

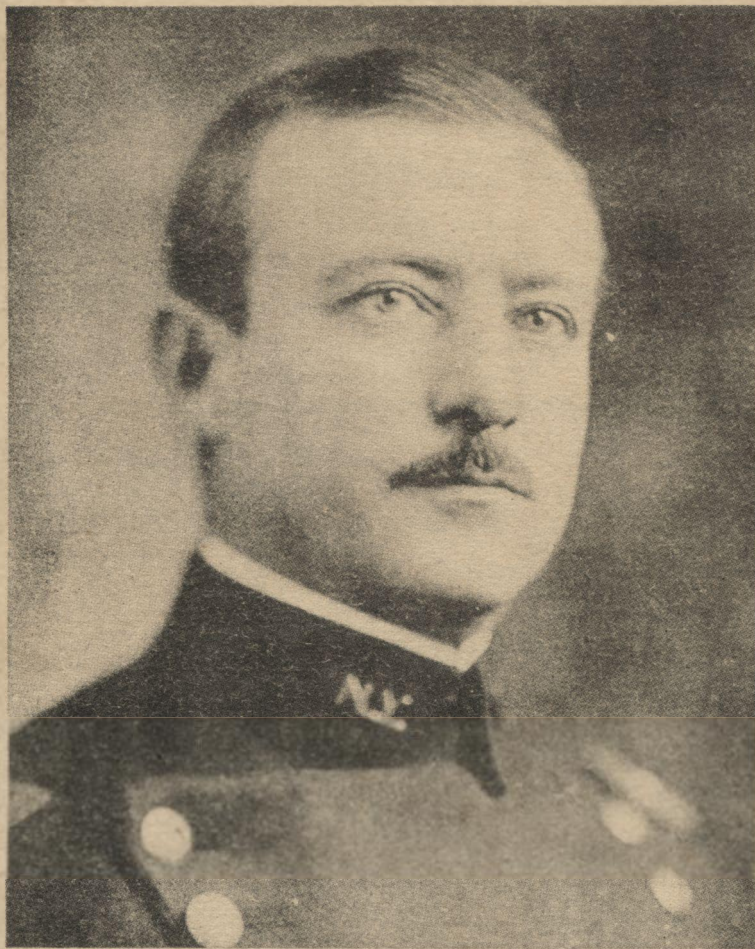
GAS ATTACK

of the
NEW YORK DIVISION
27th. DIV. V. S. A.

Vol. 1

CAMP WADSWORTH, SPARTANBURG, S. C., May 4, 1918

No. 24



Major-General John F. O'Ryan
Commanding the New York Division

NOTICE TO READER--When you finish reading this magazine, place a one-cent stamp on this notice, hand the magazine to any postal employee, and it will be placed in the hands of our soldiers or sailors at the front. No wrapping, no address.

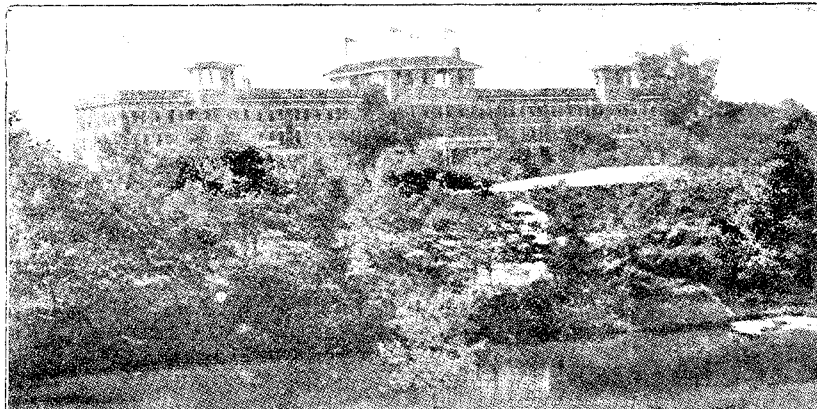
A. S. Burleson, Postmaster-General.

PRICE TEN CENTS

CHICK SPRINGS HOTEL

CHICK SPRINGS, S. C.

Camp
Wadsworth
12 Miles



Camp Sevier
4 Miles

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

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

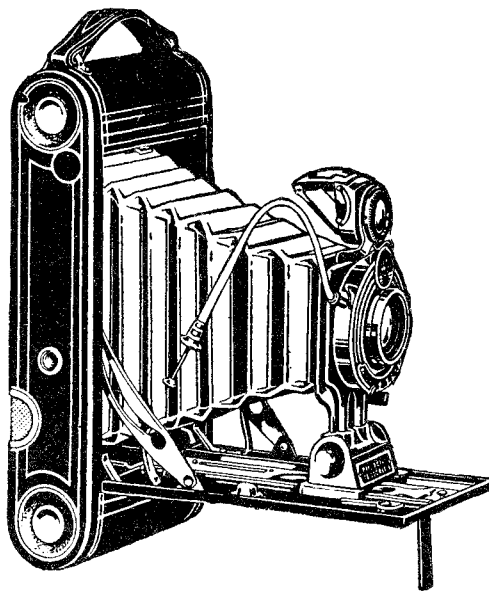
Chick Springs Hotel will be operated on the American Plan and will be the social center of all military activity, with two cedar hardwood dancing floors, private dining rooms, roof garden, orchestra and open air attractions.

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

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

First Aid To The Soldiers

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



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

When We Come Back

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

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

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

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

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

—PVT. CHARLES DIVINE.

Rembrandts in Khaki Show Pictures

First Salon of New York Division Academy Great Success.

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

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

"Let's have an art exhibit."

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

"Awright," agreed Artist Kunkle.

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

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

Hostess' House a Louvre.

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

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

Mr. Stout's Maxim's Mona Lisas.

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

Stout is not scared of colors. His biggest picture "the black Fan" (which, of course, he gives a French name) has a background of gold, visible in Hendersonville. The lady on it is typically Stoutian. On seeing her

you immediately hide your watch. Another one of his vampires is labeled "11:45." She is on a background of red, and has green ear rings the size of eggs. A quiet little decorative border of gold, blue, black and white stripes completes the picture. Of course she has the inevitable pousse cafe before her. None of Stout's ladies would enjoy South Carolina. He is said to have a sequel to "11:45" in the course of preparation. It is called "1:15." We'd like to see it. His "Salamander" makes Theda Bara look like a nun. She is very untamed.

Just to show his versatility, Stout contributes a little landscape, "Dusk in the Blue Ridge," in which the hazy colors melt together. The pen and ink sketches of old buildings seen in a few minutes' walk from camp show delicate workmanship, but they are rather crowded out of the exhibit by Stout's collection of ladies with a past.

As one critic at the exhibit said, "There's one book I'd like to add to my library."

"What's that?" his friend inquired.

"Stout's address book," the critic replied.

Bill and G. William.

Breck, who is G. William when he water-colors and just plain Bill when he pen-and-inks, exhibits a collection of water colors that are wholly charming. "A French Window," with its fine free handling of lights and shadows is perhaps the daintest piece of work on view. "The Return from the Trenches," "General O'Ryan's Tent," and "After the Review" are excellent. So much for the G. William side of him. The Bill side comes out in a smashing Boardman Robinsonish picture of two convict street cleaners in the striped suits which are calculated to effect the reform of the men. As Bill has shown the slinking men, one can see the stripes on their souls, too. "Pay Day at Yaphank" is a scream.

Hull's Swanky Pictures.

Harry Hull has two ultra pictures on view. You know the sort. "Swanky" sums it up. One is "On Leave," in which neither the man nor the woman have any appreciable eyes. The other is "Lucky Dog," also showing a soldier on leave being ministered to by a sophisticated young lady. All Hull's people own Rolls-Royces and the men refer to any but the sort Hull draws as "rotters." To make a pun that even Bisbee wouldn't be guilty of, his men are "fellowes."

Hull's work has the firm, sure, clean-cut touch of the man who knows what he wants to do and how to do it.

The exhibit's find is Rolando LeRoy Rivera, a young artist of the 107th Infantry, whose work was greatly admired. He has two corking heads of soldiers and a very animate dancer who is a symphony in grey. He also has a large picture done in a serious cartoon style, showing Uncle Sam about to administer a drubbing to the Kaiser, while Belgium (a woman) lies bleeding between them. The cob-webby idea is saved by a

strong treatment. There can be no doubt about Uncle Sam being very much alive.

Ink and Embalming Fluid.

While plenty of life characterized Rivera's work, the two pictures of Ed Neal are characterized by the lack of it. It is too bad he mixes embalming fluid with his ink. "The Mirror" is technically correct in every detail, but that is just the trouble. The woman looking into the mirror is as dead as the little fish that start a sixty cent Italian table d'hote. The same criticism must be made of his picture "In the Trenches," showing a crouching soldier. He has evidently been overcome by a new sort of gas that has frozen him in his tracks. Neal has drawing ability. There is no doubt of it. His sense of balance is unimpeachable and he has almost a draughtsman's respect for details. He is bound to do big work—if he uses the artistic pulmotor on his products. Just now they are lifeless as cigar store Indians.

"The Siren."

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

His pen and ink drawing "The Siren," showing a private, supposedly on guard, lost in contemplation of a female statue, while his officer at his elbow is about to reprove the unheeding youth, has humor and spirit in it. His famous "Discipline" cover for the *Gas Attack* is also on view. As usual it attracted much comment.

"Isabelle and Francine."

Judson Card introduces us to two staturesque ladies, Isabelle and Francine. They are very lovely ladies indeed, delicately colored and with an expression about their furlough eyes that made us think the war is a failure. They are the sort of young ladies, alack, who bloom on the magazine covers and, once more alack, nowhere else. Such perfect beauty is not, for the third and last time alack, to be found in this O. D. sphere.

Cutler's Posters.

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

(Continued on page 28)

GAS ATTACK

Published weekly by and for the men of the Twenty-seventh Division, U. S. A., at Camp Wadsworth, Spartanburg, S. C., under the direction of the Camp Wadsworth Young Men's Christian Association.

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Ernest W. Leslie, Camp Y. M. C. A. Secretary.

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Regtl. Supply Sergt. Gaylord W. Elliott, 102 Ammunition Train,
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Sergeant Fred J. Ashley, Headquarters Troop.

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Subscription terms, \$1.50 for 3 months.

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A WORD TO READER AND CONTRIBUTOR.

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

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

Were it not for the advisory direction of Major General John F. O'Ryan, Lieut. Colonel Franklin W. Ward and Camp Y. M. C. A. General Secretary Ernest W. Leslie, there would not have been so great a co-operation between the men of the Division and the Y. M. C. A., which united their forces to produce a creditable paper. Editor Richard Connell has spent great energy and manifested marked ability in his editorial work. Charles Divine, our poet of sunshine, who was called by the Literary Digest the Kipling of America, has enriched the **Gas Attack** by his frequent poems, his "Ideas of Ethelburt

Jellyback." Lieutenant Edward Streeter, in "A Soldier's Letters to His Sweetheart," has made a page of the **Gas Attack** as popular as any page in any American periodical. Sport Editor Fred J. Ashley has made his department attractive and popular. Walter A. Davenport has given weekly feature articles which have brought forth commendation from numerous and eminent sources. The artists who have adorned and illustrated the covers and the inner pages of the **Gas Attack** gave to it an appearance which though modest, needed no apology when compared with a metropolitan periodical. The editors, contributors, artists, all have worked without stint or pay. Generally there was sufficient material furnished from the different sources to produce two or three magazines slightly inferior to the **Gas Attack**, but all could not be published, and yet no offense was taken by those who were not among the fortunate contributors.

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

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

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

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

Most sincerely,

J. S. KINGSLEY.

A Soldier's Letter to His Sweetheart

Dere Mable

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

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

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

I never let on though. Quick. Thats me all over, Mable. I says "Gee, thats to bad" like I was all broke up. And then I said "Shes the only mother I ever had Captin." I said it so sad that I almost got myself cryin. And the Captin says "Well Smith, you been workin pretty hard an need a change. Ill give you a ten day furlow to go home to the funeral." Nice fello the Captin when you get to know him.

Im comin up Mable just as soon as I can borrow enough close and the like. It seemed to me when I used to lay out my stuff for inspeckshun Saturday mornins that I had enough junk to equip the draft army. I just been lookin over my stuff to find something to wear home. It makes a fello feel half nakid.

Im goin to borrow the money to buy my railroad ticket so you see the trip aint goin to cost me a cent. I bet youll be glad to have someone round who aint skared to change a quarter once in a while.

Its kind of hard to get a suitcase. Theres only one in the battery. The fello what owns it says its made the trip north 25 times. From the looks of it hes modest. Else the last fello tied it to the end of the train and let it drag all the way. I guess I can fix it with rope though.

Then Joe Loomis has a uniform that he paid fifteen dollars (\$15) for. It looks like an officers unless you wear it in the rain. Joes in the gard house so Im goin to take it an not say nothin. I guess Joe'd do the same for a pal. Besides he aint got no kick comin cause theres a rule that we cant speak to prisoners.

Joe got put in the gard house for burnin down the stable tent where they keep the horses serial. He was sittin in the stable tent while he was on stable gard catchin a



smoke. Stable gard is a kind of night b.'l hop and chamber maid to the horses. He heard the Officer of the Day coming and stuck his cigaret but in an oat bag. The whole thing burnt down. Angus McDonald says that what he gets for hidin his light under a bushel. Thats a Skotch joke though. I guess you wouldnt get it.

Angus is lendin me a pair of spiral puttys. A spiral putty is a flannel bandage what you wind round your leg sos nobody cant see that the buttons is offen your trouser legs. The fello what made em must have had queer legs cause when you get to the top there aint no place to fasten them. I guess they were built for fellos that was goin to stand still. As soon as you move they unwind and drag in the dust till a horse steps on one of them. Then you do em up again.

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

Were gettin some new draft men now. Between you an me there an awful dum bunch. They dont know the difference between squads right and fall in. I dont see how fellos can live as long as they have an not know these simple things.

A few of them is Jewish fellos from New York. All they think about is how they can get some post cards of the camp and sell em to the fellos. A couple of them

sold there equipment the minut they was issued it. Angus says one of them was on gard the other night and a fello came a long. He stopped him an says "Halt whose there?" an the fello says "Friend" an he says "Advance friend an give the discount." Youd hardly believe that, Mable. But bein a girl I suppose you would not knowing nothin about the military.

So I aint goin to write you no more cause theres no sense ridin up on the train with my own letters. I got a lower bunk all hired. Im goin to have it made up before we leave the station an I aint goin to get up till we pull into Philopilis. If the fello in the upper bunk aint got sense enough to stay in bed he can sit on the edge of the bunk and whistle for all I care. An the lord help the porter if he calls me cause he aint no first sargent an Id just as soon tell him so. Frank. Thats me all over, Mable.

I suppose your father and mother will be tickled to see me. Theyll think Im comin home to marry you. I guess you know I would if I had time. Besides I dont believe in gettin married before the war cause like as not Ill be killed. I dont want you to worry though or nothing like that. Youd be in a nice mess though with your fathers liver on your hands an no visibul means of support.

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

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

yours till I see you

BILL.

A LETTER FROM COLONEL ROOSEVELT.

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

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

"Faithfully yours,
"THEODORE ROOSEVELT."

COMMISSION FOR CAMOUFLEUR AMES.

Sergt. Linwood P. Ames of division headquarters troop, has been commissioned a second lieutenant and assigned to duty with the 108th infantry.

Lieut. Ames, who is a well-known artist, has been in active charge of the Division Camouflage School, and is rated as one of the most expert camoufleurs in the country.

SPLENDID RECORD MADE BY 102d MILITARY POLICE

Report Shows Efficiency of Major Shanton's Command.

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

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

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

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

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

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

It was thought at first that the illicit sale of alcoholic liquor would be a serious problem for the New York Division. But it wasn't. From the first Major Shanton and his men went after the boot-leggers and illicit selling has become so highly unprofitable that very few now attempt to escape the vigilance of the M. P.

The M. P.'s also developed some Sherlock Holmeses. Two of them were assigned to clear up a number of forgery cases. The patience and ingenuity they displayed resulted in the rounding up of a number of men who had been duping local merchants with phoney checks. No central office detective could have done the job more efficiently.

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

There isn't a question but that the excellent record they have made over here will be continued over there.

The detailed report of the activities of the 102d M. P., together with the letter sent by Major Shanton in submitting the report to the commanding general follow:

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

April 13th, 1918.

From: Commanding Officer 102nd Military Police,

To: Commanding General, 27th Division, U. S. A.

Subject: Report.

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

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

T. HARRY SHANTON,
Major, Commanding.

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

April 10th, 1918.

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

Violation of camp regulations:

No pass or qualification cards; failing to salute; not properly uniformed	1141	arrests
Fraudulent furloughs	30	"
Intoxication	25	"
Cashing and forging worthless checks	10	"
White and colored women: Soliciting for immoral purposes; prostitutes	41	"
Assisted civil authorities in making arrests; violators of liquor traffic laws	23	"
For gambling	10	"
Apprehension of auto thieves...	3	"

* * * *

Camp Wadsworth, A. W. O. L. ... 362 confined
Taken from trains in and around Spartanburg, S. C., from other camps:

Camp Sevier, Greenville, S. C. ...	124	"
Camp Hancock, Augusta, Ga. ...	27	"
Camp McClellan, Anniston, Ala. ...	43	"
Camp Gordon, Atlanta, Ga. ...	3	"

ANOTHER CHANCE FOR COMMISSION.

Fourth Officers Training Schools Open May 15th.

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

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

In addition there will be admitted all graduating members of senior divisions, reserve officers' training corps units, who have completed the course prescribed for the reserve officers' corps, and all members of the advance, senior divisions, of the corps, who by May 15, have completed one year of the advanced course, and who have had 300 hours of military instruction since January 1, 1917, under supervision of an army officer.

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

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

DIES OF INJURIES RECEIVED AT RANGE.

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

Camp Grant, Rockford, Ill.	1	"
Camp Greene, Charlotte, N. C. ...	36	"
Camp Lee, Petersburg, Va.	3	"
Camp Jackson, Columbia, S. C. ...	3	"
Camp Hill, Newport News, Va. ...	1	"
Camp Forrest, Chickamauga Park, Ga.	1	"
Deserters from draft.	6	"

THE IDEAS OF ETHELBURT JELLYBACK, PRIVATE,

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

Going northward on my furlough, I was aggrieved not a little by the conductor, who handed me in change, several of the dirtiest, most yellow-looking bills I ever confronted. I protested.

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

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

I had eight minutes to catch that train known as the Congressional Limited. What, with the pushing crowds in the big station, I became frantic. I dashed through a multi-colored sea of uniforms toward the ticket office. I had four minutes left. I flung myself toward the Pullman ticket office. Another mob. I saw that if I waited my turn at the window I would miss the Congressional Limited. So, getting out of line and breath, I dashed to the train-gate. The ticket puncher refused to let me pass without a parlor-car ticket. I dashed back to the ticket window. Two minutes left! I reached the window after jockeying around a fidgetty woman who fluttered about like the nervous energy of a misspent life.

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

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

The Fever of Traveling.

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

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

"But I don't want it," I retorted. "I distinctly desire the four o'clock train on track seventeen."

There was half a minute left! I ran back to the gate. The ticket-puncher again refused to let me pass to track seventeen, so, my ingenuity taxed to its utmost, I scurried through the gate to track fifteen and, once inside, I ran slyly over to track seventeen and boarded the train I wanted. The Pullman conductor said he'd let me sit in the smoker. I got in. The engine puffed. The train proceeded. I perspired.

All of which brought me to the amazing conclusion that it's harder to get into the Congressional Limited than it is into Congress! . . .

Several hours later—New York! What

joy, what exhilaration, in the humming streets and teeming canyons. What pleasant days were spent in Fifth Avenue! I had best not dwell upon them; I would be the envy of all my fellow soldiers. Suffice to say that I returned to camp when my leave was ended.

He Goes to Gas School.

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

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

One, you stroll leisurely across the drill ground, enjoying the view and breathing God's pure air. **Two**, some crude officer hollers: "Gas shell!" **Three**, everybody grabs for his gas mask and gets his hands all mixed up with the tube and straps. **Four**, you get your mask on and look at the fellow next to you, who looks like a face in a nightmare. **Five**, your mask smells like the inside of a dentist's office. **Six**, it tastes worse. **Seven**, the instructor tells you you've got it on wrong!

Dickie Darling and I got into a heated argument over the appearance of the mask. Our disagreement reached the point where we confronted each other belligerently. I shook my index finger in Dickie's goggle.

Mugrums, the Peacemaker.

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

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

"Aw, quit yer fightin,'" said Mugrums. "Split the difference an' make it Louie the fourteenth an' a half."

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

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

"What's that?"

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

"Where do they issue 'em, Ethelburt?"

"They are not an issue. They may be rented for fifteen dollars."

Mugrums let out a cry.

"What? Me pay fifteen dollars to keep from drowning when the family's got ten thousand insurance on me? That's no way for me to act."

"Then what would be the proper way for the heir apparent to the Mugrums' fortune to behave?"

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

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

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

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

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

ETHELBURT JELLYBACK, Private.

—C. D.

2,200 NEW MEN.

Recruits Arrived from Camp Upton to Fill Up Division.

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

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

CORRESPONDENT RAE LEAVES.

Bruce Rae, efficient and popular correspondent for the New York Times at Camp Wadsworth for the past eight months, has returned to New York to resume his reportorial duties on the city staff. He made many friends in the New York Division, who will miss him.

COL. NORTON LEAVES SERVICE.

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



LIEUT. EDWARD STREETER,
105th Field Artillery.

Author of the famous "Dere Mable" letters and the one responsible and accountable for the expression, "That's me all over, Mable." The correspondence of Bill Smith, Private, has appeared in book form. The books are now on sale.

Every soldier in the New York Division should send a couple home.

THE PRESIDENT AND "YOU KNOW ME, AL."

Major-General O'Ryan received the following letter from President Wilson, whom he invited to attend a performance of "You Know Me, Al," the Division Show which ran with such success at the Lexington Theatre in New York City:

THE WHITE HOUSE

Washington April 18, 1918.

My dear General O'Ryan:

I am heartily sorry, but I am tied tight by engagements for Monday afternoon, April twenty-second. Afternoons are almost impossible for me for anything but public duties.

Will you not express my sincere regret to the men who are going to act "You Know Me, Al?" I wish I could be there.

Cordially and sincerely yours,
(Signed) WOODROW WILSON.

Major-General John F. O'Ryan,
Twenty-Seventh Division,
United States Army.

P. S.—Mrs. Wilson hopes to attend, and will be pleased to occupy a box.

LETTERS TO MABLE IN BOOK FORM.

Famous Epistles of Bill Are Now Collected.

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

The author of the letters, as most of the civilized world and part of Germany know, is Lieut. Edward Streeter of the 105th Field Artillery. The letters are illustrated by the inimitable G. William (Bill) Breck of Co. B, 107th Infantry, a distinguished graduate of the Camouflage College, and a professional artist of note in New York City.

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

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

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

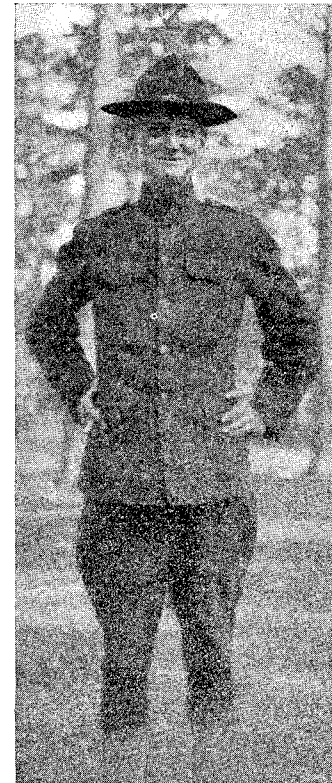
A LAUREL WREATH FROM M. S.

The *Gas Attack* receives many letters from all over the country confirming our suspicion that the New York Division is SOME division. Not the least enthusiastic is from a literary young lady who veils her identity under the initials M. S. Among other things she says:

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

We salute M. S. and thank her.

R. E. C.



PVT. G. WILLIAM BRECK,
Company B, 107th Infantry.

Illustrator of the *Rookie's Letters to his Sweetheart*. Famous as an artist, art editor of the *Seventh Regiment Gazette*, director of the *Wadsworth Academy of Fine Arts*, contributor to the *Gas Attack*, cook and camoufleur. His pictures in Lt. Streeter's book are screamingly funny.

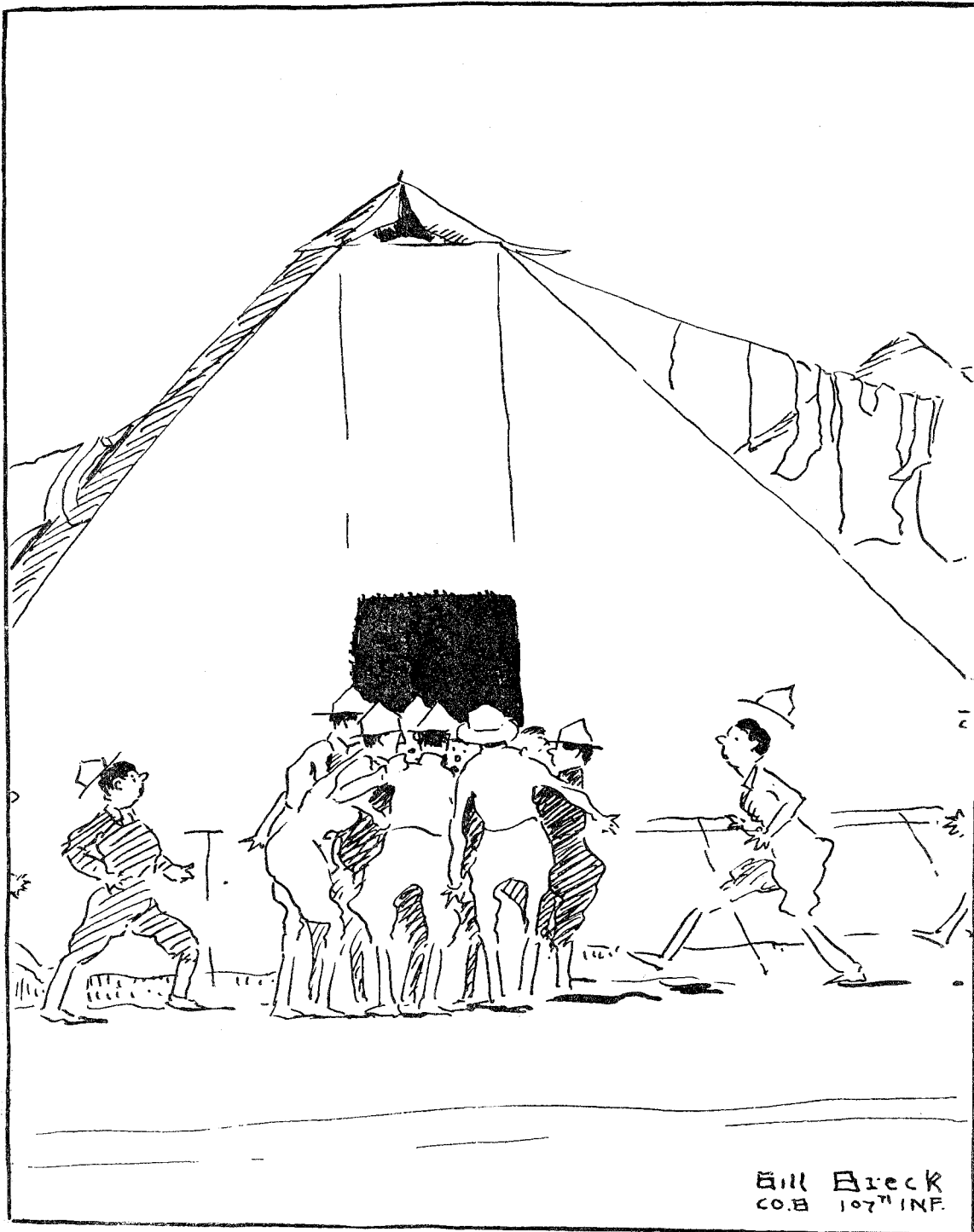
CAPTAIN HAYES, CAMP ADJUTANT.

Captain Denis Hayes has reported for duty as camp adjutant. He was assistant commandant of the Oregon State Agricultural College, Corvallis, Ore., when he was commissioned to his present rank in the national army. He was in the regular army twenty-five years before he retired.

THANKING "POP."

We, the men of the 54th Pioneer Inf., take this means of expressing our appreciation to Mr. Oscar A. Isaacs, Y. M. C. A. worker, for the help he has given us in our athletic activities, and for his generosity to us. Mr. Isaacs (or "Pop" Isaacs, as he is affectionately called) has "adopted" us, and has given up a great deal of time to coaching, advising and encouraging those men who represent us in sport. He has presented us with considerable athletic equipment, for which we thank him; but we are most grateful for his cheery, brightening presence.

T. E.



THE LATEST RUMOR.

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

Diplomas for Slum Architects

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

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

Cook Earl G. Lawrence won the honor in the Division for having the highest aver- age. We all like handsome Earl and wish him well. We understand that before many moons pass, he will have three stripes on his arm. Congratulations. Right behind the pride of the 108th, comes the hope of the 105th, dauntless Wilson. He and his side kick, Cook Otto with that wonderful name, together with Dickie Alvord of the 108th landed all in a bunch. Dickie, sore over his beating by his "once friend," promptly went to the hospital. We hear, however, that he tried to drown his woes in Spartanburg and the cause of his present vacation is not sor- row, but "Bevo." We don't believe it, Rich- ard. Hope that rumor don't go North.

Mickie McCormick headed the "Doctors," with another Celt by the name of Tierney not far behind. Bertie Reed, a wearer of the red hat cord, was best for the Trains and M. P.'s. That intelligent, stylish-looking chap in the Ammunition Train who is a freshman but wears a senior adornment, trailed him close. The 107th pulled in with Newton, our good friend Harry in the van. They say that this regiment, but for the fact that some of the students got the telephone num- bers of their friends in New York, the dates of their furloughs and the amounts of the rations mixed up, would have beaten all the others. Some rivalry in this regiment. Have you seen the sign.

We have to take our hats off to the 51st Pioneers. They came into camp with 39 graduates. The 105th doughboys landed first in the 27th Division. The Sanitary Train was close, and the other doughboys, the 108th and 107th, were so near that it was a toss-up. The men of the 108th say they should have had a handicap, because they lost a month by being in quarantine.

But what of the Detachment?

Oh! Yes, Lakes is still asking for a pass to go to Asheville; that is, when he gets up

in time, and still rubs his hands when dough is mentioned. You rarely hear from him ex- cept during the night.

Special Announcement! Sergeant Lakes made his bunk yesterday.

"Frenchy" still roams the wilds of the 53rd Pioneers. He says the 54th Brigade knows more than he does now. He is rather swoll- en over the fact that his regiments gradu- ated 23 men. Oh, but he still hies himself back around meal times. He is a wise fel- low, that chap.

Sergeant First-Class Lawson, the noble Hamlet, "acting" first sergeant is with us still. That furlough is still a week off. "Yes, Acting" he still imparts to us at various times of the day and night. He has deserted his hospital. Do you think she threw him down? Not Albert. I think he got a letter from Pittsburg.

Our debonair Obie still tells the boys about stock sheets and the joys of living in Jer- sey when he can spare time from Spartan- burg. The P. & N. sells mileage books I understand, and it is no secret that he was seen to pay his fare to the city of "Apple- O and Sundaes" with one of same, not many days ago.

The Mystery of the Mess Hall, why does Obie go to town only when it is a dry day?

"Our Scotch" friend "whom royalty and in- feriority" once smiled upon, that dashing rookie, Eschbacher, says the doctors have the cleanest kitchens in camp and is very proud of them. Why then does he always come home to his meals?

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

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

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

C. L. H.

MAJOR HALLAHAN CHIEF SIGNAL OFFICER.

News of the Signal Battalion by Lieut. Ireland.

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

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

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

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

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

1ST LIEUT. GORDON IRELAND.

STILL GOING.

One of the numerous privates that help to make up the 108th infantry wanted a fur- lough. He thus declared himself to his captain.

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

"Well?" demanded the captain.

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

The captain glared for a few seconds and then growled,

"About Face!"

The doughboy turned sharply about.

"Forward, March!" commanded the cap- tain.

The supplicant obeyed.

Eight days later the captain received from the boy, the following telegram from Syra- cuse:

"Sir, where shall I halt."



CANTEEN TEAM WORKERS, TUESDAY'S TEAM.

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

THE "CANTEEN."

At Least One Place in Town Where Prices Are Low.

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

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

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

102ND FIELD SIGNAL BATTALION.

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

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

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

AMERICAN PLANES.

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

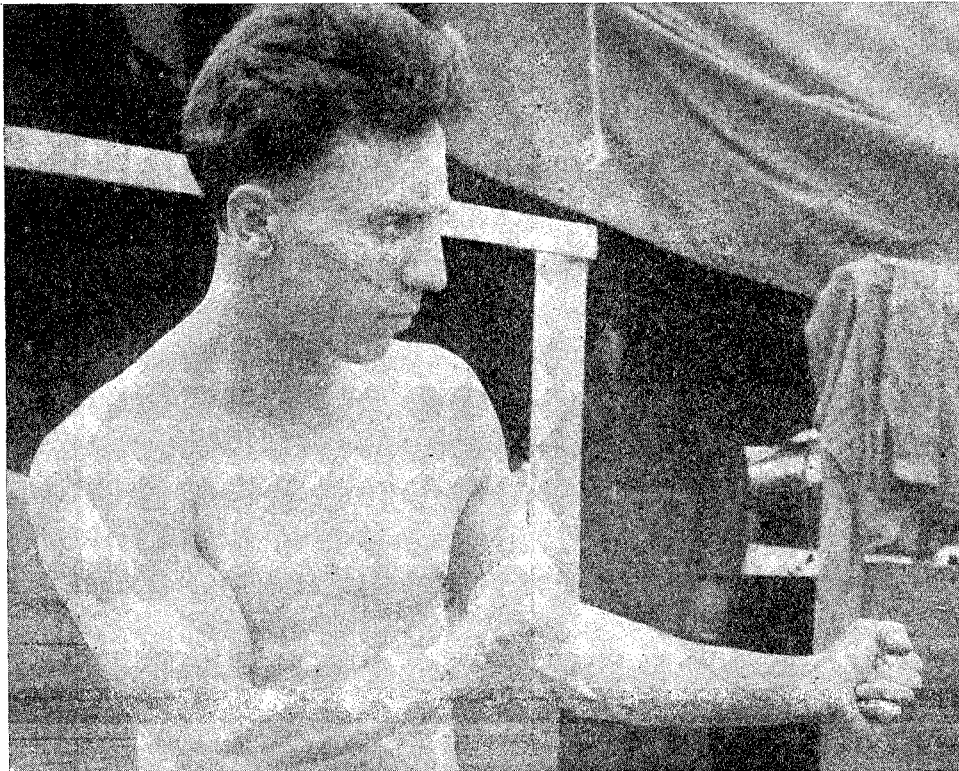
UNDER THE MISTLETOE.

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

"But it wasn't business; it was pleasure," he responded.

CAMP SPORTS

Edited by SERGEANT F. J. ASHLEY



"LOUIE" PONZO, THE BATTLER OF B COMPANY, 107TH INFANTRY.

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

BASE HOSPITAL GETS SIGNALS CROSSED.

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

The game was uneventful until the last session, neither team showing any marked supremacy. When the morphine experts took the field the tally was tied 8 to 8.

Private George Walsh of Company A, did the work for the Signal men. He managed to get an exclusive wire to the Medico pitcher and polled the first pitched ball for a homer.

SAVE TIME AND TROUBLE.

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

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

VIC VOTERETSAS WINS MARATHON TRYOUT.

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

The last tryout for the Evening Mail's Modified Marathon was held last Saturday. The candidates for the team which will represent the 27th Division in the long distance classic, started from the Division Headquarters office at 2:00 P. M. and followed the Snake Road to the Morgan Monument in Spartanburg, returning over the same route. The journey was an even eight miles. Nick, the Greek of the 106th Infantry, who was in New York on furlough when the trial was held and a pair of the harriers from the 102nd Engineers, who have been on special duty in Virginia, will also be on the starting mark for the Gotham fighters.

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

HIS HAT'S IN THE RING!

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

MECH. HARRY METHVEN,
Care of Co. I, 51st Pioneers.

ANOTHER BOXING DEFI.

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

THAT WAS SOMETHING.

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

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

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

S. O. S.

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

In addition to the foregoing, Harvey Cohn has included Sergeant Zuna of Co. E, Lemberg, Supply Co., and Davis and Burrell of Co. E, 2nd Pioneers, to the Mail Team.

K. OF C. NEWS

K. OF C. MEN VISIT NEWLY ARRIVED NEW YORKERS.

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

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

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

Upon the arrival of the paper and stamps in the new section there was a near riot and the supplies melted away from the secretaries as melts a small globular quantity of compact snow in a sulphurous region which is often coupled with the kaiser's name.

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

I have had the good fortune of spending several years in Ireland; and while working among these new men, had many interesting chats with sons of Erin—some of whom were New York policemen. One chap from Mayo told me with a tear in his eye that he was an intimate friend of Martin Sheridan: that he came over in the same boat with that marvellous all-around athlete who died last

ENTERTAINMENT BY SPARTANBURG LADIES.

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

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

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

Several of the ladies arrived early and were given a rousing welcome. Then Mr. Carter, K. of C. entertainment director, announced that these young ladies had offered to play popular songs for chorus singing to keep things going until the others appeared. Everyone appreciated these kindly services and the show opened with the community singing of three exceptional sentimental ballads—"Keep the Home Fires Burning," "Mother Machree" and the "Sunshine of Your Smile."

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

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

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

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

winter. Another strapping fellow from Galway—a good conversationalist—said that in New York he had, of course, heard of the K. of C. camp work; but he did not realize the scope of our activities; that we were doing so much good in so many ways.

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

SHAN McINTYRE.

JIMMIE CARTER IS SHOFFURING.

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

STRICTLY IRISH.

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

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

"Well," he decided, finally, aloud to the others, "they're right, after all. The more you look round in this place, the less you're likely to see."

TELL THE TRIBUNE.

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

Editor, *The Gas Attack*,

Dear Sir:

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

This Bureau handles all matters of fraudulent advertising, dishonest merchandising practices, and public service.

There is no charge for the service, and if the soldier is required to leave the city before an adjustment is made, we shall gladly handle the matter by correspondence with him.

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

Yours cordially,
THE NEW YORK TRIBUNE,
Richard H. Lee.



News of the Y. M. C. A.



Edited by E. REED SHUTT.

Y. M. C. A. TO TEACH TROOPS.

Classes at Front to be Arranged.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

A MESSAGE.

**THINK VICTORY
SPEAK VICTORY
WORK VICTORY
PRAY VICTORY**

FINE CONCERT AT 271.

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

The league baseball games are in full swing. The "Q. M." nine are in the lead at present, but the other units are working into good form, and formidable competition may be looked for any day. Everybody is taking an active interest and the spirit of rivalry is keen. Basket-ball, too, has its share of attention, but no teams have been organized as yet.

DEMON DIRT DEFEATED AT 96.

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

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

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

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

MANY ATTRACTIONS AT BUILDING 95.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

ASHEVILLE TRIP A SUCCESS.

The Army Y. M. C. A. at Camp was able to offer a rare privilege to a considerable number of soldiers on Saturday last. Through the co-operation of Mr. Hamerslough, secretary of Y. M. C. A. of Asheville, these soldiers were entertained in some of the best homes in the city.

These men report an exceedingly enjoyable trip, leaving Spartanburg Saturday 4:30 and returning late Sunday evening.

The people of Asheville are high in their praise of the visitors from Wadsworth.

THE SENTINEL.

There stood I, watching, alone with errant thoughts. To my ears came the soft, mysterious song of Night; and in my eyes, turned now to the East, crept the magic spectacle of dawning Day.

O'er the murky outline of a lone pine I saw Night's thick cloak catch upon some ethereal nail and tear; and through the widening slit shone a faint roseate glow, spreading and spreading, as Night vainly struggled to free her ruined garment.

Upon yonder gentle slope I made out dim rows of khaki prisms. There slumbered my mates. How quiet, how peaceful, the scene!

A distant bugle quavered. Its last notes became blurred and lost in a jargon of tooted calls. Somewhere a band joined in the din. Hurrying soldiers began to dot the company streets, gravitating into a formation. Raucous whistles shrilled an urge to laggards. A brief pause, and then the bugles chorused anew.

The eastern horizon became a vision of grandeur, brilliantly opalescent. And as I looked I saw the sun, smiling in golden glory, start lifting above the rim of things.

Entranced by Nature's awakening, my reverie was complete.

But soon an end came to my dreams. I heard the rhythmical tread of marching feet. 'Twas the new relief of the guard. I faced about.

"Number twelve!" said the corporal; and another soldier, sleep still showing in his eyes, stepped forward and took my place.

CORPORAL HARRY T. MITCHELL,
Company L, 107th U. S. Infantry.



Well, what news?
The enemy wanted to borrow some cannon balls.
Did you let them have them?
Sure, they promised to send them back in the morning.

News From Division Units

REGIMENTAL NOTES 54TH PIONEER INFANTRY.

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

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

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

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

That thing which Postmaster Robinson wears is not a coat-of-mail. No, it's a hunting-jacket, and he expects to wear it to Chimney Rock, hunting nymphs. Going to take the mail-hounds on that hunt, Robbie?

Why the sergeant-majors (or is it sergeants-major?) should pester Rosie to get them saddles is a mystery. They couldn't stick in 'em if they had 'em, which was ably demonstrated by "Stonewall" Jackson.

Scotty, while in New York on furlough, attended the annual barn-dance of the Field Music of the old 71st at the armory, where he made one of his famous after- (liquid) dinner speeches. He was accompanied on the trip by his faithful man "Friday," known in civil life as Arthur Josenhans.

When the best chaplain in the army returns, he will find his house doubled in size, equipped with running water (think of that!), and surrounded by an attractive garden. Sgt. Weber planned the surprise and directed its execution.

Phyrat Will offers the following toast for what it is worth—which isn't much: "From Great Neck, I trust,

To Berlin, or bust,

And when I cross the river Rhine so blue, Dearest, I'll always think of you."

(Business of gargling a bottle of sarsaparilla.)

C. T. M.

MIKE PHILOSOPHIZES.

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

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

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

You know, Mister Editor, I been thinkin' a lot about you men. Some fellows come around and play with me, an' just fool; an' throw me on my back, and I make believe I'm mad, an' growl an' snap, an' try to bite them—but not hard, you understand. I wouldn't bite them for the world, no sir, not me! An' they laugh, an' pick me up an' carry me 'round, way up in the air, an' they stroke me just back of the ears, or tap me on the forehead where I love it, an' they talk sense to me!

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

Well, I guess men are pretty much divided into two kinds:—Those who like dogs, and those who don't.

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

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

HEADQUARTERS COMPANY, 105TH MACHINE GUN BATTALION.

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

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

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

Hey! How about me for your dog robber?

Private Sulzer comes marching down the street.

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

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

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

Lieutenant McPike—Newport News.

Sergeant McGrath—That's good!

Lieutenant McPike—I know it is.

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

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

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

Corporal Sheridan—No more bawling outs for me.

Everybody—Well, he was a good skate anyway.

* * *

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

Private N. Baker—Yes.

Wagoner Beahan—'ure a liar.

* * *

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

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

Wagoner McLoughlin—Well, you're always heaving something.

* * *

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

Private DeHayes—No.

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

H. SHERIDAN.

Lieutenant's ridin' him, an' the top's unfair—an gee whiz, "don't I wish I wuz back in lil' ol' Brooklyn!" An' when he gets the ball he drops it—an' nobody writes to him—an' all!

Gosh! I'm glad I'm a dog, Mister Editor! So long—

MIKE.

SANITARY SQUAD NO. 1.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

E. M. O.

COMPANY L, 108TH INFANTRY.

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

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

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

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

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

Corporal Lynch takes all records for the disappearing act. How do you do it, Red.

Eberhart is running the second section of the Bingle Boiler. But he is never on time.



Child looking at GAS ATTACK.

BATTERY C, 106TH REGIMENT FIELD ARTILLERY.

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

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

W. J. P.

SANITARY SQUAD NO. 2.

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

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

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

Say, Margy, do you ever wet that whistle of yours?

Pete Forrestell claims to be a specialist. What line, Pete?

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

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

K. G. B. O.

FIELD HOSPITAL COMPANY NO. 107.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

SERGEANT GEORGE KILLIAN, JR.

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

"Let's Go to the MOVIES!"

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

And they are all new and fresh!

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

Admission Price 15c

The Bonita
Motion Picture Theatre
(Opposite Cleveland Hotel)

Just as Fast as The Oven Can Bake 'Em

That's Evidence of the Demand for

Dixie Pies

However, Quality is Never Sacrificed for Quantity Production

DIXIE PIES are always the same standard quality product

Insist on Dixie Pies at Your Canteen

DIXIE PIE BAKING CO.
SPARTANBURG, S. C.

HEADQUARTERS COMPANY, 3RD PIONEER INFANTRY.

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

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

If Cozy Fairclough, our blonde Adonis, doesn't lay off those pictures of the best in the world hanging over "Lil Hubby's" cot in the Gloom Chasers' tent, fair Helen, of Allston, will hear of that sweet young lady who calls Charlotte's leading jeweler, Daddy.

"Zeke" Ryan and "Hiram" Davis are full-fledged E. Z. Marks. "Barnum had the right idea." After their performance with the boogie laundry man we will never put anything past them. They win the Brown doiby.

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

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

Cardinal Newman has been called three times the past week by the O. D. for burning lights after taps, doping out the plans for that much talked of Arlington bungalow. For the love of Peat, Joe, buy an Al-ladin on the Summerfield Plan and let's hit the hay nights. Someone continually taking the joy out of life according the Chad. Have an ice cream horn, Roy?

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

Things That Never Happen.

Our band playing some popular numbers at the movies.

Members of the "Gloom Club" getting their transfers.

The Graveyard tent all out when a man comes back from furlough.

Fred Mitchell marrying for money. And she came all the way from Watertown.

Mother Ryan of Guard Order Fame giving up cigarettes.

Henry's drum corps arising quietly in the morning; all right Fadder, I'm up!
"SCOOPS."

WANTED—A MOTOR TRUCK.

Any of the companies or regiments having a one- or two-ton truck, in good condition and reasonable in price, who desire to sell same, please communicate with CHARLES A. MOSS, Florist, Spartanburg, S. C. Phone 728.



CAMOUFLAGE.

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

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

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

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

THE COST OF A SOLDIER.

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

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

TRENCH COAT LOST.

At dance at Rock Cliff Club. "Finder" is known. Return coat at once. Communicate with Lauren Stout, care of Gas Attack, Y. M. C. A. Hdqts., Camp Wadsworth.

AMBULANCE COMPANY NO. 105.

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

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

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

A feature of recent Saturday inspections has been the awarding of prizes to the neatest appearing soldier. Last Saturday Majors Stivers and Sears picked Buglers Stanton and Guenther and Wagoner Hooper as the winners of a smileage book apiece and the following week Lieutenant Colonel Wadhams again selected Stanton as the Beau Brummell of our outfit and presented him with a brand new Stetson "Kelley" which had been donated by Captain Latta. He will have to be specially measured for this new head-gear.



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PRICE'S

116 E. MAIN STREET
PHONE 237

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

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

O. D. Serge, Spring Weight

Has first call for the dress uniform and is equally serviceable. Kuppenheimer O. D. Serges are distinguished by their unusual brilliancy and life.

O. D. Gabardine

A fabric of silky luster and wear-resisting strength; made unlined and to be had with rich silk trimmings if desired.

O. D. Whipcor

An extremely tough fabric, yet dressy. The officers of our Allies have found that Whipcor is the best material to stand-up under hard and long wear and yet express that military smartness and dash so much desired by officers.

O. D. Khaki

Kuppenheimer Khaki Uniforms are made of the best quality government standard khaki. Every yard of khaki is thoroughly cold water shrunk before it is permitted to enter into a Kuppenheimer uniform.

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

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

One of our Sergeants wishes to be enlightened on a subject which has troubled him of late: "Suppose a fellow invites a girl to the theater, first sending her violets, takes her to supper afterwards, and home in a taxi, should

he kiss her good-night?" Our advice is: "No, Sarge, you have done enough for her already."

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

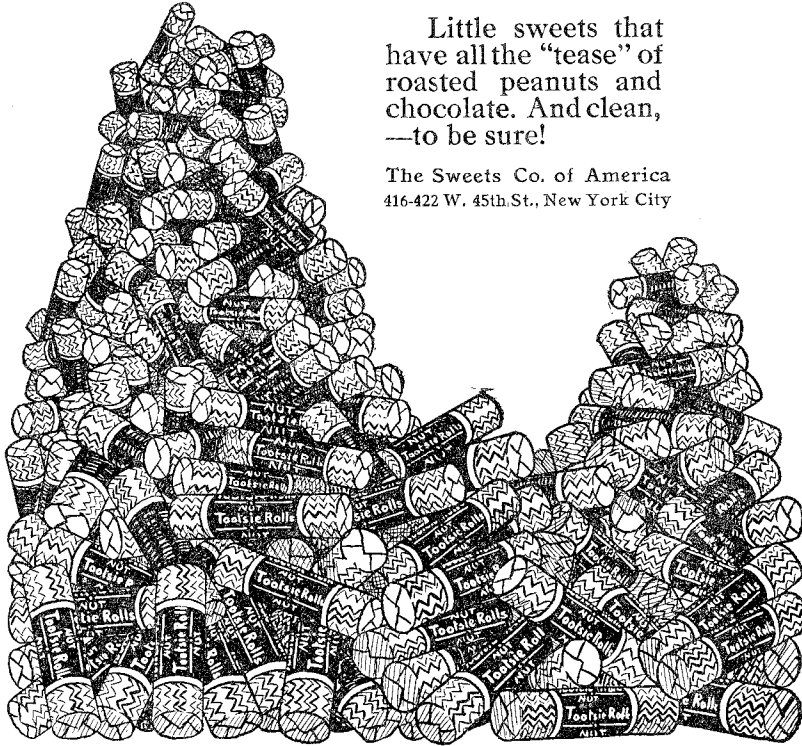
The wish expressed in these columns last week that our officers' row might be adorned with a complete quota of four captains, has already come true. On April 11 Captain Ballantyne received the necessary papers elevating him to that rank. Captain McKemy has gone to his home in Dayton, Ohio, on a 10-day leave. Captain Truex has been assigned temporarily to the Medical Corps of the 105th Infantry which is slated for a period of training in the trenches. Just the opportune time to break in those new trench boots. Captain Latta is terribly worried these days. In checking up the property accounts with Supply Sergeant Gwynn, a shoe lace and a collar ornament are A. W. O. L. Unfortunately we must leave our anxious readers without any immediate tidings concerning Lieutenant White. Since his new assignment as Adjutant everything is comparatively tranquil along "Clubhouse Row."

SERGEANT WALTER CHASKEL.

Heaps of Them!

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

Nut Tootsie Rolls



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

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

COMPANY A, 102ND ENGINEERS.

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

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

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

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

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

TROOPS WANT GOOD MUSIC.

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

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

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

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



Fair Young Thing (as regimental adjutant passes): Oh, I know. He represents the United Cigar Stores.

CURTAILMENT OF PARCELS A MILITARY NECESSITY.

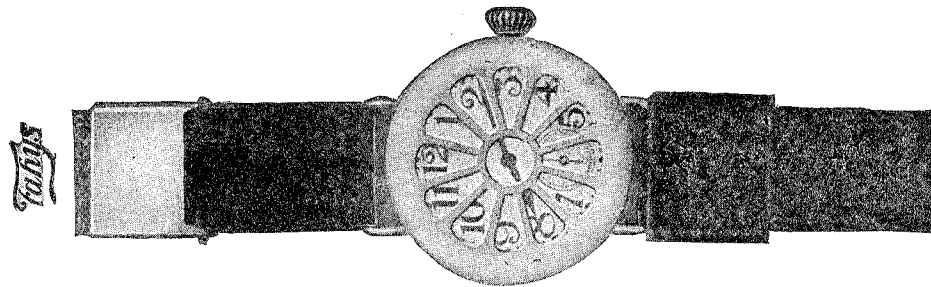
A statement has been issued by the War Department explaining that the recent order forbidding the sending of merchandise to American soldiers "Over There" unless they requested it was a military necessity.

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

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

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

Put Your Watch Behind this Strong Defense— a Fahys Armored Front Watch Case



Your watch is essential in your work. Protect it. See this real watch protection at your jewelers. It is part of the watch. Ask for Fahys Armored Case. Made in cushion shape as well as this round shape to fit any standard movement of 3-0 and 0 size.

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GENERAL FOCH.

Now that the Allied military forces have been placed under a unified command, American soldiers are curious to know what manner of man is General Ferdinand Foch, the commander of all the commanders.

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

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

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

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

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

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

He served as Director of the Ecole de Guerre and devoted his attention to the development of the artillery branch of the French service. While he was in the War Office of the famous Creusot Works were de-

veloped and the .75 became the standard gun of the French army.

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

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

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

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

Is it any wonder that General Pershing, General Haig, General Petain and General Diaz have rallied so splendidly under Ferdinand Foch as Generalissimo?

A NEW AIRCRAFT HEAD.

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

PARENTS ARE SWINDLED.

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

THE AMERICAN'S CREED.

Mayor Preston, of Baltimore, one year ago offered \$1,000 for the best creed for Americans. The award was awarded to the one who wrote the following: I believe in the United States of America as a government of the people, by the people, for the people; whose just powers are derived from the consent of the governed, a democracy in a republic; a sovereign nation of many sovereign states; a perfect union, one and inseparable; established upon those principles of freedom, equality, justice and humanity for which American patriots sacrificed their lives and fortunes.

I therefore believe it is my duty to my country to love it; to support its constitution; to obey its laws; to respect its flag; and to defend it against all enemies.

A GERMAN REPORT AMERICANIZED.

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

WORD FROM STEFANSSON.

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

STRANDREFINED MUSICAL COMEDY
AND
TRIANGLE PHOTOPLAYS2 Solid Hours 2
OF ENTERTAINMENT**RIALTO**THE HOUSE OF FEATURES
PROGRAM CHANGED DAILY
OPEN FROM

10 A. M. TO 10 P. M.

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KEITH VAUDEVILLE

3 TIMES DAILY 3
3:00 — 7:15 — 9:00CHANGE OF PROGRAM
Monday and Thursday**BIJOU**

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— CHANGE OF PROGRAM DAILY —
ALL THE LATEST AND BEST
PICTORIAL AND COMEDY
REELS**New York
Pool Parlor**22 New Pocket
TablesTables Sixty Cents
per Hour115 E. Main St.
Next to Woolworth Store**54TH PIONEER INFANTRY.**

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

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

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

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

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

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

Andy is back, and so is the mule.

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

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

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

Lieutenant Bernstein, manager, and Lieutenant Rodgers, coach, are very much pleased with the showing our baseball team made in its recent game with the 53rd Pioneer Infantry team. We beat them 10 to 3. Poetch pitched a splendid game, and received excellent support. We have, in Stallions, uncovered a second Eddie Cicotte, knuckle-ball artist.

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

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

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

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

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

AMBULANCE COMPANY NO. 105.

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

The exercises are designed with the purpose of acquiring speed, agility, strength and control of the muscles, and alertness of mind. Commands are given and executed with lightning speed and precision, and unless a man keeps his wits about him he is likely to make a "blob," the punishment for which is to run across the drill ground to the reviewing stand and back into line. Privates are by no means the only offenders, Corporals, Sergeants and even Lieutenants have been known to take that sprint.

Of the nine puppies in the original litter, all but three, "Cootie," "Ithie" and "Lousy," have been disposed of. They make their home in a specially constructed kennel next to Tent Squad No. 1.

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

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

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

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

WALTER CHASKEL.

tration, fearing they would have to mark the Captain A. W. O. L. But he got in under the wire in good time.

The officers' clubhouse is nearing completion, and there is already talk of enlarging it, because of the influx of officers. We now have a colonel, a lieutenant-colonel, two majors and five captains attached to this regiment.

The very finest chaplain in the army, Captain Crocker, is in New York on a fifteen-day leave, and he leaves a hole in the organization that nobody else can fill. We'll be mighty happy to have him back.

C. T. M.

COMPANY C, 3RD PIONEER INFANTRY.

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

Corporal Hyde has been transferred to the Military Police, and at present is in charge of the detail at the Southern R. R. station. Being an ex-ring star, "Cy" is well fitted for the job. Behave yourself when you see him coming.

Sergeant R. W. Taffe is enjoying a 15-day furlough at his home in Massachusetts. How is everyone in Watertown, Ray? The furlough was handed him at 12:35 and he left on the 1 P. M. train. Some speed.

Sergeant George Hennrikus has just returned from furlough, and admits that he is married to the "best little girl in the world" (of course).

Supply Sergeant W. Michael Breen reminds us of a janitor with a bunch of keys always dangling from his belt, that would put a jailor to shame. In addition to the keys he has a whistle and a few cork screws. Why not tie on a few mess kits, Bill?

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

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

With the future Mrs. Cunningham and the future Mrs. Gibbons nursing in Halifax, it is no wonder they are anxious to go across. They are probably figuring on "jumping" the ship when we put in, before we undertake the final lap across, in case we hit that city.

Mechanic Ouellette, our "Lily-pad Hopper," is spending his spare time trying to instill the rudiments of the French language into Cook A. Vicenzo Tornrose, who in return is teaching "Ooly" how to talk Scandinavian. Now and then Gibbons interrupts the lesson with a streak of pure, undiluted Irish, that they can understand without taking any lessons. Gibby dislikes anyone that can't talk plain United States.

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

guess would call "Smiling" Bob to account. It looks like his work to us.

Our incinerator expert, Mess Sergeant Nordstrom, is praying that there is no garbage or waste water "over there." He likes the mess end of the job, but dislikes the idea of pounding tin cans out of shape every other day. Although of foreign birth he is behaving like a good American citizen, and the only fault we can find with him, is his fond desire to hand out so-called meat balls, beef stew, hash(?) etc., at least five times a week. He is at present taking English lessons from Corporal A. Lawrence Gaw (as he prefers to be called), our famous grammar school graduate.

Things that never happen:

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

Gibbons passing up a chance to tell a cook what a good cement-mixer he would make.

Gaw showing no interest when possible transfers to the M. P. are mentioned.

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

Breen doing "bunk fatigue" more than 20 hours a day.

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

The same gentleman passing up an opportunity to tell us how he once rode a bicycle on a picket fence and "jumped" it over a gap of 14 feet, without falling.

A. L. T.

VETERINARY CORPS DETACHMENT
AUXILIARY REMOUNT DEPOT 307.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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If you don't know these O-B Military Rings, go see them at the Camp Exchange or any good Jeweler's when you are on leave.

Get an O-B Military Ring. Have it engraved with your Name, Company and Regimental designation, and your Home Address—a perfect identification.


And to the Mother, Wife, Sweetheart—send duplicates of your own Ring in Ladies' Sizes.

Military Service Rings	{ Sterling Silver, \$2.50 each
	{ Solid Gold, \$13.50 each
Ladies Service Rings	{ Sterling Silver, \$1.75 each
	{ Solid Gold, \$6.00 each
Military-Emblem Rings	{ Masonic, Elk, K. of C., Moose } \$2.50 each
Officers' Rings (each bearing the officers' emblem and the emblem of his branch of the service—10K Solid Gold)	\$16.50 each

Ask to see the O-B Service Brooches and Service Pins—beautiful keepsakes to send back home

If your Camp Exchange or Jeweler cannot show you the O-B Military Rings and Patriotic Jewelry—send us your name, camp or fort address, rank, company and regimental numbers and ring size direct. Write for booklet, "O-B in Camp and at the Front."

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118 RICHMOND STREET PROVIDENCE, R. I.
The Foremost Makers of Military Rings and Patriotic Jewelry



Throat dry? Voice husky?
Lubricate with

WRIGLEY'S

It refreshes and sustains. Aids digestion.

Wrigley's Spearmint
Wrigley's Doublemint
Wrigley's Juicy Fruit

The Flavor Lasts!

YOU'RE WELCOME.

To the Editor of the GAS ATTACK,
Dear Sir:

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

Respectfully,

Sergeants BIRCHELL,
MULLEY,
BLAKE,

Athletic Committee, 5th Pioneer Inf.

COMPANY H, 105TH INFANTRY.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

PIONEERS HOLD ATHLETIC GAMES.

The Pioneer Division held their first set of athletic games. Events were run off in good order and a large crowd was in attendance. Corporal Eilertsen, of the 54th Pioneer, was the individual star, winning the 100 yard dash, Rescue race and three-legged race. The 54th Pioneer ran away with the Point trophy, scoring 32 points; 53rd Pioneer 8 points; 55th and 56th, 6 points each; 52d Pioneer, 5 points, 2d Pioneer, 1 point.

Summaries.

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

100 yard rescue race—Corporal Eilertsen and Buttermark, 54th, 1st; O'Brien and Woffle, 53d, 2d; Howell and Beck, 54th, 3d; 40 2-5 seconds.

100 yard 3-legged race—Eilertsen and Williamson, 54th, 1st; Joyce and Stockbridge, 5th, 2d; Burke and Wolf, 53d, 3d; time 12 4-5 seconds.

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

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

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

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

Three-legged race—Eilertsen and Williamson, 54th Pioneer Infantry, first; Joyce and Stockbridge, 5th Pioneer Infantry, second, and Burke and Wolfe, 53rd Pioneer Infantry, third. Time, 12 4-5 seconds.

220-yard obstacle race—A. M. Marburger, 52nd Pioneer Infantry, first; N. A. O'Brien, 53rd Pioneer Infantry, second, and L. Grob, 54th Pioneer Infantry, third. Time, 27 seconds.

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

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

220-yard rescue race—Eilertsen and Buttermark, 54th Pioneer Infantry, first; O'Brien and Wolfe, 53rd Pioneer Infantry, second and Howell and Beck, 54th Pioneer Infantry, third.

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

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COMPANY B, 104 MACHINE GUN BATTALION.

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

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

Eli Whitney, our erstwhile iron man, on the second day out, discovered much creaking of the hinges, loose joints and trouble with his feed system and had great difficulties in making the grades. Whit attributes the trouble to overloading, but then he always was averse to having anything on his back. Witness his South Sea Island costume en route for the showers.

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

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

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

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

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

Stomach Swindler Wilson, who succeeded Belly Robber Shimer as mess sergeant, must have got his experience as chef to a couple of canaries. He is growing fat on the job, however.

Joe Emde, of the third platoon, the members of which never know what is going on anyway, couldn't hear very well the other night when the Headquarters crucifixions

were read off. He expressed regret however to hear of anyone with the good old name of "Dooley executed."

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

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

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

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

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

We hear that the government is advertising for bids on contracts for the erection of a pair of field shoes for Baltensperger, of Camp Wadsworth and Converse. Fourteen architects have been working four weeks on the plans. A Texas ranch owner is slaughtering his entire head of 1,200 cows to supply the leather. Three ammunition factories have had new machinery installed and expect soon to devote all their time to the making of the hobnails for these leather dog houses. The shoes will be shipped on flat cars and assembled in camp. The completed structures are expected by January first.

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

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

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

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

REX.

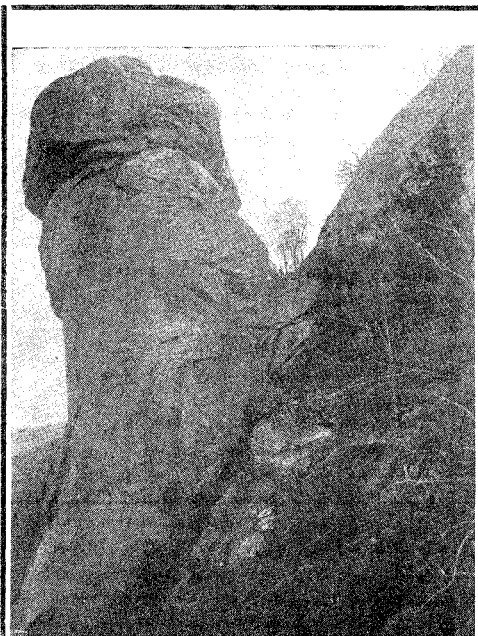
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WORLD BREVITIES

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

CANADIAN WAR GOVERNMENT.

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

ENGLAND'S SOLUTION OF THE LABOR PROBLEM.

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

ENGLAND IS MAKING PLANES.

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

She is now making in a single month more than she made in the whole of 1915.

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

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

LOST GUNS REPLACED BY THE ALLIES.

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

ENGLAND MAKES MORE TANKS.

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

FORD'S TIN EAGLES.

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

PROHIBITION CAMPAIGN IN ALABAMA.

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

THE LONG RANGE GUNS OF THE GERMANS.

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

GERMANY COLLECTS 250,000 MARKS FROM MOSCOW.

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

WHY ARE WE FIGHTING GERMANY?

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

The reasons are as follows:

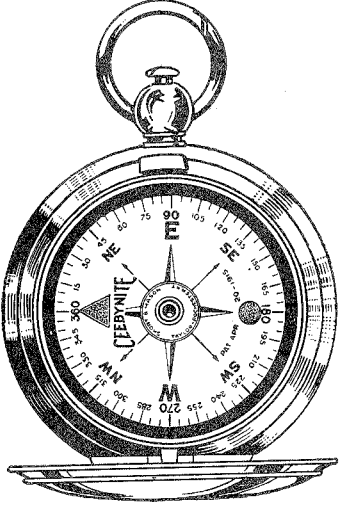
1. Germany began the war. She planned for it for over forty years and was against all arbitration and against all treaties which would hold her responsible for any war which she might wish to commence. She was cultivating jealousy against all nations which came into competition with her. She cultivated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

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

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

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

5. Germany disregarded her pledges in the conduct of the war. She had broken every pledge she had taken in the Hague Conference. She had broken every principle and practice of warfare. She bombarded unfortified cities, she resorted to pillage, she took private funds, she held communities responsible for alleged acts of individuals, she wreaked vengeance upon communities without cause, she used pois-



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onous gases, she dropped bombs at night on sleeping villages.

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

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

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

9. Germany filled our land with spies. She placed bombs in our merchant vessels, she made plots which were calculated to make between this nation and other nations. She never kept her promises made to desist from submarine warfare, she promised parts of our country to any country which would aid her in her submarine warfare. She fomented strikes and disorders, she tried to alienate the United States from the people of Japan and is found to have been guilty of this for a decade; she offered a

half million dollars to bribe Mexico in order to get her to start a war against the United States, her ambassador asked for \$50,000 dollars with which to influence Congress as he claimed he had done before.

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

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

12. Germany imperiled the integrity of our nation.

13. Germany continually threatened the peace of the world.

14. Germany made the world unsafe for democracy.

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

PUNISHMENT FOR FRAUD IN WAR INSURANCE.

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

CORTINA FRENCH AND ENGLISH MILITARY MANUAL



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FOREWORD BY MAJOR-GEN. LEONARD WOOD

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104TH FIELD ARTILLERY.

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

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

Our Greek Colony has lost another member: Klonarides has been transferred to the Supply Trains.

The camouflage detachment went to the range to explore the wilds of Glassy Rock and to obtain new material for their next period of artistic "faking." Corporal Oenasek, one of the camoufleurs, has been assigned as instructor in this art of "nature faking."

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

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

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

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

Famous trucks:

- A horse....
- Our mail....
- C Battery's....

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

(Continued from page 3)

would have blushed almost as red as Stout's ladies are habitually.

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

Wells's Punch-Like Sketches.

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

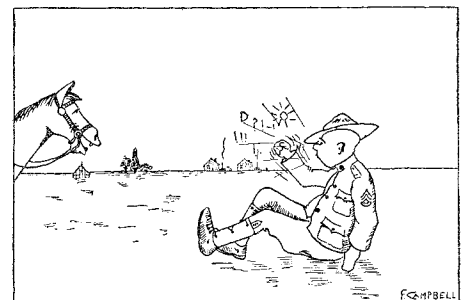
Illava, Dreher, Lauten and Kennedy, all well known to Gas Attack readers, have some characteristic pen and ink work on view. Harold Kunkle has a very realistic view of two mule skinnners and their charges, which has everything in it but the profanity, and you can almost hear that. The tugging, struggling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

The first salon of the New York Division Academy, thanks to G. William Breck, the Seventh Regiment Gazette, the G. William Breck Chowder and Social Club, Colonel Loheed and the artists who contributed their time and talent was a most successful affair. Many of the pictures were bought from the artists by admiring visitors at Spartanburg prices. The pictures are to be exhibited in New York at the Seventh Regiment armory.

R. E. C.

PLOTTED TO BLOW TRAINS.

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



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E. S. Reeves—Linen Room

COMPANY D, 102ND AMMUNITION TRAIN.

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

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

Hapeman being quite quick-witted perceived after due meditation that he had made an error and was not in a free show but to make the best of the situation stepped up to the cashier's window, presented a large dollar bill and said "one, please." He received the pasteboard and 78 cents in change. "What," he gurgled, "22 cents just to see a movie. Why back in Hudson 5 cents is the most we ever pay. 17 cents too much." Later when his inner man was calling to him quite loudly, he stepped into an eating house and called for his favorite fruit, pan a cakes; also ordered a cup of java. "What, 25 cents for the griddle cakes and 10 cents for one cup of coffee? Highway robbery." Well, he would try some ice cream. "15 cents for a walnut dessert?" Had the people of Spartanburg no heart? Quincy spent all afternoon and evening in town always figuring exactly what the next thing would cost. Upon arriving back in camp he sat on his bunk in deep meditation and figured up exactly what he had spent. His total expenditures were just \$1.20 and then he made one big resolution and next day found him at the Y. M. C. A. exchanging his remaining \$28.80 for a money order which now reposes in the old sock back in Hudson, N. Y., with the 30 simoleons from each previous

month that he has been in the khaki, namely since July 15, 1917.

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

We now have a new set of cooks. That is, only about a month old. When they first began to cater to our appetites they inquired once in a while as to what we craved. Now they say, "Well, if you don't like, you don't have to burden yourself down with it." What a difference some authority does make.

Hank Keldner, Bob Decker and Clif. Decker are back with us again after indulging in the excesses of their furloughs back in civilization. Hank at the present moment is chopping the kindling for the kitchen fire.

Nonamaker and Art O'Brien are now having their daily workouts with the gold brick squad trying to take the flatness out of their pedal extremities.

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

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

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

A. G. P.

THE TALLEST STORY.

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

"I was personally acquainted with George Washington.

"I was lying behind the breastworks one day, pumping lead into the Britishers, when I heard the patter of a horse's hoofs behind me. Then came a voice:

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

"I looked around and saluted, recognizing General Washington, and he said:

"'What's your name?'

"'Hogan,' I said.

"'Your first name?'

"'Pat, sir—Pat Hogan.'

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

"'I think I'd better get a few more, General,' I said, kind of apologetic.

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

COMPANY H, 106TH INFANTRY.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

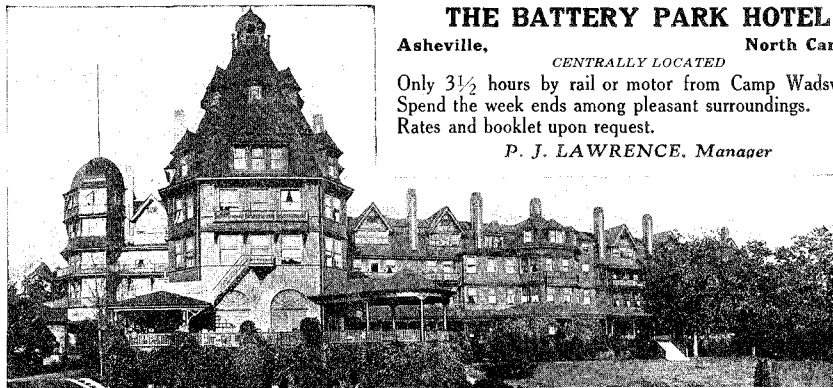
Private Frank Wannamaker is still with the company and there is hopes that Wannamaker will stay a little while this time.

Sergeant William E. Meyer has a great idea that sleeping with your head in the open will grow hair. Every night you can see the sergeant with his head stuck out of the door of the tent and to date he has had no success. Hey, Serg, why don't you have it plowed and plant some oats like the fellows do in front of the tent?

It is rumored that Corporal Sarmiento took off his shoes the other night and that was why he was late for reveille. Since Sar got into the intelligence office of the regiment he is there with the Webster and Britannica stuff.

Sergeant Curry came near using bad lan-

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guage but he remembered and went right back to his up state stuff of Gosh Darn it. Say, Sergeant, are you an apple knocker?

Jim Sagendorf of the Gimmie fame, was caught with cigarettes the other night. Jim you'll have to be more careful in future.

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

W. H. R.

AMBULANCE CO. NO. 108.

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

A hearty welcome is extended to Captain Allerton and the boys congratulate our new "Topper" Benedict and Sergeants Truesdall and Dany on their well-earned promotions.

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

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

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

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

Tyler, one of Corporal Hensberry's shining lights, has declared his intention of becoming a tiller of the soil when he gets back in civilian life. Any night he may be found delving deep in periodicals on the mysteries of hoeing beans and threshing

pumpkins. Anyone having any old copies of "The Farm and Fireside," "The Country Gentleman" or other agricultural publications are requested to turn them over to this would be "yokel."

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

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

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

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

Thee Pine Hill boys are still manipulating the paste-boards. Smiley and Rapp playing euchre with McGuinness and O'Neil got the best eight out of ten games the other night.

Rapp and O'Neil are holding their own with the quoits.

"Doc" Harvey has received his commission as Farrier.

Horseshoer Morgan continues to do "Bunk Fatigue" on the horseshoe kegs in the shop.

R. M. L.

WHO WAS HE?

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

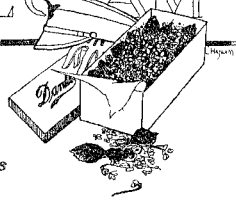
"But, Helen," he said, "aren't you unusually fat?"

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

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

TELEGRAM

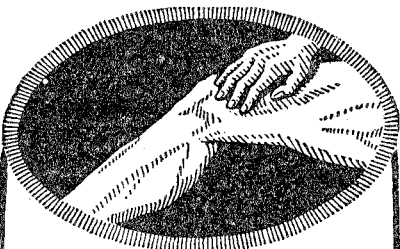
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CO. M, 108TH INFANTRY.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

EDWIN S. SCHREINER, Corporal.

MASONS OF CAMP MEET IN MASS MEETING.

On Thursday evening, February 18, a mass meeting of the Masons in Camp was held in Mess Shack No. 8—5 of the 55th Pioneer Infantry. Chaplain Hanscomb of the 106th Infantry, presided as chairman, with D. M. Davis of Y. M. C. A. Unit 93 as Secretary.

This meeting was made possible largely by the work of Major De Lemater, Chaplain Hanscomb, and Private Tucker of the 106th Infantry and D. M. Davis, of the Y. M. C. A. After the meeting was called to order the Secretary read resolutions which in part were adopted. The chairman then made a talk of the possibilities of this organization after which Lieutenant Chas. Stroup of the Base Hospital introduced a motion to organize a lodge representing Camp Wadsworth, which motion was enthusiastically carried. A committee of five was appointed to investigate just what steps should be taken to organize a Camp Lodge. This committee consists of Col. Stover, of the 3d Pioneer Infantry; Major Gibson, of the Pioneer Brigade Headquarters; Major Purdy, of the 51st Pioneer Infantry; Captain Goodman, of Base Hospital, with Sergeant Tower, of the 3d Pioneer Infantry, as chairman.

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

THE DUTCH AGREEABLE.

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

A NEW KIND OF STAMPS.

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

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

"How many, Miss?" asked the clerk.

"Two," she cried joyfully.

"What kind?"

"A boy and a girl."

"Any Back Numbers of The Gas Attack?"

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

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

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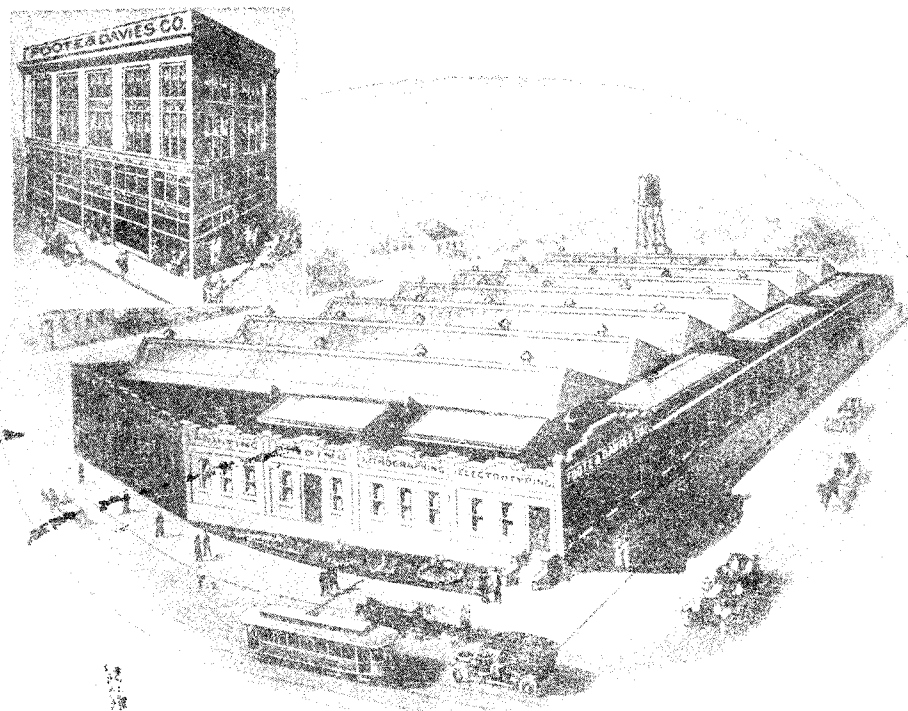


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