M. P.'s. One week of duty he shot one man, shot at two others, lost the seat out of his breeches, wool, O. D., and hurled a challenge to the "tough-eggs" of this regiment to come to Whitney and be given a practical demonstration of his ability as a guardian of the law and order.

Color Sergeant McGrath is teaching the officers a lot of things about musketry, thereby neglecting his more important duty of keeping their grounds clear of butts. He thinks that Major Wells should establish a deadline around the range-finder.

Regimental Sergeant-Major Ginn, suffering from an acute attack of malaise d'amour, the well-known Springtime illness, has gone to New York for treatment by Dr. Hymen. May you never get well, Bill!

Overheard a couple of nights ago. It was, dark, so we can't identify the speaker. "You know what I hear now? It's rumored that they're saying I'm the best band-leader in the division. Of course, I'm not THAT good, but I'm--etc., etc., etc., etc., till the audience fled.

That thing which Postmaster Robinson wears is not a coat-of-mail. No, it's a hunting-jacket, and he expects to wear it to Chimney Rock, hunting nymphs. Going to take the mail-bag on that hunt, Robbie? Why the sergeant-majors (or is it sergeants-major?) should pester Rosie to get them saddles is a mystery. They couldn't stick in 'em if they had 'em, which was ably attended the annual barn-dance of the Field garden. Sgt. Weber planned the surprise he made one of his famous after-liquid demonstrations by "Stonewall" Jackson.

Now, the first bunch—they can have a fine time anywhere. They're usually smiling, or just settin' ready to smile, or else just finishin' smilin'. And they don't have to go to town to get fun out of life—they don't even have to play ball. They just naturally see the funny side of everything, an' they read, or write good, snappy letters home, or else they're busy makin' somethin'. But they're always busy, an' always on the job, an' always happy. An' when it rains, they like it, an' when it's hot they like it, an' when it's cold, they say it's invigoratin', or something like that. Any how, they don't have time to growl about "the good old days," and they ain't Hankerin' to get an S. C. D. or a furlough, or to dodge a detail, cause they're so darned interested in everything!

But the other fellow, Gosh! He's kickin' all the time. Hates revels, hates the exercises, hates to wash,—rotten breakfast, d— the rain! Or else it's too blamed bright to sleep, too hot to work, too cold to rest. An' some one swiped half his laundry, an' the HEADQUARTERS COMPANY, 106TH MACHINE GUN BATTALION.

Wagoners Kind, Noye and Reynolds are preparing for another ever-say at Gaffney. Gossip around Headquarters Street when Sergeant Major McPike received his commission.

Private Meehan—Gosh! Mac, only last night I had a dream about you getting that! Congratulations.

Wagoner Gruwiler smells something in the air and marches into the new lieutenant's tent. You are one lucky bloke, Jack.

Sergeant Arnold—Why about me for your dog robber?

Private Sulzer comes marching down the street.

Wagoner Costigan—Why the happiness, Dick? Did your uncle die?

Private Sulzer—No; but I am sure of my thirty-six hour passes now.

Sergeant McGrath—Congratulations, Mac! I am glad to see you got it. Where are you going to go?

Lieutenant McPike—Newport News. Sergeant McGrath—That's good! Lieutenant McPike—I know it is.

Cook Lange—Don't go, Mac, I'll give out stew only six times next week.

John the barber--(as the new Lieutenant passes). And he didn't even come in for a shave!

Sergeant Major Miller—Good-bye, old bunk, and good luck to you.

Corporal Sheridan—No more bawling outs for me.

Everybody—Well, he was a good skate anyway.

Wagoner Beahan—Baker, did 'ou Groom 'ro hoss?

Private N. Baker—Yes.

Wagoner Beahan—'ure a Har.

Wagoner McLaughlin—I hear you were a coal passer before you joined the army, Bock.

Wagoner Bock—Who told you that and how do you make that out?

Wagoner McLaughlin—Well, you're always hearing something.

Private Granger—Coming to that dance to-night, Lou?

Private DeHayes—No.

Private Granger—Oh! I forgot Frenchy, that you promised to be true to her.

H. SHERIDAN.

Words of Wisdom From Co. D., 53d Pioneers' Mascot.

Say Editor, I'm only a little pup—the mascot of a bunch of fighters from Brooklyn—but see whiz, I been lookin' 'round a lot since I been in the army, an' I'm glad I'm a dog!

Why? Well, in the first place I'm so darned happy. Now, I don't know a blamed thing about baseball. I can't roll the Bones, I never tasted whiskey, an' I'm not strong for the ladies—but I have a bully time all the time.

You know, Mister Editor, I been thinkin' a lot about you men. Some fellows come around and play with me, an' just foot; an' throw me on my back, and I make believe I'm mad, an' growl an' snap, an' try to bite them—but not hard, you understand. I wouldn't bite them for the world, so sir, not me! An' they laugh, an' pick me up an' carry me 'round, way up in the air, an' they talk sense to me!

Then there's the guys who don't pay no attention to me, or say "Here, puppy, here puppy!" Gee whiz—I ain't a "puppy"—I'm a dog! An' when, then when I don't come up to them they get sore. Well, why should I? I ain't a carpet they're beatin'—I don't want to be slapped all over an' talked to like a dog! An' then, when I don't come up to them they get sore. Well, why should I? I ain't a 'puppy'—I'm a dog!

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SANITARY SQUAD NO. 1.

The squad has been unheralded lately, but is still "present or accounted for" and is known as usual on "extension" of Company street of Field Hospital 107.

Captain Don M. Hooks, C. O. of Squad, has just returned from a fifteen-day leave of absence during which time he visited his home in "Old York State."

Ernest Ling entertained tent 3 one night last week in a very pleasing manner. Every one wished they could have had his spirit home as usual on "extension" of Company is still "present or accounted for" and is of wit and humor. He has promised to put on the same performance for the same audience at some future time for a fee of forty cents. The boys all agree it will be worth the money.

Ling is now at the Base Hospital where he daily pursues the wiley hook worm.

Sergeant Ralph L. Goldsmith is new only a visitor in our midst, he having been transferred to the new Headquarters Company of Sanitary Train. Good luck to you "Goldie."

The squad has also recently suffered another loss as Sergeant James Ethmann has left us to take up new duties at Newport News, Va.

"Another important event was when Roy Metzger shaved his mustache off. What was the matter, Roy. Wasn't the experiment a success, or are you so wrapped up in spirit of sanitation that you had to condemn the "ornament" as a dust catcher?"

Two new men, Murphy and Wagger, have joined the outfit.

The biggest excitement of the past month has been the recent acquisition of stripes by Privates Fleming, Deprez, Vair, and Shields. They are in the proper mood now to purchase any kind of chevron polisher or Illuminator. This also pertains to Sergeant McKenna, who now wears the additional chevron of a first sergeant, but he is such an adept in the art that no chevron polisher agents need apply.

Privates Ling, Goodnow and Divine, the musical trio, have added three new songs to their repertoire.

E. M. O.

COMPANY 1, 106TH INFANTRY.

One hundred dollars reward for information that will lead to the hiding place of Moch. Brooks. Last seen was wearing a pair of wooden glasses and looking for work.

Corporal Lormey said that last report about being chief whistle blower was all wrong. Sergeant Weaver has said whistle locked up.

S. W. Davis, the boy wonder, was home on a furlough. Yes, he was married while there.

Corporal Murphy wants to know where his P. D. shirt went. Ask McQueer. He may know. He knows everything.

Sergeant Weaver has a pad and pencil in his hand at all times. What's the reason, "Sergeant?"

Corporal Lynch takes all records for the disappearing act. How do you do it, Red. Eberhart is running the second section of the Bingle Boiler. But he is never on time.

On Thursday, April 12, the company hiked out to Anderson's bridge, and although the weather was against us, everything went along smoothly.

Private 1st Class Hawthorne, while acting as orderly for the C. O., perched on his fiery steed (Note) that animal formerly belonged to the N. Y. D. S. C., looked like a baboon, but most of the boys say it was more like the hunch back of Notre Dame.

Private Eckelbarker fell in the mud; someone asked him the trouble and Sid replied that a mud hen kicked him.

Cooko Slat's Burns was waiting for his mail the other night when a large package addressed Bugler John Burns arrived, but to Shit's surprise the said package contained magazines and not the eats that he had expected; wonder who camouflaged that package.

What seems to all our company clerk, T. Metzgar Calhill lately, for he was seen walking around in his sleep? Wonder if the little red rose from Bay Ridge is the cause?

Our Siamese Twins, Haviland and Pierce, have taken up bachelor's apartments up in the supply tent.

There are no new rumors down around the end of our company street lately as Rumor King Wenzels has been on detached service at the O. T. S.

Of late Sergeant Thomas has been getting more than his share of twenty-four-hour passes. How do you do it, Zach?

Wagoner Howroyd left on a forty-eight hour pass for somewhere in Carolina. Who is the Jane, Josh?

Sergeant Russell Edward Joseph Burger is spending some wild nights in town lately, leaving camp with one dollar extracted from one of the back privates. He walks to town, then goes to the Enlisted Men's Club, plays a few games of checkers and then walks back to camp. Say, Sergeant, is that what you call a wonderful time?

It's a good thing that Murphy's circus left town, for it will keep Sergeant Williams and Wagoner Brophy away from that high diving queen.

Slate Burns, being sick, was ordered to the Base Hospital and when detail arrived with a letter to take him away, Slats got out of his bed and said, "I don't need a letter but a cigarette."

Since Corporal Millen has been working in the operating pavilion soothing 'em to sleep with ether, he's just about as popular with the bunch as the Chlorine Gas Chamber is. We've also noticed that he indulges in Bunk Fatigue more than before (if that can be possible), in fact he seems to be depressed. What's the trouble Nepenthe, Razberry, Ether or Nurses?

WANTED—To buy two second hand pianos. E. RAY, Manager Liberty Theatre, Camp Wadsworth, S. C.

Child looking at GAS ATTACK.

BATTERY C, 106TH REGIMENT FIELD ARTILLERY.

Corporal Santer gets a package of limberger cheese every week which he says is good for his voice. If this voice should ever get as strong as the cheese, he can then class himself with Caruso.

Our clerk, Robert T. Hall, was promoted to the rank of Corporal. He was so elated with the news that he could have been seen rushing up the road five minutes afterwards to break the news to his wife.

W. J. P.

SANITARY SQUAD NO. 2.

Camp Wadsworth has been very fortunate in having such an efficient "clean up" man as Captain Schaeffer of Buffalo, N. Y., who is in command of Sanitary Squad No. 2. Captain Schaeffer has had considerable experience as health officer in the city of Buffalo and since his arrival here in September, 1917, has accomplished wonders in that most important branch of the service.

Some of the boys of this organization spent a very pleasant evening at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Browder of Spartanburg last week, where Southern hospitality was supreme.

There is every indication that the Bronx terror, Jim Young, will be a Benedict before long.

Say, Margy, do you ever wet that whistle of yours? Pete Forrestell claims to be a specialist. What line, Pete?

It has been reported that Frank McCavis is on his way to Ward No. 15. Watch your step, Frank.

The boys of tent No. 2 would be glad to know when Supply Sergeant Trapp is going to relieve us of our condemned property.

K. G. B. O.

FIELD HOSPITAL COMPANY NO. 107.

Private 1st Class Hawthorne, while acting as orderly for the C. O., perched on his fiery steed (Note) that animal formerly belonged to the N. Y. D. S. C., looked like a baboon, but most of the boys say it was more like the hunch back of Notre Dame.

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WANTED—To buy two second hand pianos. E. RAY, Manager Liberty Theatre, Camp Wadsworth, S. C.
“Let’s Go to the MOVIES!”

What do you want to see? Thrillers, Love Dramas, Custard Pie Comedies, Wild West stuff, Vamp-Pictures, Mystery Photoplays? We have them all.

And they are all new and fresh!

We know what soldiers want and we will see that you get it. A good show not occasionally, but EVERY TIME! Come In Tonight.

Admission Price 15c

The Bonita
Motion Picture Theatre
(Opposite Cleveland Hotel)

HEADQUARTERS COMPANY, 3RD PIONEER INFANTRY.

Once more we have a Chaplain with us and he was received with outstretched arms, not that we needed him that bad but we were all impressed with the little chat by Lieut. Robert E. Gribbin. We’re just the boys that can and will make him feel at home; so let’s go to it.

We would suggest that the Non-Coms who have been aching to get over with Major Whitney take up an I. C. S. course on Transfer Writing. If they are as efficient in the automobile line as they are in the art of B. F. and Skull Exercise, all we can say is Barnuy Olifeld, look out for your laurels.

If Cosy Fairclough, our blonde Adonis, doesn’t lay off those pictures of the best in the world hanging over “Lil Hubby’s” cot in the Gloom Chasers’ tent, fair Helen, of Allston, will hear of that sweet young lady who calls Charlotte’s leading jeweler, Daddy. “Zeke” Ryan and “Hiram” Davis are full-fledged E. Z. Marks. “Barnum had the right idea.” After their performance with the boogie laundry man we will never put anything past them. They win the Brown derby.

Our Cossack Leader Tenny says we is off one man in this company and what Bill says he means. That argument according to Bill can never be squared up. No, not even with a case of Boston’s own.

The boys in the Graveyard tent fail to see the idea of one of their members HOVERIZING on the laundry question.

Cardinal Newman has been called three times the past week by the O. D. for burning lights after taps, doping out the plans for that much talked of Arlington bungalow.

For the love of Peat, Joe, buy an Aladdin on the Summerfield Plan and let’s hit the hay nights. Someone continually taking the joy out of life according the Chad. Have an ice cream horn, Koyf.

Well, well, Albert, our boy wonder, movie operator and all-round handy kid is now one of us and to think they wouldn’t take Dolly’s Bert off special duty. How’d you like “Sir Private Malone reports as Orderly,” Bud?

Things That Never Happen.

Our band playing some popular numbers at the movies.

WANTED—A MOTOR TRUCK.

As a sample of the clever camouflaging being done by the men of Camp Wadsworth, the above picture of Fifth Ave. and Forty-second St. is submitted.

So cleverly is this noted avenue camouflaged that the Public Library in the right foreground can not be distinguished from the Waldorf Astoria in the background. Also note how cleverly the sidestreets are hidden from the detecting eye of the camera.

Upon taking note, too, of the expression registered by the brave “Sammy” in the picture, you will see that even as he stands on the spot so familiar to him, he can hardly believe that he is where he is.

PVT. ALFRED R. GUTHRIE.
Med. Corps, 106th Inf.

THE COST OF A SOLDIER.

The per capita cost of the selective-service system, nationally, to the end of the first draft was as follows:

Cost per registrant ...................... $0.54
Cost per man called ................... 1.69
Cost per man accepted for service . 4.93
Cost per man of quota due ............ 7.59

TRENCH COAT LOST.

AMBULANCE COMPANY NO. 105.

A large and enthusiastic audience composed of about 50 nurses from the Base Hospital, several officers of the Sanitary Train, and the enlisted men of this company enjoyed a vaudeville entertainment which was produced in our mess hall Tuesday night. Lieutenant White was much in evidence, flitting to and fro among the Red Cross angels. There is great credit due Private First Class Jack Layden for having gathered together such an array of talent as the following list will indicate. Space only permits giving most meager details of the acts but it can be truthfully stated that on the whole the bill was fully on a par with those usually witnessed on "big time" circuits. Everything went with the greatest snap from the opening entrance, "I Don't Want to Get Well," rendered by Privates Melville, Ryan, Guillard, Turrian and Dunn. (A) Felix Moore, recitations; (B) Sergeant Folsom and McLaughlin, white and black face dialogue; (C) Holten and Melville, in "Around the World on a Piano"; (D) The Harmony Four, melodious offering on string instruments; (E) Flanagan and Clark, clever comedy sketch; (F) Private Stewart, soloist and yodler; (G) "Buddy" Hodgins, "Nut" Comedian; (H) Frank and Clark, clever comedy sketch; (I) Harry Gomon, magician. Due to the generosity of the Ladies' Auxiliary entertainment of this kind has been made possible.

On Monday evening, April 15, a most delightful dance was given in the music room of the Enlisted Men's Club at Spartanburg. About thirty couples attended and through the efficient arrangements by our fair chap, Mrs. Feed Glahn, and the equally well-laid plans of her spouse, the affair was voted a splendid success. Refreshments were served between dances. The Sanitary Train orchestra furnished their accustomed high standard of music. Why not enliven our dull lives by more frequent events of this nature?

Since our athletic field has been encroached upon by the new buildings of the Base Hospital, basket-ball, baseball, and soccer activities have taken a decided slump. However a new pastime has been introduced in the form of a giant push ball, loaned to this company by the camp athletic advisor. The antics of the players and their evident disregard for the laws of gravity are a continual source of hilarity to the onlookers.

A feature of recent Saturday inspections has been the awarding of prizes to the neatest appearing soldier. Last Saturday Major Stivers and Sears picked Englers Stanton and Genthner and Wagoner Hooper as the winners of a lingerie book apron and the following week Lieutenant Colonel Wadhams again selected Stanton as the Beau Brummell of our outfit and presented him with a brand new Fiction "Kelley" which had been donated by Captain Latta. He will have to be specially measured for this new headgear.

GAS ATTACK

ARMY Officers demand the best—there is no half-way standard. The decided preference shown for uniforms tailored by the house of Kuppenheimer, wherever officers gather in the cantonments—in the camps—at "the front" is proof positive.

The better quality and greater values delivered at every price, in every shade in the result of scientific manufacturing methods and huge production.

O. D. Serge, Spring Weight
Mas first call for the dress uniform and is equally serviceable. Kuppenheimer O. D. Serge is distinguished by its unusual brilliancy and life.

O. D. Gabardine
A fabric of silvery luster and wear-resisting strength, made snubbed and to be had with rich silk trimmings if desired.

O. D. Whippet
An extremely tough fabric, yet dresy. The offices of our Allies have found that Whippet is the best material to stand up under hard and long wear and yet spare that military smartness and dash so much desired by officers.

O. D. Khaski
Kuppenheimer Khaki Uniforms are made of the best quality government Khaki. Everyday Khaki is thoroughly cold water shrink before it is recottned in water into a Kuppenheimer uniform.

It is with profoundest feeling of shame that we herewith chronicle the following item, and yet feel compelled to do so as a warning example to others: Two nattily attired young men, plentifully supplied with coins of the realm, as well as the indispensable 36-hour pass left camp Sunday morning full of plausible anticipation of a day's outing at Charlotte, N. C. However, just one little point was overlooked in their reckoning—Military Police. Ah, what a world of meaning and significance in those two words! With naught but thoughts of a wonderful time Bill Fey and Howard Cate alighted from the train, but their happiness was shortlived. Upon being greeted by a stern union of the law who gently, yet firmly, led them to the "booby hatch" where they spent the remainder of the day in contemplation of the unpardonable offense of wearing spiral puttees.

There are varied opinions as to what constitutes "hard luck," but the latest example is that of "Silent" Muller, who, through an error of the record clerk was marked "sick in quarters" and poor Carroll never knew anything about it until after he had put in a full day on fatigue squad.

One of our Sergeants wishes to be enlightened on a subject which has troubled him of late: "Suppose a fellow invites a girl to the theater, first sending her violet, takes her to supper afterwards, and home in a taxi, should he kiss her good-night?" Our advice is: "No, Sarge, you have done enough for her already."

On April 10, a sergeant instructor of cooks spent the day in our kitchen and with the aid of half of our company and every cooking utensil in the kitchen evolved three meals that were a symphony in culinary art.

The wish expressed in those columns last week that our officers' row might be adorned with a complete quota of four captains, has already come true. On April 11 Captain Ballantine received the necessary papers elevating him to that rank. Captain McKemy has gone to his home in Dayton, Ohio, on a 10-day leave. Captain Truex has been assigned temporarily to the Medical Corps of the 165th Infantry which is slated for a period of training in the trenches. Just the opportune time to break in those new trench boots. Captain Latta is terribly worried those days. In checking up the property accounts with Supply Sergeant Gwynn, a shoe lace and a collar ornament are A. W. O. L. Unfortunately we must leave our anxious readers without any immediate tidings concerning Lieutenant White. Since his new assignment as Adjutant everything is comparatively tranquil along "Clubhouse Row."

SEERGANT WALTER CHASKEL.
Heaps of Them!

Just mountains of them! That's the way they go—people seem never to get enough of them. The answer is—they must be good.

**Nut Tootsie Rolls**

Little sweets that have all the "tease" of roasted peanuts and chocolate. And clean,—to be sure!

The Sweets Co. of America
416-422 W. 45th St., New York City

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**COMPANY A, 102ND ENGINEERS.**

Yes! Company A is in Camp Wadsworth. Our modesty is the cause for many rumors that we are any place but here. However, our dance next Wednesday night at the New Enlisted Men's Club will prove how "full of pep" we can be when at play and the recent renovations about Camp prove how well we can utilize this same pep for work.

Sergeant Ballard is responsible for the success of our dance. In his new capacity as Janitor and Sexton of our new church and Jail Keeper for the Battalion "Jug" he is kept quite busy.

A new ballad dedicated to our Supply Sergeant Holligan is entitled, "If You Want to go to France With a Whole Pair of Pants, Keep Away From the Engineers."

Sergeant Keegan alias "O'Grady," was responsible for the "brodie" our feather weight Sergeant Rothman took upon himself. If O'Grady had not given the command to "Sit Down" Rothman would not be doing "Bunk Fatique" at present.

Our Company Bandit alias "Outlaw" Faulkner was absent from camp for three days on detached service with J. P. Murphy's circus. Said detached service was by his own order. He was escorted back to camp however, by the personal orderlies, Sergeants Smith and Atkins.

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**TROOPS WANT GOOD MUSIC.**

Professional entertainers who have appeared before thousands of soldiers in the training camps in the United States are of the opinion that one result of the innumerable concerts has been the raising of the standard of the programmes. Says one singer:

"When the mobilization first began it was supposed that the men wanted only ragtime, jazz band and mooney-looney-wishy-washy stuff, but a few of the good old musical standbys given as encores soon proved by the applause they won that the soldier boys' tastes are above those credited by some producers to the Tired Business Man."

"The troops want the best music we can give them, and since many of the headliners have appeared in the camps the audiences have become critical."

"One thing is sure, they don't want cheap heroics about marching into Berlin. It doesn't ring true, and if there is any place where a man learns true valuations it is in the training camps."

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**CURTAILMENT OF PARCELS A MILITARY NECESSITY.**

A statement has been issued by the War Department explaining that the recent order forbidding the sending of merchandise to American soldiers "Over There" unless they requested it was a military necessity.

Records furnished by officials on the trans-Atlantic steamers showed that every week 250 tons of merchandise has been sent to the members of the American Expeditionary Forces by their relatives in this country. It was not only the weight, but the bulkiness of the hundreds of packages that took up so much room on the steamers as to crowd off war equipment actually needed by General Pershing’s forces.

It is explained by the War Department that the recent order does not mean that the relatives and friends can not send articles to the American soldiers in France, but each package must have in it the request the soldier sent that such articles be forwarded to him. Unless the package contains the soldier's request the sender writes, "This parcel contains only articles sent at approved request of addressee, which is enclosed," on the package, it will not be sent to France. The request of the soldier must be approved by the commanding officer.

In France the American soldiers can buy a great variety of articles and it is not necessary to send them to the fighting men. The list of articles the soldiers can buy abroad includes the following: Biscuits, books, brushes, houillon, candles, candiles, canned goods, holiday cards, chewing gum, chocolate, cigarettes, cigars, combs, dental creams, various soft drinks, flashlights, fruit, handkerchiefs, heaters, jam, knives, leather goods, malted milk, condensed milk, evaporated milk, mirrors, nuts, pencils, pipes, razors, shoe polish, shoe laces, soap, sponges, tobacco, towels, and woolen gloves.
GENERAL FOCH.

Now that the Allied military forces have been placed under a unified command, American soldiers are curious to know what manner of man is General Ferdinand Foch, the commander of all the commanders. In his time there is no mystery. He is the embodiment of genius if genius be, as it has been defined, the capacity for taking infinite pains. Ferdinand Foch has believed in himself; he has had a firm faith in his fitness for a high calling. That belief and that faith have never taken the form of that self-consciousness which is described as conceit. Some lie chafed under his authority, for he has demanded the ultimate in discipline. They have called him a martinet and otherwise reviled him. But he has paid little heed to his traducers and has toiled unceasingly to produce the finest efficiency. Now, in the days of stern sacrifice, his genius has been recognized, and even those who turned from him because of what they once called his harshness are now turning to him as the ablest strategist in the Allied forces.

During the battle of the Marne Gen. Foch sent this memorable telegram to Marshal Joffre:

"My right has been rolled up. My left has been driven back. My center has been smashed. I have ordered an advance from all directions."

Ferdinand Foch was born on October 2, 1851, in the south of France, not far from the birthplace of Marshal Joffre, who is a few months younger. He studied at St. Cyr, the West Point of France, and was a sub-lieutenant in the Franco-Prussian War.

In the Algerian campaign seven years later, Foch was made a captain for distinguished service in the field. His genius had begun to be recognized and he was ordered to France as a professor of military tactics.

Five years later he returned to his regiment as a battery commander and ultimately attained a brigadier’s rank.

He served as Director of the Ecole de Guerre and devoted his attention to the development of the artillery branch of the French service. While he was in the War Office of the famous Creusot Works, he developed and the 75 became the standard gun of the French army.

The outbreak of the present war found him in command of the army of reserve, the existence of which was not even known to the German leaders. This army, under his direction, awaited the strategic moment and then drove in between the Prussian Guard and the Saxton army on September 9, 1914, executing the greatest coup of the Battle of the Marne. In the timing of his movement he showed his genius. The Germans were within sight of Paris. A move too early would have betrayed the existence of his army and enabled the Germans to meet its onslaught. A move just a little later would have been too late.

In the first Battle of Ypres Gen. Foch was again the man who saved the day. With his Tenth Army he was awaiting the inevitable weakness in the enemy line. The Germans seemed on the point of breaking through the heroic Belgian and British armies when Foch decided to strike. He forced the Germans back across the Yser and Dunkirk and Calais were saved.

General Foch in those two battles earned his right to be regarded as a master strategist. He vindicated his own faith in himself and the faith that Marshal Joffre had so frequently expressed in him.

There is much of the Joffre type in him; there is more of Napoleon. He knows how to wait and when to strike. When he does strike it is not with ruthless disregard of human life, but with consideration of every element of battle. He strikes unexpectedly. He strikes hard, telling blows. He fights with the brilliance of a chess master who executes daring moves, and with the same caution that prevents surprises.

Is it any wonder that General Pershing, General Haig, General Petain and General Diaz have rallied so splendidly under Foch in those two battles?

A NEW AIRCRAFT HEAD.

John D. Ryan has been selected to head the aircraft production in this country. He is a great financier, a railroad magnate and a successful business man. It is expected that he will speed up the production of war planes and will standardize the production of the motors and of the planes.

A GERMAN REPORT AMERICANIZED.

The Germans reported that there was a loss of several hundred Americans in the attack at Seicheprey. There were at least three hundred Germans lost in this attack and less than a score of Americans were lost. The Americans drove back the Huns with great loss. The Huns afterward reported that they intended to retreat anywhere and that they had killed hundreds of Americans. The fact was that the Huns were outwitted and had to retreat after finding the Americans prepared for them.

A GERMAN REPORT AMERICANIZED.

There is a game which is calculated to swindle many unsuspecting parents. There is a telegram supposedly from the boy in the army telling the parents of a promised furlough but that he lacks money enough. He asks his parents to telegraph money which is to be delivered to the one who receives the telegram without identification. The telegram gets into the hands of the crook and he gets money on the telegram while the soldier lad does not know of the transaction at all.

THE AMERICAN’S CREED.

Mayoral Preston, of Baltimore, one year ago offered $1,000 for the best creed for Americans. The award was awarded to the one who wrote the following: I believe in the United States of America as a government of the people, by the people, for the people; whose just powers are derived from the consent of the governed, a democracy in a republic; a sovereign nation of many sovereign states; a perfect union, one and inseparable; established upon those principles of freedom, equality, justice and humanity for which American patriots sacrificed their lives and fortunes. I therefore believe it is my duty to my country to love it; to support its constitution; to obey its laws; to respect its flag; and to defend it against all enemies.

PARENTS ARE SWINDLED.

There is a game which is calculated to swindle many unsuspecting parents. There is a telegram supposedly from the boy in the army telling the parents of a promised furlough but that he lacks money enough. He asks his parents to telegraph money which is to be delivered to the one who receives the telegram without identification. The telegram gets into the hands of the crook and he gets money on the telegram while the soldier lad does not know of the transaction at all.

WORD FROM STEFANSSON.

Word has come from the Arctic Explorer Stefansson who is disabled on Herschel Island where he is being cared for by the missionaries.
54TH PIONEER INFANTRY.

Well-known sayings: "When do you want the light meal?"

Every other night or so, mostly so, the clan of old members of the regiment gather around the stove in the regimental exchange, which, by the way, has every aspect of the old-time country store, even to the tobacco-juice sizzling against the stove.

While Sergeant Dietz gets the fuel for the ferocious fire, Sergeant Colbert, amid the roar of the wind, and clatter of hob-nail shoes, clears his throat of black B. L. and says: "Lounsberry, you tell us a story."

Lounsberry stands up, amid the roar of the wind, and clatter of hob-nail shoes, clears his throat of peanut-brittle, and utters: "Stewart, tell us about that wild time in Middletown."

Stewart gets started, amid the roar of the wind, and clatter of hob-nail shoes, and, clearing his throat of marshmallow candy, cries: "Boyce, you tell us of —" but the bunch interrupts with (censored).

Look out, Sergeant Fish, don't lose your temper!

Andy is back, and so is the mole.

Sergeant Wasamaker Mary McGahill, manager, announces that the regimental exchange has a complete line of all the useful things that the army doesn't furnish, and urges that you spend your money there, rather than in town.

"Pop" Issacs, Y. M. C. A. worker and father of the C. O. of Company F, recently blew the kitchen-force of the officers' mess to a couple of shows and a dinner in town. The enlisted men of the regiment contemplate taking their kitchen-force out, too—from the chow improves.

Sergeant Wilde just returned from furlough, bringing with him a bull pup and some stuff which caused a great deal of excitement in and around his tent. Oh, that aroma.

Lieutenant Bernstein, manager, and Lieutenant Rodgers, coach, are very much pleased with the showing our baseball team made in its recent game with the 53rd Pioneer Infantry team. We beat them 19 to 3. Postech pitched a splendid game, and received excellent support. We have, in Stalions, uncovered a second Eddie Ciojote, knuckle-ball artist.

Sergeant-Major "Stonewall" Jackson has invented a new and rapid way of dismounting from a horse. Ask him to show you how it's done.

Headquarters Company asks: "Shall or shall not 'Axel' head the mess line?" Well, I dunno; shall he?

"Rosey," Headquarters Company's handsome supply sergeant, has developed a penchant for trips to Asheville and vicinity. Can it be that this fair Apollo has met the Nymph at Chimney Rock?

Mrs. Kelbuck has again come South, and we are all very glad to see her about again, entirely recovered from her recent illness.

Captain Reese has returned from a ten-day leave in New York. His lieutenants and sergeants had a severe attack of nervous pres-

AMBULANCE COMPANY NO. 105.

The most noteworthy feature of this week's schedule has been the instruction in English Calisthenics. Several British officers and non-coms, who have been stationed here since last winter introduced and demonstrated this wonderful course of exercises to a body of picked men chosen from each company throughout the division and these men are in turn imparting the knowledge obtained to each of their respective companies.

The exercises are designed with the purpose of acquiring speed, agility, strength and control of the muscles, and alertness of mind. Commands are given and executed with lightning speed and precision, and unless a man keeps his wits about him he is likely to make a "blop," the punishment for which is to run across the drill ground to the reviewing stand and back into line. Private's are by no means the only offenders. Corporals, Sergeants and even Lieutenants have been known to take that sprint. Of the nine puppies in the original litter, all but these, "Coolie," "Hickie" and "Louzy," have been disposed of. They make their home in a specially constructed kennel next to Tent Squad No. 1.

Wagoner Glenn Benson, the discoverer of a mixture of steel-wool and water for repairing radiators, has another new one, known as hard oil. To those who seek enlightenment as to the nature of this product, it may be said that the commercial term for hard oil is cup grease.

Two thousand seven hundred recruits from Yaphank arrived last Saturday and have taken the Camp site back of the Sanitary Train. Our own Bville Frawley, who recently passed his examination as cook, has been detailed to Detachment No. 2, which bears out the oft-repeated fact that the early days in the army are a recruit's most trying times.

After a sojourn of several months in Saratoga, Mrs. Ballantyne returned to her home in Syracuse accompanied by Captain Ballantyne and the recent addition to the family, Baby Jeanette. The Captain expects to reach Camp again by the end of April.

Our Top Sergeant Henry Fish obtained a ten-day furlough and left for Syracuse with his wife who has been down here since last fall.

* WALTER CHASSEL.
COMPANY C, 3RD PIONEER INFANTRY.

It is with deep regret that we heard of the death of one of our former members, now with the 101st Infantry in France, Private Roderick J. MacLean, who succumbed to wounds on April 8th. He was a good soldier and very popular with everyone, and his end comes as a distinct shock to all of us.

Corporal Hyde has been transferred to the Military Police, and at present is in charge of the detail at the Southern E. E. station. Probably he will be assigned to the 3' P. M. train. Some speed.

Sergeant George Hennrikus has just returned from furlough, and admits that he is married to the "best little girl in the world" (of course). Supply Sergeant W. Michael Breen reminds us of a janitor with a bunch of keys always dangling from his belt, that would put a jailor to shame. In addition to the keys he has a whistle and a few cork screws. Why not tie on a few mess kits, Bill?

After failing twice to come up to the mark Sergeant Bob Cunningham has succeeded in securing his qualification card. Now, if you knew your General Orders the first time, you wouldn't have to wait.

Corporal Jefferson spent 48 hours in Charlestown recently, and has since confided in his bunkie Gibbons that he had a very confidential talk with a minister while there. Of course Gibby, being girl-like, as usual, could not keep the secret, and now Jeff is trying to say he didn't get married, but we have our doubts. We demand the truth!

With the future Mrs. Cunningham and the future Mrs. Gibbons nursing in Halifax, it is no wonder they are anxious to go across. They are probably figuring on 'jumping' the ship when we put in, before we undertake the final lap across, in case we hit that city. Mechanic Ouellette, our "Lily-pad Hopper," is spending his spare time trying to install the rudiments of the French language into Cook A. Vincent Torrrose, who in return is teaching "Only" how to talk Scandinavians. Now and then Gibbons interrupts the lesson with a streak of pure, undiluted Irish, that they can understand without taking any lessons. Gibby dislikes anyone that can't talk plain United States.

A new mystery appeared in our midst recently when Sergeant Pendergast found the legs of his nice new B. V. D.'s blocked up by a row of paper clips being stamped into them. Just as he discovered the deed, the "Top" came in with blood in his eye looking for the one who put his clip-stamping machine out of business. It looks like the same fiend that nailed Sergeant Phillips' bedstead to the floor after removing his cot and placing all his property in the sack. We haven't discovered who the guilty party is as yet, but a rough guess would call "Smiling" Bob to account. It looks like his work to us.

Our incinerator expert, Moss Sergeant Nordstrom, is praying that there is no garbage or waste water "over there." He likes the mess end of the job, but dislikes the idea of burning tin cans out of shape every other day. Although of foreign birth he is behaving like a good American citizen, and the only fault we can find with him, is his fond desire to hand out so-called meat balls, beef stew, hash(?) etc., at least five times a week. He is at present taking English lessons from Corporal A. Lawrence Gaw (as he prefers to be called), our famous grammar school graduate. Things that never happen:

Pendy failing to lick the spoon after a "feed" of "open-meal."

Gibbons passing up a chance to tell a cook what a good cement-mixer he would make. Gaw showing no interest when possible transfers to the M. P. are mentioned.

Nordstrom leaving camp and returning without becoming acquainted with at least six Janes.

Breen doing "bunk fatigue" more than 24 hours a day.

MacClellan failing to express his opinion of a man who goes to the movies when you ask him to come along.

The same gentleman passing up an opportunity to tell us how he once rode a bicycle on a picket fence and "jumped" it over a gap of 18 feet, without falling.

A. L. T.

VETERINARY CORPS DETACHMENT

AUXILIARY REMOUNT DEPOT 367.

Undoubtedly you have heard of the Daughter of Our Regiment? Well, the Fair One of our Detachment is at present warming a mattress in the Base Hospital, and we have a premonition that she is in Ward 15.

The three latest additions to the Veterinary Corps had four legs each, and they are very fine colts.

Lieutenant Spierling can testify to this, for while admiring one of them, its main support and protection, tried to sample a portion of his anatomy.

Our toppper after a sojourn in the wilds of the Bronx seems delighted to get back with us, and three square meals per day.

Sergeant Jones, our apple knocker from Gloversville, is wearing that worried look on his countenance which denotes plans for a spring drive for a furlough. Success, Jossie!

It is important and should be known that Corporal Elston being a bank cashier, is well accustomed to handling checks, and is fitted for his new promotion in checking hatters and blankets, etc.

CORPORAL STRICKMAN.
Colin, Camp Director of Athletics,

by Mr. Davis, Y. M. C. A., and Mr. Harvey

To the Editor of the GAS ATTACK,

 Dear Sir:

The athletic committee of the 5th Pioneer Infantry take the liberty of asking for a little space in your very interesting paper, through which we may express our appreciation for the athletic equipment furnished us by Mr. Davis, Y. M. C. A., and Mr. Harvey Cohn, Camp Director of Athletics.

Respectfully,

Sergeants BIRCHELL, MULLEY, BLAKE,

Athletic Committee, 5th Pioneer Inf.

CANTEN MANAGERS!
Give the Boys the Best
Their Money Will Buy

OUR LINE OF
Cigars
Cigarettes
Candies
AND
Drug Sundries

Means quick sales and satisfied patrons

GEER DRUG CO.
Wholesalers of Quality Products

COMPANY H, 105TH INFANTRY.

The social event of the season, so far as the members of Company H are concerned, was the dance held at Hotel Cleveland, Spartanburg, Wednesday evening, April 17th.

The success of this affair goes to show that the men are just as efficient when it comes to "treading the light fantastic" as they are on the hikes, at the range, or in the trenches.

Nearly the entire company was present, attracted to a great extent by the promise of the presence of a goodly number of "Southern Belles." They were not disappointed, for men who had never danced before were able to put Maurice in the back ground when it came to gracefulness.

The guests of honor were Colonel and Mrs. James Andrews, Captain (Adjutant) and Mrs. Henry E. Greene, Lieutenant-Colonel Liebmann and Lieutenant and Mrs. T. Forrest Brown. The other officers present were Captain Hodgen, Lieutenants Bergen, Conway and Evans of Company H. Music was furnished by the Company H Jazz Band.

The success of this occasion was due to the hard work of First Sergeant De Conea, Corporal "Jack" Level and most particularly Corporal Grant.

One of the main attractions of the evening was the punch bowl, under the supervision of Corporal Grant and he certainly had all of the metropolitan trimmings to the punch which he served with all the efficiency of a Waldorf chemist.

Again Company H has been at the range, and as "Jerry" Wilson states, "if he could have a furlough as often as he has to hike to the range, army life would be a pipe." This time in company with the entire 53rd Brigade they had a two weeks stay, in order to get on speaking terms with their new rifles.

Company H's three students in the Officers' Training School all finished in fine shape. We salute you, "Tom," "Doe" and "Lee."

Mrs. James T. Bergen, wife of Lieutenant James T. Bergen, has returned to her home in Amsterdam after having spent the winter with her husband in Spartanburg.

PIONEERS HOLD ATHLETIC GAMES.

The Pioneer Division held their first set of athletic games. Events were run off in good order and a large crowd was in attendance. Corporal Eilertsen, of the 54th Pioneer, was the individual star, winning the 100 yard dash, Rescue race and three-legged race. The 54th Pioneer ran away with the Point trophy, scoring 32 points; 53d Pioneer 8 points; 55th and 56th, 6 points each; 53d Pioneer, 5 points, 2d Pioneer, 1 point.

Summaries.

110 yard final—Corporal Eilertsen, 54th, 1st; Blake, 5th, 2d; McKenney, 56th Pioneer, 3d; time, 10 4-5 seconds.

100 yard rescue race—Corporal Eilertsen and Buttermark, 54th, 1st; O'Brien and Wolfe, 53d, 2d; Howell and Beck, 54th, 3d; time 12 4-5 seconds.

Half mile inter-regimental relay—56th Pioneer, 1st; 54th, 2d; 53d, 3d.

Half mile mule race—last mule in to win race, won by 54th Pioneer mule.

Obstacle race, 220 yards—Marganough, 52d, 1st; O'Brien, 53d, 2d; time 46 4-5 seconds.

100-yard dash—Eilertsen, 54th Pioneer Infantry, first; Blake, 5th Pioneer Infantry, second, and McKenney, 56th Pioneer Infantry, third. Time, 10 4-5 seconds.


Mule race—Won by A. Lawler, supply company, 54th Pioneer Infantry.

One-half mile inter-regimental relay race—McKenney, McCamp, Russell and Lee, 56th Pioneer Infantry, first; Webster, Buttermark, Williamson and Eilertsen, second, and the 53rd Pioneer Infantry team, third.


A push-ball game which marked the close of the games was won by the 54th Pioneer Infantry against a picked team of the 53rd and 56th Pioneer Infantry regiments. The score was 2 to 0.
COMPANY B, 104 MACHINE GUN BATTALION.

At the present writing we are sojourning in the Blue Ridge Mountains. We had no trouble arriving in spite of a few minor difficulties, such as packs, trench shoes, mud, officers and a lack of sufficient Sergeants to make their ever popular songs of "close up" effective.

We have an ideal camp site and the scenery would be beautiful if there were not so many mountains to shut off our view.

Ell Whitney, our erstwhile iron man, on the second day out, discovered much crowing of the hives, loose joints and trouble with his feed system and had great difficulties in making the grades. Whitt attributes the trouble to overloading, but then he always was averse to having anything on his back. Witness his South Sea Island enroute for the showers.

Corporal S. W. A. K. Stoddard won the tin helmet and the everlasting title of cave man when he pounced upon the unsuspecting "Pickles" McNall and forebodingly relieved him of his scenery. Rumor has it that some one passed the word there was a movie camera around the next turn.

Acting Corporal Way came equipped for a hard campaign, leaving behind everything but the most essentials, such as bread, oranges, shoe trees, talcum powder (four kinds), toilet water, mustache wax, lip sticks, baby blue silk pajamas, nightie cap, air pillow, and pink parasol. Elmer says this "roughing it" is luckiest experience he's had during his enlistment. He was never without a large supply of goodies. His edibles were augmented by fourteen varieties of jams, which he exhibited of Gun Number Two on the first Friday's maneuvers.

"Seconds" Miller, the veteran mess kit polisher, has succeeded in getting a little nearer the source of supplies. He has succeeded James Afternoon Knapp, who has again resigned the Oldfield job as driver of our Division Demolisher (first class), being the owner of such a sweet and willing disposition, wants all his old friends (both of them) to know that he is ready to carry on the business on the same established line of service.

The boys took up a collection the other night to buy "Champagne Bob," the Oklahoma Bootlegger, a new hatstrap, thereby hoping to relieve his shoestring from detached duty.

D. Getz, prominent turban and well known figure on the bridle paths of Central Park, had chameleoned upon his neck yesterday and the poor reptile turned black in the face and died from his efforts to harmonize with the surroundings.

Stomach Swindler Wilson, who succeeded James Afternoon Knapp, who has completed structures are expected by January next, has succeeded to the war department. It is the height of simplicity, the shirt is just lined with grease and expect soon to devote all their time to the making of the hobnails for these leather dogs. The shoes will be shiped on flat cars and assembled in camp. The completed structures are expected by January first.

Sergeant D. S. C. Bomboff, the winner of many brown derby's at past popularity contests, turned the company over to Captain King when we left for the range. Things are going as well as can be expected under the circumstances.

Our grangers, the Tennant brothers, Redband and Acting-Private Rose, are having great times out here, by heck! They Jes' set around', chew tobacco, whittle and help settle the country's agricultural problems.

"Bomb-proof" McElveney, the walking megaphone, picked up a gold medal, wrapped in tissue paper at the engineers camp on the way up. The owner can have same by describing it. Mac just beat a medical officer to it by a nose.

William S. Curran (not Hart), the Annie Oakley of our company, exhibited some plain and fancy shooting on the pistol range. He combined his aiming motions with his English calisthenics and made quite a success of it. He had no trouble at all until his long, straggling mustache got caught in the racket lever paw.

Bennie Elson, one of the latter day prophets, turned out to be quite a promising shot. In his first burst he nearly got a bully's eye, a captain and two lieutenants. Bennie evidently has his eye on a commission, judging by the way he is trying to eliminate all competition.

Speed, the home town of most of our boys, is the midst of a license campaign. Although we soldiers are denied the ballot, the vast majority of the boys are strongly pro禁 and are doing quite a bit rooting from the side lines. The "drys" marshaled their forces last Sunday evening and held an impromptu Temperance parade and meeting. They presented a beautiful sight with their white ribbons, anti-booze banners and dust-caked throats. "Cherub" Hancock was Grand Marshal, assisted by Deputy Marshals O'Hara, O'Sean, Lighton and McAvillife. Some of the other prominent drys present were Ruddy, Abbott, Klaila, Amore, Keogh, Mooney, Truvally, Bishop, Haas, Alkman, Enme, Cooley and Reilly. After a short address by W. C. T. U. Kelly, of the Anti-Saloon League, the meeting adjourned to the canteen and drank toasts to W. J. Bryan in sparkling Ginger ale.

We hear that the government is advertising for bids on contracts for the erection of a pair of field shoes for Bultensperger, of Camp Wadsworth and Converse. Fourteen architects have been working four weeks on the plans. A Texas ranch owner is slaughtering his entire herd of 1,299 cows to supply the leather. Three ammunition factories have had new machinery installed and expect soon to devote all their time to the making of the hobnails for these leather dog houses. The shoes will be shipped on flat cars and assembled in camp. The completed structures are expected by January first.

A Dressy Shoe for Town Wear

Herman's U. S. Army Shoes

The Garrison Model is sure to satisfy any man in the service or any civilian who wants a comfortable, solidly made shoe that is unmistakably high class.

Remember it's Herman's Garrison Shoe on the Caddie List—our No. 36. Be sure to get Herman's. We stake our reputation on army shoes, and because of our long experience and highly specialized equipment can and do turn out a splendidly finished line that is positively the biggest shoe value on earth. Catalog free.

Every officer's equipment should contain several pairs of Herman's, made only by


For Sale in Spartanburg by

Globe Sample Co.
Nissen's Shoe Store
John A. Walker
Abe Myersen

The boys started out on the hike with light packs, but before we came to the first halt, we were burdened with two new hound dogs and a new lieutenant. Anybody missing any of these things can have same by notifying Pen Pusher Osterhand, the Ceroma Corporal.

Linner, our Arrow Collar Man, has at last perfected his new invention, a water-proof O. D. shirt. He is about ready to submit it to the War Department. It is the height of simplicity, the shirt is just lined with grease from within.

Acting Corporal Williams is acting worse than ever. We are hoping for a little peace sometime next February, when it is expected he will be busy sewing chevrons on his pajamas and poncho.

Rex.
18 Miles by Motor from Hendersonville

HENDERSONVILLE, NORTH CAROLINA

—Then France

The house that caters to the needs of the Soldier.

GOLDBERG'S

OFFICERS' EQUIPMENT
FOR
"OVER-SEAS SERVICE"
AT
GOLDBERG'S

Field Boots
Rubber Boots
Fox's Spiral Puttees
Trench Coats with detachable wool lining
Bedding Rolls
O. D. Shirts
Clothing Rolls
Riding Gloves
Army Lockers
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GOLDBERG'S

The house that caters to the needs of the Soldier.

WORLD BREVITIES

There was an agreement between Holland and the United States which provided Holland with food rations and provided the United States with ships to help her in transportation. Holland was to have six ships on the sea all of the time, two were to go toward America and three were to go to Holland. Each was to carry products from the ports from which it left to the country on the other side of the Atlantic. Germany was greatly displeased with this proposition and did not promise to allow such ships the privilege of sailing. Then this country took upon itself the safe conduct of the ships and will see that three go from this country when three set out from Holland. This will guarantee the supply of ships to the United States and the grain to Holland.

CANADIAN WAR GOVERNMENT.

The Canadian Government has been an example to all the other Allies and especially to the United States in respect to the harmony between the various parties. There has been a War Parliament which represented the various parties and there was no effort to change the legislature when the time for election rolled around. Now another bill is before the Colonial Parliament to extend the War Parliament through 1919.

ENGLAND'S SOLUTION OF THE LABOR PROBLEM.

At the beginning of the war England seemed to be rent with labor troubles and strikes. Almost ninety per cent. of all of the workmen who were called upon to help in the ship building and in the manufacturing of munitions were in the union. There were some quite serious strikes but a settlement between labor and capital was reached which has kept both factions entirely in harmony since the agreement. The rate of wages were settled upon and a committee to adjust any rise in the cost of living was appointed with the power to advance wages accordingly while women and children were allowed to work till after the war and union and non-union men were to work together till after the war when a new adjustment will be made. Now there is a loss of less than one-sixth of the time due to disputes. There are about 750,000 women workers in the munition factories. Over nine-tenths of the shells are made by women who never saw a lathe before the war.

ENGLAND IS MAKING PLANES.

Winston Churchill in a speech said that England is now making in a week more planes than she made during the whole of 1914.

She is now making in a month more than she did during the whole of 1915.

She is now making in a quarter more than she made in the whole of 1916.

She is making during 1918 several times as many as she did last year. Also he said that the quality has been very much improved and many important inventions have been made to make the plane much more efficient.

LOST GUNS REPLACED BY THE ALLIES.

There has been used more ammunition since the last great battle began than was ever used in double a like period of time. England last nearly 1,000 guns by shell fire and capture. She also lost between 4,000 and 5,000 machine guns by capture or by destruction. While these losses were great yet they have been made good within a month and England now has more of the same guns and more of the machine guns than she had before. She has shells enough to last well into next year.

ENGLAND MAKES MORE TANKS.

England has found the tank very successful in many trials and has as many on hand as the army can use. The Germans have captured many of the tanks lately and are using some of them against the Allies. But the Allies have made all losses good and has a good surplus.

FORD'S TIN EAGLES.

Henry Ford at the request of the Navy Department has begun the manufacture of submarine chasers which he will produce at the rate of one per day. He has cut the rate of his auto manufacture and will place his factory and another at the service of the Eagle. The Eagle will be made on a revolving platform as is the auto and when it goes the rounds it comes out a submarine chaser landed in the Detroit River.

PROHIBITION CAMPAIGN IN ALABAMA.

There will be a very hot contest in Alabama over the ratification or non-ratification of the federal prohibition amendment. The pros and cons will mass all of their forces for a contest; last till action is taken and the question is decided. The pros wish to have a referendum sent to the people because the legislature seems to favor the amendment.

THE LONG RANGE GUNS OF THE GERMANS.

One of the long range guns has been captured or put out of service while the others continue to storm Paris without much resulting damage. The long range gun has rightly been called the baby killer because it does not confine its efforts to the enemy lines but it pays its attention to the defenseless women and children back of the lines. This is another breach of International law and a broken German promise at the Hague Conference.

“See Chimney Rock First—Then France”

The Most Charming Bit of Scenery in America

18 Miles by Motor from Hendersonville

Chimney Rock Company

HENDERSONVILLE, NORTH CAROLINA

GAS ATTACK
GERMANY COLLECTS 250,000 MARKS FROM MOSCOW.

Moscow now has to pay to Germany 250,000 marks because she did not favor the transfer of a city of Russia to the Ukraine territory. She protested against the taking away of her property and had to pay a fine for the protest. The treatment of Russia by Germany since Russia signed a peace treaty with Germany is a good example for the Allies to consider before signing any agreement with Germany.

WHY ARE WE FIGHTING GERMANY?

A booklet just published by the University of Chicago Press has summarized the reasons for the war in a most clear and unbiased manner. The pamphlet was written by Professor Andrew C. McLaughlin who is at the head of the Department of History in Chicago University.

The reasons are as follows:

1. Germany began the war. She planned for it for over forty years and was against all arbitration and against all treaties which would hold her responsible for any war which she might wish to commence. She was cultivating jealousy against all nations which came into competition with her. She cultivated a hatred among her people against all her trade rivals. She was found guilty beyond any question by not only all of the war documents of the Allied governments but by her own documents and by the confessions of her officials and by the letters from her leaders and from the testimony of her own ambassador.

2. Germany was guilty for beginning the war since it was not for her own protection nor for her own safety but it was because of her own ambition and greed. She had prepared a great army to gain a coveted world dominance and she had instilled a terror into as many nations as possible. She was seeking territory toward the Atlantic. She wanted to destroy Serbia for she was in the way of the projected Baghdad railroad.

3. Germany invaded Belgium. She confessed that to get into France this was the easiest way. She demanded of Belgium that she give up her honor and neutrality. On being refused by Belgium she entered Belgium which she had planned for years and contrary to all international law she stormed Belgian cities and murdered Belgian citizens.

4. The German wantonly sacked Belgium. The territory was sacked as no territory has been since the age of barbarism. She used forms of cruelty not used since the dark ages.

5. Germany disregarded her pledges in the conduct of the war. She had broken every pledge she had taken in the Hague Conference. She had broken every principle and practice of warfare. She bombarded unfortified cities, she resorted to pillage, she took private funds, she held communities responsible for alleged acts of individuals; she wreaked vengeance upon communities without cause, she used poisonous gases, she dropped bombs at night on sleeping villages.

6. Germany flung away international law. She asserted that international law did not affect her.

7. Germany pursued the policy of terrorizing on the high sea. She used submarine warfare not only against the enemies of her but against the whole world. She violated the fundamental rights of the seas and became a sea highwayman. She took possession of the seas as though she already owned them. She extended the war zone so as to restrict and to control the trade of the world. She sank merchant ships laden with passengers without giving them any chance to escape. She destroyed 226 American citizens who were on such ships.

8. Germany openly defied the world. She barred all the trade zones of the eastern Atlantic coast and promised to sink any offender without warning. She even regarded armed neutrality as warfare and would regard any ship armed as an enemy.

9. Germany filled our land with spies. She placed bombs in our merchant vessels, she made plots which were calculated to make between this nation and other nations. She never kept her promises made to desist from submarine warfare, she promised parts of our country to any country which would aid her in her submarine warfare. She fomented strikes and disorders, she tried to alienate the United States from the people of Japan and is found to have been guilty of this for a decade; she offered a half million dollars to bribe Mexico in order to get her to start a war against the United States, her ambassador asked for $50,000 dollars with which to influence Congress as he claimed he had done before.

10. Germany threatened democracy. Germany menaced our safety. She had a great army and had frequently tried to stir up strife against this country. She had planned the storming of our cities and had expected to collect great indemnities from them.

11. Germany threatened the Monroe doctrine. She had said through her leaders that she would some day fight this country because we were seeking world trade.

12. Germany imperiled the integrity of our nation.

13. Germany continually threatened the peace of the world.

14. Germany made the world unsafe for democracy.

15. Germany opposed any plan for world organization for world peace.

PUNISHMENT FOR FRAUD IN WAR INSURANCE.

There has been a first case where a woman claiming to be the wife of a soldier claimed his insurance. It was found that there was fraud and the government has decided to punish all insurance fraud very severely. All persons filling out application blanks fraudulently will be severely punished.
Rembrandts in Khaki Show Pictures

104TH FIELD ARTILLERY.

The gold bricks were at their work, doing nothing, when like a thunderbolt from the sky, the announcement came that "Parade" Smith, the only first class private who wears chevrons on his sleeves, was ordered to the range. The agony of those moments will never be forgotten. "Parade" Smith had to pack his duds and prepare for the range. It was a terrible blow, but orders are orders. A murmur of conspiracy started, but it was soon squelched inasmuch as "Parade" was one of the men left here to recuperate. The air at the range being better, and the surroundings much more pleasant, it was decided that Smith be sent thereto to finish his convalescing. Besides, at the Range, "Parade" can be kept busy bucking for orderly.

Sergeant Munster, although Supply Sergeant, has the wishes of all men of the Battery for a speedy recovery. But why should Hendra get sick just when it was time to check up the property?

Our Greek Colony has lost another member, Klonarides, who has been assigned as instructor in this art of "faking." Corporal Ocenasek, one of the camouflage men, has been appointed in this art of "nature faking."

Corporal Geep and Private Prokop, after finishing the course at the School of the Line, have left for New York to paint the town red. New York needs no camouflage.

An adding machine adds to the importance of some people, but why should it? An union under a different name would prove just as palatable.

Two privates were admiring the uniform of our regimental Supply Sergeant. One of the privates remarked: "Why shouldn't he have a nice uniform? Isn't he the Supply Sergeant?" The remark must have been pretty loud for the "Beau Brummel" of the regiment replied: "Yes, for thirty-five dollars there is no reason why a uniform should not look good."

Now it is "Dizzy" Driscoll who was granted a furlough. If some of us only knew how to be detailed to the Canteen, some of us could get home whenever our heart desired.

Famous trucks:
- A horse....
- Our mail....
- C Battery's....

Have you seen the new brassards for the physical training graduates? They serve as a protection anyway.

(Continued from page 3) would have blushed almost as red as Stout's ladies are habitually.

The landscapes of J. G. Sweeney of the 107th had plenty of color, too. We have heard such pictures described as "a riot of color." In Sweeney's case, we do not perceive the necessity of calling the M. P.'s to suppress the riot. His appreciation of color values is remarkably mature. His brush work is carefully careless, giving one an impressionistic impression. The South is indeed sunny in his pictures.

Wells' Punch-Like Sketches.

Wells has some sketches that are delightfully casual in their execution. They remind one of the comic artists in Punch, than which no higher compliment can be paid a rising young American artist who works in Wells' vein. The one showing an amiable mother clasping her returning soldier son is particularly good. Wells can do more with two lines than many artists can do with a bottle of ink.

Illava, Dreher, Lauten and Kennedy, all well known to Gas Attack readers, have some characteristic pen and ink work on view. Harold Kunkle has a very realistic view of two mule skinner and their charges, which has everything in it but the profundity, and you can almost hear that. The tugging, struggling brutes are very well done, indeed.

The first salon of the New York Division Academy, thanks to G. William Breck, the Seventh Regiment Gazette, the G. William Breck Chowder and Social Club, Colonel Loehd and the artists who contributed their time and talent was a most successful affair.

Many of the pictures were bought from the artists by admiring visitors at Spartanburg prices. The pictures are to be exhibited in New York at the Seventh Regiment armory.

R. E. C.

PLOTTED TO BLOW TRAINS.

It now comes to light from the papers seized some time ago on the person of none other than Captain von Papen that the German government was planning the war in March previous to the outbreak of hostilities for these letters sought information as to how trains could be blown up and asked how this could be done in Europe, von Papen was to investigate how the deed was done in Mexico and then report.

The Curse of an Aching Part!
The Gillette is the Service Razor

UNCLE SAM wants his boys to be comfortable—healthy men and healthy surroundings—alert, set-up, fit, and clean shaved.

Trim, time-saving men in every branch of the Service—have tested out all the razors there are—and settled on the Gillette.

In nearly four years of the Great War the Gillette has made good with every shaving problem a man can put up to it—met every condition of face and skin—delivered the velvet-smooth shave in the worst possible conditions.

It's always on the job—with hot or cold water—in cold or hot weather.

It's the razor that ten million up-and-coming men—the men who are doing the big things in all parts of the world—find 100% dependable.

Hundreds of thousands of fighting men who know the value of time, comfort, and soldierly appearance won't have any other razor.

Blades are always sharp—always ready. No strops or hones to clutter up the kit. It can be tucked away in the breast pocket, the pack, or the ditty box. No Stropping—No Honing.

GILLETTE SAFETY RAZOR COMPANY

BOSTON, MASS., U. S. A.
GAS ATTACK

COMPANY D, 102ND AMMUNITION TRAIN.

A drama was staged in Spartanburg by one of the most generous members of our company which nearly ended in a tragedy. Quincy James Hapeman decided after due persuasion that he would visit the town of Spartanburg as it had been painted a very vivid color to him, that hospitality was the business slogan and invitations to everything the town contained were issued with each ticket on the P. and N. After proper grooming and primping he set forth on his first visit to the town of golden opportunities for a good time at no cost. He figured that being in camp six months without crossing the boundaries, that on his first trip to town the Mayor and a reception committee would greet him with open arms, Hapeman proceeded to the P. and N. station to catch the 1:13 which arrived shortly after two P. M.

Fifteen minutes later he arrived in the town of his dreams and was very disappointed not to find any one awaiting his arrival so he proceeded to have just the same old time all by himself. He happened to glance at some posters in front of one of the leading Photo-Play houses depicting Adam and Eve in "When the leaves begin to fall." He stepped up to the entrance preparatory to stepping inside the enjoyment emporium when a man requested in the sweetest tones, "ticket, please, sir."

Hapeman being quite quick-witted perceived after due meditation that he had made an error and was not in a free show but to make the best of the situation stepped up to the cashier's window, presented a large dollar bill and said "one, please." He received the pasteboard and 78 cents in change. "What," he gurgled, "22 cents just to see a movie. Why back in Hudson 5 cents is the most we ever pay. 17 cents too much.' He proceeded to have just a dandy time all by himself. Later when his inner man was calling to him to make the best of the situation he ordered a cup of java. "What, 25 cents for the griddle cakes and 10 cents for one cup of coffee? Highway robbery!" He received the snakes and asked for his favorite fruit, pan cakes; 15 cents for each there fell wondrous tales of what lie in front of him. "Ticket, please, sir." He gurgled, "15 cents for a walnut dessert?" Had the people of Spartanburg no heart? Quincy spent all afternoon and evening in town always figuring exactly what the next thing would cost. Upon arriving back in camp he sat on his bunk in deep meditation and figured up exactly what he had spent. His total expenditures were just $1.20 and then he made one big resolution and next day found him at the N. C. A. exchanging his remitt ing $1.20 for a money order which now reposes in the old sock back in Hudson, N. Y., with the 30 simoleans from each previous month that he has been in the khaki, namely since July 15, 1917.

Spartanburg will see Quincy no more as it nearly caused his demise every time he looked at the amount of his check after indulging himself in some frivolity. Also $1.20 is altogether too much to spend in any one town.

We now have a new set of cooks. That is, only about a month old. When they first began to cater to our appetites they inquired one in a while as to what we craved. Now they say, "Well, if you don't like, you don't have to burden yourself down with it." What a difference some authority does make. Hank Keldner, Bob Decker and Clif. Decker are back with us again after indulging in the excesses of their furloughs back in civilization. Hank at the present moment is chopping the kindling for the kitchen fire. Nonamaker and Art O'Brien are now having their daily workouts with the gold brick squad trying to take the flatness out of their pedal extremities.

Jim Barry is hard at work painting the Overland. He and Lusk have been working on said car for the past four weeks and if they break right this car will be in running condition by the first of May. That is, of course, if Lusk gets the gears in properly this time.

Clarence Oswald Snyder is the hardest working man in our company, but his hardest work is trying to keep out of work. When he hears one of the sergeants looking for a detail he can cover the distance between our tent and the end of our company street in just nothing flat.

Durkin still furnishes the amusement at mess time with the rises that the boys get out of him. If his hearing wasn't so good he would have a little peace at least three times each day.

A. G. P.

THE TALLEST STORY.

A group of Revolutionary heroes were swapping tall stories, and from the lips of each there fell wondrous tales of what he had done in the shock of battle or the frenzy of the charge. Finally one old fellow with long, white whiskers remarked: "I was personally acquainted with George Washington."

"I was lying behind the breastworks one day, pumping lead into the Britshers. When I heard the patter of a horse's hoofs behind me. Then came a voice: "Hi, there, you with the deadly aim!"

"Hi, there, you with the deadly aim! Look here a moment!"

"I looked around and saluted, recognizing General Washington, and he said: "What's your name?"

"Hogan," I said.

"Your first name?"

"Pat, sir—Pat Hogan."

"Well, Pat," he said, 'go home. You're killing too many men."

"I think I'd better get a few more, General."

"No," he said, 'You've killed too many. It's slaughter. And, Pat, don't call me General; call me George.'"
COMPANY H, 106TH INFANTRY.

On starting for the range Cook Frederick Tourot, alias Fritz, sure did look a young army with that two-man pack on his back and we think he is trying to do an Atlas stunt.

All that was left in the company was a few cripples with flat feet, and bad knees and when they started to do guard duty it looked like the old man's home going on. If they would swap legs we could at least get one good soldier out of the lot. Sam Sultan has a bum right foot and John Johnson has a bad left. Can't they swap?

Democracy Delaney has been looking for the guy who said that we were fighting for the freedom of the seas. Del says that he uses the subway and that he never lived in Jersey. Why mention the Jersey, Del?

The only thing that is worrying the boys is when they will be issued red hat cords to go with their new guns. Some class to the first company to do regimental guard with the new 1917's and as usual a "H" Company guard too.

The Incinerators claim the championship of the company as they beat the L—- a last Sunday and the team is out to finish any other company team that wants to play.

The village wonders Tee Tah Hazelton and Glenn Harms are still fighting out for the 1st sergeantcy of the cripple squad. Harms now has 150 pounds on old Tee Tah.

Nick Eauveto says make him corporal of all the cripples and he guarantees a few more good soldiers for Uncle Sam.

We are wondering where Sergeant McCarty got those rimmed glasses from. Gee, how we look behind the cheaters.

Sam Sultans expects to go home soon I guess, as he reads Monroe and Moe Levy ads in all the papers that he puts those lunch books on.

The most popular sergeant in the company was Sergeant Moore when he had the new belts and rifles for the gang, but when they started to clean them he lost his popularity. The things that were said by certain members of this company about cosmic is enough to hurt that grease for life.

Private Frank Wannamaker is still with the company and there is hopes that Wannamaker will stay a little while this time. Delays in all the papers that he puts those lunch books on.

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Sgt. Curry came near using bad language but he remembered and went right back to his up state stuff of Gosh Darn it. Say, Sergeant, are you an apple knocker? Jim Sagendorf of the Gimme fame, was caught with cigarettes the other night. Jim you'll have to be more careful in future.

Corporal Joe Shanley claims to have the Irish squad of the company, he has Nagelburg, Fritz, Torrizzo, Cohen, Van Steenburgh and O'Nell and he says the Irish blood is there but we don't know where.

W. H. R.

AMBULANCE CO. NO. 108.

Captain Allerton, formerly with the 104th Field Artillery, is now in charge of this command. Major Sears, our former Captain, has been transferred to the Medical detachment of the 102nd Ammunition Train. Lieutenant Bagley, Sergeants "Mike" Doyle and Tierney, and Private Shoemaker have gone with Major Sears.

A hearty welcome is extended to Captain Allerton and the boys congratulate our new "Topper" Benedict and Sergeant Tierney, have their well-earned promotions.

Private Wells, known among his own associates as "Chokes trap," received a furlough the other day with a O. L. written thereon. Hard luck, Choke.

The Ambulance Trio, Sharp, Francis and Tyler, made their debut up at the Base Hospital last week and scored a big hit with Sharp's new song entitled, "A Little Bit Off the Top."

We are wondering what McGuinness will do to escape drill, now that the Camel has been sent back to Sahara. (Bingo).

Grant M. Weaver, the lovelorn laddie, has been spending a few days with a lovelorn lass.Mail orderly Francis noticed his absence owing to the light incoming and outgoing mail.

Tyler, one of Corporal Hensberry's shining lights, has declared his intention of becoming a tiller of the soil when he gets back in civilian life. Any night he may be found delving deep in periodicals on the mysteries of hoeing beans and threshing pumpkins. Anyone having any old copies of "The Farm and Fireside," "The Country Gentlemen," or other agricultural publications are requested to turn them over to this would be "yocal."

Oh, where, oh, where has Sergeant Chaffee's little dog gone? We don't know but has a sneaking idea that it is "somewhere in Gaffney."

Sgt. Cole is not of a jealous disposition, but it is said that he has a close rival up on the 3rd F. H. picket line.

Bortholf has returned from a ten-day furlough. He has a woeful tale—something about a shipwreck at Charlotte, N. C., but managed to land high and dry back here at camp. Mostly dry.

Not long ago Percy D. Herrick, while passing up the company street in his usual military manner, rolled his optics toward the bulletin board. Breathing a sigh of relief to find that he was not signed up for K. F. was about to turn away but stopped short as something evidently withheld his attention. Those watching nearby say that he scanned the bulletin board no less than a dozen times during the day and straightway wrote "Mamma" that he was to be Corporal of the Guard that night.

Thee Pine Hill boys are still manipulating the paste-boards. Smiley and Rapp playing euchre with McGuinness and O'Nell got the best eight out of ten games the other night. Rapp and O'Nell are holding their own with the quotis. "Doc" Harvey has received his commission as Farrier.

Horseshoe Morgan continues to do "Bank Patience" on the horseshoe legs in the shop.

R. M. L.

WHO WAS HE?

The proud father, to whom a college education had been denied, met his daughter at the train on her return from college.

"But, Helen," he said, "aren't you unusually fat?"

"Yes, Dad," she replied, "I weigh one hundred and forty pounds stripped for gym."

The father looked dazed for a moment and then demanded: "Who in thunder is Jim?"
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Sloan's

GAS ATTACK

CO. M, 108TH INFANTRY.

We have taken a wonderful sprint this past few weeks in the final round of our extensive training, and Capt. Taggart seems to be well pleased with the showing of his company.

In the early part of our training Co. M had been seriously handicapped due to the unpleasant visit of Mr. Quarantine who had been quite prominent, but now that this streak of "hard luck" as the boys call it, has passed the company is ready to compete against any in the Division for superiority upon both the drill field and in the sport circle.

We are anxiously awaiting the orders to vacate this Burg, so that we may show our many admirers at home what we have been doing and can readily assure them that we will give an account that all can be proud of.

I was just asked, "How about that baseball game with the 107th Regimental team?" It was a wonderful game to begin with, and I am sure that the men that witnessed the game will agree with me when I say Co. M completely outclassed their opponents in both fielding and hitting. Perhaps after this the 107th won't care if their opponents are only company teams. Don't be bashful boys, send in your challenges and I'll assure you we'll give them due consideration.

"Butch" Moore, our new "top," who is acting in the capacity of "Jack" Barchart, who is on leave of absence has been very much perplexed and is wondering where "Miss Almond" is hanging the poster today.

There has been considerable comment about the mess shack of 1st. Sergeant Dean, our worthy Supply Sergeant, being the chief topic.

"No, boys, the piano can not be played tonight; those old knives and forks may come to life and dance away."

The Titus Twins who are the facsimile of the Siamese, find great difficulty in keeping up with the Siamese, find great difficulty in keeping their program of dances at the (Gils Edge) Carnival.

Pete Baszynski hasn't anything new to sing, so the cry of Union forever.

Lieutenant Roberts is home on furlough, and we sincerely hope he doesn't sneak up on the townsfolk and capture them as he did the company while in the trenches. There was one place he tried to get but a misunderstanding found him and Private Donovan at the—— Well, never mind. They didn't want to capture it, anyway.

Corporals Hopper, Morrissey and Private Basak, Schillawski and Meehan have been transferred to Supply Company, 108th Infantry, and their loss is deeply regretted by the whole company. Our best wishes for success and good luck go with them.

"Red" Mayo is again in the harness, after a vacation spent at the Spring Training Quarters and has settled down to regular camp routine.

EDWIN S. SCHREINER, Corporal.

MASONS OF CAMP MEET IN MASS MEETING.

On Thursday evening, February 18, a mass meeting of the Masons in Camp was held in Mess Shack No. 5-6 of the 55th Pioneer Infantry. Chaplain Hanscomb of the 106th Infantry, presided as chairman, with D. M. Davis of Y. M. C. A. Unit 93 as Secretary.

This meeting was made possible largely by the work of Major De Lenater, Chaplain Hanscomb, and Private Tucker of the 105th Infantry and D. M. Davis, of the Y. M. C. A. After the meeting was called to order the Secretary read resolutions which in part were adopted. The chairman then made a talk of the possibilities of this organization after which Lieutenant Chas. Stroup of the Base Hospital introduced a motion to organize a lodge representing Camp Wadsworth, which motion was enthusiastically carried. A committee of five was appointed to investigate just what steps should be taken to organize a Camp Lodge. This committee consists of Col. Stover, of the 3d Pioneer Infantry; Major Gibson, of the Pioneer Brigade Headquarters; Major Purdy, of the 21st Pioneer Infantry; Captain Goodman, of Base Hospital, with Sergeant Tower, of the 3d Pioneer Infantry, as chairman.

The committee decided to meet each Tuesday night. Until further arrangements are made meetings will be held in the above named Mess Shack. All Masons who are interested can confer with the secretary or members of the committee for particulars. All Masons are asked to attend meetings and do their bit toward making this organization a success. The first meeting was well attended. Some three hundred enthusiastic Masons had the pleasure of being present.

THE DUTCH AGREEABLE.

The Government of Holland expresses itself as agreeable to the act of America which seized the Dutch boats in American harbors with the promise to pay for the same and with the further promise to furnish Holland with such food as she needs to import. One of the agreements is that America will send three ships to Holland in return for every three ships sent to America. America and England have further promised not to seize Holland's shipping in any American port after April 20.

A NEW KIND OF STAMPS.

Never had there been such a commotion in the little home, and the most wildly excited person was the sister of the young mother who had just presented twins to her husband. Off she rushed to the post-office down her money.

"Stamps, please," she said, as she flung down her money.

"How many, Miss?" asked the clerk.

"Two," she cried joyfully.

"What kind?"

"A boy and a girl."
"Any Back Numbers of The Gas Attack?"

We are asked this question so often, that in self defense we must admit that we have no more copies of Nos. 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10.

Any one wishing copies of the other issues can buy them at the Gas Attack office [Y. M. C. A. Headquarters.]

SET OF 15 ISSUES—$1.00

Banking Logic

If the number of soldiers coming into our Bank, daily, is an indication of satisfied customers, we must be giving "Service Plus."

Place your account with the

CENTRAL NATIONAL BANK
SPARTANBURG, S. C.

The families and friends of officers and enlisted men now at Spartanburg will find perfect accommodations amid most delightful surroundings at

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Spend your furloughs at this world-famous resort rather than in travelling to your distant homes.
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Clean cut and efficient workmanship, coupled with 30 years' experience in the better class of printing, are emphatic guarantors of 100% satisfaction to our customers.

We have a justifiable pride in boasting of "THE GAS ATTACK" as a product of our plant. That "THE GAS ATTACK" has been quoted by such publications as "The Literary Digest," "Life," "Judge," "The Outlook" and leading newspapers of the country, is an irrefutable endorsement of the brains and skill behind it.

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