

GAS ATTACK

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

Vol. 1

CAMP WADSWORTH, SPARTANBURG, S. C., April 27, 1918

No. 23



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

A. S. Burleson, Postmaster-General.

Infantry

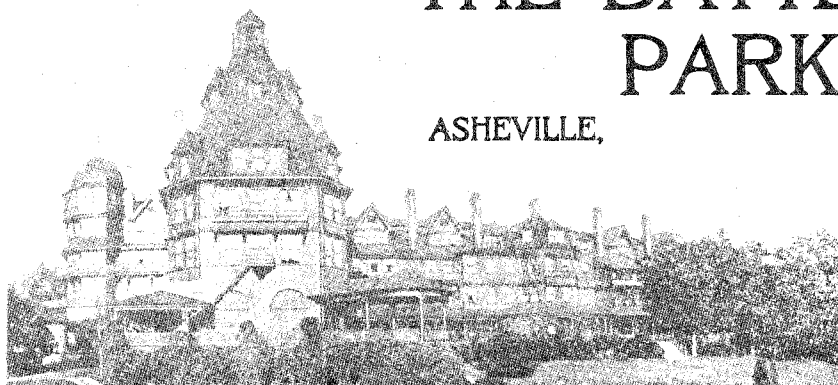
PRICE TEN CENTS

"It's Famous Everywhere"

THE BATTERY PARK HOTEL

ASHEVILLE,

NORTH CAROLINA



*"In the Land
of
the Sky"*

THE hotel with an international reputation. Magnificent new interior completed at a cost of \$50,000. Elegant rooms and suites, with or without bath. Fifteen acres of grounds. Bracing mountain air.

UNSURPASSED TABLE--PERFECT SERVICE

Music during meals. Dancing evenings—splendid orchestra. Sunday evening concerts. Golf—regular schedule auto service from hotel to links. Saddle horses and carriages. Mountain climbing parties arranged. Tennis and other outdoor pleasures. Rates reasonable. Write for illustrated booklet.

S. J. LAWRENCE, Manager

First Aid To The Soldiers

Eastman Agency for
Kodaks, Kodak Films and
Supplies, and Vest Pocket
Cameras.

Agency for
Whitman's
Candies



TOILET ARTICLES

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

SAFETY RAZORS

Gillette
Gem
Ever-Ready
Auto Strap
Enders and Penn

LIGON'S

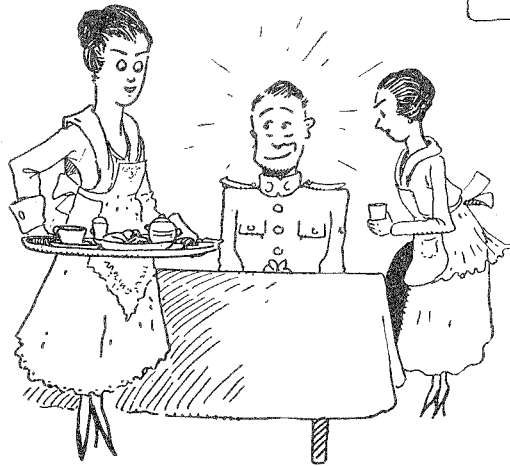
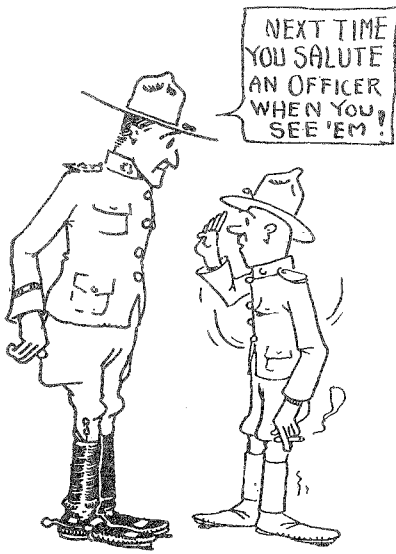
PRESCRIPTION SPECIALISTS AND FIRST CLASS DRUGS
Corner of North Church and Main Streets

TABLE OF CONTENTS

	Page
"Infantry," illustration, by Pvt. Lauren Stout, Co. E, 107th Inf.....	Cover
"Town," frontispiece, illustration, by Pvt. Elmer Lauten, H. C., 108th Inf.....	2
High Hopes and High Finance, a swan song from the O. T. S., by Sergt. Walter A. Davenport, Co. M, 107th Inf.....	3
High Praise for the 102d M. P.....	3
Editorials: For Better Medals, A Good Idea, Art and War, by Pvt. Richard E. Connell, Co. A, 102d M. P.....	4
A Soldier's Letter to His Sweetheart, by Lieut. Edward Streeter, Battery A, 105th Field Artillery.....	5
"Let's Go to the Hostess House," photographs.....	6
Division Loses Brig-Gen. Lester.....	6
The Ideas of Ethelburt Jellyback, Private, No. XXI, by Pvt. Charles Divine, Hdqts. Sanitary Squad No. 1.....	7
A Hit in New York, a critique of "You Know Me, Al".....	8
English Drill, illustration, by Pvt. H. Robins, 106 M. G. Bn.....	8
A Digging Detail, illustration, by Pvt. G. William Breck, Co. B, 107th Inf.....	9
What the Soldier's Club is For, a letter from Gen. Bridgman, the director.....	10
Bad Truck Accident.....	10
Illustrations by Kennedy, RAM and somebody else.....	10
Camoufleurs Build Realistic Mountain, an article by R. E. C.....	11
Camp Sports, edited by Corporal Fred J. Ashley, Div. Hdqts. Troop.....	12-13
News of the Y. M. C. A., edited by E. Reed Shutt.....	14-15
Illustration by Kennedy.....	15
News from Division Units, copiously illustrated.....	16-17-18-19, etc.
World Brevities, edited by J. S. Kingsley.....	20
In Division Society.....	32

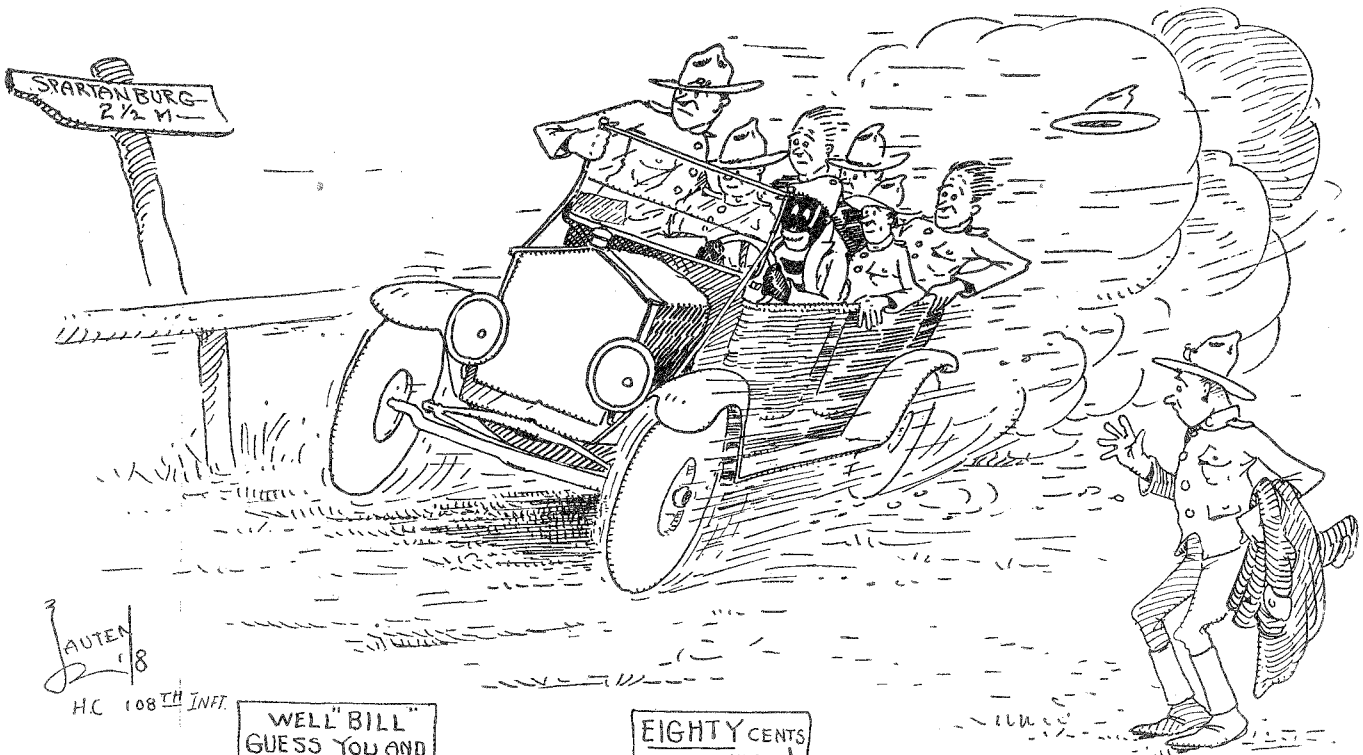
Don't toss this number of the **Gas Attack** away. Send it up North. Let the folks know what sort of Division we have. Some day you'll be glad you saved **Gas Attacks**.

GAS ATTACK

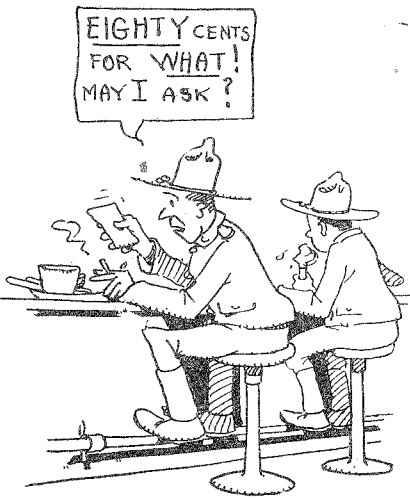
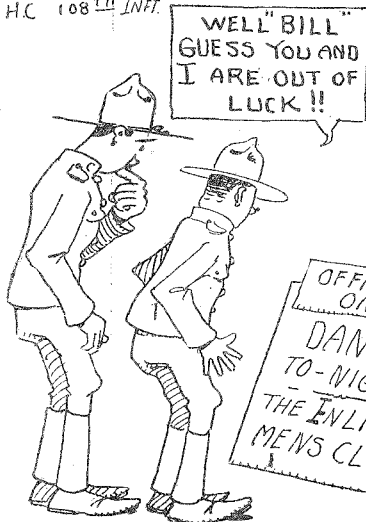


AT THE TRI COLOR TEA ROOM

- SQUAD-BUYER -



LAUTEN '18
HC 108TH INF.



TOWN!

HIGH HOPES AND HIGH FINANCE

On the Last Lap of the Officers' Training School.

During the course of this war we may participate in a battle that will, for the time being, crowd aside the memory of those two final weeks in the O. T. S. It will be considerable fray as battles go. It will have to be.

We returned from the rifle range to settle down more or less sanguine that it was all over except the ringing of the dear old welkin, the sounding of the well-known tocsin and the hallelujah shouting. Every fellow had his own private source of information and there were as many rumors afloat as there were students in the school.

Everybody imparted his rumor to everybody else in strictest confidence. Thus everybody knew what everybody else had heard and nobody passed his particular secret along inasmuch as he knew that everybody else knew it.

All Wrong! All Wrong!!

First of all, it was generally agreed, every man who lived to get back from the range was virtually certain of his commission. Nobody was ever so wrong as we were. Somebody heard that the commissions were already signed and that the absence of President Wilson, Secretary Baker, Lloyd George and a few other incidental personages was the only circumstance that prevented our immediate graduation.

Somehow or other the rumors could not quite agree upon our assignments. They combined to attach us to every branch and camp of the service. But nobody lost sleep on this account. What was a post or an assignment between a lieutenant. Come what may or go what must, a lieutenant was a lieutenant in Flanders or Finland, Sparta-burg or Pasadena.

From every city east of Denver came pamphlets and catalogues proclaiming in print and photogravure the superior excellence of the uniforms manufactured by Messrs. Cohen, Gushberg, Spivak, Mandelstein, Greenblatt, Meyerstein and Blumenthal. Could their representatives call upon us for our measurements? Could not they be so vastly honored as to send us their special catalogues and measurement blanks. Might not they be so overwhelmingly flattered as to have us listed with the multitudes of Generals, Majors, Captains and Lieutenants already on their books?

Such literature could not but have its effect. Thereafter and immediately, there started an era of frenzied finance that somehow suggested the early days of Pittsburg fortunes and Wall Street prodigies. Of course, the vast majority of us couldn't, by the fiercest wrench at the family fortune, muster more than seven dollars at the outside. Several malefactors of great wealth and a few of the sons of the predatory in-

terests produced rolls of sundry sizes that amounted to as much as ten and fifteen dollars. But it is safe to announce that, save for a really infinitesimal few, the Forty Thieves couldn't have shaken down the school for more than the price of one good uniform.

The Panic Starts.

Inasmuch as experienced officers agreed that uniforms, hats, boots, belts and so on were necessary appendages to a lieutenant, we all realized with more or less concern that we'd have to purchase same; and to purchase same necessitated the possession of money.

I mention no names but in the succeeding days I heard otherwise sane and efficient non-coms indulge in some of the wildest schemes to possess themselves of money that were ever hatched at a meeting of a wild-cat mining or real estate board of directors. It is but fair to state, now, that nobody hinted blackmail and nobody owned to thoughts of burglary, banditry or forgery. But the things that were done or were thought of being done to life insurance policies, Liberty Loan Bonds and like assets would have made Broadway ticket speculators look like the inhabitants of a day nursery.

To add to the furore, came the not-quite-official news that each successful student was to be granted a fifteen-day furlough. Visions of a trip back to New York, Buffalo, Rochester, Syracuse, Hornell, Elmira, Pulaski, Lyons, Arkport, Penn Yan and other hustling villages wherein mothers and other favorite girls resided loomed up like oases.

The Birth of Genius.

With these prospects came the stern conviction that additional funds would be painfully necessary. Brains that, hitherto, had evinced nothing suggestive of more than normal powers, became power houses of brilliance. Fellows who had never schemed for more than three square meals a day and a bit of excitement now and then began evolving propositions that would have made the late Mr. Gates appear amateurish.

Virtually every needy warrior bethought himself of the days of his enlistment. He dug about his memory for a list of those enthusiasts back home who wrung his hand at the armory or the railway station and said, "George, if there is ever anything I can do for you, don't hesitate. Get me right, George, I'm there like the sun if you ever need a friend. Call upon me at any time. Anything! ANYTHING! Just drop me a line and the family jewels are yours. So long, George."

Well, nobody hesitated. George and Jim and Bill and John all had it right. The longest letters in the history of finance were written. Sufficient money to fit out a Field Marshal and his staff was spent for stamps and telegrams. Men who had never

HIGH PRAISE FOR 102D M. P.

Major Shanton's Command Commended By Maj. Gen. O'Ryan.

The 102d Military Police, commanded by Major T. Harry Shanton, have been highly commended for their efficiency by Major-General O'Ryan in a letter, printed below:

April 16, 1918.

Acting Adjutant,
Commanding Officer, 102d Military Police,
Commendation.

1. The Division Commander directs me to acknowledge receipt of your report of operations of the Military Police from the day of their arrival at this Station to April 1, 1918, and to say that upon the facts therein set forth and as a result of his personal observation of the work of the Military Police of this Division, he commends the officers and enlisted men for their zealous attention to duty, exemplary record of good conduct and efficiency.

2. It should be recorded that one of the most important accomplishments of the Military Police has been the respect for and confidence in the organization manifested at all times by the soldiers of the Division. The Military Police have been able to perform their duties efficiently and impartially and at the same time win and maintain the regard of our men. The Division Commander congratulates the officers and enlisted men of the Military Police upon the excellence of their record.

By command of Major-General O'Ryan.
H. B. BATTENBERG,
Adjutant-General

written anything more vivid than a letter that ended "hoping you are the same" produced epistles that would have added fame to the name of Prosper Merimee.

Aunts, uncles and grandparents who had never before seen so much as a Y. M. C. A. post card from Camp Wadsworth received thousand-word gems of descriptive writing that did the camp and its picturesque environs proud. Cousins of suspected wealth received letters so cordial that they decided to run for Governor or something. Of course all these letters ended similarly.

There would be a vivid paragraph pertaining to the Goliathic task of winning the commission; another about the impossibility of providing against the coming expenses with a private's or a corporal's or a sergeant's pay and then the final point-blank appeal for cash—immediate and genuine cash that could be traded in for railway

(Continued on page 32)

GAS ATTACK

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

Honorary Editors—

Major General John F. O'Ryan.
Lt. Colonel Franklin W. Ward.
Ernest W. Leslie, Camp Y. M. C. A. Secretary.

Publication Committee—

E. W. Leslie, Chairman.
J. S. Kingsley, Editor-in-Chief.
Regtl. Supply Sergt. Gaylord W. Elliott, 102 Ammunition Train,
Business Manager.

Editor—

Pvt. Richard E. Connell, Co. A, 102d Military Police.

Associate Editor—

Pvt. Charles Divine, Headquarters Sanitary Squad No. 1.

Art Editor—

Pvt. Richard J. Kennedy, 102d Supply Train.

Editorial Staff—

Lieutenant Edward Streeter, 105th Field Artillery.
E. Reed Shutt, Y. M. C. A.
Sergeant Walter A. Davenport, Co. M, 107th Infantry.
Corporal Fred J. Ashley, Headquarters Troop.

PRICE, TEN CENTS FOR THIS ISSUE.

Address, GAS ATTACK, Camp Wadsworth, Spartanburg, S. C.

Subscription terms, \$1.50 for 3 months.

Contents of this Magazine Copyrighted, 1918.

FOR BETTER MEDALS.

The Mexican Service Medal Bill, which will award service medals to New York and other national guardsmen who served on the Border, has been passed by the United States Senate. When this editorial was written, it was under consideration in the House of Representatives.

The bill passed by the Senate provides \$7,000 for the medals. There are about 100,000 men entitled to them, under the provisions of the bill. This means seven cents apiece for medals. What sort of medal can be provided for seven cents, we are not sure; but we have an idea.

There is an agitation to raise the amount appropriated to \$20,000. This seems nearer the right amount. A medal should have a permanent value. It should be worth handing down from generation to generation. It need not be elaborate, but it should not be cheap or tawdry. We believe that if the government does give medals (as it should in this case), it should give good ones. We hope and we express the hope of 100,000 soldiers, that the House will appropriate enough money to award medals worth while.

R. E. C.

A GOOD IDEA.

We reprint a letter from the New York Herald urging that soldiers be given free transportation on the railroads. While we think Mr. Doherty, who wrote the letter, is a bit too severe with the government when he says it should show "some appreciation and kindness" because we believe that the government is neither unappreciative nor unkind, we think the free transportation idea a good one.

CARRY SOLDIERS FREE.

To the Editor of The Herald:—

How is it that the Government, having taken over the railroads, does not give the men who are going to fight for their country, and who have in many cases voluntarily given up good positions to do so, transportation to their homes when granting them a furlough, as is done by Great Britain and France, and I believe other European nations?

Unless a man has an income outside his Government pay, or his parents are well enough off to send him money, it means that having been away since early in September the soldier will have to embark for foreign service without seeing his parents or his home and friends again.

While the country expects every man to do his duty, it seems only right that the Government should show some appreciation and kindness for the young fellows, who in all likelihood are going to make the great sacrifice and also for their parents and relatives.

This Government is spending and loaning immense sums of money. Why so niggardly and shortsighted a policy toward the men who are going to help win the war? * * *

J. L. WYNDHAM DOHERTY.

Rye, N. Y., April 10, 1918.

As Mr. Doherty suggests, too many people take it for granted that the soldier has a private income. Naturally rules which work no hardship on the private income class, do work hardship on many soldiers. A man's stay on this olive drab earth should be made as bright as possible, and a deserved furlough home should be within the reach of every man. No soldier wants graft. He doesn't want to joy-ride on the railroads. But he would like to see a condition exist whereby he can go home for ten days without getting himself in debt for months because of the size of the railroad fare.

R. E. C.

ART AND WAR.

There is an interesting exhibition of paintings and drawings by men of the New York Division now on view at the Hostess House, which demonstrates how many and varied are the talents concealed beneath our O.D. blouses.

Of course our major business now is war. Nothing else must **interfere** with that business. We must perfect ourselves in it as far as it is humanly possible. But there can be no doubt that we will be better soldiers because of an occasional art exhibit. The critic who condemns such activities as division shows, division magazines, band concerts, athletics, art exhibits, and other things not in the I. D. R. as "Unmilitary Frills" is as out-of-date as the bow and arrow. He is Teutonic in his failure to take into consideration the fact that soldiers are human beings, whose **spirit** is their chief motive power.

This is a war of morales. **We** are going to win it because of our superior morale. Call it "fighting spirit" if you wish. Spirit can be developed only through an appeal to our spiritual side, through the medium of art, music, literature and the other beautiful things of life. The gross materialism of our enemy is probably the thing about him we hate most. To see an art exhibit or a play or read a poem by our own men drives home to us more strongly than anything in the world can the thought that our culture is worth fighting for; that it must prevail over his Kultur.

By all means let us have art exhibits, plays, concerts, papers, athletics. They do not hinder discipline. They help it.

R. E. C.

A Soldier's Letter to His Sweetheart

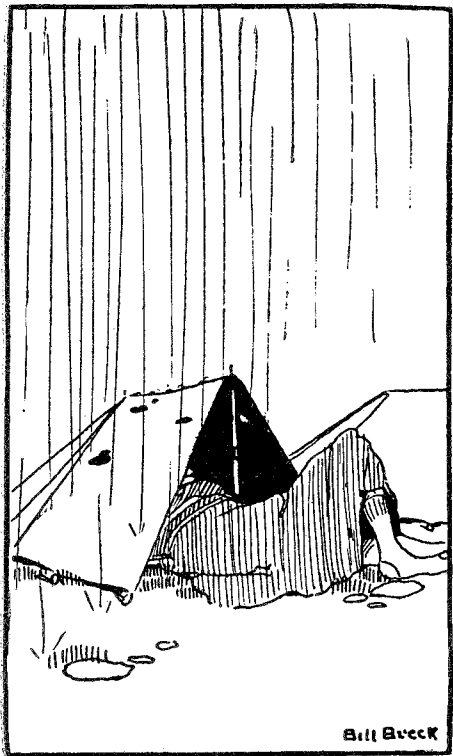
Dere Mable

Were back from shootin at the range. We ended up by firin at the infantry. That was what they was talkin about when they said there was goin to be a garage fire. Thats the army all over, Mable. Technickle. The firin was a total failure, Mable. We fired at the range for three months and never hit it. That aint surprisin cause I never see nothin except some trees in front of the guns and we always fired over those. When they finally got wise and put some infantry out there for us to fire at we missed them absolutely. Fired everything in front of them.

Don't say nothin about this cause it might get into the papers and cheer up the Kizer. Its all the Captins falt. I guess he thought he had an Aunty Air Kraft batery. That fello comes from Far Rockaway and he lives in the last house.

The last mornin we fired the lieutenant says I was batery agent. It seemed kind of silly to me to bother about sellin stuff while we was firin but thats the lieutenant. He got away before I could ask him what I was to sell. I bought a lot of pop and crackers and stuff and tried to sell em to the fellos while they was firin. The first sergent wouldnt let me. I told him I was battery agent but not him. That fello wont have to wear no steel helmet when he gets to France. I ate it all myself.

If the lieutenant is goin to keep me as battery agent now were back im goin to ask him if I cant rig up a little office. I wouldnt be surprised if they had me up in Washington pretty soon. Lots of the fellos say they ought to send me somewhere. Im writin up to N. Y.



where there's a place where they make sofa pillos with fellos goin over the top on em and gold rings with your girl's name on em free for a dollar twenty (\$1.20).

The last week on the range we lived in pup tents. A pup tent Mable is like the roof of a dog house without the house. They call em pup tents cause no one but a very young dog would be fool enough to sleep under one. There made out of a couple of pieces of stuff like what you make porus nit undercloths out of. You button em together if theres any buttons. It dont make much difference as far as keepin the rain out is concerned. The only good I can see they do is to strain the rain.

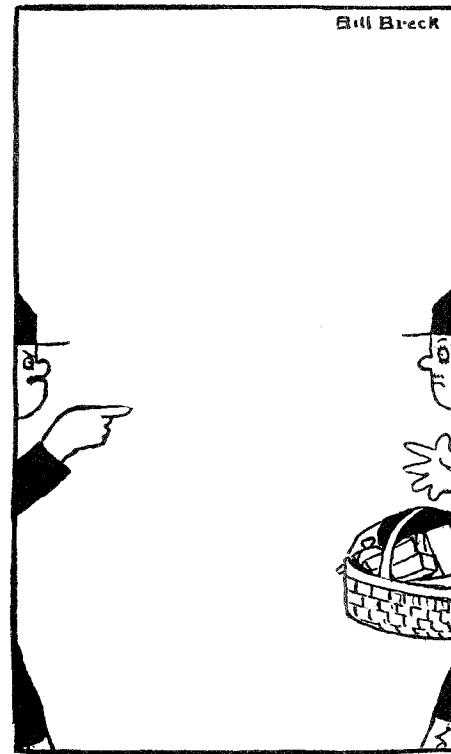
I guess these pup tents we got is an old issue what was wished on us by the Japaneze army. When an ordinary sized fello lies down in one (and that's all you can do in em) hes out doors from the nees down. The Major came round Sunday night. I guess he made a mistake and thought it was Saturday. Theres a rule that Majors only come round on Saturday cause they bother the men. The major says "I guess weel blow taps an hour early tonight cause the men is all in" an I says back right out loud "There aint anybody goin to get all in in these things, you 'big overgrown boob,'" only he happened to be away down the street and didnt hear me. It didnt make no difference to me though. I said it anyway. High spirited. Thats me all over, Mable.

Angus McDonald, the skotch fello says that these is skotch pup tents. The skotch he says dont ever wear nothin below the nees. I guess Angus aint a pure skot though cause I heard him and Joe Loomis arguin this mornin cause Angus had swiped Joes horse blanket to wrap round his legs.

It rained for three days before we left. You could have squeeze water out of my pistul, Mable. They say a fello is two thirds water anyway. I bet I was 99 and ninety-nine 100 per cent pure, eh Mable?

Monday mornin we hiked back to camp. They got us up so early I thought they was blowin taps. The lieutenant was awful sore. I guess a drop of water came through his tent somewhere during the night and lit on him. He looks at me an says "As you were, Smith." All I says was "Ill never be again, Lieutenant."

They made me a driver the last minit on the hike comin home. I guess there breakin me in to every place sos they can let the rest of the batery home on furlow and let me do all the work, from the looks of it. They showed me two horses hitched to the gun and told me they was mine. Right away I seen that the right hand horse was all hitched up and there wasnt nobody there to ride him. So when the sargent says he was all ready I says "No we aint. I aint goin till the fello what rides this horse is here. Theres enough favorites bein played in the battery now."



That showed the lieutenant where I stood. He said the fello what usually drove the horse was on special duty coilin up firin lines. When he put it that way I agreed to lead the right hand horse in to camp. Angus says they call the right hand horse the off horse cause the fello what rides him is always off doin somethin else. He aint the only fello whats off round here though I can tell you that Mable.

Theres a rumor round here that were goin to Honey Lulu. Joe Loomis has sent for his Ukaylaly. Angus says hes orderin a grass cutter to take with him sos he can make himself one of those grass suits over there. I guess the next time I write itll be from there.

yours till then

Bill

SOME BOOST FROM ASHEVILLE.

The Consolidated Bands gave us some concert. Judson House is some singer. Francis Sutherland is some graceful conductor and some cornet soloist. The band members, each one of them some artist. Want some more, please.

Best wishes,

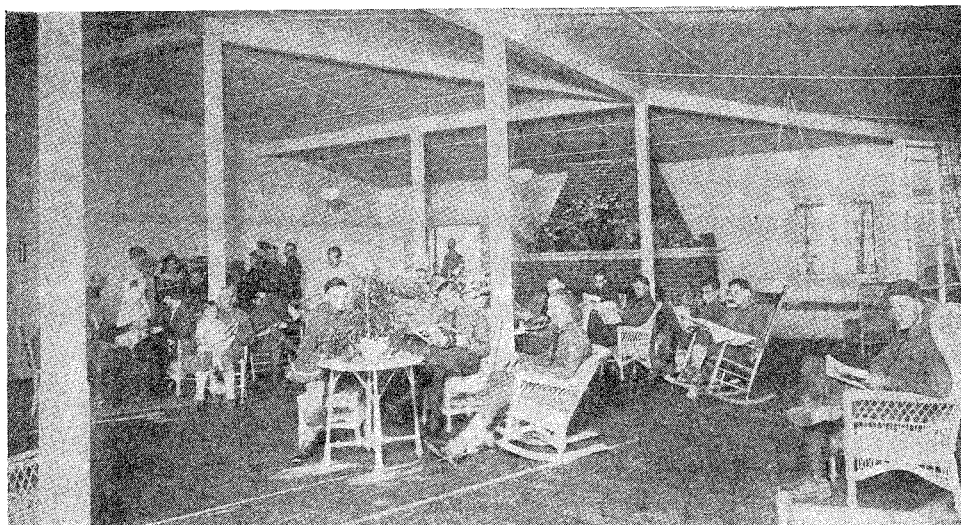
Sincerely,

N. BUCKNER, Secy.,
Asheville Board of Trade.

WE WANT SCRAPPY STORIES.

This undeliverable-magazines-for-soldiers idea is a good one, BUT—isn't it tough when your bundle of magazines consists of Needlework, the Mothers' Magazine, St. Nicholas, Today's Housewife, Vogue, and McCall's (spring fashion number)?

“LET'S GO TO THE HOSTESS HOUSE——”



The Lounge.

Miss Bertha Miriam Loheed of Brockton, Mass., Colonel of the Hostess House, calls this attractive wickered and chintzed room—“the lounge.” It is, without doubt, the most comfortable place in camp (except when someone plays “Silver Threads Among the Gold” on the public Victrola). Here the soldier can read, meditate and rest after retreat and in his other moments of leisure. A log fire crackles in the fire-place, which, just now is surmounted by boughs of dog-wood blossoms. It is in this room that Miss Loheed (the lady in white whom the camera has caught in the midst of a song at the piano on the left of the picture) says, one or two hundred times a day to mothers, wives and sweet-hearts of the soldiers—“So pleased to see you!”



“Forty-Five Cents!”

Heavenly blue and canary yellow is the decorative motif of the cafeteria of the Hostess House. The azure effect is carried out in everything but the cashier's eyes. They are brown. This room also has a fireplace which the Y. W. C. A. hostesses keep covered with fresh dogwood blossoms. Captain Elizabeth Kingman is seen in the act of assembling some pie a la mode. Lieutenant Ila Williams, adjutant of the cash register, is just about to scan a tray with one of the aforementioned sepia-hued optics, and smile “Forty-five cents” so archly that the soldier will go back for another piece of strawberry shortcake just to hear her say “Sixty.” Allen, the indefatigable bus-boy, appears in this picture to have a double-yolked head. Which, in real life, he hasn't. He was gliding in front of the camera with a tray when Mrs. Major Beall's eagle eye detected him and to get him to stop she cried out the first masculine name that occurred to her, which was “Harold.” In the parlance of the Rialto, Allen did not give her a tumble but continued on his way, with the result that he appears to have a double bean. Speaking of beans, the cafeteria is the soldier's refuge from beans. Here he can heap his tray with luscious things, and laugh at the mess sergeant. The self-service feature puzzled one apple-knocking gentleman from Aurora, New York, who in relating his adventures in the cafeteria said, “I got my knife and fork and spoon, collected a lotta vittles on a tray, took 'em to a table myself, et 'em, but then I fooled the hostesses. I snuk out without washin' the dishes!”

DIVISION LOSES BRIGADIER-GENERAL LESTER.

Popular Commander Found Physically Unfit and is Honorably Discharged.

Brig. Gen. James W. Lester, commander of the 54th infantry brigade, has been dismissed from the service because of physical disability. Gen. Lester made his last public appearance as head of his brigade here when he was in command of the 10,000 troops who participated in the Liberty Loan parade. Upon returning to his quarters at the conclusion of the military pageant, General Lester received official notification of his dismissal.

Gen. Lester was regarded as one of the most efficient commanders in the 27th division and was exceedingly popular with the officers and enlisted men as well, who served under him, because of his fairness and consideration in all his dealings with them. Gen. Lester was a veteran of the Spanish-American war, having served as major in the Second New York National Guard infantry.

Gen. Lester rose from the ranks, and has been a member of the New York National Guard for more than 33 years, enlisting as a private at Saratoga Springs, his home, March 25, 1884. He was appointed a captain on January 15, 1892, a major on March 29, 1898, and Lieut. Col. March 21, 1899. He assumed command of the Second infantry as colonel December 11, 1903, and was appointed a brigadier-general June 6, 1911.

General Lester was given a farewell reception by the officers and enlisted men.

Colonel Edgar S. Jennings, commander of the 108th infantry, has been assigned to temporary command of the brigade.

NEW M. P. COMPANY.

Capt. George W. Sullivan, fourth pioneer infantry, has been ordered to organize a provisional company of military* police as soon as possible by Brig-Gen. Guy Carleton, commanding the provisional depot for corps and army troops. With the arrival of new soldiers for the depot unit the work has been found to be too extensive for the military police of the Twenty-Seventh Division to handle and the provisional company is to be organized to co-operate with them. The other officers of the provisional company will be First Lieut. Thomas Barndon, Jr., of the fifty-fourth pioneer infantry and Second Lieut. John H. Jenkins, of the fifty-third pioneer infantry. Capt. Sullivan will report to Major T. Harry Shanton, commanding the 102d Military Police, for instructions.

150,000 MEN ARE CALLED TO ARMY CANTONMENTS.

The provost marshal general has issued a call for approximately 150,000 men to report at camps, the movement to begin April 26 and continue five days.

New York State's quota is 10,171.

THE IDEAS OF ETHELBURT JELLYBACK, PRIVATE,

XXI. On Further Misadventures at the Home of Mrs. Dollarsworth

Our entrance into the palatial home of Mrs. Dollarsworth was full of mishaps, chiefly owing to the fact that Mugrums had insisted upon accompanying Dickie Darling and me as one of our comrades in arms, instead of a low fellow whom I had intended to use only as my orderly.

Mrs. Dollarsworth recovered sufficiently from her fainting spell, caused by Mugrums' insistent shaking of her hand, to sit up at the table at dinner. Dinner was a function at the Dollarsworth home. I warned Mugrums of its formality.

When we entered the lofty dining room, Mugrums broke away from us and grabbed a chair ahead of all the ladies.

He sat down in it triumphantly.

"First come, first served!" he cried.

"Mugrums!" I protested. "Will you help Mrs. Legginton into her chair?"

Mugrums looked quizzically at Mrs. Legginton.

"What?" he laughed. "That husky girl? She's big enough to help herself. If she don't learn now she never will."

Mugrums Talks Much.

Mugrums kept up a constant flow of remarks about the dinner. "Gee! Look at the tablecloth. And real napkins, too. Say, one o' them 'ud make a good towel back in the tent, wouldn't it? Guess I'll just slip it in my pocket." He liked the strawberries and whipped cream so well that he wanted to know if there were any seconds.

After dinner we strolled out to the veranda. It began to rain. This made an impression on Mugrums.

"Whee!" he chuckled. "This is an enlisted man's rain."

"What do you mean by that, Mugrums?"

"I mean there'll be no drill to-day."

I looked at Mugrums critically. I felt sure he hadn't bathed as recently as he ought to have.

"There is one good thing about this rain, Mugrums. It may wash the stars and stripes off your neck."

The remainder of the evening passed without event, although I was hard put to it keeping a watchful eye on Mugrums. We retired to our bedroom suite, which consisted of an ample bathroom and an enormous bedroom, with windows looking out over the lawn and three mahogany beds. The hangings and furnishings were in the best of taste.

Mugrums is Impressed.

"Gee!" said Mugrums, sprawling on one of the beds. "There ain't no resistance. You sink right in." He leaped out onto the floor again and began executing a jig step. "And Turkish rugs, too. Tra, la, lada—"

"Mugrums, stop!" I ordered. "The house-

hold is trying to sleep. You're making a dreadful racket."

Mugrums desisted. Later, however, as Dickie and I were making ready for slumber, great noises came from the bathroom. I made an investigation and discovered Mugrums washing his leggings and shirt in the bath tub, scrubbing at his clothes with all his strength and a great quantity of soapsuds.

"Mugrums, you must stop that and come to bed. You're shaking the whole room."

"Now, Ethelburt, be nice. You know this bathtub's a fine place to do a good washing in. Look at it, big enameled tub and all the hot water anybody'd want. It's the chance of a life time. Besides, my shirt ain't been washed since the time I fell in the watering trough in front of the stables."

I could do nothing with him. So I went to bed and left him at his labors.

The Next Morning.

The next morning, which was Sunday, I was awakened by a knocking at the door. It was Mr. Dollarsworth, the host. He was perturbed.

"The Smiths, my neighbors to the north, have just telephoned me that there is some strange sort of flag hanging out of one of the second story windows. I can't find out what window it is unless it is one of yours. Have you by any chance brought a flag with you which you have hung out, Mr. Jellyback?"

"No, sir," I replied, equally at a loss.

"There it is," said Mr. Dollarsworth, pointing to an open window. "I see it fluttering in the wind."

We went to the window. Hanging upon the ledge were Mugrums' leggings and shirt, flapping against the aristocratic sides of the mansion on a Sabbath morn. I was chagrined.

"You say it belongs to Mr. Mugrums?" asked Mr. Dollarsworth. "Is it a new kind of service flag?"

"No, sir, but it has seen a lot of service."

As soon as Mr. Dollarsworth withdrew, I removed Mugrums' clothing from the window and rebuked the owner, who was sleeping soundly.

"Aw, leave me alone," muttered Mugrums. "I was dreaming I just bought this house. Now you've gone and lost it for me."

"Mugrums, you must get up and dress and leave here at once. You are constantly humiliating Dickie and me. Moreover, it is time for you to start back to camp if you want to get there before your pass runs out."

Bound North.

At length I got rid of Mugrums and

breathed easier. Then Dickie Darling and I departed, on an evening train, for New York. As I climbed into my berth I

was seized with a great fear that I wouldn't be able to sleep well, through the vicissitudes of the railroad. Somehow I fell asleep and didn't wake up until morning.

"Porter!" I called out, gayly, "did you shine my shoes for me? Good. I had a fine sleep. That's the smoothest roadbed I ever slept on."

"Yas, suh," snickered the negro. "It oughta be smooth, suh. There's done been a wreck up ahead and we ain't moved for nine hours."

ETHELBURT JELLYBACK, Private.

—C. D.

COMPRENEZ VOUS? CAMPOBELLO.

Most of us are interested in origins, whether or not our lineage can be traced back to the Mayflower, and being thus interested, we, here at the range, would like to have the help of your editorial staff and your readers in tracing the origin of the name of the village which is Camp Wadsworth's point of embarkation—to the battlefields of Glassy Rock and Hogback Mountain.

Would-be highbrows have assured us that Campobello was derived from the Latin "campum bellum," meaning "war camp."

Now, a Spanish dancing girl, a friend of ours, mentions casually in a recent letter that this word, Campobello, in her language means "beautiful country," and it is.

An Italian lad who is doing his bit to make the world safe from autocracy by being an American artilleryman, took great pride and joy in informing us that our South Carolina depot and cross-roads was named for his home-town in fair Sicily.

To be sure all noble sons of Erin's Isle, of the Ammunition Train, camped there, assert that Campobello is the popular version of the name of their fighting Irish major and should be spelled with three capitals—"Camp O'Beil."

A doughboy might give it a nether thrust as the "camp'below" and a field-piece rider might slide it out as "Campie Bellie." But a native gives the only authentic interpretation, based as it is entirely on local color and family tradition. He affirms in no uncertain terms or tones that in the days of the coon-skin-capped frontiersman, the site of our mooted village was an old buffalo salt-lick and from the thunderings of the tawny herds, the nearby hunting camp was called the "Camp O'bellow."

Now who's right? Or have we yet to discover the origin and meaning of this name—another speck put on the map by the 27th Division?

M. E. O.



A HIT IN NEW YORK.

"You Know Me, Al," Division Show, Big Success.

"You Know Me, Al," the division show, went big in New York, where it was on view at the Lexington Theatre ten days, starting April 11th.

It bowled 'em over, as they say along the Rialto, and enthusiastic audiences filled the big theatre at every show. Incidentally the show stimulated recruiting. It suggested to a lot of New Yorkers a fact we have known for some time, to wit: that the New York Division is **SOME** division, and can do well whatever it sets out to do.

All the New York critics agreed that the show was most creditable. We reprint below a typical criticism by Burns Mantle, the well known critic of the Evening Mail. The proceeds of the shows go toward paying for a portable theatre in which plays will be given behind the lines in France.

What One Critic Said.

"Sounds extravagant, but there are really not over half a dozen musical plays on Broadway with a dancing and singing chorus

half so well drilled or half as entertaining as that the boys of the 27th Division have brought up from Spartanburg for their 'You Know Me, Al,' performances at the Lexington Theatre. And I am not at all positive that I could name the six.

"It is far and away, counting numbers, a better ensemble than any the Lambs' Club has ever mustered for its gambols, or the Friars for their frolics. Ned Wayburn himself has not trained a more proficient group of highsteppers, nor Victor Herbert coaxed more natural or more pleasing harmonies from his beloved male choruses.

"I wish it were possible to organize a huge theatre party of all the other chorus men in town, and the girls, too, for that matter, but especially the anemic youths threatened by the draft, and take them over to the Lexington next week. Not with any hope of shaming them into an observance of whatever obligations they may be avoiding, but for the sheer pleasure of showing them what a really good chorus can do.

"It is this well-nigh perfect ensemble that provides the soldiers' show with a spine, but there are a lot of things that contribute to its splendid spirit. Basically they are the

things that are fast welding the American army, and particularly the volunteer divisions, into the most effective military organization in the world—enthusiasm, initiative and that alert intelligence no kultur-ridden autocracy will ever breed or can ever beat.

"Welterweights in Chiffon."

"The principals are mostly specialists, the majority with some professional experience to help them. The boys who play the female parts, however, I judge are either amateurs or unfamiliar with this particular style of entertaining. They have acquired a certain awkward grace, and use their forced falsettos with some skill, much to the amusement of the crowd, but they are not very happy Arlines and Sallies. One, with the biceps of a welterweight champion showing through his Lucille chiffon, dances with such amazing grace the encores considerably delay the show.

"There are several good singers and a surprising number of good songs. You owe it to no one but yourself to hear, for instance, such splendid numbers as 'My Heart Belongs to the U. S. A.,' with its dancing bell-hops, as lively a septet as you will ever meet at the Palace; 'Bring Back That Yama Man to Me,' a typical, jazz-infected Broadway echo; or a regular heart-stuff ballad set to a better than typical ballad tune, 'Let Me Have a Corner of Your Heart'; or some other lad's tribute to a memory of the Broadway he knew before he decided to 'list, 'I'm Going Back to Mobile, Alabama.'

"Incidentally, there is an orchestra to play these numbers that compares more than favorably with the best that the average Broadway production has to offer. And a smaller Hawaiian band that, playing unusually well behind the scenes, should certainly have been permitted to show itself.

"Genuine Success."

"It is a very genuine success, this soldier show. Don't overlook that fact. Not a success by the grace of our local pride, nor one forced by a spasmodic patriotism—but a hit for which the boys themselves are responsible, and one that does both them and their division great credit.

"That it will help with the recruiting there can be little doubt, for it represents a divisional, regimental, battalion, company and squad spirit that will unquestionably appeal to those fit and worthy to be New York volunteers who are still unplaced.

"If it happens you are one, you will find a gentleman at 721 Fifth avenue who will be glad to explain all details to you. You couldn't go over with a better crowd than this one, I'll wager that much. Nor with one that will come through with more honors. For, as Private Walter Davenport writes in the programme, 'It's the man with the laugh, the man with the lilt of a song on his lips and the flip of the fox trot in his heart who is going to lope out over the shell craters cheerfully, seeking rough necks to twist.' And coming back after the twisting's done."



A "DIGGING DETAIL."

There is something so "back to naturish" about the digging detail that the boys just can't resist "that impulse" to volunteer for a job of this kind. Think of the joy of being able to dig down into hard mother earth, and perhaps if you're lucky finding a bit of primitive rock to tustle with?!\$* Here are some of the boys whiling away the afternoon, each willingly doing his "bit." (See the two especially hard "bitters" in the lower left hand corner.)



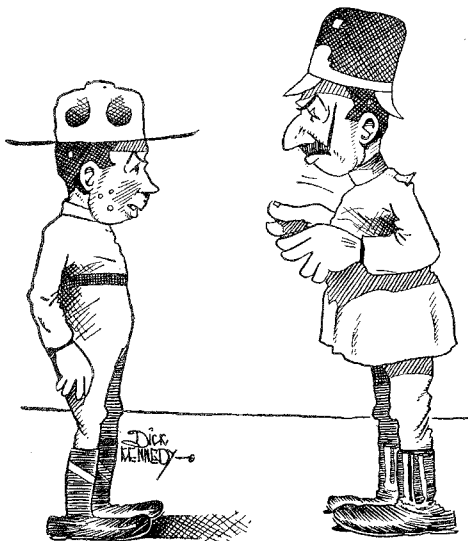
"And who are you?"

"Mercy goodness sakes! Don't you know me? Why, I'm the typical American 'Sammie' you see on magazine covers and in collar ads."

(More business for the Base Hospital.)

CALL FOR YOUR PARCEL POST PACKAGE.

If any of the men of the 27th Division have received notices from the Camp postoffice to call at the office in reference to insured parcel post it is for their own interest that they call as soon as possible and close the case up. The time taken will be but a few minutes and promptness in these matters relieves the Department of a great deal of congestion which means better service to the men.



"American loafer, have a care who you tell to dig ditches. I am the Graf von Buggenbugg, descendant of a long line of belted knights."

"Get a move on, Fritz, or there'll be another belted knight around here."

WHAT THE SOLDIERS' CLUB IS FOR.

The Editor, Gas Attack,

Camp Wadsworth, S. C.

Dear Sir:

In order that the men at Camp Wadsworth may fully understand the advantages which are offered them in the Soldiers' Club on Main Street, opposite the Hotel Cleveland, may I inform them through your columns?

The Club was established through the endeavors of the War Camp Community Service, which raised the funds necessary.

The Club house is a one-story and basement brick building about 150 x 40 feet, lighted on all sides by plenty of windows. There are tables for games, writing desks, books, magazines, etc., two large fire places which burn real logs, and so far have been very much used.

The hall is so arranged that a folding partition can be used thereby making a room about 60 x 40 feet, which is called the music room, having a stage at one end and a piano, fine Victrola and a mandolin. Downstairs in a well-lighted basement are showers and tub baths, barber shop, clothes pressing and shoe polishing stands.

It has been organized strictly as a man's club, and not as an amusement hall. Once a week there are ladies' days, at which time musicales, together with dancing, are arranged and there is always a large attendance of ladies and soldiers.

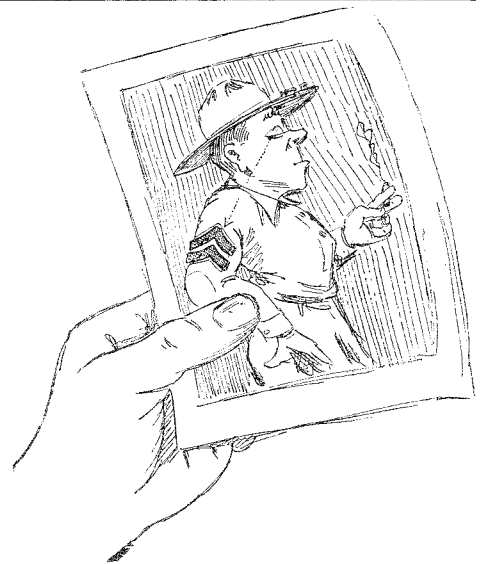
There is a club committee composed of men representing different organizations in camp, which meets with me every Saturday evening at 6:30 and go over the plans for the following week, make suggestions, etc., so the men have a voice in the affairs of their club. There are no initiation fees nor dues, the initiation fee being the uniform, the membership lasting so long as a man treats it as he would his own home.

Companies may rent the Music Room for a nominal sum, for private entertainments.

After 27 years as an officer in the New York State National Guard Cavalry, and now being on the State Reserve List, I felt that I could possibly do something which would be of benefit among the enlisted men, so I dropped my business and came here to direct the affairs of the club, under the auspices of the War Camp Community Service, and it has been the greatest pleasure to meet the men and work with and for them, and I particularly want the soldiers to know that the club is theirs.

Yours faithfully,

OLIVER B. BRIDGMAN,
Brigadier General (R. L.) N. G. N. Y.



THE BRAND NEW NON-COM.

He keeps repeating to himself, "to be obeyed and respected accordingly."

BAD TRUCK ACCIDENT.

Two Soldiers Killed and 18 Hurt When Truck Plunges 60 Feet.

Mechanic Francis J. Merritt, Battery C, 105th Field Artillery, and Private Peter Lonergran, Battery D, 105th Field Artillery, were killed and six other soldiers badly injured when an army truck plunged down a sixty foot embankment at Reidville, S. C. on the night of April 12th. Twenty soldiers were in the truck, bound for Reidville to give a minstrel show. All were more or less injured. Rain had softened the roadside to such an extent that the truck rolled down an embankment near the Tiger River bridge, turning over twice.

Lonergran was crushed beneath the truck and instantly killed. Merritt died in the Base Hospital two hours later.

Of the injured men, Stable Sergeant Joseph Churlo, Battery B, 105th Field Artillery, is the most badly hurt. He is in the Base Hospital, suffering from cerebral concussions and compression. He has a good chance to recover.

The other injured men are Private William J. Schoefer, Battery C, 105th Field Artillery, 634 Franklin avenue, Brooklyn, N. Y., lacerations back of head, slight cut left wrist and sprained little finger of right hand.

Private John P. Haggerty, Battery C, 105th Field Artillery, 995 Boston Road, Bronx, N. Y., contusions of chest, back and legs and abrasions and slight lacerations of both legs.

Wagoner James F. Riley, Company D, 102d Ammunition Train, 414 East 84 Street, New York City, scalp wound and contusion and bruises of the left shoulder and back.

Private Charles Landendorfer, 101st Field Bakery, 332 East 152d street, Bronx, N. Y., scalp wound left side of head, abrasion top of head and contusion of back.

Horseshoer Thomas Hicks, Jr., Battery D, 105th Field Artillery, 1229 Washington Avenue, Bronx, N. Y., scalp wounds.

CAMOUFLEURS BUILD REALISTIC MOUNTAIN

Division Fakirs Construct Stout Hill With Intent to Deceive.

"Sir, you are a fakir. You are probably the biggest fakir in the Division."

"Thank you, thank you very much, indeed," replied Private Lauren Stout, Co. E, 107th Infantry, beaming in a pleased manner.

If you don't believe Pvt. Stout is a fakir come around and see Stout Hill, which he and the members of his camouflage class have constructed across the street from Division Headquarters, and within eye-shot of the GAS ATTACK office in the Y. M. C. A. headquarters building.

If you don't get someone to point it out to you, you might miss it, for the home-made mountain is such a perfect example of camouflage that flowers have been deceived into growing on it. Just between us, though, it is made up of a lot of burlap bags, some leaves and a few pieces of lumber, and a rock or two which look like young Gibraltors, but which can be folded up and put in your vest pocket (if you have a vest.)

A Home-Made Hill.

The problem given to Pvt. Stout and his class in the Divisional Camouflage School was to camouflage a good sized wooden building used to store gasoline. They had a lot of that faith which is supposed to move mountains, and after five weeks of hard work they built a hill which defies detection even from a man standing on it. Of course an enemy aeroplane would be completely fooled. The same hill could be built in a day by the class now, because all the material is ready and they know just how to stick a sizeable young mountain together for the protection of a headquarters building or any other army building. A company of infantry can be quartered comfortably in the interior of Mt. Stout.

Major General O'Ryan and his staff inspected Stout Hill the other day. They pronounced it a remarkable example of imitation camouflage. There are two kinds of camouflage—imitation and invisible. In imitation camouflage an attempt is made to simulate nature. In invisible camouflage the idea is to make the object camouflaged disappear completely.

"Gentlemen," said Major General O'Ryan, to the assembled officers, as they stood at the front of Stout Hill, "within a few feet of you a soldier is stationed who can hear every word we say. Within twenty feet three more soldiers are watching every movement we make. Within fifty feet, a sniper has his rifle trained on us. Can you find them?"

They couldn't. They surveyed the landscape thoroughly but not a soldier could they spy.

WADSWORTH IN 19— A Fantastic Dream of Life After the War.

The war had been brought to a close. The army had been reduced in size to a peace footing. Industry had once more adjusted itself to a normal basis. "War Contracts" had ceased to be. The country as a whole had settled down and resumed its usual mode of living. All this had happened before I had the pleasure of the experience that I am now about to tell about. Of course, you are only too familiar with the details of the war to have me relate any further of them. You may remember how the 27th Division distinguished itself in action. The papers had full details and then again you may have met some of the veterans. And if I know anything about "old soldiers" I know that you are then acquainted with all the facts and then some.

"Bill" Randolph had always been a close friend of mine; though he was much older and had a family that he was justly proud of. He had ideas all his own which were hard to change. Even his very charming wife had never been able to change his ideas on living. Life, to him, was given to be spent out-of-doors and he could talk for hours on the "healthful environment," as he called it. Luckily, Bill was born with oodles of gold and could foster, and furthermore, back up his ideas. Since the war, I had not heard from Randolph and so was naturally surprised to receive a letter from him post-marked "Spartanburg, S. C." It was an invitation to "come down and spend a few weeks amongst the Healthful Environmentists."

Out Pop the Soldiers.

Then Lieut. Linwood P. Ames, chief Divisional Camouflage instructor, who has had general charge of all the camouflage classes, blew his whistle. The officers were amazed to see emerge from under an old tree stump that had apparently been rooted up and thrown aside, a figure in khaki. The stump was just a camouflage periscope. Then from what appeared to be an old well, two other men came. Still another came from what seemed to be the stump of a freshly cut tree. The sniper emerged from the branches of a lofty pine tree. Then a couple of snipers came out of the top of the mountain. The officers watched their step after that. They were afraid they might inadvertently step on an infantry battalion disguised as leaves or twigs or something.

The Divisional Camouflage School, in its last semester, demonstrated that it contains some very efficient fakirs. They concealed trenches, machine gun emplacements, painted tanks to look like pieces of South Carolina made screens and displayed marked proficiency in every branch of the new science.

R. E. C.

Back to Spartanburg.

It was mostly out of curiosity that I found myself heading south for Spartanburg where I had spent months in training at the beginning of the war. Bill met me at the station that warm September day, the same old Bill. I suggested that we take the P. & N. to camp just for old time sake, so he dismissed his waiting motor. I was not disappointed in my desire to bring back old times once more. It took us three hours to get to Wadsworthville. As we poked ahead, backed up and waited, I had Bill go into details concerning his "group" of healthful environmentists.

It seems in going over some records he had discovered an army health bulletin in which it pointed out in just so many percentages how living the regular routine (ever present in army life) was much more beneficial than any other life could be. My friend decided that what was healthful for a soldier would be the same for civilians under the same conditions. So gathering together his followers, they organized their little "group," rented Camp Wadsworth from the Government and moved south with their families to "enjoy the benefits of army life without being soldiers." He seemed so enthusiastic and had lived through a month of the existence that I just had to agree with him that the idea was "quite novel."

Wadsworth Revisited.

When we finally arrived, we walked past the campsite of the Ammunition Train to where the 104th Field Artillery had camped in my day. I had noticed as we passed that tents of green balloon silk were pitched in the streets as of yore and that women dressed in sport clothes were numerous. Stopping at about the old "F" Battery street, he informed me it was where he lived. Little had been changed except officer's row and there on that sacred ground were two couples playing tennis on a well built court.

Great Scott! there was the old incinerator still doing duty; tended now by a dignified footman in livery. It sent a shudder down my back as it brought back my K. P. days. We continued down past the mess hall and a butler came forward, took my grip and showed me to my tent. Not a detail had been omitted in fitting up my sleeping quarters, running hot and cold water, a double bed, a clothes closet, and everything to make one comfortable. I quickly changed to my lighter clothes because I was anxious to look around.

Beyond the shower baths where we had parked our guns, was now lined with Bill's machines and carriages. In the stables, where many a night I had been on guard over those ever wandering and restless horses, were now quartered thoroughbreds of the best breeding.

Soldiering de Luxe.

It was explained to me that each family

(Continued on page 24)

CAMP SPORTS

Edited by CORPORAL F. J. ASHLEY

51ST PIONEERS STILL GOING STRONG.

Take Three Games in Pioneer League Program.

The 51st Pioneers are continuing their fast work on the baseball field and are well on their way to the title position in the Pioneer League. They had a circus day contest with the 58th Pioneers winning 27 to 1, followed it by trouncing the 326th Field Signal Battalion 13 to 7, and made it three straight by an 8 to 2 victory over the 4th Pioneers.

Fountain was on the mound in the last game and showed his usual pep, while D'Amato, the 51st southpaw brought his list of consecutive wins to five by taking the other two games.

The games—

	R	H	E
58th Pioneers	.1	0	0
51st Pioneers	.1	5	3

Batteries—Morrison and Veley; D'Amato and Lewis.

326th F. S. B...1 0 4 0 0 0 0 2—7 8 3

51st Pioneers .1 0 4 0 0 3 0 5 x—13 15 2

Batteries—Mitchell and Martin; D'Amato and Lewis.

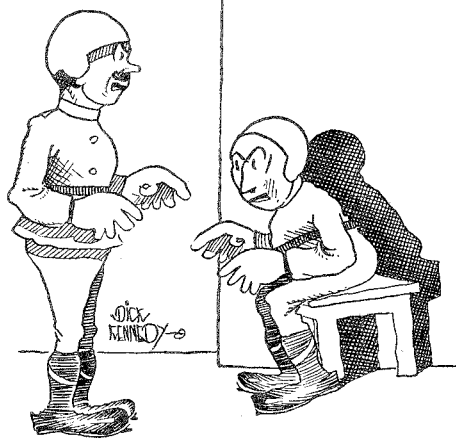
51st Pioneers .1 0 0 3 2 0 0 2 0—8 10 3

4th Pioneers .0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 2—2 6 4

Batteries—Fountain and Lewis; Holden and Creedon.

NICK WINS IN NEW YORK MEET.

Nick Gianakopolous, the Flying Greek of the 106th Infantry, added another diamond studded medal to his collection of trophies last week when he won the One-Mile Heavy Marching Order event at the Greek-Amer-



The Novice—"There's only one thing I don't see about this flying game."

The old Aviator—"Wazzat?"

The Novice—"When you're sailing thru the breeze at a hundred miles an hour, and the engine stalls and the self-starter goes flooey, WHO GETS OUT AND CRANKS?"

ATHLETES OF NOTE TO TRAIN SOLDIERS.

Campaign of Y. M. C. A. for Workers to Go Abroad Gains Results.

W. S. Langford, Big Bill Edwards and their associates on the College Committee on recruiting for Y. M. C. A. work overseas, have announced that they have secured such prominent men in the athletic world as David L. Fultz, Frank Quinby, baseball coach at Yale; Ellery C. Huntington, of Colgate; Jack Magee, of Bowdoin, and Sparrow Robertson. Among the prominent college athletes of recent years who have enlisted to supervise the play of Uncle Sam's fighting men abroad are Harold H. Short, Floyd Riskey, and W. H. Sayon, Jr., of Princeton, George M. Clark, of Yale, E. H. Jewett, of Columbia, who has two sons in the service; Archie Hahn, of Michigan, James A. Blatherwick, of Dartmouth, and J. B. Pugsley, of Colby.

All these men and many others have agreed to handle for the Y. M. C. A. the athletic work in France with the expeditionary forces. Over there many a director has found that in forming a regimental track team every man has appeared in a running suit on a field day. Baseball games are the regular thing, often so close to the front line trenches that the crash of bat against ball vies with the bursting of a German shrapnel shell. Under the direction of the Y. M. C. A., a half-mile track has been constructed near the sector which the Americans are guarding exclusively. As our forces increase, more tracks will be constructed, under the supervision of Sparrow Robertson.

Mr. J. L. Anguish and Mr. F. A. Cunningham of the Army Y. M. C. A. at Camp Wadsworth, are to be members of this party sailing for overseas work.

VOLLEY BALL POPULAR AT Y. M. C. A. NO. 95.

Volley ball is being played with pep and vim about the section Y. M. C. A. No. 95. Most of the officers have a court and play every evening. Co. I, 51st Pioneers, have an inter-tent league and much enthusiasm is being shown in determining the best squad team.

Co. I company team beat the 8th Penn. band, who are attached to the 51st Pioneers. The results of these games show how exciting and hard-fought the games were. After

ican games in New York. He started from scratch, giving handicaps up to one hundred yards, but managed to reach the tape a lap in the lead. His time was five minutes and thirty-five seconds.

AMMUNITION TRAIN VS. REMOUNT 307.

Remount.	AB	R	H	A	PO
Stack, cf	4	1	0	0	4
Hemerlein, ss	3	2	1	2	2
Gerlach, 2b	2	1	1	1	3
McClain, lf	3	0	0	0	4
Ehrhardt 3b	4	0	1	0	0
Behrens, rf	4	0	2	0	0
Brown, c	2	0	0	1	5
Metoski, p	3	0	0	2	0
Hoil, c	2	0	0	0	2
Ludlow, 1b	4	0	2	0	7
Totals	30	4	7	6	27

Amm. Train.	AB	R	H	A	PO
Kottecher, cf	3	0	0	0	2
Church, 2b	4	0	2	2	3
John, rf	3	0	0	0	3
Connors, ss	4	0	1	2	0
Cochran, lf	3	0	0	0	3
Snyder, 3b	3	0	0	1	0
Spitz, 1b	4	0	1	0	8
White, p	3	0	0	2	0
Dawson, c	4	0	2	1	4
Totals	31	0	6	8	24

SAXON VS. REMOUNT 307.

Remount.	AB	R	H	A	PO
Smith, cf	5	2	2	0	0
Hemerlein, ss	4	0	0	0	0
Gerlach, 2b	4	0	2	0	1
McClain, lf	4	1	0	0	2
Ehrhardt, 3b	4	0	1	0	0
Behrens, rf	4	0	0	0	1
Horl, c	4	2	2	3	9
Ludlow, 1b	4	0	0	0	14
Erdman, p	4	1	1	5	0
Totals	37	6	8	8	27

Saxon.	AB	R	H	A	PO
Lawson, 2b	5	0	0	2	2
Holt, ss	4	0	0	2	0
Bogan, 3b	4	0	1	1	1
Arnold, c	4	0	1	0	5
Walker, p	3	1	1	1	2
Taylor, cf	3	0	0	0	2
Johnson, rf	3	0	1	0	1
Lamb, lf	3	0	1	0	4
Terry, 1b	3	0	0	1	10
Totals	32	1	5	7	27

winning the first game 21-18, Co. I pulled up from behind, and after several servings pulled the second game out of the fire 21-20. It was some game, as the two teams have developed the essential of the game, team work.

Line-Up.

Co. I, 51st Pioneers—Lewis, Black, McLeod, Rogers, Fields, Fitzsimmons.
8th Penn. Band.—Clark, Lebro, Beach, Tarasi, Grimm, Davies.

**DIVISION HEADQUARTERS TROOP
WALLOPS THE 56TH.**

**Maine Baseball Team Unable to Cope
With 27th Troopers.**

The 27th Division Headquarters Troop baseball team stopped the strong 56th Pioneers on the baseball field last Saturday. The Maine players who have been boasting of their clean sweep against the local teams were licked in the first inning when the Cavalry nine put over four runs.

Kelleher pitched for the winners in great style, allowing only one hit up until the seventh inning. He accounted for a score himself when he slugged one for a full circuit of the bases in the opening frame.

Kyte who opened the game on the mound for the 56th was knocked higher than his own name in the first few minutes of play. The Troopers made six hits before he ran to the bomb-proofs. Zack and Kamma added in his exit with a homer and tie respectively.

During the last three innings, the Maine batters found the range and managed to put over four hits and three tallies.

Bishop who succeeded Kyte on the mound allowed seven hits but he managed to keep them well scattered.

The bands of 56th Pioneers and the 106th Infantry were on the firing lines.

The score by innings. R H E
27th Dv. H. T. 4 0 0 0 0 0 0 2— 6 13 2
56th Pioneers.. 0 0 0 0 0 0 2 0 1— 3 5 1
Batteries—Kelleher and Swain—Kyte, Bishop and Gravelle.

**MEDICAL BENEDICTS HAVE EDGE
ON BACHELORS.**

A closely contested game of ball between the married and single men of Field Hospital Company No. 106 was held last Wednesday on the diamond in the rear of the 102nd Sanitary Train. Some very phenomenal plays were made. Sergeant Folsom, who did the twirling for the married men, proved to his opponents that the fact he was a married man had little to do with his art in handling the pill. Lieut. Nealon wielded the stick in great style and made a home run in the 6th inning with two men on the bases, making the score 7 to 6 in favor of the married men. Sergts. Burton and Coloton performed like a couple of veterans and handled the pill in great style. The losing team fought right to the end. Holleran and Prescott featured on the field for the single men. The score by innings:

R
Married men1 0 1 0 1 1 1 3 0—8
Single men0 0 0 0 2 1 0 1 2—6
Batteries, married men: Folsom and Coloton. Single men: Morrissey and Pringle.

TROOP TRIMS MAJORS.

R H E
Woff'd Col. Prp. 0 0 1 0 1 0 0 1 0— 3 6 1
27th Div. H. T. 0 2 0 1 1 5 0 2 0—11 11 1
Batteries—West and Hagood; Whitmore and Swain.



“Nine Cobbs from Division Headquarters Troop.”

**BARNEY WILLIAMS THROWS
GAUNTLET AT RODDEN.**

Friend Ashley:
I beg you to accept my apology for not going through with my fight against Hughie Rodden, but my reasons are very good. Serious trouble prevented me from doing so, not on account of cowardice as some may think. My records will prove that I have never turned down an offer or refused to fight any man that was my weight and another thing I wish to state is that it was not for the love of money but for the benefit of my comrades that I have performed time and time again. Has Hughie Rodden anything to say about why he did not partake in any of the boxing contests, why he did show the boys his wares? They certainly ought to appreciate his generosity in performing for them. When this trouble is over he may have as many chances as he wishes to capture my belt and the title. May the best man win.

Yours in sport,
BARNEY WILLIAMS,

Featherweight Champion of the Army and Navy.

FRANK MORAN WORKING OVERTIME.

Frank Moran has offered to give individual boxing lessons to officers and enlisted men on Wednesday and Saturday afternoons, and on all holidays. If your top sergeant is picking on you—here's your chance.

CAMP LIBRARY'S ELEVEN BRANCHES.

The Camp Library is out with new placards announcing its eleven branches as follows:

Branch of an American Library Association, Camp Library, the Main Library Build-

ing, North of Y. M. C. A. Headquarters, Daily 8.30 a. m. to 10 p. m.

Books—Military, Technical and Historical on your work “back home” and “over there.” Also novels, daily, weekly and monthly magazines. Do that studying you promised yourself. A comfortable chair—quiet—a good book.

The book collection, which has reached the commanding size of 13,853 volumes, is distributed throughout the camp. The major portion of it is at the Central Building, while the branches are located as follows: Five at the various Y. M. C. A. buildings and one at the Y. M. C. A. tent; also at the Knights of Columbus building, the Y. W. C. A. Hostess House, the Base Hospital, the Artillery Range and the Soldiers Club at Spartanburg.

The library building is a real addition to the camp architecture. It is 43 by 90 feet, substantially built and attractively finished. Its interior arrangement is admirable and the equipment would be a credit to any home town.

Under the direction of Mr. Geo. G. Champlin, of the State Library at Albany, N. Y., the library had made a good beginning in the “White Church.” When it moved recently to the new building 30 boxes of books which had not been opened were added to the supply. These are all in service now.

At present the work is being directed by Mr. William F. Yust, Librarian of the Public Library in Rochester, N. Y. He is being assisted by Thomas A. Gallagher, of the Cincinnati Public Library. Mr. Yust has also induced his father, Fred Yust, a Civil War Veteran, to join the staff for a time as a volunteer helper. Miss Baugham, Librarian

(Continued on page 25)

News of the Y. M. C. A.

Edited by E. REED SHUTT.



The "Y's" Men at Camp Wadsworth.

BUSY WEEK AT BUILDING 96.

With a large number of the men it serves absent at the range or in the trenches, 96 has been less thronged than usual. Yet the movie programs on Tuesday and Friday evenings, and the concert on Monday drew crowds that taxed our capacity. Madame Riheldaffer's visit was the big event. Nothing we have had in a long while has touched the hearts of so many men as did her songs and intimate talks and cheery greetings afterward. Not only was she recognized as a real artist with a rich voice under perfect control; more than that, a big, friendly, motherly soul, with an unfeigned interest in every soldier boy.

On Wednesday evening of last week the band of the 57th Pioneers repeated their former triumph in another splendid concert. It was perhaps even better received than the first, there being more popular and fewer classical selections in the program. At the religious meetings on Thursday and Sunday evenings the attendance was not up to par, but the addresses were among the best we have heard. Dr. Lewis, the new camp religious work director was the speaker Thursday. It was his first message to our men, and they will look forward eagerly to the next. Before the address Dr. Woolsey conducted a sing-fest, introducing the new song, "Keep on Hopin'." Lt. Gleason of the 54th Pioneers made the Sunday evening address, a stirring and manly presentation of the soldier's need of real religion. Lt. Fleming of the same regiment helped us out of a tight place by taking charge of the singing, and proved a fine leader. All the hymns he chose were Fanny Crosby's.

In appearance 96 has been improving both inside and out. The floors are being oiled this week, and the Y. M. C. A. emblem has been worked in broken stone on our front lawn. More landscape gardening is still to be done.

NEWS FROM UNIT 97.

A ting of sadness settled over our part of the Camp when the sad news of the accident which cost two of our boys their lives and sent several more to the hospital was received. The military funeral was held Sunday afternoon, conducted by Chaplain Sattig assisted by Chaplain Kelly. The services were most impressive, and those in attendance were made to realize that these two lads had made their contribution toward the winning of the war as truly as those who may later fall beyond the sea.

The continued activity in this section keeps things lively at 97. There is much of go and come since our Unit is located on the highway to the Range, and also in position to witness the frequent arrival of new troops. There is considerable hilarity on the part of the marching bodies of troops, and so well drilled and hardened are many of them becoming that a march of twenty-seven miles in a single day is a mere incident. They come in with jubilant spirits and ready to do justice to the evening mess as soon as the bugle calls.

Letters are pouring through this Unit by the thousand, and Uncle Sam must almost stagger beneath the load of mail that is daily laid upon his back. The library is continually patronized and the late acquisition of a quantity of new books has only added zest to the reading mania. New paper racks and hangers have also brought an added convenience in the use of the periodicals.

Mr. Ray Jenney, Camp Physical Director, shot a message straight to the hearts of the boys in his able address on "Sailing On," last Wednesday night. Dr. Ames Maywood, of Detroit, who spoke Sunday night captivated all hearts with his mingled humor and pathos, as well as with his eloquent and masterful appeal for Christ-like living. No messenger will be more welcome than he on return date.

French Class.

Dr. Libby does not lack for pupils in the French class which he is meeting three times a week under the direction of Mr. Pafford, our Educational Secretary. Several hundred men have been participating in this study and the eagerness with which they lend themselves to the work indicates that they are anticipating the use of the language ere long. The men all appreciate the excellent service Dr. Libby is so cheerfully rendering, and all without money and without price.

A happy half hour with the Bible has been introduced by Religious Work Secretary Ayres. Each Tuesday evening at 7:30 he directs a public forum for the discussion of Biblical themes with a direct bearing on soldier life, the full attendance and ready response on the part of the men would indicate that this is the best method for this work in our Unit.

Secretary Allen since his return from the Blue Ridge Conference has been asked to assume additional obligations. All are aware that he has a broad back and is capable of carrying two men's load. In addition to continuing as Building Secretary for 97 he will assist in the instruction of the "uninitiated" secretaries in the various units of our Camp, and will also act as Recruiting Secretary for Overseas work, covering a district that centers in Bennetville.

Madame Riheldaffer Given an Ovation.

Some who were present had not forgotten her previous appearance early in the history of the Camp. A storm of applause greeted her Saturday night when she came upon the platform. The story of her son "Billy" who is somewhere in France with the 15th Engineers, riveted the attention of all; and with her marvelously sweet voice she had soon sung her way into the hearts of every hearer. For the boys it was like a breath from home to be the recipients of the motherly interest she so cheerfully tendered them all at the close of the public recital.

Just as we go to press a new member arrives for our Secretarial force. He comes with a smiling face and with a readiness to serve. We are sure we have in him a most valuable addition to the working force for this unit. He is Mr. G. Wilbur Taylor, from Baltimore.

DR. ROBERT WATSON OF NEW YORK TO VISIT CAMP.

Rev. Robert Watson, Pastor of the Second Presbyterian Church, Central Park, West, New York City, will be in camp for the week beginning April 28th.

Dr. Watson is a preacher of repute, and has spoken with great success in many of the cantonments of the East. His visit here will be welcomed, especially by men from New York City.

Dr. Watson will speak in all of the army Y. M. C. A. Buildings in camp.

"VICTORY MOTHER" SINGS FOR BOYS.

Mme. Grace Hall Riheldaffer, one of America's foremost concert sopranos, or as the boys at camp chose to call her "Our Victory Mother," gave a series of concerts throughout "Y" buildings in camp. There is rarely need for a special announcement to get a crowd into the Army Y. M. C. A. Buildings. There is usually one there anyhow, but the word had been passed along that there was a special treat in store for the men and every building where Madame Riheldaffer sang was crowded to the doors and even open windows were filled with faces.

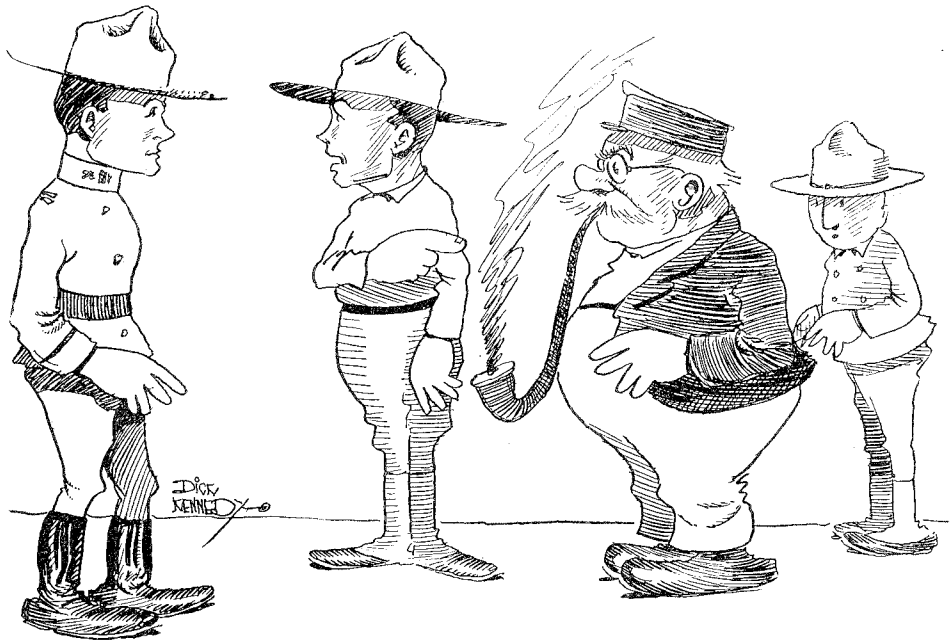
Mme. Riheldaffer made a delightful little talk to the boys before beginning her formal program, and told, with now and then, just a little catch in her voice, of her own "Bill" who is with Pershing's men in France, and of how the strength gathered from this supreme sacrifice has made her not only willing, but eager, to forego many of her professional engagements and give her time and her talent to the boys who are soon to join "Bill" in the great army of democracy "Over There."

The program itself was so arranged that it delighted all. Particularly pleasing were such numbers as "Laurels of Victory," composed by E. Edwin Crierie, able accompanist for Mme. Riheldaffer. The fellows around camp will continue to whistle the catchy tune for some time. "Out Where the West Begins," by Phileo, and "The Winds in the South," by John Prindle Scott, were delightfully rendered. "The Magic of Your Eyes," by Arthur Penn, was enthusiastically received.

It was indeed a rare privilege to listen to the remarkable rendition of "The Marseillaise" which was sung in both French and English while all stood at attention. Waves of emotion swept over the audience, and yet it seemed that the drop of a pin could have been heard. Mme. Riheldaffer has a voice of remarkable clarity, over which she has perfect control. On the choruses of some of the popular songs of the day, the boys whistled and sang to their hearts' content under the leadership of the singer.

Madame Riheldaffer closed her program with the chorus of "Keep the Home Fires Burning," in which the soldiers all joined, at her invitation.

After the conclusion of the program, Madame Riheldaffer spent considerable time, greeting the boys, who came forward to shake hands with her, and held an informal reception for 20 or 30 minutes.



TEUTONIC DUPLICITY.

"Sir, I found this man sitting in a Turn Verein, eating limburger cheese and drinking kulmbacher, while he read Nietzsche. He says his name is O'Brien."

Y. M. C. A. CAMP SONG DIRECTOR CLARK LEAVES FOR CAMP HANCOCK.

Robert E. Clark, Camp Musical Director of Army Y. M. C. A. at Camp Wadsworth, has gone from Wadsworth to Camp Hancock, Augusta, Georgia. Mr. Clark came to camp last fall and since that time has been doing a fine piece of work with the boys, both on the march, in the mess shacks and in the Y. M. C. A. buildings.

Mr. Clark is a musician of note, having a deep, rich, powerful baritone voice. For five years he was in a male quartet with Arthur O. Middleton, who is now America's greatest concert bass. Later he joined Dr. G. W. Anderson in evangelistic work and was associated with Hon. John Wanamaker as his musical man. Mr. Clark has sung for the Edison Phonograph Co. and made several records for them. He gave all this up to come to Camp Wadsworth and do his bit here with the boys.

Mr. Clark has a genial, winning personality, which made him popular with the fellows. He surely could make them sing.

Officers, enlisted men, and "Y" Staff regret that Mr. Clark has been called to another field, but wish him great success at Camp Hancock.

Mr. Clark was accompanied by Mr. Harry A. Hildreth, who has made a name for himself in camp as a pianist. Mr. Hildreth, besides acting as accompanist for Mr. Clark, was connected with Building 92 as assistant business secretary. In both of these capacities he was a favorite with fellows and they regret to see him leave.

We wish both of these gentlemen continued success in the largest measure in their new field.

NEWS OF "Y" MEN.

Ray F. Jenney, Y. M. C. A. Camp Physical Director, has been granted a month's leave of absence in order that he may take up further special training. It is with regret that we lose Mr. Jenney, but trust we will have him back with us soon.

Three new men have been added to the Y. M. C. A. Staff in camp.

Mr. G. Wilbur Taylor, a business man from Baltimore, Md., recently graduated from Blue Ridge Training School for "Y" secretaries, has been assigned to Building 97 to act as Building Social Secretary.

Mr. J. G. Wilburn, a business man from Atlanta, Ga., is now at Building 92 in capacity of Building Social Secretary.

Mr. F. B. Averett, from Columbus, Ga., is located at Headquarters to keep the Fords in running order. Mr. Averett is an expert mechanic.

We take this opportunity to welcome these men to our ranks.

MILITARY REGULARITY.

Colonel G— is a fine commander, but not a musician. He sent for the chief musician of his regimental band one day and delivered this scathing criticism:

"I notice a lack of uniformity about the band which must be regulated. Yesterday morning they were out on parade, and the largest man in the band was playing a little bit of an instrument—flute or something of the kind—and you had the big drum played by a small man. That sort of thing doesn't look well, and must be attended to. I want the small men to play small instruments and the big men the big instruments. And another thing—I want the trombone players to slide their instruments in and out in unison. It annoys me to see them all out of step with their hands."—Pittsburgh Chronicle Dispatch.



News From Division Units



1ST PIONEERS HARD AT WORK.

New Men Gradually Getting Into Shape for Duty "Over There."

(By Staff Correspondent)

The appointed hour is close at hand. Very soon now the 1st Pioneers will be ready for overseas duty. Upon their arrival in the theatre of active operations the aspect of the great war will change considerably. You will then be safe in laying your bets on an early peace. Because the Pioneers have got the Kaiser's nanny. Listen, let us tell you a little story:

A few days ago a little bird flew into the headquarters of the 1st Pioneers and delivered the following message:

"The Kaiser has heard of the Pioneers, and he's scared to death. It is reliably reported that he began his LAST big offensive on the Western front several months sooner than he wanted to just because he was afraid the Pioneers would get across before he had fought his way through to Paris and the English Channel. France, England and her allies will, therefore, welcome the arrival in Europe of the 1st Pioneers to which organization they wish Godspeed and a safe journey across the big pond."

How's that? Isn't it a good one? Got the Kaiser buffaloed even before we set our feet on French soil. The mere report that we are getting into shape to come after him has set the cold chills running up and down his spine and the little Red Devils are dancing a tango on his conscience. He sees defeat staring him in the face on every turn. Death stalks in his wake. Failure haunts him in his dreams. And disappointment greets him each morning and bids him Adieu each night. He's on his last legs and he knows it. And he's scared to death the Pioneers will get "across" before he has succeeded in reaching Paris and the English Channel.

Well, the Pioneers will get him if he don't watch out.

Men Have Right Spirit.

The men of the 1st Pioneers have the right spirit. We have them from all over the United States and representing almost every nationality on earth. And all of them are eager to get one crack at the Kaiser's bean. And that's all they will need. If the Kaiser ever so much as shows his right ear around a tree stump a half-mile from the Pioneers' firing line he might just as well hang out the crepe. Because he will be a dead one sure enough.

You undoubtedly wonder why we talk so boastfully of our little organization. Well, here's the dope. The 1st Pioneers are made up of sharpshooters. Among them you will find rear-shooters from the back woods and

farms of Kentucky, Alabama, Tennessee, and a dozen other equally noted regions for breeding Kaiser-hunters. These men have handled a gun since they were knee-high to a door-step, and they have quite a reputation for killing. It's true they have done very little man-hunting in their lives. Yet, a man who can blow the head off a fleet-footed rabbit or squirrel at 300 yards can certainly knock the eye out a Boche at three times that distance.

Under the leadership of officers from all parts of the Union and non-coms from the Metropolitan State, these back-woodsmen of the South are gradually rounding into real soldiers. And they're just itching to get into a real fight. In addition to these domestic warriors we have a large number of foreigners, representing not only every country already engaged in the great war, but also many of the neutral nations. And these men, too, are anxious to get the Kaiser's scalp.

So you see the Kaiser has some reason for his fever and chills. And right now we predict that if the Germans don't break through the Allied defensive before the 1st Pioneers reach the battle-front they might just as well begin forming a band to play their funeral march. Because it will be "all over but the shoutin'" a few weeks after the Pioneers get into the scrap.

Bits of Wit.

Though hard at work we still find time to smile and laugh at a good joke. And the jokes are plentiful. Among those most recently heard are the following:

One of the officers had just finished instructing a squad how to do "squad right about." He had taken one man at a time and showed them how to execute the movement. He then told them to do it all together. They tried, but one man was lost in the shuffle.

"Now, what's your trouble?" asked the officer.

"Kidney trouble, sir," replied the man.

The men from one of the companies were being instructed in guard duty the other day. They had been told by one of the officers that their company would go on guard the following day and that one lieutenant would be commander of the guard and another lieutenant would be officer of the day. When asked whether they fully understood the explanation one of them piped up:

"But who will be officer of the night."

A BOVINE HOARDER.

"It doesn't seem right," said the man with worn-out shoes.

"What doesn't seem right?"

"That a mere cow can afford to wear all that leather."—Washington Star.

ORDNANCE DETACHMENT, INFANTRY RIFLE RANGE.

The Detachment boasts of a corporal who can shoot with any man in the Division. He is known in the old Third as "Shorty" Waterman and I am sure the name is suitable for if "Shorty" wore spiral puttees, one would think he had the gout.

Mechanic Ives who came up here in February to take charge of the repairing of targets, was given the job of cook. He did so well, the Range Officer gave him the job permanently. Why not let some of the cooks and mechanics shift jobs in camp, it might bring satisfaction in some companies.

Sergeant Talcot who had just returned from a trip to camp, was quizzed by all of us as to the new rumors in camp. He was doing his best in answering until our stuttering mechanic, Carroll, asked him, "W-w-what d-do you t-think our chances are of g-g-going over?" The Sergeant looked up from making his bunk and answered, "Our chances of going over are every bit as good as they are of our staying here."

HEADQUARTERS COMPANY, 3RD PIONEER INFANTRY.

Boys, the spirits are with us (no, not Black and White or Green river) at nightly sessions that are being held in a certain tent on Headquarters Street. So here's somebody's chance to discover the location of the Titanic, Dorothy Arnold's whereabouts, or maybe Red Gillis, our prodigal Son.

We have heard of many wild tales in the vicinity of Norumbegan, but this latest "Fly hunting and scouting expeditions" is over our head. Our golden-haired drummer boy can let you in on the rest. My, but some policemen are rude.

And to think that the boys should even think of moving Rollin's cot. Guess they forgot that in his former days he was a Woburn callman. Anyway he lived up to his reputation and called them as they were never called before.

We would suggest that our Blonde Cook kinda camouflage his spiral putts his next visit to town for aside from having Wm. J. Burns Pinkerton in this company we also possess an eagle-eyed "Top" who can see about everything except the range in the Huns' latest 76 miler.

Us girls must have our scandal and the latest is will the good looking non-playing band Sergeant get that Sergeant Major's berth. An awful blow to the band and just at the time he was going to join the ranks of the cymbal players.

"Shamrock Grandma Mitchell," our ex-Sien Feiner, has become very indignant over his new John Hancock. Never mind Fred, "Honey" Bell will cling to you.

—'SCOOPS.'

27TH DIVISION HEADQUARTERS TROOP.

With the return of First Lieutenant Douglas T. Cameron to the command of the Troop, all activities have been given a new impetus. The baseball team has started on an unbroken winning streak and mean to keep it up if daily practice means anything. Two practice marches have been made, and all the Troop has been busy on the pistol and rifle range, several record scores being made.

The efficiency record of the organization received another boost when two more commissions were won by the Troopers. The new officers are Second Lieutenant Linwood P. Ames, Division Camouflage Officer, who started in his new vocation as a private, and camouflaged the Troop street into the coziest spot on the Reservation, and Second Lieutenant Perry S. Newell of the Adjutant General's Department.

Several new appointments have also been announced among the non-coms. Corporal Benjamin Bingham has received his third stripe, while Private Jacob Wagner has also entered the sergeant class. The new corporals are Jack Dallan, Arthur Walker, Fred Ashley and Alan Temple.

Two recruits have also been added to the future members of the Troop. They are Leonard Mackesey, Jr., the two-weeks-old son of Mess Sergeant Mackesey, who has discovered more ways of serving beans than any kitchen boss in the Division, and James A. Lynch, Jr., a recent arrival at the home of Jim Lynch, another of the outfit's benedicts.

Pete Leonard took advantage of his furlough to take his Marmon racer back home to Cape Cod. He was accompanied on his overland trip by Phil Schappert and Joe Alley.

COMPANY E, 102ND SUPPLY TRAIN.

One of the members of Company E has had so many dogs as his pets we have decided to call him a dog fancier. He is Private Edward Timothy Sheehan and he needs no introduction for he is known also as a singer of exceptional merit. Before his enlistment he performed with Lew Howe's New Era Minstrels and scored a big hit. He entertained officers and men of the old 12th N. Y. Infantry at their farewell dinner and has since then been a favorite.

Gee, Dowd, that was good. Got any more. Willie Fitz.

Duke Mahoney is the champion sleeper in the 27th Division. Up, and at 'em, Duke.

Pop Hughes, our assistant cook, on his day off takes long walks but still looks as old and feeble as ever.

If goldbricks were officers, Tom Bracken would be a General.

Our Mess Sergeant, Jim Dowd, is going on a furlough. Au revoir, Jim. While the cat's away the mice will play.

"Say, Tim, give us some butter! Hoover isn't looking." Mule Wilson.

P. H.

**ESMERELDA—**

She is the mare one sees at night after putting away seventeen yards of macaroni au gratin, three big joy bars, two bottles of cola-cola-cola, some fruit-cake from somebody's Aunt Kate, of Elmira, a square foot of bomb-proof bread-pudding, and a canteen pie.

COMPANY B, 106TH INFANTRY.

The town cut-ups held a weekly meeting in Corporal Lydike's tent yesterday. The meeting was presided over by Squire Harris. Brother Batten recited a very catchy piece entitled "If Not, Why?" Brother McManus offered to play a selection on the flute, but he was turned down flat. Then Brother Lynch impersonated Sal Perkins, singing the Spring Song. His high notes were loud and clear, mostly loud. He started to sing the second verse but was politely thrown out of the tent. If you ever want to see a pleased expression on Lynch's face, just ask him how his girl in Spartanburg is, and then you'll hear him sigh, and say that she is the "dearest, the sweetest, etc., etc."

The hickey squad is still up to war strength. Corporals Stevans and Harris have started a new fad, by parting their hair in the middle. It seems strange that they should do such a thing, for they seemed to be such nice boys at one time.

A few well-known sayings:
First Sergeant Lyons—"Fall in. Are you all here? All right. Fall out."

Private McManus—"I tell you, there ain't no mail until tonight."

Sergeant McDermott—"Take em away."

Cook Hogg—"You had your seconds."

Cook Williams—"Did you see my border service bar?"

Private Lynch—"Any films to be developed?"

B. T.

EXTRA! THE DIZZYVILLE GAZETTE IS OUT.

The GAS ATTACK has a rival. A new publication has appeared at Camp Wadsworth, and its first edition has been sold out completely.

It is called "The Dizzyville Gazette" and it is published "by and for the 3rd Platoon, Co. E, 105th Infantry." The company has installed a complete printing plant consisting of one Corona. The staff consists of Corporal Robb and Acting Sergeant Robb. It is full of bright and snappy personal news.

A copy was sent to the GAS ATTACK by Corporal Richard Dunne, who knows as much about publications of all sorts as any man in the Division. Other companies are following the lead of Co. E (which is, as Corporal Dunne says, one of the leading companies down here) and are getting out little company sheets to amuse the men and keep up the spirit necessary in this war.

HEADQUARTERS, 54TH INFANTRY BRIGADE.

The Headquarters Detachment participated in the Liberty Loan Parade held in the city of Spartanburg on Saturday, April 6, and it is needless to say that they all appeared spic and span due to a whole day's scrubbing and polishing of horse equipment and the like. The only lacking feature to make a complete and spectacular showing was the fact that "Buck Private John Ethelburt Doyle" who is known as the "Tailor-Made Private," was absent. "Jawn" was wrestling the pots and pans and cutting up stew meat for one of Hank Baumann's special dishes of "Irish Stew" on the day hereinbefore mentioned.

One event which marred the success of the parade was that upon the return of the Detachment to camp the news was spread that General Lester had been "Honorably Discharged" from the service. Each man received the news in silence and it surely was a sad lot that rolled in the blankets that night. On Monday General Lester received many of the officers of his command and from the various units throughout the camp. The 108th Infantry Band paid their respects in the form of a very fine concert. The General was presented with a loving cup by the members of the Headquarters Detachment as a token of good faith and respect, and a very impressive talk intermingled with some good advice, was the acknowledgment. General Lester left Spartanburg on the 6:45 P. M. train on Monday, accompanied by Mrs. Lester. The Headquarters Detachment regret the loss of the Commanding General and extend their best wishes for continued good health to both the General and Mrs. Lester.

Sergeant Ralph W. Lester has been transferred from the Medical Department, National Army, to the Headquarters Detachment, of this Brigade. Sergeant Lester is a son of Brigadier General James W. Lester, and was stationed at Allentown, Pa.

"MAC."

COMPANY G, 108TH INFANTRY.

The banquet came off in tip-top shape.

The mess hall was decorated with company colors. Captain Kean said that he never saw the Cleveland in finer holiday form.

The vaudeville consisted of old-time Broadway favorites. Our old Border friend, Connie O'Donnell, was there with his usual monologic utterances, the 106th Infantry "Jazz" band in full regalia, a Hawaiian trio from the 107th, and several other A-1 acts.

Taken as a whole it was a very pleasant evening and one long to be remembered. Company "G" unites in thanking Captain Kean whose never-tiring efforts made the affair possible.

"G" Company is rapidly becoming a "Gimme" association. Several new members have been taken in through the local representative of the "Gimme Club" in Rochester, N. Y.

Wanted—One Sergeant to act in capacity of company "Rouser." Hours 5:30 to 6:15 A. M. Apply to Commanding Officer.

Where does he go? What does he do? Haven't you noticed "Fuzzy" rushing out every night about 6:30? He goes out very tired after his hard day's work but tell the world there's some "pep" when he blows in a few hours later. What does it mean?

Knight Richard has departed. We are at a loss to understand how it was accomplished on eighty-two cents, but we do know that a larger portion of beef should be forthcoming now that he has left us. He leaves many thoughts behind him.

"G" Company has just finished their seventy-two hour dip in the trenches. They waited and watched patiently but they didn't bring any game back with them. The second platoon was stationed at the corner of Park avenue and 125th Streets, and at that point the following conversation was heard:

Jack Ryan's tender voice—"Halt, who's there?"

A lost runner—"Friend."

Ryan—"No more friends tonight; go around to the other door."

We haven't the slightest idea what was meant, but we might state that Jack Ryan is a bartender and the runner was Big Beers.

Chauncey Williams is nursing a broken nose, swollen jaw and several other slight facial injuries, the result of his efforts to take up a collection for our student cook, Willis Thompson, upon his departure to enter upon his new duties with the 27th Division Recruit Detachment. Sympathizers, step forward.

The fact that the little envelope with the three green stamps, addressed to Sergeant Perrin, is missing some days is known from the cooks to the tiniest buck. Oh, please fair one, whoever you may be; if you have any sympathy for we poor sufferers, under the Top, please write every day. We fear his flaming wrath.

SERGEANT H. C. O.



Miss Gould, a Spartanburg society belle, who is the only young lady we know of who hasn't written a reply to Bill's letters to Mable. (N. B. The letters are on sale in book form now. Don't miss 'em.)

COMPANY I, 108TH INFANTRY.

The celebration of our first anniversary, Saturday evening last, passed off very nicely. Although it was quiet for such an occasion, much enjoyment was received. The menu offered by Mess Sergeant Wilder was one that will long be remembered by the men of this Company. After the dinner was served we were awarded by songs from various quartettes of the Company.

Private Kay is well satisfied with his demotion. Well, who wouldn't trade two stripes for a beautiful bride.

Some Companies may have good warblers, but Hip, the hot apple warbler, has them all stopped. Ask the first squad.

Corporal Wagner has been wondering of late why he has got so many details. But he doesn't remember the morning he fell in for reveille with a blanket wrapped around him.

Tony LaSalle still amuses himself cutting pictures out of magazines.

We are very surprised to know that Sergeant Milliman has a bad failing for the Converse college faculty. H. W. H.

COMPANY G, 106TH INFANTRY.

Members of this command are looking forward to the night of April 30th, on which will be held our company dance, at the Rock Cliff Club in Spartanburg.

Plans have been completed and the committee in charge have things well under way for an enjoyable evening.

Just what will all happen, remains a secret

AMBULANCE COMPANY NO. 106, 102ND SANITARY TRAIN.

Everyone is glad to see the adornment on Veteran Bill Smith's blouse in the shape of service colors, earned through his service during the Spanish-American campaign. Bill rightfully deserves the title of veteran, having served an enlistment in the navy during the '98 campaign and is the only man in the company with a service record to date.

Baseball fans are nightly being given a rare treat in their favorite sport when "Gus" Burton trots his "Tigers" out on the field. So much interest has been displayed that Manager Gus finds it difficult to pick a team from the scores of likely and ambitious candidates. As a result he has issued a defi to the non-coms, whom Gus says he has scared to a finish. Come on non-coms; bring on your Cobbs and Crawfords.

Clancy's canteen fell victim to a hurricane the past week and before rebuilding George will offer the remaining fixtures for sale at auction. Property of course goes to the highest bidder. Terms—well we will talk that over later.

Everyone got a touch of gas last week and not a single casualty was recorded, although Clarence Smith narrowly averted being overcome. Early in the instruction the alarm "gas" was given and Clarence waited for the instructor to come and take his hat. No, Clarence, we haven't heard of any hat racks in the trenches abroad either.

We welcome to Camp Wadsworth so many wives of the members of this command. It has been suggested that an auxiliary be formed and a certain period each afternoon given over to drilling. Sergeant Hicks has volunteered his services as drillmaster and there seems to be no doubt that under his able supervision an effective military organization could be realized. Suggestions should be submitted to Sergeant Hicks.

Private George Rogers has just perfected what he terms a "powdered shave." This new invention dispenses with the use of razors and is found to be highly successful, noticeably so at Saturday morning inspections. For particulars, ask George.

The company heavy weight, John L. Kelly, is sustaining his reputation as a pugilist, having challenged all his tentmates to a fistie encounter. The results are not yet ready for publication, but they may be obtained most any day from Private Earl Anderson, official referee and erstwhile sparring partner of Kelly's.

with the committee. Suffice it to say, however, that there will be something new and interesting for every minute of the evening.

Members of the committee are Sergeant Miller, Corporals Lazarus, Oakman, Dorsey, Portues and Mattson.

Patrons and patronesses include Captain and Mrs. Hardy, Lieutenant and Mrs. Reinert, Mrs. Lundgren, Mrs. Pendelton and Mrs. Cleveland. V. S.

55TH PIONEER INFANTRY NOTES.

Sergeant Durbin Schults, Supply Company, is back from a ten-day furlough and reported having a wild time of it while it lasted.

First Sergeant Charles Close, C Company, left camp last week for a ten-day furlough. "Chuck" incidentally "chaperoned" Lieutenant Colonel Pooley's two children, Miss Katherine and Master Richard Pooley to their home in Buffalo after a three-weeks stay at camp.

Real wit will crop out occasionally even in a regimental non-com's tent; as witness Sergeant Norman Douthwaite's contribution—"Witchazel stung you?"

Captain John H. Knuebel, testing and targeting officer, finished up his work at the rifle range at Glassy Rock and has relieved his detail of sergeants from detached service. Captain Knuebel, Captain Gillig and Captain Meyer did a lot of real shooting at the range and tested several hundred rifles over the three and five hundred yard ranges.

Sergeant Frank Gudenkoff and Sergeant Bill Olson claimed the Pedro championship at Glassy Rock, basing their claim on the fact that they had defeated Sergeant Daley and Sergeant Hunt, champions of the regiment; but when First Sergeants Ben Gosset and Harry Maybank got after them one night they hauled down their colors. Ask Jim Devine of the Motor Trucks.

Band Leader John Bolton is still detained in Buffalo by the illness of his wife.

Everybody's friend, "Bill Staples," staff photographer of the Buffalo Times, is in camp securing photos of the Buffalo soldiers in the Pioneer and the New York Division regiments. Bill's happy smile is still with him and it always reflects in the pictures he snaps.

Colonel Robbins, of the Missouri National Guard, and Captain Thomas Ross, of the Signal Corps, Aviation Section, have been attached to this regiment.

The detail of sergeants assigned to police the Canteen have been relieved from that duty—they cleaned it.

First Sergeant Al Whiton's horse looks pretty good in those spiral leggings, but what's the idea?

Captain Ralph K. Robertson has returned to duty after a slight operation on his throat at the Base Hospital.

Twenty men have been assigned to the 55th Pioneers, as a casual company, First Sergeant Ed Hahn, Company K, has been placed in command of the casuals, perhaps because he has had so much service—for proof, look over the assortment of badges he wears.

Colonel Arthur Kemp returned to camp after a thirty-day leave of absence and received a great ovation from the boys.

Sergeant Herbert Helwig, Company K, has been placed on special duty with the new Pioneer Military Police. Don't forget your friends "Doc" when you do arrive.

The officers' quarters have been surrounded with a rustic fence which is a credit to the workmen, who, by the way, were the officers themselves.

Sergeant "Chick" Charlton and Sergeant

REGIMENTAL NOTES 54TH PIONEER INFANTRY.

Four of our corporals have bought a Ford runabout, in which to answer details. At a very pretty ceremony, it was duly christened, with a bottle of Bevo, "Wun Lung," in honor of the Chinese philosopher of that name who lived during the third century. Judging from the appearance of the Ford, it was built about that time.

You have heard the Coney Island barker's fluent flow of zippy talk. You have heard the Auctioneer's rapid-fire string of superlatives. Now go to our regimental exchange and let Phyrat Will try to sell you something. The above-mentioned gentlemen are tongue-tied in comparison.

Buck Elvia is nursing a sore face, the result of trying to catch a hot liner in his teeth, during a recent baseball game.

Speaking of baseball, Lieutenant Bernstein is manager, and Lieutenant Rogers captain of our team. Their great hopes seem justified by the fact that the team put up a splendid game recently against the Maine Heavies, claimants of the depot championship. Next week we will blossom forth in full baseball uniform, and will be ready to take on any team in camp.

Will exchange one fair parlor-snake corporal for a pair of boxing gloves or set of dominoes; or what have you? Company G.

Jerry, our gentlest and most conscientious mule, has gone A. W. O. L., inspired, no doubt, by the example set by his former manicure, Sergeant Andy.

Danny Fleischmann went to town yesterday to get a shave, but returned to the fold still wearing that insignificant brush beneath his nose. Oh, what's the use?

The much-mooted question to which we beg an answer is: Why has Sergeant Baehr been to town every night since the Carnival started? What can this mean, we ask?

The Sanitary Detachment welcomes eleven new men, and a note from Little Eva.

C. T. M.

Jack Wall who were attached to the detail inspecting rifles at the range, have reported back to their companies for duty, so Mess Sergeant Harry Gurr is wearing an anxious look again, but the stores may hold out at that.

Acting First Sergeant Jim Jachles of Company F still insists that there's safety in numbers, and Jim certainly does get those perfumed letters.

About time now to make a pinochle team and play for the city championship at Buffalo since the football team last winter was such a success.

Sometimes the comedy is tinged with pathos as occurred when Color Sergeant Jud Strunk came in contact with some high voltage at the 108th Infantry. The "Mail Man" is getting around all right now though.



This is one of Dick Kennedy's friends in the Supply Train. When he started for town on the P. & N. he was clean-shaven.

HEADQUARTERS 53RD INFANTRY BRIGADE.

The Brigade is now ready for that long looked-for crack at the Kaiser, for the general arrived back in camp on Sunday after a short trip.

During the week the detachment demonstrated that they are not only "there" when it comes to soldiering, but are considerable apple-knockers—for proof see our farm.

Karker, Lynch, Davenel and Sergeant Merritt did look good in their turns behind the plow. Brownie breezed in after eight sleepless days in New York, now Bunnie can attend all dances at town.

Looks like Corporal Anderson went through the O. T. S. with flying colors. Congratulations and more power to you, Andy. Now that Sergeant Major Galloway is back the detachment family seems natural again. Pretty tough when there's a sixteen-hour railroad wreck and they even turn the clock forward an hour during an eighty-day furlough, isn't it, George? Fuss is the best horse in the stable. Ask Mahoney, he knows.

We get all the movie magazines now, thanks to Tommie's friend in Michigan.

Davanel looped the loop over an officer's tent on the motorcycle the other day.

Reveille at 6:15 is bad enough, but with Sergeant McAdams giving us double time it's no joke.

Corporal Scheck is doing great as Liaison instructor. Good work, Harry.

Essex just returned from a furlough spent with his best.

Both Charlies still continue to put up a corking good mess.

Famous sayings—"I got a little job for you." "Leave her name out of it." "Gee! I know a guy that did as much as that, and say, listen while I tell ya."—You know by whom, fellows.

G. W. W., Jr.

World Brevities

Edited by J. S. KINGSLEY

UPTON NEGROES GOOD MARKSMEN.

The colored soldiers of the 367th Infantry at Camp Upton have been pronounced as marksmen as fine as any in the National Army by the army experts.

IN THE FAR EAST.

The British continue their northern march in Mesopotamia and in Palestine. The British forces are already approaching the junction of the Bagdad and Syrian railroads. This would isolate the whole of Syria.

TYPHOID UNDER CONTROL.

The fine record made by the Medical Department in our army has added another honor to itself. It has almost entirely stamped out not only typhoid, but also dysentery.

COMMISSIONS FOR NURSES.

Congressman Raber has introduced a bill to give military rank to nurses who have up to this time received no military recognition. The proposed bill would give to the nurses a relative rank carrying with it uniform, rank badges, right to be saluted, authority and rank pay.

GERMAN-AMERICAN ALLIANCE.

The German-American Alliance was disbanded by a vote of the executive committee last week. This alliance, while having many good qualities, had many qualities which opposed American citizenship and which aided Germany in the present contest.

A GERMAN CITIZEN LYNCHED.

At Collinsville, Ind., a crowd led by a drunken man, caught a German, questioned him for twenty minutes without finding anything against him, then tied his hands and lynched him. Americans can not afford to so lower themselves that they will act like the Huns. This certainly is a blot on America and on American character which it will take generations to remove.

EXPRESS COMPANIES TO UNITE.

A movement is on foot to consummate the merging of all the large express companies into one huge company nation-wide. A committee has been appointed who will confer with the national administration on plans of consolidation. At present the express companies need more efficient management. This could be brought about by merging all the companies into one huge concern which knows no one railroad or section or company. Many feel that the Government should manage the express business in conjunction with the parcel post.

MR. WILSON AND INSTITUTE OF FRANCE.

President Wilson has been nominated and it is expected that he will be elected by acclamation an associate member of the Institute of France.

The Academy of Moral and Political Science will elect Mr. Wilson as an associate member in place of M. Villari, of Florence, Italy.

AMERICAN AVIATOR LOST.

Colonel Raynal C. Bolling, former assistant general counsel of the United States Steel Corporation and member of the Aero Club of America was either shot or compelled to descend into German territory last week in the great battle. He was a daring flyer and may have been one of those sent by General Pershing to aid the British. He spent the night of March 24 in Amiens and next morning started away in his automobile. This is the last account of him obtainable. It is supposed that he was brought down by the Germans.

BOLO PASHA, TRAITOR, DIES.

The notorious traitor-editor of France was executed April 17 in France. He was lead to a forest where he was placed before a firing squad. Bolo Pasha was condemned for having received German money in order to influence his press and his influence against France, his country.

GENERAL FOCH SUPREME COMMANDER.

Since March 24 General Foch has been made supreme commander of the Allied forces. He now has not only the command of strategy, being the greatest strategist in Europe, but now has power to regroup armies and select men of his own choice to command the combatant forces of both the British and French armies.

THE KAISER'S WATERLOO.

The Kaiser is evidently drinking at Napoleon's fountain. The battle of Waterloo has reversed, the defeated autocrat now is Kaiser William and not Napoleon. The Kaiser, like Napoleon, depended upon man power and not upon the spirit of righteousness in every allied soldier. He has made three great drives, each should have succeeded from his calculation, but yet all failed. The German super-man has met the common Britisher and the every-day Frenchman and has been defeated. The last and greatest drive has nearly expended its force and Imperial Germany which justified any act provided only that it tended to make Germany great, is dazed with unexpected defeat. The British did not break away. The Allied lines could not be broken and William has met his Waterloo. He has yet his Helena coming.

TRANSFER MEN'S ASSOCIATION.

There is organized in Spartanburg an association of transfer men and friends for the purpose of keeping the road between camp and city in the best possible condition. There are 300 members each paying 50 cents a week. They are already expending fifty dollars daily on the roads. They have yellow cards to show membership and are desirous of getting the patronage of all who wish good roads.

NO MORE LOUNGE LIZARDS.

Governor Whitman is about to sign a bill which will put out of business lounge lizards, tango fiends, gamblers, loiterers and sharks. It provides that every able-bodied man who is not regularly employed now for at least thirty-six hours a week must be registered and must get to work. Coupon and bond clippers will not be excepted.

NORFOLK TO MINEOLA.

An army airplane driven by a Liberty motor went from Norfolk to Mineola in three hours and fifteen minutes. This was a speed of 100 miles an hour. Major Roy S. Brown was the pilot and George Buzane, a Liberty motor expert, was the passenger. The average height was 6,000 feet, rising to 12,000 feet at times. The motor was pronounced perfect for there was no vibration from it. This quality is the regular quality of the Liberty motor.

HOME RULE BILL.

The coming of Home-Rule in Ireland is assured. The Government will introduce in the House of Commons a bill which will provide for Irish Home-Rule. It is understood that the bill will take the form of the measure amending the Government of Ireland act which passed just before the outbreak of the war, but the operation of which was suspended for the duration of the war because the two parties in Ireland could not agree upon the bill and were preparing for conflict among themselves.

COLLIER CYCLOPS STILL MISSING.

The fine 19,000-ton naval collier Cyclops with 293 persons, is still missing. It is thought to have met its fate near the West Indies, which are being scoured for some trace of the missing vessel. The captain of the Cyclops was born in Germany, but came to this country when but a child. He enlisted in the navy when a youth and worked his way up to his present commission.

TO RESTORE RUINED CHAPELS.

Cardinal Gibbons sent the first \$10,000 toward a fund of \$15,000,000 intended to restore the chapels in France destroyed or damaged by the war.

COMPANY E, 105TH INFANTRY.

"Mustang Pete" says he will not start any more arguments even if Shanks tells him the moon is made of green cheese. "Reason?" One eye in mourning.

We are sorry to lose First Class Private Stiles, but you can't keep a good man down, and our loss is Headquarters Company's gain.

What will Joe Drazan do to pass the nights away now that he has had to send his accordeon back home.

Red Donaher must be visiting some of the girls he met while on outpost duty at Glens Falls a year ago, as he is not back from his furlough yet.

Big Louie says he cannot see why they teach you to chase a German and stick him with a bayonet when you can just as well stand still and shoot him.

Our congratulations to Sergeant Chase and Corporals Lang, Mahoney, Monahan and Kubes of Headquarters Company, on their promotion. They were all former members of this company.

The latest order is to get rid of all boxes, suit-cases, etc., from our tents, as everything must be on the string around the walls. Joe Drazan is trying to figure out how he is going to hang his accordeon on it.

Why is it that Company E is the only company in the 105th Infantry not represented on the diamond? We surely have the material for a good team.

Corporal Robbs' men on Dizzyville Ave. are trying to make their section of the company street the best in the company. One squad even went so far as to steal the oats from one of the poor mule's dinner and sow them around his tent in place of grass.

Pop Jordan is spending a few days in New York.

Somebody ask ex-Corporals McCoffre and Davis how they like being rear rank privates again.

Corporal Roig is learning to be a mule skinner.

R. B. and K. D.

A BATTERY, 104TH FIELD ARTILLERY.

Corporal White returned from his 90-day furlough with smiles all over his face, and the glad hand for everybody.

MacAulay is fasting now. His week in the kitchen ended today.

Private Lincoln left us for good on the strength of a discharge. His being a minor was the cause.

Private Pickles, one of the "57" varieties.

E. Wilson mourns the loss of one suit of O. D. underwear. Take a bath! I found mine that way.

"Shot Gun" Shneider is no longer with us as he is now attending the ordnance school.

Hey! Compson, what's that growing on your upper lip?

Private Zenks returned from the Base Hospital with fear in his heart after seeing the boys don the blue jeans every morning preparing for work and work it is, too.

Private Pattizo has parted with his coffee strainer and swears never again.

COMPANY C, 105TH INFANTRY.

Private Gallagher has willed all his wealth to Private Burke in case he dies. "All right," says Joe, with his eyes on Gallagher's new ring, "have a piece of pie."

Corporal Reilly is so used to writing that he puts his bayonet behind his ear.

Private Happy Braeken wanted to know the difference between a lemon pie and a slacker. "Well," says Private Carey, "both of them are so yellow that they have not crust enough to go over the top."

The reason Private Porness wears glasses: He says he couldn't see any money in sight without them.

Private Tonkins wants to know if a man gets \$5.00 for hitting the bull's eye, how much should a fellow get for shooting the bull.

Corporal Olmstead was too tired to carry water to wash the floor of his tent, but later on he was discovered carrying water for the elephants so as to get a free pass to the show.

Private Kinney has a new rumor. He claims that we are to go to Egypt to give a farewell parade to the mummies.

Private Crehaw had a job last week as a barker for the dog exhibit at the circus.

Private Deforrest is to have his teeth out. He says he can stand the pain a good deal better than the price.

Private La Valley is doing the army double so much that he even gets up in the night and runs around the tent.

Private J. A. Murphy thinks because he works in the office that he's an officer.

Private Ham is so used to getting seconds on the eats that he even tries to work it on the sleeps.

Private Sidney Grew might be a fine end man in a minstrel show, but he never plays the end of the line at mess call.

S. G. W.

Pomeroy has gone out of the gold brick industry and has reported for duty again.

Private Steinberg has now been appointed as our esteemed supply sergeant.

Private Shaver spent a restless night. Reason, our new supply sergeant issued him a new cot and he has yet to get used to it.

Personal for Acting Corporal Steinberg—Why advertise for a pair of stolen pants; you're in the army now?

Private Lane is still trying to camouflage himself behind that growth on his face. Don't be afraid, Lane, use a safety razor.

Extra! We had ice cream for supper and Smith S. R. tried to slip something over by going up for seconds. Sergeant Gower spotted him and threw out a counter attack which overwhelmed poor Smith and he retreated in great disorder.

Our esteemed "Si" Doner is again on the sick list from an injury received from a horse stepping on an already sore dog.

Our Stable Sergeant, Russel Fout, is a very contented man at the present time as his wife is spending a visit with him here.

B. A.

Model and Uncalled for
Army Officers' Uniforms

from
The Leading Fifth Avenue Tailors
at

Less Than Half Price



We are the Clearing House for Model and Uncalled for Uniforms. This enables us to sell uniforms, Fifth Avenue's best, at the cost of an ordinary uniform.

Come in and look us over.

Each Garment Absolutely New.

Bears the maker's name.

Fitted to you by Expert Cutters.

KRAMER

18 West 33rd Street
Opposite Waldorf-Astoria
NEW YORK

Telephone 6838 Madison Square

102ND ENGINEER TRAIN.

Our Old Friend "Pete Horan" has received a package containing a B. V. D. suit and signed "Helen." Come on Pete, and let us know what "Helen's" last name is?

A few of the boys who attended to the "Box Party" Friday night at the brick school house, are still moaning their loss (\$\$\$).

Many are wondering why Joe Brennan and Benny Carr are keeping the road hot to Saxton.

Many of "Bill Long's" picket line boys are striving for the blue ribbon. Geiser, Golus and Brennan are running neck and neck, and it looks as though one of this trio will get the ribbon for this month.

"Hunkus" Burns is still looking for his mule, and he says that when he finds him, that it will be him and the mule all over the corral.

Walter West, the boy with the beautiful, wavy hair, would like to transfer to the Hostess House, or go to Valatie, N. Y., to see Main Street.

The "Motor Twins," Giering and Burdick, have been for the past two weeks working on an Overland machine in Spartanburg, and they think they can make a submarine out of the parts left over.

Did Victor "H. S." Coogan get married while on his furlough? We don't know, but, why did you start that letter "Dear Wife," Vie, old boy?

Mrs. Richard J. Dormer, Jr., wife of Mess Sergeant Dormer, is spending a few days in the Sunny South.

DR. L. C. MINTER DENTIST

Rooms 305-6 Third Floor
Chapman Building
Phone 147

SPARTANBURG, S. C.

DR. J. M. NESBITT DENTIST

Successor to Dr. J. M. Wallace
Rooms 305-6 Third Floor
Chapman Building
Phone 147

SPARTANBURG, S. C.

The
South Carolina Light,
Power and Railway
Company
FURNISHES

ALL THE

ELECTRICITY

USED AT

CAMP WADSWORTH

COMPANY B, 107TH U. S. INFANTRY.

In the first place suspicion arose in our minds when we were marched in from drill a half hour before recall. This unheard-of event (except in those special and rare cases of inoculation, lectures or an issue of soap and rattles or something from the supply tent) caused a wavering of the formation as we "squads lefted" in front of the Topper's tent.

Then Sergeant Donovan broke the glad news—a nice little hike to the artillery range for the boys so we wouldn't get soft in the feet, but really for the purpose of going under a real, honest-to-mustard barrage fire.

We pulled anchor the next morning at 8 A. M. and everybody was feeling as good as possible under the circumstances except Johnny McGlue, whose furlough had been cancelled at the last minute so he could honor us with his august presence as we ambled merrily on our way.

"Oh! it wasn't the fact that I had a date in Queens," said Johnny with one eye on the pop bottle in F. Copeland's pack, "Just the principle of the thing."

This statement was greeted with a hearty cackle from "Judge" Mulqueen. In fact the "Judge" kept us all in good spirits with his unlimited line of chatter and his repeated requests for a song from Bert Brady's squad. (We won't attempt to describe the vocal outbursts that came forth from the husky throats of those warblers as we're still trying hard to forget the noise they made.)

It was a good day for hiking because of the cool weather and cloudy sky, but the forty-five minute rest at noon was a welcome halt to all of us and for once that hardtack tasted good.

There was a canteen just back of where we were eating—but a canteen for about five minutes only; at the end of that short period it looked like the inside of a waste-basket.

When we started out again, old "Light-foot" Weinstein spent a few minutes with each squad all the way down the line, filling in the blank files here and there until wild howls of protest from the rear caused him to reconsider his present position and make a strategical retreat further back.

We made camp about 3 P. M. and having tired of cussing out A Company for various reasons, we retired to our quarters for peace and quiet.

Statistics show that there were 3,682 hip-holes dug during the course of the night.

The next day at noon saw us at our final resting place at the Engineer's camp where we "pup-tented" in a drizzling rain.

As a result of a heated argument concerning the price of eggs in Australia at the beginning of the war, Cook Tipson pushed Cook Van Auken into the babbling brook back of the kitchen. Whereupon Cook Van Auken reciprocated and threw Cook Tipson into the same brook.

And they (not the cooks) were even selling us N. Y. papers that far from civilization.

We manoeuvred up and down about four-

teen different mountains on the following day—this time we hiked for ten minutes and rested for fifty. Mess was quite noticeable because of its absence.

According to Elleman, we did nothing but run up all the hills in sight and then slow up for a short ways and then another run. We were beginning to wonder why they did not double time us all the way just to get the hang of it.

The only "casualty" under the barrage fire was the sudden loss of R. H. Wood's wind when we reached the top of the hill.

"Lotta nonsense," says Robert to Jack Sheeky, as he hung limply over the limb of sun-burnt pine tree, "Ought to grade this hill—too hard on the men."

Of course there was a mystery connected with the camp; this time "the house where you get the egg sandwiches." We couldn't seem to account for all the females in and around its four walls. The 4th squad of the 1st platoon tried hard to clear up the mystery but came back with mournful expressions on their usually sunny countenances.

As for that hike back, none of us will forget if we go through ten years of the war and still remain alive. Some claim it was twenty-four miles and others twenty-six, but we did it in seven hours and forty-five minutes, walking time.

Redenberg says that he would just as soon have ridden as far as he was concerned.

And those hills! Oh! boy! Oh! boy! and Stanley Mann said that we would be going "down hill" all the way. We went "down hill" all right, but we went up about six times as many hills as we went down.

We were very much chagrined to think that you should deceive us in this way, Stanley.

"'Bout fo' mo' miles," was the inevitable answer to our questions as to the remaining distance to camp—always the same, even though we had hiked along for an hour before repeating the question. Sort of gave us the idea that we were playing tag with the end of the column.

Didn't that lil' ol' cot look good after four nights of "diggin' in?"

Just so the packs won't get moldy they have got us taking them out for an airing each day at drill now.

With new parts, arsenal numbers, etc., to get on to, Saturday morning inspections ought to be rather interesting.

CORPORAL D. VAN R. HILL.

"The Frinchmen are sure wan grand polite race."

"And did wan of thim lend yiz a dime?"

"No, but I slammed wan on the jaw and he gave me his calling card and said he would sind two men to wait on me."

Send this copy of the *Gas Attack* home. Let them know what the New York Division is doing.

The other girls are getting the *Gas Attack* from their o. d. admirers. Why isn't yours?

A WORD TO MY COLLEAGUE'S, THE BAND LEADERS.

BY BANDMASTER KAZAMEK.

About a month ago I heard one of our camp bands rehearsing some German marches by Von Blon, from Berlin, and approached the band to see who it was that insisted on playing them, even at this time when we are at war with Germany.

The band leader made his musicians repeat the marches over and over, but it seemed to me that the musicians hated to play them, because each time they repeated a passage they played it more wretchedly out of tune than before.

Before war was declared I used to play the German and Austrian marches with my band but after that I placed them on the shelf.

Sousa's marches and particularly the Stars and Stripes Forever were played all over the world, but the bandmasters of the German Army would not dream of playing Stars and Stripes at this time, because the very least that would happen to them would be a time in the guard house.

There would be some excuse if we had no good American marches, but fortunately we have the best march writers in the world, our own John Philip Sousa, R. B. Hall, Bennett, Farrar, Losey and many others can write marches that makes one happy at being alive to hear them.

And the music treasures of our allies are open to us, the English, Italians and particularly the French have many stirring marches, which our American bands ought to play at this time.

This really is a good time to make our public acquainted with our own American composers and their works, why not play more selections by our tuneful DeHaven? I seldom hear his Robin Hood and other works performed. And our Pittsburger Nevin, there are some good arrangements of his works for band, which ought to be heard oftener, and the greatest of them all Edward MacDowell, who speaks a musical language all his own. He is no imitator, and must be studied to be understood.

Surely the bandmasters would be doing a great service to American art if they would play works by our serious composers and by so doing popularize them. Let us be Americans first, even in music.


GEORGE KAZAMEK,
Band Leader 2nd Pioneer Inf.

COMPANY D, 106TH INFANTRY.

For downright, dogged, determination, you have got to hand the gonfalon to the men of this battalion of ours for the manner in which they deported themselves during the tour of trench duty that they completed recently. Going in on the previous Sunday morning in a veritable deluge of rain, they "carried on" as becomes all good soldiers, in spite of the Devil. With scarcely a let-up in the down-pour during their entire period of occupation, and with more than a foot of mud, muck, and

Economy Through Quality

The Nettleton Military Footwear Extraordinary



WRIGHT-SCRUGGS SHOE CO.
126 Morgan Square SPARTANBURG, S. C.
Next to Chapman Building

The accepted standard in Military Footwear.

You'll have other footwear offered with the claim that it is "as good as Nettleton"—but why take a chance? Come to us and be fitted right in a pair of Nettletons.

Dress and Field Boots.

Dress and Service Shoes.

Puttees, Spurs, Spur Straps and Chains.

Rubber Boots, Boot Socks, etc., etc.

We are prepared to outfit you in every kind of Footwear for foreign service that will be absolutely satisfactory in every respect—and we are sure that, quality considered, it will cost you less at

"The Shoe Store"

water, in the bottom of the trenches, they viciously met and repulsed all attacks of the "enemy," and accomplished certain objectives in the way of patrols, both reconnaissance and combat. That the six or more months of good hard work that they have put in down here have done them a world of good, is evident, when we consider the trivial amount of sickness experienced during the time that they were in the trenches. They were complimented by both battalion and regimental commanders for their fine work. More power to the best battalion in any Infantry outfit on the reservation.

D Company's gallant baseballers should come in for a part of this "olive branch" stuff as well. Six scalps are now hanging at our belts, and we have yet to taste defeat. With team work and confidence aplenty, we are out for the championship of the regiment, and we don't care who knows it, Headquarters Company included. Sergeant Bobby Brown as captain, and Freddy Myers, manager, are wont to feel pretty complacent these days, aided and abetted of course, by the wonderful spirit of co-operation on the part of the rest of the men on the team as well as the leather lunged rooting that is extant at every contest from the non combatants.

Bill Bockmeyer took a trip to Cowpens recently. We asked him, what of good repute made that the town of his choice. "Well," says Bill, "They fought a battle there in the Civil War, and —er"—but we waited to hear no more. It's a poor salesman that doesn't

get to the kernel of the thing right off the bat.

At Gas School not very long ago, the Officer in charge started at the head of the column and directed that the following message be conveyed down the entire length of the line by word of mouth: "The Germans are using Chlorine." Imagine his consternation, when, by the time it reached the last man on the line it sized up as the following bit of strategic info: "The Germans are using our latrines." And they tell us that we won't win this war.

Sergeant Harry Ehrenberg directs us to state that he'll cheerfully pay fifty cents for the December 29th issue of the **Gas Attack**. Newsdealers, and profiteers, fall in.

Charley Robold, recently returned from furlough, says, that one has to drink twice as much beer now to "experience the same exhilaration as one used to in the good ole pre-war days." Sherman was right.

Among recent lady visitors: Mrs. Sergeant Edward Riley; Mrs. Sergeant Frank Waldron, Mrs. Sergeant Harry Levy, and Mrs. Sergeant Harry Ehrenberg. Someone should page the balance of the "Mrs. Sergeants."

H. D. T.

LOST!

LOST—Left in lavatory of the Cleveland Hotel, Saturday, April 13th, 1918, about 3 P. M., one wrist watch, illuminated dial. Reward if returned to Captain H. A. Smith, 4th Pioneer Infantry, Camp Wadsworth.

K. OF C. NEWS

BIG NIGHT STAGED IN K. OF C. HALL.

Fifty-third Pioneer Infantry Delighted Over 1,200 Soldiers at Camp.

On Friday evening, April 12th, the 53rd Pioneer regiment gave another big time in the K. of C. hall with "big time stuff." They indeed have proven themselves masters in the entertainment line.

Opening the bill was Mr. Carter, the K. of C. song director, in chorus singing, the most popular being, "Where Are the Girls of Yesterday," written by James K. Hackett and introduced at Wadsworth when Mr. Hackett visited the K. of C. about three weeks ago.

Harry Seigel, Company M, then held the audience with recitations. One listening to him in "The Gambler's Last Deal" would think he was in a real game and several of the boys had to remove their coats, being in "a poker sweat."

Babe O'Neil, of Headquarters, sang several songs, introducing a parody on "K. P." written by Thomas Cody, of the 53rd Pioneers, which met with great applause.

Then came a "bang!" It was the 53rd Pioneer orchestra starting one of its overtures, and they showed their appreciation by a thunderous applause.

Then came R. Abrams—now, where he's been, I don't know, but he surely can put over in Jewish comedy. He can also sing and he'll find a place on the book at the K. of C. hall marked "Cast of Characters."

John Cox, of Company G, is the John McCormick of Wadsworth. He was announced as the next number and a storm of applause came forth; but, after a storm comes a calm, and it sure did come, for as soon as they saw he was ready to sing you could hear a pin drop, all fearing they would miss a note of his clear tenor voice. He sang "When Irish Eyes Are Shining" and "The Sunshine of Your Smile."

Private Dellorosa, having a clever "Wop" monologue, volunteered to help out the situation, and he put across an act that could get big time in any good circuit.

Four members of the orchestra then rendered a selection which deserved and received a hand. The members were Furratti, Senning, Gentile and Droesch, with Trescose at the piano.

Tony Spagoni, the clever Italian comedian, closed the acts with comedy that kept the boys in continuous laughter.

And thus was the show put on by the 53rd Pioneer Infantry at an hour's notice.

Next Monday night at the K. of C. hall will be shown Triangle feature films, with a dash of vaudeville to make the evening enjoyable for the lovers of both of these popular forms of camp amusement.

USUAL OVERFLOW AT K. OF C.

"MOVIES."

The magic of the movies—the capers of reel comedians and the thrilling heart throbs of reel lovers, entertained hundreds of thousands of civilians throughout the United States on Monday evening, April 15th. Many attended the marble and gilded palaces of the metropolis—where beautiful flowers shed their fragrance in the lobbies—where runners of velvety carpet cover the aisles—where charming usherettes noiselessly flash the way to a cushioned seat and where symphony orchestras and wonderful pipe organs charm the ear. But where in all the land, in all the elaborate or unpretentious pictorial parlors was there a more appreciative audience than that which that night occupied and surrounded the K. of C. building at Camp Wadsworth?

There were fully 1,200 soldiers jammed into the hall and scores clustered at the many side and rear windows. One adventurous youth climbed on top of the huge stove, desiring a good range, so to speak. All seats were taken at 6:15 and long before the show commenced at 7:45 there was not even S. R. O.

Always popular community singing put everyone in a good mood for the first picture which was a one-reel comedy entitled "An Officer's Mess"—not referring to culinary or chow affairs, but to a matrimonial mess which finally adjusted itself with the wedding bells in tune. The greatest laugh of this film was a scene not intended for comedy—when two actor-officers displayed their ignorance of the proper military salute.

Then came "The Sudden Gentleman," a five-part feature film with a big punch—literally and figuratively. The hero was a fighting Irishman who no doubt would be a valuable addition to our overseas forces.

The best picture house in New York would be mighty proud to have such orchestral accompaniment for pictures as that which has been furnished by the 53rd Pioneer Jazz band at K. of C. movies. And their leader, Mr. Tresize, has a very keen conception of incidental music. "Some orchestra" was the comment heard on all sides. Between pictures, Tony Gentile, of the band, gave two well-rendered selections on the baritone.

Private Frowley of 108th Field Hospital, kindly volunteered to shoot the pictures and did so in real Broadway fashion.

These overflow entertainments have a free and easy atmosphere. There are a number of amusing side remarks at movie shows; but never do the gatherings become boisterous.

The entertainment work of the K. of C. at Camp Wadsworth will become more prominent with the opening of building No. 2 within a week or so.

CAMOUFLEURS BUILD MOUNTAIN.

(Continued from page 11)

with the necessary number of servants occupied a battery or company street. After completing the inspection of the stables and returning to the street, we were told by one of the ever attendant footmen that "luncheon call had been blown."

So this was Bill's idea of army life! I pitied him though I did not hint but that it was all quite real. It was not real and yet it could not help but bring back to me experiences of the days I had spent in the same spot.

In place of the bare field where the 27th had held their reviews was an 18 hole golf course over which the Group of Healthful Environmentists took their daily exercise. Bill said golf took the place of bayonet drill that the soldiers had had.

I spent two weeks visiting the scenes of my younger days and I boarded the Pullman convinced that I was healthy enough. I gave the porter an order to wake me when we reached Newark so that I would be dressed when we reached Manhattan Isle again.

H. B. WILLIAMS,
Battery F. 104th F. A.

Napoleon said "An Army fights on its belly." Waste of food over here will mean shorter rations over there.

S. O. S.

Letter One to Catholic Soldiers

Among you boys in training are thousands who will want to send home a suitable gift before starting for France. You don't know what to buy. You'll go floating around, picking up all sorts of nicknacks you don't want because you don't know what you do want.

Why not send father, mother, sister, brother, wife or sweetheart a remembrance with no nonsense about it? Something that will last, and be used daily; something with real sentiment in it; something with solemn thought in it; something of religious significance; something that will call up the image of the absent one at the time he most wishes to be remembered—the time of prayer.

Nothing fits these requirements like a rosary; nothing *except* a rosary fits them at all.

We make rosaries \$1 to \$50; good ones, \$2.50; better, \$4 and \$5; solid 10k gold, \$20; 14k, \$25; new "pearl," \$10. That last is wonderful; the "pearls" look exactly like real pearls for 1,000 times the money, and will wear a lifetime, more, too; it is the ideal gift for First Communion, graduation and weddings. Can be seen by sending the price, to be returned if not wanted. Rosaries will be engraved free and sent to you in a handsome case or direct to your friends. Illustrated catalog for full information. Wish we could print it all here. As to our reliability we refer to our friends at Camp Wadsworth, Lieut. J. F. Greaney, Co. L, 107th Infantry, and Sergeant A. G. Rolandelli, Co. F, 105th Infantry.

VATTI ROSARY CO., 106 Fulton St., New York.

AMBULANCE COMPANY NO. 107.

The all-absorbing question these days is who is next on the furlough hat. The nifty Stetson in question has been making the rounds for some time, and at present writing ought to be able to tell some interesting tales of furlough days.

The office force were hard pushed the day Eddie Hobbins came in from home, making out new allotment and changing the beneficiary on his insurance. The cause of the assault is a little lady away up north who is keeping the home fires burning while the lord of the Manor is out making the world safe for Democrats. The charming stoker of the home fires was acquired by marriage during Eddie's visit. The boy is all puffed up about the affair, and is speedily becoming fluent in the expression, "my wife." A reception committee of two greeted the husband when he pulled in here at 2 A. M., and the tent was decorated appropriately in futuristic colors and figures.

We are mighty busy just now preparing for a two-weeks excursion to the infantry Range with the 53rd Brigade for training and maneuvers. The entire outfit makes the trip, hiking the full distance up and return. We are in for the life of the cavemen, and some insight into the real horrors of war ought to be absorbed. The experience will not come as something entirely new to us because we have held several miniature parties along this line, but the opinion is general that we will enjoy the nearest to the real thing yet attempted.

Private Grier, erstwhile valiant Major of a twice valiant Boy Scout band, is en route North to make some blushing damsel the possessor of a soldier-man. Doubtlessly, she is a sweetheart of golden youth who capitulated when the sturdy Harold went forth to scout in his alluring habiliment. "None but the brave deserve the fair," so some of them have it, and a lot of us think the sentiment reeking of romance, but McKinley, the Iconoclast, opines the cruel barb that the lady was desirous of hanging out a pretty service flag, which are all the rage these seasons.

Hanson, an authority on moustaches and women, received a blow this week in the form of a crisp note from the Hostess House conveying these fateful words:

Dear Mr. Hanson:

Please discontinue your too frequent and elongated visits to this domicile as you are wearing all the paint off our perfectly lovely chairs.

Yours,

LaMont is a radical of the reddist hue, and he is spilling his red paint all over our company street. He bodily injects into our Arcadian bliss a disquieting spirit of anarchism, which is gaining more and more adherents as it insidiously germinates. Like all ultra-radical tenets his stuff sounds attractive to the "Micawbers," and many of our young and unhorned "Bucks" are giving ear to the pernicious doctrine. Here are a few samples of

his revolutionary theory. They are ghastly. They seek to undermine the customs we love and respect, and utterly put to rout the endearing institutions of fatigue, drill, guard duty, and hikes.

Two weeks vacation twice a month.

Week-end trips in Company motors to New York and Yonkers. Privates only.

Abolishment of all calls, guard duty, drill, fatigue, details, inspection, etc., etc.

Valet service.

Uniforms to suit the climate. Running suits in summer.

Semi-weekly dances in mess-shack. Free beer.

Daily wage of \$10. Pay-day nightly. No allotment. No insurance.

Chicken and ice-cream daily. Eggnog before retiring. Music with all meals.

Folding beds and lounging chairs in each tent. Also player pianos.

Telephones and taxi service.

Buffet and cabaret at head of street. Burlesque house in middle. Movie at foot, and so on ad infinitum.

The week's best rumor: Zenker is to be the next C. O.

G. F. B.

There's no INK in the Trenches

There's plenty of water. SWAN TABLET INK and water give you a perfect writing ink! It comes tucked away in the end of the barrel of every

"SWAN SAFETY" MILITARY FOUNTAIN PEN

—an ample supply for six or seven hundred sheets of writing. One tablet—plus water makes a barrel full of ink.

A great combination—a famous pen: perfect ink tablets.

The Swan Safety Military Pen is non-leaking is dependable, has a smooth gold pen-point, and it always writes.

Obtainable from stationers, jewelers, druggists, etc., everywhere. If you cannot obtain from your dealer order direct from the manufacturer, enclosing remittance.

Price complete \$3.00.
Extra refills Swan Ink Tablet Ammunition in wood n tube 15c.

Mabic, Todd & Co.
17 Maiden Lane,
New York
209 S. State Street
Chicago
and at London
and Paris



Ink Tablet Ammunition

CAMP LIBRARY'S ELEVEN BRANCHES.

(Continued from page 13)

rian of the Kennedy Free Library in Spartanburg, is not only serving the soldiers in town but has also contributed many books to the Camp Collection and helped to enlist a number of volunteer workers for the Camp Library.

The most extensive branch library is at the Base Hospital. Book service there is booming since the arrival of Miss Ola Wyeth, of the University of Illinois Library. While devoting herself specially to the patients, she is not forgetting the Medical Detachment, the nurses and the doctors. A reading room open every day has been established in the Chapel building, and books are also delivered daily to the patients in the wards.

Word has been received that 5,760 more books and 416 scrap books have been shipped here from Rochester, N. Y. These are the first results of the recent nation-wide drive for more books. The scrap books consist of pictures, poems, jokes, short stories, etc., neatly mounted in a 16-page blank book. They are intended specially for hospital patients.

SEVERAL POST EXCHANGES

Are making \$15.00 to \$20.00 a day extra profits by taking in

FILM DEVELOPING AND PRINTING

For us. We positively give all exchanges 24 hour service and a liberal commission on this work. Our

Camp View Post Cards
are making a big hit.

Here is a new field; it will add greatly to your profits. Work it.

Burkhardt's
108 Kennedy Pl.

"Dere Mable:-"

Love Letters of a Rookie

By E. Streeter

As they have appeared in The Gas Attack are now published in book form

Every Letter a Long Laugh

The most entertaining and laugh producing book published—

"that's the book all over Mable"

35 Clever Illustrations by
Bill Breck

Price 75 cents

*In heavy wrapper, ready for mailing 80c
Postpaid in U. S. 85c, Foreign 90c.*

Calhoun Office Supply Co.

108 Kennedy Place
Spartanburg, S. C.

THE MOAN OF THE REGIMENTAL REPORTER.

One day several weeks ago I looked up from my work to find the Lieutenant-Colonel standing before me. "Are you Sergeant-at-Arms?" he asked, and I pleaded guilty, wondering the while what I had done now. My fear gave way to a feeling of intense pride, for the Colonel proceeded to appoint me Regimental Reporter to the Gas Attack.

Now, like every other homo of the (more or less) civilized world, I have always believed myself possessed of a great deal of latent literary ability. Therefore, when this signal honor was thrust upon me, I immediately saw that the Colonel was a man of keen discernment, who could perceive the brilliancy of my mental light, which, up to that time, had been hidden beneath the bushel of manual labor.

So, early each week, I sally forth with pencil and note-book (still being in the cub class, I MUST carry a note-book) in search of news and notes of general interest. On rare occasions I get one. Generally I do not. Oh, that I had known what the Colonel was letting me in for!

I breeze up to the orderly-tent in R street, and say in my best journalistic air: "Wad-aya got for the Gas Attack?" and, despite the swarm of interesting things that happened during the previous week, he whom I am addressing suffers a lapse of memory like that of a financier before a Senate investigating committee. Then to S street, where I make my mission known. I am greeted with "SAY, whoinnet put that thing in last week's issue about me being a dumb-bell? 'At'sall I wanna know, who's responsible? Of all the bum stuff ever wr—" and so on, ad infinitum. Wishing to strike a few more chords on the Harp of Life, I don't tarry to explain that the objectionable paragraph was written during my absence on furlough, but I exit hurriedly, feeling that all editors and myself are kindred spirits. "Ah, well," I muse, when I stop running, "'twas ever thus. Since time began, genius has been oppressed," and, not being as husky as the other fellow, I let it go at that.

But the worst feature of the job is not the lack of news, nor the abundance of abuse handed me. Not at all. It's the constant exhibition of the desire of some honorary member of the human race to slam his neighbor. I get it in every street, in the mess shacks, showers, clubs, everywhere. "Hey, put in something about Corporal Whozis being made sergeant, and the supply sergeant can't find a hat big enough to fit him," or "Write a paragraph about So-and-so wearing a black tie 'cause he's dead from the neck up," or perhaps "X Co boasts the champion Bull-Artist of America—Joe Style."

I've prided myself on having a sense of humor, but if that's humor, I'm English. And I'll bet my wristlets that it cannot, by any stretch of the imagination, be called news. Any news-hound gets an insight into human nature, but ten to one he'll lose his faith in it.

C. T. M.

The Asheville Laundries

Offer Four Days' Service and
First Class Work

*Leave Your Package at
The Following Places*

Sanitary Train Canteen
107th Inf. Post Exchange
108th Inf. Post Exchange
American Field Hospital
E. S. Reeves—Linen Room

The New Management

of the

MANHATTAN RESTAURANT

119 Magnolia Street

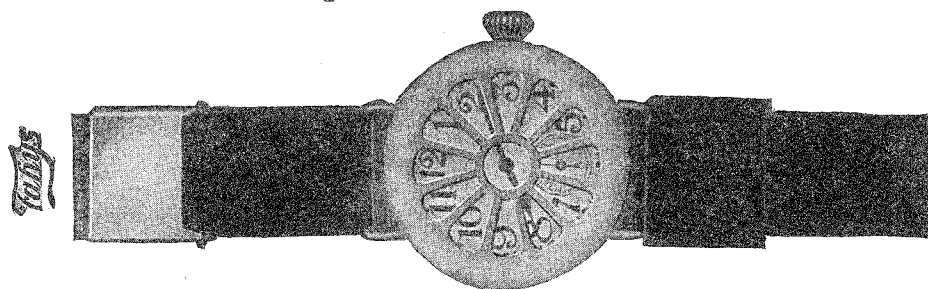
Wishes the men of Camp Wadsworth to know that under the present management every effort will be made to furnish the best food and service obtainable at very moderate prices.

Potatoes are served without extra charge, with each order.

EXCELLENT FOOD

MODERATE PRICES

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



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

JOSEPH FAHYS & CO.
Established 1857
BOSTON NEW YORK CHICAGO

FIELD HOSPITAL, COMPANY NO. 106.

Much interest has been shown of late in the remodeling and re-arrangement of the different tents of the company. Tent number 7, known as "Fall Inn," in charge of Corporal "Pop" Townsend, is a model tent of the camp.

"Topper" Folsom and "Gravy" McLaughlin, two well-known vaudeville comedians of the camp, performed last Friday night at an entertainment given by one of the adjoining ambulance companies. The two comedians were features and performed in a professional manner.

"Colonel" Private Pedlow, the camouflage contractor of the company, is rather over-rushed with orders at the present. The private has a contract on hand which will take him fifteen days to finish. He will be assisted by "Constie" Private First Class Waugh in all his undertakings.

"Cracker" Mechanic Malone and "Speed" Griff Holleran happened to let a day pass last week without an argument.

"Ambition" Private Rolling has yet to learn how to manipulate an oil stove—The Major knows, but then the poor Camp cleanser profits by such mistakes. Turn your orderly chevrons over to "Regulation" Cook, "Ambition."

Lieutenant Reed very hurriedly ran his car out of the garage tent the other day to make a flying trip to town. The Lieutenant's intentions were all right and perhaps he would have carried them out had it not been for our concrete steps, which were the cause of his sudden stop.

The baseball team composed of the married men of the company in all respects outclassed the team composed of the single men.

Our chief dispenser of gloom, Private First Class Gardineer, is spending a ten-day furlough home in Albany. A card received from "Gloom" states his anxiety for a life furlough from the army.

Captain Taylor, in charge of the physical training of the Sanitary Train, has much to do with a number of the men arising mornings feeling sore. The men all enjoy the calisthenics and feel confident they will be fit for the local police forces when they reach home.

J. V. B.

COMPANY L, 3RD PIONEERS.

Our very efficient supply sergeant was so anxious that our esteemed company should have some publicity in the *Gas Attack* that the live members of the outfit decided to try for a write-up, so that he could send a copy of the best army magazine to his old boss, the editor and typesetter and general all around owner of the Malden Evening Mercury, with 33 degrees of satisfaction glowing from his ruddy face to the very depths of his luxuriant head of hair. That's about enough publicity for a former nickel chaser so we will turn our attention to the following items of interest.

Hank the Hermit is back with us after spending a vacation at the Base Hospital, and has a very great desire to get into action, but after seeing Cook Gage and Corporal Tendler in a death struggle he has calmed down somewhat.

We are greatly grieved to have lost such fine, husky men as "Jess" Riley, "Lucky" Walsh and "Tama" Flynn to the M. P. But on second thought our grief turns to sympathy when we realize just what a hazardous undertaking they are going to undertake. But then they used to be undertakers, so they can undertake most anything with success, more or less.

The second squad is indeed fortunate in having such an able and ambitious corporal as Corporal Staples has proven himself to be. While the squad is busily engaged at the popular pastime of bunk fatigue he is usually busily engaged in wearing out our new broom. He is very modest, however, and dislikes to be complimented on his extraordinary energy, and we sincerely hope he gets his furlough soon so that he may go "way down Maine, by heck," and renew old acquaintances amongst the lumber jacks there.

Now that Mess Sergeant Littlefield is absent on a 15-day furlough, we expect something extra every meal as the wealthy real estate owner, Sergeant W. A. Berg, is on the job, and it is known that he has the upper compartment of his army trunk filled with real Villa money of the 1916 issue, and is spending it freely whenever he gets the chance. When did that happen, down to the Border?

BILL MacDIDDIGAN.

COMPANY C, 3RD PIONEER INFANTRY.

First Class Private Harry S. Acton is now in the Mounted Orderly section of the Headquarters Troop of the 2nd Prov. Brigade Corps and Army Troops.

The gloom has been lifted. "Blonde Bob" Cunningham has at last received a letter from "somewhere in Canada." We were all looking for the silver among his golden locks, but perhaps the receipt of the letter will stave off the gray ones.

Now, we will believe almost anything that Jack MacClellan tells us, but when he says that he was home almost 24 hours before going to see HER, we are rather skeptical. But why the sudden interest in family allotments, Jack? Did you put one over on us when you were home? More camouflage, say we.

Bill Breen, our Irish Supply Sergeant, has the best line of alibis in the regiment. Ask him for something on Tuesday and he tells you he can't draw anything from the Quartermaster until Thursday. Ask him on Thursday and he will bawl you out for not telling him what you wanted when he drew stuff Tuesday. One of the tricks of the trade, is it not, Bill?

"Cy" Hyde is still looking for the fiend who cut the electric light wires when he was developing pictures in the Shower Baths the other night. We don't know, ourselves, Cy, but we do know who owns the only pair of wire cutters in the company. Are you guilty, Bill? You have quite a collection at that, Clarence.

Corporal Gaw is still wondering if the O. D. was kidding him when he refused to receive the report at 10:59 the other night, but made "Bobbie" wait in the pouring rain until 11 o'clock. Wear your rubber boots the next time it is raining, Bob, and don't be in such a hurry. The O. D. should have rubbers on and won't mind waiting a while.

Somehow or other, our esteemed Sanitary Sergeant, Jim Phillips, got in the line of fire the other day during a friendly bombardment on his tent, with rocks, bottles, bats, etc., and stopped a bottle with his head. Fortunately it was not broken so we can still get our nickel back on it. (Not his head, the bottle.)

"T."

New York Pool Parlor



22 New Pocket
Tables

Tables Sixty Cents
per Hour

115 E. Main St.
Next to Woolworth Store

FLORIDA VEGETABLES

WE ARE receiving car load shipments of fresh Florida vegetables and can take care of your order on short notice.

We especially invite the Mess Sergeants to inspect our stock. We have fresh snap beans, new potatoes, cabbage, celery, squashes, cukes, carrots and also a complete line of fruits.

PEARCE-EDWARDS CO.

PHONES 83 and 84
Wholesale Only
SPARTANBURG, SOUTH CAROLINA
We Make Deliveries to Camp Wadsworth
U. S. Food Administration License No. 08784.

CAMP QUARTERMASTER CORPS.

Looks like the Q. M. ball team is a sure winner, any time, every time and all the time. The snappiest game to date was played against the Ordnance Department, which resulted in a score of 4 to 0 in our favor. The fielding on both sides was good. The game with the Ammunition Train was a cinch. Munitioneers went up in smoke, in the third inning and eight runs were added to our score in the innings that followed. Game was called in first half of the eighth on account of rain, with a score of 12 to 2.

Captain Kline, who has been in the Base Hospital for the past week, is improving.

Sergeant Roy Cannon, reports "everything fine" in Charlotte. Now Roy, why break another heart with your "Fickleness of love." Oh, you male Vamp.

Have you heard the story of the hand grenade. No. Well, listen: Some one gave Cook Marino a hand grenade and not knowing exactly what to do with it, he decided to pull out the pin and investigate. He did. The darned thing began to sizz and in his excitement, he threw the bomb on Cook Nunnery's bunk. Nunnery being aroused from his twilight slumbers, realized the fact and with a yell beat a hasty retreat through the door, followed by Marino and within a few minutes both arrived at Fair Forrest. As it was cool and damp they realized they were clad only in their nighties, so with fear and tremblings they returned, expecting to find the tent a wreck, but fortunately there was no powder in this one. Nevertheless, breakfast was late. Nunnery said, "Marino was scarer than I was, and I was the scarest man in the world." Moral—Hand grenades are dangerous animals—beware.

Did you know that there are only 18,500 electric lights in camp and about 200 miles of circuit wires. Yeah—honest; no kidding. And did you know that Sergeant Jimmy Doyle is the man responsible for all this. Well he is and you can bet he is on the job every minute of the day and night. Many times has he left his warm dugout and wandered forth to fix somebody's light. If you think this Jimmy Doyle has a "cushy" you are muchly mistaken. Our hats are off to you, old top, and we won't make light of it.

E. D. T.

COMPANY C, 102ND AMMUNITION TRAIN.

Wanted—Samples of a good brand of chevron polish. Apply to Supply Sergeant Daymont.

The Jazz band in the 6th squad seems to be getting very popular among the boys in the company. Maybe if anyone wants the latest dope as to just when the Division is going to move, ask Parkey, as he stopped in Washington on the way back from his furlough.

Our Company barber seems to be getting very independent lately. It must be that he has got a nice pile salted and don't have to worry any more.

Bet that there will be an awful splash in New Orleans when Jake hits the town.

HEADQUARTERS COMPANY, 53RD PIONEERS.

First Sergeant Allen is going to send in a request to the American Tobacco Company to make its cigarettes O. D. color, so it will be easier for the street police to keep the Company street clean. He says the butts won't be noticed so much by the inspector.

Private Manion, better known as "Red," has reduced his weight ten pounds. He got his hair cut last week and the boys hardly knew him. We can hardly tell whether he's a blond or a brunette, now.

Sergeant Kirkman is kept very busy starting different carpenter work, but we can't seem to find anything he has finished.

The orchestra of the 53rd has asked the supply sergeant to put in a requisition for a feed bag as a certain one of the members has such a terrible job lifting all he can eat to his mouth, he says his arms are too tired to hold his instrument after he is done eating at different parties where he was playing. So the boys are trying to help him out by getting a feed bag for him so he will be able to eat more and not be half as tired.

Yes, Mus O'Day is still writing the same letter he started a week ago. It must either be a very long letter or else he doesn't know anything new, outside of that we are still at Camp Wadsworth, and she knows that, doesn't she, George?

Nat Kling was made a corporal last week. Don't lose your pull with him, fellows, as he may be a general some day. Remember I said he may be. Keep up your good work, Nat, the boys are with you.

WM. DOMARATIUS.

Sergeant Douthwaite is getting very proficient at playing the mandolin and if you don't think so ask Philp.

Here's hoping that Riley and Spitz furnish up the kitchen by the time the outfit is ready to leave here.

"Shortpants" Gfeller seems to think that he has the best truck in the outfit, but would advise him not to try and run with a Stutz.

Our Mess Sergeant, Weir, must be buying all the company supplies in Greenville by the looks of things.

Can anyone dope out the sudden decrease in Batts' letter from Syracuse?

In order to get more service out of Sergeant Daymont it was decided that he must give up pinochle or his famous "Ki Yi." Trix and the dog got the benefit of the doubt.

Accidents will happen. The bones rolled right for Peggy Reitz this month and the squad don't have to supply him with cigarettes.

Jimmy Reed has a good chance of losing his drag with "Toots," as the company barber made an awful job of cutting his curly locks.

Sergeant "Greaseball" Church missed a Sunday at Shelby, and we wonder if the A Company boys had anything to do with it.

If anyone wants one of the Nash trucks doped up see Bill Clute or Sergeant Playfair as they both are crazy over the job.

X. Y. Z.

Troy Laundry

114-116 Wofford Street

Spartanburg, S. C.

Has Opened for Business

This new modern plant will be entirely devoted to Camp Wadsworth work.

With our new equipment we are able to promise three to four day service.

Convenient receiving and distributing stations in camp.

Clean

Quick

Efficient

COMPANY G, 105TH INFANTRY.

"Baby" Joe Hickey was detailed to carry the first squad's rations on the last day of the hike. He appeared especially spry despite the extra load and when asked if the load was too much he replied, "Sure this pack is getting lighter each mile." When the mess call sounded it developed that the "Baby" had eaten the squad's mess allowance. No wonder the pack got lighter at each mile.

Tom Glennon came back from his furlough mourning the loss of a perfectly good wrist watch. Tom, we warned you about those Bigtown Girls.

Alonzo "Nan" Campbell insists that it is easier to hike at night. Nan says the moon dries the roads much faster than the sun does.

John Kovatch, Charles La Monte, Louis Martin are no longer carefree soldiers. The trio went home last week and upon their return lost no time in looking up "Insurance" Joe Cahill to inform him that they wanted their beneficiaries changed. Three more members of the bachelors lost.

Dave Finnegan, the Woodside Heavy, is falling away to a ton. It requires two men to cover off Dave. Dave can't understand why the boys paid to see the fat man at the fair last week. He says "Anyone can look at me and I won't charge a cent for it."

"Rappy" Rapport's baseball tossers are doing excellent work. They have not been beaten yet. Their victims to date are Com-

pany H, Supply Company and Machine Gun Company of this regiment.

J. Sylvester Fleming has not had a smile on his face since Palm Sunday. John received his unconditional release from "Nellie" that day, but insists that he is not unattached until said Nellie returns his heart. "Ain't that a caution."

Sol Kopf is having a tough time finding men to put to work in the mess shack. Now that the S. C. D. men are going it looks as if Sol will be out of luck. He called for volunteers but Jake Bahr was the only one to answer the call. Jake lost out as Sol figured there would not be anything for the rest of the company when Jake finished eating.

Pat Forte and Al Arnold, of White Plains, and Dublin, respectively, simply cannot agree. Pat insists that Dorando was the best horse that ever ran at Laurel Park while Al contends that Joe Jeanette was the best.

Ralph Steiner has been christened Horse by the kitchen force. Ralph expects his oats no matter what time he gets up.

R. V. H.

BATTERY D, 106TH FIELD ARTILLERY.

There will be a musical comedy in three acts held next week with Mess Sergeant Judd as the headliner, entitled "Too Much Mustard." The following men will be included in the cast:

Cook Juliano,
Cook Foley,
Cook Mann,
Cook Linsmaier.

An elegant supper of Mustard Sandwiches will be served during the course of the play, for the small sum of 5 cents for the support of the Mustard Fund. Price of admission, one jar of mustard.

Corporal Briggs is having his trunk sent to the range, having received an invitation to a tea party by one of the mountaineer's daughters. Are you going to wear your Oxford shoes and officer's uniform?

Corporal Jackson and Corporal Keethe attended a dance at the Battery Park Hotel. Of course they had to walk from Campobello in the rain, which spoiled the affair.

If you want to know how Asheville is ask Corporals Wilke, Pelton, McSorley, David-hazy and Meldrum, they ought to know.

Wandering Robinson has returned from his absence in the mountains. When he was asked where he was, he said he was seeing the country. He is now picking the country with a pick and shovel.

When Lance Corporal Osborne heard of his promotion, he dashed out of the tent, and in the excitement hung himself on the clothes line.

Moon-Face Eichinger paid a visit to a girl house at the Range, and stayed so late the girl's father yelled down from the stairs, "Has that man got his pajamas with him?"

Our modest and wonderful Supply Sergeant Vought spent the week-end at Tryon. Needless to say they had to send a searching party out for him. He was caught in the act of curling his mustache. CORPORAL S. W. J.



Established as the great war-time sweet-meat, this beneficial, refreshing, long-lasting tidbit proves its worth for all times of struggle:

WRIGLEY'S

The constant friend of the fighter, the worker—the man or woman who does things.

The Flavor Lasts



COMPANY A, 105TH INFANTRY.

Who says Company A isn't prepared? From now on we are convinced nothing is impossible. After having hiked twice to the Glassy Mountain range, we did it just once more and back again, traversing those weary 26 miles in the excellent marching time of 9 hours. Of course, we were not alone—the 105th Regiment as a whole, but during that brief 5-day absence from our Company street, more ordinary punishment was inflicted on the "enemy" than could even be imagined in Dante's Inferno. Carefully we engaged in the tactics of Von Hindenburg, and for 7 miles, simply carried the "enemy" to oblivion on the swift wings of destruction, let

loose from our Springfields, automatic rifles, and machine guns, at the same time being gently baptised for the tomorrow by an occasional whistle of a high explosive shell from the mouth of cannon located in the rear.

The tomorrow dawned, however, only after a sleepless night in a cornfield (which wasn't made to camp in anyway), and all seemed glad to get on the way as a means of thawing out the frost in our anatomy. At least, the feeling was universal that we were due for a "warming up" mighty soon, as while we lumbered slowly up the mountainside, we were pondering with anxiety over the great impending event,—the like of which had never before been even experimented with in the history of the American army. We were to go that morning under a barrage of artillery fire, consisting of real shrapnel. As we formed below the hillside that was to be the arena for this great feat, full and concise instructions were given, and every one knew just what he was to do. Zero hour was 12 o'clock. At 5 minutes past zero the barrage would come from somewhere in the rear, and harass the trenches before us. The Captain, looking intently at his watch, cautioned "Eight seconds more—Get ready." We waited; then a single "bang" in the distant rear, and it seemed that all the heavy hammers of hell were pounding the hillside everywhere. At first, doubtless none can say he did not "duck" even though just a wee bit, but after a few seconds, we grew bold indeed at the noise of bursting shrapnel, even joking about those few shells that fell short nearby, and the clarion whistle overhead grew to a sort of charm. Then came the order to advance, as the barrage lifted back over the dugouts, and to those who were of sufficient curiosity to look back even once, doubtless the picture of the 105th Infantry as it then appeared, will not soon be forgotten, and when Company A goes "over the top" "Somewhere in France," we will know just what to expect, and what to do.

CORPORAL K.

Buying any new equipment? See the advertising columns of the **Gas Attack** for bargains.

COMPANY F, 105TH INFANTRY.

Back from the range after breaking the hiking record and good old F setting the record breaking pace. We left the range at 2:55 P. M. and it looked as if even the elements were against us for it commenced to rain. However with good old F setting the pace, the second battalion arrived at Montlow Creek Church at 6:45 P. M., a distance of 13 miles. After a short rest and supper we left Montlow Creek Church at 9:45 P. M. and arrived at Wingo Farm at 12:45 A. M. After another rest and some hot coffee, we left Wingo Farm at 2:40 A. M. and arrived in camp at 5:45 A. M., just as the bugle sounded reveille.

Tired, dusty, but happy at making a new record, for it was good old F that set the record breaking pace of thirty-two miles in ten hours and twenty-five minutes.

After the start of the hike it rained as is usually the case, when the second battalion goes on a hike. After hiking a few miles, the boys could feel the delicious "Ceylon Tea" oozing out of them. During a discussion on the hike Private C. A. Montgomery, otherwise known by the name of "Monty," remarked as the perspiration poured off him, "Gee, if ever I get back to civilian life, I am going to buy a white suit, with wide black stripes, a white tie with red stripes and a checkered cap, so that everybody will know that I'm a civilian."

Private Willie Adams remarked: "Gee, fellows, I have it all figured out if I get wounded, \$58.00 a month insurance, \$30.00 a month pension and a job as a watchman at \$15.00 per week." I'll be better off than a cop.

On the second day out from Camp Wadsworth it rained and then more rain, but as Private McDonnell remarked, "we can't hike now, we have soft going," and it certainly was soft for a while.

At the end of the hike some of the rifles were as rusty as old stove pipes and lots of oil was needed and the pull-through worked overtime.

Private Hidegh looked like Gunga Din, as he carried water into the butts for the markers.

When the 300 yards was reached the markers down the butts thought a sand storm was blowing as the bullets kept hitting the parapet. Private Willie Adams could not understand why target 39 was not marked more often and kept yelling, "Mark 39."

We were supposed to get an issue of straw to sleep on but it didn't come until the last day and it was then used to feed the mules.

"WILLIE."

Think how interested your grandchildren will be in the **Gas Attack**!

Your uniform belongs to Uncle Sam. You are its caretaker. Remember. "A stitch in time saves nine."

S. O. S.

In Europe food is so scarce it is sacred. To waste it is sinful.

S. O. S.

UNIFORMS

Designed and Tailored
by a New York Tailor
Complete Assortment of
Materials to Select from

For

**Uniforms
Breeches
Overcoats**

is now ready for your inspection

First-class Alterations
and Repairing

All Uniforms Made at My
Establishment are Guaranteed
as to Fit and Workmanship

Ask Your Brother Officer
He Knows

M. ROTH

107 1/2 East Main St.

One Flight Up

104TH FIELD ARTILLERY AT THE CAMP.

The "Gimme-me" club has officially changed its name to the "Donnez moi Boys," with Private Naughton of Battery B, as its first president. Private Wirobrink kept everybody in stitches reciting his initial try-out entitled "Why Sew Buttons on Soldiers' Pants When Suspenders Are Suspended from Equipment C?" The speakers of the evening were numerous. Sergeant Gower spoke on "Seconds in the Kitchen," Sergeant Bruce of the Supply Company, recited his hitherto unpublished recitation inspired by attending the Quartermaster School, "The Honor Among the Thieves." Private McMillan, the moustache-less youth, spoke on the "Canteen and Dividends." Sergeant Cusack, Battery E, thrilled the boys with his experiences in the trenches. He still insists that he was gassed at the front a year or two ago. Sergeant Bartoo, the Apple Knocker King, tried to explain why he is in the army, but someone interrupted him, asking for a chew and the Sergeant forgot what he was going to say. Corporal Wagner, who claims exemption from Guard Duty, spoke on the art of "Gimme-me what ye got and let me have one." All in all the gathering proved a success.

Someone would think Private Punker would enjoy bunk fatigue. He doesn't. He claims the cots are so uncomfortable.

Private Steinberg, Battery A, is about the only soldier who has been heard to brag about grade. He wants everyone to know that he is a Private First Class. Of course he is now acting Corporal.

Sergeant William does not seem to be as busy as he used to. Private Ruton has been shipped to the range and the Sergeant does not have to go looking for him.

The Wild Irishman, Cornelius Riley, of Syracuse, N. Y., the ex-bugler and now bugler pro tempore, sounded a Yiddish ditty the other day as a march before Reveille. Privates Landow and Zelenko almost forgot themselves and were about to start a Kasatchko, when Sergeant Doyle loudly whispered "Attention."

Speaking of Sergeant Doyle, someone down the stables of the Supply Company told the writer that he heard the Red Headed Sergeant sing: "My colored Rose of the South." Who is she anyway, Sergeant?

Bugler Beebe and his hound are inseparable. Private Baldrin wants to be known as Baldrin. The dropping of the "I" has not reduced any of the Egotism as it were.

The Bohemian Quarter of B Battery is conducted by Herrs. Buvalik, Vojik and Moyloik.

We regret the loss of Lieutenant Goubeaud, the gentleman from Flushing. He has been appointed Commanding Officer of the Mobile Veterinary Section No. 105. May success follow him.

Sergeant Williamson denies emphatically that he ever read Balzac or Alexandre Dumas, fils. Where do you get that sentimental stuff, Sergeant?

Corporal Maurice Ledwith manages to go

COMPANY E, 51ST PIONEER INFANTRY.

First Lieutenant Albert C. Fredman, of this company, and Miss Mabel Curtis, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. B. F. Curtis, of Brooklyn, New York, were married at the home of the bride in Brooklyn, March 5th. After a short honeymoon spent in Washington, D. C., and Camp Meade, where the Lieutenant was formerly stationed with the 313th Infantry, they returned to Brooklyn, the bride remaining there and the Lieutenant reporting back to his command.

Captain Daniel J. Cassidy is spending a fifteen-day furlough in Kingston, N. Y., where his wife has just given birth to a baby girl. Congratulations from us all.

"Jerry" Faiola, our new Incinerator sergeant, is kept very busy lately showing the men which tub has the soap in to wash their mess kits. It is remarkable what a lovely temper "Jerry" has.

Private Louis Mabie and Sergeant Louis Henstenberg are spending their furloughs in Brooklyn, N. Y. It is funny how sudden the "Blanks" teeth went bad when he reached home and unfortunately he could not get five extra days to have them fixed.

Private Robert Norton has been detailed to the Military Police. "Rip" ought to make a good M. P. as he is there with the size.

Sergeant Charles Hopkins was a week-end visitor in Asheville, N. C.

Cook Daniel Christianna was married while on furlough to Mrs. Emma Alverson, of Alsen, N. Y., the wedding taking place at West Camp, N. Y.

Corporal Vernon Hasselman and Cook Frank Hitchcock expect their wives here this week for short visits.

A large delegation from this company went down to Spartanburg recently to see Red Mack of Company D take the measure of Kiddie Diamond in a fifteen round bout at the Spartanburg Athletic Club.

CORPORAL JEAN L. BAPTISTE.

to the Base Hospital the day when he is supposed to go on guard. We hate to have you sick, but a Goldbrick should do his bit once in a while.

Sergeant Ruge, Stable Sergeant of the Detachment, still insists that he did not see the prisoners cleaning the supply company stables, but someone in authority says: "If you didn't you weren't on your job." Don't argue, Monsieur Ruge. C'est la guerre.

"Drastic Measure" Mr. Allen, of the Y. M. C. A. Unit 97, is back again. I'll bet there will be no smoking during the moving picture shows. Mr. Allen's favorite motto, after the famous Confucius is: "You smokie, no movie." The fellows who enjoy a movie show don't object to Mr. Allen's ruling, and I think the boys themselves have started a crusade of "clinch the butts" until the show is over.

FRENCHIE.

Men of the 27th Division

As it is probable that you may move in a short while, we are taking this space to express to you our appreciation of your patronage and the pleasure of our personal contact and acquaintance with you.

Your commander is honored in having such a body of gentlemen and soldiers.

We bid you Godspeed, and would count it a privilege to shake hands with you before you go.

The

WADSWORTH RESTAURANT

B. T. Earle, Business Manager

52ND PIONEERS DANCE.

On Thursday evening, April 11, 1918, the non-commissioned officers (Overseas Club) of this regiment gave a Supper Dance in the Rock Cliff Club rooms. It is very gratifying to report that it was a grand success, but what else could be expected when one considers the able hands into whose charge the matters of arrangement had been placed. Especial credit and thanks must be given to the untiring efforts of Sergeant Thomas L. Farrell, Company G.

We non-coms of the regiment feel highly honored at the presence of General and Mrs. Guy Carleton, and there is no doubt in my mind but that the memory of that evening will live with all of us long after we have gone our different ways at the close of this war.

PETE.

NEW K. OF C. SECRETARY ARRIVES IN CAMP.

Mr. John J. McIntyre, of Philadelphia, arrived at K. of C. headquarters on Saturday, April 13th, to act as field secretary and official scribe of K. of C. activities at Camp Wadsworth. He has had some newspaper experience and is known in professional vaudeville as Shan McIntyre, song writer and singer. U-boats have had no terrors for him as he has been across the Atlantic four times since the outbreak of war and is familiar with war conditions "over there."

K. C. CAMPMAN.

BIJOU

HOME OF PARAMOUNT PICTURES

— CHANGE OF PROGRAM DAILY —
**ALL THE LATEST AND BEST
 PICTORIAL AND COMEDY
 REELS**

STRAND

REFINED MUSICAL COMEDY
 AND
 TRIANGLE PHOTOPLAYS
2 Solid Hours 2
 OF ENTERTAINMENT

RIALTO

THE HOUSE OF FEATURES
 PROGRAM CHANGED DAILY
 OPEN FROM
10 A. M. TO 10 P. M.

HARRIS

KEITH VAUDEVILLE
 3 TIMES DAILY 3
 3:00 — 7:15 — 9:00
 CHANGE OF PROGRAM
Monday and Thursday



Ah! That's the Spot

Sloan's Liniment goes right to it. Have you a rheumatic ache or a dull throbbing neuralgic pain? You can find a quick and effective relief in Sloan's Liniment. Thousands of homes have this remedy handy for all external pains because time and time again it has proven the quickest relief.

So clean and easy to apply, too. No rubbing, no stain, no inconvenience as is the case with plasters or ointments. If you once use Sloan's Liniment, you will never be without it.
 Generous sized bottles, at all druggists.
 25c., 50c., \$1.00.

**Sloan's
 Liniment**
 KILLS PAIN

In Division Society

COMPANY H, 105TH INFANTRY, ENTERTAIN AT DANCING.

The members of Company H, 105th Infantry, gave a delightful dance at the Hotel Cleveland. Music was furnished by the 57th Pioneer Infantry Band. Among the patrons and patronesses were Col. and Mrs. James A. Andrews, Maj. and Mrs. J. Scott Button, Capt. and Mrs. W. H. Ely, Lieut. Adjt. and Mrs. Stephen Fifield, Lieut. and Mrs. T. F. Brown.

Mrs. John Leary, of No. 621 Fifth Ave., New York City, has announced the marriage of her daughter, Miss Elizabeth Johnson Leary, to Major James Taber Loree, of Division Headquarters, 27th Division, U. S. A. The marriage took place in the rectory of St. Patrick's Cathedral, New York City. The Rev. Father T. Martin officiating. A breakfast followed at Sheery's. Major and Mrs. Loree will return to Camp Wadsworth after a brief honeymoon.

RECEPTION TO GENERAL AND MRS. CARLETON.

A delightful reception was given in the parish house of the Church of the Advent by the members of the congregation to Gen. and Mrs. Guy Carleton and members of Gen. Carleton's staff and their wives. Excellent music was furnished by the 13th Pennsylvania Infantry Band. Receiving with Mr. and Mrs. W. H. K. Pendleton were the vestry and their wives who extended a cordial welcome to Gen. Carleton and the other newer men.

GENERAL AND MRS. LESTER ENTERTAINED.

Brig.-Gen. James W. Lester was tendered a farewell luncheon at the Hotel Cleveland by the members of his staff. His orderlies presented him with a loving cup as a farewell tribute. Since coming to Spartanburg Gen. and Mrs. Lester have made many friends in the city who deeply regretted their departure for their home at Saratoga Springs, N. Y.

Col. and Mrs. James Andrews have returned from a week-end stay in Asheville.

SANITARY DETACHMENT, 106TH F. A.

"Mike" and "Pat" have left us for a rather elongated sojourn to their native haunts. No! they are not both Irishmen—one is a dog. The Sergeant didn't obtain a furlough; it is a temporary discharge. It's all right, "Pat," but don't spend all your vacation in Buffalo; the old "Bay State" isn't a half bad tract of country to give the "once over."

"Handball" Farrell, the enlightened gentleman from the Borough, is a bear for the weaker sex.

"Iodine" of the firm of "Iodine and Ether," just obtained an honorable discharge

from the Base Hospital to duty. He is now working at his same old job—doing nothing and lots of it. Cheer up, Mat, you may pull an "M. D."

"Tom" Cunningham, an old "Border Vet," is our one and only reliable source of information. "Tom" is not a theorist in any sense of the word, he has had actual experience with all forms of human effort. Speaking about animals, how are your dogs today, Thomas?

First in bed and last to get out is our beloved compatriot, "Bob" Hyland. "Bob" hails from the Bean City of the Bay State. He is a strong believer in preparedness as he goes to bed in heavy marching order. Get up, Bob, time for assembly.

"Gloomy" Lou Nolan was caught the other day with the least suspicions of a smile on his face and the more reliable of the "Gimmies" declared it was the first signs of mirth Lou has shown since "Egg-Head" Shields last removed his wearing apparel. "Egg-Head" always enters the "Arms of Orpheus" in heavy marching order.

*Editor's Note — Our correspondent's knowledge of mythology is not accurate. He means Apollo.

HIGH HOPES AND HIGH FINANCE.

(Continued from page 3)

tickets, Stetson hats, serge uniforms, cordovan leggings and shoulder bars.

All Over, But—

By this time we either did or did not get those furloughs just as some of us did and others of us did not get the commissions. But Bill the Kaiser can never erase from our minds those two final weeks of high hopes and high finance. That is, he can never erase the memory unless he erases us along with it.

Inasmuch as this will be about the last of this series of stories of this particular O. T. S. it is not going far wrong to express the thanks that every man in both companies of infantry and in the battery owe their instructors—from Lieutenant Colonel Taylor, Major Button and Captain Clinton down.

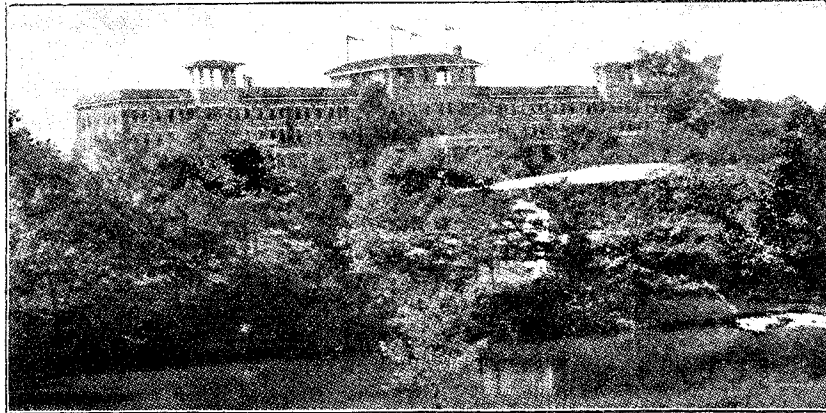
And farewells would be quite incomplete without a word or so about Company M, 105th Infantry. They were the lads detailed to do guard duty and K. P. The average soldier is a queer parcel of humanity. He will work as cheerfully as he plays—provided he is working for himself; doing his own work. But he'll roar like a lion if detailed to do some other fellow's work. Well, Company M did the work that, under normal conditions, we would have had to do for ourselves.

And they did it cheerfully; did it well. Of course there's a reason. That reason is, that they are GOOD SOLDIERS.

W. A. D.

CHICK SPRINGS HOTEL

CHICK SPRINGS, S. C.



**Camp
Wadsworth**
12 Miles

Camp Sevier
4 Miles

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

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

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

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

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



"See Chimney Rock First—Then France"

The Most Charming Bit of
Scenery in America

18 Miles by Motor from Hendersonville

Chimney Rock Company

HENDERSONVILLE, NORTH CAROLINA

Banking Logic

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

*Place your account
with the*

**CENTRAL
NATIONAL BANK**
SPARTANBURG, S. C.



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

The Manor

Albemarle Park
Asheville, N.C.

"In the Land of the Sky"—

Only three and one-half hours from Spartanburg through enchanting country.

Spend your furloughs at this world-famous resort rather than in travelling to your distant homes.

In America - - An English Inn



Gillette Safety Razor



*Have You Seen the
New Gillettes
Specially Designed for
the Fighting Man?*

THESE models were designed by members of the Gillette Organization who have seen service with the Colors and know what the soldier is up against.

Hundreds of officers and men are buying them—the U. S. Service Set in metal case, and the new Khaki-covered sets for Uncle Sam's soldiers and officers.

The Gillette is the one razor for the man who is doing things—the one razor with world-wide use and reputation.

When a man wants new Blades he can get them at any Post Exchange or Y. M. C. A. Hut—here in America or Overseas.

Our Paris Office carries stocks—is constantly supplying the American Expeditionary Forces. Gillette Safety Razors and Blades on sale everywhere in France, England, Italy and the Eastern battle fronts.

The Gillette Is Accepted Everywhere as the Fighting Man's Razor

He wants to be clean-shaved, trim and alert—in all sorts of weather—and with all kinds of hard or soft or hot or cold shaving water.

He wants everything he carries to be light and compact.

That's why fighting men are using more Gillettes than all other razors put together.

The Gillette has stood the test of hard usage, on every kind of beard and texture of skin—under all sorts of climatic conditions—and proved itself 100% efficient.

The U. S. Regulations call for a clean shave.

Every man in the Service needs a Gillette.

The Gillette is the real service razor—compact, sure, convenient—always on the job—no strops or hones to clutter up the kit.

Blades always sharp, always ready—and No Stropping—No Honing.

GILLETTE SAFETY RAZOR COMPANY

BOSTON, MASS., U. S. A.

GILLETTE SAFETY RAZOR COMPANY, OF CANADA, LTD.
73 ST. ALEXANDER ST., MONTREAL

GILLETTE SAFETY RAZOR SOCIETE ANONYME
17 BIS, RUE LA BOETIE, PARIS, FRANCE

GILLETTE SAFETY RAZOR, LIMITED
200 GREAT PORTLAND ST., LONDON, W., ENGLAND

A. G. MICHELES
53 LITEINY, PETROGRAD, RUSSIA

VEDOVA TOSI QUIRINO & FIGLI
VIA SENATO, 18, MILAN, ITALY