

PRICE 5 CENTS

Bingham

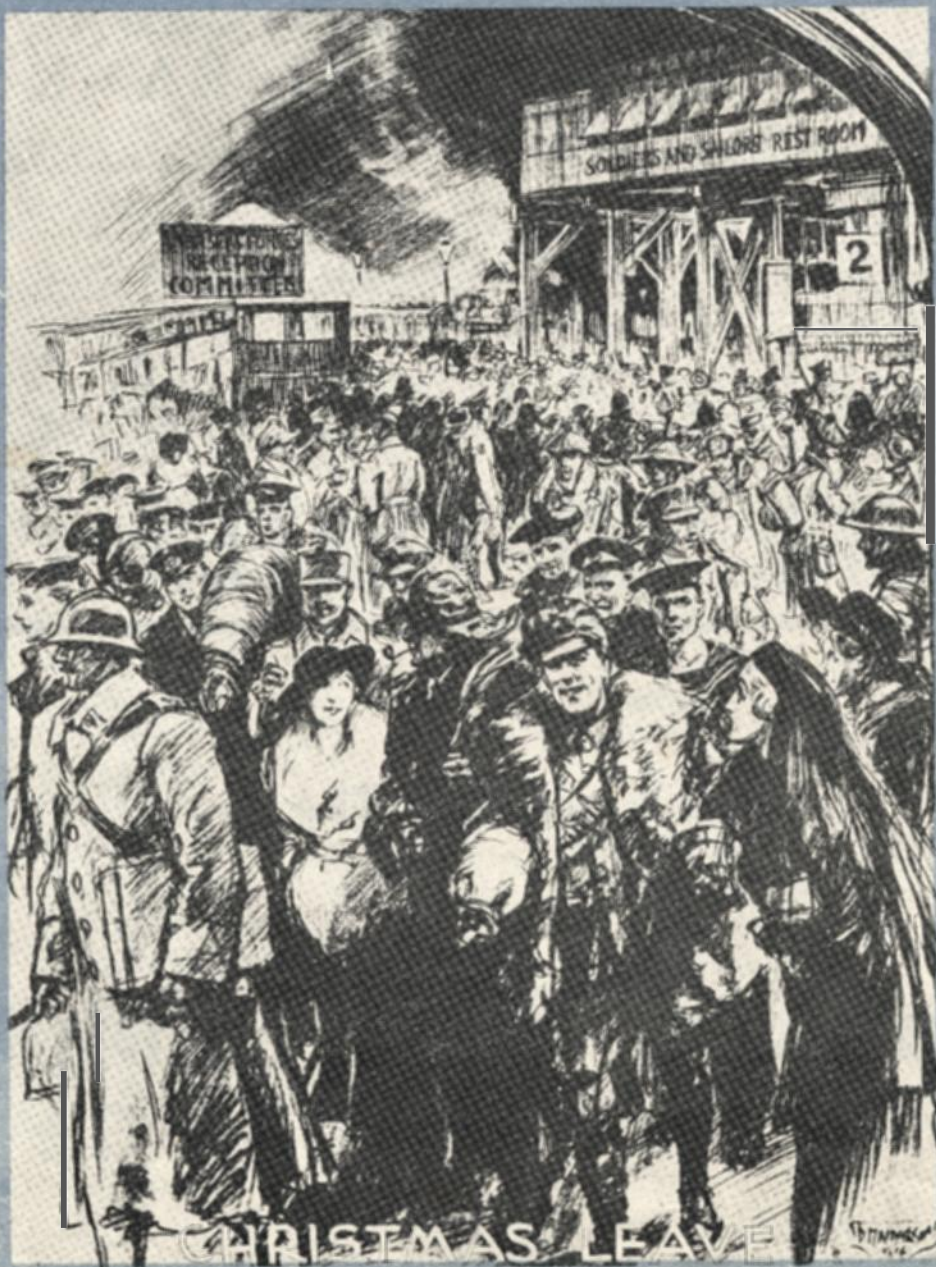


WADSWORTH GAS ATTACK AND The Rio Grande Rattler.

Vol. 1

CAMP WADSWORTH S. C., December 15, 1917

No. 4





Old in Years--Young and Progressive in Spirit and Service

We invite your account on the strength of these virtues and the following statement condensed from report rendered the Comptroller of Currency, November 20th, 1917.

RESOURCES	LIABILITIES
<i>Loans</i> - - - \$1,614,092.96	<i>Capital</i> - - - \$500,000.00
<i>Overdrafts</i> - - - 1,350.63	<i>Surplus and Profits</i> - - - 115,697.08
<i>U. S. Bonds</i> - - - 500,000.00	<i>Circulation</i> - - - 500,000.00
<i>Liberty Bonds</i> - - - 160,000.00	<i>Bills Payable</i> - - - NONE
<i>Other Bonds</i> - - - 2,266.00	<i>Rediscounts</i> - - - NONE
<i>Federal Reserve Bank Stock</i> 18,000.00	<i>Deposits</i> - - - 1,832,363.14
<i>Banking House & Real Estate</i> 72,674.52	
<i>Cash and Due from Banks</i>	
<i>and U. S. Treasurer</i> - 579,676.11	
<u>\$2,948,060.22</u>	<u>\$2,948,060.22</u>

Since Its Organization This Bank Has Paid Out To Its Stockholders
In Dividends \$933,800.00

N. B.—A. B. A. CHECKS FOR SALE
FIRST NATIONAL BANK
SPARTANBURG, S. C.

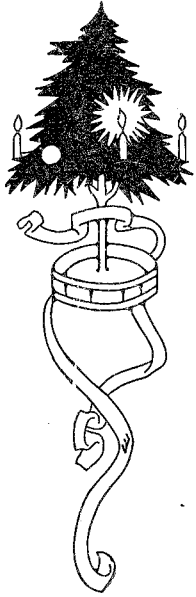
Safety--Service--Satisfaction

On 1st National Corner--Under The Eagle

“FOLLOW THE BEATEN PATH”

It Leads to The

Bank of Spartanburg



IT'S COMING!
WATCH FOR IT!
SEND IT HOME!

What?

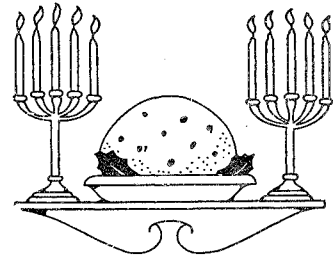
The Big Christmas Number

of the

WADSWORTH GAS ATTACK

AND

RIO GRANDE RATTLER



107th INF. POST EXCHANGE

SOME OF THE THINGS YOU CAN BUY

Fountain Pens
Stationery
Christmas Cards
Camp Views
Toilet Articles
Medicines
Razors
Flash Lights
Batteries and Lamps
Shoes Brushes and Pastes
Air Pillows

Candies
Cakes and Pies
Crackers
Ice Cream
Fruit
Jams and Preserves
Soft Drinks
Cigars and Cigarettes
Pipes and Tobacco
Gun Cases
Laundry Bags

KODAK SUPPLIES--QUICK DEVELOPING SERVICE

A Message From Major-General O'Ryan

TO

The Men of The 27th Division

One of the first papers I saw upon my return to New York City was a copy of the "WADSWORTH GAS ATTACK AND RIO GRANDE RATTLER." Although camouflaged by an additional name, a magazine cover and some red ink, it was possible to discern some of the features of the RATTLER as we knew it on the border.

In answer to the Editor's request for a statement of some kind for this number, and speaking for all the officers who went abroad from this division, I can say we are glad to be back, but ready to go again. It is most satisfactory to find the officers and men of the division so keenly interested in their work. The health of the command has been exceptional, and the conduct of its personnel excellent. General Phillips told me he was proud of his command.

Officers and men should not be impatient to get abroad. There is enough war there for everybody and a continuation of the training period here under the favorable climatic conditions of this section of the country will prove most valuable. A soldier has been defined as a man who has an insatiable desire to go somewhere else, and who upon getting there immediately re-establishes and continues the same desire.

The war will be won by disciplined fighting soldiers, not by devices or material things. The history of warfare shows this. What is going on abroad confirms it. The intelligence, loyalty and individual skill of our men are valuable assets. But they are assets which can not be effectively used in battle unless they are welded into a harmonious and dependable whole through the solidifying influence of discipline. And this discipline, to be solid and substantial, must be as hard as steel. It must produce an obedience so prompt and unquestioned that the act is performed subconsciously. Its quality should be such that the physical response to a command is correct in all details. Every battle in the history of warfare had its mistake, errors and neglects which affected the results, and these, in most instances, were due to failure in discipline.

Every soldier in the division should understand the importance of discipline. His life will largely hang upon it. The lives of his comrades and the value of his regiment will be dependent upon it. Without it, the tactical division can not be regarded as an effective fighting machine. It can not be created in a week, a month, or a year. Its standard can always be improved. Every officer and man should think of this and take advantage of every day to increase the power of his unit by increasing the standard of organization and individual discipline.

A Night in the Camp Trenches

A Senator, A General, A Colonel and a Passel of Assorted Officers Bagged by Shivering Sentries in Fire Trench

[By Private W. A. Davenport, Company M, 107th Infantry.]

Naturally the trenches we'll occupy in France and Belgium will be a bit different. The circumstances will be slightly altered. The Hun will be out yonder making earnest endeavor to wipe us out and the trenches with us. And the business of capturing an enemy will consist in somewhat sterner practice than merely that of informing him that you see him quite plainly and that he should advance at once and give his name and rank immediately.

And, on the other hand, it is altogether likely that the adventurous one who comes within rifle shot of the trenches we occupy over there will have no further need of a name. But, taking the game as it is being played in the Wadsworth trenches, it is a fairly equitable affair and one with just claim to being excellent training for the life before us in the big ditches in Europe.

Off In the Stilly Night.

It was somewhat after nine o'clock at night. We had left the company street—the fourth platoon first—enjoined with repeated emphasis that silence was to be the cardinal virtue of the night.

We swung along the road queerly thrilled. We were doing something new, on a dark, cheerless night. There was something of mystery about trenches any way. The word, really, was almost synonymous with battle and attendant danger.

Again, on the road, the lieutenants whispered hoarsely that we must maintain absolute silence; that we should make no more noise with our feet, even, than was absolutely necessary. Sneezing became a crime fit to head the decalogue. To cough meant to fetch down upon one's self the scowls of the platoon.

It has been the writer's unenviable experience to have seen ten miserable creatures die for murder in Sing Sing's electric chair. With but two exceptions, the electrocutions took place some time between nightfall and daybreak—always in moments of darkness. And always, before the witnesses were led by the warden to the execution chamber, he bound them to SILENCE.

Well, there was something of the same eery feeling about these sepulchral warnings against breaks in the silence.

Sergeant Whoozis, Guide.

We halted, a hundred feet from the narrow runway that slips down into the last line trenches. Sergeant Whoozis of Something or Other reported as guide. And we followed Sergeant Whoozis through the trenches.

The first twelve miles were not so bad de-

spite the fact you couldn't see the hat of the man in front of you, the red clay wall to your left nor the firing step to your right. But after that, the continual stumble forward to the fire or first line trench became monotonous. You became dizzy enough to drop but couldn't. You couldn't fall forward. Your file leader was too close to you. You couldn't sway backward. Already the fellow on your heels was demanding to know (in a terrific whisper) what in h— was scaring you. The trench was too narrow to permit of more than two or three inches leeway on either side. We carried blanket rolls, haversacks, canteens, picks, shovels and rifles.

Above us—and how far above us it seemed—we beheld a narrow strip of sky. Like a narrow, blue-black band of velvet ribbon, it was, studded by ten million stars. There was much stumbling. The turns were vicious. The firing steps had, here and there, been rivetted and the rough clubs and stakes driven into the mud, caught the skirts of long overcoats or ripped the laces of loose leggins.

An Eerie Trip.

Occasionally a man stumbled or jammed his foot against a rock. Hoarsely but with vast emotion he cursed—cursed the war, the trenches, the kaiser and like obnoxious things. Ghostly figures appeared above our heads. They peered over the edges of the gullies. They were muffled to the ears and, as we got nearer the fire trench and the light became better, we noted that they wore white bands around their hats—the observers, to be sure.

The long, tortuous trip ended with the fourth platoon in the fire trench, and the first, second and third platoons scattered in and throughout the support and cover trenches. By squads we were posted—we fellows in the fire trench—at points most likely to be assailed. We were scattered along—say every fifty feet or so.

Prone in the Fire Trench.

We were to lie on our stomachs on the parapet or stand on the firing step looking over the parapet, our rifles at ready and our ears and eyes doing hair trigger duty.

Where we were placed we were to stay until relieved. If grub reached us, well and good. If it didn't, it didn't. The penalty

"Contributions to the Community Tree Fund will not only be received, but WELCOMED by Mrs. J. F. O'Ryan, 235 Pine Street, Spartanburg, S. C."

for sleeping on post over on the other side is death. We were informed that they wouldn't shoot us for sleeping in the Wadsworth trenches but, that by the time our punishment had ceased, we would have wished more than once that they had shot us.

Two hundred yards across the valley lay the camp of the enemy—the observers. Between us and the enemy stretched a jaded barbed-wire fence, a narrow creek and a scant strip of woods. The moon had come out but a dismal, ill smelling fog had floated in from somewhere and the effects of the moon were dissipated thereby.

Grabbing the White-Banded Observers.

We were told to capture, identify and fetch in, all observers or other persons found near by our posts. We were informed that this was our night. We, privates, Jones, Smith, Brown and Robinson, were the bosses, collectively and individually. MILITARY COURTESY WAS CALLED OFF. If a Major General started hanging around, grab him. If a Colonel sassed you, give him h—. We weren't supposed to recognize rank nor station outside our own lines. Our orders were unmistakable.

We waited an hour for the first assault; a stealthy, scout-like assault that kept nerves on edge and the eyes roving. A sergeant or two and a scattering of corporals made the first attempt to crawl past the outposts and into the trenches thus to show we were far from our job. They were snagged with a promptitude that made them wrangle amongst themselves who had betrayed their presence on the edge of the woods.

On Come the Stealthy Foe.

From midnight until five in the morning, through a fog that froze the marrow and a hard, dull bitterness of cold that contracted the innards, the enemy came creeping up the creek gully, along the woods and through the pine trees. Now and then a man on the firing step whose eyes had begun to play him tricks set up a hoarse challenge that received no answer.

Angered, he'd leap over the parapet and into the thicket wherein he had espied the stealthy enemy. He'd find he'd been challenging a bit of vagrant paper or a clump of cotton bolls nodding in the heavy, slow breeze that seemed water laden.

And soon thereafter, another sentry would rush crashing through the copse of stunted oak and pine to snarl a final challenge at a mysterious figure who would curse him to perdition in reply. The mysterious one was one of our own scouts crawling along the

(Continued on page 20)

Wadsworth Gas Attack and Rio Grande Rattler

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PRICE FIVE CENTS.

Address, WADSWORTH GAS ATTACK AND RIO GRANDE RATTLER, Camp Wadsworth, Spartanburg, S. C.

MAJOR GENERAL O'RYAN RETURNS.

Major General O'Ryan has returned to the 27th Division. **The Wadsworth Gas Attack and Rio Grande Rattler**, speaking for the men of his command, heartily welcomes him back.

We congratulate Brigadier General Phillips on the able manner in which he commanded the Division during Major General O'Ryan's absence in France. We have made substantial progress in our training, with Brigadier General Phillips in command. Our returning commander will find the physical condition of the men and of the camp excellent. He will find our morale high. He will find us ready to tackle any tasks he may set for us as the result of his recent experience in France.

There are a lot of men in the Division who are just beginning to realize the magnitude of a Major General's position, and the calibre of man needed to fill it. The problems that he must solve quickly and successfully are many and varied. He must combine unusual executive ability with highly specialized knowledge. Managing a steel trust is child's play in comparison with commanding a Division. You hear men speak of "the military game." It is more than a game. It is a science. And a Major General must be a past master of that science. He must be, first of all, a soldier—a soldier in bearing, a soldier in training. He must be a leader, an organizer, a business man, a lawyer, a mathematician, a father confessor, a fighter and a prophet.

Both Major General O'Ryan and Brigadier General Phillips have shown that they have measured up to these high standards.

Major General O'Ryan's going to France was the action of a wise and provident leader. Before sending his men, he went himself. He did not depend on second hand accounts of what actual conditions at the front are. He went in person. Just what he learned can not, of course, be printed here. But we are sure to benefit immeasurably by his keen observation. We will go to our task "over there" better prepared, and a more formidable fighting machine, because of our leader's foresight.

It is futile to speculate here on the probable significance of Major General O'Ryan's return. Those who feed on

rumors say that it means an early movement of the Division. Others, equally knowing, declare that it means that we will be in training here till spring. This sort of idle gossip is pink-tea, sewing circle stuff. It is out of place in a man's camp.

We have a big job on our hands—the biggest in our lives. We must get ready to do it, and do it well. While we are training, let us keep our eyes in the boat. Let us plug away and not worry about when we are going to go and where. Major General O'Ryan will look after that and we have confidence in him. Our job is to make use of every minute so that when we go up against the crack German troops we can hit them such a smash that for years to come the very name of the New York division will send a chill down every Teuton spine.

CHEERING NEWS.

We print here a letter from a United States soldier, 24 years old, now at the front. Read it. Think it over. It will cheer you up. This is the spirit that is going to win for us. It is the spirit we all really have, underneath our petty grumbings. An army of men who feel as this soldier does **must** win:

Somewhere in France, November 12, 1917.

I grow more and more accustomed to my position in my surroundings each day. I am very anxious to get up to the front, and begin my little task of pounding. Everyone wants to pitch in and do his man's job, and the more discomforting the news from Russia and Italy, the more we feel that we should be up at our sector and in action there.

We are growing daily in strength, and when the spring comes we should be able to move on with the best of them. We know we can not make an army in a few months, but we feel sure that we have all the necessary virtues and materials over here when we begin, and when we get seasoned.

We have much to learn, and we know that some experiences must be undergone before we shall come through. Our organization is marvelous. Just keep sending men and supplies. There is a fine spirit among our troops in Europe, and I know the drafted men will come through with the same sort of qualities that the new armies of England possess. It is great to wear the uniform. We leave here in a few days, but for what place and purpose, no one knows. You recall the sentences of Carlyle:

"Here on earth we are as soldiers,
Fighting in a foreign land.
That know not the plan of the campaign,
And have no need to know it.
Seeing that we are soldiers,
Let us do our duty as such,
With submission; with courage, and with an heroic joy."

I have wanted to get into this struggle. Now, at least, I am here and almost on the scene. I feel that I am doing the only thing in the world worthy of doing in these terrible days of suffering and these glorious days of courage and sacrifice. France is nobler and braver than ever. You see she goes to Italy's aid, giving up for the moment, lands of her own in the North. England is at her zenith of power. We are only beginning to marshal our strength. Sometimes, we all know, the GREAT PEACE is coming, and though there are great chasms yet to cross, we are happy over the prospect of the future and its promise of security and tranquility.

BUY RED CROSS CHRISTMAS SEALS TO-DAY.

War always increases tuberculosis. Red Cross seals are sold in camps to help comfort and cure consumptive soldiers and protect their families and comrades. Use seals on all letters. For sale at Y. M. C. A. building. One cent each. Buy them to-day.

NOTICE.

It costs two cents to mail a copy of the **Wadsworth Gas Attack and Rio Grande Rattler** anywhere. Be sure you put a two cent stamp on it.



A SOLDIER'S LETTER TO HIS SWEET-HEART.

DEAR MABLE:

I haven't wrote for sometime because I have been made an officer—a corporal. I admit I deserved it. I didn't apply for it or nothing. They just come and told me.

Being corporal means that I don't have nothing more to do with details, and at the same time I have more details to worry about than ever before. That is a sort of joke that us military men understand, but we couldn't expect a layman like you to understand it, Mable.

Yesterday being Sunday, me and three other officers borried mules off the stable sergeant and went for a ride in the country. We stopped at a little house that they said was a moonshiner's hut, but as it was broad daylight I couldn't tell, of course.

We stopped at another house near there. At first I thought it was a schoolhouse, there was so many kids playing around it. When I asked them if it was a school, they only laughed. A nice old lady said she "reckined" we could have dinner there for "fo' bits." The natives here speak a queer language and the men all have their necks shaved.

When we sat down to the table, all of a suddint, she ast me to say "Grace." I said I'd rather say "Mable," such being the name of my girl, but the old lady said no, I mean ask a blessin'. I didn't no none. One of the other guys poked me in the ribs and said, say something, you simp, so I said the General Orders in a low voice and ended up with Amen. It was a swell feed. We had little yellow biscuits that they call corn poems. And guess what? Pie made out of sweet potatoes! I asked the old lady if she ever tried making pie out of spinach but she didn't see the joke.

It still remains cold. The top sergeant says that I am going on interior guard tonight. That is lucky for me, as I wanted to get some indoor work.

We've got a new camp paper down here, The Wadsworth Gas Tank, and I am going to write some pieces for it. I always was a swell writer, Mable, even if I do say so.

I got your Thanksgiving box two days' ago. It was only ten days late. I guess the post office made some mistake. Usually things is later than that. It was in good shape except that the insides had been squeeze out of the mince pie, and some one had sat on the turkey. Of course I divided it up with my squad. That's me all over. I'm awful popular with my men. They often tell me they wish I'd be made a major or something. My men soon ate up the stuff. All

I saved for myself was the white meat and half the pie. It was a swell meal to have in the field. Of course, we aren't really in anybody's field. That's a military expression a girl couldn't understand.

I've got to quit now to post a guard. At the same time I may get a chanst to post this letter. That's a joke, Mable. I'm sorry my letter can't be longer but as a man rises in the army he gets less and less time to himself. Olive oil!

Your loving corporal in O. D.,

BILL.

* * * * *

RUMORS!

A New Issue of the Latest Model O. D. Rumors.

1. We sail from Hoboken Christmas morning.
2. All the cooks in the 107th Infantry are German spies, and are attempting to wean the 107th to Kultur with a propaganda of wieners and kraut.
3. We leave East St. Louis on flat boats New Year's Eve.
4. The 47th Infantry will combine with the Boy Scouts of Flushing, and the Home Defense League of Yonkers and do guard duty at the Chicago stock yards.
5. The 47th Infantry will take the first train for the Russian front.
6. The 47th Infantry will be made into cavalry and will hurry by ferry boat to Popoff, Siberia.
7. We will leave Key West, Florida, for Italy, St. Patrick's Day.
8. Bellows will immediately be issued to all men to repel Hun gas attacks.
9. We will start to march for Camp Webb, Wyoming, on the first clear Wednesday.
10. Non-coms will be abolished.
11. The Kaiser has sold the moving picture rights of the war to Blevitch, Blevitch, Blevitch and Co., of New York, and the war is now being conducted with blank cart-ridges.
12. All mounted men will be dismounted and all dismounted men will be mounted, and all the rest will be turned into cooks.
13. We leave for Ireland in submarines, via the Gowanus canal, sometime in February.
14. Pay days will be abolished.
15. We will encamp at Leonia, N. J. for the duration of the war.
16. We leave next week for somewhere.
17. We don't.

* * * * *

Contribs—Send in fuel to the Incinerator.

THE SOLDIER'S GARDEN OF VERSE.

I have the cutest little horse—

I feed him lots of hay,

I give him lots of oats, of course,

I clean him every day,

And when I've finished grooming him,

I heard a squishy thud,

And find the "()" &'?" cuss,

A rolling in the mud.

* * * * *

I love my topper, yes, I do.

I hope he goes to Heaven, too.

(The sooner the better.)

* * * * *

If captain I should get to be,

I'd soon dispense with reveille.

I ask you, do you think it right,

To get us soldiers up at night?

Before the moon has ceased to shine,

Why can't we start to fight at nine?

* * * * *

The Road to Hell, we are informed, is paved with good intentions.

The Road to Spartanburg, we have noticed, is paved with busted Fords.

* * * * *

Out at Camp Funston they make all the men who are conscientious objectors, and won't fight, do permanent kitchen police.

Just watch those birds after they've done kitchen police for about a month. You won't be able to keep them from fighting.

* * * * *

There are a lot of conscientious objectors in Camp Wadsworth.

Their objection is to work.

* * * * *

The Incinerator Stoker heard one of the darky mule-chauffeurs around camp saying to another the other day:

"Rufe, you'all kin always tell a majah by the little oyster shell on his shoulder, and you'all kin tell a kunnell by his little tin buzzard."

* * * * *

A 108th Regiment man went into a Spartanburg cafe (pronounced to rhyme with "safe") and said, "Have you got a Gas Attack?"

* * * * *

A sergeant in the 107th spied a rookie walking through some stacked rifles.

"How dare you go through there?" Get back at once," he shouted.

The rookie looked puzzled. He saw that it was up to him to make some apt military retort. He beamed brightly and hopped back. "As I was, Sarge, as I was," he piped.

* * * * *

Ethelburt Jellyback says he objects to living in the trenches because they make one narrow minded.

NEW OFFICERS.

Many Men Rise From Ranks to Commissions.

Telegraphic advice from the War Department, December 1, announces the appointment of the following named officers, who are assigned as indicated below and who are authorized to assume new grades and to wear the appropriate insignia thereof. They will report to the Commanding Officers of the several organizations indicated for duty.

Adjutant General's Department.

Captain Edward E. Gauche, Personnel Officer, Div. Adjutant's Off.

Captain Tristram Tupper, War Risk Insurance Bureau.

1st Lieut. William J. Grange, War Risk Insurance Bureau.

Quartermaster Corps.

2nd Lieut. Herbert Forsch, Division Quartermaster's Office.

Engineers.

1st Lieut. David Whelpley, 102nd Engineers.

1st Lieut. James L. Doyle, 102nd Engineers.

1st Lieut. Norman D. Richardson, 102nd Engineers.

1st Lieut. Tristram Tupper, 102nd Engineers (Apptd. Captain A. G. D.)

1st Lieut. Herbert F. Ross, 102nd Engineers.

2nd Lieut. John McDowell, Jr., 102nd Engineers.

2nd Lieut. Douglas C. Barry, 102nd Engineers.

2nd Lieut. William H. Smith, 102nd Engineers.

2nd Lieut. Patrick J. Waters, 102nd Engineers.

2nd Lieut. William R. Joyce, 102nd Engineers.

2nd Lieut. Arthur R. Gerland, 102nd Engineers.

2nd Lieut. Daniel R. MacDougall, 102nd Engineers.

2nd Lieut. Edward J. Eagan, 102nd Engineers.

2nd Lieut. Clarence S. Strang, 102nd Engineers.

2nd Lieut. James P. Fargarty, 102nd Engineers.

2nd Lieut. Albert E. Gibbs, 102nd Engineers.

2nd Lieut. Robert J. Diegas, 102nd Engineers.

Infantry.

2nd Lieut. Hugo F. Jaeckel, Aide to Major General O'Ryan.

2nd Lieut. Ralph P. Buell, Aide, 54th Inf. Brig.

1st Lieut. William B. Lester, 104th Machine Gun Battalion.

1st Lieut. Alfred E. H. Harry, 107th Infantry.

1st Lieut. Edward Willis, 107th Infantry.

1st Lieut. Kennard Underwood, 106th Infantry.

1st Lieut. William H. McMullen, Jr., 105th Inf.

1st Lieut. John F. Mahoney, 105th Infantry.

1st Lieut. Lucius H. Biglow, 105th Machine Gun Battalion.

2nd Lieut. Michael Connery, 53rd Inf. Brig., Aide.

1st Lieut. Harold G. Pearson, 102nd Trains Headquarters and M. P.

Field Artillery.

Colonel Frank H. Hines, 106th Field Artillery, Major Guido F. Verbeck, 106th Field Artillery, Major William H. Kennedy, 106th Field Artillery,

2nd Lieut. L. O. Thompson, 104th Field Artillery N. G., from O. R. C., 2nd Lieut. Harold F. Thomas, 104th Field Artillery N. G. from O. R. C., 2nd Lieut. Edward A. McGrath, Jr., 104th Field Artillery N. G. from O. R. C., 2nd Lieut. George W. Martin, 104th Field Artillery N. G., from O. R. C., 2nd Lieut. Charles McAdams, 104th Field Artillery, 2nd Lieut. Charles Sanourin, 104th Field Artillery, 2nd Lieut. James E. Andrews, 104th Field Artillery, 2nd Lieut. William H. Merrick, 104th Field Artillery, 2nd Lieut. George H. A. McNeil, 104th Field Artillery, 2nd Lieut. John T. Drennan, 104th Field Artillery, 2nd Lieut. Louis D. Janne, 104th Field Artillery, 2nd Lieut. Paul Hasselbrink, 104th Field Artillery, 2nd Lieut. Nicholas Ransler, 104th Field Artillery, 2nd Lieut. Marshall O. Sanchez, 104th Field Artillery, 2nd Lieut. Bernard Heineman, 104th Field Artillery, 2nd Lieut. Walter H. Vallance, 104th Field Artillery, 2nd Lieut. William J. Knight, 104th Field Artillery, 1st Lieut. Phillip J. Meany, 104th Field Artillery N. G., from O. R. C., 1st Lieut. Archibald B. Clark, 104th Field Artillery N. G.

from O. R. C., 1st Lieut. Mason Wheeler, 104th Field Artillery N. G., from O. R. C., 1st Lieut. Arthur Acheson, 104th Field Artillery N. G., from O. R. C., 1st Lieut. Edward Shippen, 104th Field Artillery, 1st Lieut. Richard J. Bush, 104th Field Artillery, 1st Lieut. John Farr, Jr., 104th Field Artillery, 1st Lieut. James Park, 104th Field Artillery, 1st Lieut. Edwin S. Bettelheim, 104th Field Artillery, 1st Lieut. John W. Pulleyn, 104th Field Artillery, 1st Lieut. Phillip B. Weld, 104th Field Artillery, 1st Lieut. Harold Le R. Whitney, 104th Field Artillery, Captain Francis P. Gallagher, 104th Field Artillery, 2nd Lieut. William K. Leufer, 105th Field Artillery, 2nd Lieut. Walter Le R. Abrams, 105th Field Artillery, 2nd Lieut. John P. Crehan, 105th Field Artillery, 2nd Lieut. Edmund J. Dellis, 105th Field Artillery, 2nd Lieut. John C. Orgill, 105th Field Artillery, 2nd Lieut. Louis R. Palmer, 105th Field Artillery, 2nd Lieut. Henry E. Knerim, 105th Field Artillery, 2nd Lieut. George W. McNulty, 105th Field Artillery, 2nd Lieut. Raymond Sheehan, 105th Field Artillery, 2nd Lieut. Charles E. Smith, 105th Field Artillery, Lt. Col. DeWitt C. Weld, Jr., 105th Field Artillery, Major William O. Richardson, 105th Field Artillery, Captain Charles H. King, 105th Field Artillery, 1st Lieut. James H. McSweeney, 105th Field Artillery, 1st Lieut. Francis V. Hayes, 105th Field Artillery, 1st Lieut. Clarence H. Higginson, 105th Field Artillery, 1st Lieut. Alexander W. Chauncey, 105th Field Artillery, 1st Lieut. Arthur A. Farrell, 105th Field Artillery, 1st Lieut. James H. Beard, 105th Field Artillery, 1st Lieut. Max L. Van Norden, 105th Field Artillery, 1st Lieut. Frederick Pruter, 105th Field Artillery, 1st Lieut. William E. Yeomans, 105th Field Artillery, 1st Lieut. Charles E. Dunn, 105th Field Artillery, 2nd Lieut. Emil M. Podcayn, 105th Field Artillery, 2nd Lieut. Wesley L. Bryde, 105th Field Artillery, 2nd Lieut. Frederick C. Heller, 105th Field Artillery, Captain Harry L. Gilchriese, 106th Field Artillery, Captain Howard K. Parker, 106th Field Artillery, Captain John J. Curtin, 106th Field Artillery, Captain Howard H. Buckhardt, 106th Field Artillery, 1st Lieut. Walter O. ParLOUR, 106th Field Artillery, 1st Lieut. George E. Fahys, 106th Field Artillery, 1st Lieut. Louis Wejtkowski, 106th Field Artillery, 1st Lieut. Harold E. Honhart, 106th Field Artillery, 1st Lieut. Paul F. Mann, 106th Field Artillery, 1st Lieut. William J. Gaskin, 106th Field Artillery, 1st Lieut. Theodore R. Farley, 106th Field Artillery, 1st Lieut. Stewart M. Chambers, 106th Field Artillery, 1st Lieut. Nathan F. George, 106th Field Artillery, 1st Lieut. Oswald Knauth, 106th Field Artillery, 1st Lieut. John C. Orr, 106th Field Artillery, 1st Lieut. Donald M. Roy, 106th Field Artillery, 1st Lieut. Edward J. Joseph, 106th Field Artillery, 1st Lieut. Ember C. Rogers, 106th Field Artillery, 1st Lieut. Reginald Knox, 106th Field Artillery, 1st Lieut. George L. Usher, 106th Field Artillery, 1st Lieut. F. C. Kingsland, 106th Field Artillery, 1st Lieut. Richard W. Ellis, 106th Field Artillery, 1st Lieut. E. J. Delvin, Jr., 106th Field Artillery, 2nd Lieut. Kalman J. Kortrellyesse, 106th Field Artillery, 2nd Lieut. Russell T. Backus, 106th Field Artillery, 2nd Lieut. Leighton Lobdell, 106th Field Artillery, 2nd Lieut. Charles E. Burnett, 106th Field Artillery, 2nd Lieut. Charles R. Jobe, 106th Field Artillery, 2nd Lieut. Howard Stretson, 106th Field Artillery, 2nd Lieut. Louis Snell, 106th Field Artillery, 2nd Lieut. Joseph R. Hess, 106th Field Artillery, 2nd Lieut. Herbert R. Rollins, 106th Field Artillery, 2nd Lieut. Humphrey B. Neil, 106th Field Artillery, 2nd Lieut. Fakley B. Cox, 106th Field Artillery, 2nd Lieut. Frank C. Curry, 106th Field Artillery, 2nd Lieut. George Toomey, 106th Field Artillery, 2nd Lieut. Edwin S. Burrows, 106th Field Artillery, 2nd Lieut. Edward Streeter, 106th Field Artillery, 2nd Lieut. Louis N. Eller, 106th Field Artillery, 2nd Lieut. Hector Turnbull, 106th Field Artillery, 2nd Lieut. Gilbert E. Ackerman, 106th Field Artillery, from O. R. C., 2nd Lieut. George H. Jones, 106th Field Artillery from O. R. C., 2nd Lieut. Whitney A. Wagner, 106th Field Artillery, 2nd Lieut. Douglas P. Walker, 106th Field Artillery, 2nd Lieut. Roy G. Kennedy, 106th Field Artillery, Captain Harry C. Miller, 52nd Field Art. Brigade Hdqrs., Captain Walter H. Schoellkopf, 52nd Field Art. Brigade Hdqrs., 1st Lieut. Harold H. Jones, 52nd Field Art. Brigade Hdqrs., Aide, 1st Lieut. Albert E. Schaefer, 52nd Field Art. Brigade Hdqrs.,

1st Lieut. Phillip S. Herbert, 52nd Field Art. Brigade Hdqrs., 2nd Lieut. Joseph Eddy, Aide, 52nd Field Art. Brigade Hdqrs., 2nd Lieut. Hugh De Y. Stillman, 52nd Field Art. Brigade Hdqrs., N. G., from O. R. C., 2nd Lieut. William S. Court, 105th Field Artillery, 2nd Lieut. Ernest R. Ulrich, 105th Field Artillery, 2nd Lieut. James F. Bishop, 105th Field Artillery, 2nd Lieut. Victor B. Withstandley, 105th Field Artillery, 2nd Lieut. William Stanebridge, 105th Field Artillery, 2nd Lieut. Sherrill Babcock, 102nd Ammunition Train. By Command of Brig. General PHILLIPS:

FRANKLIN W. WARD.

Lt. Col. Adjutant General, Acting Chief of Staff Official:

ALLAN L. REAGAN.

Acting General, Acting Adjutant.

SENATOR WADSWORTH A VISITOR.

Greatly Pleased With "The Smiling 27th Division" and Its Camp.

Camp Wadsworth was honored by a visit from United States Senator James W. Wadsworth of New York recently. Senator Wadsworth inspected the camp thoroughly. He had only words of high praise for the men and camp conditions.

Senator Wadsworth is a veteran of the New York National Guard and is a keen student of military matters, so his opinion has more weight than that of an ordinary civilian.

The Senator was particularly pleased with the spirit of the men. Even the kitchen police were smiling, he observed. He suggested that the 27th Division be called "the Smiling Division" because of the good cheer that prevailed everywhere.

"I don't need to be a doctor to see that the men are in splendid shape physically," Senator Wadsworth said. "I think the Division is ready to undertake the most trying field work at short notice."

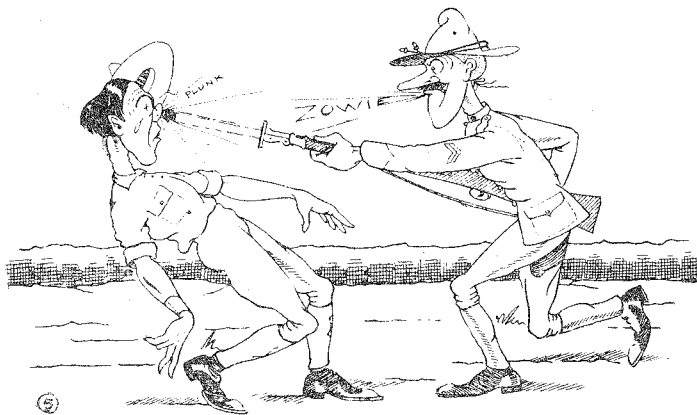
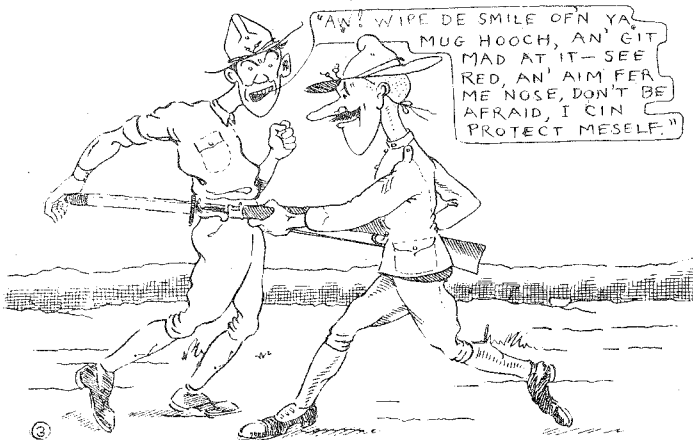
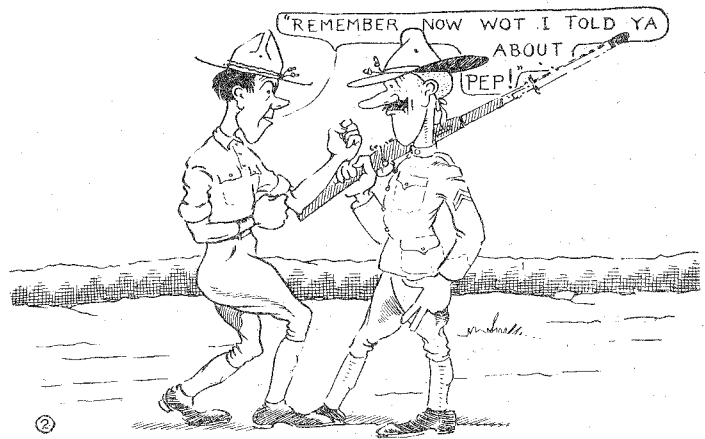
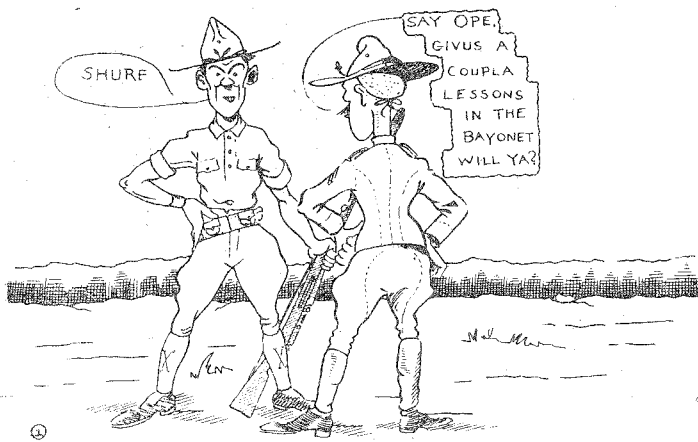
WE ARE WELL INSURED.

Men of 27th Division Already Insured For More Than \$165,000,000.

More than 20,000 officers and enlisted men of the 27th Division have taken out insurance for approximately \$165,000,000 according to the latest figures. Men in the Division do not realize how much work caring for this insurance will involve. Neither do they realize what a job it is to handle some 30,000 allotment blanks. Yet these insurance and allotment blanks are being taken care of by officers and enlisted men detailed from various units, without a flurry. They'll have to change the old simile, "Busy as a Beehive" to "Busy as a Training Camp."

SOLDIER ACCIDENTALLY SHOT.

Private Antonio Massucci, Battery B, 106th Field Artillery, was killed December 2nd by the accidental discharge of a pistol in the hands of a tent-mate. He was buried in the National Cemetery, Salisbury, N. C.



"BATTLING HOOTCH"

LT. E. C. DREHER

HOW TO WIN COMMISSION IN ENGINEERS.

Examinations for Lieutenancies to Be Held Here January 21.

Announcement is made at Division Headquarters that, owing to the shortage of officers in the engineer corps of the army, it is proposed to hold a competitive examination in Camp Wadsworth, beginning January 21, to fill some of those vacancies, and enlisted men and civilians who may aspire to appointment as provisional second lieutenants in the engineers are asked to compete.

According to law, vacancies in the corps of engineers may be filled, first, by cadets as they graduate from the military academy, and, second, through the competitive examination of other candidates. In order to be eligible to take this examination, a candidate must be an unmarried citizen of the United States between the ages of 21 and 29 years and must hold a diploma showing graduation in an engineering course from an approved technical school. Commanding officers are required to submit, not later than December 15, a list of approved candidates in their organizations. Concerning the chances of the enlisted men to pass the examination, the bulletin states:

"It is expected that by relieving them as much as possible from their regular duties, such of these candidates as may be approved will be given special opportunities to prepare themselves to some extent for a written examination which will be held beginning January 21, and presumably at the station of this organization. This competitive examination is required by law, but will be considerably simpler in character than the one which persons outside of the service are required to take. It will, however, be sufficient to show to what extent the candidates have assimilated the principles which they learned in their course at the technical schools.

"Arrangements have been made for the examination of candidates who may be at officers' training camps at the time, and further arrangements have been made in order that the opportunities may be given those in France, or may be en route there, to be examined likewise."



WHY SUPPLY SERGEANTS ARE UNPOPULAR.

Whatever Else They Lack, They Always Have Plenty of Red-Tape on Hand.

I dislike Supply Sergeants. They irritate me.

They are always asking personal questions. They want to know the "Hows" and the "Wheres." They question your motives. They go on the supposition that all people—excepting themselves, of course—are deceitful or ignorant or both. They are suspicious.

Sergeant-Misers.

They look upon all Government property as a miser looks upon gold. They are forever inspecting and taking inventories. They are selfish. They think a man can dress well and be presentable in "one (1) hat, service; one (1) undershirt, cotton flannel, winter; one (1) breeches, cotton, O. D., pr.; one (1) stockings, lt. wt., woolen, pr.; one (1) shoes, russet, marching, pr.; and two (2) ornaments, collar, bronze."

Whenever I lose anything I invariably find out that it has found its way into the Supply Tent and—in such event—the Supply Sergeant refuses to return it until I have presented him with two "bits" cash for the Mess Fund. Judging from my contributions to this fund, our mess should begin to pick up considerably without further delay.

Supply Sergeants are unfriendly. They speak of and to you by number only. When they are not asking you questions they are demanding that number so and so "sign here!"

Tag, Tag, Who Has the Tag?

I was well-known in civil life. I used to get five and ten dollars at fairs and bazaars for my signature. In the Army I must attach my signature at least four times to various papers before I can persuade the Supply Sergeant to give me so much as "one cord, hat, inf." or "one laces, shoes, russet, pr."

Three or four months ago the tape from which my identification tag dangles upon my chest broke and I lost my tag. An identification tag is a small metal disc upon which is stamped your name, rank and the company and regiment that has possession of you. In case you are lost the person who finds you is able to locate your owner by this tag and return you without much inconvenience.

You see, these tags are vitally important.

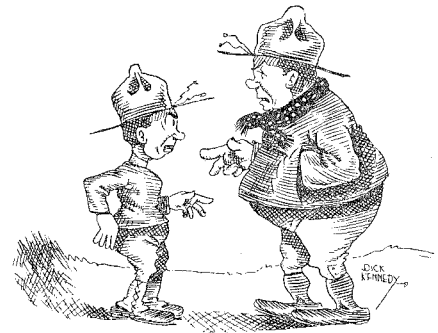
I went, therefore, immediately to the Supply Sergeant to get a new tag and this is the conversation—as nearly as I can remember—that ensued:

"Sergeant," I reported; "I have lost my identification tag."

"Where did you lose it?" snapped the Sergeant.

"That seems to be a secret?" I replied, pleasantly.

"Don't try to be funny," said the Sergeant. Supply Sergeants lack all sense of humor. "Have you reported the loss to your corporal?"



"How dare you laugh at me?"

"I wasn't laughing at you, Sergeant Patson."

"Well, what else was there for you to laugh at?"

"Yes, sir."

"Did he give you permission to report to me?"

"Yes, sir."

"Why haven't you reported sooner?"

"I have only just lost the tag, sir."

"Did you ever have a tag?"

"Yes, sir."

"Who are you?"

"Private John Blank."

"That means nothing to me. What's your number?"

"X-83, sir."

After a search through a thousand odd property slips and a large ledger, the Supply Sergeant resumed the conversation.

The Third Degree.

"Yes, you had one tag, identification, and one yard of tape for tag issued to you on July 2nd, 1917. How did you lose it?"

"I was digging a trench, stripped to the waist. The tape broke and the tag fell."

"Did you look in your clothing when you returned to camp?"

"No, sir. I had no shirt on and the tag must have fallen to the ground."

"Did you look on the ground for the tag?"

"Yes, sir."

"Did you find it?"

"No, sir."

"Carelessness!" was the brief summing up. "You can't have another."

"What shall I do?" I ventured.

"Make out a Report on Survey, Form No. 186 A. G. O."

Now a report on survey is made out in triplicate. Upon it is entered all the facts of the case; the article lost, how it was lost and the date, hour and minute upon which the loss was discovered. Attached to this form are affidavits sworn to by all present and the Supply Sergeant stating that there existed such an article, that it was actually issued to you and that you received and signed innumerable forms for it and giving all particulars over again.

Unwinding the Red Tape.

This form was filled in with great care and presented by the Supply Sergeant to the company commander. The Major of the battalion then signed it and passed it on to the Regimental Supply Sergeant who let the Regimental Supply Officer give it the

(Continued on page 29)



News From Division Units



102D ENGINEERS, CO. A.

The Trip to Whitney.

Company A, 22d New York Engineers, broke camp on the morning of November 26th and after an uneventful trip, partly by motor and partly on foot, encamped at Whitney, some eight miles distant, before dusk.

The town of Whitney is situated on a series of hills, rising out of Lake Pachet. The latter is one of several mill ponds supplied, at differing intervals, by creeks. The entire waterway is named the Pachet River, obviously a misnomer. Nevertheless, Lake Pachet is particularly beautiful at its Eastern end. It would be an ideal setting for one of Fenimore Cooper's romances. As the engineers paddled the pontoon boats upstream on the trial occasion we imagined Hawkeye and Chingachgook and Uncas on one side of the lake peering through the thick underbrush and the towering pines across the narrowing sheen at Le Renard Subtle lying hidden on the other bank. In the middle of the lagoon is an exact replica of the island that sheltered the two sisters in "The Last of the Mohicans." The redoubtable young Delaware might well have made his remarkable feat of submergence from that isolated refuge to the friendly shore midst the showers of arrows from the Iroquois on the opposite side.

A Rural Landscape.

Passing the island the landscape breaks off abruptly into a typically rural country, sloping gradually from the water's edge and directly facing the camp site perched on a steep eminence commanding the lake and the distant shore on three sides for miles.

Camp Ross at once lies and overlooks the stream at right angles. Here, again our imagination is brought into play. The ravine at Waterloo is duplicated on the very brink of the camp to the Northeast. Well, again, might Napoleon have asked the peasant LeCompte: "Can my cavalry go over that pass?" And well, again, might treachery be employed for, from the bay, the deep sluice appears no greater than a man's leap.

So This Is Whitney!

Across the lake and to the Southwest sprawls the town of Whitney, with its uniformly yellowish homesteads, and its one industry—the cotton mill. The sole by-products are the church, the general store and the post office. The three latter share the same building with the town Masons who, through the agency of the Y. M. C. A., permitted the engineers to use the lodge room for a recreation center.

Here, "Buttsy" Hodgins, the most popular member of Company A, did more to amuse the boys and to ingratiate them into the affections of the town's people, than could

have been possible without his inimitable fun making. As a result of his contagious humor we venture to say that Company A has left behind it a fond recollection in the hearts of the good folk of Whitney, and particularly in that of citizen McGregor, who entertained the comedian in his home because of his appreciation of the former's efforts to produce a minstrel show over night for the town's people. The project collapsed because of a concensus of opinion among the citizens who witnessed the rehearsal that the presentation would profane God's house—the church, where it was scheduled to be given.

"Buttsy," Comedian.

Not chagrined with this rebuff "Buttsy" serenaded Captain Ross on Thanksgiving night, affording that lovable commander and his popular aides, Lieutenants Ross and Straus, a respite from the exacting rigor of their responsibilities. They were visibly moved by "Buttsy's" mirth, which crowned a day of much feasting on turkey, even if it was eaten on the ground and under leaden skies.

Deep Sea Diving.

A novel exhibition of deep sea diving was afforded the company on Saturday afternoon. Sergeant Kent was in charge of a detail that had to set up a trestle for the pontoon bridge which the engineers were building. Someone forgot to fix the shoes to the support when it was let down into the water. When it was drawn up, it was minus both shoes. Sergeant Kent's party speared for the wooden disks for an hour without finding them. Finally Privates Raphael, Arthur and Davis volunteered to dive for the treasure. They sank to their hips and dove to their shoulders in the mud of the water for half an hour. The shivering vikings returned to shore without the shoes. The joke is on Sergeant Kent.

Company A joins as a whole in wishing their former sergeants and comrades, Douglas Barry and William Smith, a hearty success in their new undertaking as lieutenants, and are gratified that they are still attached to the company. The boys, also, congratulate Lieutenant Ross on his promotion to First Lieutenant.

102ND FIELD SIGNAL BATTALION.

Sons—Lieut. Charles W. Smith, 8th Genie, instructor and advisor with us since November 1st, has made himself solid with the battalion by his apparently limitless courteous willingness to be quizzed. We understand—not from him—that with a theatre ticket in his pocket, one night recently, he stood between his tent and a jitney at Division Headquarters answering questions, and failing to mention any personal en-

agement until after the time for the show to be over.

Wives and relatives of the battalion now in Spartanburg gathered at Major Hallahan's tent on Wednesday afternoon, Nov. 28th for a very delightful informal tea by the wife of the Commanding Officer.

As in Texas, the technical strength of the battalion is being called on to supply semi-military services. Operators and station-managers detailed from us have been in charge of the camp telegraph office for several weeks, and our men have supplied and installed the rifle range telephone system.

G. I.

CO. M, 107TH, DANCES.

No more enjoyable affair than the dance given by Co. M, 107th Infantry in Ravadson Hall, Spartanburg, the night of December 5th, has taken place here since the New York Division arrived.

The affair had been arranged by Sergeants Kelly and McGuire. The patronesses included Mrs. Richard Colman, Mrs. Murray Cramer and Mrs. Charles Hagan, wives of company officers. Sergeant Lawrence Matt, conductor of the regimental band, directed the orchestra.

A number of New York women attended and the dance assumed a decidedly smart air. Amongst the young women from the North were Miss Avis Pelham, sister of Sergeant Pelham; Miss Amanda Baker, of New Rochelle, N. Y., Miss Todd and Miss Johnson. Others helping to make prettier, even, the attractive affair, were the Misses Simms, Wells, Rochester, Black and Green, of Spartanburg.

102ND ENGINEERS, COMPANY B.

Private Reeman, B Company of the Engineers, who has seen the beautiful sunset over San Francisco Bay, says he saw the equivalent on the countenance of Private Geo. Lenden, orderly to Captain Barrett, when the "skipper" came back from New York on Tuesday.

Congratulations from B Company to Lieutenant Joyce, formerly top-sergeant. Up the ladder now!

Private Ralph Fisher, the "Canteen Kid," only gets three letters daily from the girl he left behind him.

Christmas on the Rifle Range for B Company Engineers—maybe New Years in France.

The squarest man in B Company and best wishes to him as our new top-sergeant—Sergt. Buckholz.

Private Kalas' possum now is on police duty in the street—tin cans included. So far only a few mess kits are missing.

CAMP PERSONALS.

The following enlisted men are transferred to the Quartermaster Corps, national army, and assigned to duty with the remount depot: Private Benjamin Reiner, Company L, 105th infantry; Private Arthur Bonner, Battery C, 106th field artillery.

The following enlisted men are transferred to the Division Headquarters Troop: Private Robert J. Schappert, Company B, 107th infantry; Private Phillip W. Schappert, Company B, 107th infantry; Private Richard Stevenson, Company M, 105th infantry.

The following enlisted men are transferred to the Quartermaster Corps, national army, and assigned to duty with Truck Company 331: Private Michael M. Casson, Company E, 105th infantry; Private Alexis W. Leagy, Company E, 105th infantry.

Private Michael J. Balzano, Machine Gun Company, 107th infantry, is transferred to Battery A, 104th field artillery.

Private John A. Daube, Sanitary Detachment, 106th infantry, is transferred to Company B, 102d engineers.

Second Lieut. Sherrill Babcock is transferred from the 105th field artillery to the 105th machine gun battalion.

Second Lieut. Thos. M. Madigan is transferred from the 105th machine gun battalion to the 105th field artillery.

Private Harry F. Collins, Battery E, 105th field artillery, is transferred to the Quartermaster Corps, national army, and assigned to duty with the remount depot.

Corporals John H. Frederick, William F. Connelly, Randall H. Saunders and Private Earl F. Tupper, of the Enlisted Ordnance Corps, are appointed first class sergeants.

Cook Otto J. Hoffman, Battery A, 104th field artillery, is transferred to the headquarters detachment, 52nd artillery brigade.

Sergeant Harold C. Madsen, medical department, is transferred from the 74th infantry to the 102d trench mortar battery.

Private F. Lawrence Reagan, Co. A, 10th infantry, is transferred from Co. A, 102d field signal battalion.

The following enlisted men are transferred to the Quartermaster Corps, national army and assigned to duty with Truck Company 231: Private John W. Slarin, Co. C, 47th infantry; Corporal Frank J. Fitzgerald, Headquarters Co., 105th field artillery; Private Charles J. Johnson, First Co., military police; Private Daniel G. Mulligan, supply company, 47th infantry.

Private Jesse R. Hunt, on duty with the remount depot at this camp, has been transferred to the remount depot at Camp Gordon, Atlanta, Ga.

Capt. William C. Richardson, 105th field artillery; Capt. Sylvester Simpson, 104th field artillery, and Capt. William H. Kennedy, 106th field artillery are detailed for the course of instruction at the school of fire, Fort Sill, Okla., and ordered to report there December 9.

Sergeant Ralph P. Bull, medical department, is transferred from field hospital company 106th, to headquarters ambulance companies.

Private Joseph P. McCullough, Co. C, 102d field signal battalion, is transferred to the medical department and assigned to the sanitary detachment, 102d field signal battalion.

Private Russell Chrisman, Co. D, 104th machine gun battalion, is transferred to the enlisted ordnance corps, national army, and ordered to duty with the chief ordnance at Washington.

Private Robert G. Willis, medical department, is relieved from duty with the sanitary detachment, 12th infantry, and assigned to the 102d trench mortar battery.

Mechanic John Cronin, medical department, is transferred from field hospital company 108th to the 71st infantry.

Privates Aloysius J. Spring, Company M, 108th infantry, and Jacob Suppinger, Company B, 108th infantry, are transferred to the medical department, national army, and assigned to duty at the base hospital.

First Lieut. G. R. D. Schieffelin is transferred from the 107th infantry to the 106th infantry.

Second Lieut. Hugh de Y. Stillman is transferred from the office of the division quartermaster to the division headquarters troop.

Capt. Howard Cowperthwaite, cavalry, national guard, is permanently assigned to the 102d trains headquarters.

Private Harold A. Duryea, Company I, 106th infantry, and Private Carleton King, Battery F, 104th field artillery, are transferred to the aviation section, signal corps, and ordered to proceed to the school of military aeronautics, Princeton, N. J.

Private Justin Cameron O'Brien, 1st company, 102d supply train, is transferred to the 102d engineers.

Privates Ralph Cathcart, Alfred McLean and Fred Schmidt, 107th infantry, have been transferred to the 102d supply train.

Mechanic Harry F. Knoblock, headquarters company, 104th field artillery, is transferred to the 1st Caisson company, 102d ammunition train.

Private William A. Turner, medical department, 106th infantry, is transferred to the medical department, national army, and ordered to proceed to Fort McPherson, Ga., to serve as assistant to 1st Lieut. Harry L. Westney.

The following enlisted men of the 108th infantry are transferred to the 102d field signal battalion: Corporal Bertram Lutesinger, company A; Privates Nicholas D. Lepir and Ralph Reynolds, company L.

Leave of absence for 10 days beginning December 3, is granted 1st Lieut. Harry A. Darling, 107th infantry.

Leave of absence for 15 days, beginning December 3, Capt. W. H. G. Ballance, quartermaster corps.

Hospital Sergeant Ernest A. Barber, regular army, having received a commission as first lieutenant, sanitary corps, national army, has been ordered to be discharged as an enlisted man.

Private John Joseph O'Brien, 1st company, military police, and Sergeant Franklin O. Waters, 102d wagon company, ammunition train, have been transferred to the quartermaster corps, national army, and assigned to truck company 321.

Private Frederick Lanica, company K, 107th infantry; Private Vincent P. Farrell, company G, 106th infantry, and Private James Carolan, battery E, 104th field artillery, are transferred to the quartermaster corps, national army, and assigned to duty with the remount depot.

Private Howard C. Smith, ambulance company, 106th, is transferred to the quartermaster corps, national army, and assigned to duty in the office of the camp quartermaster.

Maj. R. W. Hinds, 106th field artillery, has been granted leave of absence for five days, beginning December 3.

Capt. H. B. Haring, 14th infantry, has been granted leave of absence for 10 days, beginning December 23rd.

Capt. John Henry Sattig, 105th field artillery, has been granted leave of absence for 10 days, beginning December 5th.

Private Kernochan Babcock, battery B, 104th infantry, is transferred to company I, 107th infantry.

Private Frank M. Dingwell, company C, 106th infantry, is transferred to company A, 106th machine gun battalion.

Private John H. Patton, headquarters detachment, 54th infantry brigade, is transferred to the 108th infantry.

Corporal John F. Butler, company I, 105th infantry, is transferred to the 54th infantry brigade, headquarters detachment.

Wagoner A. Seamon, supply company, 107th infantry, is transferred to battery C, 106th field artillery.

Private J. Marshall, supply train, 27th division, is transferred to the field medical supply depot of the regular army at Washington.

The following men of the medical department are promoted as follows: Private Albert H. Kershner, division surgeon's office, to be sergeant; Private Albert H. Correll,



All Bound 'Round With a Woolen Thing.

14th infantry, to be sergeant; Private William P. Noble, 14th infantry, to be sergeant; Sergt. Harry L. Folson, field hospital company No. 106, to be sergeant, first class.

Corporal Louis H. Dusenbury and Wagoner Elaphet Snedecor, Jr., wagon company, 102d ammunition train, are transferred to company C, 106th machine gun battalion.

Private Herbert Jones, field bakery No. 101, is transferred to the enlisted veterinary corps, national army, and assigned to duty at the remount depot.

First Lieut. Alfred T. Schimpf is transferred from the 106th infantry to the 107th infantry.

Private Charles Williams, quartermaster corps, national army, on duty at the remount depot, is promoted to be sergeant.

Cook George F. Hopkins, battery B, 105th field artillery, is transferred to the 102d engineers.

Private Marcus E. Erdman, battery E, 106th field artillery, and Privates John M. Shea, John F. Nash and Charles A. Lesser, headquarters company, 106th field artillery, are transferred to the quartermaster corps, national army, and assigned to duty with the remount depot.

Private Edwin Werner, company A, military police, and Privates John E. Bennett and John Krsek, company B, military police, are transferred to the headquarters corps, national army and assigned to duty with the remount depot.

Private Kenneth C. Merrill, company K, 105th infantry, is transferred to company D, 102d engineers.

Private Edward Scheublin, headquarters company, 106th infantry, is transferred to battery C, 105th field artillery.

Private Vincent P. Farrell, company C, 106th infantry, is transferred to the 102d engineers.

Corporal G. Lindquist, company K, 105th infantry, is transferred to company A, 102d engineers.

Private Stanley Suydam, company C, 106th machine gun battalion, is transferred to the aviation section, signal corps, and ordered to proceed to Camp Kelly, San Antonio, Texas, for instruction.

Corporal Thomas A. Robertson, company L, 107th infantry, and Battalion Sergt. Major Harry Coakley, 1st infantry, are relieved from duty with the war risk insurance bureau.

Second Lieut. Leslie E. Van Scoy is transferred from the 108th infantry to the 47th infantry.

Sergeant first class Frederick Kramer, quartermaster corps, national guard, is transferred to the quartermasters corps, national army, as of his present grade and assigned to duty in the office of the camp quartermaster.

Regimental Sergt. Major Thomas E. Hurd, 74th infantry, is transferred to the adjutant general's department, national army, as of his present grade, and assigned to duty in the war risk insurance bureau.

Sergt. Sydney G. Harnett, headquarters company, 14th infantry, and Color Sergeant

Justin R. Strunk, 74th infantry, are transferred to the adjutant general's department, national army, promoted to the grade of battalion sergeant major, and assigned to the division adjutant for duty.

Private John A. Springer, company C, 102d engineer, Private John H. Neale, headquarters troop, and Corporal William Hefferman, company C, 102d engineers, are transferred to the adjutant general's department, national army, promoted to the grade of sergeant and assigned to duty in the war risk insurance bureau.

Private Frank T. Fitzpatrick, company C, 102d engineers and Private Milton von Bentschoten, company C, 104th machine gun battalion, are transferred to the adjutant general's department, national army, and assigned to duty in the war risk insurance bureau.

The following enlisted men are transferred from the 105th field artillery to the 74th infantry: Private Martin J. Upholster, battery E; Privates Tony Romane, Douglas Couch, battery F; Private Gibbona P. Mason, battery C.

The following enlisted men are transferred from the 106th field artillery to the 74th infantry: Privates Floyd P. Batory, Henry J. Flynn, Harry M. Robinson, battery D; Private Edward Butler, battery C.

The following enlisted men are continued on duty at the camp post office until January 3: Robert McQueens, battery B, 105th field artillery; LeRoy H. Roberts, company H, 107th infantry; Edward Burling, battery B, 105th field artillery; Cornelius O'Connor, battery B, 104th field artillery; Elgin A. Clark, supply company, 106th field artillery.

Private Frank J. Yans, wagon company, 102d ammunition train, is transferred to the company C, 104th machine gun battalion.

Private Joseph Salvatore, headquarters detachment, 52d field artillery brigade, is transferred to the supply company, 104th field artillery.

Privates Charles F. Fischer and Michael J. Sullivan, sanitary detachment, 12th infantry, are transferred to the 102d engineers.

Sergt. Daniel E. Hamilton, ambulance company 108, is transferred to the medical department, national army, and assigned to duty at the base hospital.

Private William E. Cogswell, company D, 104th machine gun battalion, is transferred to the enlisted veterinary corps, national army, and assigned to duty at the remount depot.

Private Howard Shaw, company F, 107th infantry, is transferred to the 102d field signal battalion.

The following named enlisted men of the 104th field artillery are detailed to the division school of cooks and bakers: Harold Minor, Jos. A. Connolly, J. W. Harris, Daniel Harrington, L. R. Warner, Patrick J. Downs, Walter McAvinne, Fred J. W. Baker.

Private Patrick O'Grady, 102d ammunition train, is transferred to the quartermasters corps, national army, and assigned to duty in the office of the camp quartermaster.

Private Richard M. Bollstein, headquarters company 107th infantry, is transferred to the quartermaster corps, national army, and assigned to duty at the quartermasters repair shops, Washington.

Private Sheldon Rodman, company C, 106th machine gun battalion, is transferred to the aviation section, signal corps and ordered to proceed to Camp Kelly, San Antonio, Texas.

Private J. Marshall Harlan, wagon company, 102d ammunition train, is transferred to the medical department of the regular army and ordered to the field hospital supply depot, Washington, D. C.

First Lieut. William H. McMullen, Jr., has been relieved from duty with the 105th infantry and assigned to the 106th infantry.

First Lieut. William B. Turner has been relieved from duty with the 108th infantry and assigned to the 105th infantry.

First Lieut. Kennard Underwood has been relieved from duty with the 106th infantry and assigned to the 108th infantry.

Capt. Fred L. Ackerson, quartermaster corps, having reported here in accordance with orders from headquarters, eastern department, has been assigned to duty in the office of the camp quartermaster.

Sergt. George M. Modjelewaki, medical department, has been relieved from duty in the office of the division surgeon and assigned to duty with the trains headquarters and military police.

COMPANY I, 12TH INFANTRY.

Company I, 12th N. Y. Infantry celebrated the return to Spartanburg of Corporal Lester D. Conover and Top Sergeant Gene Talbot after their visit to the Big Berg, where they called on some Cubians and consequently lost about 20 pounds and both these boys will be very nervous for the next week or two. James Menagh, alias Young Talbot, our very amiable company clerk, is very glad to have old Grouch Talbot and that city slicker, Conover, back again.

P. B.



How Your First Chevrons Feel.

HEADQUARTERS 54TH INFANTRY BRIGADE.

Brigadier General James W. Lester and Aide 1st Lieutenant, R. D. Williamson, have returned from Camp Sheridan, Mt. Montgomery, Ala. General Lester was ordered to Camp Sheridan on military business and during his absence Colonel E. S. Jennings, 108th Infantry, was in command of the Brigade.

First Lieutenant Dudley B. Lester, son of Brigadier General James W. Lester, has been a visitor at Camp Wadsworth for the past few days. Lieutenant Lester has been commissioned in the national army and has been ordered to report to Camp Dix, Wrightstown, N. J., for duty December 15, 1917.

The Headquarters Detachment are being instructed by Private W. S. Kimball, who has been detailed to the School of Liason, in the Morse Signal Code. The men are picking it up very quickly.

Private John H. Patton, of this detachment, has been transferred to the Supply Company of the 108th Regiment. Pat ought to make good in the Supply Company as he has had a great deal of experience around automobiles and trucks. He will no doubt be assigned to duty as a chauffeur.

New woolen uniforms and underwear have arrived and are being issued by Supply Officer, First Lt. R. D. Williamson, and there is great joy in the Headquarters camp. The boys of the detachment will be quite conspicuous throughout the camp by their spick and span assortment of new clothing. All we need now is "Pay Day" and the spirit of Christmas will begin in all its splendor under the circumstances. Most of the boys are anxious to get home for the holidays.

T. J. McE. Jr.

14TH INFANTRY.

Now that the companies of the skeletonized 14th New York Infantry have consolidated their mess, the boys are living like kings.

Due to the efforts of the Mess Committee, composed of Corp. Grandin of Co. D, Corp. Turner of Co. C, and Corp. DeRoever of Co. K, with the assistance of the mess sergeants of the different companies, they have overhauled Company G's mess shack and it now looks like the inside of any New York restaurant.

The boys of Co. K, 14th N. Y. Inf. are never lacking for entertainment, as there are lots of talent in the outfit. Corp. Dick DeRoever can always be counted on to entertain the boys with anything from the sublime to the ridiculous, while Corp. Jack McConnell, the eccentric dancing comedian, can furnish a laugh with his funny steps. A quartette composed of Sgt. Burke, Sgt. Bernstein, Corp. Morrissey and Cook Stuart keep the boys awake nights with their wonderful harmony.

We suppose Sgts. Jim Fullum and Bob Willigan feel sore at Sgt. Bill Mutell, whose favorite pastime is to yell in the morning before reveille, "Hey, Fullum! Hey, Willigan, are you up?"

Corp. Mart Kimmelman, our company clerk, is getting to be somewhat of a football player. He is training on a pipe now, as nobody is sending him down cigars.

The company is a well drilled outfit, due to the efforts of 1st Sergt. Roaring Bill Keegan, who has whipped the boys into first class shape.

COMPANY E, 105TH INFANTRY.

Company E is now at the Rifle Range at Glassy Rock.

Sergt. Joe McGovern, better known as "The Fireman," was picked by the C. O. to attend the Division Gas School. Good for the Cap., say we. They say it "takes fire to fight fire" so the same thing should apply to gas. In the future Sergt. McGovern wishes to be known as the "Gas Fighting Fireman."

We think it was Premier Painleve who started this "set the clock ahead an hour" stuff. Our company clerk suggests that he might make the day a few hours longer. As the men have no money left them to allot, and every possible report and "list" has been thought of, it might be possible for him to get a little sleep.

Sergt. "Herkimer" Herrick is in the dumps. He says that "everybody has a girl in town but he." He met "Holy Joe" Primer in town, last night, with three dames and couldn't "horn in." We wonder why. "Herk" is some Brummell. Five foot nothing, wears an eleven shoe, and has his hair cut in a soup bowl style most approved by the Elite of Herkimer County, N. Y.

This Company wishes to publicly thank somebody for the supply of "reincarnated" woolen clothing received last Saturday. With our "pink tea" physical exercises, bayonet drills, trench locomotion, (knees, belly and elbows) and the U. S. Laundry, these clothes should last us fully ten days.

The big ditch crossing the lower part of our street has been christened "Gowanus Canal." Since the christening, some F Company men from Brooklyn, wanting to feel at home, have been trying to make it "A TRUE COPY" of the original. But, believe us, Capt. DeLanoy, with his trusty "Foreign Legion" cleaned it up. When it comes to cleaning up canals and trenches, Capt. DeLanoy runs Generals Byng and Goethals a close second.

On behalf of Mess Sergeant Wilson, we wish to announce that we get butter three times a day.

J. A. P.

102ND AMMUNITION TRAIN.

They call this the Ambition Train and rightly, too, for if ever there was an ambitious bunch, this is it. Some of the men are so anxious to miss drills they willingly go on Sick Report.

Some are ambitious to be leaders in civil life, some ambitious to transfer to the Navy. There is even one man who hopes to some day be a famous corporal. So much for ambition. Napoleon was a corporal; Caesar was ambitious.

Actually, this is a wonderful life, "if you don't weaken." Most of the men enlisted

to drive trucks—now over 500 of us are in mule or horse outfits. Such is the life in large training camps.

Sergt. Katzee, of Truck No. 1, is the cutest little non-com that ever wore a trench coat.

"Big Battie" in Truck No. 2 will sure be out of luck if they don't return his left trench shoe, size 13 1-2. Some rascal is using it for a wash tub.

Mess Sergt. Daymont, of Truck No. 3, serves such an appetizing feed that daily he has from 5 to 20 visitors who just drop in for lunch. These "drops" are like a steady rain.

"Goldie" Van Wagner, Wagon Co., another sarge, who never has smoked, chewed, drunk or swore, got sore last week and said "darn." He's been ashamed to show his face since.

Top Sergt. Brown: "Does sugar make you lazy?"

Pvt. Frick: "Only loaf sugar."

"I'll be in the midst of shot and shell, where the bullets are the thickest."

"Where is that?"

"In the Ammunition Train." C. D. F.

REAL WORKERS OF THE ARMY.

Military Postoffice.

The Military Postoffice, headed by Major Daly, Capt. Hicks, and Lt. Weeks, is one of the busiest military postoffices in the United States, handling from 1,200 to 1,500 sacks of mail a day and keeping open night and day to give the best of service known in any military training camp.

On the arrival of the boys at Camp Wadsworth experienced men with N. Y. Postoffice experience were needed to run several of the departments. Gilbert H. Swartz, of the 22nd Eng.; Thomas J. Callahan, of the 22nd Eng.; J. Lawrence Goldhamer, of Field Hospital 108, and Frank A. Quinn, of Field Hospital Headquarters, were first called on special duty to work at the Military Postoffice. They are now at the heads of several important departments on account of their faithful work.

During the Holiday rush, Lt. Weeks, who is Asst. Military Postmaster, ought to receive a lot of credit for arranging night and day service so the men in camp can receive their packages in time for the Holidays.

The most popular civilian at the Camp Postoffice is Jimmy Kenney, of Boston, Mass. If we mention the gentleman from BEAN-TOWN'S name to any of the sentries, it is an open sesame to all the rest of the clerks. Tommy Killduf, please write.

When Gil Swartz gets a billet-doux now-a-days he gets so excited that he stuffs the messenger in an empty sack and sends it to the 23 Infantry.

When you have a kick to make see O'Rourke. He will straighten it out, if possible.

Wonder why Reiser always has a grouch on? Do you miss her? Take heart, young man, Purtil is just as bad. There's a reason.

J. L. G.

LEAVES OF ABSENCE.

Commissioned officers have been granted leaves of absence as follows:

Lieut. Col. John B. Tuck, 106th infantry, 10 days, beginning December 20.

First Lieut. Frank I. Hanscom, chaplain, 106th infantry, 10 days, beginning December 9.

Capt. A. W. Pickard, 102d ammunition train, 10 days, beginning December 1.

Capt. Frank W. Sears, M. C., ambulance company, 10 days, beginning December 3.

First Lieut. William J. Coogan, 107th infantry, 10 days, beginning December 30.

Capt. Augustin Kelly, 14th infantry, 15 days, beginning December 24.

Second Lieut. W. D. Martin, Jr., 12th infantry, 20 days, beginning December 1.

First Lieut. Herbert E. Marshall, Jr., 106th infantry, 15 days, beginning December 24.

First Lieut. George McK. Hall, field hospital company 105, 15 days, beginning December 6.

First Lieut. Leonard S. Allen, 106th field artillery, 12 days, beginning December 16.

Maj. Edward L. Bebee, 74th infantry, 15 days, beginning December 17.

First Lieut. Adolph H. Badenhausen, 106th machine gun battalion, 15 days, beginning December 20.

Second Lieut. Hugo M. McLarnon, 106th machine gun battalion, 15 days, beginning December 20.

Capt. Edwin J. Murray, 74th infantry, 15 days, beginning December 24.

Col. R. L. Foster, 12th infantry, 15 days, beginning December 18.

First Lieut. Sidney D. Palmer, 108th infantry, 10 days, beginning December 10.

Capt. Dallas C. Newton, 102d ammunition train, 15 days, beginning December 5.

Capt. Floyd D. McLean, 1st infantry, 10 days, beginning December 23.

Capt. J. H. McDermott, 71st infantry, 12 days, beginning December 23.

Second Lieut. Elmer Roy Underwood, 10 days, beginning December 24.

Second Lieut. Spencer M. Holden, 47th infantry, 15 days sick leave, beginning December 5.

Second Lieut. C. J. McCartney, 106th field artillery, 10 days, beginning December 5.

First Lieut. Frank F. Farwell, company F, 106th infantry, 15 days, beginning December 5.

Capt. W. H. Hays, division school of the line, 10 days, beginning December 22.

Capt. Charles J. Dieges, 102d engineers, 12 days, beginning December 18.

102ND TRENCH MORTAR BATTERY.

This organization, the only one of its kind in the division, although the smallest unit here, has attracted a lot of attention since its arrival.

Formerly I Troop of the First N. Y. Cavalry, the battery augmented by 30 men from the 47th Infantry, and 30 from the 10th Infantry as well as several picked men from other units, now has a strength of about 181 men.

As this mode of warfare was entirely new to America, soon after the change was made, Capt. Pearson, who was commanding officer, left for Fort Sill, where he is taking a complete course in this style of work. Upon Lieut. Dilks, who has been in charge, has fallen the burden of the work of reorganization and to him must go the credit for the rapid advancement of the former troopers who are at the present time probably the most efficient trench mortar battery in the country.

The men have entered upon their new duties with enthusiasm and under the tutelage of Captain Braitwaith and Sergeant Cookson, of the British Army, have dug a complete system of trenches, erected barbed wire entanglements and become very efficient in the use of trench mortars, bombs and bayonets.

With experienced officers in command and a splendid personnel the Buffalo unit is certain to give an excellent account of itself "Over There."

Just East of the 106th Artillery is the battery camp and the men claim that they live in the best equipped and kept quarters in Camp Wadsworth. "Cleanliness and order" is the watchword of the day which is strictly lived up to.

The experience of Sergeants Gerahty, Sanders and Pelloth, formerly of the U. S. Regulars, has proved invaluable to the officers in the rapid transition from cavalry to trench mortars.

A visit to the camp is well worth while and will be repaid by witnessing the work of a branch of the service which has proven a big factor in the world war.

Lieut. Cloak, who has been absent for some time on account of sickness, returned last week and was accorded a hearty welcome.

Lieuts. Roy and Meaney, who were temporarily attached here, have both received commissions as First Lieutenants.

Pvts. Creighton, Dickenson, Wirths, Logan, Powell, Snow, Igo and Reynaud, who were at the second officers training camp, all received commissions.

Pvt. Porter wishes it officially stated that his recent black eye was the result of an accident and was not received in a rush for mess as has been reported.

Sergt. Towle still sticks to his civilian habits and frequently makes the rounds of all the tents looking for meters to read.

Corporal Perkins returned from his recent furlough a happy benedict. The cigars are still forthcoming.

Bugler Raymond had the pleasure of meeting the Lieutenant of the M. P.'s last week. He is very reticent concerning the interview.

Pvt. Leo Brown has gained the distinction of being the best horseman in the Artillery Brigade. If anyone doubts this ask Leo. He admits the fact himself.

We wonder what would happen: If Barlow worked more than once a week. If Kennedy could talk back.

If Doerflein really had mail every time he said he did.

If Manly Brown talked back to the non-coms.

If there were no pay days.

If every one should be handed a furlough.

If they were only for 6 days.

If Sergeant McLean ever got a bunch of K. P.'s who liked the job.

Heard on the Battery Street—

Sentry in neighboring regiment: "Halt! Who's there?"

Voice from the dark: "Commanding Officer."

Sentry: "Advance and give the command."

W. F. S.

FIELD HOSPITAL Co. 107, 102ND SANITARY TRAIN.

On Monday, December 3rd, the entire company hiked to a section of the neighboring country-side, which lay in the general direction of "Sou' by Sou'west" (according to Lieut. Kice).

We were under the supervision of Major Harnden (commanding), and Lieuts. Tilden and Kice.

One of our tasks was the art of writing so legibly on a Diagnosis Tag that there would be little danger of its being mistaken for a laundry ticket or a doctor's prescription. We also devoted a half-hour to map sketching. Some of our sketches would have put a Cubist Artist "in the shade," while others looked like a bird's-eye view of "No-Man's Land."

In spite of the fact that we prepared our own grub, we had very little leftovers, and our impromptu incinerator seemed uncalled for.

Major Harnden lectured to an interested audience on topics that had a direct bearing on our future work and our surroundings brought us in closer touch with the problems we would undoubtedly encounter over there.

We all enjoyed the excursion immensely and hiked back to camp.

One day, while we were quarantined and confined to the company street, Jim Lennon wandered into the officers' quarters and asked Lieut. Kice for a pass to re-enter the company street. Lieut. Kice inquired how he managed to get by the guards and "Raffles" replied: "I sneaked past." Evidently he had a one-way ticket.

We have with us nine "casuals." One of these gentlemen was lodged in No. 3 tent. Dick Lockwood awoke one very cold morning and noticed the new-comer, Irving Schwartz, standing by his cot fully dressed and shivering with cold. Dick asked him why he didn't build a fire instead of standing there shivering.

A hopeful grin spread over Schwartz's face and he chattered: "I d-didn't wanna d-disturb you g-g-guys!"

Sergt. Kilbourn: "Kom-pnee, Ten-shun! Wight dwess. Say, wutsa-murra wish you ferras, can'tcha unnerstand Ink-lish?"

Company: "Sure! Talk English."

M.



News of the Y. M. C. A.



EDITED BY ERNEST W. LESLIE.



ROBERT E. CLARK,
The Camp Musical Director.

Robert E. Clark, Camp Music Director of the Army Y. M. C. A. at Camp Wadsworth, was born in Southern Iowa. He was educated in the public schools of Iowa and in Simpson College, later attending the University of Iowa, medical course.

He was always interested in athletics during his high school and college career. In 1901 and 1902, although Simpson College was not entered in the State meet, Mr. Clark broke the state record in the sixteen-pound hammer throw. He coached the track team for two successful seasons and was always interested in music, studying to make the violin his specialty. However, while pitching a game of baseball, he broke the first finger on his left hand, which was set crooked, forcing him to give up the violin.

He began the study of voice at this time, his voice developing into a deep, rich, resonant, powerful baritone voice. For five years he was in a male quartet with Arthur O. Middleton, who is now considered America's greatest concert bass, later moving to Colorado where he became a teacher of voice training. He afterward gave this up to join Dr. G. W. Anderson in evangelistic work and was associated with Hon. John Wannamaker as his musical man. Mr. Clark has sung for the Edison Phonograph Co. and made several records for them. He plans to continue this work later on.

He gave all this up to come to Camp Wadsworth and "do his bit" here with the boys. He is now busy visiting the various Y. M. C. A. buildings and the mess shacks

and conducting sings and he is also organizing a large chorus of trained voices as well as numerous quartets and orchestras all over the camp.

Mr. Clark has a genial, winning personality and is well received wherever he goes.

CAMP SECRETARY DIETRICH LEAVES FOR FRANCE.

Good Record Wins Popular Executive Call To Bigger Work.

Camp Executive Secretary, C. W. Dietrich, has been called by the National War Work Council of the Y. M. C. A. to relinquish his work at Camp Wadsworth and report for duty with the American Troops in France.

Mr. Dietrich has been at Camp Wadsworth since the middle of July last and has made an enviable record as the Chief Executive of the Army Y. M. C. A. work there. It is because of his particularly good record for gettings things done that he has been called to this bigger work in France.

On Monday morning he met with his Staff for the last time, and as a token of their love and esteem the staff presented their "chief" with a gold wrist watch. It is with a great deal of reluctance that the secretaries at Camp Wadsworth give up Mr. Dietrich, but they all realize that the Army Y. M. C. A. work, as in the Army "orders are orders and must be obeyed." Mr. Dietrich left for New York on Monday and it is expected he will sail for France within the next ten days.

Mr. W. J. Davison, already well known in Camp Wadsworth, where he acted as Camp Physical Director for some months, returns to Camp Wadsworth for the month of December, at least, to take up the work of Camp Secretary in Mr. Dietrich's place.

MR. BURCHARD OFF FOR FRANCE.

Mr. S. B. Burchard, of Jamestown, N. Y., who has been acting as Building Secretary of Unit No. 96, serving the men of the 107th, 108th and 47th Regiments, has been ordered to report to the New York office, preparatory to service in France. Mr. Burchard is one of the men at Camp Wadsworth who was unselfish enough to give up a business in his home town, so that he might come into the Association Secretaryship and do his bit there. He has made a particularly good record at Building No. 96 and it is with great reluctance that the executives of the Army Y. M. C. A. at Camp Wadsworth see him go. Mr. Burchard will probably sail for France within ten days.

NEW POST FOR BAREHAM.

L. C. Bareham, who has served for several months as social and entertainment

man at Unit No. 97, has been transferred to Unit No. 96 to serve in a similar capacity there. His many friends at No. 97 were loath to have him leave and all wish him the best of luck in his new field.

Mr. Bareham will be succeeded at No. 97 by Arthur B. Wrigley, of Plainfield, N. Y.

NEWS OF Y. M. C. A. UNITS

Unit 92.

Although the new building at this Unit has not been as yet formally dedicated, it was thought best to dispense with the use of the tent and utilize the building at once. The motion picture machine has been installed and the initial program was given on Wednesday night to a crowded house. This event at this unit as in other units has proven to be one of the most popular nights in the week.

On Friday evening, the Choral Society of Converse College, consisting of twenty-five charming young ladies came to this Unit and delivered a most entertaining and attractive program. The boys thoroughly enjoyed the presence of the Converse girls as well as the program they gave, and it is hoped in the near future that the program can be repeated.

Unit 93.

The following men have been assigned by Y. M. C. A. Headquarters for duty with Unit No. 93: Building Secretary, Theodore F. Elworth; Religious Work Secretary, James A. Moore; Social Secretary, John N. Johnston; Physical Work Secretary, D. M. Davis.

This is the new unit of the Y. M. C. A., no work having been done in this section of the camp up to this time. The events during this week are strictly informal but it is planned to have a Stunt Night on Saturday along with a movie show and other social events.

According to present plans, the dedication of this building will take place on Sunday evening, the dedication services being in charge of Dr. Paul M. Strayer, Camp Religious Work Director.

This new unit will serve the men of the 106th, 1st, 14th and 74th.

Unit 95.

This Unit is still very greatly handicapped by the delay in the building construction of this new home. Trying to put on a Y. M. C. A. program in a mess shack is hard work, it being impossible to put on motion pictures or any big event with any success. The outstanding features of the week were the Stunt Night which was given by regimental talent and the song recital given by Robert E. Clark, Camp Musical Director.

It is hoped that within the next week the
(Continued on page 23)

The Wadsworth Gas Attack and Rio Grande Rattler's Sporting Page

Edited by Fred J Ashley

NO MAN'S LAND.

Boxing contests will start in camp next week. The definite date will be announced in a day or so. The news that Frank Moran has been delegated to the camp as pugilistic instructor is welcomed by every one. One of the cleanest fighters in the game, the big boxer from Pittsburg has won his way into the very front rank of the heavy-weight class, the unconquerable Willard proving his only superior. With the efficient detail of assistants he has selected from among the enlisted men of the Division, a continued round of five-class matches is expected. Moran will live with Harvey Cohn in his bungalow on the Division Headquarters Troop Street.

The entries for the Spartanburg-Camp Wadsworth Road Race next Saturday continue pouring into Headquarters and have already passed the century mark. Most of the military units here have entered full teams. Almost every athletic club in New York State is represented among the harriers, including men who formerly sported the silks of the New York A. C., the Mohawks, Morningsides and the Irish-Americans. The committee in charge has also secured additional prizes from the sportsmen of Spartanburg. As announced last week the course will start at Division Headquarters and end at the Morgan Monument in town. General O'Ryan will probably start the big chase.

A basket-ball league for all regiments in camp is to be formed. Games will be played every Wednesday and Saturday nights at the Spartanburg Y. M. C. A. Prizes will be awarded the winning teams and the champion team will play teams from other camps.

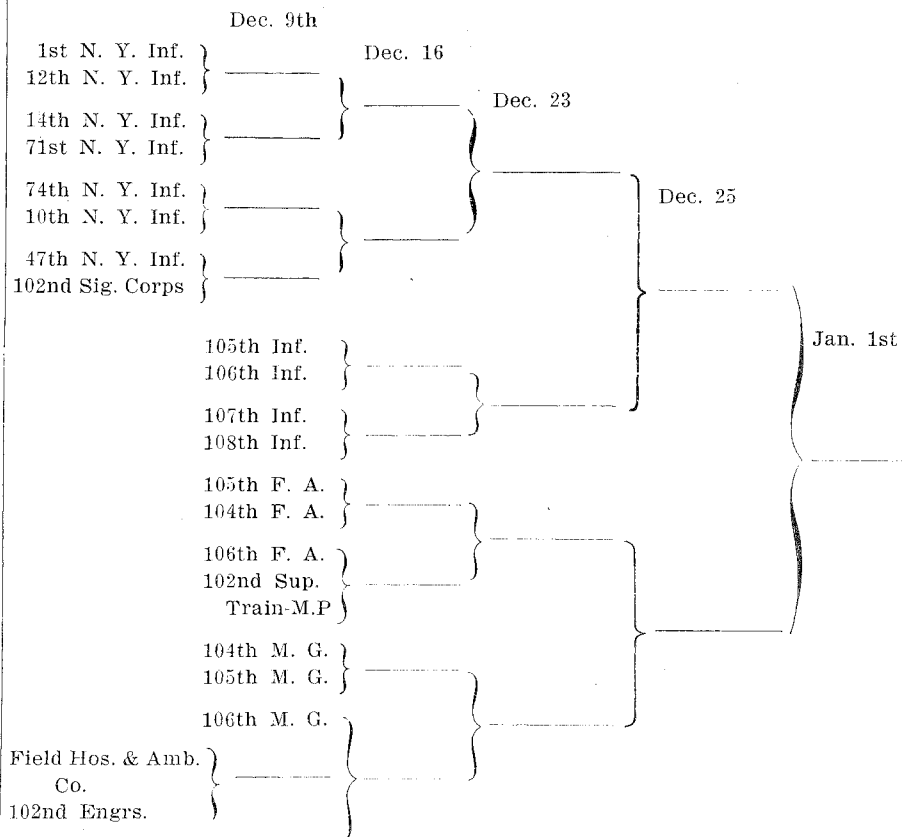
Harvey Cohn attributes most of the success he has been having in putting athletics on a firmer basis here, to the assistance he has received from the members of the Physical Executive Committee. Captain Moore of Division Headquarters, the committee chairman, has been especially active in his efforts to get sufficient athletic material and places of recreation for the various units of the 27th.

The enlisted men of the Division are not the only athletic aspirants in the vicinity. Over at the Base Hospital eight classes in physical instruction are held every week. The doctors attached to the institution are busy for two hours in the morning, four times a week, while the dentists are engaged in a similar way in the afternoons. A football game is scheduled in the near future between the wielders of the knife and the forceps.

FOOTBALL SCHEDULE ANNOUNCED.

The official schedule of the football team of this Division was announced in Bulletin 78 by command of Brigadier General Phillips. It must be followed exactly as laid down. Reports of each contest must be submitted not later than noon of the following day by the athletic officers of the

The schedule:



HEADQUARTERS, 105TH, CONTINUES WINNING.

The strong football team of Headquarters Company, 105th Infantry, hung another scalp on its belt when it took the eleven of the 71st N. G. N. Y. into camp by a score of 24 to 0. Both teams were equally matched in weight but the superior training of the victors was soon apparent.

Arndt, of the 105th, received the first kick-off and in six straight plunges at the line, his teammates succeeded in pushing it over the goal line.

Schaible, who scored the first touchdown, started things going again with the opening of the second half. After the 71st had made three game attempts to hold back the line thrusts of the Headquarters backs, Schaible managed to get a free path around left end and went from midfield to the five-yard mark before he was stopped. Vannier took the ball the needed distance. Colleson

units to Harvey Cohn, Division Athletic Instructor.

The qualifying rounds are so arranged that the winning teams will play every Saturday until December 23. Christmas will see the four surviving elevens battling in the semi-finals and on New Year's Day the real supremacy of the Division will be proven on the parade grounds in front of Headquarters.

scored another touchdown in the third period.

The last session was a whirlwind from start to finish. The New York City team made a tardy stand during which Arndt was forced to leave the game with a bad cut over the right eye. Just before the final whistle, McGovern went over for the fourth 105th score. The victors showed up weak on the kicking art, losing all four goals.

BASKET-BALL SEASON OPENED BY 74TH.

On Wednesday afternoon the basket-ball team representing Headquarters Company, 74th Infantry, clashed with the knights of the basket from the 1st Infantry on the 2nd Provisional Brigade Court. Although this was the first time either team played in a match game, real class was shown on both sides and the outlook is bright for developments of an interesting future for both fives.

ROLLER SKATING

GOOD MUSIC

NEW PRINCESS RINK

One Block West of Cleveland Hotel

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The game was hard fought and the numerous spectators held in suspense as to its outcome until the last minute of play. The final count gave the victory to the 74th boys. The score stood 17 to 16 in their favor.

COMPANY K, 105TH, HAS SUCCESSFUL TRIP.

As announced a week ago the Hornell boys of Company K, 105th Infantry, made a flying trip to their home-town to meet a picked team in an exhibition game. The doughboys not only showed their superior knowledge of the gridiron science but they also brought back over fifteen hundred dollars of the gate receipts to be added to their mess fund. The K eleven was prepared for the trip by Mr. Jenney, of the Y. M. C. A., and they certainly reflected the skill of the former Milliken College star.

The following account of the contest appeared in the Hornell Telegram:

SPARTANBURG HEROES.

They Won the Football Game at Hornell Yesterday by 13 to 0.

(Special to the Telegram.)

Hornell, N. Y.—On a field ankle deep in mud, and almost obscured by a blinding snowstorm that raged part of the time, the boys of Company K, old 3rd infantry, went over the top this afternoon and beat the Erie football eleven by a score of 13 to 0. The soldier boys came all the way from Spartanburg, S. C., for the game, which was witnessed by a fair-sized crowd of loyal fans. The game was mighty close and interesting. The Company K boys made their first score in the first quarter by persistent line bucking. After that the Hornell boys settled down to real football and there was no more scoring until the final quarter, when Emery picked up the ball on a fumble and ran it back to the Erie goal post for the second touchdown. Tonight a big dance was given at the armory for the soldiers. Sergeant Neal Prangen of the soldier team was painfully injured during the game. Emery and Colson were stars for the soldiers.

Following is the line-up:

Company K.	Eries.
Left End	
Colson	O'Quinn
Left Tackle	
Emery	Rogers
Left Guard	
Newman	Moran
Center	
Gipp	Kellogg
Right Guard	
Halstead	Cassidy
Right Tackle	
Blakeslee	Kirwin
Right End	
Schaumberg	D. Mosgrove
Quarterback	
Talbot	O'Brien
Left Halfback	
Horan	Eister
Fullback	
Urban	P. Mosgrove
Prangen, Ross	J. Mosgrove

Score by periods:
 Company K 6 0 7 0—13
 Eries 0 0 0 0—0

Touchdown: Horan, Emery. Referees: Hulek and Brainard alternating. Head Linesman: King, Alfred.

105TH MACHINE GUN FOOTBALL.

Troop C of old Squadron A had no trouble recently in defeating its ancient rival, Troop B, by a score of 20 to 7. It was the third time the two teams have met this season, each of the preceding contests ending without a score on either side.

B Troop scored first when Tucker snatched a C fumble at midfield and aided by the splendid interference of Stern made a flying trip to the goal line.

In the second quarter the winners began to show their strength. Taking every advantage of its superior weight and speed the C unit carried the oval from one end of the field to the other for its initial touchdown, Bramley doing the scoring.

The last half proved a cinch for C. Continued line plunging and a clever assortment of long and short passes had the losing team completely baffled.

SECOND PROVISIONAL BRIGADE ORGANIZED.

An athletic association has been formed in the 2nd Provisional Brigade comprising the 1st, 14th and 74th infantry regiments. Its object is to promote athletics among these three outfits and to arrange a series of games to be held under its supervision.

The following committee has been appointed to promulgate the plans and get things in running order: Mr. Davis, Y. M. C. A.; 1st Sgt. Mulligan, Co. "M" 74th Inf.; Sgt. Rick, Co. "M" 74th Inf.; Sgt. Donohue, Co. "B" 1st Inf., and Sgt. O'Brien, Co. "D" 14th Inf. They met Thursday morning in the brigade Y. M. C. A. building and drew up a set of rules to be observed in all the association athletic activities. The sports which will be promoted include baseball, basket-ball, soccer and volley ball.

A schedule has been arranged whereby two games in different branches of sport will be held Wednesday and Saturday afternoon of each week. The work of the committee is under the direct supervision of Mr. Davis who before he gave his services to the Y. M. C. A. was director of sports in the high schools of Pittsburg. He is experienced in this line of work and without question many interesting features in the line of sports will be pulled off under his guidance.

"GROUSING."

We do a lot of grouching in the 27th Division. "Grouching" is British slang for grumbling and for cursing out the life military. We kick at the mess. We kick if the Topper sets us to extracting stumps from the face of South Carolina. We kick at the weather. We just naturally kick. And it doesn't get us a thing! If we saved up all these kicks till we get to France, we'd have enough kicking energy stored up to boot the Kaiser for a field goal from a difficult angle.

On the level now, is the chow so very much worse than you got back home? Are you ever hungry? Are you ever cold if you put your blankets on right, and carve up enough trees to stoke the Sibley? Are you overworked? Don't you feel a lot better physically than when you were back home committing assault and battery to get a seat in the up-town subway express at 5:30.

What did you expect in the army? Did you think you were getting into a pillow fight? Did you expect the Captain to bring your toast and eggs to you at 9:30?

If you ever think you're having a rough and tough time of it, just think about the poor old German. He gets less food, less money, is treated like a dog by his officers, and in return for all this he is going to get a fine lambasting. You are on the winning team. You've got the pennant cinched before you start. All you've got to do is convince the Toot that he is licked. Pretty soft!

Deal with the stores that advertise in THE GAS ATTACK and you'll get a square deal.

HOW TO GET TO THE RIFLE RANGE.

The Distance, the Right Roads, the Best Camping Spot, the Speed Limit for Vehicles, Etc. Must Be No Trrepassing.

The following information relating to rifle and artillery ranges is published for the information and guidance of all concerned:

1. The small arms range for the use of this division is situated near Glassy Rock Mountain in the Piedmont range, approximately 31 miles to the northeast of this camp.

2. The line of march is on the Blackstock road through Fairforest, following signs "To Range." First bivouac camp site at Wingo's place, on right of road, approximately eight and a half miles from these headquarters. Second bivouac camp site at Huffs place on the left of road opposite Motlow church, near Motlow Creek, 10 miles from Wingo's.

3. Camp sites at rifle range are situated at Turner's place (westerly end of range) and at Ordnance Administration building. (See map of rifle range.) A sector of targets for 100, 200 and 300 yard ranges is located near each camp. The 600 and 1,000 yard firing are reached from the Ordnance Administration building.

4. The field artillery range adjoins the small arms range reservation on the east and northeast. (See map of artillery range.) The ranges are located on the United States Geological survey, North Carolina-South Carolina, Saluda section map, copies of which may be obtained from the director, U. S. Geological survey, Washington, D. C.

5. It will be noted that the line of march as far as Gowansville runs generally parallel to the Asheville branch of the Southern Rail.

6. During this tour of duty troops are cautioned against approaching or entering houses or buildings of any kinds, or cutting or destructing live timber without proper authority. Commanding officers will be held responsible for the conduct of their troops in this respect. In cases where the cutting of live timber is necessary and is directed by these headquarters the amount cut will be carefully measured in cords on the stump and a report made showing the exact amount cut, and location of the work.

7. All officers are charged with the duty of reporting any instance of excess speed by any motor vehicle. The speed of the latter will not exceed the following limits at any time or under any circumstances:

Motor trucks, 15 miles per hour.

Motor cars, 25 miles per hour.

Motoreycles, 30 miles per hour.

Light Dodge trucks, 20 miles per hour.

8. Major Arthur E. Wells has been appointed range officer. Commanding officers of units sent to the range for practice will report their arrival to him.

9. Upon completion of practice the return to Camp Wadsworth may be made in two marches, bivouacing at a point 16 1-10 miles from westerly range camp site via Saluda road.



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THE ARMY STORE

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

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

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

Officers' Overcoats	\$40.00 to \$50.00
Sleeveless Sweaters, to be worn under shirt, at	\$3.50 and \$5.00
O. D. Woolen Uniforms	\$30.00
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O. D. Serge and Cotton Odd Breeches	\$3.50 to \$10.00
Stetson and Schoble Regulation Hats	\$5.00 to \$6.00
All Insignia for all branches, including regimental number.	
Sheep-lined Coats	\$15.00 and \$18.50
O. D. Regulation Wool Sweaters	\$6.50 and \$7.50

We make Uniforms and alterations on Suits

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

THE COWARD.

Everybody knew that Cowan was a coward. "He's got the Chinese flag tattooed on his back!" grizzled Top Sergeant Pratt said, more than once.

More than once, Cowan showed his yellow streak. When Corporal Young fell in the lake, Cowan ran for help, and Young would have been lost if some of the boys of the 102d Engineers hadn't happened by.

When the horse ran away with the Colonel's little daughter, Helen, Cowan shouted at the brute, but did not try to stop him. When little Harry Watts, the runt of the company, offered to lick Cowan, he slunk away.

So they got to calling him "Coward Cowan." He didn't have the spunk to protest.

It was in the thick of the big American drive against the Huns in the fall of 1918. The 27th Division was holding a hot sector, against which the Crown Prince's picked corps were hurling themselves in violent counter-attacks. Company P, Cowan's company, was bearing the brunt of a fierce thrust. Its thinned line wavered as a battalion of Bavarian giants, bristling with bayonets, rushed up the slope that Company P had been ordered to hold at all costs.

One machine gun could stop the attack and save the day!

And there it was, not a hundred feet from where Cowan cowered in a dug-out. But its operator lay beside it, dead.

A quick dash, a pressure on the trigger, a torrent of deadly lead—and the Germans would be mowed down.

Braver men than Cowan did not relish that dash, however.

But what did Cowan—Cowan "the Coward" do?

What did the man that the whole regiment had called "yellow" do?

In this big heroic moment, did he flinch? Did he miss this glorious chance to wipe out the stigma attached to his name? Did he fail in this pinch? Did he run down the narrow trench to safety? Did Cowan, the man they called "coward" flee?

YOU BET YOUR LIFE HE DID!

THEY'RE WITH US!

All the way from Milton, N. H., come two jungles to the Gas Attack. We print them to show that the folks back home are with us on this scrap.

DIGGING IN.

Our boys in France are digging in,

'Mid bursting shells and rockets;

We, stay-at-homes, will help them win,

By digging in our pockets.

THE LIMIT.

We pledge ourselves for meatless days,

We would not be a slacker;

We acquiesce in wheatless days,

Aye, even to a cracker;

But, by the Great Je-Hoover, please

Don't scrimp us on "terbaccer."

—I. W. J.

IN DIVISION SOCIETY

BALL GIVEN FOR ENLISTED MEN.

A ball for enlisted men was given on the evening of December 12th at the Cleveland Hotel. The committee consisting of Mesdames Seligman, Schoelkoff, Riley, and Miss Michie had it in charge. There was dancing in the ball-room and the foyer of the hotel. Music was furnished by military bands. The ball was one of the most enjoyable and brilliant successes of the season and there was a large attendance. The proceeds of the ball will be used to help increase the fund for the Christmas celebration at Camp Wadsworth.

HEADQUARTERS COMPANY 108TH GIVE CHARMING DANCE.

The members of the Headquarters Company, 108th Infantry, gave a delightful dance at Ravadson Hall. There were many young ladies popular in the dancing set present. The inspiring music was furnished by the 108th band. Those chaperoning were: Mesdames Andrew Law, Harry Price, Thomas Perrue, L. T. Reid, Edwin Johnson, Frank McKin, Charles Loeser, J. B. Stepp, Charles O'Neal, Cecil Page.

FIELD ARTILLERY JAZZ BAND OF 105TH AT TRI-COLOR TEA ROOM.

One of the most welcome places in town for the soldiers to meet and have a good meal at a reasonable price, is at the Church of the Advent, in the Tri-Color tea-room. At a recent gathering, the Jazz band of the 105th Field Artillery, gave an enjoyable musical evening. The hostesses were Mrs. W. S. Montgomery, Mrs. J. K. McGowan, and Mrs. E. H. Houghton, assisted by a number of young ladies.

Lt. Wilmer Bodenstab, attached to Company C, 107th Infantry, has recovered from his severe attack of tonsillitis, and his many friends are glad to see him around again.

Mrs. Dunbar, wife of Capt. Dunbar, Headquarters Troop, Division Headquarters, is in Spartanburg for the holidays.

MRS. J. W. ALLEN ENTERTAINS AT AN AFTERNOON TEA.

Mrs. J. W. Allen entertained recently at a tea given for the Y. M. C. A. auxiliary, and the army ladies visiting in Spartanburg. It was a delightful affair. The ladies assisting were: Mesdames Lee, Chapman, Bell and Irwin.

BATTERY B, 104TH FIELD ARTILLERY, GIVES DANCE.

Battery B, of the 104th Field Artillery, gave an enjoyable dance at the Country Club. The chaperones were: Mr. and Mrs. Chas. O'Neale, Mr. and Mrs. Frank McGhee, Mr. and Mrs. Reel, Mr. and Mrs. T. S. Perrin, and Mrs. Walter Montgomery.

WADSWORTH FABLES.

The Detail Ducker and the Terrible Teuton.

Joe Goofus, of the 105th Infantry, was a Wise Guy. He admitted it. He claimed the all-round "championship" of the 27th Division as a detail ducker. The only bugle calls Joe knew were "Soopy, soopy, soopy," and "Pay day, pay day, line up and get your thirty bucks!" When the gink with the hern tooted fatigue call or drill call, Joe was usually busy doing bunk fatigue. He boasted that he had invented more systems for bilking the Topper than any buck in the outfit. He was the fox who painted his ankle with iodine so that he wouldn't have to go to the rifle range.

But Joe was proudest of the way he regularly got out of bayonet drill.

"Me work out in that sun with a butcher knife on a stick? Huh! Guess again, bo. My little old fist is good enough for me in close quarters. I can liek any six Germans that ever hocked the Kaiser. My little old bed looks good while you boobs are out there carving up the atmosphere. Just tell the Sarge that I put my elbow out of joint carving a steak at mess, and so I can't join his merry bolo party this aft." That was Joe's regular spiel, when the call for bayonet practice came.

Meanwhile Looie Gets Ready.

The scene changes from the cotton fields of the sunny (sometimes) South, to Pfannkuchen, on the Rhine, where Private Looie Schmalz, of the Pfannkuchen Imperial Pretzelhunds, was training. Looie didn't like bayonet drills, either. But Looie used that gray thing that even Teuts have under their tin hats. So Looie overcame his dislike for doing "Short jab," "Long thrust?" and the stroke with which you shave a man, give him a shine, decapitate him, write your name on his abdomen and bisect his Adam's apple, with three movements, and he jabbed and thrust and panted a couple of hours a day.

Act III. The Big Duel Scene.

The scene changes once more. Third act. Somewhere in Flanders, whatever they are. Joe Goofus goes over the top. Joe is no coward. He still thinks that his trusty right mitt is as potent a weapon as it used to be when he was a bouncer in Mike's place on Eighth Avenue.

Joe runs into Looie in a trench. Looie is standing in a position which Joe remembers, vaguely, is called "On Guard." Joe discovers that he can't possibly park a right hook on Looie's whisker plantation because a mean looking sixteen inches of shiney steel is in the way.

Looie starts to make motions that Joe remembers seeing the boys make out in the lot at Spartanburg. Joe wishes he knew them now. Joe swings his rifle around his head and tries to knock Looie for a mess-shack. Not a chance. He might just as well hope to connect with one of Cicotte's shine balls with a tooth pick.

Blam! The lowly Toot has bounced the butt of his gun off Joey's wind-pipe. Zip!

Looie has engraved a picture of the Kaiser on Joe's shoulder blade. Woof! The Hun has sliced off Joe's ears. Indeed, Looie, though he wasn't half Joe's size, and had a build like an apple dumpling, was efficiently carving Joe into steaks and chops with a few simple twists of his well-trained wrist. Joe was a lucky cuckoo, however, for just then Johnny Maloney, of the 105th, happened by.

Johnny Maloney to the Rescue.

Johnny was one of the easy marks who used to go out to bayonet drill regularly. Johnny waved Joe out of harm's way, and proceeded to wag a mean set of elbows at Looie. Johnny thought he was back beating up the South Carolina ozone, while the Lieutenant counted "one, two, three." When he had finished with Looie, it would have taken a fountain pen filler to remove Looie from the landscape.

The does pieced Joe Goofus together all right so that he runs. But say, if you want to get the bawling out of your fair, young life, just tell Joe that you think it is a good scheme to duck drill.

MORAL—You may be able to fool the Topper, but you can't kid a Teuton.

10TH and 47TH BEING DEPLETED.

They Are Called Upon to Help Fill Up the Organizations in the Division. Will Be a Skeleton Regiment a While at Least.

The 10th and 47th New York infantry regiments, which have been in Camp Wadsworth for some time, but not as a part of the 27th division, are to be depleted in order to fill the regiments of the division to the required strength, as was done with the 12th, 14th, 71st and 74th regiments some time ago. Orders were issued yesterday for the 10th to transfer 601 men to the division regiments, and the 47th will transfer 723 men.

Under the order, the 47th will send 9 men to the 104th machine gun battalion, 77 men to the 102d engineers, 266 to the 106th infantry, 229 to the 108th infantry, 37 to the 104th field artillery, 52 to the 105th field artillery, and 53 to the 106th field artillery.

The order reads: "Men will be selected with character at least 'very good,' and who are physically fit for service overseas. To ascertain with regard to such physical fitness the following board of medical officers is designated to examine the men for transfer: First Lieut. Henry B. Smith, field hospital company 108; First Lieut. Joseph P. Gentry, field hospital company 106; First Lieut. J. W. McKenny, field hospital company 105. Non-commissioned officers will not be reduced in grade in transfer."

The 10th infantry is to send 213 men to the 105th infantry, 13 to the 105th machine gun battalion, 343 to the 107th infantry, 24 to the 106th machine gun battalion, and 8 to the 102d trench mortar battery. The medical officers are First Lieut. Leo F. Costigan, field hospital company 107; First Lieut. Payton R. Greaves, field hospital company 105, First Lieut. Lee R. Pierce, ambulance company 106.

Men of the 27th Division

☞ This enterprise was launched by reason of your coming to camp here, and its success depends in a large measure on your patronage.

☞ We have made an earnest effort to serve you to the best of our ability, handicapped as we have been by the help situation as it exists in Spartanburg today.

☞ We appreciate the liberal patronage you have given us and bespeak for ourselves a continuation of the same.

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Our Plant has the approval of your Sanitary authorities.

Our quality and service is of the highest standard,
and we are the largest Pie Baking Concern in the South.

Our daily output 36,000 Pies, 12,000 Crullers
and Doughnuts.

DIXIE PIE BAKING CO.

South Liberty St.

Phone 1711

Spartanburg, S. C.

A NIGHT IN THE CAMP TRENCHES.

(Concluded from page 3)

barbed wire watching the road over which the observers had to come.

Prisoner Senator Wadsworth.

But all the tension and all the nervous strain had its reward. Into the trenches that night were hauled the most distinguished visitors who had ever thus entered. United States Senator Wadsworth, for whom, but a few hours before there had been a Division Review, was captured by a rookie to whom the United States Senate was nothing more than a theory.

Escorting the Senator upon his surprise inspection of the trenches were Brigadier General Phillips, Colonel William G. Bates, of the Seventy-first New York Infantry, and a number of British and French officers.

Each was hustled with as little ceremony as might be, through the narrow aisles of red clay and up the slippery lanes of rock and shale and back to the Commanding Officer in the second line trenches. One of the French officers made some rueful remark about the condition of his horizon blue coat after such a trip through mud and slime.

"Sorry, sir," lamented his captor. "If you think it will help, I'll carry you. But you'll have to go somehow."

Non-coms received no such sympathy. An irate sergeant complained bitterly that his captor was rushing him too fast.

"What's the idea?" he demanded. "What's the hurry. Do you want to tear my coat off?"

"NO," replied the sentry, "But I will tear your coat off, and I'll tear an arm or two off with it, if you make any more noise."

Repatee In the Dark.

"Who in h— designed these _____ trenches anyway?" growled a captain as he was being taken back to the C. O. under arrest.

"Harry Thaw," volunteered the youth who stumbled after him, rifle at ready.

"If this was real warfare, my boy," said a reserve lieutenant to his youthful guard, "You never would have caught me so easily."

"If this had been the real thing, sir," replied the kid, "You wouldn't be in any shape for argument now."

Thus we spent that night in the first line trenches. They relieved us at six in the morning. A couple of men from the mess detail poured scalding coffee into our cups and over our blue hands. And we cheerfully poured the fiery stuff down our throats. It might have been coffee. It might have been cocoa. It didn't matter. It was hot.

We had sprawled out there on our bellies until our bellies had taken the general aspect of persimmons. Or so they felt. Our legs had become numbed. Our arms were chafed and creaky. But the excitement of the night and the splendid realization that not one of the enemy had penetrated our lines supported us enormously.

Bunk Fatigue at Last.

Back to the shelters we were led, bleared, dirty, unkempt and utterly weary. We

stumbled along drunkenly in the wake of our non-coms. On the floors of the shelters, far below the surface of the hills, now radiant under the spendthrift sun of South Carolina, we threw our blanket rolls. And down upon the rolls we threw ourselves to sleep like drugged men.

Maybe it will be far different over there where the real fighting is. Maybe we will not be so successful in keeping our first line clean and intact. But if the spirit that filled us that night remains ours over there, we are not going to be ashamed of what the folks back home read in the papers about us after our first engagement.

And while ours were hardships not to be compared with those the fellows over in Flanders are experiencing, we bore them. And we got some meagre idea of what they'll expect of us when we do get under fire.

RAILROADS AND THE WAR.

Lamponing the railroads which run trains in and out of camp is a favorite and sometimes over-indulged sport among the soldiers. One rookie in a western cantonment saw the possibilities of delays, however. When he arrived back in camp after a tedious trip, punctuated by long pauses, he remarked to his bunkie:

"Jim, I'm surprised to find you still wearing your uniform."

"What's that?" was the surprised answer.

"Well, I thought the war would surely be over by the time that train got us back to camp."

IS YOUR ROOTI JAKE?

Here is Some of Tommy's Trench Slang.

For the benefit of the American troops who are going into the trenches the veterans of the British Recruiting Mission have prepared a glossary of trench slang. The list contains a strange mixture of languages, a little Hindustani being now and then employed to convey the meaning of the Tommies. Of course every one knows that Hun is applied to the Germans, but it is interesting to learn that it is never meant to designate the troops as a unit, but signifies only the nation.

Men from the front declare that a knowledge of this trench jargon is quite essential to the comfort of the raw recruit, since without it the language would be unintelligible. A glance at the list would seem to confirm this.

The following glossary of trench slang was revised by Col. St. George Steele, in charge of the mission. It is "up-to-the-minute," and while in common use at the front is rarely heard elsewhere.

According to Colonel Steele, much of the current trench slang is derived from Hindustani as a result of the first British army under Kitchener being composed largely of veterans who have served in India. Examples of words with Indian origin are "cha" (tea), "rooti" (bread), and "blighty" (foreigner). The list follows:

Ack-Emma—Morning.

Archi—Anti-aircraft artillery.

Brass Hat—A staff officer. Presumably a reference to the gold lace which is a part of the staff uniform.

Bug-house—A dug out. Also fleapots.

Charlie Chaplin's Army Corps—The Canadian casualties. Center. A clearing-house for Canadian wounded.

Coal-box—A heavy artillery shell which, when exploding, sends up a cloud of thick, black smoke.

Char-tea (Hindustani)—Used particularly to designate the meal so dear to the English heart, afternoon tea.

Creeping Jimmy—A high-velocity shell which gives no warning of its approach.

Crumper—A 5.9 shell.

Crump-hole—Any Shell-hole.

Dixie—Strictly speaking, this is not slang. The cooking-pots issued by the Army Ordnance Corps are officially designated as "Dixies," for what reason no one seems to know.

Dud—Anything that's no good, that fails to accomplish its end. Thus a "dud" shell is a shell which does not explode.

Emma Gee—Machine gun or machine gunner (signaler's alphabet).

Flea-bag—Officer's sleeping-bag.

Flying Pig—An aerial torpedo.

Fritz—One of the many names applied by British troops to the Germans who oppose them.

Flipper—Hand.

Gunfire—Morning tea.

Heinie—A pet name for the German soldier.

Hun—A name (not pet) applied to the

Germans as a nation. Never used to designate the troops opposed to the British as a unit.

Jerry—A steel shrapnel helmet.

Jack Johnson—A big shell which bursts with a cloud of black smoke.

Jake—Universal army term to express satisfaction. If a girl is pretty she is "jake." If a stew tastes good it is "jake." If anything is right it is "jake." Probably an Anglicization of "chie."

M and D—Medicine and duty. Universal medical treatment for small ailments in the trenches. In other words, a dose of physic and go back to work.

Mulligan—A stew usually made of the regular ration issue and whatever extras may come to hand. Sometimes cooked in a shrapnel helmet.

Mulligan Battery—Cook wagon.

Minnehaha—A Minnewerfer, or German trench-mortar.

Napoo—Anglicized version of "il n'y a pas." Used in the opposite sense to "jake" and with an equally universal application.

O Pip—An observation-post (signalers' alphabet).

One-star Wonder—A second lieutenant, or "half loot;" also "one-star artist" and "one-lunger."

Pip Emma—Evening (signalers' alphabet for p. m.)

Pincapple—Aerial torpedoes used by the Germans. So-called from their shape, which distinctly resembles that of a pineapple.

(Continued on page 26)

IF YOU WISH TO EAT AT A BROADWAY RESTAURANT

For good service in
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Broadway Cooks
Broadway Waiters

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WE HAVE one of the largest stocks of fancy fruits in South Carolina and we have just received a car of Fancy Western boxed Wine Sap apples. We also have large stocks of Virginia, Pennsylvania and New York State apples. We are receiving daily shipments of Florida oranges, grapefruit, tangerines, cocoanuts, malaga grapes and nuts of all kinds. In fact a full and complete line of fruits and produce. Deliveries made to Camp Wadsworth promptly. We believe that our service and goods will be satisfactory to you in every way.

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SPARTANBURG, S. C.

FALL-IN!

TODD DRUG CO., For First Class Service.

ATTENTION! SOLDIERS WELCOME.

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

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

R. C. TODD.

TODD DRUG COMPANY

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

ADVICE TO THE WARLORN.

A Series of Personal Talks to Young Soldiers
By Sergeant-General Info, R. O., S. O.,
G. O., D. T., of the 14th Volunteer
Regiment Hoboken Snow Shovelers.

I. Knocking the Hum Out of Humor.

In this, my first article, let me caution all young soldiers against the evil of wit. Don't be funny. It gets tiresome.

Truly has it been said that there is nothing new. The joke we vainly try to snicker at to-day our grandfather laughed at yesterday, and our great, great, grandfather roared over centuries ago.

Don't laugh. Laughter lacks originality. And, anyway, it makes a lot of noise and disturbs everybody and makes people think that we are enjoying the war. Of course, we are enjoying the war but you wouldn't have the whole world know it, would you?

We who went to the Border went through it all. It was hard but we found that by getting together and putting our backs to the plow and keeping our heads turned forward we were able to keep straight faces and sometimes we even looked sour.

Don't be optimistic. What is the use? Why gloat over a doughnut when you know the hole should be filled. There is too much waste space in a doughnut, anyway.

Humor ruined me.

For years the curved surface above my forehead has been a barren desert. But,

because of a fascinating wig, nobody knew my secret until one night when somebody tried to be funny.

I had dressed to attend a dinner and absent-mindedly went off without exchanging my house skull cap for my wig. As the skull cap was like a wig in itself all would have been well had not a man by the name of Wig been present at the dinner.

As I dreamily sipped my coffee, this fellow Wig—so it seems—asked which one of his humorous stories he should repeat for the ladies. I came to just as the hostess most graciously suggested:

"Anyone, Mr. Wig."

Instinctively I felt my head and realized the state I was in.

"Yes," I blurted; "have you found me?"

Men, strive to be serious.

* * *

Questions From Troubled Young Men.

Dear Sgt.-Gen.: I am sick with the Grip. Have chills, fever and a bad throat. I reported to the M. C. and received the following directions: "Stay indoors next to a good hot fire, drink a glass of warm water as soon as you wake up, take only tea and toast for breakfast—milk, hot soup and more toast for lunch—milk, a little meat, some vegetables and vanilla ice cream for supper and take a good hot bath just before going to bed." Please tell me what I should do?

Pat Stewpid, 107th Inf.

Dear Stew.: Follow Doc's advice, ringing once for fire wood, twice for hot water, four

times for breakfast in bed, eight times for fresh milk, sixteen times for toast, thirty-two times for ice cream and five hundred and sixty-five times for a valet to draw you a hot bath. If the valet is a bum artist report him to Headquarters. Be sure to tell your Top Sergeant not to hold up formations on your account as you will not be present and if you are alive the next day go to the M. C. and find out what has happened to their treatment.

* * *

Dear Sgt.: A. claims that Bill Bryan is now president of Russia; B. holds that the Japs are in control, and C says that Russia is again an antocracy under the able leadership of Czar Cook, once a well-known American medical man and writer. Who is correct?

Corp. Sosolist,
105 M. G. Bat.

Dear Soso: They are all wrong. According to a report from the most authentic source, Kaiser Bill has commissioned one Senor Francisco Villa, of Chihauhau, Mexico, to take charge of affairs in stricken Russia and the aforementioned Senor Villa is reported to have started in upon his new work early in September.

* * *

Other articles to follow in this series are: "Keep the Sibley Stoves Burning," "Light Housekeeping on \$30 a Month," "Are National Guardsmen People?", "Snoring Made Easy," and "Saluting as an Army Pastime."

—V. R., 107th U. S. Inf.

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of Every Description.

A Large and Complete Stock
 of
HARDWARE

Oil Stoves For Tents

**Palmetto Hardware
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COT PADS
 STEEL COTS
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 FOLDING CHAIRS
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 COMFORTERS AND
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 AND
Columbia Records

New Catalog of Latest Hits
 Just Out

**HERRING
 FURNITURE CO.**

115 East Main Street

Y. M. C. A. UNITS.

(Continued from page 14)

building will have been completed and occupied. When this takes place, watch No. 95 for action.

Unit 96.

Mr. E. Reed Shutt, an attorney of Rochester, has been appointed to succeed Mr. Burchard, who is going to France, as Building Secretary of Unit 96. He has been connected with this unit since September, and has the confidence and regard of all with whom he has come into contact, and has already proved his fitness for the position. Mr. L. C. Bareham, a former Cornell Glee Club star, now has charge of the Social and Entertainment work of the unit. He is making things hum. "Something big doing every night" is the slogan.

On Sunday evening, December second, the Rev. Walt Holcomb, formerly associated in evangelistic work with the celebrated Sam Jones, gave a strong talk at Y. M. C. A. Unit 96.

The Rt. Rev. William A. Guerry, D.D., Bishop of the Protestant Episcopal Church of South Carolina, gave a very inspiring address at Y. M. C. A. Building 96, on Thursday evening, December sixth. Major McCord, of the 107th Infantry, had charge of the service, and the Band of the 107th Infantry gave a very pleasing concert.

The Free Movies at this building on Tuesday and Friday evenings are drawing big crowds.

Unit 97.

The movies on Monday and Thursday nights are preceded by a band concert, the bands of the Brigade rotating in giving the music. The combination program draws a large and enthusiastic crowd. These nights are big nights with us, the building being large enough to contain the crowd.

Friday night—stunt night—was another big night. Major Bell's aggregation from the Ammunition Train are clever entertainers, and with numerous other artists put on a good show.

The "Fireside Group" on Sunday mornings around the big fireplaces toast their shins and discuss various matters in the "soldier's spirit." Interest is increasing and the group is growing larger Sunday by Sunday.

The educational work at No. 97 is booming these days. Classes in advanced French, Berlitz Method French, Beginner's French; Elementary Mathematics; and English for Italians, meet on Mondays, Wednesdays, and Fridays.

On Tuesdays and Thursdays classes in Beginners' Spanish, English for Poles and English Grammar meet from 7:30 to 9:00. Much interest is being shown and each class has an increasing attendance. The teachers are all enlisted men under the direction of C. W. Darrow, Educational Secretary of the building.

Wanted—Live personals with a point. Address, GAS ATTACK.

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A REAL BARBER SHOP
 WITH REAL SERVICE.

TEN FIRST CLASS BARBERS
 NO WAITING.

TOOLS AND TOWELS STERILIZED.

BATHS—HOT OR COLD.

YOUR PATRONAGE APPRECIATED.

WELCOME VISITORS.

127 NORTH CHURCH ST.



The other thing money
 can't buy---more motor car
 service than the Ford gives.

That is why persons of
 wealth are buying Ford cars
 in larger numbers every day.

ELWOOD F. BELL,
 Exclusive Dealer for
SPARTANBURG

Do You Know that Christmas will be here IN 10 DAYS A FEW SUGGESTIONS

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Cameras
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Christmas Cards for All

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Offer Four Days' Service and
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Leave Your Package at
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Ambulance and Field
Hospital Post

108th Infantry
Post Exchange

Austin Nichols
and Company Store

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

FROM A GIRL BACK HOME.

Many Girls Doing Their Bit By Writing Letters to Lonely Soldiers.

Have you been adopted? Would you like to be? How would you like to get a nice letter, every week, brimming with good cheer and friendliness from some girl back home? You do not know her, except through her letters. You never may. No matter.

There are thousands of women in this country who are brightening soldiers' lives by writing them cheering letters, and sending them little gifts. Many are mothers who have no sons to give their country, and who are adopting motherless sons who are in the country's service. Many are younger women who realize that there are many lonely soldiers in the camps of the country, and who are doing their bit with their pens to alleviate this loneliness.

THE GAS ATTACK has received a most clever letter to an unknown soldier from a girl in Rochester. It is so bright that it is printed here in full. What is her name? That is the editor's secret. But there are many like her. How would you like to get a letter of this sort every week? If you would, send your name, company and regiment to THE GAS ATTACK, and it will be turned over to organizations which have lists of volunteer godmothers who wish to write to lonely soldiers.

A Girl's Letter.

Good morning, 'Merican soldier. Didn't ever expect to hear from me, did you? No? I thought as much. Well, you see, I just love to write letters, reg'lar ones, you know. Not the terra-Bill nice ones that you have to be so careful to have every word jess so,—kuz you know if I feel I want to say awful, offul,—or any other crazy idea, why don't you see I can't have the reader of my "Missive of Distress," a very literary person, who upon receiving such an o-f-f-u-l letter, frown over the top of his heavily rimmed tortoise shelled glasses and in agonized tones murmur, "My goodness! How shocking, no education a tall," and then feel sorry for me. Nope, 't won't do. Jest because I have been through the primer and the 3rd grade a-rith-matic. Yep! Both of 'em. I haven't the very least idea who you are. Why you may even be the above-mentioned person, but, oh! kind sir, if you are, please, please, pass the message of squirrel food on to the squirrel, who will not be bored to death by its nuttiness? I can't say that I've seen you in my dreams, because, whenever I dream, it's a nightmare, and, of course, it couldn't compliment you to say you'd figured in those. Nope! Want to know who I look like? Well, according to present styles, from the hem of my skirt down, about 14, but from my collar up—oh! I can't, it hurts to tell—maybe 14 reversed. Ha! Ha! No, I don't, honestly. Why, I'm beautiful. Don't I hate myself, o' gosh! I shood shay so. Oh! I know what you're sayin' to yourself, that I'm out

for a day and without my attendant. Nope! Again, you're dead wrong. I'm the safe and sane fourth child of my parents, who has only one father and one mother, but believe me when I say I can be so serious, um! um! You can't guess. Why, almost like a sad, solemn affair, such as weddings and sech like. I should say I'm not married. Didn't I just finish telling you I was in my right mind? It's dreadfully cold. This morning at 5 o'clock it was 26 degrees warm—felt cold though. Oh, yes! I'm up at five. Think I'd make a soldier? I could get up early and bile the coffee. It's nice and warm where you are, isn't it? I know several of the boys that went from here, but they all have loads of relations and friends and I hear through them. They have said that some of the fellows don't receive many letters and so, as I said before, I like to write, yep! only one thing I'd rather do than write letters and that's "git 'em." Now, are you going to answer this? I'd like to have you if you care to, and if you have a chum, who's lonesome, I'se a sister who could and would write to him, so send along a few names, and I'll see that they "git writ to." Next week, Monday, Nov. 12th, I'm going away till after Thanksgiving—East of Syracuse and to Watertown, N. Y.—so, if you care to write, why try and do it this week, and then I'll know your name and will write to you from where I'm visiting. I'm very busy all of the time and have been so for a year steady. I am somewhat tired just now as I said, up at 5 a. m. and not to bed again until 11 or 11:30 p. m., makes a long day. So, I'm taking a little vacation to get rested up. Are you voting tomorrow? Yes! Republican or Democratic? Oh! So that's it. Prohibition, well good for you. I knew you were that sort of a fellow. Well, anyway, whether you vote it or not, I hope your mind and ideas run that way. See, I told you I could be serious, y'betcha! But life isn't long enough to be serious much of the time, is it? No, says you? Correct says I. Well, soldier boy, don't think I'm bold or soldier crazy or anything like that, for I'm not—but I just thought some of the boys who didn't get many letters would like to get them. It's a little break in the monotony of the general routine for all of us. Just a little glimpse now and then of a world outside of our very own. Maybe next time I can write something more interesting. I hope so, don't you? Yes! I knew you would. Well, by, by, for this time. Be good and true, and remember, if you have a mother she's praying for you and if you haven't, she's watching over you, and now God bless you and care for you.

I remain, very sincerely,

A LETTER FRIEND.

Let the folks in Flatbush know what you are doing. Send them THE GAS ATTACK.

Are you going on a furlough? Let THE GAS ATTACK know.

WORLD BREVITIES

NEWS IN CAPSULE FORM.

Edited By J. S. Kingsley.

The war situation in Europe has not materially changed since our last issue. The British still hold the heights gained around Cambrai. Last week it was thought that the fighting in that section had ceased and an attack near Ypres was expected. On the contrary the German forces have made attack after attack at Cambrai in their attempts to dislodge the British. The Germans have sacrificed great numbers of their men in this attempt, evidently because she realizes that Cambrai heights hold the key to a large sector which, in turn, protects the Belgian coast where German submarines are, probably, stationed. Even a casual lay observer can easily see the importance of the British gains.

The Germans have kept up their attacks along the Italian frontier without success. The Allies have rushed aid to Italy, which was sorely needed. The defense of the plain around Venice has been the chief purpose of the Italians. The Germans have been hammering within thirty miles of Venice, that unique and wonderful city, just the sort of a treasury of art and of history that the Hun would like to destroy. The Teuton is trying to get Venice but for three weeks has been foiled.

While the faster boats are seldom victims of the U-boat yet the submarine has been busy sinking about three boats a day. As yet the Allies can not produce ships as rapidly as they are being sunk but ships practicably unsinkable are being produced. All the Allies have agreed upon one management of all shipping in order to produce the most efficient results.

The Russian ultra-socialists have made an armistice with Germany and are negotiating for peace. Yet the Russian situation has not cleared. Unless Russia is an exception to all history there will be a severe counter revolution soon due there. As a whole this has been an Allies' week. Although Germany has been even reckless in her assaults she has made no gain to compensate her for the losses.

The Americans participated in two brilliant episodes during the past week. Several engineers who, having been surrounded, were taken prisoners fell in with some British who rescued them. Another party of Americans in a motor car was cut off by a German machine gun set in the road. The Americans at full speed ran past the Teutons.

Our government has declared war against Austria-Hungary. This became necessary in order to furnish Italy supplies and other aid. The main necessity, however, was to

We have accounts with the following Post Exchanges at Camp Wadsworth

Ambulance and Field Hospital	106th N. Y. Infantry
2nd N. Y. Field Artillery—2nd Battalion	108th " " "
104th Machine Gun Battalion, Co. B	106th Machine Gun Battalion, Co. A
104th " " " " A	106th " " " " B
104th " " " " C	104th Field Artillery
Headquarters Troop—27th Division	Headquarters Co., 71st Infantry
105th Regiment	10th Infantry
Military Police Headquarters	106th Machine Gun Battalion, Co. C
107th Regiment	104th " " " " D
102nd " (Engineers)	Headquarters Company Canteen
27th Division Supply Train	106th Infantry, Co. C
Base Hospital	106th " " L
106 Field Artillery	105th Machine Gun Battalion
23rd N. Y. Infantry	106th Infantry, Co. I
3rd Regiment	

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

WHOLESALE GROCERS
CANDY AND CAKES A SPECIALTY
CIGARETTES AND TOBACCO

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SPARTANBURG, S. C.

PHONE 161

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The only Restaurant at Camp
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BETTER VALUE—BETTER FOOD

At the Camp Wadsworth Station
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OPEN

9:30 a. m.—10:30 p. m. (Daily)

Drop in for a plate of wheat
cakes and cup of the best
coffee in the county.

My Turkey dinner every Sunday
from 2 p. m. to 8 p. m.
is a corker

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in stock for every make of car

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either with or without seats

RACINE TIRES
every tire a good tire

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BATTERIES

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Phone 455
Next to Post-office

give Austria the status of an enemy nation so that our government could properly handle Austrians in this country, hundreds of whom have been actively engaged against our interests.

The Apapa, a British steamship, was sunk by two torpedoes; the passengers were placed into life boats and rowed away from the sinking ship while the submarine shelled the passengers in the life boats which carried women and children.

The chef of the Waldorf-Astoria has made a cake weighing 360 pounds, which will be sent to France for the centerpiece of a Christmas table laden for American soldiers.

A French munition ship collided with a Belgian relief ship in Halifax harbor, resulting in an explosion felt over a radius of 75 miles. Over 800 lives were lost in Halifax.

IS YOUR ROOTI JAKE?

(Continued from page 21)

Rooti—Bread (Hindustani).

Riveter—Machine gun.

Rum-jar—A trench-made explosive consisting roughly of 200 pounds of powder in a rough casting, fired from a trench-mortar.

Sammies—This name has been widely adopted by the British as a name for their American comrades in arms. It may be an Anglicized version of the French "Nos amis," but is probably derived from the appellation "Uncle Sam."

Skilly—A stew.

Suicide Club—Bombing squad or advanced machine-gun squad.

S. O. L.—Delete. Applied to anything that can't be done, or is called off. Signalers' alphabet.

Sanfairyam—Anglicization of the French "Cela ne fait rien." Meaning same as Napoo.

Tieklers' Artillery—A bombing squad.

Typewriter—A machine gun.

Local American recruiting officers advise a familiarity with these strange trench-words and idioms.

KITS FOR CAVALRY MILITARY SCHOOL MEN.

1 The Cavalry Military School, of New York, has requested THE WADSWORTH GAS ATTACK to furnish the addresses of the following men, in order that they may receive a Christmas kit from the above organization:

J. Brady, 102d Engineers; John Alexander, 107th Infantry; Harold Perkins, 107th Infantry; Sergt. Peter Gesner, 104th or the 105th Field Artillery; W. C. Briggs, R. Montgomery, J. Niles, Wm. Tracy, 12th N. Y. Infantry; Rene Fermillye, 106th Infantry; H. D. Loper, Ammunition Train.

It is further requested that all enlisted men in anyway connected with the above school forward their names and addresses in order to have them listed in its records, and to add stars to its service flag, which now numbers one hundred and thirty-two.

Address: Col. Ward H. Lasher, Cavalry Military School, 209 West 129th Street, New York City.

New York Prices FOR New York Boys

We have the real goods
FELLOWS

Chevrons all Ranks
Sheepskin coats, rubber boots
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Officers Insignia With Numerals

Bed Rolls, Web Belts, Folding
Tables and Cots, No Name Hats.

*Largest Stock of Leather Leg-
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Army & Navy Equipment Co.
137 E. MAIN STREET
NEXT TO BIJOU THEATRE

Young & Germany Company

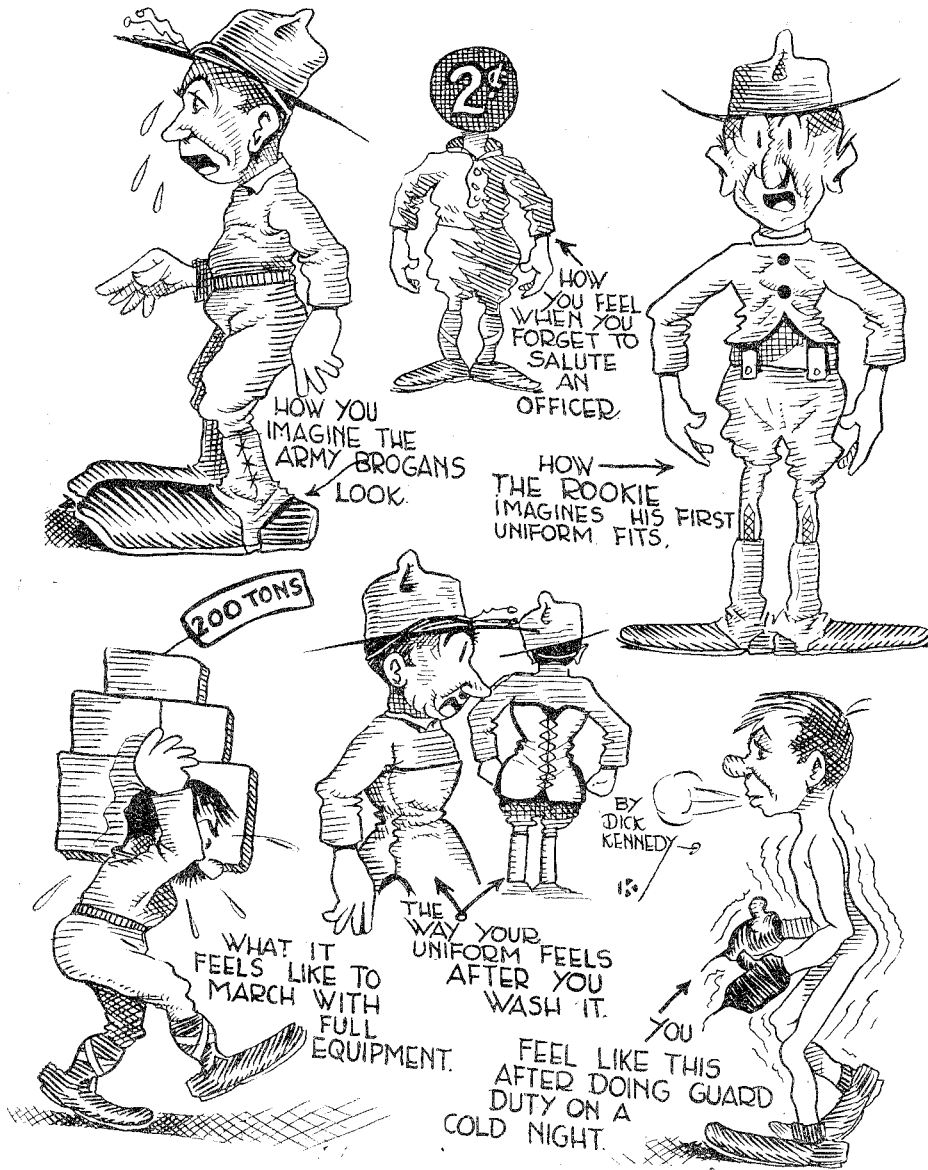
Groceries Fruit and Produce

*Officers and enlisted men are
particularly welcome in our estab-
lishment. We want them to feel
that our office is their headquar-
ters while they are in town.*

Immediate Attention Given to
Verbal and Telephone Orders

Cor. Ezell and Choice Sts.

Telephone 1351



HOW YOU FEEL

WILL INVESTIGATE TWO FATAL ACCIDENTS.

A board of officers, to consist of Col. James R. Howlett, 14th infantry; Maj. Lyman A. Wood, 74th infantry; Maj. R. W. Hinds, 106th field artillery, is appointed to investigate the railroad accident at Woodruff, S. C., on December 1, resulting in the death of Private Charles Martin and Joseph F. Curti, 47th infantry.

A board of officers, to consist of Lieut. Col. Wm. R. Pooley, 74th infantry; Maj. James E. Schuyler, 14th infantry, and Maj. L. A. Salisbury, 106th infantry, is appointed to investigate the railroad accident at Grover, N. C., on December 1, resulting in the death of Private Marshall Goll, 5th company, 102d supply train.

BOYS SOLDIERS IN GERMANY.

Intimations that Germany is planning to force boys of 16 and 17 years into the army are contained in an appeal appearing in the Essen General Anzeiger that they immediately join the juvenile corps.

"This great struggle between the nations," says the newspaper, "will necessi-

tate those who are now 16 and 17 being called up at no very remote date for army service."

PAY YOUR PARCEL POST TAX.

The following War Tax on Parcels Post is effective December 1st, 1917, and is payable by a war revenue stamp to be affixed at the time of mailing by the sender.

"On parcel post subject to 25 cents postage the tax is 1 cent.

"On parcels on which the postage amounts to from 26 to 50 cents the tax is two cents each, and so on."

Postage stamps are not valid for this tax and no parcels will be transported until this tax is paid on same.

As the volume of mail for this Camp will be tremendous at Christmas time soldiers can expedite its delivery by giving their correct address to the people at home.

Below is a sample address:

(Pvt.) John Jones,
Battery Y or (Co. X) ..Field Artillery (or other regiment No.)

Camp Wadsworth, Spartanburg, S. C.

Uniforms

Tailored by

The House of Kuppenheimer



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

James A. Bannister

Genuine Cordovan

Puttees : \$16.50

PRICE'S

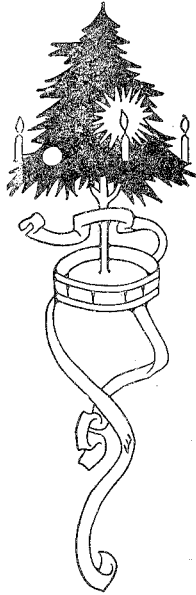
116 E. MAIN ST.

The largest
Book Store
in South Carolina

Military
Texts for
Officers and
Enlisted men
a Specialty

The DuPre Book Store
Spartanburg, S. C.

"When Under the Mistletoe Bough"



At the old Yuletide dance in Merrie England, years ago, the young men were entitled to kisses, if the girls could be caught under the mistletoe boughs with which the dance halls were decorated. We hope when the American boys get "Over There", they will be fortunate enough to catch some of the bright-eyed Britains or those of La France, "Under the Mistletoe Boughs." I hope, too, that when the war is over the American boys will safely return to every day business. In the meantime it is necessary for us to economize. Remember that the dollar you spend foolishly is a lost friend gone forever.

If you are going to send Christmas presents, send substantial gifts like COLLINS offers at the BEE HIVE, that will be useful after Christmas is over.

I want you to know that the BEE HIVE can save you money on every purchase.

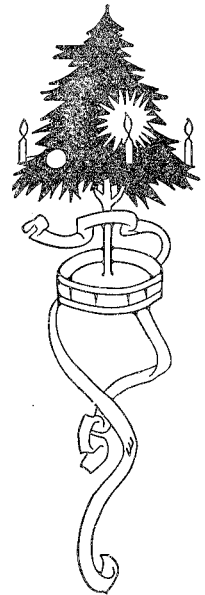
I buy direct from manufacturers which places me in the position to save you paying middlemen's profits.

I buy for cash and sell for cash which places me in a position to sell for less.

I own my own store houses so that I am not compelled to tack on extra charges for store rents.

Here's wishing you a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year.

J. D. COLLINS.



ENLISTED MEN WILL HAVE CLUB.

Women Friends of Soldiers Undertake to Provide a Need That Is Keenly Felt—Will Be Opened to Soldiers Soon.

Realizing that something more is needed in the city of Spartanburg for the enlisted men in the way of social entertainment than is furnished by the churches, the Y. M. C. A. and the efforts of the citizens generally, open handed as their hospitality has been, some of the ladies connected with the 27th division have undertaken to equip and maintain a soldier's club which will fill a need that is not quite met by any of the other agencies here.

A preliminary organization has been formed, and the movement has gone far enough to insure that it will be carried through. A building on Main street has been secured and plans for its remodeling have been made by Lieut. Paul F. Mann, a well known New York architect, who is an officer in the 27th division. The preliminary board of managers consists of Col. George A. Wingate, chairman; Dr. Rosa H. Gantt, vice chairman; Mrs. Chauncey J. Hamlin, H. B. Carlisle, Mrs. Walter H. Schoelkopf, H. F. McGee, E. F. Bell, J. C. Evins and T. W. Garvin.

The building committee consists of H. F. McGee, Mrs. Chauncey Hamlin, J. C. Evins, E. F. Bell, Maj. J. D. Kilpatrick.

It is the purpose of those interested in the club that it shall not be limited to the entertainment of the 27th division alone, but that the club shall be established by the division and that it shall continue when that division has left for France and other troops come to Spartanburg, so that it shall be a permanent institution as long as the war lasts.

For the thousands of soldiers here who have a social status at home and are used to something more than the customary environment of the enlisted man's life, the situation here is felt keenly. The people of the community have put forth splendid efforts to furnish wholesome entertainment for the soldiers, and have succeeded in a large measure, but it is manifestly impossible for a city of 22,000 to furnish adequate and varied entertainment for 33,000 men, many of whom are from the largest city in the world. The Y. M. C. A. building in the city is crowded every night, the hotels are filled, the restaurants are turning away hundreds nightly, the movies are jammed, the church entertainment committees have more than they can do. The proposed club will fill a real and keenly felt need.

It is planned to have the club ready for opening within a very short time. There will be a canteen where meals can be served at the lowest cost possible, a lounging room, an auditorium, shower baths, etc. Those who have been working on the project have been assured of financial support by local people and by New York friends of the soldiers who are here.

"ALWAYS ON THE ALERT."

Four Doughty Doughboys Quell Panic in Movies.

South Church Street was as quiet as South Church Street. Suddenly a voice rent the evening air. "Lawsee!" it said, "De ole movie machine she done gone bus' and de place is afire." The voice came from a negro movie. The audience turned as pale as was possible under the circumstances. Then it got panicky. It decided, almost as one man and woman, that it was going away from there and into the cool evening air. Also it was going quickly. A panic, followed by a few funerals, was in the air.

But Sergeant Henry Eisner, Co. B., 47th Inf., and Privates Jimmy Duffy and Jack Flynn, of Co. L., 105th Inf., and Private W. H. Derr, Headquarters Co., 108th Inf. were walking the streets in a military manner, keeping always on the alert. They heard the noise. They rushed into the theatre.

"You can't hold a panic in here," Sergeant Eisner shouted. "It's against orders. Band, strike up 'Turkey in the Hay.' Take instruments. Play!"

The music and the presence of the soldiers soothed the frightened movie patrons. The burning reel was tossed into the street, the lights were turned on. The doughboys had saved the day.

WHY SUPPLY SERGEANTS ARE UN-POPULAR.

(Continued from page 8)

East and West and send it to the Division Quartermaster who doubtfully turned it over to the Board of Survey.

For two long months I awaited results as a farmer looks for the first green shoot from the planted seed. At the end of two months, something happened.

Form No. 196 A. G. O. in triplicate returned home with a brief note attached, something on this order:

"Nov. 9, 1917.

"From, Board of Survey, Q. M. C. 123456789—11-12-17.

"To, C. O. Co. X-4651st U. S. Inf.—134th Brigade, 241st Div.

"Subject: Report on Survey—987654321—Tag, identification.

"On attached form Q. M. C. No. 196 A. G. O. 'One (1) Identification Tag and Tape' should have been written:

"One (1) Tag, identification.

"One (1) Tape, yd., for tag, identification.

"Correct and return.

"I. M. ONJOB,

"Colonel, Q. M. C.

"I. R. A. FLIVVER,

"Lieut. U. S. R.,

"Asst. Chief of Staff.

"U. R. NOTT,

"Capt. Adj. Q. M. C."

The Supply Sergeant emphatically and convincingly explained to me all the trouble I had caused and suggested that, after all, I might just as well have the tag and tape charged against my pay roll.

All For Two Cents.

Discouraged and resigned I consented to this action and Form 602 Q. M. C. was then promptly made out in duplicate, again signed by all concerned and presented to the Regimental Supply Sergeant after having been O. K'd and K. Oed. by the "Top" Sergeant, Captain and Regimental Supply Officer.

"By the way, Sergeant," I asked, suddenly being struck with a Calamity Jane inspiration. "How much is all this going to set me back?"

Visions of fees and court costs and all these things clashed before my eyes.

The Supply Sergeant suspiciously looked up at me, reached for a pamphlet known as G. O. 17, Q. M. C., searched its pages and then announced:

"One cent for the tag and one cent. for the tape."

On the last pay day I received only \$29.98 of my \$30 monthly salary.

I dislike Supply Sergeants. They annoy me.

—V. R., Co. K., 107th U. S. Inf.

Gazetting Miss Gasette.

Miss Grace Gasette, a Chicago nurse at the front in France, has been given the cross of the Legion of Honor and elected an honorary corporal.



GENERAL RUMOR.

Chief of Staff for General Nuisance, riding his favorite steed—el Lumpo de Toro. Born in Bull Run, Va., 1860. Attended Public School in Durham, N. C., 1861-2. High School at Cowpens, S. C., 1865-67. Entered college, at Matteawan, N. Y., 1869. Released, 1900.

Passed West Point, on way to New York, on a Hudson River Day Boat. Worked on Philadelphia Evening Bulletin, 1901-1907. Appointed himself General, 1908. Appointment confirmed by himself, 1909. Attended the school of the picket line, 1910-13. Aide de scamp to General Misinformation, 1913-1915. Commander-in-Chief of Chicago Stock Yards Army, 1915-1917. Attached himself to the 27th Division, 1917.

HOW'D YOU LIKE A FARM?

At the present session of Congress Senator Harding, of Ohio, hopes to get a bill passed which will give every American soldier at the end of the war an opportunity to become the owner of a small farm. He believes the farms should be made available to the soldiers at a price regulated by the government and on the basis of moderate instalments.

PRETTY SOFT FOR CLAUDE.

Escapes Kitchen Police and All He Gets Is Three Years in Jail and a Bob-Tail.

Camp Meade, Md.,—Private Claude W. Enlow, of Philadelphia, a member of the 315th regiment, was sentenced to three years' imprisonment and dishonorable discharge from the service for refusing to obey the commands of his superior officers when ordered to do kitchen police duty. He also forfeits all pay and allowances. Kitchen police duty consists of peeling potatoes, washing dishes and otherwise assisting the cook. Every private is expected to perform it in his turn.

TO ST. PAUL MEN.

All alumni of Saint Paul's school are requested to forward their name and addresses, rank and service to Rufus Waterman, St. Paul's School, Concord, N. H.

SHEEP LINED COATS

JUST A LITTLE BIT BETTER THAN ANYTHING ELSE IN TOWN

\$13.50 \$16.50

Funston Cloth Uniforms

\$18.50

A Complete Line of Whipcord and Serge Uniforms

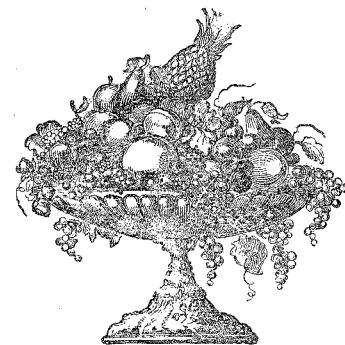
GOLDBERG'S

"ON THE SQUARE"

SPARTANBURG, S. C.

VISIT

The only Basement Cafe in Town. Good things to eat at reasonable prices. Everything clean. You will feel at home here. Regular dinner every day.



THE MAIN STREET CAFE

Located in Basement

NEW REX THEATRE BUILDING

EAST MAIN ST.

Boots and Shoes for Officers

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

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

U. S. RED RUBBER BOOTS

WRIGHT - SCRUGGS SHOE COMPANY

126 Morgan Square
SPARTANBURG, S. C.

COOL NIGHTS DOWN SOUTH

Do you sleep warm?
If not call on us for

COT PADS BLANKETS COMFORTS

WE TREAT THE SOLDIER BOYS RIGHT

Hammond-Brown-Wall Co.

145 North Church St.

ON GUARD!

The Rookie Speaks.

"Now it's half-past one on a frosty night
"And it's cold as cold can be;
"Stars overhead, and the moon is bright,
"But what do they mean to me?
"For they've dumped me down on a blooming post
"Where it's dark and lone and drear;
"It's nice in camp where the sergeant is,
"But it's damn poor stuff out here.
"Now my girl she's home and it's warm there, too,
"And it's nice as nice can be;
"But she may be talking to Billy or Hugh
"And not think a thing of me.
"For they've put me into a uniform
"And it's fine all right, all right;
"I'm strong for the life of a soldier, sure,
"But I'm sick of it to-night.
"And I want to go where the bright lights are
"Where there's fun and grub and noise;
"But I'm stuck to a blooming siphon house
"Instead of out with the boys.
"For the sergeant, he up and put me here,
"And he says, now hold that down;
"But I don't want to stay, and I'm going away,
"Come on, and we'll go to town."

The Veteran Speaks.

"You make me sick with your yell and kick,
"You're a hell of a man, you are;
"You're a good-for-nothing snivelling kid
"You just made a damn fine speech, you did;
"You've fixed yourself for a juicy skid,
"You've just went too darned far.
"You talk of the cold, well wait till you hold
"Your gum in an ice-caked mitt;
"The job's all right if your mind is set
"And your toes turn out, but you can bet
"They'll be turned right up in the slush and wet
"If you even *whisper* 'quit.'
"You're tired out! Well, I gotta shout
"At the talks of the likes of you;
"You've got a cot. You get grub that's hot,
"And you may believe it, and maybe not,
"But it's gospel truth, Kid, you bet you got
"Lots more than some folks I knew.
"You never ate from a washbowl plate
"Nor slept on a junior cot;
"You never done with one blanket—One!
"We did, my boy, and we called it fun
"And I'll kick the first darned son-of-a-gun
"That hollers he don't know what.
"You wash your face—You're a plum disgrace
"Your kind—You a soldier! You?
"Some time next year when the pears is ripe
"You'll be something more than a slab of tripe
"You spoil our record you little snipe
"And I'll lam you, P. D. Q.
"You'd cut and run for a bunch of fun—
"And maybe—My God, you pup!
"You'd shoot the work of a thousand men
"For a dame and dance and some eats and then—
"If you ever open your head again
"Be damned but I'll catcha up."



"Captain, can I have a transfer?"
"Why are you always asking for transfers?"
"I used to go home on the B. R. T."

105TH INFANTRY.

Private Dowling, of the Sanitary Detachment, is in Troy on furlough.

Jimmy White, premier trombonist of the 105th band, has received an S. C. D. Discharge and left. This leaves a vacancy that "Chief" Feyl will find difficult in filling. Jimmy was one of the best musicians in his line that the army has yet produced.

The Hdqr. Co. also loses the services of "Happy" Dennin, the cook, who goes home on a disability discharge.

Priv. Jos. Jones, of F Co., received an S. C. D. this week.

D Co. loses Pvts. Doring, Kane, Marlsey and Meion for the same reason—all of them are Troy boys.

Pvt. Martin, of the Sanitary Detachment, has been transferred to the 105th Field Hospital unit.

Private Martin, of the Supply Co., has taken the Hoover Course in Economy. A Troy friend of his presented him with a lonesome looking Victor Phonograph record. In order to use the record Martin spent fifteen perfectly good dollars for a machine to play it.

Private Wenn, of K Co., reported at sick call the other morning. The doctor asked him his name—

Said Wenn: "Wenn."

Said the Doctor: "Now."

And then Wenn went to the Base Hospital and Wenn don't know when he will come out—Fact.

Lucky Luckhurst, of the Sanitary, is still shoving out the stew three times a day.

Woolen clothing has now been issued to practically all the enlisted men of the command.

"Dutch" Ashley and Pete Rushlow, of Hdqrs. Co., recently paid a visit to friends of theirs in Gaffney, S. C.

Large heaters for the mess halls have arrived and will shortly be in use.

Hot water tanks are being installed along "Bath House Row."

"Oxie" Bernadin, of B Co., has been given a warrant as sergeant. He is one of the best boys in the regiment and will undoubtedly make one of the most popular non-coms in B Co.

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

COFFEE PERCOLATORS
CHAFING DISHES
PANCAKE GRIDDLES

The Electric Grill Toasts, Broils, Fries and Stews

Electric Heaters for small rooms

Electric Hot Water Heaters for comfort when shaving

SOUTH CAROLINA LIGHT, POWER & RAILWAY CO.
SPARTANBURG, S. C.

105TH AMBULANCE CO.

Since Thanksgiving the subject has been on every tongue, has been argued pro and con, thrashed out individually and collectively, theories advanced and rumors floated; and then the whole thing passed into history on Wednesday afternoon when eleven husky privates, tried and true, humbled the haughty non-coms to the tune of 12 to 0.

The game was full of pep from start to finish and every bit of territory gained was stubbornly contested. In the second quarter the privates, relying on the fierce line plunges of Jones, LaValle, and the end runs of Johnson, Ellis and Henry, worked the ball down to the five-yard line and a last furious plunge by LaValle took the ball over the line for the privates' first score. The kick from placement failed and the non-coms took the kick but lost it on downs.

A criss-cross enabled Johnson to break through the opposing backs and in a spectacular dash he took the ball again to the non-coms' five-yard line. Encouraged by this, the privates, amid frantic roars of their backers on the side-lines, tore the non-coms' line to shreds and again scored, Jones taking the ball across the line.

The second half was the most thrilling of the two and time after time the spectators held their breath as accurate passing and long end runs brought the ball dangerously near the non-com's goal, but Dame Fortune smiled no more on either side and the game ended without further scoring.

When the company assembled for drill last Monday morning they were told to prepare for a day in the field, so haversacks were filled with bacon, potatoes, bread and apples, and hospital corps pouches and other equipment were hurriedly examined before being buckled into position. Under command of Lieuts. Truex, Ballantyne and McKemy, fifty-one men started for the woods and creek in back of the camp. On arriving there, Lieut. Truex had the men prepare a dressing station under the high levels of the creek banks and Lieuts. Ballantyne and McKemy placed wound markers on some of the men and secreted them in the brush. When all was ready, litter bearers were sent out to find, bandage, and ticket the wounded and then bring them back on stretchers.

This work took most of the morning and after a simple meal cooked over the coals of a wood fire, the men stretched out under the pines and were content with the world. The Top Sergeant, Harry Fish, finally summoned them back to work and after a short lecture and drill, the company returned back to camp, tired and happy.

In the evenings the concerts in No. 5 tent by "Tessie" DeGarland with his saxophone and clarinet and "Patsy" of the 107th, with his violin are very much enjoyed and the tent is usually crowded to its capacity while "Tess" and his crew favor them with both classical and ragtime music.

On Wednesday evening an impromptu en-

tertainment took place in the mess hall. After the audience had applauded "Rol" Henry's solos, Corporal Schindler's stories, and Jack Layden's clever soft-shoe dancing, Signor Alberto Urinosio Flint brought tears to the eyes of his audience when, supported ably by Jack Layden, he produced a sketch entitled "A Mother's Love." The applause was so persistent that the Signor consented to return to the stage and showed that his talents were many by executing some very clever clog dancing and finished by rendering the yodel song, "Sleep Baby, Sleep" in a manner that brought down the house.

Private First Class Francis D. Conroy was called home on account of the serious illness of his mother, on November 25th. Private First Class George R. Doust and Privates Albert D. Lewis, Frank J. Mulherin, Edward F. Edgren and Frederick W. Swift left on 10-day furloughs for Syracuse. Lucky cusses.

Our popular "skipper," Capt. Latta, returned Wednesday after a 10-day leave of absence spent in Syracuse. He remarked upon the "dead" appearance of the town caused by the absence of the many young men in the service.

First Lieut. John W. McKemy, M. R. C., of Dayton, Ohio, has been assigned to this company to fill the vacancy caused by Lieut. Schwartz's resignation. The fellows have already voted him a good scout and hope his new assignment pleases him as much as it does them.

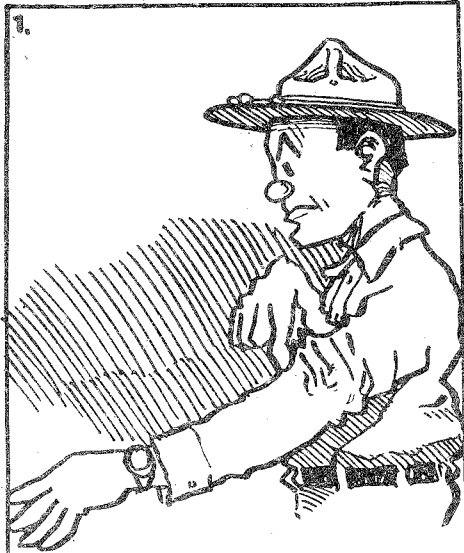
A. K. M.

MANUAL OF THE WRIST WATCH

—“(1)” IN SIX COUNTS “(2)”—

TEXT BY: CHARLES DIVINE

SKETCHES BY: JACK COLLINS



1. BY THE NUMBERS: ONE! YOU RAISE THE ARM IN FRONT, PREPARED TO GAZE.



2. TWO: THE WRIST IS NEARER BROUGHT, SMARTLY, AS A SOLDIER OUGHT.



3. THREE: YOU LOOK IT IN THE FACE, INSPECTING HANDS, AND TIME AND CASE.



4. FOUR: YOU SHAKE IT VERY QUICK, BESIDE YOUR EAR TO HEAR IT TICK.



5. FIVE: THE SHAKING MOVEMENT ENDS, BEFORE THE WRIST-WATCH ARM DESCENDS



6. SIX: IN CADENCE, ALL YOU MEN, BACK TO ORDER ARMS AGAIN.

FIRST AID TO THE SOLDIERS

SAFETY RAZORS

Gillette
Gem
Ever-Ready
Auto Strap
Enders and Penn



TOILET ARTICLES

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

Eastern 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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PRESCRIPTION SPECIALISTS AND FIRST CLASS DRUGS

Corner of North Church and Main Streets

BUY
Coupon Book
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CREDIT
From All
Canteens

Good at Face
Value at the—

Harris
Strand
Bijou--
Theatres

ATTENTION!

Soldiers at Camp
Wadsworth

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

J. Thomas Arnold Co.
Department Store

Spartanburg, South Carolina

THE NEW
REX THEATER

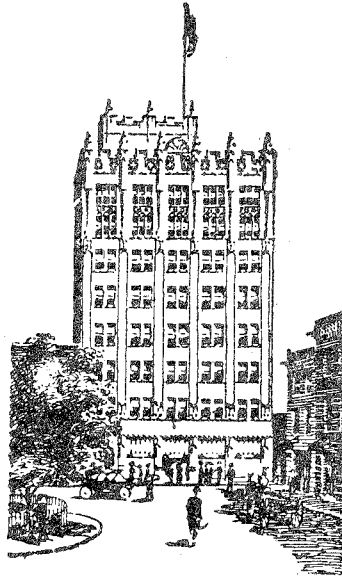
C. L. HENRY, Manager

A New York Show
in the Sunny South

You go there because
you feel at home

The best Pictures to be had. The best Orchestra south of New York.

Always a good
show. Often
a great show



SECURITY AND SINCERITY

EVERY Department in our Institution has been gladly placed at the disposal of the soldiers. They have availed themselves of our banking facilities, and we are as appreciative of their business as of their good will. If the proof of the pudding is in the eating, you also ought to be receiving the benefits of our service. Drop in and talk things over. There is a home-like bustle in the conduct of our daily business.

CENTRAL NATIONAL BANK