



WADSWORTH GAS ATTACK

AND

The Rio Grande Rattler.

Vol. 1. No. 2

CAMP WADSWORTH, S. C.

November 27, 1917

THANKSGIVING DAY PROCLAMATION

PRESIDENT WILSON'S Proclamation designating Thursday, November 29th, as Thanksgiving Day, follows:

*I*T has long been the honored custom of our year in praise and thanksgiving to Al-
cies to us as a Nation. That custom
tragedy of a world shaken by war and
row and great peril, because even midst the
can see the great blessings God has bestow
mere peace of mind and prosperity of

We have been given the opportunity
selves in the great day of our declaration
a tyranny that threatened to master and
other free peoples in demanding for all the
ed and obtained for ourselves. In this day of
our rights as a Nation but to defend also the
has been vouchsafed us in full and inspiring meas
We have been brought to one mind and purpose. A new vigor of common counsel and common action has been revealed to us.

We should especially thank God that in such circumstances, in the midst of the greatest enterprise the spirits of
men have ever entered upon, we have, if we but observe a reasonable and practicable economy, abundance with which to supply
the needs of those associated with us as well as our own.

A new light shines about us. The great duties of a new day awaken a new and greater national spirit in us. We shall
never again be divided or wonder what stuff we are made of.

And while we render thanks for these things let us pray Almighty God that in all humbleness of spirit we may look always
to Him for guidance; that we may be kept constant in the spirit and purpose of service; that by His grace our minds may be
directed and our hands strengthened, and that in His good time liberty and security and peace and the comradeship of a com-
mon justice may be vouchsafed all the nations of the earth.

Wherefore, I, Woodrow Wilson, President of the United States of America, do hereby designate Thursday, the 29th
day of November next, as a day of thanksgiving and prayer, and invite the people throughout the land to cease upon that day
from their ordinary occupations and in their several homes and places of worship to render thanks to God, the Great Ruler of
nations.



people to turn in the fruitful autumn of the
mighty God for His many blessings and mer-
we can follow now, even in the midst of the
immeasurable disaster, in the midst of sor-
darkness that has gathered about us we
ed upon us; blessings that are better than
enterprise.

to serve mankind as we once served our-
of independence, by taking up arms against
debase men everywhere and joining with
nations of the world what we then demand-
the revelation of our duty not only to defend
rights of free men throughout the world, there
ure the resolution and spirit of united action.



Beyond the Shadow of a Doubt, an Institution, to be called the "Granddaddy" of Banks, Must have Earned the Title by a Life and Growth as Consistent as its Service.

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Corner of North Church and Main Streets

TABLE OF CONTENTS

In this issue of the **Wadsworth Gas Attack and Rio Grande Rattler** you will find a splendid story of the British Tank Drive by the British—the drive that has recently broken another hole in the Hun's first line.

There is a clever story of the work of the Remount Station work—work that you likely never knew was in progress here.

The result of the recent division census is boiled down into a story that is far too short—had to be because we lacked space to print more.

You will read and enjoy *The Incinerator*.

One of our own men has contributed a Thanksgiving poem that ranks with any verse dedicated to this season.

The editorial page takes up the cudgels for you against several of your most impudent enemies.

And even better, perhaps, are the two pages of news from Division Units. We are sorry there are not four pages.

We print two pages of up-to-date sporting news.

Mrs. Charles P. Loeser's Society Page is a new department but an absorbingly interesting one.

In between and scattered elsewhere through the pages of this magazine you'll find a half hundred snappy briefs and paragraphs.

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Coca-Cola



In Bottles

WE are manufacturers of Bottled Coca-Cola Orange Whistle, Crystal Brand Ginger Ale, Root Beer, Sarsaparilla, Concord Grape, Strawberry Soda, Lemon Soda and other popular flavors.

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*Visit our plant and see our modern sanitary
system of manufacturing.*

Spartanburg Coca-Cola Bottling Co.,

W. G. JACKSON, Sec'y & Mgr.

Phone 247

DAY OF THANKSGIVING

By Charles Divine, Ambulance Co. No. 108.

*For cotton fields that neighbor us,
For Carolina's skies of blue,
We raise up thanks, and also for
A turkey feast instead of stew.
For British pluck across the seas,
For deeds of all the gallant French,
We thank the Kaiser's God that now
We are companions in a trench.*

*And thanks for rumors filling camp
That, written home, give writer's cramp:
The Huns sing Tipperary now,
The Major says we march the best,
I hear we're leaving anyhow
For some place—I forgot the rest,
But you know me, I get 'em right;
I heard the rumor just to-night.*

*They plan to discontinue mess,
So we can get more time for drill;
I got it straight from Sergeant Hess,
Who heard it from his brother Bill.
We're going home. We're off to France.
They're going to issue woolen pants.*

*The Kaiser's joined the Democrats,
We all get furloughs in a day,
Enamel bath-tubs, Turkish mats,
I overheard the Captain say.
To-morrow noon we all get paid,
And cotton breeches never fade.*

*They say the Colonel may decide
Postponing reveille 'til ten,
And when we reach the other side,
They'll serve champagne to all the men;
You'll never have to clean your gun,
The Government will have it done.*

*For rumors, dreams, and skies of blue,
Oh, raise up thanks that some are true!*

The Big Tank Drive on the Huns

By PHILIP GIBBS.

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After two years of fighting along the set rule of preceding infantry attacks by days of artillery fire to smash trenches and cut barbed wire, on November twentieth the British swept over the German trenches without artillery preparation and captured territory five miles deep and twenty-five miles wide.

Through the courtesy of the New York Times, we are able to reprint a portion of Mr. Philip Gibbs' able description of the operation. Mr. Gibbs' stories of the British Army in France are classics of journalism.

Special Cable to The New York Times.

WAR CORRESPONDENTS HEADQUARTERS, Nov. 21.—The enemy yesterday had, I am sure, the surprise of his life on the western front, where without warning by ordinary preparations that are made before a battle, without any sign of strength in men and guns behind the British front, without a single shot fired before the attack, and with his great belts of hideously strong wire still intact, the British troops suddenly assaulted him at dawn, led forward by great numbers of tanks, smashed through his wire, passed beyond to his trenches, and penetrated in many places the main Hindenburg line and the Hindenburg support line beyond.

It was not only a surprise to the enemy, but, to be frank, it will be a surprise to all the British officers and men in other parts of the line. To my mind it is the most sensational and dramatic episode of this year's fighting, brilliantly imagined and carried through with the greatest secrecy. Not a whisper of it had reached men like myself, who are always up and down the lines, and since the secret of the tanks themselves, which suddenly made their appearance on the Somme last year, this is, I believe, the best kept secret of the war.

During the last twenty-four hours or so certain uneasy suspicions seem to have been aroused among the German troops immediately in the front of the attack, but their higher command did not dream of such a blow. How could the enemy guess, in his wildest nightmare, that a blow would be struck quite suddenly at that Hindenburg line of his—enormously strong in redoubts, tunnels, and trenches, and without any artillery preparations or any sign of gun power behind the British front?

Tanks Secretly Moved at Night.

It is true he had withdrawn many of his guns from this "quiet" part of the front, but unless that wire of his was cut in the usual way by days of bombardment and unless there was artillery action which gives away all secrets, he had every right to believe himself safe—every right though he was wrong. He

did not know that during recent nights great numbers of tanks had been crawling along the roads toward Havrincourt and the British lines below Frequieres Ridge, hiding by day in the copses of this wooded and rolling country beyond Peronne and Bapaume. Indeed he knew little of all that was going on before him under the cover of darkness.

For the Generals and staff officers directing this operation there were hours of anxiety and suspense as the time drew near for the surprise attack. It was a most audacious adventure and depended absolutely on surprise.

Had the secret been kept? It looked as if the enemy suspected something a night or two ago when he raided the British trenches and captured two or three prisoners. Had those men told anything or had they kept the secret like brave men? All was on the hazard of that.

Relied on Wire Defenses.

It was probable that the night sentries had heard the movement of traffic on those quiet, silent roads, the clatter of gun wheels over the rough roads, the rumble of transport behind the lines, but his wire was still uncut and no new batteries revealed themselves, and that was the thing which might lull all his suspicions.

To attack against uncut wire has always been death to the infantry, and every time until this it has been the gun's job to smash the barrier. We knew now that whatever suspicions were aroused, a real surprise was scored this morning. The British caught the enemy "on the hop," as men say, and in spite of uneasy moments on Monday night they had no evidence of what was coming to them and no time to prepare against the blow.

Most of the prisoners say that the first thing they knew of the attack was when, out of the mist, they saw the tanks advancing upon them, smashing down their wire, crawling over their trenches and nosing forward with gun-fire and machine gun fire slashing from their sides.

The Germans were abashed and dazed. Many hid down in their dugouts and tunnels, and then surrendered. Only the steadiest and bravest of them rushed to the machine guns

and got them into action and used their rifles to snipe the British.

British Rushed on Cheering.

Out of the silence which had prevailed behind the British lines a great fire of guns came upon the Germans. They knew they had been caught by an amazing strategem, and they were full of terror. Behind the tanks, coming forward in platoons, the infantry swarmed, cheering and shouting, trudging through the thistles, while the tanks made a scythe of machine gun fire in front of them, and thousands of shells went screaming over the Hindenburg lines.

The artillery made but a feeble answer. Their gun positions were being smothered by the fire of all the British batteries. There were not many German batteries, and the enemy's infantry could get no great help from them. They were caught. German officers knew they had been caught like rats in a trap. It was their black day.

Tanks Rest for New Advance.

A number of tanks were on the battlefield "resting" awhile for another advance. The strange gray masses in the pale light of morning were scarcely visible at any distance. I spoke to one of the pilots, "How are you doing?" I asked. "We are giving them merry hell," he said. "It is our day out."

SNEAKING UP ON THEM.

A young city fellow went to the country to take a flyer in agriculture.

About 3 o'clock one morning the farmer for whom he was working rustled him out of bed in a great hurry.

"What's the rush?" asked the young man. "Come out to the barn as quickly as you can and I will tell you," replied the farmer.

With all possible haste the young man went to the barn and again inquired as to the reason for the early rising.

"We are going out to thresh the oats," said the farmer.

"Are they wild?" the young man asked.

"No," the farmer responded.

"Then what's the idea of sneaking up on them in the dark at this unearthly hour?" asked the city fellow.

Wadsworth Gas Attack and Rio Grande Rattler

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EDITORIAL

WE GIVE THANKS

For what we are about to receive—whatever it may be. It might be worse despite the cheerful guy in the next cot who insists that nothing could be.

That we have nothing to do between taps and reveille.

That there is but one Saturday morning in each week.

That we don't have to shine those new trench shoes.

That whoever it is who fetches those packages from home into Spartanburg contents himself with merely smashing them.

That mail reaches Camp Wadsworth—eventually.

That some fellows are going to be granted a furlough over Christmas and we may be one of them.

That the ancient worthies who got up the calendar put only twenty-four hours in each day.

That the shower baths will be heated in time for whoever it may be who will follow us in Camp Wadsworth.

That Herbert Hoover hasn't decided to put us on war-time rations.

That after they deduct insurance premiums, Liberty Bond payments and general allotments from our pay, we only owe the government \$2.57 a month.

That somebody else had to pay the carfare to fetch this crowd from New York.

That they decided to keep the rifle range east of the Mississippi River.

That the succeeding issues of the GAS ATTACK will become better and better.

WHAT "P. AND N." STANDS FOR.

When we swarmed down here from the land of the B. R. T. and the N. Y. Central, we naturally aimed a curious eye at the railroad that links the camp to Spartanburg. Being young, optimistic and trusting we assumed that "P. and N." stood for Punctual and Noiseless. We had visions of gay nights in town, and of being whisked back to camp full of banana splits and grape juice in the spacious coaches of this railroad—on time.

"The town is right at our door," we wrote home in our first letters, "and we can reach it by electric railroad in a few minutes anytime."

We have been disillusioned. "P. and N." does not stand for Punctual and Noiseless. We have heard coarse persons say that it stands for Punk and Noisy. And, when we have been held up for a precious hour or two by this railroad, we have not only agreed with these persons, but we have given the P. and N. a few names ourselves which the GAS ATTACK, being a family newspaper, can not print.

The service of the P. and N. has not been satisfactory. Its trains are late repeatedly and there are still too few of them. The practice still prevails of halting the trains in order to collect all the fares. One accident has occurred which has cost the life of a soldier. It was due to gross carelessness. It might easily happen again—with greater casualties—unless the P. and N. increases its efficiency to cope with new conditions.

With a camp at Spartanburg and another at Greenville on its line, the P. and N. has gone on its slipshod, ante-hellum way. It has not realized its new responsibilities as a public service corporation.

The P. and N. officials could hardly have been unaware of the fact that a city of some 20,000 possible passengers would shortly be added to their stations. They did not have to be keen students of railroading to know that these men would want to go to town often and in a hurry, and that most of these men had been brought up in subway expresses and were in the habit of covering three or four miles in the time it took to scan the sporting page.

It was just plain common sense, not to mention practical patriotism, to be ready for the soldiers—to give them good service.

The soldiers arrived. The service was atrocious. Many were forced to spend half a day's pay to get to town and back. Howls and kicks echoed over the Blue Ridge mountains. The service was improved. But it is still redolent of Camembert.

What is the P. and N. going to do about it? Of course it has its freight problems. That must be taken into consideration. But will it hurry up with the new Camp Wadsworth spur?

The GAS ATTACK suggests that while this spur is being hurried to completion that the P. and N. cultivate a love for punctuality that not even a top sergeant could criticize. We suggest, also, adequate and punctual shuttle service between town and camp, especially on Wednesdays and Saturdays, so that the innocent doughboy may get to town and back with comparative inconvenience.

BUCK UP!

We are down here for business.

We are preparing to meet the biggest proposition of our lives, the biggest proposition that was ever faced by any army in history.

We've got to buck up.

The Kaiser's machine is efficient because it has eliminated lost motion and every man from top to bottom, does his part. There are no belts, chains, cogs, or screw drivers in the Kaiser's machine.

We can eliminate them from ours, and when we do we will have a machine that will smash the Kaiser's.

Americans have more aptitude than Germans and they will outmatch them if they will equal them in application.

Get down to business to-day. Buck up. Whether a private or a non-com., work and study to fill your part. Don't be content to mark time. If you do some Boche will mark you.

Be an American, a soldier and a man, and put the responsibility for the success of this war for liberty right upon your own shoulders.

Buck up and we will make the Boche buckle up.

SERGEANT J. W. BECKMAN,
102d Engineers.

SEND IN YOUR QUESTIONS.

The WADSWORTH GAS ATTACK desires to print perplexing questions on military matters. For instance, our miniature sanctum has been the scene of considerable verbal rioting over the question: "For whom will the Guard be turned out on Sundays and holidays?"

We have tried to settle this by referring to Special Order No. 1 for No. 1 Post. But great dissension arose and our officers disagreed. We are open to conviction. What is your answer?

Another sample refers to the business of a prisoner guard saluting an officer whilst conveying his prisoner about camp. Should the guard salute? Or should he ignore all persons except his charge?

Don't send in questions that can be decided definitely by reference to your manual. We prefer questions that have come up in non-com. school and officers' meetings. When possible send in the correct answer to the debated question. We do not presume to be able to answer them ourselves. By this method we can start a questionnaire that will be educational. Remember, this column is not intended to be an information bureau, but rather an open forum for moot questions. And keep this in mind, also. We seek information, not arguments, although we solicit the final and correct solution of debated subjects.

OUR KIND CONTEMPORARY.

Now that we have safely launched the first issue of the WADSWORTH GAS ATTACK AND RIO GRANDE RATTLER, we can settle back for a brief breathing spell and assemble our resources for the next sally.

In this period of relaxation and reminiscence we recall the courtesy and open-handed generosity of the Spartanburg Herald and Journal. In a moment of doubt and trouble it was our friends mentioned above, who came forward with a helping hand, to make possible the publication of our sheet in the manner and schedule we planned.

The favor was well timed and hugely appreciated.

It will be the policy of the WADSWORTH GAS ATTACK AND RIO GRANDE RATTLER to further the spirit of friendship that the Spartanburg Herald and Journal have so clearly initiated.

INCINERATOR

Thanksgiving!

Gobble! Gobble!

Listen to those boys eat.

This is the second year that the 27th Division has received its 18 ounces of O. D. turkey in a mess kit. Next year it may be eating weiners and sauer kraut from the Royal Wine Cellars of the Imperial Palace?

After three months in executive session the National Committee on Hays and Beans at Washington has issued the following Thanksgiving menu. Every enlisted man will be issued one of these dinners. It will be charged to him and must be shown at all Saturday inspections.

Turkey—1.345 ounces (drum-sticks are expendable). (Gizzards to be divided equally throughout the command).

Cranberries—One berry for six men.

Potatoes—4.672 grams (skins included).

Corn—Stewed, 4.792 ounces; sober, 2.349 ounces (cans included).

Gravy—1.24 spoonfuls (using spoon Model 1902. Rock Island Arsenal).

Pumpkin Pie—1° 43' per man.

Nuts—2.349 kilowats per man (including nut cracker).

O. D. Pills—2 per man.

Any defective issue may be returned through the proper channels, a survey requested, and a new issue obtained in due time.

In the army bed and board are synonymous.

We certainly are getting standardized. Now the quartermaster is only issuing size 2. This size is subdivided into four grades: too large, too small, too long and too short.

A SOLDIER'S LETTER TO HIS SWEET-HEART.

Dear Mable:

Having nothing better to do I take up my pen to write you. I am back from the artillery into the infantry. Captain and I had different ideas about running things. One of us had to leave. He'd been there longest so I did. That's me all over. I'm hot-headed.

We're doin' baynut drill every day now. I can't say anything about it. It is not for women's ears. There's one movement where we hit the Hun in the nose, then continuing downward rip all the ornaments off his uniform. Then there's another where we rip up his shoelaces so he can't run and knock his hat over his eyes. Then comes the wiperzup accompanied by a lot of bums who do the dirty work. I and the rest go on and take another trench. I haven't been able to find out yet where we take 'em.

It's all worked out scientific. The fellow who thought it up had some bean. All you have to do is get the other fellow and not let him get you. If the allys had worked

out some scheme like this the war would be over now. It takes us Uncle Sammies, eh, Mable?

The other morning I went up for thirds at breakfast as usual and the cook said: "You seem to like coffee," and without stopping to think or nothin' I said: "Yes, that's the reason I'm willin' to drink so much hot water to get some." Eh, Mable?

Went to a dance the other night in Sparkingsburg and met some swell girls. Couldn't help meeting them; they just crowded round me. I guess I got the instincts of a soldier all right, for the minute I smelled powder I was right on my tows.

I haven't been very well lately. I guess I'll cut out eating at meal times. It spoils my appetite for the rest of the day. I know you'll be glad to know that my feet ain't hurting me near so much and I received that red muffler that your mother sent me. Give her my love just the same.

Yours through fire and flame,

BILL.

No wonder Spartanburg is a healthy place. All the germs are frozen to death.

A Spartanburg tradesman recently informed one of the editors that he had been obliged to give up handling a certain article as it was bought up so fast that he couldn't keep it in stock.

We recommend that this gentleman overcome this unfortunate difficulty by laying in a large supply of bathing suits, dress suits, straw hats, golf sticks and pajamas. Also that he open up a ticket agency for some of the Broadway theaters.

THE GAS ATTACK has had so many questions as to how to write an official letter that it prints the following as a model for all communications about to go through the channels:

To: Major Boots.

From: Private S. P. O. Nage.

Subject: Application to be measured for a horse.

1. Private S. P. O. Nage presents his complaints to Major Boots and trusts the latter is well.

2. He also presents his complaints to Mrs. Major Boots and all the little slippers.

3. He hereby applies for one large O. D. horse.

4. He prefers one with large violet eyes, answering to the name of Beatrice.

5. He further requests that he be relieved from all active duty, light, heavy and featherweight, until this application is filled.

6. The applicant sets forth the following data relative to his application:

a. He has never worn a brown derby.

b. He voted for Mitchel.

c. He never draws to an inside straight.

7. He requests that he be notified immediately either by mail or otherwise whether this application will ever be answered.

Yours respectfully,

S. P. O. NAGE.

We notice this sign painted on the window of a Spartanburg restaurant: Fresh trout and ice cream. All right, and have you tried limburger with baked apples, or for a quick, light lunch mashed potatoes and grape juice?

They say that the reason that a soldier bolts his food is to keep it down.

Overheard among the Military Police:

"My cocoa's cold."

"Put on your hat."

PROMOTED DOWNWARD.

Corporal J. J. Ponce, Battery E, 104th Field Artillery, is transferred to the Quartermasters Corps, National Army, and ordered to Fort Dupont, Delaware, for duty. His promotion to the grade of private, first class, is also announced.—(From the Spartanburg Journal.)

(THE GAS ATTACK congratulates Corporal Ponce and hopes he continues in his rapid rise. Should he apply himself as industriously to his new duties as he obviously did to his late ones, he will doubtless become a proud buck private in no time.)

The following schedule for the P. & N. is announced by the GAS ATTACK:

Leave Calvert—Between 2 (1).

Leave Wadsworth—About 4.

Leave Lenwood—Sometimes (2).

Arrive Spartanburg—Perhaps.

Leave Spartanburg—Approximately 8.

Arrive Lenwood—Probably.

Arrive Wadsworth—9 or thereabouts.

Arrive Calvert—If possible.

The management wish to announce that the above schedule is subject to change without notice.

(1) On Mondays and cloudy Tuesdays no trains will leave Calvert. The usual schedule of arrivals will, however, be continued.

(2) Owing to the proximity of Lenwood to the motorman's home all trains will be stopped at this point while he gets his lunch.

No. 32. The Thursday excursion train will be run Wednesdays from this date instead of Tuesday, as usual.

The company desire at all times to cater to the comforts and convenience of the soldiers. All cars have been fitted up with laundries where the men may wash their clothes, reading rooms and lounges.

Three-day furloughs must be presented with tickets to protect the road against possible delay. Any man still en route to or from Spartanburg at the end of three days will be picked up as a deserter by the railroad.

E. S.

WHEN DO WE GO?

Real Information At Last.

"When do we go from here?"

This is the mootest of all the moot questions. It is the principal topic in the tents, in the mess halls and in those enlisted men's clubs situated just abaft the shower-baths.

THE GAS ATTACK, keeping always on the alert and observing everything that takes place within sight or hearing, has gone into this question and can now answer it. It detailed a squad of picked reporters to collect all the very latest shower bath rumors, to run down all tips, to interview anyone who might really know or who might know anyone who might,—in short, to collect all available dope on the question.

Interviews are herewith published, for the first time in any Camp Wadsworth newspaper, which should enable all men to settle this question.

Here are the answers to the point-blank question: "When do we go from here?"

General Phillips: "Lovely autumns they have down here, don't you think? Yes, that's right—the door closes from the outside."

General Michie: "It looks like the Giants again next season."

General Lester: "When do we go from here? Ah, yes, to be sure. Possibly sooner. Possibly later. Possibly not. Where is that draft coming from? Ah, yes, the door."

Private Whoozis: "It is easy to dope out when we go. Just use a little logic. Have they built any Turkish baths? No! Have they issued folding beds? No! Have they issued O. D. ear-muffs? Again no! Well, the answer is easy. We are here for a short stay—a short stay, get me? Personally, I believe we'll sail from Tampa before Christmas."

Horseshoer O'Neil: "I just laid in three kegs of nails, so that means we'll be here till August, anyway."

Cook Wuff: "We leave right away. Probably to-morrow. Cook Ruff in Co. K tried to get a new egg-beater from the Q. M. and they wouldn't issue him none! What more proof do you want that we'll pull outa here inside of a week? Wanta bet?"

Clerk Quirk: "I'll give you the real inside info. I've got a friend who knows a guy who pals around with a friend of the sergeant-major of a soitan regiment. You know them sergeant-majors knows everything—everything. Well, this sergeant-major overheard a soitan colonel tell a soitan captain that it was hardly worth while to send for his golf sticks. That can only mean one thing—that we sail from Hoboken within a week."

Busting 'Em**How They Tame the Outlaws at the Remount**

"Whoopee! Whee!"

So chortled Baxter Reins, astraddle the hurricane deck of a bucking bronc.

Plop!

Mr. Reins came down on the seat of his corduroy riding breeches on the soft earth of the Remount Station corral.

Mr. Reins expressed his opinion of the bronco's probable low ancestry, and then picked himself up, dusted off his chaps and went back at it again.

That's the secret of busting 'em. Go right back at them. If they're rough, be rougher. Stick with them.

The next time, Baxter Reins stayed aboard until the buckler knew who was boss. And the army gained a good horse.

Baxter Reins is one of the men over at the Remount who makes green or bad horses into first-rate army horses. It is a tough job. But the men who do it know the game.

"Sopey Williams' Creed."

There's Sergeant "Sopey" Williams. Every horseman has heard of "Sopey" Williams, one time bronco busting champion of the world, and winner of prizes for breaking horses from Calgary, Canada, to Sheepshead Bay.

Sergeant Williams is a modest young man, little, light and lithe. He doesn't say much about his horsemanship. But once he climbs aboard a horse he is apt to stay there. His creed is simple.

"Be kind to a horse, as kind as you can, but let him know who's boss. Never show him that he has your goat. Stick on him till you get him."

Most of the horses that come to the Remount are already broken. They are tested for wind and gait before they are bought by the government horse experts. All of them have been under saddle or are alleged to have been. Some of the men at the Remount say that the horses were broken by being shown a bridle and a saddle and having someone whisper "You're broken" in the horse's ear. Horses that have been broken by this method get prompt and energetic attention from Sergeant Williams and Baxter Reins. Reins is a real William S. Hart cowboy, from Montana, who wears wooly chaps and a sombrero a couple of yards in circumference.

Sometimes "Mexican Joe" Hooker comes over and lends a hand with the outlaws.

Summary.

Number of persons interviewed.....	9781
Number who knew exactly when we are going to leave	9781
Number of persons who agreed on date of departure	0

From this it is clear that the GAS ATTACK must answer the question "When do we go?" by saying, "There'll be lots of Huns left, whenever we go."

No one knows just how old Joe is but he couldn't have learned as much as he knows about horses in less than 60 years. When Joe slaps a sinewy leg over a horse, that horse is in for a riding, whether he likes it or not. Joe pulls his floppy Mexican hat over one ear and lets the critter buck, rear and snort until it gets tired and does what Joe wants it to do.

Capt. Wainwright Commands.

Captain Richard B. Wainwright is in charge of the Remount Depot. He is a thorough horseman. He has from 1,000 to 5,000 horses and mules to take care of. He has taken care of them so well that only a comparatively small number have died. Most of them died from pneumonia and colds due to the unusually severe nights. He is assisted by 130 men regularly attached to the Remount Depot, 60 men loaned by the 10th Regiment, and 50 veterinarians.

"Most of the horses we get here," said Captain Wainwright the other day, "are tractable. Our problem with them is to keep them in good health and in good condition so that they will be available for use on short notice. Once in a while, however, one of the horses turns out to be a killer. While the other horses must simply be trained, he must be broken as well as trained. Horses have temperaments and dispositions that differ as they do in human beings so there is no one set way of making a killer into a serviceable horse. We study a horse. Then we decide what to do. We try to be kind to the horse, and often a little kindness, rightly applied, will convert an outlaw. Some of the outlaws are horses turned back from various outfits. These horses have been so mistreated by poor horsemen that it takes patient handling to bring them back to normal again."

Fifteen Minutes Enough.

The gradual method of breaking a horse is seldom used at the Remount. There isn't time. The gradual method is to accustom a horse to a rider by tying a sack of oats to his back and trotting him about.

The other method, used by Sergeant Williams, Reins, and the other Centaurs of the Remount is to get a stock saddle on the outlaw, even if he has to be tied down to do it, and then to jump into the saddle and let things rip. Usually it takes only about fifteen minutes for one of the busters to convince a snorting, fighting brute that he'd better be a good horse and let himself be ridden.

The GAS ATTACK thanks Trench and Camp for much valuable material, suggestions and inspiration.

THE SERGEANT.



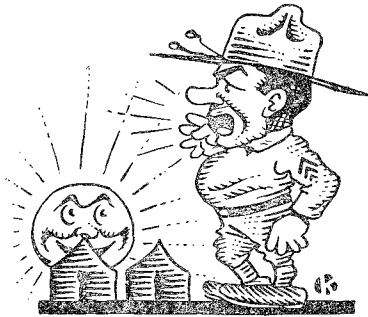
Who is that man of haughty mien,
With ample chest and peanut bean
And movement like a Ford machine?
Why, Sonny, that's the Sergeant!



Who yells, "Right Dress" and "Right by
Fours,"
And gets as mad as all outdoors—
And sends you out to do the chores?
You're right, that is the Sergeant!



Who cries "Fall in," and when you do,
Says, "As you were, you rough-neck crew;"
"Fours right about!" "I'll put you through?"
Why sure, that's like the Sergeant!



Who's busy as a bumblebee,
To get you up at reveille,
And shouts your name in strident key?
Why, bless you! that's the Sergeant!



Who carries all the world's disgrace
Writ in furrows on his face,
And looks for trouble every place?
Why! That must be the Sergeant!



Why does the poor boy act this way?
Will he be General some day?
No, sonny, quite the other way,
For Hell is full of Sergeants.

BAD NEWS FOR BLIND MEN.

Whoever it was who invented the fingerless glove and the armless sweater, has started something that THE GAS ATTACK contemplates with mingled emotions.

From Washington comes the news that they have now decided to Hooverize women's skirts that wool may be conserved. The Commercial Economy Board of the Council of National Defense has launched a reformation in female attire that will mean a saving of 25 per cent. in the amount of material used.

Jules Jusserand, the French Ambassador to the United States, helped direct the reformation plans. The Ambassador gave the Board the benefit of his knowledge of what skirt sacrifices the French women are making.

Inasmuch as we are scheduled for service in Europe, this conservation of skirts means nothing at all to us. We can but hope we get back to Fifth Avenue before the women get back that conserved 25 per cent. But the probabilities of our seeing Paris within a reasonable time (whatever that is) are bright. Therefore, all is not lost inasmuch as the women folks over there are in the same delightful plight.

LIBRARY BOOKS FOR SOLDIERS.

The American Library Association, Library War Service, has begun active work in camp through George G. Champlin, its representative. Mr. Champlin has headquarters in the church across the street from the Knights of Columbus building.

Books and magazines will be placed in available places for soldiers as far as possible. There will be technical books on military subjects, fiction, etc. All red tape will be cut. The simplest methods for loaning and keeping track of the books will be employed. Books will be loaned for two weeks, with a two-week renewal privilege.

OFFICERS ON LEAVE.

The following commissioned officers have been granted leaves of absence: Second Lieut. William H. Geis, Jr., 1st Infantry, 10 days; Second Lieut. H. T. Clement, quartermaster corps, 10 days; Capt. M. Juffe, 12th infantry, 20 days; Capt. J. J. Dean, 12th infantry, 20 days; Capt. James G. Conroy, 106th infantry, 15 days, starting from December 10th; Second Lieut. W. E. Taggart, Co. G. 108th infantry, from December 3rd, and Capt. H. W. Olmstead, 102nd Ammunition Train, 10 days.

ENLISTED MEN'S CLUB.

The attendance at the Enlisted Men's Club, opposite the Cleveland Hotel, is growing daily. Captain Schoelkopf, of the 105th Field Artillery Brigade, is to be at the head of the enterprise, and at a recent meeting held by twenty regimental sergeant-majors, it was planned to have an advisory committee consisting of seven soldiers (probably captains) and two civilians. A Wofford College student will be in charge of the Club, which will occupy several large rooms and include among its attractions pool, bowling, and billiards; a Victrola and a cafeteria, and other well-known forms of indoor sports.

MUST BE PROPERLY CLOTHED.

Strict orders have been issued by the War Department that all men transferred from the National Army to the National Guard must be equipped with a complete uniform and two or more blankets before leaving their cantonments. When the attention of the department was called to the fact that many men had been sent away without proper clothing and blankets, it was announced that this was in violation of specific instructions, and all division commanders have been ordered to see that the practice is discontinued.

A DIVISION "WHO'S WHO."

If a German spy should by any chance happen to get a look at the personnel records of the men of the Twenty-seventh Division his report to the German Foreign Office would undoubtedly make the war lord pause and reflect.

And he may well reflect, for nowhere in the world is there such a clear revelation of the purpose of American manhood to destroy those directing the barbarism of the new Kultur, than in the little white cards now being filed by the Personnel Board of the Division under the able direction of Captain Gauche. They contain in cold statistics, the record of sacrifice of more than 30,000 men who have devoted themselves to the making of a war to compel a just and lasting peace.

The census of the camp, embodying a statement of the occupations, educational qualifications, and the special abilities of the enlisted men was taken in record time by a staff of officers under Captain Gauche and Lieutenant Tennant of the 12th Regiment. Although the idea of classifying the men in this manner was new to the American Army and the cards and indexing equipment were late in arriving, the task was completed in less than three weeks and with keen eyes Uncle Sam is looking over his men to see just "Who's Who" in the ranks.

Majority Either Over or Under Draft Age.

The records are strictly confidential and discussion of personalities in connection with the census is obviously impossible, but the intense patriotism and enthusiasm of the men is shown by the amazing number of men who are under and over the draft age. The figures have not been made public, but a very large percentage are in this class.

Every College and Class.

Every great educational institution in the country is represented in the ranks.

Lawyers, business men, students for the ministry and the priesthood, literary men, great athletes, and those who applied themselves to the task of being gentlemen of leisure all stepped up to the census taker's table in the line with mechanics and laborers.

The outstanding fact was that all had put away from themselves thoughts of their own careers and were devoting themselves to the single work of carrying the flag into Berlin.

Average Income High.

In the final analysis of the cards it will be shown that the average income of the enlisted men of the division in civilian life is an income such as is produced by the best of brain and muscle. If earning power be taken as the measure of a man's ability the men of this division are far above the average. Let the pessimist visualize the concentrated power of this mental and physical force and he may appreciate what is to be expected of it in the great fight where quick thinking and superior physique are the qualities essential to victory.

PRIVATE RUDOLPH RESIGNS.**Leaves Army Flat But Resignation Is Not Accepted.**

(From THE GAS ATTACK'S Special Correspondent.)

Winchester, Va.—Rudolph Armistead, of Frederick County, has decided to do his fighting at home, here. Rudolph was drafted. He passed the physical test and was told to await call to his district cantonment. But Rudolph married one of our most popular belles last week and yesterday sent in his resignation from the army.

He told the officials that inasmuch as he had taken a wife it would be mighty inconvenient for him to go abroad and that, anyway, he'd be much too busy this year to be fighting Germany or any other European country. He made it quite plain that he was willing to take on the foe later—say in about a year or so—but that at present he would be pretty much occupied at home.

The War Department's representatives here, however, decided that Rudolph would have to help them out of this war right away. Rudolph is fearfully peeved about it and has threatened to start a country of his own.

The Wealthy Bonehead.

The census takers of the division missed many thrilling experiences of the broom dodging census man of civilian life and did not meet with those charming ladies whose age has been recorded as "19 years" for the past decade, but they found plenty of interest in noting the diversified occupations of the men.

"What is your occupation?" one man was asked.

"Stonebreaker," was the answer.

"Income per week?" snapped the busy census officer.

"One hundred and fifty dollars."

"Wh—a—t?"

"Yes, sir, you see I work in a museum where I let them break rock on my head."

And the wealthy bonehead passed on.

Just about the time the Lieutenant was recovering another man appeared who described himself as a "manicurist."

He hastily explained that he was a canine chiropodist, and when asked what he actually did for a living he said he trimmed and cleaned the paws of prize dogs.

The third surprise of the morning came when a soldier explained that he had joined the army because he wanted a nice, safe occupation. He had been a powder worker.

This Dentist Worked.

One recruit who is faithfully attempting to do his bit was startlingly frank in making a distinction between his profession and his present occupation.

"I am a dentist, sir," he explained, "but I have not recently worked at it."

"What did you do just before you came into the army?" he was asked.

"Oh, I was a bricklayer."

Came another.

"What did you do for a living?" the officer asked.

"To tell the truth, sir," the buck replied, "I only worked once a year and my time is about due."

"Well, what was it?"

"I was a Christmas tree salesman, sir," was the answer.

WILL YOUR PAY BE RAISED?

Service records of National Guard officers and enlisted men are being scrutinized to determine what men are entitled to the increased pay the government has decided to give. Each man will receive an additional 10 per cent. for every five years he has spent in the service.

Many National Guard records of the men of this division were destroyed in the fire that swept the capital at Albany a few years ago, but eventually the data will be gathered.

"TAKE A SOLDIER HOME" ARMY.

There will shortly be two earnest and well-organized armies in Spartanburg—one being the National Guardsmen, the other the members of the "Take a Soldier Home to Dinner" Army.

This body, originated by the Women's Auxiliary Committee of the Spartanburg Commission on Training Camp Activities, with Dr. Rosa H. Gantt as chairman, has a distinct and welcome purpose: to encourage civilians to entertain soldiers who would otherwise be left to languish in the bleak solitudes of the Camp.

The Army will be completely organized: either Mrs. O'Ryan or Mrs. Phillips will probably be Commander-in-Chief, and Dr. Gantt will hold the rank of General. There will be several regiments; one from each church, one composed of officer's wives and relatives, and one from each of the neighboring suburbs.

Every Spartanburg church regiment will be composed of two to five companies, with five corporals in each company. These corporals will secure seven other ladies to make up their squads, every member agreeing to take home to dinner weekly two soldiers who have not previously been entertained.

Get Invitation Blanks.

Printed invitation blanks, which include detachable acceptance forms, will be handed to E. W. Leslie, Social Secretary of the Army Y. M. C. A., and distributed by him to the secretaries in charge of the various Y. M. C. A. shacks.

Each secretary will distribute the invitation cards among the men, retaining the acceptance form for his permanent file; the men will give the other half of the card to their respective hostesses when they call, to be kept as a reminder of their visit.

An effort will be made in every case to have two invitations to the same house go to men who are acquainted with each other.

UNAFRAID.

"When I give you anything to do I want it done promptly and without any loafing," said the Top Sergeant in reprimanding a private who appeared a little slow on the job.

"I am not afraid of hard work," replied the private. "It holds no terrors for me. I have slept beside it many time without the least fear."

News From Division Units

GET YOUR NAME IN THE PAPER.

In this issue of THE WADSWORTH GAS ATTACK, there are too few PERSONALS—intimate news of YOUR outfit.

You may not have known to whom to send the items and THE WADSWORTH GAS ATTACK could not come to you severally, personally.

But, in the next issue, due to appear a week hence, each command in the Twenty-Seventh Division must be represented, else the objective of this magazine is lost.

It's up to you—very much up to you.

THE WADSWORTH GAS ATTACK asks that you select from amongst you—one or maybe two men from each unit—some man or men who will, each week and not later than FRIDAY AT NOON, gather, write and be responsible for the news items and personal notes of the outfits of which you are members.

Make your notes brief. Send in the humorous things. Write on one side of the paper and write distinctly—the names especially.

Start now. You want to read them. We want to print them.

Seal them in an envelope. Address them to J. S. Kingsley, Editor of THE WADSWORTH GAS ATTACK.

Then leave them at any Y. M. C. A. tent or shack.

ARMY Y. M. H. A.

Isador Dominitz, representing the Army and Navy Y. M. H. A. (under the auspices of the Jewish Board for welfare work), has established his office at the Administration Building of the Y. M. H. A.

He is especially desirous of obtaining a census of the Jewish men in Camp. Cards will be provided for that purpose.

Mr. Dominitz in the near future will arrange for religious services to be conducted at one of the Y. M. C. A. units every Friday night, between the hours of 7:00 and 8:00 p. m.

COMPANY C 105TH MACHINE GUN BATTALION.

The merging of Troop C and M. G. Troop of old Squadron A, has at last been completed and the ranks have been filled to war strength as called for under the new regulations for Machine Gun Companies. Twenty new recruits were brought in from the 47th of Brooklyn.

The spirit with which these new recruits have been received by the old men of the Company, and the manner in which the new men have themselves entered into their new duties, has been very gratifying. That is one of the tests of a good soldier. To give up those things which he dislikes to give up, whether it be friends, or associations, or comforts, and to accept without murmur such duties, such fellowship, such burdens as may fall to his lot.

It is understood that Captain Whitney will return the early part of next week from his mission to New York. In the meantime, Lieut. Hoyt, in his characteristically smart manner has seen to it that no one of the departments has relaxed. Upon his return the Captain will find considerable progress has been made, especially in the range finding school. Captain Putnam who has recently returned from Fort Sill, Oklahoma, where he has been making a special study of this work, spent all last Sunday afternoon in the field with our Non Coms, assisting them with their experiments.

FORTY-SEVENTH NOTES.

Corp. Jacob Shapiro was found in the hospital. It seems that he seriously injured his head one day last week, while ducking drills. His speedy recovery is hoped by his many friends.

We congratulate: E. F. Murphy, James Kelly, Daniel Switzd, Clifford Rhodes, and William Gerke, all of I. Co. They have been promoted to Corporals recently.

Jacob J. Silverstone, once a Corporal, is now a Sergeant.

A CONTEST FOR CAMP POETS.

The poetry editor welcomes contributions. The more, the merrier. The merrier, the better. And to achieve this purpose THE GAS ATTACK announces a contest in humorous verse, the winner of which will receive a prize of five dollars and the honor of having his work published in this magazine. The verse of other contestants will be printed, too.

Following are the rules governing the contest; they are extremely liberal: 1, no contribution should be longer than 50 lines; brevity preferred; 2, write on one side of the paper only; 3, address all contributions to Poetry Editor, THE GAS ATTACK; 4, do not do your contribution up with pink ribbon; the editor prefers lavender.

After the closing of the contest, which will be December 15th, the editor will submit the manuscripts to the three judges who have been selected to decide the winner. The judges will be: Mrs. John F. O'Ryan, Capt. — Moore, the camp censor; and Dr. Snyder, President of Wofford College.

LEARN HOW NOT TO BE GASSED.

The reorganized School of Gas Defense opens this week. Captain Harold M. Deans of the British Army, is acting as principal instructor. Lieutenant Lindsay Peters, M. R. C., will assist him.

From the 105th, 106th, 107th and 108th regiments of infantry there will be detailed one line officer and one sergeant for instruction. And from the 104th, 105th and 106th regiments of Field Artillery and the

102d Engineers and the 102d trains and military police, officers and non-commissioned officers of such ranks will be assigned.

These officers and non-commissioned officers will return to their outfits as instructors, in turn. The officers who have taken the course just completed will take the second course which is scheduled to last ten days of six hours each.

50TH INFANTRY BRIGADE.

Mrs. James W. Lester, wife of Brigadier General James W. Lester, arrived at Spartanburg, and will reside in the city until the troops are ordered across. Mrs. Lester visited the camp and also the Divisional Trenches, on Thursday, Nov. 22, 1917.

The 54th Brigade Headquarters Detachment have received their board floors and the boys are making the tents comfortable and homelike. Jim Flanagan, the famous Buck and Wing Dancer from Albany, N. Y., is the Detachment Carpenter and what Jim can't build isn't worth building. Flanagan and his partner, Hank Clarke of the 102d Engineers, will be on the program of the K. of C. opening.

Jack Doyle, who has been practicing hard at the art of Ventriloquism, expects soon to entertain in public with his Boy Scout Doll, "Rollie," who, by the way, is the Detachment mascot. Jack is some cold-blooded boy. Nearly every morning before "Reveille" he takes a cold bath under the camp showers. He says he is doing it to reduce.

George McKenna, formerly of Co. K, 10th N. Y. Infantry, has been transferred to this Detachment and has been made Wagoner. McKenna handles the reins like a veteran and will make a good man on the seat with our old friend "Possum" Paley, a former member of the "Fighting Sixty-ninth."

Private William S. Kimball, of this headquarters, is detailed to attend the School of Liaison Division School of the Line. Private Kimball was transferred a few days ago from Machine Gun Company of the 10th Regiment.

1st Lieutenant R. J. Easton has been very busy conducting mounted drills for the Headquarters Detachment, and the members are very enthusiastic and are fast becoming efficient equestrians.

Mrs. J. H. Barker, Mrs. R. J. Easton and Mrs. R. D. Williamson visited the Brigade Headquarters camp on Sunday last.

The Detachment String Orchestra has been holding frequent rehearsals and will soon round itself into shape. The following are members: Privates Milo F. Robetor, Jim Flanagan, T. J. McEnaney, Corporal Geo. DeMeur.

—T. J. McE., Jr.

104TH MACHINE GUN BATTALION.

On the evening of November 23rd, a banquet and vaudeville entertainment was tendered Major General Bailey, of Camp Jackson, at the Cleveland Hotel. General Bailey had heard of the now famous entertainment of this division, and wished to convince himself that all he had heard was true. An excellent program was arranged by Sergeant Carpenter of Co. D. 104th M. G. Batt. Prominent among the actors who took part were Fallon & Brown, of Co. A. 104th M. G. Batt., who were recruited from the ranks of vaudeville into the ranks of the army. These two chaps are the essence of variety, one week doing blackface, and the next week portraying Italian characters. Harry Sharpe, of the same organization, lent his Caruso-like tenor to the occasion, and Stanley Hughes, brother of J. J. Hughes of the famous team of Adelaide and Hughes, danced his way to high favor. Fred Schmidt and Bert Hamilton of the 106th M. G. Batt. also handed the General a laugh with their comedy turn. After it was all over, Gen. Bailey declared it one of the finest shows he had ever witnessed.

Sergeant Tommie Coppinger, of the 104th M. G. Batt., is happy. We asked him the reason for the continuous smile which he wears, and he confidentially whispered that the lady of his heart was nearby, and the moving picture places were more pleasant than heretofore.

Private Tom McVeigh received a chicken from Brooklyn recently—one of those chickens you eat, not treat, and he invited a bunch of M. Troop boys to get right to it. Tom turned his head a minute, and all he had himself was a feather. He said he was tickled to get that.

Lieut. Andrews is a great believer in athletics and always breaks the monotony of the morning drill by a basket-ball game. The 3rd Platoon have returned champions every morning. These boys are all fast men and it will take better men than the 2nd Platoon have now to trim 'em.

Private Percy Van Holland, the champion waltzer of Flatbush, was told by Lt. Andrews the other day to find the range for him. Percy beat it away and came back in about 15 minutes with a Sibley stove.

Private Dinny Moore was in the medical shack the other day with a stomach ache. Doc Powers asked him how much coffee he drank. Dinny said, "About 12 saucerfuls a day."

—H. R.

TWELFTH REGIMENT NOTES.

Depleted in numbers but with its martial spirit undimmed the Twelfth is training with all the intensity of a full strength regiment and its non-commissioned officers and the few privates left are rapidly becoming expert in the use of the bayonet and in trench warfare. Under Captain Morris Pike the men are attending drill and school daily. Special classes in trench warfare, signaling, map making and reading are conducted

and frequent efficiency tests are made. Major Henry Quackenbos is supervising the work of the schools.

The officers of the regiment have opened a club house in a section of the mess hall which has been enclosed and after the evening classes the club is the favorite gathering place for a discussion of events of the day. The club has been comfortably furnished and real rocking chairs about a warm stove make an inviting corner.

Brigadier General Lester and Major Wright were the guests at a dinner on the opening night and a reception followed.

TO WEED OUT THE UNFIT.

Capt. Henry A. Riley, 105th Machine Gun Battalion, First Lieut. George A. Powers, 104th Machine Gun Battalion, and First Lieut. Harry Tebbutt, 106th Machine Gun Battalion, have been selected to enquire into the physical condition of the three battalions to determine if any are unfit for active service. As recently announced, the first line regiments making up the Twenty-Seventh Division will consist of only those men absolutely perfect in every respect.

WHITNEY ENTERTAINS ENGINEERS.

Company B, 102th Engineers, have returned to Camp after an interesting two week's training in Pontoon, bridge building at Whitney Lake. They were royally received by the town folks at Whitney, and after drilling hours, were kept busy being entertained. The entertainments for the men were given by the town people and all the leading citizens attended.

Hartley Schwartzbaum, the Company comedian, did much to make labor light, and gave the men a good many laughs with his good-natured antics. The most entertaining feature of the trip was the singing of Private Valentine, who started singing on a bet, but he was kept going by coaxing, even though in danger of losing his voice. The drill and bridge building under Lieut. Maxwell H. Gray, did much to prove the efficiency of the man and some good records were made in throwing bridges across the little lake. A. Company, under Capt. Ross, will go to Whitney to take a similar course.

NOISELESS NIGHT DRILLING.

The Whistle and Flashlights Aid In Training For Fighting In Dark.

Drilling at night by flashlights is another interesting feature introduced into the military life of the camp. The men take to it, and always heartily welcome this unique way of spending an evening. The company commander, with flashlight in hand, and a whistle in his mouth, directs the various movements of the troops. The whistle is blown, the light is waved to indicate the desired movement—and the men do the rest. There is seldom a word heard during the drills—a practice which will be beneficial when these loyal nephews of Uncle Sam are "Over There." After the drill the canteens are usually busy warding off a

"night attack," as this form of pleasure is conducive to a sharp appetite.

102ND FIELD SIGNAL BATTALION.

The Battalion, of 15 officers and 241 enlisted men, lacking but 4 men of full strength, left New York on September 11th, arriving at Camp Wadsworth on September 14th, in its allotted space, 215 by 1480 feet, north of Division Headquarters.

On October 2nd, word was received from the Chief Signal Officer of the Army of the authorization on September 25th by the Secretary of War of an increase in the Outpost Company (C) from 75 to 280 enlisted men, and other changes in Headquarters and Sanitary Detachments, to make the total strength of the Battalion 15 officers and 269 men. On October 1st, by G. O. No. 9, organizing the 27th Division, the Battalion's designation was changed from 1st Brigade N. Y. Signal Corps to 102nd Field Signal Brigade, without change of personnel.

The new strength for Company C was built up gradually by transfer of technical and other selected men from other organizations at Camp, assisted by Div. S. O. No. 88, on October 30th, requiring the Chief Officers of 8 units of the Division submit the names of 25 telephone and electrical men each for transfer to the Signal Corps, and the skeletonized units, the names of all such technical men they had.

With Sergt. Grand of the same Regiment, Service Telegraphique, has been assigned to the Brigade as instructor and advisor.

He has been lecturing also in the Division School of the Line, which is conducted by the Brigade at its Headquarters, with Major Wm. L. Hallahan as Director, under Div. G. O. No. 11, of October 15th. The class of 36 student officers has been studying General Service and semaphore flag codes; elementary electricity in application to telephones, telegraphy and wireless; ciphers; and trench and attack liaison.

A Brigade canteen was opened on November 14th, and has already difficulty in keeping any stock. Co. B gave a vaudeville entertainment at the Harris Theatre in Spartanburg on October 20th, to a crowded house, and more shows are planned for the future.

—G. I.

FIELD HOSPITAL COMPANY NO. 107.

Sid Berger, on kitchen police, discovered that a pitcher of milk had been overlooked in the general onslaught of noon mess. Having never seen anything left over before, Berger became panic stricken. He solved the problem by hanging the pitcher of milk on a hook in the ice box.

Sergeant Williams was directing litter drill. Hawthorne was the "patient."

"This man has been severely injured in a football game," roared Williams. "You will notice a hemorrhage from a wound in his thigh—where the ball went through."

WHAT A CHAPLAIN DOES.

By Rev. Horace R. Fell, Chaplain, 102 Engineers.

There seems to be an erroneous impression in the minds of a considerable number of civilians that an Army Chaplain is more or less of a secular official, occupied very largely with the care of the mail and the supervision of the Post Exchange. But such is not the case. The writer knows of no greater opportunity for distinctly spiritual work than is offered by the post of Army Chaplain. Conditions vary in the different branches of the service, but the weekly round of the writer is fairly typical.

We begin with Sunday morning. The Chaplain is up not later than 6:30 a. m., getting ready for the first service, which is a celebration of the Holy Communion at 7:10 a. m. This is followed by a second service at 9:00 a. m. This second service is sometimes a Celebration of the Holy Communion, sometimes an informal Song Service, but is always accompanied by an address. On Sunday evenings the Chaplains in turn speak at the services in the Y. M. C. A. tents. Sometimes there is also a service in the afternoon for men on detached service somewhere within reach of the main camp.

On week-days he is usually up in time to take part in the setting-up exercises in one of the company streets, or to take physical exercise playing medicine ball before morning mess, with the officers. Immediately after morning mess there are letters to be dictated to the stenographer assigned him. This is followed by visits to the Base Hospital and to the Guard House. On Monday afternoons there is the joint conference of Chaplains and Y. M. C. A. workers to be attended. In the evening he is usually present at a meeting of the Athletic Association. Later there are visits in the officer's tents or he receives visitors at his own tent. These visits nearly always afford opportunity for discussion on some religious topic. When encouraged to do so, both officers and men are very ready to ask questions. Taps usually finds the Chaplain busy with personal correspondence for which there is little or no time during the day.

Follows His Men.

It frequently happens, in the writer's organization that more than one detachment is away from the main body. In such cases Tuesday usually finds him away from headquarters on a visit to the nearest detached body. On Tuesday evenings a class in Religious Instruction is held at Headquarters. This class is very informal, taking up topics suggested by questions which have been asked by the men.

Wednesday, as a rule, is the day for a visit to the boys at the Rifle Range, some twenty-five miles from Camp Wadsworth. This is a two-day trip, and the Ford trucks furnished by the State of New York prove invaluable for this work. Bedding Roll, Organ, Altar, Books, etc., are placed aboard.

Arrived at the camp, the little organ is set up at the head of the company street, or if the weather forbids, in a hospital tent. A song service with address is held immediately after evening mess. After the service conferences are held with the men who are interested enough spend an hour in the discussion of some religious topic. This is followed by a short visit with the officers. In the morning Holy Communion is celebrated before mess. Frequently the little Ford truck gives some of the men a lift to the scene of their day's labor which may be five or six miles from the location of the tents. Camp Wadsworth is usually reached by noon, by which time the Hospital and Guard House work again needs attention.

Friday is chiefly occupied in preparation for the Sunday services, getting out Church notices, etc. Sometimes a song or choir practice is held in the evening.

Rests Saturday Afternoons.

On Saturdays the boys have the afternoon off, and if possible the Chaplain roots for the baseball team or attends such athletic games as may be under way. In the evening he is always in his tent, accessible to any of the boys who may want to see him.

On his trips to the Rifle Range, he is frequently accompanied by one of the Y. M. C. A. Secretaries or by a Roman Catholic Priest.

This more or less regular routine is of course broken in upon by cases of critical illness demanding particular attention, or by death with its consequent ministry of consolation to the relatives of the deceased. There are also each day conferences with boys seeking advice or assistance. Arrangements have been made by the Chaplains acting in concert for two services every Sunday at the Base Hospital, for entertainments there on two evenings each week, and for two Chaplains to be within call constantly in case of emergency. This in addition to the regular visits made by each Chaplain to the Hospital in the ordinary course of his duty as Regimental Chaplain. Rainy days, when drills are impossible are the Chaplain's harvest days, when he can visit the men in their tents.

This schedule leaves little time for what is generally known as secular work. The Chaplain is, as a rule in charge of the mail, but the details are all attended to by mail orderlies, so that this function of his office does not in the slightest degree encroach upon the more important spiritual duties which are his proper sphere of action. As to the Post Exchange, he has nothing whatever to do with it.

Services are of course sometimes held under difficulties, and sometimes the attendance is comparatively small. But always there is the opportunity to come into vital religious contact with more men than most Rectors ever reach at home.

The writer is of the opinion that, aside from the administration of the Blessed

ETHELBERT JELLYBACK HAS AN IDEA.

I, Ethelbert Jellyback, Private—though Heaven knows I have more intellectual endowment than a great many officers I have seen—enlisted in the army to do my bit and make the world safe for democracy. But at the time I so gallantly offered my services to the nation, I had no warning that weather conditions might prove so inclement.

Having come into the army from one of the best homes in the country, what with our fine big house, so assiduously cared for by the servants, particularly Hobart, the butler, and Jibson, my valet, I now feel that I have been intrigued. To put the matter frankly, it is often terribly cold here at camp. One can't do one's best bit when it is so bitter. Raw winds blow. It may be permissible to put the draft men in the draughty places, but for us who voluntarily came forward with our lives and good families, well, that, as the negro servant who fell into the flour bin said, puts a different complexion on the matter.

But I have a splendid idea. (I often have splendid ideas). It ought to revolutionize the world's system of waging wars, and also make for greater comfort. It is this:

Why not do away with all wars and training in the winter time, and conduct them only in summer? For example, in the game known as baseball, though I seldom play it myself owing to its propensity for causing in the player such a nasty amount of perspiration, contests are often eliminated when the elements are unpropitious.

I believe the phrase is: "Postponed on account of wet grounds." Why not bring influence to bear upon the great nations at war to have their winter battles "postponed on account of cold weather?" And then play the so-called double-headers in the summer.

Perfectly corking idea, isn't it? All my own,—I, Ethelbert Jellyback, Private—though goodness me, a private gets little privacy in the army! Some officer or enlisted man is forever poking his head in at my tent and looking around at me, even when I am only partially clad.

There are 365 days in the year. There are usually, I have discovered, only about 150 battles a year between two armies in conflict. What could be more simple than to arrange it so that all of the 150 battles would take place in April, May, June, July,

(Continued on page 20)

Sacramento, the Chaplain's greatest opportunity, and it is a very great one, comes in the little conferences with small groups of men, or the almost daily occasions when one man alone will open his heart to the spiritual father of the regiment on some question of vital religion. Some hardship and inconvenience there may be in the Chaplain's office, but we are sorry for those priests at home who have never known the unique experiences which fall to our lot.

ATTENTION.

Attention Soldiers and Friends

If you are looking for a good place to eat, go to the Royal Restaurant for first class service. The most sanitary and up to date place in town. : : :

A
Special Thanksgiving Turkey Dinner for the soldiers and their friends. All home cooking.

We Serve the best Food in the Market. All Meats and Poultry Government Inspected.

The Royal Restaurant

TELEPHONE 1180

132 NORTH CHURCH STREET

A HEALTHY CAMP.

In spite of rumors to the contrary, the men quartered at Camp Wadsworth are enjoying the best of health and the present conditions, as shown by the weekly sick report, are little short of ideal.

Only four cases of pneumonia are mentioned, and not a single disease of a contagious nature is found.

As an off-set to the rather persistent Mrs. Grundy, we take pleasure in quoting Lt. Col. E. R. Maloney.

Speaking of the 373 patients now in the base hospital, he said:

"In the army, you know, we send to the hospital and carry on our sick report men suffering from minor ailments, and those who meet with injuries of any kind from accidents. In civil life practically all these men would be up and going about their business. In the army we take every case at its incipiency and treat it, rather than run the risk of having it develop into something serious through lack of attention. Nobody could ask for a better health report than we are able to show in Camp Wadsworth."

NEW ROAD TO SPARTANBURG.

Work has begun on the concrete highway between the city of Spartanburg and Camp Wadsworth. This highway is to have an asphalt surface and none of the bumps that ridge the present roads to camp.

Reed Tull, County Engineer, says that no time will be lost in pushing the work. The contract for sand has been awarded, and the first hauling and distributing of this material along the new road was announced to begin a week ago.

IF.

(With apologies to Rudyard Kipling.)

If you can keep your socks when those about you,

Are losing their's, and blaming it on you,
If you can't trust a soul, and all men doubt you;

If you can find potatoes in the stew;
If you can wait three months without a pay-day,

Or smile when told to do the things you hate,

If you can grin when you get near the mess-shack,

Or eat the meals you get, and say they're great.

When you feel fine, the gang is always sleeping,

When you're asleep, they're always raising Cain,

If you march fast, the bunch is always creeping,

If you go slow, they'll never do the same;
Suppose they start a little game of poker,
Just try to sleep if you're not in the game,

You may hate smoke, but they'll make you a smoker,

You're one of them, you've got to act the same.

If stupid Non-Comm's try to drill you dizzy,
Or give commands that make you laugh and grin,

Remember boys, the Huns will keep us busy,

So buckle down and do your best to win;
If you have troubles, pack them in your own kit,

And strap them in so tight they can't get out,

Don't growl at all, but go and do your own bit,

And when we've won, you'll get a chance to shout.

HOWARD A. HERTY, Private,
Co. A. Military Police.

German newspapers are said to be printing pictures labelled "Types of Americans Captured on the Western Front." It is early to pass final judgments, but it is safe to assume of the American prisoners in Germany that they are very respectable types.

Many State Jobs to Go to Women.—Headline

To the victors belong the spoils.

**CHURCHES OF SPARTANBURG.
BAPTIST**

First Baptist, Main and Dean, Rev. E. S. Alderman, Pastor.—Sunday Service: Preaching, 11:30 a. m. and 8:00 p. m. Prayer meeting, Wednesday, 8:00 p. m.
Green Street Baptist, Corner Brawley and Green, Rev. J. L. Hodges, Pastor.—Preaching, 11:00 a. m.; night service, 7:45 p. m.
Northside Baptist, Corner Fremont Avenue and Magnolia, A. W. Pink, Pastor.
Southside Baptist, Corner Carlisle and Church, Rev. M. D. Jeffries, Pastor.

CATHOLIC

St. Paul, 145 North Dean, Rev. A. K. Gwynn, Pastor.—Sunday masses, 8 o'clock and 10:30 o'clock; Sunday night services, 8 o'clock; daily mass, 7:30 o'clock; Confessions, Saturday, 4:00 to 6:00 p. m., 7:30 to 10:00.

EPISCOPAL

Church of the Advent, Advent, near Main, Rev. W. H. K. Pendleton, Rector.—Sunday service, 11:15 a. m., Holy Communion, first Sunday, 11:15 a. m.; night service, 8:00 p. m.

GREEK

St. Nicholas, Greek Orthodox, Pierpont Avenue.

HEBREW

B' Nai Israel, Doctor Finklestein, Rabbi.—Congregation meets 104 Union Street.

HOLINESS

Holy Church of Christ, 313 Howard Street.

LUTHERAN

Women's Memorial Evangelical, Rev. S. T. Hallman, Pastor.—Sunday service every second, third and fourth Sunday each month at 11:15 a. m. and 8:00 p. m.

METHODIST

Bethel M. E., South, Corner Lee and South Church.—Preaching at 11:30 a. m. and 8:00 p. m.
Central M. E., South, Corner Walnut and North Church, Rev. J. W. Frazer, Pastor.—Preaching at 11:30 a. m. and 8 p. m.; prayer meeting, 8 p. m. Wednesday.
Duncan, 130 Farley St., Rev. H. B. Covington, Pastor.
El-Bethel, Corner Crescent Ave. and South Church, Rev. M. B. Patrick, Pastor.
Wesleyan M. E., South, 512 Magnolia Street.

PRESBYTERIAN

First Presbyterian, Main, near Converse, Rev. A. D. P. Gilmour, Pastor.—Sunday services at 11:30 a. m. and 8:00 p. m.; prayer meeting, Wednesday at 8:00 p. m.
Second Presbyterian, Corner College and Magnolia, Rev. A. D. Watkins, Pastor.

UN-DENOMINATIONAL

Salvation Army Headquarters, 198 Elm Street.

**ARRIVAL AND DEPARTURE OF MAILES
AT CAMP WADSWORTH.**

The Official Designation of the Camp Post-Office is "Wadsworth Branch," Spartanburg, South Carolina.

There will be six (6) round trips daily between Camp and Spartanburg for transportation of mails.

Mail trains on the main line of the Southern leave at the following hours:

Going North: 7:25 A. M., 3:00; 6:10 and 8:45 P. M.

Going South: 7:10 A. M. and 12:25 P. M. and 12:00 midnight.

The mail trips made from Camp to City will be as follows:

FIRST TRIP

Leave Camp at..... 6:30 A. M.
Arrive Union Station..... 7:00 A. M.
Arrive Spartanburg P. O. by.... 8:10 A. M.
Arrive at Camp at..... 8:40 A. M.

SECOND TRIP

Leave Camp at..... 9:30 A. M.
Arrive at Union Station..... 10:00 A. M.
Arrive Spartanburg P. O. not later than 11:00 A. M.
Arrive at Camp by..... 11:30 A. M.

THIRD TRIP

Leave Camp at..... 11:50 A. M.
Arrive Union Station at..... 12:20 P. M.
Arrive Spartanburg P. O. not later than 1:30 P. M.
Arrive at Camp by..... 2:00 P. M.

FOURTH TRIP

Leave Camp at..... 2:25 P. M.
Arrive at Union Station..... 2:55 P. M.
Arrive Spartanburg P. O. not later than 3:45 P. M.
Arrive at Camp by..... 4:15 P. M.

FIFTH TRIP

Leave Camp at..... 5:30 P. M.
Arrive at Union Station at..... 6:00 P. M.
Arrive at Spartanburg P. O. 6:45 P. M.
Arrive at Camp by..... 7:15 P. M.

SIXTH TRIP

Leave Camp at..... 8:10 P. M.
Arrive at Union Station at..... 8:40 P. M.
Arrive at Camp by..... 9:15 P. M.

SONG OF A DAY OUT OF CAMP.

This is a careless, vagabond song,
This is a song of the red, red roads,
Cotton fields, soldiers, a swinging stride,
Holiday jaunts with the music of odes.

This is a song of wind from the hills,
This is a song of the sun in the sky,
Roadways that wander, get lost, return,
Jitneys that splutter and flutter by.

This is a song to fill the air,
This is a song to fool the ear,
This is a song to fill up space,
This is the space it fills right here!
—C. D.

Broadway by night will still be Broadway though the candle-power of its attractions is reduced. Under the dimmed lights it will yet be bright enough for people to find their way to it, which is the main thing.



The other thing money can't buy--more motor car service than the Ford gives. That is why persons of wealth are buying Ford cars in larger numbers every day.

ELWOOD F. BELL,
Exclusive Dealer for
SPARTANBURG

COT PADS
STEEL COTS
COTTON PILLOWS
FOLDING CHAIRS
FOLDING TABLES
RUGS FOR TENTS
COMFORTERS AND
BLANKETS

Columbia Grafonola
AND
Columbia Records

New Catalog of Latest Hits
Just Out

**HERRING
FURNITURE CO.**

115 East Main Street

News of the Y. M. C. A.

E. W. LESLIE, Editor.



CHARLES W. DIETRICH.

Charles W. Dietrich, Camp Executive Secretary of the Army Y. M. C. A. at Camp Wadsworth, was born in Altoona, Pa. He was educated there in the public schools and in Lebanon Valley College. For six years he was in the men's clothing business in Harrisburg, Pa. During all this time he was very active in church work and was interested in Y. M. C. A. matters, later becoming a director of the Harrisburg Association.

In 1890, he went into Y. M. C. A. work as an employed officer, and his record as general secretary in Stamford, Conn., Troy, N. Y., and since 1901 in charge of the famous Central Branch of Brooklyn has been an enviable one.

Mr. Dietrich was especially successful in his part in the planning and erection of the new building of the Central Branch, which is recognized as the last work in Association architecture.

Mr. Dietrich was released by his home Association for four months to inaugurate the work at Camp Wadsworth and to push forward the erection of the Y. M. C. A. buildings, two of which were dedicated last week.

The latest honor which Mr. Dietrich has had thrust upon him is his being invited by the National War Work Council to sail soon for France to start work in certain sections among our American troops "over there." Mr. Dietrich says he is willing to go over if his home Association will release him for a longer period of time.

Theodore Ellsworth, a prominent business man of Chicago, has arrived at Camp Wadsworth to "do his bit" by serving in the ranks of the Army Association. He probably will be assigned to building No. 95.

Y. M. C. A. IN DEMAND AT FRONT.

The Y. M. C. A. is in demand not only in the United States, but abroad as well.

Gen. Pershing, commanding our troops in France, has called for 500 American secretaries to serve our boys abroad. He also requests secretaries for work with the French troops.

A similar call has come from Italy for 200 secretaries and Russia is begging for us to send over as many secretaries as we can spare to work among the Russian troops.

In addition to all this, the Y. M. C. A. seeks to serve the 6,000,000 men already in the prison camps of Europe. Permission has been granted by all the countries involved in the war for Association secretaries to enter and work in their camps.

PLAYERS FROM BUFFALO.

The War Time Players, an aggregation of prominent amateur actors from Buffalo, have been touring the military camps of the East and Southeast, putting on three one-act plays for the entertainment of the boys in khaki.

These players appeared at Camp Wadsworth three nights last week and were, without a doubt, one of the best companies which has visited the camp. The plays were clean-cut and clever and the players well received at each presentation.

In the company were the following Buffaloniens: Miss Lucia Schoelhoff, Miss Kathryn Park Lewis, Miss Charlotte Beecher, Miss Sylvia Spencer, Mrs. Spencer, Mr. Sherrill McWilliams, Mr. Albert H. Zink, Mr. Robert Dempster.

A NEW Y. M. C. A. UNIT.

The Y. M. C. A. is to establish a unit at Glossy Mountain to serve the boys on the rifle range. One of the big white tents has been sent up to the range together with a complete "Y" equipment consisting of writing tables and material and everything a standard Association building has to make for the comfort of the boys.

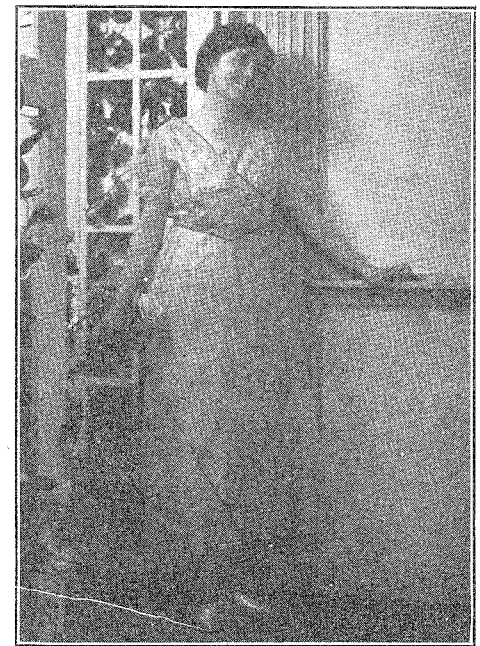
Two secretaries from Camp Wadsworth, Messrs. Bonk and Dame, have been assigned to duty at the range and left Saturday to take up their duties there.

RED TRIANGLE TENT APPROVED.

Mr. Paul M. Pearson, of the National War Work Council, sends the following letter to Mr. Wickes, the manager of the Red Triangle Tent:

"My Dear Mr. Wickes: You will be interested to know that you have the best record of any camp superintendent.

Paul M. Pearson."



DOING HER BIT WITH HER VOICE.

Miss Marion Davison of Albany, N. Y., who is the daughter of Mr. W. J. Davison, Y. M. C. A. Physical Director, has been giving concerts throughout the Camp for the past two months. She has visited every Y. M. C. A. unit in Camp and rendered evening of song, much to the delight of the men.

Miss Davison is a graduate of the New England Conservatory of Music and has a certificate as soloist and teacher. She has a fine mezzo soprano voice and delightful personality. Her rendition of Scotch and Irish ballads has been especially well received; her interpretation of Angus MacDonald has been called for again and again throughout the Camp, and no concert has been closed without a call for the Marseillaise, which Miss Davison sings in French. French officers and men in Camp have complimented her highly on her rendition of the French National air, saying she sings it as the French do, with spirit and expression. Miss Davison also possesses a happy knack of getting men to sing with her the popular camp airs.

Miss Davison leaves for New York City the first of the month, but it is hoped by the music lovers of Spartanburg and the boys at Camp Wadsworth that she will again favor them with her presence and gifted talent.

Rev. A. R. P. Hegeman, of Unit No. 97, has been called back to his parish in Binghamton, N. Y., and has been succeeded in his work at that unit by Rev. Chas. H. Ford, of Cortland, N. Y. Mr. Hegeman has done a fine work with the artillery boys and all regretted seeing him go.

CONVERSE COLLEGE GIRLS AT Y. M. C. A. BUILDING.

One of the most enjoyable events yet put on by the Y. M. C. A. in camp was the concert given at unit No. 97 on Friday evening by the Choral Society of Converse College under the direction of Prof. E. C. Morris.

The new building was packed to overflowing and the entire program was enthusiastically received.

Prof. Morris has promised to bring his Choral Society to the camp to sing for the boys each week if it can be so arranged.

WAR WORK FUND OVER \$50,000,000.

The Y. M. C. A. has just completed the mammoth task of raising \$35,000,000 in a gigantic campaign carried on throughout the entire country, in fact up to the present writing the fund has reached the amount of \$50,000,000 and the end is not yet.

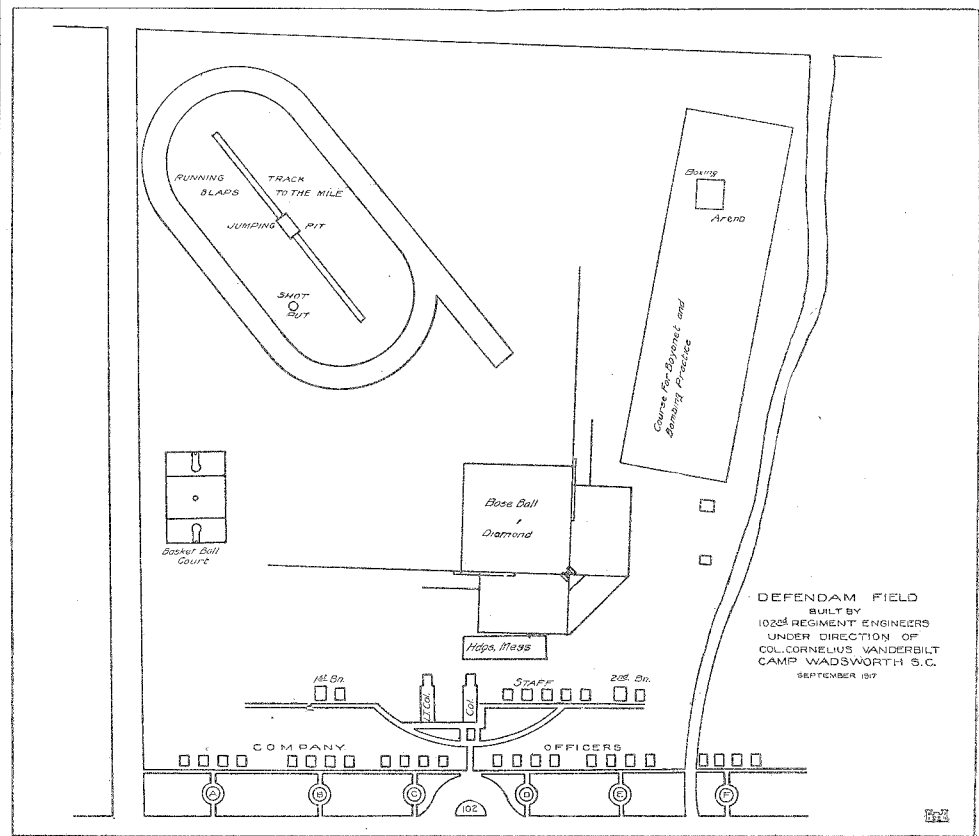
The campaign has been in the building for seven weeks and filters down through the larger cities into the small rural towns and districts. Every one in every section of this country has been given the opportunity and privilege of giving what he or she could for the comfort of the soldier boys, and the results well show the patriotic and generous spirit of the givers.

HE MAKES SOLDIERS SING.

Robert E. Clark, Camp Musical Director, comes from Colorado State where he was teacher of voice training. He joined Dr. George Wood Anderson, who is now in France, in evangelistic work. Later he was right-hand man, musically, for Hon. John Wanamaker of Philadelphia, and gradually advanced to become, as Mr. Wanamaker states, "The greatest Gospel singer and leader since the time of Mr. Sankey," so long associated with Mr. Moody.

While Mr. Clark was taking a vacation last summer in the Pocono Mountains, Mr. Wanamaker wrote that he had taken the liberty of making an engagement for him at the 202nd Anniversary of the Cold Springs Presbyterian Church, near Cape May. It was here that a representative of the Edison Phonograph Company heard Mr. Clark's Gospel singing and sought a hearing, which terminated in a trial record, which was passed upon by Mr. Edison. Mr. Clark made records of two Gospel songs, "Gethsemane" and "Why I Love Him," both songs written by B. D. Ackley, the very noted Gospel song writer. Later Mr. Clark was asked to make records of secular songs and was planning to visit the recording office for some patriotic songs when called to Camp Wadsworth. Mr. Clark hopes in the near future to make records of some of the songs that the boys in Camp love to sing.

His work in the last two months and a half in Camp Wadsworth has been of very pleasing nature,—visiting mess shacks, conducting



The Polo Grounds of Camp Wadsworth

sings in the Y. M. C. A. huts and in the big Triangle Tent.

A large chorus of trained voices is under way. Rehearsals are rather slow on account of the great amount of training that the boys have and organized work is difficult along musical lines. The band leaders are co-operating in organizing a large orchestra for the Friday night camp sings and the Sunday night religious service.

THE ARMY'S GREATEST MENACE.

Men who are experts in medicine, and yet not alarmists, are doing all within their power to keep our soldiers from the venereal diseases which have ravaged Germany, France and Great Britain. In these countries the disease is ravaging not only the army but the entire populace.

Official and semi-official reports say that "conditions among the other belligerents became just as bad or worse. One nation during the first year and a half of war lost the services of more men through venereal diseases than through death or wounds in battle. One regiment which participated in a furious attack in northern France was sent back of the lines to recuperate and there joined another regiment which had been encamped behind the front for some time and had seen no actual fighting at all. Will you believe that the latter regiment, the one that had not been in action, had lost the services of more men through venereal disease during its stay behind the lines than the one back from the firing line had lost in the attack?" All over Europe placards are up advising the

men to keep away from prostitutes. Almost every newspaper is full of emblazoned articles warning the soldiers from the impending danger. In many cases the warning has come too late.

The 27th Division has an exceedingly clean record. Talk about vice in this division is nonsense. Morally Spartanburg is one of the cleanest towns in the country. Furthermore, the personnel of this division and their absorption in serious training have cut dissipation of any character to a negligible minimum. A chocolate soda and a Keystone comedy are the average soldier's idea of a hot time in the old town these days.

THE M. P. FOLLIES.

The Biggest Show of the Year at Converse College, December the First.

The M. P. Follies will be presented by an All Star Cast, at Converse College on Saturday evening, December 1st. The best talent in the Division has been secured by Major T. Harry Shanton, commanding the Military Police. This show will be different from anything ever seen in Spartanburg. There will be song "Hits" galore, with two bands from the Division assisting. The big feature and "hit" of the evening, will be the first public presentation of the M. P. Song. Words and music of which were arranged by Maj. Shanton himself.

To an optimist a ray of hope is as brilliant as a searchlight.



The Wadsworth Gas Attack and R

Edited by Buck O'N

BOXING TOURNAMENT TO BE HELD IN CAMP.

By Buck O'Neill, Boxing Editor.

Can you box? If you can, or if you think you can, forward your name to the boxing editor of THE GAS ATTACK. A series of boxing matches will be held in camp under the direction of THE GAS ATTACK, and it is hoped that all men who are skilled in the art of peeping across the five-ounce gloves will enter.

Norman Selby, the famous Kid McCoy of the past, will be in camp shortly to take up his duties as boxing instructor, and it is probable that the former star will find little idle time on his hands. With some 35,000 men in camp, all red-blooded Americans, with the spirit of fight deep rooted in their hearts, there should be a host of talent. Come out, then, you scrappers, and let your friends see how good you are.

Without making a regimental canvass, the names of half a dozen men who have won fame in the squared circle, either as professionals or amateurs, come to mind. Among these are Bobby Gleason, the world's champion amateur middleweight. Young Mike Donovan, son of the former middleweight champion, who fought Mike Gibbons, and others; Sailor Carroll, Young Diamond, Battling Kiddy, and there are doubtless many other formidable warriors, who at present are brindling unseen.

To say that boxing is necessary to a soldier is needless. In this war, particularly, with its close hand to hand fighting, the man with the knack of landing the sleep producing right-hand cross is a man to be feared in any company. There may be times when we have gone over the top, crossed No Man's Land and invaded the Teuton trenches when there will be little room for wielding the bayonet or using the rifle. The British dispatches have cited many cases when the fighting was so close that fists took the place of the usual weapons of war.

As a sport, boxing stands alone. It is a real developer of nerve, quick thinking and spirit. It places a premium upon perfect co-ordination between mind and muscle, teaches one to be cool under stress of circumstance, and brings out the real spirit of the man. No individual with the "yellow streak" ever made good as a fighter, and surely the army has no use for men of that calibre in these times.

Boxing is as old as civilization itself. The Greeks promoted bouts between trained fighters, but instead of using the modern padded glove, they went in for the more efficient cestus. This consisted of buckskin thongs wound tightly around the hands, binding brass caps over the knuckles. One solid smash on the chin, or under the heart,

or on the solar plexus usually brought about an ending of a match.

With life or death depending on one punch, it is small wonder that the ancients developed real skill in the art of defending themselves. The sport has come down through the ages. It has been shorn of its deadly aspects, until to-day a serious accident is a rare occurrence. With men in good condition there is really nothing to fear.

Boxing, moreover, is a great leveller. The little man who can handle himself can take care of a man of superior physique if the latter depends on bull strength alone. If one looks back over the record of Kid McCoy it will show that the crafty Kid handled such tough ones as Tom Sharkey, when the latter was at his best. McCoy was never a real heavyweight, but there were few of the big fellows who cared very much to tackle him in the ring.

Come ahead then, you knights of the padded mitts. Those of you who can box show the others how it is done. Those who are not so clever learn—you may need it some time when some heavy brained German is coming at you.

At least one boxer has made the ultimate sacrifice for his country. Johnny Shaw, who won some note as a middleweight fighter in New York and elsewhere was killed in France a few days ago. The dispatches say that he was killed in a railroad accident, but just what the circumstances connected with his death were, were not mentioned in the notice.

Kiddie Diamond is out with a challenge to any lightweight in the 27th Division. He styles himself the champion lightweight of the camp, and would like to argue the point with anyone at his weight.

BATTERY E TEAM CAPTURES TITLE.

The football eleven of Battery E, 104th Field Artillery, brought its season to a close yesterday afternoon when it played a tie game with the team from Battery F on the regimental athletic field on Wednesday afternoon. The score was 6 to 6.

Battery E clinched the regimental championship, winning five of its six games, with F alone checking it. The result came as a distinct surprise to the maroon clad host, and as a staggering disappointment as well. Having disposed of the powerful Headquarters team, and running roughshod over the A battery eleven, it was expected that F would be trounced.

Captain Hasselbrink, however, brought eleven fighters out on the field with him, and for the better part of the game played the champions to a standstill. The F team scored the first touchdown of the game,

Vreeland running around the end for a score from the six-yard line after a forty-yard run by Simmons brought the ball within striking distance. An easy goal was missed.

It was not until late in the second period that the E team scored, and then Finney intercepted a forward pass to race fifty yards through a broken field for a touchdown. The goal was missed. Thereafter the teams fought hard, but neither could develop the punch to put the ball over. Once E brought the ball down to the two-yard line on a pass from Finney to O'Neill, but a damaging penalty on the next play robbed Corbett of a touchdown.

Regan Finney, who has won the right to be called the best halfback in the regiment, and one of the best in the division, played in his usual style. Although badly crippled, he remained in the game throughout, and thanks to his spectacular work the E team escaped possible defeat. Dick Noonan was a stalwart player for E, while Vreeland, Simmons and Hasselbrink did well for the F team. The line-up followed:

Battery E.	Position	Battery F.
Kiernan.....	L. E.....	Spring
Breen.....	L. T.....	Besson
Ecklund.....	L. G.....	Fidgeon
Noonan.....	C.....	Hall
Kelly.....	R. G.....	McNamara
Yerkes.....	R. T.....	Lawlor
Pierce.....	R. E.....	Owens
*O'Neill.....	Q. B.	*Hasselbrink
McBeath.....	L. H. B.	Simmons
Finney.....	R. H. B.	Vreeland
Corbett.....	F. B.	Rudolph

*Captain.

Score by periods:

Battery E.	0	6	0	0-6
Battery F.	6	0	0	0-6

Substitutions, for E, Raleigh for O'Neill; O'Neill for Raleigh; Britton for Kiernan; Schaffner for Britton. For F, Fitzpatrick for Spring; Spring for Barker; Barker for Owens; Owens for Vreeland; Conor for McNamara.

Touchdowns: Vreeland, Finney. Referee: Lieut. Ranssalaer; Umpire, Lieut. Col. Deianey. Time for game: Periods of ten minutes.

ATHLETIC FIELD PLANNED.

Efforts are now being made to erect a large athletic field to the rear of the parade grounds of the 102nd Engineers. Captain Dieges, the authority on regimental athletics and an officer in the old Military Athletic League expects to be able to use the surplus funds of the organization to pay for the improvements. In addition to a five-lap, track, jumping pits, and accommodations for baseball, soccer, basket-ball, and football, a permanent dressing room will be built.

Rio Grande Rattler's Sporting Pages

Neill and F. J. Ashley



UP-STATE ELEVEN LOSES HARD GAME.

Weight and experience were the deciding factors in the game between Headquarters and A battery of the 104th Field Artillery at the regimental field on Wednesday. Headquarters won by a score of 13 to 0, which about measured the difference in the teams as they played. The little up-State eleven fought tooth and nail for every inch, and a couple of times were in position to score, but never were able to break through the Headquarters line.

Headquarters clinched its right to second place in the regimental championship. It dipped its colors only to Battery E, and then by the margin of a single touchdown after a gripping struggle.

Headquarters developed a scoring punch early in the game and planted the ball behind the line. This advantage was sufficient to win the game, but to make sure, the Headquarters eleven gathered another in the closing moments of the game.

The remarkable kicking of Skip Throp played its part in the game. This veteran averaged more than forty-five yards throughout the game. His spirals soared aloft and gave his ends a world of time to cover them. Both Kehoe and Stevenson were keen in following the leather, and the A backs had little chance to run the ball back.

The line-up follows:

HEADQUARTERS	POSITION	BATTERY A
Keogh.....	L. E.	Flannigan
Horn.....	L. T.	Venson
Tarantino.....	L. G.	Hack
Berk.....	C.	Shear
Higgins.....	R. G.	Graham
Williams.....	R. T.	Savage
Stevenson.....	R. E.	Atkinson
Keenan.....	Q. B.	Murphy
Simpson.....	L. H. B.	Furlong
Throp.....	R. H. B.	Holton
Ledwith.....	F. B.	Flynn

Substitutions—For Headquarters: Minnaugh for Ledwith; for A Battery: Davis for Flannigan.

Touchdowns, Stevenson and Throp. Goals from touchdown, Throp.

Referee, Lieut. Ransselaer. Umpire, Lieut. Col. Delaney.

Time of game. Periods of ten minutes.

HQTRS. CO., 105TH AND CO. K, 105TH WIN FIRST GAMES IN STREET CHAMPIONSHIP SERIES.

The first set of games for the street championship, comprising the 105th, the 106th and the 10th Inf., were played Saturday. Headquarters Company, 105th, defeated the Machine Gun Company, of the 106th, by the score of 25 to 0.

The K. Co.-Machine Gun, 105th, game was played on the 10th Regiment field. The game was hard fought throughout with honors

slightly in Machine Gun's favor until the last quarter. Early in the third quarter O'Hay, the star fullback of the Lewis Gun eleven, dropped over a field goal from the twenty-five yard line, putting his team on the long end of a 3-0 score. It was not until the last three minutes of play that K was able to overcome that handicap.

The break came when Maloy intercepted a forward pass and dodged forty yards for a touchdown. A minute later McGuinness punted for K and O'Hay fumbled. Lund recovered the ball over the line, adding six points to K's score just as the whistle blew.

O'Hay shone in the Machine Gun backfield, while Maloy was K's most dependable ground gainer.

K (12)	MACHINE GUN (3)
Cooman.....	R. E. Farrell
	Knoll,
	Wassen
Layden.....	R. T. Groff
Lund.....	R. G. Desmond
Engert.....	C. Koert
Robbins.....	L. G. Hamilton
Dovas.....	L. T. Carlsten
Luckhart.....	L. E. Waite
Hamman	Morgan
McGuinness.....	Q. B. Van Schoonhoven
Atkins.....	R. H. B. Van Buren
Maloy.....	L. H. B. Herzog
Scheff.....	F. B. O'Hea

Touchdowns, Maloy, Lund. Goal from field, O'Hay. Time of quarters, 10 minutes. Umpire, Lt. Stern; referee, Capt. Bird; headlinesman, H. Ortner, Y. M. C. A.

MACH. GUN 106TH (0)	HQTRS. CO. 105TH (25)
Smith.....	R. E. Harney
Connelly.....	R. T. Conant
Emely.....	R. G. Hunerhoff
	Kendrick
Credon.....	C. Murray
Collins	
Longnecker.....	L. G. Landquist
Weller	
Moskowitz.....	L. T. Walsh (Capt.)
Widing	
Broughton.....	L. E. Horsman
McShean	
Kenedy.....	Q. B. Collison
Hartman.....	L. H. B. Schaible
McLeod	
Brill.....	F. B. Arndt
Shocke.....	R. H. B. Vannier

McGovern

Touchdowns, Shaible, 2; Arndt, 1; Collison, 1. Goals from touchdown, Shaible, 1. Referee and Umpire, Lieut. Stern.

President Lee of the Brotherhood of Trainmen says that "there isn't going to be a railroad strike," but he did not originate the expression.

LOTS OF SPEED HERE.

A lot of action is expected tomorrow morning when the members of Trains and Military Police hold their athletic meet on their parade grounds. Lieut. Kearney, who is handling the athletic problems of the men at West Wadsworth, has been giving his charges plenty of time for extra practice and he has unearthed several stars. He assures us that the men who compete tomorrow are the real champs of the Division and holds out a challenge to any unit in Spartanburg for a dual meet or a decision on the football or baseball field.

SEVENTY-FIRST IS DOING ITS BIT IN FOOTBALL.

Captain Waite of Company C is Turning Out Crack Team.

The Non-Coms. of the Seventy-First have for two weeks or more been choosing men of previous experience in football, from the few that have been left, and have succeeded at last in picking a full team of collegiate stars.

Captain Waite, at one time a Dartmouth halfback, is coaching the team, and assures us that by the end of the week he will have his men whipped into shape to play any team in the division.

The players are:

- Fullback—"Buck" Taylor.
- Right Half—"Ted" Ellertsen.
- Right Half—"Teuton" Jergensen.
- Left Half—Vic Streckfuss.
- Left Half—Geo. Lounsbury.
- Quarterback—Jack Oakley.
- Quarterback—"Ham" Clark.
- Center—"Piggy" Johnson.
- Right Guard—"Butch" Hahn.
- Left Guard—"Nemo" Gooss.
- Right Tackle—"Slim" Howell.
- Left Tackle—"Cadet" Gallagher.
- Left Tackle—"Greaseball" Poach.
- Right End—"Aeroplane" Quinn.
- Left End—"Flea" Buttermark.
- Line Man—Dan Donovan.

WHAT THE SUBMARINES MISSED.

That the German submarine policy has failed is best proved by official statistics as to the number of men and quantity of munitions and supplies safely transported across the Atlantic since the U-boats became active.

In the last three years 13,000,000 men have crossed and recrossed the Atlantic. Only 3,500 of these men were lost. More than 25,000,000 tons of explosives, 51,000,000 tons of coal and upward of 100,000,000 tons of machinery, rifles and other supplies also were transported without any loss whatsoever.

Future political parties in New York can never count on the women's vote as the silent vote.

In Division Society

MRS. CHAS. P. LOESER, Editor

Associate Editors

Mrs. Walter Montgomery Mrs. J. W. Allen

THE GAS ATTACK has decided to print a page of division social news. This is its first society page and the editor is Mrs. Charles P. Loeser, wife of Lieut. Loeser, of the 107th Inf.

We are fortunate in having Mrs. Loeser as the editor of this page, and we are triply fortunate in having as assistants to her, two women prominent in Spartanburg society, Mrs. Walter Montgomery and Mrs. J. W. Allen.

Send your social notes to the society editor, THE GAS ATTACK, Camp Wadsworth, who will be pleased to give all information her personal attention.

OFFICERS' THANKSGIVING BALL.

The Officers' Ball to be given Thanksgiving night at the Cleveland Hotel to raise Christmas funds will be quite the most elaborate affair of the season. There will be general dancing in the ball room and lobby of the hotel. Music will be furnished by the Artillery, 105th Infantry, and Jazz band of the 74th. Tables will be arranged for those desiring to play bridge. A supper with cabaret will be served in the dining room at eleven o'clock.

The following ladies will act as patronesses, Mesdames O'Ryan, Phillips, Lester, Michie, Andrew, Norton, Bates, Wainwright, Manning, Montgomery, Allen, Law, Carlisle, Gantt. Those serving on the dance committee are Mesdames Riley, Gantt, Seligman, Schoelkoff and Miss Michie.

CHRISTMAS TREES FOR SOLDIERS IN CAMP.

A lively campaign is under way in Spartanburg to raise money to provide Christmas trees for the soldiers at Camp Wadsworth.

At a well attended meeting of the wives of officers and enlisted men of the 27th Division, and many women of Spartanburg, arrangements were made for making Christmas a merry occasion at the camp.

Mrs. J. N. Allen presided over the meeting. Mrs. Leon Gans was appointed chairman; Miss Margaret Michie, secretary; Mrs. J. Seligman treasurer and Mrs. Hamlin chairman of the finance committee. Sub-committees representing every department of the 27th Division have been appointed to co-operate in working out the campaign.

It is proposed that every mess shack in the entire camp shall have its own Christmas tree and entertainment.

The plan is a big one, and to be successful, will require the help of every one who is interested in seeing the soldiers happy at the coming yuletide. All the ladies of the Army and Spartanburg are appealed to for assistance in raising the necessary funds, and the families and friends back at home, if they can be told of the plan, will be glad to contribute

generously toward giving the boys a good time on Christmas day. This is one way of bringing the home nearer to the men in training camp.

The following wives of officers and enlisted men volunteered to do all in their power to make the Christmas celebration successful:

Mesdames O'Ryan, Phillips, Munsill, Kilpatrick, Allen, Michie, Andrews, Seligman, Nichols, Hayes, Taylor, Billings, Norton, Hildreth, Morrison, De Peyster, Quackenbos, Crimenius, Carlisle, Schoelkoff, Riley, Havenmeyer, Decker, Hallahan, Bates, Palmer, Waterbury, Salisbury, Loeser, King and Stevens.

Mesdames Ireland, King and Kilpatrick have been working untiringly to get bids on various articles required for the tree, and if there are men either in Camp or in Spartanburg who can assist this committee in securing the lowest possible prices obtainable, they would not only be a great help, but a great saving to the finance committee.

Each individual's assistance, be it large or small, will do much towards making Christmas a day of cheerfulness for the 33,000 soldiers encamped at Camp Wadsworth.

Chairmen of Christmas Trees at Camp.

The following chairmen of committees to arrange Christmas trees at Camp Wadsworth have been appointed. In some cases it has been impossible to get in touch with ranking officers' wives. Where mistakes have been made it is urged that the secretary be notified.

Division headquarters, Capt. Dunbar, chairman; Mrs. O'Ryan; 52d brigade, Col. Smith; 105th artillery, Col. Wingate; 106th artillery, Mrs. Phillips; 53d brigade, Miss Margaret Michie; 105th infantry, Col. Andrews, Mrs. Andrews; 106th infantry, Col. Norton, Mrs. Norton; 105th machine gun, Maj. Wright, Mrs. Putnam; 54th brigade, 107th infantry, Col. Fiske, Mrs. Mazet; 108th infantry, Col. Jennings, Mrs. Jennings; 106th machine guns, Maj. Bryant; 102d engineers, Col. Vanderbilt, Mrs. Crimmins; 104th machine gun, Maj. McLeer, Mrs. King; 10th infantry, Col. Kline, Mrs. Kline; 1st infantry, Col. Boyer, Mrs. Weinberg; 14th infantry, Col. Howlett, Mrs. Howlett; 74th infantry, Col. Kemp, Mrs. Macmael; 12th infantry, Col. Foster, Mrs. Quackenbos; 71st infantry, Col. Bates, Mrs. Bates; 47th infantry, Col. Janicky, Mrs. McAdams; Divisional signal battalion, Maj. Hallahan, Mrs. Hallahan; Sanitary Train, Capt. Snyder, Mrs. Snyder; Base hospital, Maj. Allen, Mrs. Allen; Trench mortar battalion, Capt. Pearson, Mrs. Palmer; Military police, Maj. Shanton, Mrs. Shanton; Supply train, Maj. Tobin, Mrs. Tobin; Camp quartermaster, Maj. Grimstead, Mrs. Grimstead; Ordnance, Capt. Anchinlos; Bakery, Capt. Millard, Mrs. Kilpatrick.

COMPANY B 104th DANCES.

The members of Company B 104th machine gun battalion gave a delightful buffet dance at the Hotel Cleveland. The patronesses were Mrs. E. B. Dean, Mrs. Charles O'Neale, Mrs. Charles Morgan, Mrs. O. H. Haron, Mrs. E. L. Miller, Mrs. Edward McLeer, Mrs. G. W. Hinckley.

COMPANY K DANCE BRILLIANT AFFAIR.

Company K 107th gave one of the most largely attended favor dances of the season at the Hotel Cleveland. The music was furnished by Corporal Dusenberry's thirty piece orchestra from the Ammunition Train. A grand march was led by Major F. M. Sherman and Mrs. Walter Montgomery.

HEADQUARTERS' COMPANY 108th TO GIVE DANCE.

The members of the Headquarters' Company 108th infantry will give a dance at Rasackon Hall on Tuesday evening, December 4th. The ladies chaperoning will be Mesdames Andrew Law, Harry Price, Thomas Perrin, L. T. Reid, Edwin Johnson, Frank McKin, Charles P. Loeser, Charles O'Neal, J. B. Stepp, Cecil Page.

OFFICERS OF THE 108th GAVE A GET-TOGETHER DINNER.

Officers of the 108th infantry gave a dinner at the Cleveland Hotel. Many of the officers' wives of the regiment are in town and attended the dinner. Dancing followed the dinner.

An invitation has been extended to the families of the officers of the 14th infantry for Thanksgiving day dinner in the officers' mess. After the dinner, the 14th band will give a concert in front of Col. James R. Howlett's quarters.

Among the visitors who have lately arrived in Spartanburg from New York City are Mrs. James R. Howlett, wife of Col. Howlett, of the 14th Inf.; Mrs. James E. Schuyler, wife of Major Schuyler, 14th Inf.; Mr. and Mrs. C. S. Brown, parents of Capt. C. S. Brown, Jr., of the 12th Inf.

SERGEANT RICHARDSON WEDS.

Sergeant Harold G. Richardson, of field hospital company 108, was granted leave of absence for ten days to be married in Indianapolis to Miss Ethel Marie Jansen, daughter of Col. E. J. Jansen, retired. After spending their honeymoon in New York they will return to Spartanburg, where Mrs. Richardson will remain for an indefinite time.

(Society continued on page 26)



World Brevities



(LIVE NEWS IN CAPSULE FORM.)

Edited by J. S. Kingsley.

New York and New Jersey piers are to be guarded by 4,000 military guards. The large munition factories, food storehouses and piers will be well policed. It is suggested that guards will be placed in city lofts near the places to be protected.

One of the recent bills introduced and passed in the British House of Commons would extend the municipal franchise to women. Another would allow sailors and soldiers over nineteen years of age the right to vote.

During the past week the Italians have held the enemy in check. The Germans in fearful onslaught tried to crush the Italian lines, but failed to do so. The Italians are still holding Monte Tomba, which the Central Powers have tried hard to get.

The United States will hold up all supplies to Russia until the Russian government becomes established and keeps her pledges to the Allies. The Provisional Government of Russia was granted credit amounting to \$325,000,000, of which \$191,000,000 has been advanced but the supplies were largely purchased in this country and have not been shipped. This country will stop the shipment if Russia seeks peace with Germany.

The National Academy of Science announces that a cure for tetanus lockjaw has been discovered by American scientists. The discoverer is Dr. Samuel Meltzer of the Rockefeller Institute.

The railroads and the railroad men have agreed to avert all railroad strikes and to mediate all wage differences till the end of the war.

It is reported that last week five U-boats were bagged. Although the submarine has been frustrated of late, yet the combined Allied navies will not relinquish their vigilance.

An American Officers' Club was formally opened in London last week.

The attempt to raise \$35,000,000 for the War Work Y. M. C. A. has succeeded to such an extent that the amount will reach \$50,000,000.

"The collapse of Russia and the reverses to Italy make it even more imperative than before that the United States send as many

troops as possible across the Atlantic as early as possible."—Premier David Lloyd George.

The first steel ship contracted for by General Goethals was launched November 24. The first wooden ship will be launched within a month. Others will follow rapidly. Twenty-eight vessels under construction before the entrance of our country into the war have been requisitioned by our country.

Two free government navigation schools will open December 1st at Newport News and Norfolk, Va. There will be a great demand for sailors when our merchant marine is enlarged.

We have never declared war against Austria, yet we shall probably send forces to Italy. The declaration of war is not absolutely essential, yet without it there are some complications in the treatment of Austrians as alien enemies in this country.

In parts of occupied France, one has to salute the German officers or get shot.

The German Kultur makes brutes and martyrs; brutes of its possessors, martyrs of those who come in contact with its possessors. (Vernon Kellog.)

German efficiency is machinery, but not brains, and wheels can never really replace brain cells in human functioning. (Vernon Kellog.)

Canada has 400,000 enlisted men, equal in proportion to 5,000,000 from the United States. She has raised a billion dollars, equal to forty billions from the United States. (Benj. A. Gould.)

Walter C. Hughes, Secretary of the National Confectioners Association, says that the consumption of candy at the front in France and Flanders has been five times what was anticipated. Not only is candy of great food value but it also gives solace to the boys in the trenches and in the training camps. Men who never ate candy in civil life are most eager for it in the army; men who cared little for presents now watch the mail for letters and packages. He who is remembered is considered lucky and he who is forgotten is saddened at the distribution of the mail. The coming of the mail in the camp is a big event and the folks at home should feel it more fully.

An American soldier of General Pershing's forces, found guilty by court martial of attacking and murdering a French woman, has been executed by a firing squad.

All details of this, the first death penalty imposed since the troops landed in Europe, are being withheld by the War Department.

When a full report has been received from General Pershing it probably will be published, as officials of the department want the world to know how the American army deals with men who commit such crimes. Secretary Baker has said that General Pershing had full power to carry out the sentence of the court martial without referring the case to the President.

This government will soon standardize the size and weight of a loaf of bread. The price of flour is already regulated.

Our government planned to build 6,000,000 tons of shipping for 1917-18. The workers in the shipyards are not subject to the draft. This amount of shipping is nearly ten times the normal amount built in the United States yearly.

Cadorna, the Italian general, has been removed from command and placed in a position, which nominally, is an advancement, but really a removal from active service.

English and French troops are said to have been rushed into Italy to aid her in repulsing the Teutonic attack. The Italians have stopped the Teutons and are holding their line of defense. It is reported that the cause of the Italians retreat was the use of gas, against which the Italians were not prepared.

Queen Lilioukalani, the once queen of Hawaii, is dead. She was a queen, rich, refined, as natives of Hawaii can be, a composer of music, a compiler of Hawaiian literature. She was greatly beloved by her people. She had lotteries and opium monopolies, but upon the whole she was a well meaning queen of a primitive people, who soon outgrew rulers of her type.

The Supreme Court of the United States recently decided unanimously against an ordinance of a city establishing a segregated district for negroes. Several cities had passed such ordinances which were calculated to separate by law the whites from the colored sections of the cities.

A treaty between Japan and the United States has been agreed upon, by which it is intended to preserve friendship between the two nations. "The basic principles is equality of opportunity for all nations in China grounded upon the independence and integrity of the Chinese Republic."

All Eastern railroads are placed under the general direction of the war board, five members who are expert railroad men. These, together with the vice-presidents of the railroads, will seek to obtain the maximum efficiency in traffic.

THE ASHEVILLE LAUNDRIES

Offer Four Days Service and First Class Work

Leave Your Package At The Following Places

Ambulance and Field Hospital Post

108th Infantry Post Exchange

Austin Nichols and Company Store

(At Camp Wadsworth Station, P. and N. R. R.)

HOSTESS HOUSE AT CAMP.

The War Work Council of the National Board of the Y. W. C. A. is now engaged upon an enterprise which many thousands will soon learn to appreciate: the erection of a Hostess House at Camp Wadsworth. It is located near Division Headquarters, and close to the entrance approached by the National Highway, being thus within easy walking distance of the P. & N. station, as well as accessible to every part of the camp.

Similar Hostess Houses have been erected in or near at least thirty-four of our military camps and cantonments. They are built only upon the request of the Commandant of the post and of the representative of the Federal Commission of Training Camp Activities. They serve as a meeting-place for the families and friends of the soldiers, and, since each house is provided with a cafeteria under expert management, they fill a long-felt want. An official hostess is provided, who is assisted by local volunteer workers. There are rest rooms, writing rooms, and an information bureau—in fact, the Hostess House serves as a haven of refuge for visitors and soldiers alike.

UNRELIABLE?

"You can't rely on a stuttering man."

"Why not?"

"He always breaks his word."

GAS ATTACK TO GET HERALD PICTURES.

THE GAS ATTACK has secured the right to publish from the pictorial service of the New York Herald the latest photographs of this and other army camps. Photographs from this service will begin to appear in an early issue of the magazine.

ETHELBERT JELLYBACK HAS AN IDEA.

(Continued from page 11)

and August—the months of laughing sunshine, and daffodils and daisies! I love daisies.

This would leave the more severe months to rest, recreation and shelter away from the front, back in comfortable quarters fitted up with modest steam-heated apartments, neat little brass bedsteads, and hot and cold running water. As it is now, there are only two kinds of water available at the front—cold and stagnant. Outrageous! A modern war ought to have modern conveniences.

I suppose it is too late now to introduce my idea into the European armies in order to affect this winter's campaigns. But next year I shall take some lively steps to inaugurate it. I shall speak to our General about it. Meanwhile I can be thinking up other ideas.

—C. D.

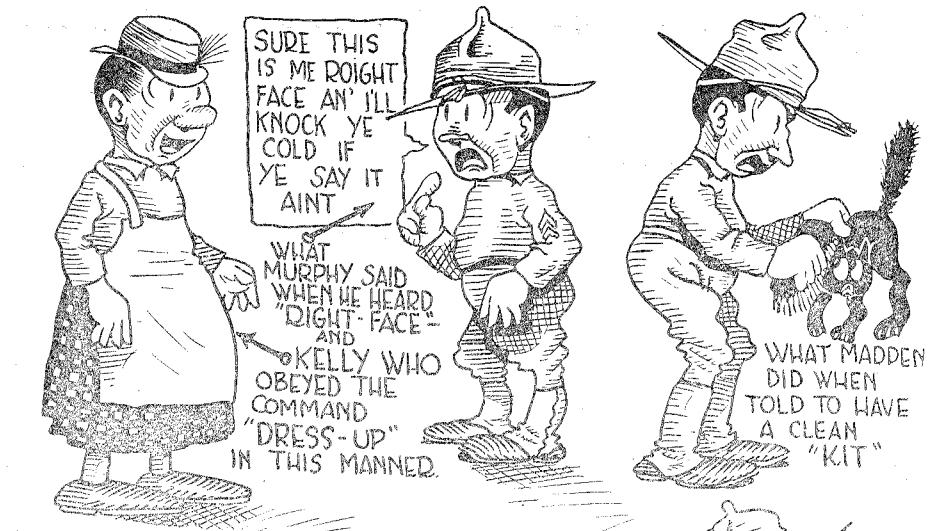
Under New York's new taxicab law, what is fare for one is fair for all.

THE REJECTED.

It gives my soul a wrench, that I can't join the boys, and excavate a trench, and make a war-like noise. I stick to my abode and do my daily grind, because I'm pigeon toed, knock-kneed and color blind. For me no hero's wreath, no garlands or applause, because I've store made teeth, swayed back and lumpy jaws. I see the boys go by, with buoyant step and free, and shed a weary sigh—the march is not for me. I may not hear the drums, or join the gallant charge, because I've shriveled gums, because my waistline's large. Ah, well, a gent can do his little stunt at home, if he can't pot a few beyond the raging foam. By humping all the day, and buckling down like wax, methinks that I can pay each added wartime tax. By helping liquidate our Uncle's grievous bills, I'll keep my record straight, though shy of marital thrills. I'll pay up like a guy who wants to do his share; so when the boys go by, I'll get no stony stare. I can not pack a gun, or wield a snickersnee, because I weigh a ton, and have the housemaid's knee; I'm troubled with the gout and falling of the hair, but that won't let me out—I still can do my share.—Walt Mason.

(Copyright by George Matthew Adams.)

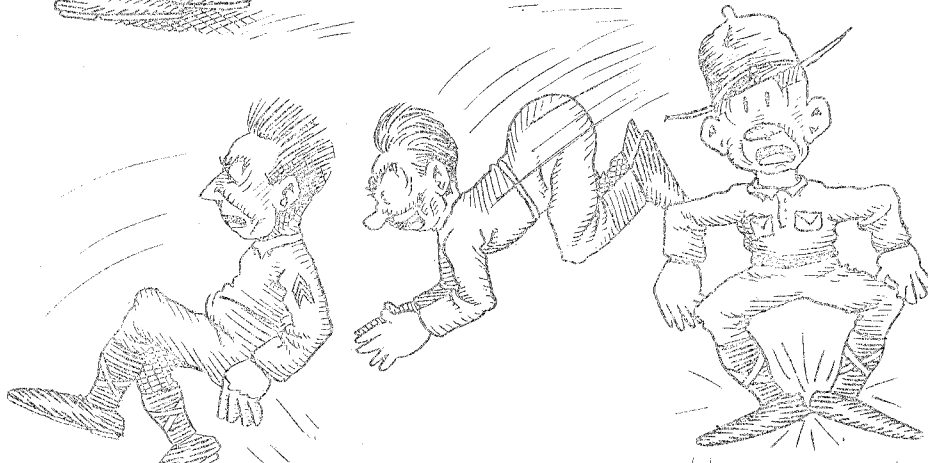
"At a time like this every citizen must guard against the subtle venom of the German sympathizer and the plausible protestations of the professional pacifist."—Providence Journal.



SURE THIS IS ME ROIGHT FACE AN' I'LL KNOCK YE COLD IF YE SAY IT AINT

WHAT MURPHY SAID WHEN HE HEARD "DIGHT-FACE" AND KELLY WHO OBEYED THE COMMAND "DRESS-UP" IN THIS MANNER.

WHAT MADDEN DID WHEN TOLD TO HAVE A CLEAN "KIT"

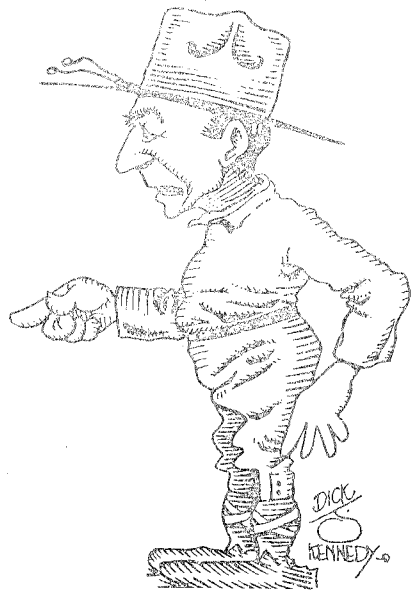


SERGEANT POWERS DID THIS WHEN HE HEARD "FALL-BACK"—

↑ WHILE PRIVATE McINERNEY EXECUTED "FALL-IN" WHILE NEAR A RIVER.

↑ ROONEY IS TOLD TO BRING HIS HEELS TOGETHER WITH A "CLICK."

DICK KENNEDY
CAMP WADSWORTH, S.C.



SHE SLIPPED A COG.

Nurse (to badly wounded soldiers who have complained of their food)—You men don't seem to know there's a war on.—London Opinion.

"I want peace and I know how to get it."
—Woodrow Wilson.

HALT!

Poole's Barber Shop

❧

A REAL BARBER SHOP WITH REAL SERVICE.

❧

TEN FIRST CLASS BARBERS NO WAITING.

❧

TOOLS AND TOWELS STERILIZED.

❧

BATHS—HOT OR COLD.

❧

YOUR PATRONAGE APPRECIATED.

❧

WELCOME VISITORS.

❧

127 NORTH CHURCH ST.

"There is no short cut to peace. There is only one way to peace, the way over the hard, and rugged road to victory. It is a question now of nerve and staying power—Americans do not do things by halves, they have put their hands to the plow and they will not turn back."
—Andrew Bonar Law.

FRUITS and PRODUCE

We can supply the soldiers with a complete line of Fruits and Produce
We are receiving daily; apples, bananas, grape-fruit, Malaga grapes, cranberries; celery, California walnuts, raisins, also a complete line of produce. : : : : :

**Try us with that Thanksgiving order.
Two deliveries to Camp Wadsworth.**

PEARCE-EDWARDS CO.

P. & N. WAREHOUSE Phones 83 and 84

FALL-IN!

TODD DRUG CO., For First Class Service.

ATTENTION! SOLDIERS WELCOME.

We are now in a position to meet all of the soldiers' needs in our line, and will be glad to procure anything on short notice which we do not carry in stock.

As an old member of the S. C. Battalion Coast Guard, I extend my good will and best wishes for the success of this paper, and I thank the boys for their past patronage.

R. C. TODD.

TODD DRUG COMPANY

Main and Church Streets, - - - Spartanburg, S. C.

AMPLE SHIPPING IN SIGHT TO MAINTAIN U. S. OVERSEA FORCES.

The question, "What grub are we going to get when we hit the trenches?" which thousands of American soldiers in cantonments over the entire country are asking one another, is a simple enough one to ask, but involved in its answer are problems which are vast and weighty.

Getting an army into action in Europe is simply the beginning of the game, as far as the American government is concerned in its relations with its fighting men. Once there, they must be maintained.

Food and equipment must be kept on the move so that the boys in khaki will be able to sustain the reputation for efficiency which the great Pershing organization has gained from the Allies. This maintenance totals about five tons per man per year. Every soldier who arrives "Over There" is to be followed by five tons—ten thousand pounds—of upkeep, varying in shape and form from beans to bullets. The vital factor in getting this bulk across is ship tonnage. On October 1 there were available for Atlantic service, including German ships, approximately 3,000,000 tons, which means that at the rate of five tons to the man, an army of 600,000 could be maintained.

Of course this would be inadequate if it represented the only shipping resources with which Uncle Sam is to back up his expeditionary forces, but there is a total of 5,900,000 tons more either building or contracted for. The great bulk of this is expected to come in

during 1918. It will not all be available in the twinkling of an eye, for providing ships is not done over night, nor is there any magic whereby ocean-going bottoms may be whisked into being by the waving of a rod, or of a sheet of paper with figures on it.

By June, however, there should be ready 3,000,000 tons, according to expert prognosticators. This, added to the 3,000,000 of tonnage which was available October 1, makes a total of 6,000,000 tons, or enough to support an army of 1,200,000 men, at the five-ton a man ratio.

This conclusion is safe, with these figures to build on, that shipping is in sight ample to maintain the forces abroad, and to give the men now in cantonments those necessities of food and equipment which are so close to the lives of the soldiers.

As to the future, there will be 2,900,000 tons to come after June 1, when the maintainable force is 1,200,000. This additional tonnage will enable the support of reinforcements to the number of 580,000, making the total 1,780,000, which should be rapidly increased, as new shipyards turning out standardized ships would be capable of an enormous output.

Private Howard was detailed to the clinical ward in the Base Hospital. He survived several riots started by a violent patient but decided he had had enough when a 200-pounder started on a rampage singing, "When the Roll is Called Up Yonder." Private Read has the detail now.

DEDICATION OF Y. M. C. A. BUILDINGS.

The Young Men's Christian Association in Camp Wadsworth is coming into its own and is pleased to announce to the men of the 27th division the completion and dedication of two of its fine buildings.

Unit No. 97 serving the men of the Artillery section of the Camp was formally dedicated on Sunday last. A reception was held in the afternoon and the formal ceremonies on Sunday evening. At these ceremonies it was necessary to turn away hundreds of soldiers who were unable to crowd into the building.

Unit No. 96 located near the men of the 107th, 108th and 47th Regiments and one of the most complete and finished buildings on the ground, was dedicated Friday evening. It was a very happy occasion and the spirit shown by all speaks well for future activities in that unit.

It is hoped by the Y. M. C. A. authorities that in the next week or ten days, all five of the buildings will be dedicated and in operation.

OUT WITH YOUR MASKS!

Watch for the next number of THE WADSWORTH GAS ATTACK. It is going to be a corker. There will be big exclusive features, plenty of pictures, cartoons and, if the censor passes it, some regular humor. Already German agents are plotting against us, but don't worry. Watch for the next issue of THE WADSWORTH GAS ATTACK.

HUNKA TIN.

You may talk about your voitures
When you're sitting round the quarters,
But when it comes to getting blessés in,
Take a little tip from me,
Let those heavy mortars be,
Pin your faith to Henry F.'s old Hunka Tin.
Give her essence and de l'eau,
Crank her up and let her go,
You back firin', spark plug foulin' Hunka Tin.

The paint is not so good,
And no doubt you'll find the hood,
Will rattle like a boiler shop en route;
The cooler's sure to boil,
And perhaps she's leakin' oil,
Then oftentime the horn declines to toot.
But when the night is black,
And there's blessés to take back,
And they hardly give you time to take a smoke,
It's mighty good to feel,
When you're sitting at the wheel,
She'll be running when the bigger cars are broke.

After all the wars are past,
And we're taken home at last,
To our reward of which the preacher sings,
When these ukulele sharps
Will be strumming golden harps,
And the aviators all have reg'lar wings,
When the Kaiser is in hell,
With the furnace drawing well,
Paying for his million different kinds of sin,
If they're running short of coal,
Show me how to reach the hole,
And I'll cast a few loads down with Hunka Tin.

Yes, Tin, Tin, Tin,
You exasperating puzzle, Hunka Tin,
I've abused you and I've flayed you,
But, by Henry Ford, who made you,
You are better than a Packard, Hunka Tin.
—From the American Field Service Bulletin,
Paris.

THERE AIN'T NO MORE.

Oh, I can scoff a dish of beans,
A plate of slum or two,
My plate is ready when they say:
"Hot Java comin' thru!"
But these are words that I hate to hear,
It always makes me sore,
If, when I'm started, someone says:
"Too bad, there ain't no more!"

Yes, I can eat a plate of spuds,
A yard of punk, to boot,
Bull, gravy, dogs and sinkers,
Are all my long suit.
One slice of canned Bill's easy;
I've often eaten four
And then have been disappointed
Because "there ain't no more."

We've turkey on Thanksgiving,
New Year's and Christmas day;
I'm first to look for seconds,
Eat all that come my way,
And never think of quitting,
Till through the kiteen door
I hear the cook a-calling:
"That's all. There ain't no more."

We have enlarged our Plant at cost of \$30,000.00.

To cater to the boys' business of the 27th Division.

Our Plant has the approval of your Sanitary authorities.

Our quality and service is of the highest standard,
and we are the largest Pie Baking Concern in
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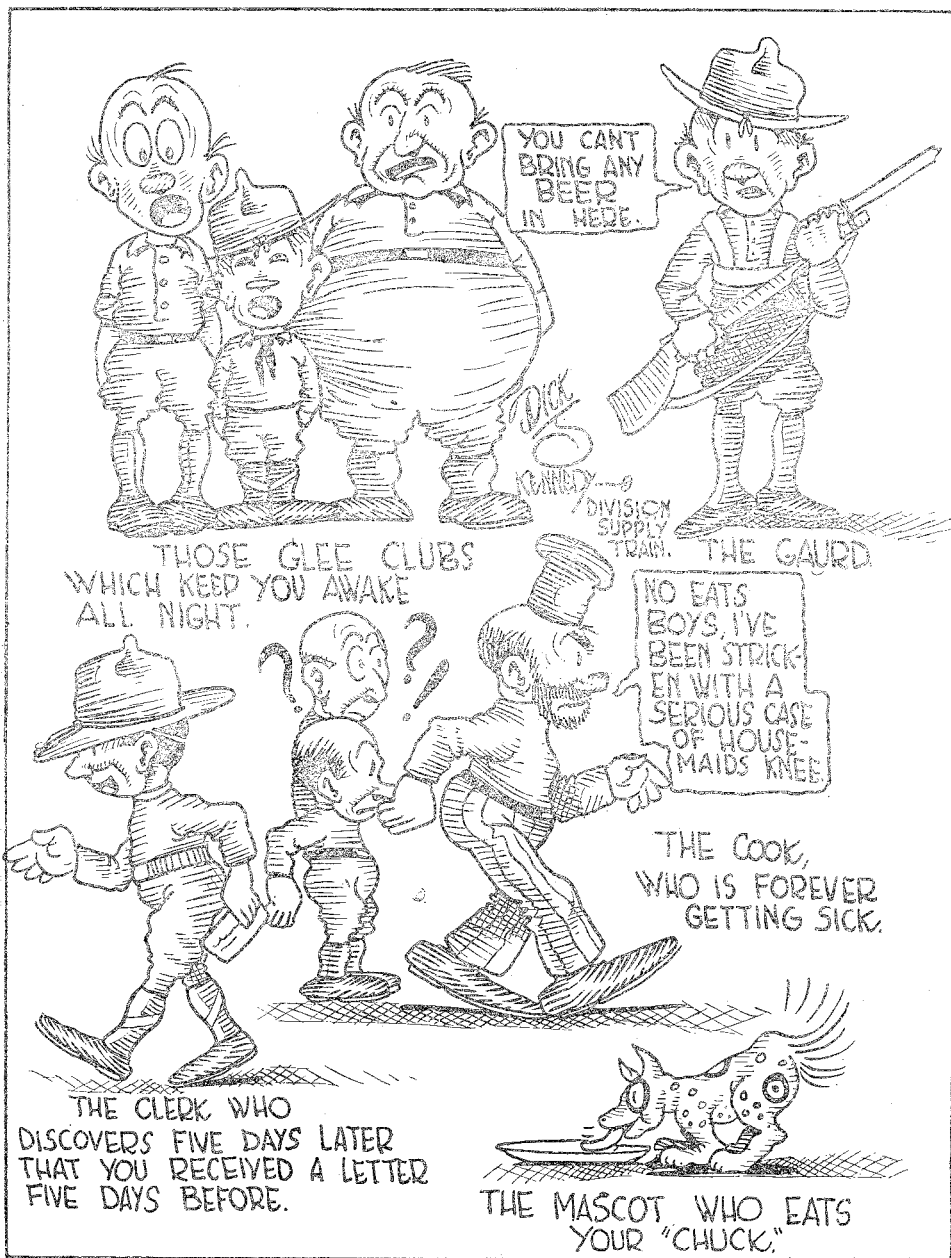
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**PESTS WE ALL KNOW—THE RACKET
IN O. D.**

There is the fellow in every camp who generates noise. He might be a useful bit of camouflage at certain times, say when we get in the trenches and we want to make the Germans think we have twice as much heavy artillery as we have. Then he might be set to work making noise, and the Boches would flee before the air-spitting racket he could work up.

Unfortunately, though, his noise-making abilities are always shown at the wrong time. He comes busting up to you when you're sitting quietly trying to compose the Most Important of letters. He makes a boom with his service shoes like a hundred carpenters' hammers. He walks with a sort of shuffling bang that chases ideas out of your head like British 40's scattering Huns.

His feet are only a small part of him. His mouth is the main works, the fountain head of all his peskiness. It begins firing without taking into account the whites of the enemy's eyes, or anything else. It runs off like water out of a sieve. It chatters and bleats and bores. It emits curses, foolishness and nonsense. It saws and rasps, heckles and aggra-

vates. It knows neither times nor seasons. It starts going when everyone else in the barracks or the tent has drawn the curtains of repose. It giggles and gargles and slops over. It lets loose a chain of snickers when a weary annoyed pal joins his strenuous balling-out to others.

This camp racket-maker doesn't know that a certain type of rubber heels absorbs many shocks. He doesn't realize that heavy objects can be handled without being dropped and rattled around. His mess kit when he gets his hands on it sounds like cow bells at a football game or rattlers on election night. In fact, this fellow reminds one of election night or an old fashioned Fourth of July. He rackets while you're trying to sleep, bangs when you're trying to read and explodes when you're wanting just a minute of calm repose to rest your nerves.

When a concert is on in the Y. M. C. A. hut he gets up in the middle of a number and drags his studded boots over the wooden floor, drowning out the music. He never heard of tiptoes or a soft pedal. He lives in that style characterized musically as fortissimo. Some day he may be quieted, but until that millennium he is the Human Racket in O. D.

PLAY THE GAME.

By H. Addington Bruce.

Matthewson, Bender, Plank, and Walsh.

You have all heard these names, and many times. You are familiar with them as the names of four of the greatest pitchers that our national game has produced.

Perhaps you have seen one or all of these fine ball-players in action. If so, you will be carrying with you some extremely pleasant memories.

And some memories that to-day ought to be of special significance to you.

You will remember that their skill was equaled by their pluck. No matter what the score might be against them, they kept pitching bravely till the call of the last "He's out."

You will remember that, in pitching, they used their minds as well as their muscles. They were masters of strategy no less than masters of the art of throwing curves.

Best of all, you will remember, they were four of the cleanest pitchers that batters ever faced.

Others might abuse umpires. These four did not. If unjust decisions were made against them, they held tempers and tongues in leash.

On the diamond, as well as off, they despised foul tactics. They were keen, but they were not crooked. When luck did not break their way, they simply smiled and went on pitching.

They would win fairly, or not at all. Mostly they won. They won so often that they will forever hold a foremost place in baseball's hall of fame.

As these four played baseball, so, boys, should you play the infinitely bigger game for which you are now in training.

You will be up against a rowdy team—the rowdiest, dirtiest, meanest gang of thugs that ever tried to win, anything.

Don't imitate their tactics when you come to grips with them.

You won't better your chances of winning if you do imitate them. And even should you win by foul play, you will sink so low in the world's esteem, and in your own, that you will be ashamed of yourselves the rest of your lives.

Remember Matthewson, Bender, Plank, and Walsh when you get into the trenches, when you go over the top, and when you pursue the flying foe.

Hit hard but hit fair. If you get a setback, take it with a grin.

Think of the folks at home who will be watching you. Picture them to yourselves as one hundred million "fans," eagle-eyed for every move you make.

You want to win for their sakes as for your own. And you want to win in a way that will make them feel really proud of you.

So play the war game with all your might and main. **AND PLAY IT CLEAN.**

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104th Machine Gun Battalion, Co. B
104th " " " " A
104th " " " " C
Headquarters Troop—27th Division
105th Regiment
Military Police Headquarters
107th Regiment
102nd " (Engineers)
27th Division Supply Train
Base Hospital
106 Field Artillery
23rd N. Y. Infantry
3rd Regiment

106th N. Y. Infantry
108th " "
106th Machine Gun Battalion, Co. A
106th " " " " B
104th Field Artillery
Headquarters Co., 71st Infantry
10th Infantry
106th Machine Gun Battalion, Co. C
104th " " " "
Headquarters Company Canteen
106th Infantry, Co. C
106th " " L
105th Machine Gun Battalion
106th Infantry, Co. I

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SPARTANBURG, S. C.

SOCIETY NOTES.

(Continued from page 18.)

CHRISTMAS TREES ON EVERY STREET.

Plans Going Ahead for the Celebration of the
Holiday in Camp.

Now that the business of getting to press with this Thanksgiving Day Number of *The GAS ATTACK* has been accomplished, one of the staff's scouts has been sent out to pick up the trail of Santa Claus. This whiskered, rosy-cheeked gentleman—Santa Claus, not the staff reporter—is going to visit every mess shack in camp.

So far the plans seem to be that every soldier will get a gift, as a result of the work of a committee of women—wives of men in camp and residents of Spartanburg. The local Red Cross organization has taken under its auspices the general working out of the plans, and the women who are on the special committee have already decided upon a setting up in camp of many Christmas trees.

There are said to be 300 relatives of soldiers living in Spartanburg. All of them are interesting themselves in the Christmas arrangements. Mrs. Joseph L. Seligman, of New York, wife of Lieut. Seligman, aid to Brig. Gen. R. E. L. Michie, is the treasurer of the committee.

In an early number of the magazine the editors hope to print the full results of the investigations of the Santa Claus detectives sent out to gather advance information of the coming holiday visit.

CONVERSE GIRLS VISIT CAMP.

By Mary C. Dryer, Converse College.

All Fall we have heard "Camp Wadsworth"—"Camp Wadsworth"—in the churches, through the papers, in the shops—all Spartanburg living and doing for Camp Wadsworth! But Monday was the first opportunity the Converse College girls had had to see Camp Wadsworth.

Thinking the trip to the Camp to be both beneficial and educational, the college authorities gave us a holiday. Now, holidays at Converse are few and far between—but not a one of us regrets having spent our holiday in just such a way.

We know and understand more now about trenches and dug outs and modern war equipment than we ever could have learned from study of the best magazines and papers—even more than we could have learned from reading the WADSWORTH GAS ATTACK.

We appreciate the cordiality and respect shown us by the men in Camp—and are especially indebted to the officers who arranged the trip. Converse has an active Red Cross chapter—especially active in knitting sweaters—and though the sweaters are turned into headquarters and you may not get the *very* sweaters we knitted, they go "somewhere in France." And we hope that when you are all somewhere in France we will not be doing our bit but our utmost.

ARMY LADIES REGISTER.

The Woman's Auxiliary committee of the Spartanburg Commission on Training Camp Activities has taken the registration of army and other visiting ladies in Spartanburg and now has on file at the Information Bureau in the Chapman building 350 names of ladies who have recently come to Spartanburg to live near their relatives at Camp Wadsworth.

The registrations previously taken at the various centers, Kennedy Library, Y. W. C. A., Tri-Color Tea Room, Bank of Spartanburg, were assembled with the names already received at the Information Bureau under the direction of Mrs. C. E. Burnett, chairman of special committee on registration.

A method is also provided whereby the ladies can indicate how they wish to spend their leisure time in some phase of war work. It is earnestly hoped that every lady who has not registered will come to the Information Bureau at the Chapman building and do so.

A THANKSGIVING MESSAGE.

(William F. Kirk, a writer in the New York Journal, sends the following poetical greetings to Camp Wadsworth and particularly to the men of Company M, the 107th Inf.)

We are eating to-day in the city
While you are at mess far away,
So here is a Thanksgiving ditty
For the boys of the Seventh to-day.
We are thankful for gain or for station,
For health or for friends that are true,
But more than all else in this nation
We are thankful for soldiers like you!

Though words are not deeds or endeavor,
They serve as swift bearers to tell
How a host will remember forever
The lads who responded so well.
And though I would gladly address you
In lines far beyond this young gem,
It will serve as a sort of "God Bless You!"
To the fellows of Company M.

PETAINE AT CLOSE RANGE.

Those of Uncle Sam's boys already "Over There" find endless interest in comparing officers and men of the French army with those who wear the U. S. A. label. General Petain, for instance, successor to the great Joffre, is described as a man of tremendous energy, but one who is never hurried—in this resembling Gen. Leonard Wood.

Furthermore, Petain hasn't a particle of "military consciousness," according to Charles H. Grasty, who has closely observed him. While General Pershing stands like a statue, General Petain is just an ordinarily erect, middle-aged man, wearing the plainest kind of a uniform, and with a good, wholesome face which is much plumper than his pictures indicate.

“SHELL SHOCK” NOTHING BUT A STATE OF MIND, SAYS NOTED AUTHORITY.

Shell shock and how to prevent it, subjects of interest to each and every American soldier now in training for service in France, are interestingly discussed by Dr. Morton Prince in a recent issue of the Journal of the American Medical Association.

Dr. Prince writes as an authority. He is one of the world's foremost medical psychologists. He has visited military hospitals for the express purpose of studying shell shock. What he has to say deserves careful consideration.

Particularly significant is his statement that the popular view as to the cause of shell shock is entirely wrong.

Most people—including most soldiers—believe that when a high explosive shell bursts near a man the mere concussion of the air is enough to cause a physical injury of the brain. To this physical injury are attributed the dumbness, loss of memory, paralysis, etc., that are principal symptoms of shell shock.

But Dr. Prince unhesitatingly denies that air concussion by high explosives can cause the brain to be organically injured. Specifically, he states:

“It is now the concensus of opinion that true shell shock differs in no way from the ordinary traumatic neurosis as observed after railway and other accidents, earthquakes, etc. . . . Being a traumatic neurosis, it is accordingly nothing but traumatic hysteria.”

That is to say that shell shock may be more properly described as “shell fear.”

It is because soldiers believe that air concussion can cause paralysis, dumbness, or loss of memory that these effects actually are produced. The paralysis, dumbness, and loss of memory are at bottom examples of the dire physical consequences that may flow from a wrong attitude of mind, a false and unhealthy belief.

If the soldiers could rid their minds of this belief, shell shock would no longer be the serious medical problem that it is to-day.

Accordingly, Dr. Prince suggests that all soldiers, officers and men, be given by military surgeons instructions for the prevention of shell shock. It should be explained to the soldiers, he says:

“That shell shock is a form of hysteria, that it is due to fear and not to physical trauma, there is little danger, and nothing may be feared.”

He adds:

“In this way it is to be expected that an anticipatory attitude of mind of healthy preparedness (instead of fear and mystery) would be formed; and also that fear when a shell exploded in the neighborhood without maiming the soldier, would be so minimized as not to produce the psychoneurosis.”

Every soldier ought to know—the importance of the mental attitude in shell shock, the importance of developing a firm conviction that unless an exploding shell causes actual wounding it is without power to steal away the soldier's memory, deaden his speech, or turn him into a helpless paralytic.

Education, not speculation, is needed.

Creighton Clothing Co.
THE ARMY STORE

The men comprising Camp Wadsworth will find a hearty welcome at this popular man's store.

We have made provision for the soldier's wants, and it will be a pleasure to have the men call while over here and look our stock over.

WE HAVE EVERYTHING FOR THE SOLDIER'S COMFORT IN CAMP LIFE

- Officers' Overcoats \$40.00 to \$50.00
- Sleeveless Sweaters, to be worn under shirt, at \$3.50 and \$5.00
- O. D. Woolen Uniforms \$30.00
- O. D. Woolen Uniforms \$35.00
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- Stetson and Schoble Regulation Hats \$5.00 to \$6.00
- All Insignia for all branches, including regimental number.
- Sheep-lined Coats \$15.00 and \$18.50
- O. D. Regulation Wool Sweaters \$6.50 and \$7.50

We make Uniforms and alterations on Suits

Helmets of Wool, Wool Hosiery, Gloves and Cooper's Spring Needle Union and Two-Piece Underwear, Bed Rolls, Lockers, and everything for the soldier's comfort in camp life.

U. S. TO FEED PRISONERS.

That the United States is not overlooking any angle of the war is shown by the fact that plans have already been made to properly feed American soldiers taken prisoner by Germany. Thousands of prisoners taken by Germany have suffered and died from lack of nourishment, and the United States government does not propose to let Americans suffer for food. The War and Navy Departments have completed arrangements with the Red Cross for each American prisoner in Germany to receive two ten-pound packages of food every two weeks.

The food is to be forwarded from the Red Cross warehouse at Berne, Switzerland, where it will be held for shipment to the prisoners in Germany.

“SUNBEAMS.”

THE WADSWORTH GAS ATTACK AND RIO GRANDE RATTLER is indebted to the N. Y. Evening Sun for these:

Probably when the Germans heard the name of Gen. Byng they mistook it for heavy firing and retreated at once.

The Colonel warned the women at the suffrage celebration that they would “get no flattery” from him. How about his very presence there?

The man who locked himself up to escape the arbitrary exactions of the draft was already the prisoner of a more arbitrary power—Fear.

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Little Drops of Water

Constantly dropping will eventually wear away the hardest stone on which they fall, and I know if I keep constantly telling you why I can save you money on high grade SHOES, HATS and CLOTHING, YOU will eventually become a customer if you are not one already.

I buy from manufacturers direct, and can save you paying MIDDLEMAN'S percentage.

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I own my own storehouse and do not have to add an extra charge for store rent.

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EAT YOUR

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at

The
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SAM BROWN BELT BANNED TO SAVE LEATHER SUPPLY.

The reasons assigned by the War Department for refusing to O. K. the use of the Sam Brown belt by officers in the American army are: First, that it is not a part of the regulation uniform and never has been and second, that the leather thus used could be employed to better advantage in other directions.

While there is no doubt that the heavy leather belt, held in place by the smaller strap over the shoulder adds snap and finish to an officer's appearance, it was never worn in the American army until the British and French officers began to flock to the United States on war missions, and its use after that smacks too much of aping to suit the War Department.

The ruling of the department placing the Sam Brown belt under the ban proved costly to a great number of officers who assumed it was correct to wear this "harness" and purchased it at a figure which meant no loss to the dealers.

WAR OF 1917.

"The War of 1917" is the term by which the United States government will officially refer to the present conflict. The Signal Corps in each division has been instructed to compile a comprehensive pictorial history of "The War of 1917" for preservation in the archives in the War Department.

DISCIPLINE NOT GAINED BY HARSH TREATMENT.

The following sage advice to officers is posted at the 28th division headquarters and has excited much interest by those who have read it:

"The discipline which makes the soldiers of a free country reliable in battle is not to be gained by harsh or tyrannical treatment. On the contrary, such treatment is far more likely to destroy than to make an army. It is possible to impart instructions and to give commands in such a manner and in such tone of voice as to inspire in the soldier no feeling but an intense desire to obey, while the opposite manner and tone of voice can not fail to excite strong resentment and a desire to disobey.

"The one mode or the other of dealing with subordinates springs from a corresponding spirit in the breast of the commander. He who feels the respect which is due to others can not fail to inspire in them regard for himself, while he who feels and hence manifests disrespect toward others, especially his inferiors, can not fail to inspire hatred against himself."

—Address of Major General John M. Schofield, U. S. Corps of Cadets, August 11, 1879.

Norway's recorded loss of 660 ships and 713 sailors since the war began, and chiefly from German submarines, may explain why Norway's Prime Minister would rather have his country starve than forego any policy of helping Germany through shipments from the United States.

GERMAN MILITARIST SAYS U. S. MAY NOT SEND ARMY ABROAD.

Notwithstanding the actual participation of American soldiers in fighting on the Western front, the German newspapers still insist Uncle Sam has no men in Europe. The German people are led to believe that French and British soldiers have been dressed in khaki to look like American fighting men.

A fair specimen of the kind of stuff the German people are being "fed up" on is seen in the following from Major Hoffe, of the German General Staff:

"Any extensive transport of American troops would cause serious difficulties in supplies to England and France. It must be remembered that the U-boats are sinking more and more ships daily.

"Finally, the fighting value of the American troops is not great, probably about equal to that of the Rumanians, and there certainly will be fewer of them than of Rumanians."

"So Germany will have an easy task.

"In fact, it is doubtful whether the Americans will risk the venture of sending an army to Europe at all.

"The only American help to be seriously reckoned with is in the air. Flyers can be quickly trained and easily transported, but the German command has taken all necessary measures to meet this danger.

"The new enemy directs his efforts less against the German army than against the nerves of the German people and against the internal unity of Germany."

ARMY SLANG.

Beans—The commissary sergeant.
 Bean-Shooter—A commissary officer.
 Belly-Ache—To complain.
 Black-Strap—Liquid coffee.
 Blind—Sentenced by court martial to forfeiture of pay without confinement.
 Bob-Tail—A dishonorable discharge or a discharge without honor; to be "bob-tailed"—to be dishonorably discharged or to be given a discharge without honor.
 Bone—To study; a mistake.
 Bone, Bootlick on—To cultivate the favor of.
 Bootlick—To flatter.
 Bow-Legs—Calvaryman.
 Buck-Private—A term sometimes used in referring to a private.
 Bucking for Orderly—Giving clothing and accoutrements extra cleaning so as to compete for orderly.
 Bunkie—A soldier who shares the shelter of a comrade.
 Bust—To reduce a non-commissioned officer to the grade of private.
 Butcher—The company barber.
 Canned Horse—Canned beef.
 Chief—Name by which the chief musician of the band is usually called by the enlisted men.
 Cit—A civilian.
 Cits—Civilian clothes.
 C. O.—Commanding officer.
 Coffee Cooler—One who seeks a "soft" detail.
 Cold Feet—Fear, lack of courage.
 Crawl—to admonish.

Dough Boy—Infantryman.
 Duff—Any sweet edible.
 File—A number on the lineal list.
 Foggy—Ten per cent. increase of officer's pay for each five years' service.
 Found—To be deficient or wanting in anything, especially an exam.
 French Leave—Unauthorized absence.
 Gold Brick—An unattractive girl.
 Gold Fish—Salmon.
 Goat—Junior officer in post, regiment, etc.
 Goaty—Awkward, ignorant.
 Guard House Lawyer—A soldier with a smattering knowledge of regulations and military law; quite loquacious and liberal with advice and counsel to men in the guardhouse or other trouble.
 Hardtaek—Hard bread, biscuits.
 Hike—To march, to hike.
 Hive—To discover, to catch.
 Hobo—The provost sergeant.
 Holy Joe—The Chaplain.
 Hop—A dance.
 I. C.—Is condemned by an inspector.
 Jaw-Bone—Credit (to get things on "jaw-bone," to buy things on credit).
 Jump—To admonish.
 K. O.—Commanding officer.
 Major—Name by which the sergeant-major is usually called by the enlisted men.
 Mule Skinner—A teamster.
 O. D.—Officer of the day, olive drab.
 Old Issul—an old soldier.
 Old Fire—An old soldier.
 On Official Terms—Not to be on speaking terms except officially.
 On the Carpet—Called before the commanding officer for admonition.
 Openers—Cathartic pills.
 Passing the Buck—Passing responsibility on to someone else.

HONOR FOR SORREL TOYS.

America's first shot in the war having been fired by "a red-headed sergeant," the Red Head Club of Spokane, Washington, has elected to honorary membership all the sorrel top non coms with the American expeditionary force in France.

FOUR STARS FOR PERSHING.

After considerable debate as to whether General Pershing was entitled to wear three stars and a wreath or four stars as the insignit of his new rank, official announcement has been made by the War Department that four stars designates a general. It is not probable that General Pershing will be further elevated to the rank of field marshal.

"A FATAL DEFECT."

At a banquet recently Secretary of War Baker said: "One of the fatal defects of the Hohenzollern imagination is that fatuous belief that being frightful and making faces and killing women and children will scare brave men."

The French pronounce him Bang.

Uniforms

Tailored by

The House of Kuppenheimer



Cotton Khaki \$15.00 up
 16 oz. O. D. Serge 42.50 up
 Funston Cloth 32.50 up

(Heavyweight)

James A. Bannister

Genuine Cordovan

Puttees : \$16.50

PRICES

116 E. MAIN ST.

VISIT THE ONLY

Basement Cafe

In Town

Good things to eat at reasonable prices.

Everything clean.

You will feel at home here.

Regular Dinner

Every Day

The Main Street Cafe

Located in Basement

New Rex Theatre Building

EAST MAIN STREET

Possibly

We overestimate the marked superiority, in our stock of officers' footwear. We doubt it.

As pleasing to the eye as they are serviceable, Nettleton's footwear extraordinary, are a mighty good "buy."

**DRESS BOOTS
SERVICE BOOTS
AND SHOES**

ALSO

U. S. RED RUBBER BOOTS

**WRIGHT - SCRUGGS
SHOE COMPANY**

126 Morgan Square
SPARTANBURG, S. C.

COOL NIGHTS DOWN SOUTH

Do you sleep warm?
If not call on us for

**COT PADS
BLANKETS
COMFORTS**

WE TREAT THE SOLDIER BOYS RIGHT

Hammond-Brown-Wall Co.

145 North Church St.

WE ALL KNOW THIS BIRD.

The Boob Who Thinks He's Better.

The guy with the mole vision might claim that an O. D. outfit makes every man the same sort of a man. He would back up his near-sighted claim by declaring that "clothes make the man." But this Myopic Moke has never really lived in and of an army cantonment. If he had enjoyed such a privilege, even his restricted gaze might have told him that there are types in khaki just as truly as there are in the ankle-length pants and the colored necktie.

One of these types is the Boob Who Thinks He's Better. You've got him in mind. And when you think of him, your fist swings outward involuntarily. You reach unconsciously for a missile to hurl. If there is none, you may unbottle some of the language that the Y. M. C. A. huts have signs against, if you're that kind of a fellow. These hidden resources of language failing you, perhaps you lapse into deep disgust which is really more effective than indigo expletives. For the Boob Who Thinks He's Better lurks in every camp.

He is not there because he wants to be. That fact he frankly proclaims. Not that he wouldn't be willing to do his share in the war, if allowed to choose and pick. He might. But

it would be a soft-handed, white-collared, cologne-scented bit. He really wouldn't associate with the "common herd," the canaille, the hoi polloi, if he chose his path. For he is a Better Sort of Breed!

He is unused to contact with the bristly neck. He finds the jostle of crude elbows so annoying! And one is even forced to wash one's dishes with those fellows (the "o" is long as in "roast"). And disrobing in plain sight of a rude fellow who has driven trucks, and to have remarks made by this rude fellow to another rude fellow who has been until recently a fixer of plumbing! Very distasteful to the Boob Who Thinks He's Better!

He isn't at all chary with information about how he's never been thrown with rough, unbewn men. They are from a different order. He only tolerates the common herd. This army misfit has a rough road ahead, not because of the road but because of himself. He is as out of touch with the democratic spirit as if he'd lived in the time of Louis Fourteenth. His nose has been inherited from a family in which the proboscis has always been on a forty-five degree angle, though, so perhaps the Boob Who Thinks He's Better can't be blamed.

And certainly a term as a member perforce of the great brotherhood in American leggings and service stetsons will bring the Boob to his senses, and make him realize that, after all, he isn't Better, but only a Boob.

NOW HAVE 431,180 MEN.

National Army is in Camp—Funston Largest of All.

Washington, D. C.—The men of America's new national army, either under training or ordered to the sixteen cantonments throughout the country totals 431,180.

In making public these figures to-day, Secretary Baker said that the shipments of clothing to the camps are keeping pace with the arrival of the new troops. Up to October 2nd, the day before the second increment of draft men was ordered out, nearly 13,000,000 articles of wearing apparel and sleeping equipment had been sent to the cantonments and shipments are being made daily.

Camp Funston, in Kansas, has the greatest quota of men of any of the camps, its number being 39,533. Camp Lewis, in Washington State, is second, with 39,171, and Camp Devons, Massachusetts, third, with 33,000. Camp Custer, Michigan, has the smallest number, 16,193.

Articles sent to cantonments for the new men included 1,402,390 blankets, 422,316 bed sacks, 436,749 cotton breeches, 259,805 woolen breeches, 267,579 cotton coats, 204,728 woolen coats, 289,713 overcoats, 4,002,856 pieces of underclothing and 937,734 pairs of shoes.

All this material was manufactured in this country and the quartermaster's department of the army announces that deliveries have been made that seemed impossible a few weeks ago. The industries have been completely mobilized for the big task of supplying the regular and national armies and the national guard.

THE BRASS RAIL PATRIOT.

I met a man the other night downtown in Looeyville,
Who said the Kaiser ought to hang upon some big, high hill,
He said that Prussian frightfulness just filled him full of rage,
That every time he smelled sour kraut he cussed to sacrilege.

He pointed each overt act committed by the Hun,
From raping Belgian hearth fires drear to filling wells with dun.
He essayed this, he volleyed that, until a youth in brown
Said, "Where's your gun and uniform?"—the talker simmered down.

FIVE SONS OF GEN. SIBERT NOW SERVING IN ARMY.

Roosevelt Record is Beaten When Boy of 19 Yields to War Lure and Enlists.

General Sibert has now outdistanced Colonel Roosevelt. He has five sons serving with the army now.

Word was received to-day that the youngest son, who is just nineteen, has enlisted as a private. Two of the others are captains, one is a lieutenant and one is a West Point cadet.

General Sibert had felt that four sons in the army were quite enough and had urged his youngest to hold off for the time being. The lure of the army was keener than the parental warning, however, and young Sibert followed in the steps of his brothers before his father was aware of it.

BREAKFAST, luncheon or a light supper can be prepared quickly and in absolute comfort by means of electrical appliances.

The Electric Grill toasts, broils, fries and stews.

We can show other appliances equally useful, including---

COFFEE PERCOLATORS
CHAFING DISHES
PANCAKE GRIDDLES

SOUTH CAROLINA LIGHT, POWER & RAILWAYS CO.

SPARTANBURG, S. C.

THE BOLD M. P.

(A gay camp lay to be sung while brushing your teeth.)

You'd better beware if you don't comb your hair,

If you don't lace your leggins and shoes;
And you'd better take care if you naughtily swear,

And you'd better keep away from the booze.

CHORUS:

Oh, the military cops will get you,
get you, get you,

And the stockade you will see.

With their night sticks they will
gently pet you,

You'll be sorry that they ever met you,
SO beware of the bold M. P.

Don't, as you pass, throw a smile at a lass;
And be sure all your buttons are tight;
And you'd better take gas than not carry a
pass;
Don't get fresh or you're in for a fight.

The 46,206,059 pounds of poultry in cold storage should amply furnish the tables of those who intend to make Thanksgiving the feast it traditionally is and not the fast it first was and might appropriately be made now.

HOW TO KEEP WARM.

To begin with, we give you an infalible method, stay away from Spartanburg County after nightfall. But, if such things as the rules and regulations of an army division should make such procedure impracticable, you'll be compelled to other measures and here you have it.

Eat lots of whale and walrus blubber. We have it from some book we read a few years back that the Esquimaux get along surprisingly well by adhering religiously to this diet.

Argue a lot on subjects about which you know absolutely nothing. That shouldn't be difficult inasmuch as such topics predominate amongst soldiers. Argue vehemently in double time, using the fists freely. You'll be surprised to note the results.

Wrap newspapers around your legs, your arms and your body—preferably outside the clothing. If your K. O. happens to be unreasonable, however, and decides that the general effect is unmilitary, it is not our fault. We assume only the responsibility of telling you how to keep warm. We are not responsible for officers' whims.

Then, again, stay in your tent, as close to your Sibley stove as the stove will allow. When the top sergeant blows his whistle simply refuse to fall in. Just let him know that you are cold and can't think of coming out where you will, quite naturally, become much colder. Be firm with him if he insists. There's nothing like being firm with those top sergeants.

Another splendid plan would be to drop in upon us about the time we go to press; preferably a minute or so after the business management imparts to us the glad news that four pages of advertising have been dropped and that we will have to fill them.

Drop in about that time, we repeat, with suggestions about getting out a 32-page weekly in spare time. We'll guarantee to heat you up. If you want quick results just begin telling us how you and your brother used to print a dandy little paper on a little Christmas present hand press that your Uncle George gave you.

Should these suggestions fail or should you find them impractical we have but one more cure to offer. It is entirely within the immediate ability of all of you:

Go to—

ALL SOLDIERS WILL BE TAUGHT HOW TO SWIM.

Although travel on an American troopship through the submarine zone is as safe as it is possible to make it and ample life preservers are carried on every transport, American soldiers to be sent "Over There" are to be taught how to swim. Every man ought to know how to swim, whether he is a soldier or civilian, but with submarines operating in the Atlantic it is all the more imperative that the men in khaki be as much at home in the water as on land.

DIVISION TEAM SCORES HEAVILY.

The Division football team had no trouble a week ago in trouncing the eleven representing the Headquarters Company, of the 105th Infantry, at Woodford Field. The score was 27 to 0. Originally the local stars had been scheduled to play the team of Camp Sevier but at the last minute the game was cancelled because of an epidemic at the North Carolina cantonment and the dough-boys offered to fill in the date.

Considering the superior weight and the longer training of the Division players, the men of the 105th played a sterling brand of football. They more than held their own during the opening period and it was only when the superior condition of the 27th outfit began to show that they were forced to give up their trenches. In Waite, the former Yale player, and Walsh, the old Fordham University tackle, the defeated eleven have the nucleus of a formidable fighting machine.

Peuchen and Foley were the real stars of the game. Time and again the big halfback skirted the infantry flanks for gains of forty and fifty yards while his passes to Brigham rarely missed. Foley's ability to pick out the weak spots on the line accounted for more than one first down on straight smashes. He also was responsible for the last score of the day when, after taking Waite's punt at midfield, he dodged through the whole opposing eleven.

The first score was made soon after the start of the second quarter. Taking the ball on downs the Division players butted their way through the left side of the 105th's defense and went to the ten-yard mark from whence Peuchen broke through center for the initial touchdown.

The third period was the Waterloo of the infantrymen. Long forward passes to Brigham and the continued line skirting of Foley, Kepler and Peuchen proved too much and paved the way for two more journeys over the last chalkline. The victors might have made a much higher score but frequent penalties spoiled several sure touchdowns.

The line-up:

27TH DIVISION	HQTRS. CO. 105TH INF.
Brigham.....	L. E. Venier
Foxe.....	L. T. Walsh
Smith.....	L. G. Sunquiet
Cranston.....	C. Murray
Zimmer.....	R. G. Kendrick
Sheldon.....	R. T. Conant
Haulke.....	R. E. McGovern
Foley.....	Q. B. Codeson
Peuchen.....	L. H. B. Waite
Keppler.....	R. H. B. Sheible
Lehere.....	F. B. Arndt

Touchdowns, Peuchen, 2; Keppler, Foley.
Goals from touchdowns, Brigham, 3.
Referee, Lieut. Glass, 47th Inf.
Umpire, Lieut. Stern, 106th Inf.
Linesman, Mr. Davison, Y. M. C. A.

Have you noticed that the average joke seldom yields a point.

We consider it a privilege to have the opportunity to insert our advertisement in the "WADSWORTH GAS ATTACK" and "RIO GRANDE RATTLER." We thank all the boys of the 27th Division for their patronage and appreciate their business. We stand ready and willing to make good and rectify any mistake.

WHOLESALE GROCERS
CANDY AND CAKES A SPECIALTY
CIGARETTES AND TOBACCO

FIELDER & BROWN

Corner Ezell and Choice Sts.

SPARTANBURG, S. C.

PHONE 161

"MESS CALL" Means

C. D. Kenny Co.

BEST COFFEE AND TEAS

Scented blends 18c. to 28c.

Rio blends 15c. to 20c.

Kenny special

MESS coffee 21c. wholesale

Only exclusive wholesale tea
and coffee house in the city

127 Morgan Square
SPARTANBURG

Phone 747

Soldier's
Accessories

Shoe Brushes, Daubers and
Griffin's Polish.

Leather and Leggin Laces
Collar Ornaments.

Coat Buttons.

Flashlights and Batteries.

Rifle and Revolver Cases.

Wrap Leggings and Regula-
tion Leggings.

Chevrons.

Overshoes, Rubber Boots
and many other necessities
too numerous to mention,

Globe Sample Co.

109 W. Main Street.

Soldiers of America

ATTENTION

The President of a little lumbering railroad in Michigan once wrote to the President of a big railroad system requesting an exchange of annual passes, and stated that his railroad was not quite as long as his, but was just as wide. Spartanburg is not as large as New York, or the other big cities of the country, but its spirit is just as wide and strong.

In the spirit of such service, we desire to extend to you every banking facility.

Bank of Spartanburg

REX THEATRE

Wednesday
"I Will Repay"
Starring Corinne Griffith

Thursday
"Miss U. S. A."
Starring June Caprice

Friday
"Her Hour"
Starring Kitty Gordon

Saturday
"Mother O' Mine"
Special Bluebird Production

Coming
Monday and Tuesday
Rex Beach's
"The Auction Block"
The Greatest Picture from
His Greatest Story

NOTICE

Coupon Books
\$1.00 Each For The

STRAND,
HARRIS and
BIJOU
Theatres

On Sale at

Div. Headquarters Canteen
Co. A, 106 M. G. Bat. Canteen
Co. B, 104 M. G. Bat. Canteen
Co. D, 104 M. G. Bat. Canteen
102 San. Tr'n, Amb. and F'ld
Hos'p Canteen
Post Ex. 102 U. S. En'grs
Canteen

*Good at Any Performance
At Any Time*

Keith's Supreme Vaudeville
at the Harris

"JUST AROUND THE CORNER"

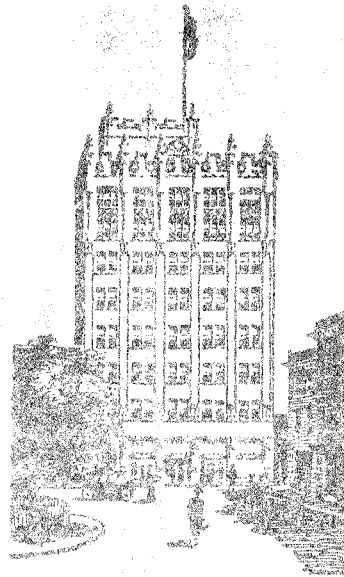
ATTENTION!

Soldiers at Camp
Wadsworth

You will soon be selecting
Gifts for Friends and Home-
folks—You will find selec-
tions here most appropriate
and most reasonably priced
—we will see after mailing
them for you—the facilities
of this store at your service.

J. Thomas Arnold Co.
Department Store

Spartanburg, South Carolina



THE NEW HOME OF THE CENTRAL NATIONAL BANK
CHAPMAN BUILDING MORGAN SQUARE

THERE is such a difference in Banking Methods, that we take natural pride in the Announcement that the U. S. Government is a Depositor in Our Bank. It is an indorsement as irrefutable as is the statement that night will follow day.

CENTRAL NATIONAL BANK