

Bingham



WADSWORTH GAS ATTACK AND The Rio Grande Rattler.

Vol. 1.

CAMP WADSWORTH S. C., December 8, 1917

No. 3



FAREWELL PARADE - 27 TH DIVISION
Aug. 30, 1917, New York City.



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Bank of Spartanburg

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READY--EXERCISE!

Are you down hearted?
 Do you want to know how to get even with the Top Sergeant?
 Are you troubled with that tired feeling?
 Are you a lover of good literature?
 Are you a lover of bad literature?
 Is the supply sergeant trying to issue you size 59 underwear.
 Do you find it hard to sleep in the mornings?
 Do you know how to light a fire in a Sibley stove without getting up?
 Is life a blank, blue, dreary, drab, uninteresting, sober, somber, leaden,
 sodden, sordid, bleached out, dry cleaned, insipid, futile, purposeless,
 useless sort of thing?

Then We Can Help You

If none of these things are bothering you be sure to
 avoid the

Wadsworth Gas Attack

and

Rio Grande Rattler

N. B.--At Canteens and
 Y. M. C. A. tents
 ONE JIT!

It is not for such as you

A SONG FOR DARKER DAYS

BY CHARLES DIVINE, AMBULANCE CO. NO. 108.

A nigger, swinging his pick on a road in camp,
Where the sun makes a glistening lane,
Sings from a mouth of contentment
This philosophical strain:

*"I gotta rainbow wrapped aroun' mah shoulder,
Wrapped aroun' mah head.
An' it ain't a-goin' to rain!"*

And there beside the roadway, too,
The soldiers wheel in the golden light,
As straight as the military pine,
In squads left and squads right, and right front into line.
And some are guarding a practice trench,
And some, for a day, five feet in the earth,
But it lacks the grimness of shot and shell,
There's less of death and more of mirth;
It's South Carolina instead of Hell.
And the nigger, swinging his sun-bright pick,
Chants to the dirt again:

*"I gotta rainbow wrapped aroun' mah head,
An' it ain't a-goin' to rain."*

On a later day, in another trench,
When we all go over to No Man's Land,
There's a nigger's song with a carefree creed
To be sung where the fighting is hand to hand,
Where the enemy's real and bullets are lead,
In seas of mud on a Flanders plain:

*"I gotta rainbow wrapped aroun' mah head,
An' it ain't a-goin' to rain!"*

Don't Let Yourself Be Gassed

Learn to Put on Your Box Respirator in Four Seconds and You Have a Perfect Defense Against the Hun's Deadly Weapon, Gas

Gas!

What does this word mean to you now? You confuse it with tunnel gas, sewer gas, natural gas, illuminating gas, any kind of gas, in fact, which smells badly. Its use and what you will do to defend yourself against it all belong to the vagueness of "Over There."

The lives of every man may some day depend on his understanding of this word. At its sound he must make certain motions instantaneously, almost automatically. In the trenches, in the dug-out, in the machine gun emplacement, in the listening post, in the mine, in the gun pit wakened from a sound sleep, this word GAS must produce a reflex action similar to the pulling away of your hand from a hot stove.

In the course of a few days the men of the Division will be receiving personal instruction in gas defense. A school is now being conducted in this subject by Captain Harold M. Deans, of the British Army. Lieut. Lindsay Peters, R. M. C., is acting as assistant. An officer and non-commissioned officer from each battalion or corresponding unit in the division has been detailed to this school for a ten weeks' course of instruction. Upon completing the course these men will be detailed as instructors in gas defense in their various organizations.

Three Ways of Using Gas.

Roughly there are three methods of using gas in Europe to-day. They are cloud gas, shell gas and projectile gas. Cloud gas resembles a dense yellowish fog which rolls along the ground from the enemy trenches at a speed varying with the wind from three to fifteen miles per hour. Cloud gas is liberated from cylinders placed under the parapets to the heads of which are screwed nozzles which stick over the top. Gas of the concentration used at the present time will kill at a distance of nine miles behind the lines. It is heavier than air and will descend into the most secure bomb-proof shelter, descending into every corner.

When first seen a cloud gas attack is likely to create a panicky sensation. It rolls forward in a great cloud, dense and impenetrable. The size depends on the dampness of the air. The first thought is that it is pure gas. Pure gas is seldom used, however. The density of the cloud is entirely due to the moisture of the air.

Originally cloud gas attacks were launched to deplete a front line trench so that the enemy could follow in. In the early days

before the troops were equipped with gas masks this was possible. Since better protection has been devised, however, surprise has been found to be the one essential element in a successful gas attack.

Warnings of Attacks.

Originally there were three means of warning against a cloud gas attack. When the gas was let out of the cylinders it made a sharp hissing noise, attacks were made in the day time and the cloud could be seen approaching across No Man's Land from the enemy trenches; also a faint smell of chlorine permeated the air slightly in advance of the main cloud. As the element of surprise became more and more important, however, machine guns were opened up by the side of each cylinder as soon as the valve was turned on, the attacks were launched under cover of darkness so that the cloud could no longer be seen approaching. The third indication of gas, the smell of chlorine, was never dependable, as it did not give the men in the dugouts time to adjust their masks and helmets before the cloud was on them.

Four Valuable Seconds.

Only by the most vigilant watchfulness, therefore, can the cloud gas attack be foreseen and prepared for. At least three or four seconds' warning are necessary. Given this much time a man can take a full breath and hold it until his mask is adjusted. He is then safe providing, of course, that his gas apparatus is in working order. The masks are inspected once a day. In regions where there is a likelihood of a gas attack the masks are inspected twice a day. The importance of getting the masks adjusted not only with speed but with accuracy is great. One breath of the gas now used on the front will cause death.

Shell gas is used against isolated positions as machine gun emplacements, gun pits, batteries and such positions where it is not desired to gas the entire front line.

Projectile gas is only used at the present time by the British. It is a large bomb filled with gas which is fired into the German trenches.

Smoke bombs, although they do not contain

gas, should be mentioned here, for they are often mixed with gas. Smoke is most commonly used to screen advances of infantry. It has been found to lessen the number of casualties greatly. Gas and smoke bombs are also used for clearing out dugouts after the trenches have been taken.

History of Gas Warfare.

Gas was first launched by the Germans April 22, 1915. The attack came as a surprise. It hit the allies without any means of protection. Those who did not fall back in this first attack were killed by the gas. Many of those who did fall back were permanently disabled by the fumes.

Four days later a second gas attack was discharged at the French. This was the only time that gas has been used to stop an attack. Two French battalions were out of their trenches and on their way across No Man's Land. The Germans had a supply of gas in their trench. The wind was favorable. They opened their cylinders on the advancing French lines, forcing them to fall back.

On the following day another gas attack was launched by the Germans. It became evident that they had adopted gas as a weapon of offensive. Chemists were hurried from London to the front line trenches. On the occasion of the next attack, they proved the gas to be chlorine.

Need of a Gas Mask.

Need for a protective device, such as a mechanical air filter, was immediately felt. At first triangular strips of cotton or flannel from shirts were used. These were moistened with water and tied over the nose and mouth. Later, men were found who had been hit by bits of shrapnel, causing them to fall forward on their faces. Because of the filtration of air through the damp ground, many of these men recovered from the gassing. This brought into being another makeshift filter, a beer bottle, with the bottom knocked out, filled with moist earth. The neck of the bottle was held in the mouth.

At the end of April, the first respirator pad appeared. This was made of several strips of flannel, sewed together and dipped into a chemical solution. It was worn over the nose and mouth, and held in place by a strap that passed behind the head. The great objection to this first pad was that it left an opening between the nose and mouth for the

(Continued on page 23)

"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."

Wadsworth Gas Attack and Rio Grande Rattler

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

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PRICE FIVE CENTS.

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

EDITORIAL

ESPRIT DE CORPS.

The Coldstream Guards! The Black Watch! The Princess Pats! The Gordon Highlanders! The Foreign Legion!

There's a thrill in each of these names. They stand for achievement. There's a history, a tradition, an individuality behind every one of them. The men are proud of their distinctive uniform, their distinctive badge. These regiments have esprit de corps.

Esprit de corps sends men over the top with a cheer. It makes them fight to the last gasp rather than dishonor their emblem and their organization.

Take the Highlanders. They are proud to wear the kilt. Take away their kilt and put them in ordinary sober khaki breeches and you immediately dampen their ardor. Leave them their kilts, and you have a regiment of fighting men who hurl themselves so fiercely at the Huns that they've won the name "The Ladies from Hell," from the Teutons.

Put a sprig of green in the hats of a regiment of Murphys, O'Briens, and McFaddens, call them the Kilkenny Rifles, and you've got a fighting unit that will tackle a German army division. Take away their green badge of honor, call them the 547th Regiment, and you'll still have a collection of soldiers who will do their part, but they won't have the same smash punch and carry on in their attack.

The secret is esprit de corps. Regimental pride! American regiments haven't nearly as much of it as they should have. They lack the picturesque individuality of the crack British regiments.

This individuality can be developed by our regiments. It should be. It makes for a pride of organization that won't tolerate slovenly dress, slipshod drill, disregard of military courtesy. Esprit de corps makes for greater fighting efficiency.

How can we gain it? Names, slogans, badges help build it up. Man has a passion for distinctive badges. Witness the Canadian maple leaf. These are concrete reminders

to a man that he is part of an organization for whose good name he is responsible. They are small things, but they appeal to the personal vanity innate in most men.

Can not the regulations be changed so that our regiments can start now to create an individual atmosphere and establish a name all their own?

"LIEUTENANT BENNY."

By no less impressive authority than our pink contemporary, The Police Gazette, not to ignore at least three New York newspaper sporting pages, we become aware of "Lieutenant Benny" Leonard. Not even the quotation marks are ours. We accept them at their face value.

We are in no position to question the military ability of "Lieutenant Benny" inasmuch as we have been able to discover no record of his achievements in our humble field of endeavor. We are informed by several sporting news writers, now enlisted men and non-coms in the Twenty-seventh Division, that "Lieutenant Benny" volunteered the information, the day after he knocked out the declining Freddie Welsh, that his next fight would be in khaki; that he intended enlisting at once.

The fact that he changed his mind is neither here nor there. We are not greatly interested in the decisions of men who did not enlist. But we are moved, by the picture of "Lieutenant Benny" in his well-tailored if not wholly regulation uniform, to speculate upon the possibilities of "General Jess" Willard, "Colonel Benny" Kauff, "Major Oscar" Egg, the six-day bicycle rider; "Captain Strangler" Lewis and so on and on—not forgetting the commissions we might confer upon Broadway song and dance artists who exhibit no lesser degree of artistry in seizing upon excellent opportunities for self exploitation.

We are quite satisfied that there are a number of things about the war of the prize ring that "Lieutenant Benny" could teach us with telling effect but we have a mean soul.

We should take cowardly joy in teaching "Lieutenant Benny" and six more of his gladiator contemporaries the fascinating business of squads right, squads left, left front into line, and so forth.

POETS, ATTEN-SHUN! MARK TIME!

Read the Rules Governing Our Light Verse Contest and Then Take Pen in Hand.

The Gas Attack offers a prize of five dollars for the best humorous verse submitted to the poetry editor before December 15th. Besides this prize, there will be the reward of fame and your name in print along with any of the poems deemed fit for publication.

Contestants may cloak their works in any style—free verse, shackled, or burdened with rhyme and staggering on many feet. There are two or three rules which are arbitrary. These are that the verse be original, not stolen, and not parodied unless absolutely necessary. No contribution should be longer than 50 lines. Write on one side of the paper only—the outside. Sign your name, rank, company, and regiment.

The Gas Attack expects a big response to this contest. Every soldier is some kind of a poet; either silent or active or recitative of "Gunga Din" or "The Face on the Bar-room Floor." And military life is full of themes.

There will be three responsible judges to whom the poetry editor will refer a selected list of manuscripts for ultimate decision. Besides the first prize of five dollars, there will be ninety-eight other prizes of Honorable Mentions.



A SOLDIER'S LETTER TO HIS SWEET-HEART.

Chere Mable:

You don't know what that means, of course, but it's French. The Y. M. C. A. are learning me French now. I only had three lessons so far, but I can talk it pretty good. You know how quick I am at picking up that kind of thing. The only difference between French and English is that they are pretty nearly alike, but the French don't pronounce their words right.

When we get voila, as the French say for over there, it'll come in handy to be able to sit down and have a dos a dos (that means chew the rag in English) with one of them poilus. A poilus, Mable, is a French peasant girl, and they say that they are very belle (now don't mispronounce things and get sore until you know. You pronounce that like the bell in push button. It means good lookers). They're crazy about us fellows. They call us Sammies. They have named one of their rivers for us. Perhaps you have heard of the Battle of the Samme. But I don't suppose you have.

They have been learning us a lot of stuff about gas attacks lately. These are not the same kind that your father has. These gas attacks are very much like those open places in the street on 6th Avenue. Only in the army when anything like this happens they give you a gas-mask. A gas-mask is a cracked ice bag with windows in it. And in the front of each mask there is a cigarette holder. I'd always heard how the soldiers in France was always smoking cigarettes. I suppose it got so bad that they had to put cigarette holders in the masks.

I'm going to put on my mask and have my picture taken en cabinet. That has nothing to do with furniture, Mable; it's just the French for what size it's going to be.

The instructor got up yesterday and said that a fellow would be perfectly safe from gas because you could always tell when it was coming in plenty of time by hearing the gas escape and by seeing and smelling it. The only trouble, he said, was that when the gas started they began banging away on machine guns so that you couldn't hear it, and they always let it off at night so you couldn't see it and by the time you smelt it, it was too late, anyhow. I've been thinking this thing over a lot and it seems to me that there is a joker in the contract somewhere. Ask your father to read it over and see if it sounds droit (that's French for right) to him. Or better still, ask Old Buttershanks down at the drug store to look it over. He

has a grand tete, as the French say when they mean brains.

It is awful frappe, Mable. Frappe means cold. I got so cold that I put on those socks you knitted me, but I guess I won't any more because ever since my feet have looked like velours a cote, which is an untranslatable French idiot meaning corduroy. You will understand, I know, 'cause you know how delicate my feet is and how I can't afford to preenner a hazard with them.

The army is very unjust, Mable. Every morning they do what they call "sitting up" exercises. Why I don't know. I call them laying out exercises. The sergeant who is in charge of the torture said: "Ready exercise." It was a civil question and all I said was "No, but I will be after breakfast." Now I am doing lourd devoir. That is French for heavy duty. But parapluie, as the French say when they want to say Ishkabibble.

Thank your mother for the flannel pajamas. I wear them every night over my uniform. I got to quit now and read some picture post-cards that some girls sent me.

Good-night (or as the French say, Robe de Nuit),

BILL.

One winter in tropic Texas,
Sunny Spartanburg as well,
Until I've concluded that I've been deluded
And the only warm place is Weehawken.

Wish they'd hurry up and issue those gas masks. They'd come in handy these cold nights.

I wanted a commission,

But the Captain he said "Nay,"

But I got one selling honor rolls—

It's fifty cents a day.

WILLIE'S PILLOWS.

Sunday—O. D. shirt rolled into ball.

Monday—Three sox tied in a knot.

Tuesday—His canteen.

Wednesday—Barrack bag stuffed with gun rod, brushes, old safety razor blades, books, etc.

Thursday—His shoes.

Friday—Four, pop bottles.

Saturday—A real pillow in the Base Hospital.

To: Priv. Bockheister.

From: Postmaster, Camp Wadsworth.

Subject: Box marked "Books," from Park and Tilford to Priv. Bockheister.

1. Please call for your books as they are leaking badly.

When we meet the Wofford College majors on the street, we don't know whether to salute them or tip them.

Sometimes the Incinerator Feeder goes to the movies. He pays fifty cents for a ride in a dirigible milk-shake mixer, fifteen cents for a ticket and two cents for the war tax. He likes to see Handsome Harold Hoozis, the \$500,000 a year star, clad as a dashing lieutenant, jump a fifteen-foot wall and knock out seven supes with one blow of his fair fist. He wishes, sometimes, that Harold would consent to be a general or something in the 27th Division so that we dough-boys could see how he does it. The best most of us can do is get over a ten-foot wall and wallop not more than three of the enemy at a time. But, of course, Harold has his art, and he could hardly be expected to desert that.

Now we know what Jess Willard does with his old bath robes. He sends them to the Base Hospital. A small patient got lost in one yesterday, and it took two nurses twenty minutes to find him. They come in two sizes—big and bigger.

One of Life's Mysteries—Where the Spartanburg men get those black felt Kellies.

We heard of a corporal in Company K, 107th Inf., who was taken violently ill the other day, and ordered to go to Ward 9 at the Base Hospital. He got lost in the labyrinth of board walks and by the time he found Ward 9 he had recovered.

Well, anyhow, we soldiers don't have to worry about silk shirts and pink neckties.

Private Glug, of the Fighting Umpteenth (who ever heard of a regiment that wasn't the "Fighting Something or Other"), shivered in the chill morning air. "You just wait, Kaiser," they heard him say between his chattering teeth, "I'll make YOU pay for this." A good idea! Don't curse the top sergeant for your miseries. Just remember them and take them out on the Hun.

That automobile traveling office of headquarters has its advantages. Just think of the joy in civil life of seeing an insurance agent come to the door and knowing that you could back the office up and squash him underneath it.

It's an engineer's road that has no turning.
(Concluded on page 32.)

KEEP AWAY FROM LUNA PARK.**Brightly Lighted Stockade Serves as Division Prison.**

The Twenty-seventh Division prison was established on October fifteenth. Captain H. O. Young, U. S. R., the commandant, at 11 o'clock that morning received his first boarder. Since then the number of his charges has increased to more than half a hundred.

"Luna Park," the officers living within sight of the barbed wire stockade, have named it. This, because of the numerous electric lights that have been placed along the top of the big fence and about the several buildings to facilitate the vigilant watch that the guard detail continually maintain. The lights burn throughout the night. The prison camp is situated some eight hundred yards north of Division Headquarters, directly back of the Signal Corps quarters. The stockade is about one hundred and fifty feet square. Within the outer fence, which is about ten feet in height, is a second fence of equal height, with a space of a dozen feet intervening. This makes escape from the interior of the pen practically impossible.

Occupy New Quarters.

Since the establishment of the prison, the guard of sixty-four men, sixteen each from the four infantry regiments that at present are included in the 27th Division, and guests have been quartered under canvas. This week removal to the new quarters in the frame building that has been constructed was effected.

Staff An Efficient One.

Assisting Captain Young are First Lieutenant Edward D. Spring, U. S. R., Adjutant, formerly a sergeant in Company I, 74th New York Infantry; Lieutenant Horace Zimmer, U. S. R., Supply Officer; Lieutenant Otis Thomas, U. S. R., Mess Officer. Lieutenant Thomas last week relieved Lieutenant Amory, U. S. R., formerly with Squadron "A," who is now in Washington on special duty. Lieutenant Thomas supervised the preparation of the Thanksgiving dinner at the prison and the satisfaction manifested by the boarders is indicative that he was most successful.

Reclamation Is Plan.

Lieutenant Spring, in discussing the program at the camp, says:

"Those confined here are of several classes, among which are men from the tough elements of our larger cities who evidently did not have the right start in life to begin with. We have with us not only men who are sentenced from within the ranks of the 27th Division, but men who have been picked up as deserters from all parts of the country, including those who are classed as 'Absent without leave' from the National army. It is the aim of the officers attached to this work to see to it that the men in this prison, either awaiting trial or under sentence, no matter what their reputation or conduct was before entering, shall be better both phys-

ically and morally. We aim at reclamation, and when these men are released we want them to leave us with the proper idea of good soldiering."

In connection with the work at the camp no drilling is done. The prisoners are used to assist in the road building and to do other work about the reservation. As a result the guard is given little or no time for training, for the detail is split up and a member is sent with each detachment of prisoners sent out from the camp to work. The heaviest sentence that has so far been imposed on one of Captain Young's boarders is five years at hard labor. That man was removed to a federal prison early this week. There are still several men confined whose sentences range from one to two years. Many of the prisoners, Lieutenant Spring states, upon whom sentences under three months have been imposed, are men that have been encharged to Captain Young by their commanding officers because they were considered too refractory for confinement in their own regimental guardhouse. The larger percentage of those confined are of this class.

Sanitation Perfect.

Every effort is being put forth to maintain a high standard of efficiency in connection with the sanitation of the camp. Personal cleanliness is playing a big part. When the guests are received they are searched. Weapons, knives and razors that they may have in their possession, are taken from them and deposited in the safe. Each Wednesday and Saturday afternoon they are issued their razors and are allowed to shave, under guard. On Saturdays the men must bathe, "whether they like it or not," Lieutenant Spring stated. If they are ill, the men are transferred to the base hospital, where they are kept under guard. Contagious cases, that it is deemed unnecessary to transfer to the hospital, are segregated.

Mail that is received at the prison for the men confined is delivered to them, unopened. Packages are first given to the men and they are allowed to unpack them under the supervision of the sergeant of the guard.

THE INCENTIVE.

By Lieutenant L. D. Whyte, U. S. R.

Many men, both of the commissioned and enlisted personnel of the Twenty-seventh Division, have asked the writer what pronounced differences there are between the Officers' Training Camp and this one of ours.

There is one chief difference—more hours for work. This, combined with the ever-prevalent thought: "Will I make good?" results in a nervous tension well-nigh unbearable.

Invariably the next question has to do with discipline. The disciplinarians in charge of the O. T. C. were and are, seemingly, without hearts. But the men responded nobly. And why wouldn't they respond nobly. Consider the incentive.

Well, this incentive was not sufficiently strong to prevent some of them breaking rules and disobeying orders.

For instance, one man touched a plate on a mess table before receiving the order "Sit down." He was confined to the post for thirty days. Another man told a non-commissioned officer to go to hell. He had to go back to the next camp for three months' additional training.

Still another was at odds with an acting non-commissioned officer and disobeyed him in what seemed a trivial matter. He was confined to the company barracks, except when at drill, for the entire period of three months and was then discharged without commission. Incidentally, this man was drafted into the National army.

Another candidate was selfish and without consideration for the comfort of nor desire to work with his bunkies. He received no commission.

"Your Incentive."

"But," the enlisted man argues, "are we expected to reach this high standard of discipline without the incentive the Plattsburger has?"

In both this and the officers' training camp the same things are taught in view of the common goal of defeating the enemy. Get right down to the bottom of things. You have an incentive. It is the same as your officers'—**TO BEAT THE ENEMY.** That was the reason for your enlistment, wasn't it?

Very well, then; play it for all it is worth. Climb up upon your toes. Repeat to yourself many times: "**MY INCENTIVE—TO BEAT THE ENEMY.**" From General Pershing's reports and from the officers and non-commissioned officers of the allied armies who are now in Camp Wadsworth, teach us that there are three pat rules necessary to the successful termination of this war:

The first is **DISCIPLINE**; the second is **DISCIPLINE**; the third is **DISCIPLINE**.

What has that to do with incentive? Just this; our incentive is worthless unless we subject ourselves to the most severe discipline—the discipline that keeps every button in place and makes us obey every order sub-consciously.

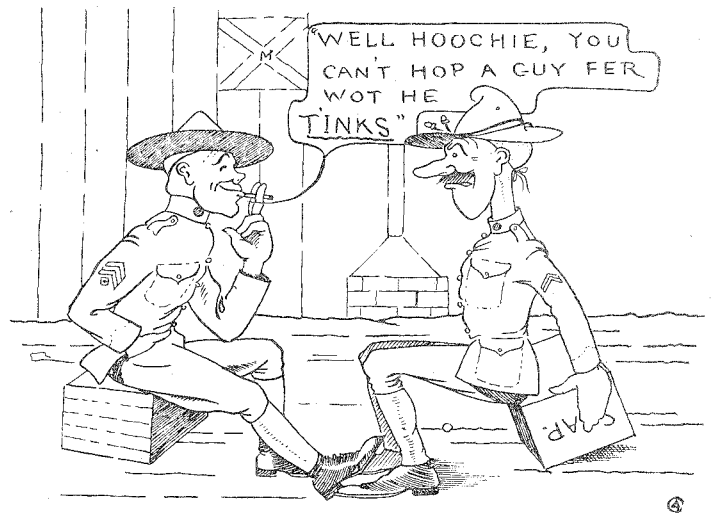
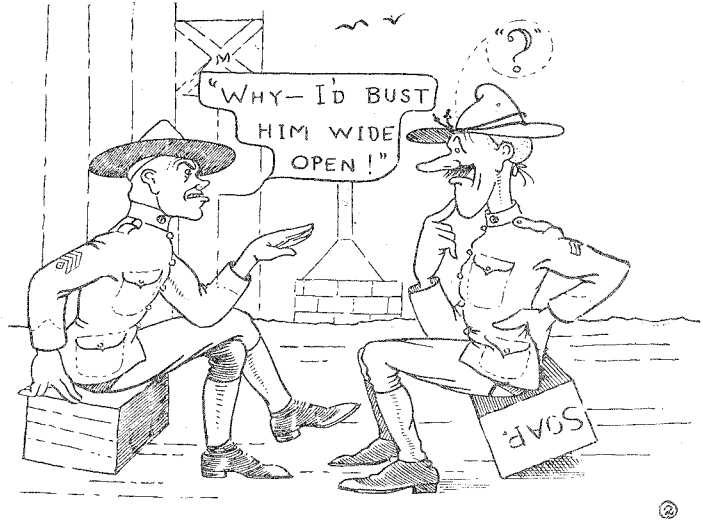
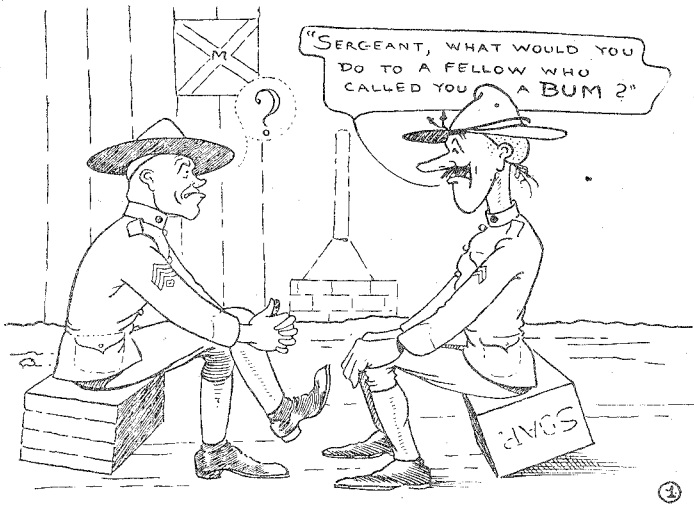
Our minds are of the type to ask the "why" of everything and to reason how else it might be done or whether it might just as well remain undone. Men who have been across No Man's Land tell us that this can not be; to obey orders and then, if you are still alive, reason it out.

Have you ever read Elbert Hubbard's "A Message to Garcia?" If you haven't, read it. If you have, read it again.

Draw for yourself a mental picture. Make it repulsive, revolting beyond description. Label it, "**ENEMY.**" Whether you are at bayonet work or on K. P., repeat to yourself:

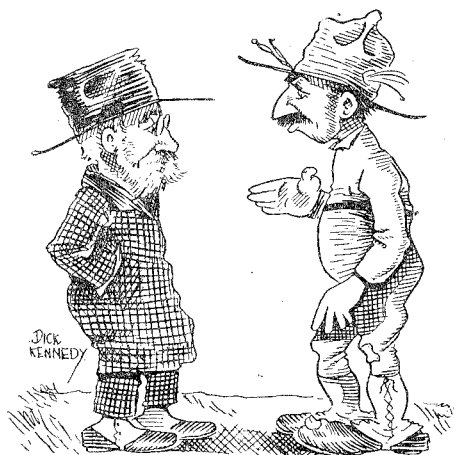
"THAT'S WHAT I'M AFTER."

St. James Catholic Church, Baltimore, which is attended by several thousand native born Germans, or their descendants, held a service on Thanksgiving in which they prayed for President Wilson. There are 120 young men from this church in United States service.



LT. T. C. DREHER.

Telepathy!



Yaphanker: "How would you like to be a soldier?"

Colonel Bank, retired: "Fine. How would you?"

MAJOR SHANTON WRITES SONG

Composes Words and Music for Official M. P. Song.

The feature of the M. P. Follies, presented at Converse College, December 1, was the singing of the M. P. song. The song was written by Major T. Harry Shanton, commanding the 102d Military Police. Major Shanton also composed the swinging melody. The GAS ATTACK secured Major Shanton's permission to print the song:

Song of the M. P.'s

We're three hundred bold, with plenty of gold,

We're a rollicking, bounding bunch,
We're right on the job, with plenty of prod,

And we put things o'er with a punch.
We try our best to help all the rest,
And watch for the rook who's astray,
To turn his step homeward, say "Beat it,
old pal,

In time for the last call to hay."

CHORUS:

The M. P.'s, the M. P.'s, the spanking,
dandy M. P.'s!

We work by day, and work by night,
But we're out for a frolic, or ready to fight.

We work for the boys in the trenches,
To see that their grub line's kept free,
And the dough-boy, you see,
Won't go hungry for tea,

If it's up to the boys of the M. P.'s.

To our mounts, you will find, we are gen-
tle and kind,

And we're ready for any old ride;
We'll do our best to keep up with the rest,
When we get to the other side.

We'll make our girls sad, but our folks
will be glad,

From the Empire State, and you'll see,
To keep up a good reputation

Is the motto of every M. P.

DUCHESS DE RICHELIEU SINGS.

On Wednesday night, November 27th, Y. M. C. A. Unit No. 97 was honored by the presence of Mme. Duchesse de Richelieu, the guest of Col. and Mrs. George Albert Wingate, who sang to a large audience of officers and enlisted men. The Duchesse has a charming voice and uses it to the best advantage and her singing was thoroughly enjoyed by all and she was asked for many encores.

The program was varied, starting with a cycle of old English songs and was interspersed with frequent numbers of a popular nature which the audience sang with her. The 104th F. A. Band added much to the enjoyment with its excellent numbers. It is hard to pick out which of the songs was the most popular, as all shared alike in the applause. "Carry Me Back to Old Virginny" was as much enjoyed as any, while "Over There" and "Keep the Home Fires Burning" came in for their share of the applause.

The unit was honored by the presence also of many distinguished guests, among them being General and Mrs. Phillips, Col. and Mrs. Wingate, Col. and Mrs. Smith, Col. Hines, Capt. and Mrs. Schoellkopf, who are entertaining the Duchesse during her stay in town, and numerous of the officers of the various military units in camp.

WHAT TO SEND THE SOLDIER.

Some Christmas Suggestions to Clip and Send Home.

Here are a few practical Christmas suggestions for the folks back home. Kind but misguided aunts are apt to send you copies of Ivanhoe, red neckties, and suspenders. If you send them this list and check the things you'll need, you won't be apt to draw a white vest or a pair of skates in your sock Christmas morning:

Knitted things, as sweaters, mufflers, wristlets, belly bands, sox, gloves, bed-sox, all O. D. in color.

Food, as all sorts of tinned stuff, such as ground coffee, potted meats, boneless chicken, jam, sardines, tea, jelly, preserved fruits, soup, chicken a la King, shrimps, etc. Avoid glass jars. They are almost sure to be broken. Cakes, especially the kind of fruit cake that will last, packed securely in a wooden box. Cake is apt to get quashed if sent in cardboard boxes. Candy, all sorts. But NOT fruit, except, possibly well-packed apples. Nuts.

Writing paper, trench mirrors, soap, inflatable pillows. Baa-baa Bennies, i. e., coats lined with sheep skin. Sleeping bags, flashlights, fountain pens, shoe polishing sets. Rubber boots, moccasins, felt slippers.

Wrist watches, compasses, strong jack-knives, water-proof match safes, water-proof cigarette cases, toilet cases, Duffle-bags, chafing dishes, books, especially war books; checks, any amount, but preferably blank.

OFFICERS ON LEAVE.

The following officers have been granted a leave of absence:

Capt. C. L. Waterbury, O. R. C., on duty with the division school of the line, nine days, beginning on or about November 25.

First Lieut. William F. S. Root, 102d Engineers, fifteen days, beginning on or about December 14.

Maj. J. Leslie Kincaid, judge advocate, ten days, beginning on or about November 25.

Lieut. Col. H. S. Sternberger, division quartermaster, ten days, beginning on or about November 25.

Maj. F. E. Humphreys, 102d Engineers, ten days, beginning on or about December 1.

First Lieut. Lambert Oeder, D. C., 105th Field Artillery, ten days, beginning on or about November 26.

Capt. Kenneth Gardner, 107th Infantry, ten days, beginning on or about November 25.

First Lieut. H. L. Mellen, 102d Engineers, ten days, beginning on or about November 26.

Lieut. Embre Rogers, U. S. R., 104th Field Artillery, beginning on or about December 10.

Capt. A. W. Palmer, 102d Engineers, ten days, beginning on or about December 22.

The leave of absence recently granted Second Lieut. H. A. Morriss, 53d Infantry Brigade headquarters, has been extended one day.

A HOME-MADE TRENCH STOVE.

How to Make One Out of An Old Tin Can and Yesterday's Newspaper.

Here's an easy way to make a trench stove. Roll a newspaper into a tight roll. Cut it into three-inch lengths. Boil these small rolls in paraffine. They are the fuel for your stove.

Now get an old tin can—a large two-pound coffee can is good. Cut a door in the side of the can 3 1-2 inches long by 2 inches high, just above the bottom of the can. Punch holes about as big as the end of your little finger an inch apart around the top of the can. Now your stove is done.

One of your paraffin rolls can be placed on the bottom of the can and lighted. It will burn brightly for about twenty minutes and will give a good heat—enough to heat shaving water, make coffee or warm up some beans. Place them on top of the can where the cover was. The flame fans out through the holes.

A lot of these paraffin rolls are being made by the school children of Spartanburg, under the direction of the Red Cross. Children throughout the country are doing their small bits by rolling these paraffin rolls and sending them to France, to the real trenches, and to the various camps in this country for use in the training trenches. Some may be supplied to the soldiers at Camp Wadsworth.

News From Division Units

ATTENTION HARLEM AND YORKVILLE MEN.

All men hailing from Harlem and Yorkville are requested to get in touch with Dick J. Kennedy. Address: THE GAS ATTACK, Camp Wadsworth.

LIEUT. ARMSTRONG SENT TO FORT SILL.

Lieutenant Eben Armstrong, Company G, 105 Infantry, has been transferred to Fort Sill, Oklahoma, as an instructor in bomb throwing.

TURKEY WAS A HEADLINER, TOO.

Thanksgiving day was all that its name implied in the Headquarters Company of the 102d Engineers. Feasted on a turkey dinner, prepared by the cooks under the direction of Sergeant Rosenberg, that would have made Rector's jealous, the boys came back strong for the evening's entertainment of impromptu recitations, songs and instrumental music.

Joe Johnson, official announcer and bouncer, was always there to start something. Cardarelli and Newman picked popular tunes out of their guitars, while James Curtis outclassed the famous Mr. Brown and his violin.

Sergeant Fink, Starke, Badinelli, Bienenzucht, and Garcia kept the merriment going with their songs. Conners told some droll stories that overtaxed the ribs of the bunch, and Master Engineer Fagan was there with the latest war bulletin of the battle between the sausages and Swiss cheese at Schneider's grocery store.

William J. Lacey took advantage of his friend Jack Philips, of Sennet's Cabaret of New York, by impersonating him in his famous Salvation Army song hit, "Follow Me to Glory, Halleluiah!"

—J. W. B.

CO. G, 105TH INFANTRY.

Co. G's Thanksgiving dinner was a huge success and will be remembered by all. The turkey was fine. The talent good.

Major Button and wife, Mrs. Brown and the Battalion Adjutant were present, watching the boys do away with the eats. The officers were called upon to do their bit, which they did so good that the hall was in an uproar. The clapping and cheering could be heard far away.

The Lieutenants present were: Dreher, McLane, Brown, Warschauer and Beechiner.

Mr. Archibald Muray, our bugler, formerly of Charlie Robinson's show, was master of ceremonies.

We wish to thank Mess Sergeant Rapport and the cooks for their ability as chefs.

—N.

102ND SANITARY TRAIN.

E. M. Tierney, of Binghamton, N. Y., has been visiting his son, Mess Sergeant Ed. Tierney, of Ambulance Co. No. 108. Mr. Tierney is one of the best known hotel men in New York. As president of the New York Hotel Men's Association he gained a reputation as a silver-tongued orator. He didn't make a speech while in camp, but there was a special dinner for the company on Thanksgiving day in which Mr. Tierney had a hand.

Privates Frank Effner, Francis Charles Savercool, Harry Scrafford, and Carl Smith, all of Ambulance Co. No. 108, spent a pleasant day last Tuesday leading mules around the drill ground in order to accustom them to bearing packs. In the afternoon the company went to a battlefield and set up a dressing station. The company was ordered to move at 1:00 p. m. Fifteen minutes later the company had reached its place back of the firing lines and had set up the station. And the mules put up no opposition to this, their first experience with packs. Some attribute their pacification to the overawing of the leading mule by the name of its guide, Private Francis Charles Savercool.

—C. D.

DIVISION HEADQUARTERS TROOP.

That no other dinner in the entire camp can equal the repast served to Headquarters Troop on Thanksgiving day is an indisputable fact.

If Mess Sergeant Mackissey really did go home on furlough to get some new ideas, he certainly displayed them, for with twenty courses prepared by "Pop" Wilson, the old Garden Roof chef, who is now ruling in the troop kitchen and a vaudeville performance to finish off the program, the feast equalled anything the boys have ever tasted.

The arrangements for the afternoon were in charge of Sergeant Maurice Loeb and Private Hugh Stanislaus Stange, the well-known playwright. Stange, who happened to be on kitchen police, assisted by his "brothers in pots" Marquesse, Swain and Beekman appeared in the opening number.

The other entertainers included Private Lester Hunt, known throughout the division for his work with the pistol; Private Sid Koff, who recited his graduation address, and Private "Harry Lauder" Meir.

Captain Davis Dunbar, the troop commander, closed the first gathering with a brief explanation of the work the men will do "over there." Second Lieut. Stillman, O. R. C., who has been recently assigned to the unit, was the other guest.

It was noted that "Si" Hunter, the troop mule trainer, attended with his hair all combed. Now Hughes knows what happened to his dearly beloved shoe brush.

During the past week two of the troop decided to take advantage of the bounty Uncle Sam is offering to soldiers' wives. The new benedicts are Jack Taggart who left-dressed to Miss Emma Deering at All Saints Church, New York, and Mess Sergeant Mackissey, who made his allotment to Miss Ruth Riley at St. Joseph's R. C. Church in Jersey City. How about some home-made eats, Mack?

First Lieutenant Douglass Cameron is home on furlough recovering from a recent injury. Two days after his appointment to the camp polo committee, his horse slipped while at practice, pinning the lieutenant beneath and fracturing his ankle.

Professor Vlober, the accomplished juggler of French and English phrases, is succeeding so admirably in his efforts to instruct the troop in the art of converting one language into the other that it is a common spectacle to see troopers pass each other and nonchalantly remark, "Come on to hell aye vous" precisely as though they were natives on the streets of Paris and were aware of the meaning of what they said.

106TH FIELD HOSPITAL.

The 106th Field Hospital Orchestra (formerly the 2nd F. H. N. G. U. S., of Albany), has been kept busy since its arrival at Camp Wadsworth, back in August, by filling numerous engagements at the camp Y. M. C. A. entertainments, and at various church socials given by the ladies of Spartanburg.

At the big sing given by Mr. Clark, the camp musical director, in the Red Triangle Tent, the orchestra was ably assisted toward the success of Mr. Clark's efforts in instructing the men of the 27th Division, the songs they will sing "over there."

Dance music is a specialty.

Outfits contemplating a dance for the coming holidays would do well to consider arranging for their music, by seeing Sergt. Walsh, the business manager of the orchestra.

At present the orchestra consists of eight pieces, but it is hoped that in the near future, it will be enlarged by the addition of four more.

The orchestra features stringed music, having Sergeant Walsh, Private 1st Class, Greenwood, and Private Vibbard, banjo-mandolinists, Privates La Vigue, and Weber, violinists, Private Ryan, cornetist, Private 1st Class McCormack, traps, and Private 1st Class Harrison, accompanying on the piano.

—R. G.

PICKET LINE GOSSIP, 106TH FIELD ARTILLERY.

Sergeant Edwin A. Moore, Supply Co., began his duties last Monday morning on the Statistical Bureau at Division Headquarters. On that same evening he returned to his

tent with a new Stetson hat. Has anyone noticed an officer at Division Headquarters going around barehead of late?

I saw Corporal Bruhn, our canteen steward, conversing with a Ford salesman yesterday. What not a Pierce-Arrow, Bruhn? Opportunity knocketh but once at your door.

There's silence on the Picket Line,

No loud noises there to-day,

Everyone's sad and solemn—

One of Donnelly's pets has passed away.

It is rumored our old friend Poncho Villa, the notorious Mexican bandit, is wearing the same shirt we saw him in last summer while on the Border. Villa hasn't a thing on our Company Clerk, Corporal Wallace, who hasn't changed his shirt since Balboa was Top-Sergeant in J Battery.

Sergeant Ross of "B" Battery has become a wonderful horseman since learning that the horses are taken five miles to the rear of the firing line after the guns have been placed and are in action.

J. Ford Lubick is kicking because the Government has the wheels of our escort wagons made so large. He is an expert repairer of these well-known vehicles and admits he can use every part of the wagon but the wheels.

Members of "C" Battery take notice. I had Harry T. Ramsdell, "Jr.," over in the woods with a detail to-day and I found out that he can't duck falling trees as well as he can dodge work.

Monday our entire regiment went over in a body back of the Hospital Building for singing lessons. I wonder who suggested taking them near the hospital and what did the surgeons think? Should we ever run out of ammunition while on the firing line there's nothing to worry about. Just blow your pitch-pipe and start 'em up.

"Red" Whalen, chief of the Supply Company's "K. P.'s" pulled off a new one the other day. He tried to boil water in a wooden pail. He might have succeeded if the bottom of the pail hadn't burned out and extinguished the fire.

—Sergt. E. A. S., Supply Co.

TRENCH NOTES OF CO. M, 105TH INFANTRY.

1st and 2nd platoons lacked dugouts to sleep in, resulting in many spoiled tempers, and numerous colds.

Private Trohn, when ordered to cut the wood for the cooks, did so, but in the dark mistook the wood belonging to Co. K, and obligingly cut it up. Needless to say that Private Trohn is now most popular with aforesaid cooks.

If you don't believe the trenches are hard to dope out, ask Private Lepitskie. It took him one hour to find his way back to our dugout—only 50 yards away.

The second platoon claims some of the men of the 1st platoon fell off the firestep while asleep, on post. In retaliation the 1st platoon claims the observers got quite a few hats off the men of the 2nd, making the honors even.

The big catch of the day, in observers, was made by Privates Brust and Fidelo. They halted, arrested, and sent back to quarters, Col. Foster, of the 12th Regiment. When told who their catch was, they nearly fainted.

—F. B. R., Jr.

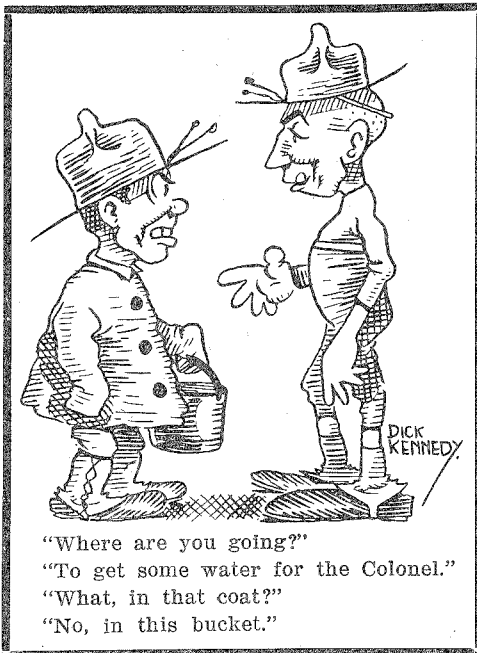
MILITARY POLICE NEWS—COMPANY A.

The Military Police are fast becoming crack riders. Major Shanton is supervising their course in equitation and before a man can qualify to ride alone he must pass a stiff test under the critical eye of the Major, who insists on a high standard of horsemanship in his command.

Corporal Tom Regan has made a good recovery from a broken collar bone sustained in a fall from a jumping horse.

Bob Dunlop has named his trick horse "Toto," after the Hippodrome clown. Toto's curious taste in breakfast food is only one of the remarkable things about him.

Jimmy Meers is a tired business man these days. He is dealing out pop and nut-bars at the M. P.'s new canteen. Carl Serling has given up competing with Fritz Kreisler



"Where are you going?"

"To get some water for the Colonel."

"What, in that coat?"

"No, in this bucket."

for a while to assist in running the emporium.

Sam Panter was once in the United States Navy. Sam sometimes forgets that he is not still a bounding tar. The other day an officer called to Sam, "Where is Blauvelt?" Sam clicked his heels together, saluted, and replied, "Gone ashore, sir."

Company A has three men who have already seen service in the Great War. Corporal Maurice Annothe was in the Belgian army, Private Wilford B. Wilkins saw service with the Australian army at the Somme and Ypres, and Private Lionel M. Doherty drove a Norton-Harjes ambulance.

The men learning equitation have a number of ex-U. S. Cavalrymen to imitate, including Corporal John Lodarinsky, formerly of the 12th Cavalry, Jack Davenport of the 12th Cavalry, Sergeant Gadlewski of the

mounted scouts of the U. S. Marines, and Sergeant Westen, whose military experience includes acting as orderly to General Pershing.

The services of Arvid Paulson, who now sports a first-class private's chevrons, are in great demand. Arvid was a leading Broadway juvenile actor when he enlisted. He was one of the strongest branches of "The Willow Tree," when it showed on the Gay W. W. He has recited at almost every sort of affair from a W. C. T. U. meeting to a Barbers' Convention. He is "book-ed solid" as Variety would say. He hopes soon to play a European engagement, during which he may appear before crowned heads in Berlin. His role will be that of an energetic M. P.

Cal McCarthy says he likes kitchen police because it feels so good when you're there.

Tommy Yore, when the horses were first issued, drew a steed that had hair like a St. Bernard dog and the build of a pickle barrel. When Tommy started to curry the animal, he found that three owls and a cuckoo had built nests in its hair, so he turned the animal in and got a horse.

The 11th Squad has a bulletin board on which current squad events are reported. Among the entries yesterday were: "Surcingle McIlroy takes a bath. Will recover." "Kniffen loses his eating irons. Excused from mess." "E Flat Tuba Callahan kicked in the chest by Benedict's horse. Horse lamed for life." "Barry loses O. D. shirt." (P. S.—O. D. stands for Old and Dirty.) This humor is ascribed to Sam Murphy, the Pasaaic Mark Twain, and Howard Herty, the Jersey bard. And Ferdie Mayer, who is corporal of this squad, gets only the regular \$36 a month!

Squad 2 is getting to be known as the meeting place of Flatbush A. C. Its song is "When It's Nesting Time in Flatbush." The following are charter members of the Flatbush A. C.: Harry Clapp, Lester La Mothe, Chuck Curtis, Roscoe Allen, George Arata, Bill Bradley, Kenneth Logan, Leslie Callahan, and Ralph Bolton.

Next week watch for some warm Company B news.

COMPANY A, 105TH MACHINE GUN BATTALION.

Richard Hess, the boy bugler of Co. A., who was kicked in the shins by a horse, has discarded his crutches and looks forward to the coming of a bright and shining cork leg. He has the record for putting it over on "Iodine Ike," who is still missing from drill and gets away with it.

Axel Weiberg, the Swedish yordler who bane come from Sweayden an bane made en foist class private, can't see why they pick on him.

It was a case of: May the sun shine for you and the flowers grow over your grave, when Toney Giachetta put the Russet Polish in the tomato soup, had it not been for the rage of Algernon La Grasse, the chief striker, who gave him "the business" for wasting the polish.

Bill Coogler, who just got back from New York, the proud father of a new bouncing boy, cried like a baby himself when the authorities came on the train and took his "bottle" away from him.

Corporal Baker, who has been bossing the wood details, forgot that there are twenty-two tents in a Machine Gun Co., and brought home just about enough wood to provide toothpicks for use after the Thanksgiving chow.

102ND AMMUNITION TRAIN.

What with a string orchestra that plays all over the county, a football team on which we will stake our last dollar, and a few hundred odd (very odd) mules, the 102nd Ammunition Train makes its informal bow to the 27th Division.

We advise Sergeant Kuhn to sleep with a gas mask over his head if he wants to save the rest of his moustache, or stay awake when there is a sharp pair of scissors in the tent.

From the incinerator to the cook's throne and return, is a story of the rise and fall of ambitious Piggy Ormsby. He thought it better to die of ennui on the first job, than by violence on the latter.

Top Sergeant Hanfmann, of the 2nd Caisson Co., has the nerve of a ticket scalper. When he walked into the mess shack, Thanksgiving day, with a girl on each arm, everybody conceded that his average as a "picker" had not suffered, but the boys found it hard to choose between turkey and chicken.

There is a camphory smell in the air that makes us think those woolen O. D.'s are about ready for delivery.

Sergt. Landers, of 2nd Caisson Co., is in the Base Hospital for a short term. His friends wish him every possible speed in his recovery and return to duty.

—G. A. Y.

47TH INFANTRY.

Corp. Jarvis, of Co. K., recently asked a recruit what he would do if given the order: "Inspection arms."

"Why," he replied, "I'd drop my gun at once, and roll up my sleeves."

Two of the 47th boys were enjoying a picture show at the Triangle tent. The scene being projected showed a man walking on water. "I wonder," remarked one, "if we will really ever walk on water?" "That is very hard to say," was the rejoinder, "and if the women voters have their way, we will be forced to stop staggering on whiskey."

John C. Olsen, of I. Co., is very fond of singing, in fact, he would rather sing a song than do a day's work.

One Sunday night his tent mates asked him to sing something.

"All right," replied John, "suppose I give you 'I Will Arise and Go.'"

"If you do," said Tom Faller, "I would advise you to go, while the going is good."

With all due respect to Supply Sergt. Keenan, we would suggest that he visit the dentist and have his sweet tooth extracted.

Who is sending them, Sergt? She must be the original "candy kid."

Sergt. Hallenbeck, of K. Co., told the cook the other day that he didn't know what to eat for dinner.

"Take some hash," the cook suggested, "and then you will never find out."

Private Heiser, of Co. B., was enjoying a bottle of liquid refreshments at our canteen, when Fallen, of A. Co., walked up.

"What is that you are drinking?" chirped Fallen.

"Near beer," Heiser replied, "but it is still a long way from it."

Private Brennon, of Co. B., while drilling recently was obliged to do some quick thinking.

"Left, right, left, right," sing-songed the Corp. "Get that step, Brennon, don't you know your left from your right?"

"I can't help it," answered Brennon, "you see I am left-handed, and right-footed."

Sergt. Kline had his own troubles recently while drilling the awkward squad.

A son of the old sod, in particular, caused the Sergt. much trouble. After repeated attempts to drill him, the Sergt. yelled: "Right about face."

The good-natured recruit, with a broad grin, said: "Phaix, Oi am dom glad that Oi am roight about something."

Top Sergt. Alexander, of Co. I., had occasion recently to call down one of the company regarding the un-soldierly way in which he carried himself.

"See here," said the Sergt. to the round-shouldered recruit, "don't slouch along the way you are; try and be a regular soldier. Now, just watch me!" With that the Sergt. assumed his most commanding posture, and with chest out, and eyes to the front, he marched up and down the Company street. "There," he said, addressing the recruit, "can't you walk like that?"

"Good Lord, man," he ejaculated, "if I could walk like that do you suppose I would be working for the Government at a dollar a day?"

12TH N. Y. INF.—MACHINE GUN CO.

A very pretty wedding, quite military in its aspect took place in St. Paul's R. C. Church, on Sunday afternoon, November the 26th, the Rev. Father P. E. Hoey, Chaplain of the 12th Infantry, officiating in uniform. The bride, formerly Miss Kate Wallace, of New York, and the bridesmaid, Miss Julia Wallace, of Boston, a sister of the bride, wore attractive traveling suits of dark blue. The bridegroom, Sergeant J. H. McCabe, of the Sanitary detachment, and the best man, J. McArdle, of the Machine Gun Co., were in khaki. The couple have decided to spend their honeymoon in Spartanburg, and are settled at 140 St. John Street.

—J. McA.

CO. M, 107TH INFANTRY.

To those still harboring hankerings for the tango joints we left behind us, comes the cheerful news that the postponed Cabaret Dance organized by Top Sergeant Jack

Keily, will take place in Ravadson Hall, Spartanburg, the night of December 5.

A splendid orchestra, reminiscent of Reisenwebber's, Healy's and Jim Churchill's and an entertainment no less excellent, will furnish the numbers. Sergeant Bill McGuire has worked with Sergeant Keily to make the affair one warranted to assuage those pangs of home-sickness.

So clean your rifle, sew on your buttons, polish your shoes, shave your jowls and take all the other precautions that you may get your pass that night.

Supply Sergeant Reiss and Privates Sutherland and George and Charles Covert have gone home on furloughs.

Mess Sergeant Pettit has returned from New York after a ten days' leave of absence. He says he's glad to be back and inasmuch as he's the Herbert Hoover of this outfit, we take his word for it.

Alfred Romer, one of our four cooks, was married last week in Spartanburg. His culinary ability improved at once. Marcoux and Heinz, ATTENTION.

We extend congratulations to the fellows who left the company for Plattsburg and who have just received their commissions. Charlie Kuche, Derby Crandall and Al Maurer are now captains. Lieutenancies were conferred upon Joe Murphy, Bill Carroll, Jerry Hayes, Grant, Blake and O'Keefe.

Corporal Weightman is in the base hospital. He has been mighty sick but he is reported improving rapidly. We are all pulling for his early return to duty.

Amongst other things we never expect to see are a blithe, carefree smile upon the face of Sergeant "Graveyard" Toombs, Privates Bill Devlin and Frank Lester scowling and Private Davies entirely cheerful.

Private McManus took it upon himself to enlist godmothers for several of the less handsome men. He made the fatal blunder of sending the girls the pictures of the prospective godchildren. The young women wrote back to the effect that they guessed they'd stick to the boys in Camp Devens, Mass.

The fourth platoon has reason for self-congratulation. Assigned to command of that section of the company is First Lieutenant William Stout, whose only knowledge of military matters is that he acquired in 16 years service in the Regulars.

FIELD HOSPITAL CO. 107, 102ND SANITARY TRAIN.

At the recent manoeuvres of the Sanitary Division, in which a number of men acted as wounded prisoners of war, considerable comment was heard coming from the stretcher-bearers in reference to the diagnosis tags found on the patients. Some of the tags read as follows:

"Jerry O'Connor, Prussian-Guard."

"Murphy, Prussian-Guard."

"Brophy, Prussian-Guard."

The following conversation between "Spike" Hennessey and Rowe was heard in the Mess Hall:

"Spike": "Hey, Rowe, you know 'So-and-so,' don't yer? Well, he is in the diphtheria ward."

Rowe: "Zat so; what's aillin' him?"

"Spike": "Measles! Y'poor fish!"

On Thanksgiving Day our dinner was postponed until 4:30 p. m., as the majority of the men in the company were on guard the night previous and the ensuing day.

Sergeant Killian, chief-carver of one of the turkeys, in response to the repeated requests for a leg, cheerfully announced that he was carving a bird—not a centipede.

—M.

CAMP PERSONALS.

Private Harold C. Houghtaling, 107th Infantry, is transferred to the aviation section, signal corps, and ordered to proceed to the school of military aeronautics, Princeton, N. J.

Private James S. Blyth, Company 1, 102 Ammunition train, is transferred to the aviation section, signal corps, and ordered to proceed to Camp Kelly, San Antonio, Texas.

Private Mario Viscuso, Company K, 105th Infantry, is transferred to the headquarters company of that regiment.

Saddler Robert Halliday, Battery F, 105th Field Artillery, is transferred to the 102d Field Signal battalion.

Private Frank R. Borstelman, Battery B, 104th Field Artillery, is transferred to the quartermaster corps, national army, and assigned to duty with the remount station.

Private George A. Sharp, Jr., Company B, 105th Machine Gun battalion, is transferred to Company A, 105th Infantry.

The following enlisted men are transferred to the 102d Field Signal battalion: Private William J. Steele, headquarters company, 106th Infantry; Wagoners Joseph A. Tierney, John H. Krause and Charles H. Miller, supply company, 106th infantry.

The following enlisted men of the medical corps are temporarily appointed to be sergeants: Corporal Martin Fink, 102d Engineers; Privates Howard Kreller, 105th Infantry, and William J. Klein, Field Hospital Company No. 106.

The following named sergeants, quartermaster corps, national army, are assigned to Truck Company No. 331: Stewart S. Nelson, Robert P. McCord, Oscar E. Holland, Malcolm McKenzie, Taylor A. McKenzie, Edward D. Cochran, Robert W. Lange, DeWitt E. Pfaeffle, William A. Tompkins.

The following enlisted men are transferred to the medical department of the regular army and ordered to Fort McPherson, Ga.: Cecil Clements, 102d Ammunition train; John Clements, 108th Infantry; John Bater, 108th Infantry; Lavere L. Clark, 107th Infantry.

Private Harold J. Saville, Company A, 106th Infantry, is transferred to Battery B, 106th Field Artillery.

Second Lieut. George Hermance, 106th Infantry, has suffered a nervous breakdown and has had to go away for rest and recreation. His friends think he will soon be able to return to duty.

Privates Alfred G. Shepard and Theodore Willing, supply company, 106th Infantry, are detailed to the division school of baking, Capt. C. A. Millard commanding.

Private T. J. Culkin, Company F, 105th Infantry, is transferred to the supply company, 107th Infantry.

Private Edmund G. Carley, Company C, 107th Infantry, is transferred to the medical department of the regular army, and ordered to Fort Jay, N. Y.

Sergt. D. G. McDougall, Co. F, 74th Infantry, is transferred to the 310th Infantry, national army, and ordered to proceed to Camp Dix.

Second Lieut. Allen Strauss, O. R. C., is transferred from the 105th Infantry to the 47th Infantry.

Second Lieut. Thomas C. Laux, O. R. C., is attached to the 47th Infantry for temporary duty.

Private Edward Hall, medical department, 106th Infantry, is detailed for temporary duty in the quartermaster corps, in the office of the camp quartermaster.

Corporal Clark Gardner, Co. D, 104th machine gun battalion, is transferred to the enlisted veterinary corps, national army, and assigned to the remount depot.

Privates Daniel Didio and Frank Seurad, Jr., Co. I, 10th Infantry, have been transferred to the 102d field signal battalion.

104TH MACHINE GUN BATTALION, CO. A.

Rumors are still wafting from tent to tent, regarding the return of this organization to the branch of Uncle Sam's Service which is so dear to the men who are now learning the operation of the Vickers Machine Gun, the CAVALRY. Persistent are the little voices which whisper the horses are coming back, and one can hear the trample of hoofs, and the command of "Draw sabres" again. It is still a matter of conjecture, and we are hoping heartily that curry combs and brushes will soon be a reality.

We were visiting Dinny Moore's tent on Sunday. Dinny was well filled with roast pork, apple sauce and the well-known pep. "Where do you live when you are in New York?" Dinny interrogated. "Oh," we replied, "we live at the Astor, and all the big bugs live there." "Well," said Dinny, "it

has nothing on the place I live at in Brooklyn."

Spartanburg, the prohibition town, is aghast at the success of the British tanks in Europe.

We credit John Dunn with this: A cow died nearby on Monday and we had beef for supper. A pig passed out on Tuesday, and that night we had pork. Charley Shonberg, the robust Acting Mess Sergeant, is complaining of feeling ill, and John is starting to feel skeptical.

Tommie Coppinger is sad. His sweet stuff went back to the old home town.

Company A talent will prevail at the Ammunition Train and M. P. show next Saturday night, at Converse College. Jim Fallon, Russ Brown, Stanley Hughes, and Harry Sharpe will top the bill, and from where I sit it looks like a good night.

Paul Hanf on guard. Time, 1 a. m. Footsteps and mystery. "Halt!" The command comes in stentorian tones from Paul. "Who goes there?" The reply comes back at once: "A friend from the Medical Corps." Paul: "Nothin' doin'! I have no friends in the Medical Corps."

A recruit stepped over on Tuesday, and was bawled out by an officer about his appearance. The recruit was rather impertinent in a reply he made. "How dare you speak to an officer of my rank that way," said the lieutenant. "Don't get up in the air," said the rook, "we've got 'em around here ranker than you."

Lieut. Andrews brought a machine gun into camp yesterday and had some of our very best young men working on it. They were taking aim, and Lieut. Andrews became incensed at one of the men who didn't seem to get it all. "Take a fine sight," he roared. "Don't you know what a fine sight is?" "Sure," replied the youth. "Well, what is it?" said the lieutenant. "A boat load of officers sinking," was the answer. Five days in the street, young man.

Percy Long, the demon insurance salesman, is to be congratulated for the excellent results he has gotten in this command. He has worked hard and applied himself thoroughly to his task and reached the \$2,000,000 mark. Perce ambled back the other day in a swell new sheep-skin coat. Business must certainly be good.

Percy Van Holland still retains the dancing championship of the company. Perce attended 7 dances last week and never dropped a step.

After cleaning up everything in sight, the 3rd Platoon will soon start out to clean up the Kaiser.

Pat White has the best looking tent on the street.

P. S.—I'm in it.

R. B.

2ND FIELD HOSPITAL.

On Thanksgiving evening the officers of the Unit gave a very elaborate dinner to the men. The orchestra of the company was present and played several selections and the men put on a big program. Major Gans, commanding, spoke, as did also each of the

following officers: Captain Hooks, Captain Pappan, Captain Hacker, Lieut. Reed, Lieut. Nealon.

Upon invitation Robert E. Clark, Camp Musical Director for the Y. M. C. A. was present and sang several selections as well as leading the boys in chorus singing.

COMPANY C, 105TH MACHINE GUN BATTALION.

Company C is boasting of a rather realistic 24 hours in the trenches. At least two or three gun squads passed the night without shelter of either "Funk" or "Dugout," with but half a cup of coffee and a spoonful of mush for nourishment during that time. You can learn a lot about a man at a time like that. As we stood full packed for two hours, waiting for a delayed relief, one could begin to pick a little weak spot here and there. We must not forget that "nerve" is better than "nerves" when we are put to little tests like that.

Stable Sergeant Rust and his assistant, Harry Gordon, while not exactly in the "lime light" last Tuesday night, nevertheless made a shivery, pajama clad, long-faced, silhouette picture as they watched their tent and all its contents go up in smoke.

After two scoreless football games against Company B, we at last have given them a trimming 20 to 7. Harry Randall was the star of the game, but the line-up was good throughout.

Lots of visitors from New York this week. Corporal Driver and Privates Moller, Mertens, Eccleston and Rohl have all had visits from their families and friends.

It may be that Sgt. "Pop" Sinclair discovered just a little of how much he was missed while away sick when he heard the cheer that went up in the mess shack on the night of his return from Camp.

In the face of the cavalry rumor that still hovers over old Squadron A, Captain Whitney has been taken to Machine Gun School at Fort Sill. Boots and Saddles again? I'm not afraid.

V. L. L.

102ND SANITARY TRAIN.

The eight units of the 102d Sanitary Train last week engaged in their first combat practice since arriving at Camp Wadsworth. The operations of the sanitary troops were supervised by Lieutenant-Colonel E. R. Maloney, M. C., the Division Surgeon, and Majors Robert H. Wadhams and William E. Cranston, M. C., division directors of Field Hospital and Ambulance Companies, respectively. At 1 o'clock on Tuesday afternoon the train was assembled with complete field equipment and the units were assigned to stations along the stretch of woods south of the reservation. For three hours the men rendered "first aid" to those who had been assigned from the different commands to act as "patients," it being assumed they had been injured during an artillery action shortly prior to the arrival of the sanitary forces. The injured were transferred to

dressing stations and later along the line of communications to evacuation hospitals. Messages were relayed via semaphore to the base of operations occupied by the Division Surgeon. The work of the men was declared most intelligently executed by the umpires, and that the members of the Sanitary Train are fast attaining a high degree of efficiency can not be doubted.

Privates first-class Howard W. VanLoan and Earle W. Blake, transferred from the Sanitary Detachment of the 106th Infantry, and Privates Harry Sengstacken, Arthur W. Lane, Richard T. Daly, J. Milton Hare and Wilson K. Martin, Sanitary Detachment, First New York Infantry, have joined the Field Hospital Company No. 105, Major Moses A. Stivers, M. C., commanding.

Private Frank E. Featherston, Field Hospital Company No. 105, is recovering, following a recent operation for appendicitis at the Base Hospital.

Private John Alonge, of the above command, has been called to his home in New York City, owing to the serious illness of his mother.

54TH INFANTRY BRIGADE.

Sergeant John T. E. Davis and Private John T. Bryce, of the Headquarters Detachment, have been detailed for duty at the Divisional Rifle Range for the period of rifle practice for the organizations of the 54th Brigade.

Private Earl K. Pinney has been transferred from Company B, 10th N. Y. Inf. to Hdqrs. Det. 54th Inf. Brig. Pinney is an expert motorcycle rider and repair man and will be a valuable addition to the Detachment.

Sergeant Major Laidlaw manages to keep busy with his numerous office duties, but before he can begin a day's work, he quietly slips down to the kitchen after mess and uses great diplomacy in separating the cook from an extra bowl of coffee. He sure does relish the liquid and I heard Hank Baumann, the first assistant cook, who by the way is very accommodating and is popular with the boys, say that if coffee was intoxicating, Laidlaw would have a souse on every day.

Chuck Allen, the "Dandy Dan" of the outfit, has been making frequent visits to Spartanburg of late. I inquired the reason for these frequent trips and have been informed that Chuck has been scouting around for a full-length mirror so that he can carefully remove the creases from his well kept O. D.'s.

Lieutenant Williamson, our popular and most efficient supply officer, has been very busy of late. He has been sitting up late for the past few nights trying to figure out the heating allowance; in other words, how many sticks of wood per man per day can be burned in one Sibley Stove.

T. J. McE., Jr.

SUPPLY TRAIN NOTES.

The Supply Train, combined with a troop of Military Police, acting as mounted scouts, held a sham battle in the hills back of Fair

Forest recently. Companies 1 and 2 were on the defensive, guarding the City of Spartanburg. Companies 3 and 4 represented the opposing forces and were to get into the city, blow up the railroad, rob the bank, and in short, do a number of things which might be required in the carrying out of a movie scenario. The defenders must have stopped off at some roadhouse, because the opposing army wasn't satisfied with marching into the town and blowing it up, but they marched back along the Greenville road and attacked the town from another angle.

Sgt. Matt Cash and Private Bill Devaney and Bill Claire, are thinking about opening up a canteen of their own. Seems as if they had received a surplus amount of goodies for Thanksgiving.

Jack Trumbull is now selling war service rings and la vallieres for the fair sex. Jack always was a bear for romantic stuff.

Val Snyder has the distinction of being the only private who ever had the guard turned out for him. They got him a'right and he will be on fatigue duty for sometime to come.

Samma' Goldstein, the bugler, has decided to be an officer. Samma asserts that a bugler stands no show in the ranks nohow. Goldie has taken a violent dislike to salmon since the men of his company filled up his horn with a can full of said member of the deep sea family. J. T.

FROM THE ENGINEER TRAIN.

As usual the boys of 102d Engineer Train have come across with the punch. No less a critic than the genial adjutant of the Engineer Regiment, Capt. Bates, declared the festooning of their mess shack with fir branches and garlands of colored crepe paper and holly the niftiest Thanksgiving decoration of the camp. More power to "Doc" Lockwood and "Smilin'" Walter Judd, the decorators, who made the crude shack look like an old English Hall with yule log and accessories. We don't like to brag about the eighteen-course dinner stowed away by the officers and men of the Train and their guests, the officers formerly attached to the Train. The dinner, by the way, was prepared by Chef Easson, formerly with the Duke of Connaught. "Bud" Smith's negro musicians from Spartanburg handed out folk songs and melodies in true Southern fashion. When our operatic star from Naples, Signor Spgnalla, and our live New York talent added their modern song and dances, four hours passed away as a moment. The only regret voiced was that the genial throat, nose and ear specialist from Albany, Lieut. W. G. Keens, Medical Department, who graced the board, was no longer attached to the Train.

R. B. F.

AMBULANCE COMPANY 107.

Thanksgiving finally came and with it a much relished holiday, a feed that was nothing if not enormous, and the second star show of the Camp Wadsworth season.

(Continued on page 20)

News of the Y. M. C. A.

E. W. LESLIE, Editor.



RAY F. JENNEY,

New Camp Wadsworth Y. M. C. A. Physical Director.

Ray F. Jenney, the new Y. M. C. A. camp physical director, was born in Meriden, N. H. He graduated from the Kimball Union Academy in 1909, and from the Springfield Y. M. C. A. College in 1913. He did a year's work at James Milliken University, and then went to Columbia, where he received the degree of M. A. He was a student at the Union Theological Seminary when he entered Y. M. C. A. work.

Mr. Jenney is an all-round athlete. He played football and baseball at Springfield, and was on the football, baseball, basket-ball and track teams at Milliken. He is taking an active interest in Camp Wadsworth football, having been elected manager of the 27th Division team.

Mr. Jenney was physical director at Union Settlement last year, and his excellent work won him many offers in this field, including Teachers' College, and Columbia University, but he refused them all to enter army Y. M. C. A. work at Camp Wadsworth.

PURPOSE OF THE Y. M. C. A. IN CAMP.

Now that the Y. M. C. A. buildings are getting into use a full and co-operative program can be put on. The first intimation will be found in the hand bills distributed in every tent to announce the Sunday services and the posters which will be put up every week showing all the events in the Camp during the week. Study these announcements and know what you want to attend.

The Y. M. C. A. is the nearest approach to a home that we can make, and in every

real home there is a certain amount of orderliness. We are sure that every man will want to play fair with the "Y." We are sure that no gentleman will want to lay aside the courtesy and orderliness which he observed in his own home. We are counting on the men themselves to remind those of their comrades who forget themselves and overstep all those courtesies which gentlemen expect from one another.

Playing fair with the "Y" means several things. It means that you will not waste the writing paper. You are not writing for the printer and so can write on both sides of the paper, and it saves not only paper but postage. It means keeping the building attractive and homelike and saving them from all abuse. It means falling in with the program announced by the management. The Y. M. C. A.s are not merely for letter writing, games and smokes, but for entertainments, lectures, religious meetings, classes and many functions which one may enjoy in his home town. Playing fair means for every man to adjust his own personal interest to the interests of the group in order that all may enjoy what is put on. It may be necessary for some to set aside the thing that they are doing. Certainly during the address or lecture it is only fair that every one should be quiet and give his attention in order that the whole group of men may get the most out of it. The Y. M. C. A. is here to serve you. Let us know what you want and then help us to put it over. Lend a hand and we will have such a program of activities as will be interesting and worth while to all.

REV. P. M. STRAYER.

Y. M. C. A. BUILDING ACTIVITIES Unit No. 92.

Bob Canniff, Building Secretary, has been relieved from duty as head of this unit and assigned to Headquarters' Staff in charge of the business management of the WADSWORTH GAS ATTACK.

James Smelzel has received a week's furlough and has returned to his home.

On Tuesday night in the new building, Dr. George Dugan, of Albany, N. Y., delivered a very interesting and inspiring lecture. The building was well filled and Dr. Dugan proved himself a very convincing and inspiring speaker. This unit is looking forward eagerly to the dedication of the building, which will probably be held within the next week.

Unit No. 95.

Dr. George Dugan, of Albany, N. Y., who was in town for a day or two, visited this unit and spoke to the boys on Tuesday night. Being a native of Albany, and a great many of the Albany boys using this

building, Dr. Dugan's coming was a real pleasure to the Albany boys, as well as the other boys who met him for the first time. Dr. Dugan delivered a very inspiring and instructive address and it is hoped he can be induced to return to Camp at a later date and address the boys again.

On Friday evening the men of Unit 95 had the privilege of hearing the Choral Society of Converse College, which is composed of 25 very attractive young ladies, under the direction of Prof. E. C. Morris. It was a real pleasure to entertain these young ladies and it is also hoped they will favor us with a future appearance.

Unit No. 96.

Now that Building No. 96 has been completed activities of all sorts are starting to boom, the past week being one of the most active in the history of the unit.

Two very attractive and entertaining five reel movies were put on in the building and from the enthusiasm of the crowd on each of the pictures it would appear movie shows are about as popular an entertainment as can be put on in the Y. M. C. A. buildings.

At the mid-week religious service, Dr. Paul M. Strayer, the new Camp Religious Director from Rochester, N. Y., spoke and was enthusiastically received.

The weekly "Stunt Night" was one of the best that has been shown in the building up to this time.

Unit No. 97.

Unit No. 97 has been the center of activities all week. A new movie show was put on with much success. The movie show which was to be put on Monday night was obliged to be postponed owing to the lack of electric current in the Artillery Section that night. All the tents and buildings, including the Y. M. C. A. building, were almost in darkness.

On Wednesday the building was turned over to Col. Wingate, Commanding the Artillery Brigade, for a musical concert under his auspices.

The entertainment given by the Ammunition Train Friday night was one of the best yet given and it is hoped the troop of entertainers from this regiment will find it convenient to come very often to Unit No. 97 for the entertainment of the men.

WAR WORK FUND STILL GROWING.

Army Y. M. C. A. officials at Camp Wadsworth have been notified from the main office in New York City that the \$35,000,000 campaign, although closed officially, is still mounting forward by leaps and bounds.

Up to Thanksgiving Day \$51,250,000 had been subscribed and the end is not yet reached.

"TAKE A SOLDIER TO DINNER" ARMY.**Generals Mobilizing Food Regiments for Big Knife and Fork Drive.**

Some days ago an editorial in the Herald pointed out the fact that there was considerable duplication in Spartanburg's program of hospitality; that certain soldiers at Camp Wadsworth were being entertained freely and many others neglected. The Woman's Auxiliary Committee of the Spartanburg Commission on Training Camp Activities, after considerable thought and discussion, has decided to organize among the women of Spartanburg county an army to be called the "Take a Soldier to Dinner" army.

Every officer and private in this army agrees to take two soldiers to dinner every other week, men who have not been previously entertained in this community. Regiments will be organized in each church and one regiment will be formed among the army women who have come to live in Spartanburg. Regiments will also be formed in nearby towns, with a company in each church. Dr. Rosa H. Gantt has been commissioned General of the army and the following ladies to be members of her staff:

General, Dr. Rosa H. Gantt; Brigadier-General, Mrs. A. S. Libby; Colonels, Mrs. A. S. Alderman, First Baptist Church; Mrs. J. T. Montgomery, Southside Baptist Church; Mrs. A. L. Crutchfield, Northside Baptist Church; Mrs. A. M. Alexander, St. Paul's Catholic Church; Mrs. D. Margolius, Jewish Synagogue; Mrs. R. D. Whitener, Lutheran Church; Mrs. H. A. Ligon, Central Methodist Church; Mrs. C. K. Earle, Bethel Methodist Church; Mrs. A. D. P. Gilmour, First Presbyterian Church; Miss Hattie Miller, Second Presbyterian Church; Mrs. L. K. Brice, Associate Reformed Presbyterian Church; Mrs. M. G. Stone, Church of the Advent.

Colonel Army Ladies, Mrs. Gans; Mrs. C. G. Hamlin, Chief of Staff; Mrs. Hill Jones, Adjutant General.

Each colonel will organize her own regiment by selecting one or more captains, who will in turn organize their companies by securing corporals who will form a squad of eight women, each of whom agree to entertain two soldiers at dinner every week. A card index file of all the privates and officers of this army will be kept in the Adjutant General's office at Division Headquarters (Commission on Training Camp Activities room in the Central National Bank). For every family listed here, two invitations will be issued automatically to soldiers at the camp through Mr. E. W. Leslie, Social Secretary of the Y. M. C. A.

Y. M. C. A. PERSONALS.

Dr. Paul M. Strayer, pastor of the Second Presbyterian Church of Rochester, N. Y., has arrived in Camp to succeed Dr. A. W. Beaven as Camp Religious Work Director. Dr. Beaven has been recalled to his church in Rochester.

Mr. W. J. Davison, Camp Physical Director, left on Tuesday with his family for Albany, N. Y., to resume his duties as General Secretary of the Albany Y. M. C. A. Mr. Davison was one of the first Y. M. C. A. secretaries to arrive in Camp Wadsworth, and he has made himself very popular with the men in Camp during his stay. It is with regret the Army Y. M. C. A. is obliged to release him for home work. R. F. Jenney, who has been acting as Physical Director at Building No. 96, is selected to succeed Mr. Davison as Camp Physical Director.

Rev. James A. Moore returned on Monday from a two weeks' furlough, which he spent in his home at Geneva, N. Y. Information has leaked out that while Mr. Moore was north he was married and the Staff are now busy congratulating he and Mrs. Moore, whom he has brought back to Spartanburg with him.

THANKSGIVING DAY SERVICES.

Regimental Thanksgiving Services were held by all the chaplains on Thanksgiving morning and some note was taken of Thanksgiving in all of the Y. M. C. A. buildings. Dr. Strayer, Camp Religious Secretary, spoke three times during the day, once for Major McCord, of the 107th Regiment, and in buildings Nos. 92 and 96 in the evening. A new plan was adopted for the religious meetings which will be followed pretty generally; the "Everybody Sing" was from songs thrown on the screen, rather than from books. Mr. Clark had the singing going in great shape, and both meetings were live ones.

"MOVIE WEEK."

At the Red Triangle Tent, which is run and operated by the Y. M. C. A., this week is known as "movie week" for the reason movies appear at the Big Brown Tent all, or part of every evening. The first three nights were devoted to features, and the Association was also fortunate in securing some of the New York Troop reels, showing New York boys on the border. These reels were extremely popular, as the boys were delighted to sit there and see themselves as they marched by.

The latter half of the week was a big hit and the Association was very fortunate in being able to secure Mr. Burton Monk, a celebrated lecturer, who came with a travelogue photo play known as "Sight Seeing, Greater New York." The boys from New York City proper were taken up with this part of the program, as they saw the scenes which took them back home, thrown on the screen. So popular was this entertainment that the Y. M. C. A. is planning to bring along more of these travelogues.

Notice! The Editors of THE GAS ATTACK are not mind readers. Send in that company news on a piece of paper.

Remember! Your canteens are run for you. Buy your GAS ATTACK there.

**THOMAS N. GARVIN.**

Thomas Norman Garvin is the local representative of Training Camp Activities authorized by the Fosdick Commission.

Mr. Garvin was born in Cambridge City, Indiana. He is a graduate of Western Reserve University, and during his college term he was assistant educational director of the Cleveland Y. M. C. A. After graduation he spent three years as assistant head resident of the Hiram Social Settlement. Since October, 1912, he has been secretary of the Cleveland Advertising Club.

In January, 1914, Mr. Garvin was elected secretary of the Advertising Affiliation. He is a member of the Cleveland Rotary Club, City Club, Civic League, the Council of Sociology and Cleveland Chamber of Commerce. He was associate business manager of the New York Tribune for 1916-17.

WATCH THE BULLETIN BOARDS.

Within the next week the Y. M. C. A. officials at camp plan to get out a weekly bulletin of Y. M. C. A. building and other camp events. There has been a great call for something of this sort at the camp and the actual appearance of such a bulletin will be welcomed by the men. It is planned that the bulletins will cover every company in the entire camp.

TO LECTURE ON SEX PROBLEMS.

Dr. F. M. Searly, a lecturer on problems of sex, will come to Camp Wadsworth for a week, beginning December 8th. Dr. Searly is a professor in the Association College in Springfield, and a regular lecturer of the Social Prophylactic Society of New York. He is one of the leading experts of the country and will be heard with interest and profit. Look for announcements on bulletin boards.



The Wadsworth Gas Attack and R.

Edited by Buck O'Ne

HEADQUARTERS vs. CO. K. OF 105 INF.

Thanksgiving afternoon saw Headquarters football team defeat Company K's eleven to the tune of 41 to 0. The game was too one sided to be interesting but the desperate playing and courage of the vanquished team often brought bursts of applause. Headquarters' team is heavy and fast and to date the only company team that has dared to meet a big outfit like the Division team. Arndt made three touchdowns with spectacular line plunges. McGinnes starred for K Company. The line up:

Headquarters Co.		Company K
Wright.....	L. E.	Luckhart
Kendricks.....	L. T.	Dovas
White.....	L. G.	Robbins
Troyowski.....	C.	Engert
Carrol.....	R. G.	Lund
Conant.....	R. T.	Layden
Harney.....	R. E.	Cooman
Collison.....	Q. B.	McGinnis
Schaible.....	L. H. B.	Maloy
Vannier.....	R. H. B.	Atkins
Arndt.....	F. B.	Scheff

Referee, Lieutenant Colonel Liebmann. Touchdowns, Arndt, 3; Schaible, Vannier, 2; goals from touchdown, Schaible, 5; substitutions, for Headquarters, Edwards for Harney; Nichols for Wright. Time of periods, ten minutes. Score, 41-0.

THE DIVISION FOOTBALL TEAM.

By Fred J. Ashley.

Followers of the gridiron game are just waking up to the fact that the Division is being represented by one of the strongest football teams in the military world. The eleven which has been put into existence through the untiring efforts of R. F. Jenney, of the Y. M. C. A. Physical Staff, has been going along quietly, drilling day after day, and showing so much interest in the task of giving the 27th the right sort of an attraction that a special order has been issued by the Camp Adjutant allowing the players three hours every day in which to get their machine working properly.

The squad includes thirty pigskin chasers, most of whom have made their names respected in college and scholastic circles during the past few years. Among them are Captain Foley, the former Georgetown University quarterback, who is acting in a similar capacity here. In the three games played so far, he has shown the same clever headwork that won him the pilot position on the All-Southern team a few years back. Keppler, who was last seen in the Red and Blue of the University of Pennsylvania, is covering right halfback, while Peuchen, one of the best scholastic warriors ever developed in Buffalo, is at left half. As a result of his speed in getting down under punts and re-

ceiving passes, it is expected that Keppler will be moved to end.

All the linesmen have shown up well on the offense and Jenney is now reinforcing the defense. They are all big, rangy men averaging in the neighborhood of one hundred and eighty pounds. The trio who have shown up best so far are Haulke, Coxe and Swartz. Haulke learned the game under Doctor Sharpe at Cornell University. He has been working at end but with the shifting of Keppler, it is expected that Haulke will go into the backfield quartet. Swartz is the Division center. Last year he was a student at Hamilton and was elected to lead his college team this Fall. To those who know what it means to win a "Y," let it be known that Coxe was a tackle at Yale in 1916.

To date the team has played three games. Victories were scored over the Ammunition Train of Camp Sevier and the Headquarters' Company of the 106th Infantry. The officers of Camp Jackson are responsible for our lone setback but the 27th will get another chance to meet the commissioned eleven here in the near future. Four other contests were on the list but owing to restrictions at the other cantonments, it was necessary to cancel them. An epidemic at Sevier was the origin of two of the disappointments.

Although no definite dates are available as yet, the Division battleground will be the scene of a trio of lively frays when the teams from Camps Greene, Hancock and Sevier come to Spartanburg. On Friday the entire division squad will go to Atlanta to play Camp Gordon.

FIRST PLATOON, CO. D, 102ND ENGINEERS DEFEATED.

November 29th, the crack platoon of Co. D, 102nd Engineers, was defeated at football in a close game, 12 to 6, by a picked team from the rest of the company. The first half was marked by evenness of play, finally ending with the first platoon scoring—Duryea carrying the ball over by his brilliant dodging through a crowded field. Once, during this period, the 1st Platoon forced the picked team behind their own goal line.

In the second half Dillon was the star, executing several end runs and forward passes, resulting in making one touchdown. Katzman, by a long end run of 45 yards, scored the second touchdown.

The game was fast although the ground was wet and heavy. Neither side resorted to punting and no injuries were received.

Many of the star players of the First Platoon were unable to participate owing to injuries received during the early part of the week, among them Babe Schryber, one of the Divisional team players.

This is just the beginning of many platoon games. The First and Second Platoons are scheduled for a game on Saturday.

The line-up:

1st Platoon		Picked Team
Goodnow.....	L. E.	Jones
Jonassen.....	L. T.	Haynes
Glauber.....	L. G.	Jackson
W. P. Malloy.....	C.	Valeau
Dorner.....	R. G.	McCarthy
Lind.....	R. T.	Goode
Blaurett.....	R. E.	Chestney
Groeger.....	Q. B.	Acker
Duryea.....	F. B.	Katzman
Daly.....	R. H. B.	Colleran
Smith.....	L. H. B.	Dillon

Score, 12 to 6. Time, two 20 minute halves. Referee, Dollan; umpire, Gouveneur; time-keeper, Marvin.

THANKSGIVING DAY EVENTS.

Turkey-day games eliminated two teams in the Street Championship League, composed of the 105th, 106th and 10th Regiments, leaving Co. I of the 10th and Headquarters Company of the 105th contenders for the final honors. Both I and Headquarters' eleven easily disposed of their opponents, the former beating M of the 105th, 26-3, and Headquarters, 105th, eliminating K of the 105th by a 40-0 score.

The two games drew big crowds. I and M met in the morning on the 10th Regiment grounds. M threw a scare into their heavier opponents in the first half, emerging with a three to nothing lead due to a pretty drop-kick by Miller. I had held back McLeod and Runge and when these two men went in, the fate of the lighter team was decided. McLeod tore off several long gains and then Dooley circled left end for a touchdown. A few minutes later, Runge, I's quarter, went through left guard for a touchdown after his comrades had worked their way down to M's 2-yard line. Later Runge intercepted a forward pass and sprinted for a touchdown. With only a few seconds to play another touchdown was made when Dooley took a long forward pass from Runge for a 20-yard run.

Riley, left end for M, and Slocum, full, played a whirlwind game. Bowe, Runge and McLeod were the stars for I.

The line-up:

M, 105th		I, 10th.
Riley.....	L. E.	Dooley
Meehan.....	R. T. L.	Petters
Willetts.....	R. G. L.	Fountain
Caswell.....	C.	Barry
		O'Hearn
Durfe.....	L. G. R.	Munda
Rostendorf.....	L. T. R.	Doncourt
		McLeod
Dames.....	R. E. L.	Field
Cochran.....	Q. B.	Fritz
		Runge
McGraw.....	R. H. B.	Lewis
Slocum.....	L. H. B.	Bowe
Miller.....	F. B.	Black

Rio Grande Rattler's Sporting Pages

by Bill and F. J. Ashley



Referee, Joyce, M Co., 10th; Van Schoonhoven, M. G., 105th, umpire; Ortner, Y. M. C. A. head linesman. Touchdowns, Runge, 2; Dooley, 2. Goals from touchdown, McLeod, 2. Field goals, Miller 1.

The afternoon game was played on the field near the Red Triangle tent and drew a still larger crowd than the morning contest. During the first few minutes the play was even and the crowd was on edge looking forward to a close struggle. However, when Headquarters' big backfield men unlimbered they went through K's line like tanks and wire entanglements and the outer works of their opponents melted away. Near the close of the battle, with only 20 seconds left to play, they were given an opportunity to have the game called, but refused. K's hardest blow came in the second half when Johnny Malloy, one of the best backfield men in the league, was forced to retire because of an injured leg.

During practically the entire last three quarters Headquarters had the ball and K was given no opportunity to show its strength on offense.

Arndt, Schiabile, Vannier and Collison, Headquarters' powerful backfield, was always in evidence. It is this quartette of stars that I Company of the 10th will most fear in the deciding game.

The line up:

Hdqtrs. 105th		K Co., 105th
Harney.....	R. E. L.....	Atkins
Conant.....	R. T. L.....	Dovas
Carroll.....	R. G. L.....	Robins
Trojaskowski.....	C.....	Engert
White.....	L. G. R.....	Lund
		Gokey
Kendrix.....	L. T. R.....	Layden
Wright.....	L. E. R.....	Cooman
		Hammond
Collison.....	Q.....	McGinnis
Vannier.....	R. H. B.....	Antos

Schiabile..... L. H. B..... Malloy
McGovern Davis

Arndt..... F. B..... Scheff
Referee, Lt. Col. Lieberman, 105th; umpire, Lt. Deboer, 47th; head linesman, Lt. Degeenaar, 105th; timekeeper, H. Ortner, Y. M. C. A. Touchdowns, Vannier, 2; Arndt, 3; Schiabile, 1; goals from placement, Schiabile, 3; Vannier, 1.

MANAGERS ATTENTION!

The Spartanburg Y. M. C. A. basketball team would like to get games with any fast teams in camp. All units desiring dates should get in touch with T. K. Hudgens, Jr., who is managing the Triangle this Winter. Address all correspondence to Box 102.

IN NO MAN'S LAND.

A set of athletic games, open to the entire Division, will be held by the 102nd Engineers Saturday, December 8th, in celebration of the dedication of their new arena. Captain Dieges, the hustling physical authority of the knights of the pick and shovel, has already gathered together a formidable array of entries and in view of the prizes presented by the citizens of Spartanburg it is expected that representatives of each unit will be seen in action. Besides the track and field events, a special motorcycle race will be staged on the five lap track. Regular army machines will be used exclusively.

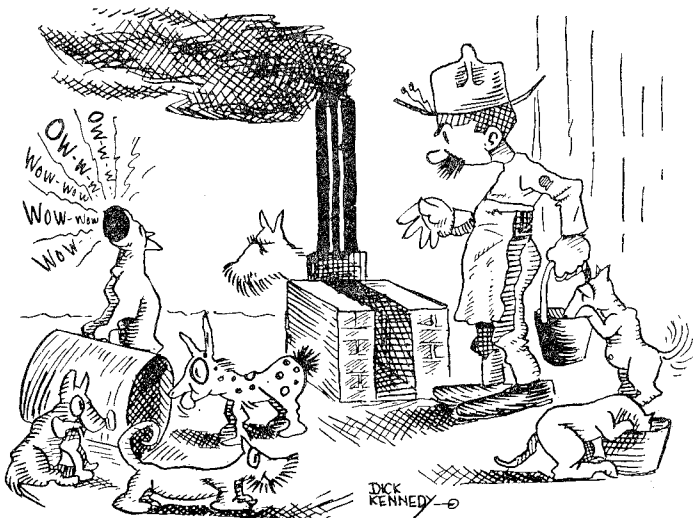
It is noted that managers of some of the units have been complaining that they are unable to get any games or assistance in helping the progress of their athletic teams. To aid them, special committees have been formed covering every form of physical activity. Why not consult the following chairmen about your team? Capt. Moore, Div. Hdqrs. Executive Com.; Lieut. DeBain, 102nd Signal Corps, soccer; Lieut. Taylor, 106th

Inf., football; Lieut. Wende, 106th F. A., baseball; Capt. Palmer, 102nd Eng., basket-ball; Lt. Col. Conrow, 102nd Eng., shooting; Maj. Lovall, 52nd Brig., track; Capt. Dieges, 102nd Eng., cross-country; Lieut. Ceballos, Remount Station, polo; Maj. Humphries, 102nd Eng., fencing, and Maj. Bebe, 47th N. Y. Inf., tennis.

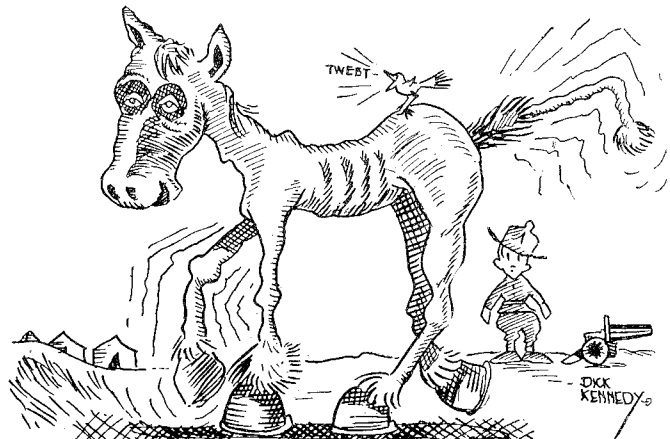
The long distance runners will have their inning on the fifteenth, the day of the Camp Wadsworth-Spartanburg Road Race. The harriers will start their journey in front of Division Headquarters and will follow the famed Snake Road into the city. They will finish at Morgan monument. Thirty prizes have already been contributed and in view of the fact that one of them is a ticket, good for fifteen dollars worth of grub at one of the best restaurants in town, a record number of starters is looked for.

Harvey Cohn, the camp athletic mentor, and the various sport committees recently appointed, are hard at work now lining up their schedules. With most of the attention at this period of the year centering about football, Lieut. Taylor, chairman of the gridiron committee, is completing a program of inter-regimental and inter-company contests. The players who show up strongest in the company games will represent the larger units later and those of exceptional ability will be given a chance on the Division eleven.

Thanks to the courtesy of the Spartanburg Country Club, the nimrods of the camp will be able to continue their clay pigeon shooting while learning to bag the bigger targets "Over There." The officers and men are at liberty to use the club traps upon application to the reception committee. It is planned to build traps here in camp in the near future.



DOGS OF WAR



HORS DE COMBAT

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

WHOLESALE GROCERS
CANDY AND CAKES A SPECIALTY
CIGARETTES AND TOBACCO

FIELDER & BROWN

Corner Ezell and Choice Sts.

SPARTANBURG, S. C.

PHONE 161

Soldier's Accessories

Shoe Brushes, Daubers and Griffin's Polish.
 Leather and Leggin Laces
 Collar Ornaments.
 Coat Buttons.
 Flashlights and Batteries.
 Rifle and Revolver Cases.
 Wrap Leggings and Regulation Leggings.
 Chevrons.
 Overshoes, Rubber Boots and many other necessities too numerous to mention,

Globe Sample Co.
 109 W. Main Street.

"MESS CALL" Means

C. D. Kenny Co.

BEST COFFEE AND TEAS

Scented blends 18c. to 28c.

Rio blends 15c. to 20c.

Kenny special

MESS coffee 21c. wholesale

Only exclusive wholesale tea and coffee house in the city

127 Morgan Square
 SPARTANBURG

Phone 747

IN DIVISION SOCIETY

Send your social notes to the Society Editor, Mrs. Charles P. Loeser, 502 Converse Campus, or The Gas Attack, Camp Wadsworth. She will be pleased to give all information her personal attention.

OFFICERS OF THE 107TH REGIMENT ENTERTAINED BY CONVERSE COLLEGE GIRLS.

The officers of the 107th Regiment were entertained during mess on Thanksgiving day by the Glee Club of Converse College, composed of twenty charming girls. The officers were highly delighted and at the request of Col. Fish the young ladies were entertained at dinner.

LIEUT. EDWARD WILLIS WEDS.

Lieut. Edward Willis and Mrs. Willis, who was Miss Dorothy Bard, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Charles R. Bard, of Summit, N. Y., have returned to Spartanburg after their honeymoon trip. Lieut. Willis is a member of the Machine Gun Co. of the 107th Infantry.

CHARMING DANCE GIVEN BY OFFICERS.

One of the most delightful events of the season was given by the officers of the 108th Infantry at the Cleveland Hotel. Music for dancing was furnished by the 108th band. A five-course supper was served in the dining hall. The committee in charge were Major F. S. Couchman, chairman; Captains A. T. Smith and Turnbull and Lieutenants Zeigler, Butt and Underwood.

Mrs. John, wife of Major John, of the Supply Train, and their charming daughter, Miss Agnes, are in town for an indefinite time. They are stopping with Prof. and Mrs. T. A. Gamewell on Wofford Campus.

Major Edward Olinstead has returned from his recent trip to Washington, where he remained for a week.

THANKSGIVING BALL AT THE CLEVELAND.

The Officers' Ball, given at the Cleveland Hotel Thanksgiving night for the benefit of the Christmas tree fund, was a very brilliant affair and a substantial amount was realized to increase the fund.

THANKSGIVING TEA DANCANT AT COUNTRY CLUB.

The managers of the Country Club entertained the non-commissioned officers at a tea dancant on Thanksgiving afternoon. It was greatly enjoyed by many visiting out of town guests and dancing set of the club.

MRS. HOWARD CARLISLE ENTERTAINS.

Mrs. Howard Carlisle, of Fairview Ave., entertained at a tea Tuesday afternoon, given in honor of Mrs. Phillips, wife of Gen. Phillips, the wives of officers and out of town guests stopping in Spartanburg. The occasion was a delightful one, the ladies thoroughly enjoying it, and her gracious hospitality was enjoyed by all.

WORLD BREVITIES

KEEPING UP WITH THE WAR.

The Italian situation has demanded the attention of every war observer. For almost three weeks the Teutons have hurled their mighty battalions against the newly organized Italian lines without success. Although Italy is war-weary besides having within her midst a poisonous anti-war propaganda she has shown great powers of rapid reorganization and determined resistance. The British and French troops are now coming to her aid. The United States is sending supplies and money. If Italy holds her line of battle, which is drawn just North of Venice, till this article is in print, enough aid will have reached her to save a further invasion by the Teutons, but a counter attack can hardly be expected much before Spring.

English Gain More Ground.

The English forces have gained several miles near Cambrai, the heights of this important section were taken from the Teutons and held against repeated attacks. Ten thousand Germans were captured. The German loss is estimated to be greater than that of the English. The Germans have apparently given up hopes of regaining this section. Indications at present seem to foretell renewed attacks at Ypres. A report comes from London that more than a dozen U-boats have been destroyed within a week. While it is true that 14 boats were sunk by the U-boats yet less than four per cent. of arriving or departing ships were sunk. Those which were sunk were small and slow. It is believed that the Cambrai campaign by the English is planned to drive the Germans from the coast, thus driving them from submarine bases.

Russia a Puzzle.

Russia is the enigma. Last year it was autocratic Russia which was just beginning to see visions of democracy; to-day it is extreme individual communal socialism. Then the largest landed nation in the world was ruled from the City of Petrograd, now Petrograd is cut off from the rest of the world. Russia is no longer a unity but a million fragments. Then a monarch holding wealth untold ruled without question, now every agitator aspires to lead the populace to divide the individual wealth and to revel in dreams of individualism.

Three parties are striving for supremacy ranging from the autocratic reactionary party to the radical extreme socialists. No one knows what a week will bring forth. The extreme revolutionists now have control of Petrograd and are seeking terms of peace with Germany. But what of the rest of Russia? What will Southern Russia do? Every reform swings to the other extreme and then finds a midway stability. First an autocracy, then a most radical socialism, what will the stabilizing reaction bring forth? No one seems able to foretell with reasonable certainty. At any rate Russia is out of the war practically if not nominally. She can not help the allies, but will she help Germany? Will she make peace with her and furnish

food, metals and other supplies which Germany sorely needs? No one knows.

Germany Picks on Norway.

German cruisers recently sank a Norwegian convoy, thus arousing great indignation in Norway. The rulers of Norway, Denmark and Sweden recently met to discuss the war situation in these neutral countries. Although the decision was in favor of neutrality the Norwegian populace are not appeased and may compel Norway to give the allies a naval base. In such a case Germany declares she will seize a naval base in Denmark. This might compel these neutral nations to join the allies.

British Casualties Small.

The fatalities in the British army each week for the past month have averaged about 6,000 men. This is regarded small considering the number of men engaged and the aggressive drives made by the British in which much has been gained.

See the Censor First.

It is a crime, punishable by a fine of \$10,000 or ten years in prison or both to convey letters out of the country or to bring them into the country without reporting them to the proper authorities.

Down Go 39 U-Boats.

In a speech last week, a member of the British embassy said that since November 1 up to November 15, 39 German U-boats have been taken or destroyed. That equaled the number of ships torpedoed.

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.

The Wadsworth Restaurant

Creighton Clothing Co.

THE ARMY STORE

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

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

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

- Officers' Overcoats \$40.00 to \$50.00
- Sleeveless Sweaters, to be worn under shirt, at \$3.50 and \$5.00
- O. D. Woolen Uniforms \$30.00
- O. D. Woolen Uniforms \$35.00
- High Grade Serges \$35.00 to \$50.00
- 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.

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

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

Our Plant has the approval of your Sanitary authorities.

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

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



DIXIE PIE BAKING CO.

South Liberty St., Spartanburg, S. C.
PHONE 1711

NEWS FROM DIVISION UNITS.

(Continued from page 13)

The big feed had been heralded so thoroughly in home papers and in camp that everyone was on keen edge waiting the hour of nourishment. A slow and careful perusal of the following menu will satisfy the most exacting that Ambulance Company 107th fared both richly and copiously:

- 107
Thanksgiving at "Healy's"
November 29th, 1917.
Piece de Resistance
Tomato Soup
"Comme du sang"
Celery a camouflage Olives aux balles
Pineapple Fritters du "bull's eye"
Turkey Roast a l'eanemi
and
Cranberry Sauce
a schrapnel
Pommes de terre Onions a lachrimal gaz
Mason & Dixon et Erin Allied Salad
Asparagus Tips a la baionette
Mince Pie a l'armee Fien
Plum Pudding a la Victoire
Sauce inevrant
Nuts aux soldats allemandes
Cafe Noir Vive l'Amerique
et France et Angleterre
Fumes a la Pain
We give heavenly thanks for the bounty we received.

HEADQUARTERS CO. 107 U. S. INFANTRY

Private Lock, of Headquarters Co. just returned from "his bit" in the trenches and wants to know if you will not please ask the Kaiser to call off the war.

Why do the old Seventh Regiment men like to lead the parade? Some say the old First men are too long-legged, while others claim that the First Regiment men are fast walkers. How about it?

Why do they all return from the Hospital with a limp after they have received their usual shot of germs in the arm?

Private Loushay thought he would take a ride Sunday. He did and now he has to eat from a shelf. Why?

Acting Corporal Murphy has such an ambitious squad. Last Monday they fell in at taps and thought it was reveille.

Free concert every night 6th Squad, 3rd Platoon.

Private Yates, banjo player; Private Finigan, violin player; Privates Wright, Loushay, Wade, and Brookner, quartet; Private Yates, dances; Acting Corporal Murphy, story telling.

F. E. W.

105TH INFANTRY.

Private Thomas Burke, of Headquarters Company, was seen at reveille last Saturday morning.

Private Fred O'Connor has returned from the base hospital. With the exception of

Floyd L. Giles Co.

OPPOSITE CLEVELAND HOTEL

STORE OPEN EVERY NIGHT IN THE WEEK UNTIL 10 P. M.

Got Pads, Blankets, Pillows, Sheets, Towels and Pillow Cases.

Leather, Spiral and Canvas Puttees.

Chevrons, Hat Cords and Insignia.

Sheep Lined Coats, O. D. Sleeve and Sleeveless Sweaters.

ALL AT FAIR PRICES

4-11-44 s.o.s.

7 11 23 69 222

XZKZTZKZ

QUALIFICATION RECORD

FORM—PERFECT 36

NAME? Izzie Human AGE? 23
OCCUPATION? Traveling Man (on brake beams)
HOW MANY YEARS HAVE YOU WORKED AT IT? 22
JUST WHAT DID YOU DO?
(For example—Ran a lawn mower, sold ice-bergs, picked pockets, etc.)
I counted ties and inspected railroads from a side-door Pullman.
NAME OF LAST EMPLOYER?
Thomas Mott Osborne
BUSINESS? Poor but improving.
ADDRESS? Ossining, N. Y.
HOW MUCH DID YOU EARN PER WEEK? \$500
HOW MUCH DID YOU RECEIVE? \$9.98
DESCRIBE THE ENTERPRISES IN WHICH YOU EXERCISED GREATEST AUTHORITY OR LEADERSHIP?
Have frequently led bed line at Mills Hotel.
UNDERLINE BUSINESSES IN WHICH YOU ARE EXPERT AND GIVE NUMBER OF YEARS IN EACH
LION TAMER? 6
OYSTER OPENER? 11
TATOOED MAN? 21
PRETZEL BENDER? 3

WRESTLER
(a) Graeco-Roman? 0
(b) Catch-as-Catch-Can? 0
BROKER? Three days
STOKER? Four days
JOKER? Three months
PAW-PAW FARMER? 8
EGG-TESTER? 1 day
POET? 0
DUKE? 0
DO YOU DRINK? I don't care if I do, thank you.
DO YOU SPEAK SIAMESE? No
NEAPOLITAN? Yes
WHAT OTHER LANGUAGES DO YOU SPEAK?
Bronx, profane.
HEIGHT? Yes WEIGHT? No
FAVORITE FLOWER? Cauliflower
FAVORITE BOOK? Bank
PREVIOUS MILITARY EXPERIENCE—WHAT ARMIES HAVE YOU BEEN IN?
Coxey's, Salvation.
REMARKS: Oh, Hell.

a few minor changes the hospital is still in good condition.

Private Charles Pluchrose has again been made chief incinerator engineer for Company B on his return from rifle range. Mr. Pluchrose is an expert in this line.

Jimmie Dempsey has recently been appointed superintendent of the African M. E. Sunday School. Eddie O'Meara is janitor and Jimmy Dourney poor box keeper.

Company A has lost its board walk. Rumor says it went into a Sibley stove instead of being seen at Atlantic City.

The regimental engineering detachment under Lieutenant Conant has been doing excellent work and has been commended several times by officers of the 102nd engineers. They are about to start work on the bridges between Camp and Spartanburg.

Pete Blandy has been promoted to coxswain of wheelbarrow No. 1.

Blind Eye Versereau of Company B can't hand out the semaphore—reason given, sore feet.

Privates Caldwell and Binnet of B Company are on leave of absence.

Lieutenant Walsh of Headquarters Company has returned from a five day furlough.

Company B is rejoicing in the return of their old leader, Lieutenant Plumby, who was assigned for some time to the 23rd regiment.

Corporal Shane of Company A was doing outpost duty one black night when the K. O. was roaming about. And it came to pass that he suddenly appeared before Corporal Shane from the dusky shadows, to be greeted thusly:

"Halt, who's there!"

"Friend!"

"Who's there?"

"Friend!!!"

"To hell with that friendship stuff, who the devil are yuh?"

Private Eddie Caswell of Company M is now "chief baggage smasher and manhandler" of the regimental parcel post.

High Private Bill Turner is now in the ranks of the mounted orderlies. We sincerely hope the horses will be as delighted with the change as Bill—but we doubt it. (Note: the high private was printed by request.)

Private E. Ross Diggs of Company A has left for the Naval Academy for which he recently won the principal appointment.

Sergeant MacDonald of Company F was too busy to give THE GAS ATTACK interviewer much time. But he did say for the benefit of his many admirers that he uses Mary Garden perfume and Sweet Caporal cigarettes.

Corporal O'Neil's squad won the long distance letter writing contest in B Company.

Co. B made the high score at the rifle range.

"Counselor" O'Neil and Tommy Keefe of Hq. Co. are on special duty at the Commanding Officer's quarters.

Private Lotwin of Hq. Co. left for Schenectady, N. Y., Friday afternoon. He

was called home by the serious illness of his mother.

The 105th Inf. wireless station has been equipped under the supervision of Signal Sgt. Behan. The sending apparatus has not yet been installed but the Sgt. on the receiving end is in touch nightly with Arlington and Tampa.

Private Vortesites of Company K, who was granted a furlough to run in a track meet in Boston, returned Saturday morning.

All art enthusiasts are urged to witness Sergeant O'Connell of K Company in a bomb throwing contest. His posture is that of a perfect diving Venus.

Corporal George Cramer of G Company has transferred to Company A. The last seen of him he was trying to prove to an officer that his gun was not a smokestack—appearances to the contrary.

MILITARY POLICE PRESENT "FOLLIES" AT CONVERSE COLLEGE.

An entertainment of unusual merit was given by the Military Police in the auditorium of Converse College for the purpose of raising funds for making improvements on the Magnolia Street School building, which is being used as a military police barracks. There being some of the best talent in the 27th Division represented, the affair was worthy of its great success.

Mrs. James S. Pilcher and children, wife of Major Pilcher, commanding officer of field hospital Co. 108th, arrived in town recently and will remain some time.

IF YOU WISH TO EAT AT A BROADWAY RESTAURANT

For good service in a clean and sanitary place

THEN VISIT

The Royal Restaurant

Broadway Style
Broadway Cooks
Broadway Waiters

THE ROYAL RESTAURANT

132 North Church St.
Just a block from Main St.

FRUITS and PRODUCE

We can supply the soldiers with a complete line of Fruits and Produce

We are receiving daily; apples, bananas, grapefruit, Malaga grapes, cranberries; celery, California walnuts, raisins, also a complete line of produce. : : : : :

Try us with your next order.

Two deliveries to Camp Wadsworth.

PEARCE-EDWARDS CO.

P. & N. WAREHOUSE

Phones 83 and 84

FALL-IN!

TODD DRUG CO., For First Class Service.

ATTENTION! SOLDIERS WELCOME.

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

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

R. C. TODD.

TODD DRUG COMPANY

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

"IT HAPPENED IN SPARTANBURG."

By Private Theodore B. Korony,
Co. H, 107th Infantry.

I took an instant liking to her. She was just my style, and the first time I saw her trim little self strolling down East Main street I swore I would do two weeks' kitchen police if I might meet her.

And I was still in the same frame of mind in the days which followed. I happened to view her several times, flitting here and there. Once in the Cleveland Hotel ball room, with her pretty little head resting on a big lieutenant's shoulder as they whirled around gracefully in perfect time to a dreamy waltz. And once again, in Ligon's drug store, when I happened to pass her, and her dancing eyes looked up to mine for just a fleeting glance, as she hurried by.

Her name, I knew not, and how a poor buck private was to meet such a fair one, was certainly beyond me.

It was a cold, dreary Friday night as I wrapped myself up in my blankets and lay on my cot wondering if Saturday afternoon would find me on a detail or with a pass to town.

Saturday proved to be one of those days of days, when the sun's rays seem unusually warm and comforting and reminded one of a real June day when a young man's fancy turns toward love, etc., etc.

The Top Sergeant's glasses must have blurred a bit for my name was missing on the

Saturday detail list, and the early afternoon found me, pass in hand, bound for Spartanburg.

The U. S. laundry had done its best to make my O. D. uniform spotless, and my face shone with the cleanly results of a rough application of my Red Cross face towel. In short, as the saying goes, I was all dressed up, with no place to go.

Suddenly, my thoughts were rudely interrupted by shrill cries of terror and all eyes were turned toward the other end of the road from where a bay horse, reins dangling, and running wild, was rapidly approaching me, its rider, a woman, clinging in desperation to its neck.

A few moments later I was a hero, for as the galloping hoof beats drew close up to me, I closed my eyes and blindly diving for the reins, had caught them in a firm grip, and the horse was soon at a stand still.

I stood gasping for breath as the rider was lifted down to earth and demanded to see the man who had saved her life.

That I should see her home, she insisted, and an hour later found me at her home, with her kindly mother and father patting me on the shoulder, and thanking me for what I had done for them.

Supper time found me seated next to my beautiful one in their cozy dining room. Tin mess pans and beans were out of my thoughts, as I tickled my palate with some tender chicken and fried sweet potatoes, and feasted my eyes on my idol.

That I was madly in love with her, I realized, and I would have attempted to stop all Squadron A charging down the field, for just one of her smiles.

Dinner was over, and I wouldn't have changed places with a king, as I sat puffing a cigar in a big easy chair in their snug parlor, and she sat at the piano playing for me.

The profile of her dainty face seemed unusually beautiful as she played Mendelssohn's "Spring Song" in a way, I imagined, I had never heard it played before.

Suddenly, as if by some unknown power or impulse, I found myself by her side, leaning over her shoulder, my breath fanning her pink cheek, only I could no longer control my feelings. I found myself murmuring words of my devotion for her. It seemed as though I simply had to tell her. Her pretty little mouth seemed to curve in a tiny pleased smile, and imagine the thrill of joy I experienced, when she whispered softly that she already loved me, and wound her white arms around my neck, and pulled my face down to hers. Her warm, ruby lips met mine in a long Heaven-like kiss.

Just then, I was suddenly jarred all over by a heavy thump on my shoulder. My beautiful vision seemed to fade a bit before me, and as my eyes widened I peered up into the weather-beaten face of my corporal, as he gave me another thump and shouted in my ear with his sharp voice, "Get up, you lazy hound, its past first call, and besides you are on kitchen police this morning."

*Enamel Ware
Tin Ware
Wooden Ware
Galvanized Ware
of Every Description.*

**A Large and Complete Stock
of
HARDWARE**

Oil Stoves For Tents

**Palmetto Hardware
& Supply Company**

154 N. CHURCH ST.

S P A R T A N B U R G

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

**Columbia Grafonola
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DON'T LET YOURSELF BE GASSED.

(Continued from page 3)

entrance of gas. It was early supplanted by the black veil respirator. This was merely a black veil with a woolen pad in the center, soaked in chemicals. Black veil respirators were used in an attack in the early spring of 1916. It was found that, although the respirators were chemically good, many men were gassed because they did not have their pads properly adjusted. Two basic principles were evolved from this attack:

1. Masks must be easily adjusted.
2. Men must be thoroughly trained in putting them on. During this attack a number of Germans were seen walking about with their heads covered with cloth bags. This led to the helmet, which for a long time was used in various forms as a protection against gas.

The first helmets were chemically treated cloth bags. The air was drawn into the lungs through the fabric. Vision was secured through a mica strip in front. The skirts of the helmet were tucked into the collar.

The mica cracked. There was no outlet for impure air. A new helmet was devised, containing glass eye-pieces and a rubber outlet valve. With a few minor changes this helmet remained standard until the Germans began sending over tear shells in the first half of 1916. Tear shells (lacrymatory gas) affect the eyes, inflaming the lids and causing temporary blindness. To overcome this the eye-pieces of the helmet were adjusted to fit closely against the eyes.

New Gas Defense Principles.

During December, 1915, the Germans used a new gas which added three new principles to the science of gas defense:

1. Men must not remove helmets until it is absolutely sure that trenches, mines, and dugouts are absolutely free from gas.
2. Dugouts and mine shafts must be cleared artificially.
3. Men must be impressed with the idea that they must exercise as little as possible while wearing gas helmets. It was found that when a man became winded he drew in air through his helmet faster than it could be filtered.

In the spring of 1916, the first box respirator was issued. The helmet respirator, formerly used, filtered the air by drawing it through the chemically-treated material of the helmet. The box respirator draws the poisoned air through a metal box carried on the chest. Here the air is filtered by chemicals and passes on into the mouth through a rubber tubing with a mouthpiece on the end, which is fastened to the mask. The mask is added as a further protection against gas entering the nose and to protect the eyes from lacrymatory shells. These first box respirators, known as the Tower Box Respirator, was too cumbersome to be worn by the infantry. They were issued to the artillery, machine gunners, staff officers and wherever mobility was not needed to any

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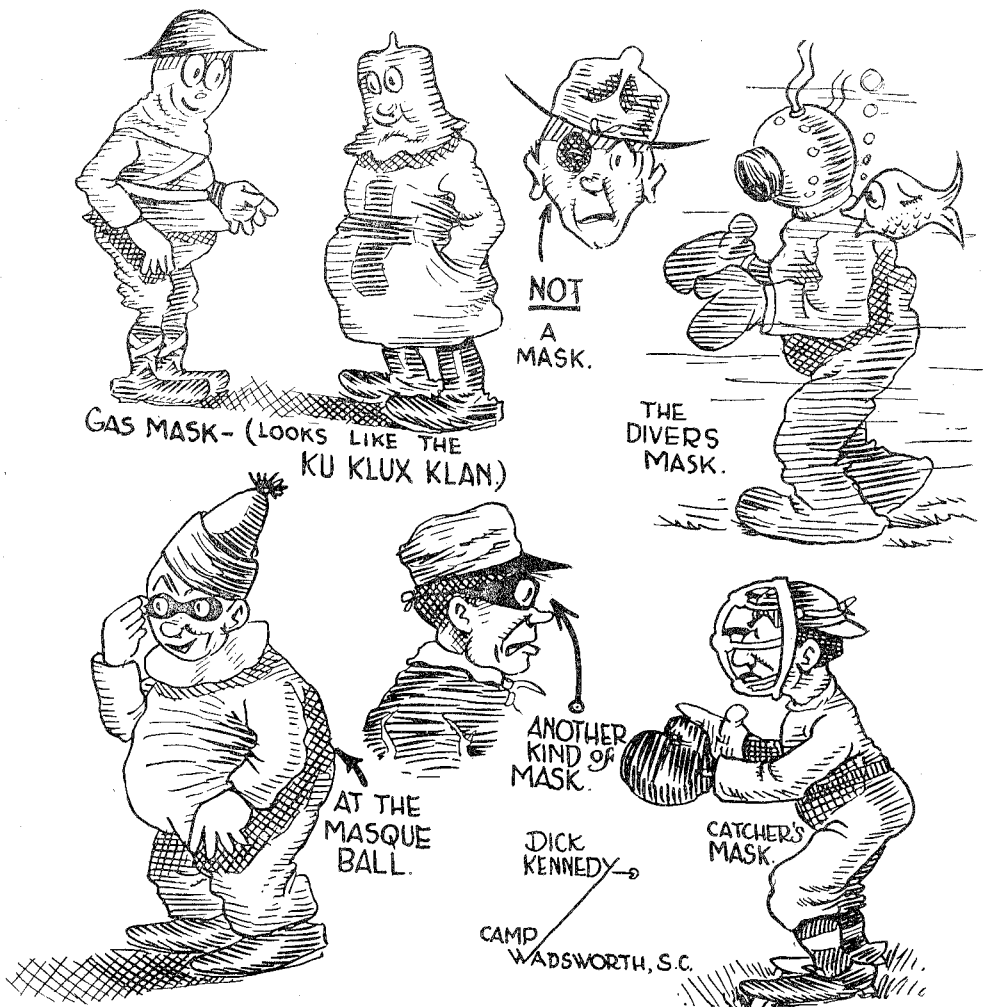
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great extent, but where protection was necessary, which could be worn for hours at a time.

Box Respirator Invented.

The old cloth helmet had proved to be very uncomfortable. The action of the gas on its neutralizing chemicals was found to blister the skin and hurt the eyes. Later in the spring, a smaller box respirator, designed on the same principle, was issued to some of the infantry. By the fall of 1916 all troops were wearing the S. B. R. With a few modifications this is the one in general use to-day. The S. B. R.'s to be issued to the men of the 27th Division will probably be of this type.

In spite of its deadliness, gas is the only weapon against which there is absolute protection.

If four things are borne in mind, the danger from gas attack is brought down to the irreducible minimum. Even in the best trained battalions the irreducible minimum has been found to be 1 per cent. There is always one fool in every hundred men:

First, take care of your mask. See that it is adjusted properly and ready to put on at all times.

Second, have your gas mask always with you.

Third, become so proficient in the adjustment of the mask that putting it on is a

mechanical action, like buttoning a coat or putting on your sox.

Fourth, keep your gas mask clean.

Each man will be thoroughly drilled in the adjustment of the respirator. He must be able to put it on in six seconds.

It is up to every man in the 27th Division to master thoroughly the few simple details of gas defense. Master them now. Gas will soon be a real, tangible fact in our everyday lives. If you are ready for it, it can't hurt you. Get ready for it.

FOR THE BENEFIT OF THE CHRISTMAS TREE FUND AT CAMP WADSWORTH.

The Community Sing, given in the Converse auditorium on Saturday evening, Nov. 24th, was quite an enjoyable event. The Children's Chorus sang their last festival cantata, "Hiawatha Childhood" with Mrs. Blotchy of the city singing the part of "Nakomis." Miss Epton, reader, and Miss Watkins, pianist, also assisted. The music of the 106th N. Y. Inf. Band was another feature of the evening. The soloists were Miss Alice Ruth Woolsey, Mr. Frank Schwarz, of Co. F, 102nd N. Y. Inf. and Mr. Judson House, of the Remount Station. The community singing was led by Dr. Woolsey. The evening was a most enjoyable one, as always when we have talent from Camp Wadsworth.

AN OBLIGING ORPHAN.

Pies Are Not the Only Things With Crust Around This Camp.

Editor's Note: We reprint, from our estimable contemporary, The Journal and Carolina Spartan, a letter which should make patriots optimistic about the quality of the nerve of the American soldier.

"Some days ago the announcement was made that a wealthy and childless couple in New York desired the name of an orphan young soldier in Camp Wadsworth to whom they could act as foster parents, and parties interested were asked to communicate with Capt. E. W. Moore, of the division headquarters staff. Capt. Moore has received the following letter:

"Dear Captain Moore:
"Learning you are in the market for young men who are homeless or homeless than others, I take the liberty of making application for a berth in any of the old Knickerbocker families, whose wine cellars are not completely exhausted.

"According to the report spread around the gay white way of this City of Mirth, one needs be under twenty-one. Alas, such be I not, but, inasmuch as I have a perfectly good safety razor, I believe by shaving morning, noon, and night, a clean chin would camouflage the age question.

"While I am not of the particular sort, I must have a room with a Southern exposure, for the reason that I wish to, upon arising in the morning, make faces in that direction in retaliation for my enforced sojourn in this neck of the woods, where the wildest excitement to date has been watching the rocking chair fleet members in the Cleveland Hotel drop stitches.

"Also, as I abhor artichoke, please pick me a foster mother and father who never allow their servants to place this horrid dish on the table.

"And, may I suggest, that a couple of foster parents who have a daughter who does not look like something the cat dragged in—blonde or brunette, I'm not fussy about the coloring—would be very acceptable.

"Thanking you as I pack my clothes for the change which is likely to come through your efforts, believe me,

"A foster son without a struggle."

(Name deleted by censor.)

"P. S. If there is to be any Christmas box stuff, don't let things like turkeys and pies and puddings crowd out the merry mucklage."

FOXING THE FOE.

The one thing you must not do in war time is to call a thing by its real name. To take a hackneyed example, you do not call a spade a spade; you refer to it, officially, as "Shovels, General Service, One." This helps to deceive, and ultimately to surprise, the enemy; and as we all know by this time, surprise is the essence of successful warfare. On the same principle, if your troops are forced back from their front line trenches, you call this "successfully straightening out an awkward salient."

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 " " "
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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The only Restaurant at Camp
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cakes and cup of the best
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THIS WILL MAKE YOUR MOUTH WATER

Classic Description of 105th Ambulance Com-
pany's Lucullan Feast.

When the time comes in the dim future that the veterans of the 105th hark back to the pleasant memories of the days spent at Camp Wadsworth, one of the events long to be remembered by all will be that magnificent feast set before the officers, men and guests of the company by the indefatigable energy of those masters of the culinary art, Mess Srgt. Walter Chaskel and Cooks Glahn and Holl.

Even the lethargy of the kitchen police vanished before the two days' preparations and each did his best to further the success of the event. At 1:30 P. M. the welcome "Soupy, soupy, soupy" brought the men rushing toward the mess hall and, as the doors were thrown open, a shout of praise and appreciation rose from all at the completeness of the preparations.

Starting with oyster cocktail, the menu ran down through baked sea trout, pommies dutchess; roast turkey, mashed potatoes, all kinds of dressing and fixings; to mince pie, ice cream, cakes, cookies, fruit, and what not, finally coming to a decorous ending with the time-honored demi tasse.

It would be impossible to describe the sensations of the guests as they ate their way through the various courses, but as a rule, most were stalled after the third course, and the first steady munching of jaws followed first by a furtive loosening of belts and then by a long, lingering sigh of complete bodily content as each pushed back his plate and smilingly refused generous "seconds" of anything on the menu.

After it was all over, those who were able to stagger drifted toward the drill grounds where the buck privates ordered the non-coms to take out all the insurance that they could carry, and one lad soberly tendered a bunch of flowers to "Smoke" Zion as the whistle blew for the pigskin chasers to take their places.

It was some battle, fiercely fought from start to finish, but the clever forward passing of LaValle and the fleetness of Ellis and Frank Henry finally wrested three touchdowns from the "brains" and the whitewash would have been complete if "Smoke" Zion hadn't intercepted a forward pass in the last quarter and sprinted sixty yards for the non-coms only touchdown.

On Friday, September 23, this company took its turn at formal guard mount and the ceremony passed very successfully though the guards afterwards wished that the knitted woolen helmets, scarfs, and wristlets distributed the next day to each man jack of the company had been given out sooner as the night was bitterly cold.

These comforts were given to the boys by the Soldiers' Comfort League of Syracuse, and if the donors could only realize the comfort and warmth made possible by them, they would feel amply repaid for the hours of patient labor that knitting entails.

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K. OF C. CLUB HOUSE OPEN TO ALL.

By Joseph A. Cummings,

Secretary K. of C. at Camp Wadsworth.

That 30,000 men from New York, all regular fellows, can entertain themselves better than any outside artists is the theory on which the Knights of Columbus Hall, located between the Redpath and the Red Triangle tents, is being managed. When the building was opened, the latchkey was thrown away—you know what we mean—and the old "Everybody Welcome" sign means just that. The K. of C. building is a clubhouse for everybody in camp, officers and men, and all are taking advantage of its offerings. There are reading and writing tables, free stationery, a cozy fireplace, and a player-piano and a graphophone which are sending forth zippy music all the time.

Spartanburg is a long way from Broadway, too far for us to get the first-class talent to which the boys of Camp Wadsworth are accustomed when they are back home. If the best were obtainable, professional entertainers would appear here. Second raters don't belong. The men in camp are better themselves. And we are having the men in camp to provide our entertainments. Not all the talent has been located yet, but in a few days a regular schedule of entertainments will be announced—all by men in khaki for the men in khaki.

Rev. George A. Crimmen, the Knights of Columbus chaplain for Camp Wadsworth, has now taken up his residence at the K. of C. building. Father Crimmen will be at the service of all the men in camp at all time. He will hear confessions at stated intervals and will celebrate two masses every Sunday morning. The bulletin boards will always contain all information about services.

The present plan is to have one night every week, probably Sunday, given up to religious services. Formal entertainments, to which all men are welcome all the time, will be held probably two nights every week, and on the other four nights the hall will be open for "quiet" entertainment, letter writing, singing, reading and "just settin' around."

K-C wants to see everybody use the building. Any man is free to use this building to entertain his callers at any time. No dances have been held in camp yet. That is no reason why there should not be one any night in the K-C hall, provided anybody can arrange to get some of the right sort of girls to pay us a visit properly chaperoned.

Two Austrian regiments which speak different languages, mistaking each other for the enemy, fought throughout the night. The result was a heavy loss on either side before the error was discovered.

At the Hempstead poor farm several inmates went without their tobacco, which was their only luxury, in order to purchase an American flag.

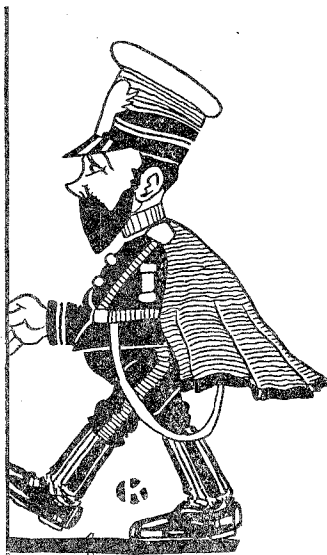
Forty thousand words, 8,571 sentences for a jitney—in THE GAS ATTACK.

FIRE!

The camp had pulled the blankets over its head and was dreaming about its 18 ounce ration of turkey the night before Thanksgiving when the fire call sounded. In civilian life if we were obliged to get out of bed every time a paper barrel started to light up the night anywhere in the city we would probably write a letter to some one about it. In the army, however, it is easier to get up than write official letters. So the camp got up. Each man grabbed A's water bucket and handed it to B. This is the usual thing and helps along immensely. Then everyone counted off and reported to the top sergeant and the top sergeant reported to the Captain and the Captain reported to the regimental adjutant. The regimental adjutant having no one to report to went to bed again and pulled the regimental blankets over his head.

Some inquisitive person then asked where the fire was. An investigation was set under way. It was discovered that a contractor's store house over by the remount station had burned to the ground while the division was forming. The division stood in line until the fire had completely died out and then went to bed again.

In order to save time and trouble investigating the locality of fires at the time of their occurrence THE GAS ATTACK will publish each week a list of fires and their whereabouts so that the men of the Division will know exactly what fires they have been fighting.



GENERAL NUISANCE.

The guy who picked out Spartanburg for a camp site because of its "warm, balmy climate." Sentenced by a general court martial, made up of 30,000 privates in the 27th Division, U. S. A., to push an O. D. pill with his nose from Nome, Alaska, Tozzzzkkiski, Siberia, via the North Pole, clad only in a porous plaster and a pair of chevrons.

He is further sentenced to salute all walri met en route and to recite the General Orders to every Esquimo he meets. Also, his rations will consist of ice cream, ice water, and oysters, and such further punishment as the court martial may direct.

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J. D. COLLINS

Spartanburg, South Carolina

ETHELBURT JELLYBACK, PRIVATE, HAS ANOTHER IDEA.

Coming, as I do, from one of the first families in the country, I, Ethelburt Jellyback, often wonder why I am not a first-class private.

Strange, the morning after I enlisted, and reported at the armory, the Captain published some orders. I was a bit nervous. I felt sure that my name would be announced as having been made a corporal—mayhap, a sergeant.

What was my surprise to find that my name wasn't even mentioned! Neither has it been to this day. Can you imagine what agonized speculation has grown up in my mind—I, Ethelburt Jellyback, who in civil life was accustomed to much honor and respect, partly due to my social station, partly to my personality, and who used to think up the dearest things for sister's place cards!

I once approached the Captain on this very topic. The Captain, I knew, was a stickler for military discipline, and courtesy. But so am I. I love formality. Accordingly, I said to him:

"Sir, Private Jellyback reports that he has mastered the *Infantry Drill Regulations*, the *Non-Commissioned Officers' Manual* and the *Field Service Regulations*; that he has led the Blue Army to ultimate victory through all the *Studies in Minor Tactics*, not to men-

tion sundry books of a quasi-military flavor which have all borne their share in fitting him for promotion—such as the *Anthology of Patriotic Songs*, and Lillian Lilac's exquisite volume, *Pink Poems of a Pale Private*. Sir, Private Jellyback also reports that both of his cotton suits have but recently come back from the laundry, as immaculate as those rough cleansers could accomplish it, and that he is well accoutred to step into any position you see fit to give him."

Our Captain, usually so stalwart, strong, and free from common physical ailments, fell into a violent coughing spell. I was astonished. The coughing spell threatened to develop into a paroxysm.

At length he shook off the seizure and told me he would take up my case. But do you know, I have never heard another word from him!

However, there is something I am going to bring to his attention at once. It is the Kitchen Police! Words almost fail me in expressing my exasperation at having been put on that vexatious detail. The horrors of its functions are with me still, and so is the odor of the nasty smoke, and the grease. How I loathe grease. My whole soul rebels at it. It is so unnecessary.

At home I never went near the kitchen. I had no desire to. Furthermore, Nora, the cook, put obstacles in my way—once a frying pan, another time a flatiron.

On kitchen police I came in direct con-

tact with a display of objects that appalled me. Pots, pans, pans, pots. Scour and scrub, scrub and scour. Peel potatoes, split wood, sweep the mess hall. And flies! I discovered that even the flies come South for the winter. Dirty water, soiled dish cloths, garbage cans, pails of slop—and I, who have marched so smartly down Fifth Avenue to the music of a military band.

How, in Heaven's name, if I am to have my intellectual endowment vitiated by kitchen police, am I to make the world safe for democracy? I never realized before what a cruel war it was.

Why doesn't Uncle Sam have some sort of person—a niece, say, to do the work in the kitchen? That is what I am going to broach to the Captain—the hiring of a sufficient number of cook's helpers to do the menial labor. But first I must run up and mail a letter to President Wilson. I have an admirable idea to give him for the camouflage department of the army. It is really very simple. All great ideas are. It is to force all the soldiers to raise olive drab moustaches, like mine, and then when we parade there will be a regulation smartness about the facial appearance of our troops.

I have other ideas, too, but I simply can't put them all into execution at once. You can appreciate my perplexity. One thing at a time, as the butler used to say when he opened my eggs at breakfast. C. D.

SATAN ABDICATES HIS THRONE IN FAVOR OF GERMAN KAISER

Admits That He is Not in Class With Spike Helmeted Gentleman at Head of Huns.—
—Pupil Has Outstripped Master.

When Louis Syberkrop, of Creston, Iowa, wrote the satire on Kaiser Wilhelm, which follows, he little thought it would attract the attention which it has. Requests for copies have come to him from Theodore Roosevelt, Secretary of the Navy Daniels, Secretary to the President Tumulty and other notables. The article is in the form of a letter from his Satanic majesty to his human prototype. It says:

To Wilhelm von Hohenzollern, King of Prussia, Emperor of all Germany and Envoy Extraordinary of Almighty God:

My dear Wilhelm: I can call you by that familiar name, for I have always been very close to you—much closer than you could ever know.

From the time that you were yet an undeveloped being in your mother's womb have I shaped your destiny for my purpose.

Nero—Roughneck.

In the days of Rome I created a roughneck known in history as Nero. He was a vulgar character and suited my purpose at that particular time.

In these modern days a classic demon and efficient super-criminal was needed, and as I know the Hohenzollern blood I picked you as my special instrument to place on earth an annex of hell. I gave you abnormal ambition, likewise an oversupply of egotism that you might not discover your own failings; I twisted your mind to that of a madman with certain normal tendencies to carry you by, a most dangerous character placed in power; I gave you the power of a hypnotist and a certain magnetic force that you might sway your people. I am responsible for the deformed arm that hangs helpless on your left, for your crippled condition embitters your life and destroys all noble impulses that might otherwise cause me anxiety, but your strong sword arm is driven by your ambition that squeeches all sentiment and pity; I placed in your soul a deep hatred for all things English, for of all nations on earth I hate England most; wherever England plants her flag she brings order out of chaos and the hatred cross follows the Union Jack; under her rule wild tribes become tillers of the soil and in due time practical citizens; she is the great civilizer of the globe, and I HATE HER. I planted in your soul a cruel hatred for your mother because SHE was English, and left my good friend Bismarck to fan the flame I had kindled. Recent history proves how well our work was done. It broke your royal mother's heart, but I gained my purpose.

The inherited disease of the Hohenzollerns killed your father, just as it will kill you, and you became the ruler of Germany and a tool of mine sooner than I expected.

Three Evil Spirits.

To assist you and farther hasten my work, I sent you three evil spirits—Nietzsche, Trit-

schke and later Bernhardt—whose teachings inflamed the youths of Germany, who in good time would be willing and loyal subjects and eager to spill their blood and pull your chestnuts, yours and mine; the spell has been perfect—you cast your ambitious eyes toward the Mediterranean, Egypt, India and the Dardanelles and you began your great railway to Bagdad, but the ambitious archduke and his more ambitious wife stood in your way. It was then that I sowed the seed in your heart that blossomed into the assassination of the duke and his wife, and all hell smiled when it saw how cleverly you saddled the crime on Serbia.

I saw you set sails for the fiords of Norway, and I knew you would prove an alibi. How cleverly done, so much like your noble grandfather, who also secured an assassin to remove old King Frederick of Denmark, and later robbed that country of two provinces that gave Germany an opportunity to become a naval power. Murder is dirty work, but it takes a Hohenzollern to make away and get by.

Good Work, Bill.

Your opportunity was at hand; you set the world on fire and bells of hell were ringing; your rape on Belgium caused much joy. It was the beginning, the foundation of a perfect hell on earth; the destruction of noble cathedrals and other infinite works of art was hailed with joy in the infernal regions.

You made war on friends and foe alike and the murder of civilians showed my teachings had borne fruit. Your treachery toward neutral nations hastened a universal upheaval, the thing I most desired. Your undersea warfare is a master stroke, from the smallest mackerel pot to the great Lusitania you show no favorites; as a war lord you stand supreme, for you have no mercy; you have no consideration for the baby clinging to its mother's breast as they both go down into the deep together, only to be torn apart and leisurely devoured by sharks down among the corals.

An Up-to-date Inferno.

I have strolled over the battlefields of Belgium and France. I have seen your hand of destruction everywhere; it's all your work, super-fiend that I made you. I have seen the fields of Poland; now a wilderness fit for prowling beasts only; no merry children in Poland now; they all succumbed to frost and starvation—I drifted down in Galicia where formerly Jews and Gentiles lived happily together; I found but ruins and ashes; I felt a curious pride in my pupil, for it was all above my expectation.

I was in Belgium when you drove the peaceful population before you like cattle into slavery; you separated man and wife and forced them to hard labor in trenches. I have seen the most fiendish rape committed on young women and those who were forced into maternity were cursing the father of their offspring and I began to doubt if my own inferno was really up to date.

Out Satanizing Satan.

You have taken millions of dollars from innocent victims and called it indemnity;

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THE MOST ESSENTIAL UNIFORM, AT THE REMARKABLY LOW PRICE OF

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Located in Basement

NEW REX THEATRE BUILDING

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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."

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Do you sleep warm?
If not call on us for

**COT PADS
BLANKETS
COMFORTS**

WE TREAT THE SOLDIER BOYS RIGHT

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145 North Church St.

you have lived fat on the land you usurped and sent the real owners away to starvation. You have killed and robbed the people of friendly nations and destroyed their property. You are a liar, a hypocrite and a bluffer of the highest magnitude. You are a part of mine and yet you pose as a personal friend of God. Ah, Wilhelm, you are a wonder. You wantonly destroy all things in your path and leave nothing for coming generations.

I confess, Wilhelm, you are a puzzle at times. A Mohammedan army, commanded by German officers, assisting one another in massacring Christians is a new line of warfare. When a Prussian officer can witness a nude woman being disemboweled by a swarthy Turk, committing a double murder with one cut of his saber, and calmly stand by and see a house full of innocent Armenians locked up, the house saturated with oil and fired, then my teachings did not stop with you, but have been extended to the whole German nation.

Lucifer Throws Up Sponge.

I confess my Satanic soul grew sick and there and then I knew my pupil had become the master. I am a back number, and, my dear Wilhelm, I abdicate in your favor. The great key of hell will be turned over to you. The gavel that has struck the doom of damned souls since time began is yours. I am satisfied with what I have done; that my abdication in your favor is for the very best interests of hell—in the future I am at your majesty's service.

Affectionately and sincerely,

LUCIFER H. SATAN.

WEEPING AND GNASHING OF TEETH.

The Editors of The Gas Attack Retract Some of Their Thankfulness.

We are having our troubles, we of THE GAS ATTACK. We will refrain from dwelling upon all of them, because of the lack of space, but we feel that a certain amount of explanation is due us and you, the readers.

First, our Thanksgiving number, upon which we labored long and lovingly, didn't get out on the newstands on time. Only 1,600 copies or so arrived at camp and Spartanburg in time for distribution on Thanksgiving Day, and they were gobbled up as rapidly as the turkey dinners. The other fourteen or fifteen thousand copies which we ordered printed, went astray in shipment. At the time we type this paragraph of lamentation these copies are still lost. The activity of German agents has numberless ramifications!

We get THE GAS ATTACK printed in Atlanta, Ga. We get it printed there because that is the nearest city of sufficient size to handle the work. The printers in Atlanta shipped the copies of the magazines in plenty of time to get here, but the express company in whose care they were entrusted failed to produce satisfactory results at this end. It also failed to produce the magazines. We know this much, however: that the magazines left Atlanta.

As a result of this delay the Thanksgiving numbers—if they arrive—will be or will have

been on sale several days after the holiday has passed. We don't like that, of course, but it can't be helped. And in the Thanksgiving Day number we expressed great thanks for a number of things!

Our troubles in getting the magazine out begin with the fact that we of the board of editors can only give a part of our time to it. We don't want to give so much time to it that we'll fall behind the military procession, but we want to get out a good publication and competent judges whisper that we are doing so. But the board of editors can't go down to Atlanta every week and hike back with the weekly supply. We have to leave the transportation to more uncouth minds. Hence our grief!

With this issue there will have been printed three numbers of the magazine. Be sure and get them all—if you can!

AT THE HOSPITAL.

The Y. M. C. A., in addition to activities and service to the soldiers through its five buildings at Camp Wadsworth, also does work at the Base Hospital.

Every day the Association secretaries may be seen visiting the sick boys and bringing them magazines, books, writing paper, or doing anything they can to brighten and cheer the hours spent in confinement there.

All that the Association is aiming to do there is in closest co-operation with the hospital staff and the regimental chaplains, who are unceasingly ministering there.

Some of the ladies of Spartanburg have been good enough to come to the hospital and sing or play for the boys very frequently, Mrs. A. G. Blotcky having given of her time and talents here very generously. Capt. Gaus, of the hospital staff, has been responsible for these pleasant events.

CUTTING DOWN FURLOUGHS.

An official bulletin recently issued, reads: "The number of applications for leaves of absence from this army camp appear to be unnecessarily large."

"Commanding officers will not forward approved applications for leaves of absence by officers unless for urgent reasons, involving questions of serious illness, death or seriously affecting personal welfare of the applicant, and will satisfy themselves as to the facts before favoring action on such application."

SONS OF THE AMERICAN REVOLUTION ATTENTION!

All Sons of the American Revolution who are with the 27th Division are requested to send in their names immediately to Mrs. Eben Armstrong, No. 157 Main St., Spartanburg.

South American Grain Wanted.

The allies are negotiating for Brazilian and other South American crops, promising to furnish coal to the railroads for use in transportation.

Have you got a poem up your sleeve near your funny-bone? Send it to your camp paper.

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

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WHY THEY DIDN'T ENLIST.



Felix Ponsonby Doolittle III.

"Enlist? Mercy me, No! Olive drab is frightfully unbecoming. If the uniforms were a delicate shade of lavender, I might consent to be a colonel, but my soul shudders at the thought of garbing my form in muddy brown. Of course, I shall do my piece, as the saying is, I shall give up using lilac perfume on alternate Wednesdays and I shall send a box of goodies every month to some worthy fellow in the trenches."



Cyril Nutt.

"Fight for the country? Why should I? I live in the city. I should let some big Boche use me as a pin cushion! Not me. I'm a wise guy. I'll just stick at my job in the pickle factory and when you guys get back from the front, I'll be boss, and you'll have to come to me for jobs. My brain is too valuable to use it as a common doughboy, and the poor boobs in Washington wouldn't give me a commission, so I'm off this war. Cyril Nutt work for \$30 a month? Don't make me laugh?"



Prof. Orville Bumm.

"I decided not to enlist because of physical disability. I am threatened with baldness and my feet get cold very easily. Of course, I'll help all I can, although I did not start this war. I have consented to give up my position as professor of domestic science in Miss Soop's Female Academy to become second assistant director of the Division of Cod Fish Balls, under the Food Commission, at the modest salary of \$3,000 a year. I consider that I am making better use of my ability there than in the trenches. Besides, it's safer."

INCINERATOR

(Continued from page 5.)

A Pittsburg stogie twixt my lips,
A bundle in each arm;
An officer struts up the street,
I drop all in alarm.
I give a most prescribed salute,
Then with a quiet smirk
He snipes my cigar and boards a car—
'Twas a new civilian clerk.

Little drops of water,
Many grains of sand—
Behold you have a camp site
By official sleight of hand.

The next time
Our Mess Sergeant
Cuts
Up a horse
For steak
I hope he
Won't forget to
Take off the harness.

E. S.

A FEW WORDS ON TRENCHES.**A Glimpse of Our Future Abodes by One
Who Has Been There.**

"As for the trenches themselves—well, as the immortal costermonger observed, 'there ain't no word in the blooming language' for them.

"In the first place, there is no settled trench line at all. The salient has been a battlefield for twelve months past. No one has ever had the time, or opportunity, to construct anything in the way of permanent defenses. A shallow trench, trimmed with an untidy parapet of sandbags, and there is your stronghold! For rest and meditation, a hole in the ground, half full of water and roofed with a sheet of galvanized iron; or possibly a glorified rabbit burrow in a canal bank. These things, as a modern poet has observed, are all right in the Summer-time. But Winter here is a disintegrating season. * * * In addition to the Boche, we wage continuous warfare with the elements."

A REUNION

At the Hotel Finch, Spartanburg, a happy reunion was effected over a well served Thanksgiving dinner by Mrs. C. S. Burr, who came South with her daughter, Margery, and Miss Esther Von Glahn, to spend some time with her son, Sergt. Major Reginald I. Burr. There was also included in the party Sergt. Major Herbert Forsch, Sergt. Major H. V. L. Flannery and Private Lester S. Timmins. Mrs. Burr has already been enlisted by Mrs. F. H. Norton, wife of the colonel of the 106th Infantry, to contribute some of her time to make the boys happy at the Christmas festivities.

The people who are coming to the front these days aren't nearly so important as those who are going to the front.—Life.

**NO PAY FOR MEN DURING PREVENT-
ABLE ILLNESS.**

As part of the work of preventing diseases of every kind, so far as possible, a special examination is being made of every man in camp, and any found to be suffering from venereal diseases of any kind will be sent to the base hospital and isolated until properly discharged. Commanders are to be held responsible for its rigid enforcement. In a recent cablegram, Gen. Pershing recommends that no man suffering from venereal disease be sent to France. In the future men found to be suffering from venereal diseases will have their pay stopped until they have recovered.

SPUNK, SPIRIT AND SONG.

Spirit and spunk are the two big qualities that make a soldier. These two qualities shake all others, and the army with plenty of spirit and spunk is invincible.

Soldiers who go out to their drills and work singing or whistling and return the same way are cultivating an optimistic spirit that will enable them to hold out the extra fifteen minutes that often wins the victory.

Soldiers with spirit and spunk are aggressive, and the advantage in war is with the aggressor.

Join in with the rest. Sing and whistle and you won't have to "forget it." Song stimulates and soothes. It brings your reserve power into play.

The army that sings is happy and healthy. Its morale is good, its enthusiasm high, its fighting spirit on edge. It is the army that conquers.

Spirit, spunk, and song spell success in war.

Sing and whistle!

Sergeant James W. Beckman,
102d U. S. Engineers.

**THE MILITARY POLICE HAVE THANKS-
GIVING DINNER AT CONVERSE
COLLEGE.**

All of the M. P.'s who have, at different times, guarded the Converse gate, were asked to the Thanksgiving dinner at the college. There were fifty-three of them and the girls gave the entire day to their entertainment. The Seniors were put in charge of the dinner tables, as usual, with the assistance of the Juniors and a few Sophomores. At intervals during the meal the girls stood and sang songs especially written to and for these M. P.'s. Afterwards the Freshmen and Sophomores showed them over the college from the swimming pool through the practice halls, then all girls and M. P.'s gathered around the piano in the chapel and sang everything from "Oh, Johnny," to the "Star Spangled Banner." All too early evening came, bringing the end of a most glorious Thanksgiving day, one that will not be forgotten soon.

Our advertisers have what you want. Tell them you read about them in THE GAS ATTACK.

OUR FIRST TRENCH PAPER.

U. S. Engineers Publish "The Spiker" in France.

Our ambitions to continue publication of a division paper after we reach Europe have been sharpened considerably by the receipt of "The Spiker."

"The Spiker," the first periodical to be published by American troops in France, is the product of the spare moments of the men of the Eighteenth Engineers, U. S. A., who are engaged, among other things, in rebuilding those French railroads destroyed by the retreating Huns. From this job comes the paper's name, "Spiker."

According to the leading editorial in the issue, dated October 23, 1917, "The Spiker" will be continued, unless something unforeseen intervenes, until Fritz yells quits, and will be printed as regularly and as frequently as practicable."

Such, too, may be the publication schedule of the 27th Division paper.

The Spiker contains advice that we, who are yet to see belligerent soil, may adopt with much personal profit. The Paris DON'TS, for instance, warns us not to engage rooms in hotels without first asking the prices and not to think that your hot bath is included in that price. We are told to consult prices on menus before ordering food and to very carefully recount the amount of our check that we may be spared shock.

Again, we are warned that, when ordering a DRINK in a cafe, the price of said drink should be marked upon the saucer on which the drink is served. We must not give waiters fees exceeding ten per cent. of the amount of the bill up to 50 francs (\$2.50); above that amount, tip him but five per cent.

And don't accept outside rates for your pounds or dollars. Change your money for francs in the banks. Otherwise you loose.

In its eight small pages The Spiker prints regimental, sporting and social news. Considering the handicaps that limit the efforts of the fellows publishing it, it is not only creditable but really excellent. The publication and editorial staff includes Jack Burroughs, H. W. Ross, J. W. Shaver, John N. Washburn, A. G. Marsh, F. E. Short, L. E. Churchman, Patsy Carroll, Louis E. Breton, B. W. Hellings, T. W. Palmer, J. J. Cassidy and T. M. Murphy.

John J. Burke, Company B, is identified, evidently intimately, with the cook detail, for thus he contributes:

"You find me where the pan tree grows,
Where tired stems turn up their toes,
Where smashing murphies roll their eyes,
And loaf around with German pies;
I'm quite a cut up. Look for me
At any wholesale butcherie—
I never fail—still more or less,
I always make an awful mess
Of everything I undertake
When life and liberty's at steak."

Buffalonians! The people back home would appreciate THE GAS ATTACK.

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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.

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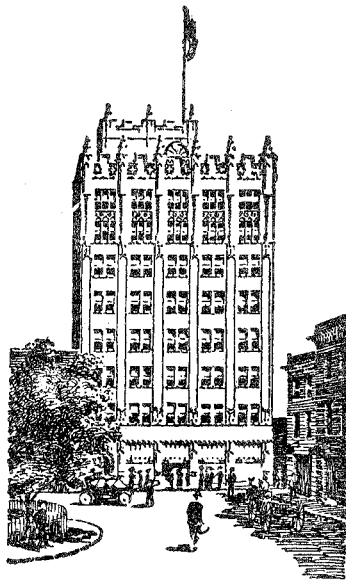
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