

WADSWORTH GAS ATTACK

AND

The Rio Grande Rattler.

Vol. 1

CAMP WADSWORTH S. C., December 22, 1917

No. 5



Christmas Number

PRICE 5 CENTS



Deposits

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Give Ear to the Strange Tale of Oscar Grumpus and Joe Goofus!



I

Here to the left is poor Oscar Grumpus,
Grumbling, complaining, and down
on his luck,
Down in the mouth, and sad to behold.
He never smiles, and instead of a heart
Beats a cardiac iceberg rigid and cold—
And there is a reason soon to be told.

II

Here to the right is happy Joe Goofus,
Smiles in his heart and smiles on his face,
He's a good soldier---far wiser than
Grumpus---
He laughs till he crumples up flat on
his back,
And the reason is simple, he's always alert
To invest, every week, in the Gas Attack!



Of course, there is a moral to this tale, but not a dry, uninteresting moral.

It means freedom from boredom, to get the Gas Attack.

You'll be an outsider, like Oscar Grumpus, unless you do it.

And the next issue, the New Year's Number, will be as bouncing a baby as the new year it ushers in. There will be feature articles, cartoons a-plenty, another page of camp poets, another letter to Mable in the Incinerator, and lots of news from division units. What could be fairer than that?

And it's just a nickel!

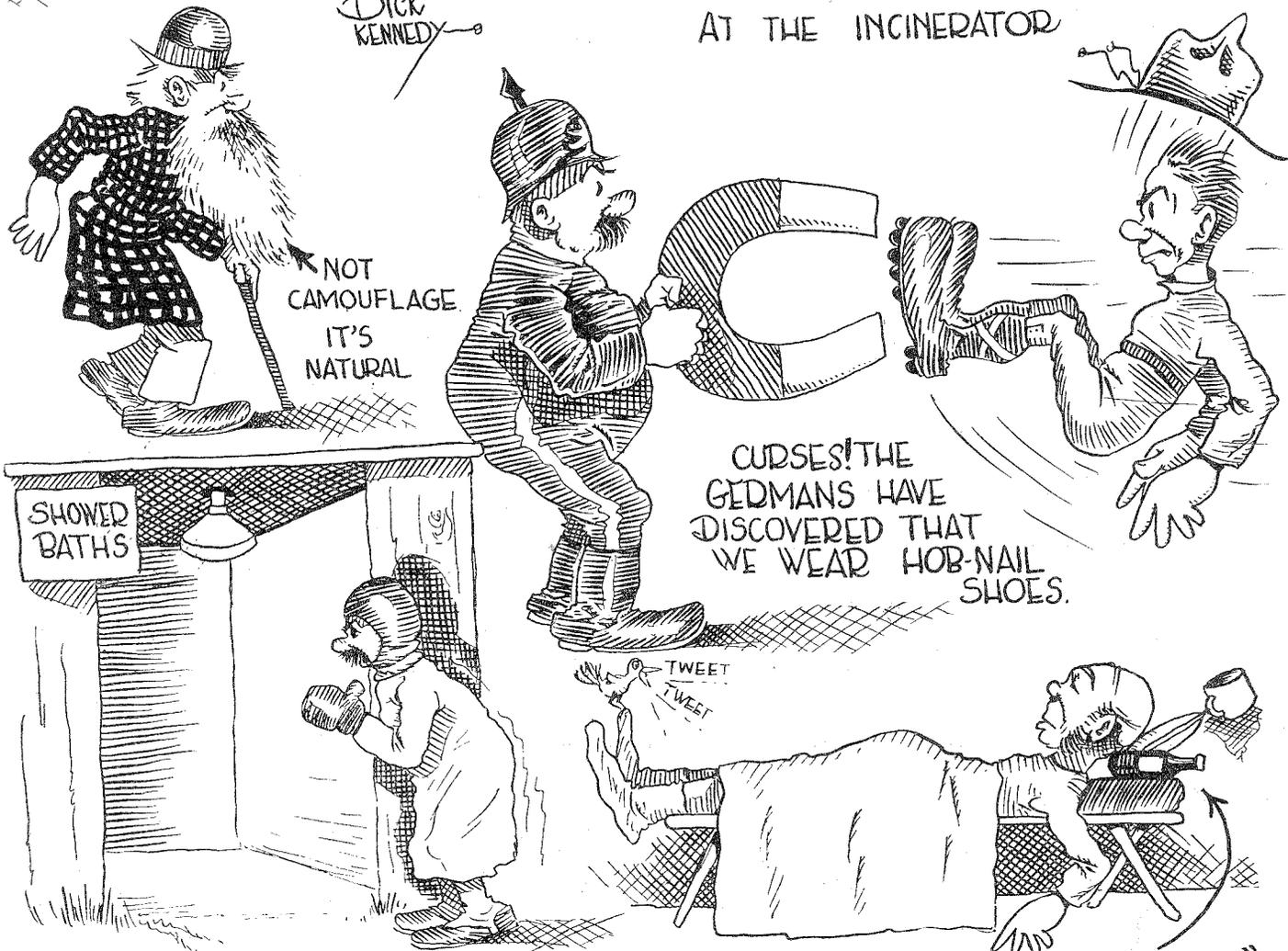


MY! DOESN'T THE BOYS SOUP SMELL APPETIZING?

FRONT!

DICK KENNEDY

AT THE INCINERATOR



NOT CAMOUFLAGE IT'S NATURAL

CURSES! THE GEDMANS HAVE DISCOVERED THAT WE WEAR HOB-NAIL SHOES.

TWEET TWEET

SHOWED BATHS

DESERTED VILLAGE

PRIVATE CASEY'S "HEADQUARTERS"

"A CHRISTMAS HIKE AROUND CAMP"

IN THE SNOWY SOUTH

Spartanburg Steals Siberia's Stuff and Soldiers Shiver.

Those veteran members of the 7th and 71st New York regiments will remember the day they, the vanguard of the New York Division, arrived in McAllen, Texas.

It rained! It rained as though amateurs were running the waterworks—as though they didn't know how to regulate the faucets. No such raining had ever been accomplished upon the New York soldiers before.

You remember Mayor Archer and his fellow boosters standing out in front of the Postoffice and remarking that they had never seen the beat of it?

"Ain't never rained nothin' like this sence ole man McAllen settled these parts," gasped Mayor Archer.

"Nup," agreed Postmaster January.

Well, you remember the rest of the unprecedented weather in and around McAllen.

Now to Spartanburg, S. C. Ah! Here was weather—weather that would make a Californian cut his throat out of sheer jealousy. Balmy breezes, Indian Summer bliss, Lotos Eater afternoons and all that sort of thing.

Have you noticed anything balmy about this neck of the woods recently? Have you noted anything particularly sunny or Southern about these parts during the past two or three weeks?

Well, last Wednesday we met Beauregard Thomas, Justice of the Peace, of Fair Forest.

"Beats all, stranger," cried the Judge, "this yere weather. Bo'n an' raised 'roun' yere and ah ain't never seen no sech snow. Ain't right, nohow."

Some day, maybe, the 27th Division is going to encamp in a land where things run true to form; where the weather—good, bad or indifferent—will stay put after we reach that place; where the natives will not try to shove off upon us the blame for freakish departures from weather precedents.

—W. A. D.

SANTA CLAUS TO THE M. P.'S IN TOWN.

The detachment from the Military Police that stays in Spartanburg on duty Christmas day will have a Christmas tree of its own. The Cowpens Chapter, D. A. R., is going to be the particular Santa Claus in this case, and to defray the expenses the women in this organization held a silver tea at which a melting pot was more important than a tea-pot. Into the melting pot everybody present was asked to throw broken trinkets and discarded novelties whose metal was of value.

S. CLAUS, SUPPLY SERGEANT.

By Charles Divine, Ambulance Co. 108.

He may not have a soldier's build
Around his waist or belly,
But he can serve his nation with
His boxes, cakes, and jelly.
The uniform he wears is not
Exactly regulation,
But he knows how to run the guards
Into the reservation.

His cheeks are red, his twinkling eyes
See roads, though flat or hilly,
And he will reach the Sunny South
On breezes warm or chilly.
Our chimney-tops may bar his way,
What with their spark arresters,
But he will fill your socks with things
From Bessies, Janes, and Esthers,
From Aunt Annette, the Colonel's wife,
The Captain's niece or sister,
The girl back home who laughed and cried
The day you left—and kissed her.

His reindeers only prance at night,
Invisible, these friskers,
But you can see his heart behind
His camouflage of whiskers!

TO DESTROY CAMP TRENCHES.

Artillery to Bombard Them; Infantry to Rebuild Them.

Now they're planning to bombard the trenches over on the hills back of camp just to see how well and how rapidly we doughboys and engineers can rebuild them. It's going to be rough work—hard work and lots of it. But it's going to be the sort of work we have to get used to because we're going to be called upon to do a great deal of it over on the other side.

The plan is simple, like all good plans are. The artillery is to set itself a mile or so across the hills in front of the trenches. The men detailed to repair the ruin, are to be stationed somewhere to the side where, although safe from the shells and from shell shock, they will be able to witness the destruction work.

The bombardment will continue for an hour or so. Then the infantry and the engineers, supposed to have been driven out by the artillery fire, will retake the trenches and rebuild.

For the present trench work has been abandoned because of the inclemency of the weather. But just as soon as the trenches are again inhabitable the war game will be resumed.

*'Twas the night before Christmas, when all
through the house:
'Oh, Santa Claus, bring me a new woolen
blouse!'*

NOTHING WORSE THAN COLD FEET.

But General Rumor Made It Rigor Mortis.

The Wadsworth trenches have disappeared. The snow has filled them and wiped out their winding course across the hills. The snow had plenty of opportunity. The trenches have not been occupied since the invasion of the Baffin Bay climate that possesses these parts of the well known Sunny South.

The last battalion to occupy the trenches was relieved from duty before the time scheduled for that occupancy had expired. This because it was cold—very cold and the officers realized that little benefit was to be derived from continuing that night's work under the existing conditions.

Yet, the next day, the camp was regaled with a series of those remarkable rumors that are never true and always uncomplimentary in that they reflect no credit upon the intelligence and gameness of the originators.

We were told that seven (or was it eleven) poor, ill-treated soldier boys (they are always soldier boys in such yarns) were carried out of the trenches frozen quite stiff. All of them died, either in the trenches or soon after being removed therefrom. Headquarters was covering up the truth—denying the facts. It was outrageous!

Of course nothing of the sort occurred. Colds, some heavy and some otherwise, have resulted from trench occupancy. What did you expect? Steam heat and velour cushioned firing steps? What do you fellows think this affair is; a clam bake? Men have died since the camp opened and more will follow. But the percentage of deaths here has been no greater than it would have been anywhere else where 30,000 men might be mobilized—in civil or military life.

Quit beefing! Nobody was frozen to death in the trenches despite the fellows who saw the funeral of the man who, someone told them, had been frozen to death in the trenches. Such bleating can not be classified. The Boy Scouts are too game to be used by way of comparison.

As a matter of fact the greatest suffering settled in the feet of the rumor mongers. They did feel the cold terribly. It's a bit pathetic to realize that you huskies stand for these raw fakes. If you are going to lay down now—GOOD NIGHT.

CHANGES IN DIVISION STAFF.

Major Allen L. Reagan has been transferred from the Headquarters Staff to the 47th New York Infantry.

Capt. Cornelius W. Wickersham has been transferred from the command of Company A, Military Police, to the post of assistant chief of staff.

Wadsworth Gas Attack and Rio Grande Rattler

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

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PRICE FIVE CENTS.

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

EDITORIAL

THE SAME TO YOU!

Christmas away from New York may not be the real thing but here in camp it is an Elsie Janis imitation of the genuine article.

We miss the folks at home, of course. There isn't anything that can really take their place. But we'll have a dinner that will take our minds off any fit of home-blueness. If we swing the squad axe the night before Christmas, we will have as roaring a log fire in our Sibley as an imitation gas-log fire in the best flat in Harlem. As for the weather, it will be Christmassy enough to suit anybody. Then there will be the boxes from home laden with good cheer and possible indigestion. And we'll have Christmas trees, which we might have missed in New York.

But Christmas is like most things. The tinsel and the turkey don't really count. It's the spirit that makes the day. Many of us will experience a feeling of satisfaction this Christmas we have never felt before. We will feel that at last we are doing a big work; that we are going forward with a high aim and a strong purpose. Christmas will mean more to us this year than ever before, because we will understand the Christmas spirit better. At Christmas time, the time of giving, we can truly feel that we are giving, and giving much, and there is more joy in one moment of that feeling than there is in a thousand years of selfish pleasures. R. E. C.

A CHOP IN TIME.

The goode olde Christmas custome of bringing in ye Yule Logge will be observed at Camp Wadsworth this year. Indeed, we have been bringing in yule and other logs nearly every day since we left the sunny North.

And, it is more than likely, we will be bringing in logs for some time to come to feed the rapacious appetite of the omnivorous Sibley.

The good old plea "Woodman, Spare That Tree!" falls on deaf ear-muffs these days.

We hoard our burnt matches for kindling wood. We pounce on every vagrant chip. The man who finds a stray two-by-four won't speak to Rockefeller. Wood is as useless as guns are to an army.

The squad that doesn't keep a cord of wood piled in its tent, and a reserve cord cached in a convenient cotton field, stands about as much chance as a German spy caught taking a nap in one of the 12-inch guns at Sandy Hook during target practice.

When it wakes up in the morning, if it ever does, it will feel like a man sitting on an iceberg off Siberia in January in his B. V. D.'s eating ice cream with the electric fan turned on. Many a good doughboy has been found frozen to his cot because he didn't keep the home fires burning.

It will go hard with the cabaret singer on Broadway who sings us one of these "Take Me Back to My Home in the Sunny South" ballads.

Of course the kickers wave a critical tongue at this situation.

They say the supply sergeant should issue them every morning a nice little pile of O. D. wood, cut in two-inch lengths—the proper size for a Sibley stove. They also holler for grapefruit at breakfast, and think individual bath tubs should be issued. They haven't tumbled to the fact that they are in an army, and not in the Bayside Camp Fire Girls. They haven't absorbed the idea that we are down here to **train**, which means to get ready for the hardships and hard work ahead of us. That's why the trenches aren't steam-heated.

Most men in camp don't want to be babyed. They are willing to go out and cut their own wood. There is plenty of it. Indeed, there is little else in the country around here. A little vicious chopping by a squad will secure enough wood for a week. Chopping develops the very muscles you will use when you park your rifle on some Hun's wiener-safe. Out with the axes! Stoke up the Sibleys! Bring on your sunny South weather!

R. E. C.

ABANDON BANDS? NEVER!

Some efficiency shark has figured out that the 27th Division would save a lot of money by abandoning its bands.

We don't like efficiency experts. Their veins are full of red ink. They usually have million dollar heads and two cent hearts.

We are all for doing a job right and quick, and as for labor saving, we are for that strong. But your efficiency man would reduce everything to figures, systems and schedules. If you can't show him the dollars and cents value of a thing, out it goes.

That explains why he would turn our bandmen into cooks, because he sees real tangible value in a plate of slum, whereas whoever heard of a man getting calories out of a Sousa march?

Music has made more men soldiers than all the recruiting speeches and recruiting posters. When all else has failed, the crashing, enspiriting notes of a band have cheered then on. The tune may be "It's a Hot Time in the Old Town To-Night." It may be "Tipperary." Or it may be the "Marsellaise." It's music. Soldier's music. And soldiers respond to it as they do to nothing else.



A SOLDIER'S LETTER TO HIS SWEETHEART.

Mon Cherry Mable:

That's the way the French begin their love letters, but it's perfectly proper. I would have wrote you sooner, but me and my fountain pen has been froze for a week. Washington will never know how lucky he was that he got assigned to Valley Forge instead of Spartanburg. It got us out of drill for a couple of days, though, and that's something. I guess I'd rather freeze than drill, but it's awful when they make you do both. Two of the fellows in my tent has gone home on furlows so me, being a corporal, I took all their blankets. I got a squad of men to look out for, Mable, and my first duty is to keep fit. Duty first. That's me, all over. I got so many blankets now that I have to put a book-mark in the place I get in at night or I'd never find it again.

We spend most of our time now trying to find something to burn up in the Sibley stoves. A Sibley stove, Mable, is a stove-pipe built like the leg of a sailor's trousers. Old man Sibley must have had a fine mind to think it out all himself. The government gives us our wood, but the man who decided how much they were going to give us must have had an office in the Sandwich Islands. I said the other day that if they'd dip our allowance in fosfrus we'd at least have matches, eh Mable. I'm the same old BILL, Mable, crackin' jokes and keepin' everyone laffin' when things is blackest.

The ladies of Spartanburg are going to give each company a Christmas tree. I wish they'd issue them now so that we could divide them up. I went into a dance the other night and I said to one of them, wouldn't it be nicer to give each company a Yule log. Get the point. But I don't suppose you know what a Yule log is.

I was scoutin' round for wood to-day and burned up those military hair brushes your mother gave me before we came away. I told her they'd come in mighty handy some day.

They say a fellow tried to take a shower the other day and before he could get out it froze round him something like that fellow in the Bible who turned into a pillow of salt. They had to break the whole thing open the pipe and stand it in front of a stove. When it melted he finished his shower and said he felt fine. That's how hard we're getting, Mable.

I bought a book on Minor Tackticks the other day. That's not about underaged ticks that live on tacks, as you will think, Mable. It's the science of moving bodies of men from one place to another. I thought

it might tell some way of moving the squad out of bed in the morning, but it doesn't. All important dope like that is camouflaged so the Germans won't get at it.

Camouflage is not a new kind of cheese, Mable. It is a military term. Camouflage is French for cauliflower, which is a disguised cabbage. It is the same thing as putting powder on your face instead of washing it. You deceive Germans with it. For instance, you paint a horse black and white stripes and a German comes along and thinks it is a picket fence and goes right by. Or you paint yourself up to look like a tree and then go out and stand near the Bosh trenches all day and see what they are doin.

Well, I guess it's time to say Merry Xmas now, Mable. I guess it won't be a very merry Christmas for you without me there, eh? Cheer up, though, cause I'm goin' to think of you whenever I get time all day long. Their beginning to find out I'm a good man and I'm always in demand. One day main guard, the next fatigue. My name's on the bulletin board every night. But I know what their up against and I haven't never refused to do anything they asked me yet. That's me all over, isn't it, Mable?

Don't send me nothing for Christmas, Mable. I bought something for you, of course, but I'm not goin' to tell you 'cause it's a surprise. All I can say is that it cost me four eighty-seven (\$4.87) which is more than I could afford and it's worth a lot more. But you know how I am with my money. You ought to anyway, eh Mable? So don't send me anything, please, although I need an electric flash-light, some cigarettes, candy and one of those stockings that you wear on your head. I'll spend my last cent on anyone I like, but I don't want to be under no obligations. Independent. That's me all over.

You might read this part to your mother. I don't want nothin' from her, neither.

Write soon and plain, Mable, 'cause I don't get much time for studyin'.

Yours till the South is warm,

BILL.

P. S.—Your mother's present cost me three seventy-seven (\$3.77).

* * *

*'Twas the night before Christmas, but all joys will cease
When you're posted the next day for kitchen police.*

* * *

The Christmas tree celebrations in camp will probably break up in riots—over who'll get the trees for fire-wood.

GOLD BARS FOR SECOND LIEUTENANTS.

HOW ABOUT MAHOGANY FOR THE SERGEANTS?

* * *

Addition to "The saddest words of tongue or pen": Soldier at the telephone in camp: "Give me Spartanburg four-three-seven-one . . . Hello! . . . That you, Polly? . . . Say, whaddya think? . . . I gotta go on guard to-night!"

* * *

*'Twas the night before Christmas when
from all the shelves
Were hung all the socks that wouldn't
stand by themselves.*

* * *

She was a nice old lady and very proud of her lieutenant, so as she walked down Main street by his side each time he was saluted she bowed graciously. After this had happened about fifty times she beamed at him admiringly. "Harold, I think it's perfectly wonderful how you keep in touch with the men and make so many friends."

* * *

*'Twas the night before Christmas when I
prayed "If you would,
Good Mr. Santa, leave a half cord of wood."*

* * *

From the wagon company wafts down this telegraphic interchange:

Captain Blinks.

Dear Sir: Business not finished. Want an extension of furlough.

Private Binks:

Dear Sir: Neither is the war. You can't get it.

* * *

The P. and N. announces that in order to take care of the Christmas rush a special train will leave Camp Wadsworth for town sometime on Christmas eve night. There are only a limited number of lowers left on this train, so get in your order early.

* * *

*'Twas the night before Christmas and
thousands of men
Spent the night getting home on the old
P. and N.*

* * *

Visit Spartanburg.—See America Thirst.

* * *

*'Twas the night before Christmas and all
through the street
Not a sock was hung up; they were all on
their feet.*

* * *

Well-known women of the ambulance service: Carrie Litter and First-aid Kit.

—E. S.

GRADUATES OF OFFICERS SCHOOL.

Officers Capable of Acting as Instructors in Various Branches of Military Science.

The first class has just been graduated from the 27th division school of the line, and the student officers who have completed the required courses are being sent back to their commands to act as instructors and assistant instructors to the enlisted men. Another class is being formed in the school of the line, and it will not be long until there will be a force of trained instructors sufficient to teach the entire enlisted strength of the division and the drafted men who are expected to come later on. Those who have just graduated, with their grades and subjects, follow:

Grenades.

Instructors—Capt. Charles A. McArthur, 105th U. S. infantry; 2d Lt. H. C. DeLouiselle, 1st Lt. A. P. Guttzeit, 2d Lt. F. J. Jackson, 106th U. S. infantry; 1st Lt. F. D. Conklin, 1st Lt. F. V. Jackson, 1st Lt. T. C. Dedell, 107th U. S. infantry; 2d Lt. E. P. Brecht, 108th U. S. infantry; Capt. F. D. McLean, 1st N. Y. infantry.

Assistant Instructors—1st Lt. E. C. Dreher, 105th U. S. infantry; 1st Lt. A. M. Harp, 1st Lt. C. J. Donnecker, 108th U. S. infantry; Capt. Max Juffe, 12th N. Y. infantry; Capt. T. A. McDonnough, 14th N. Y. infantry; Capt. W. J. Evans, 71st N. Y. infantry.

Bayonet Fighting.

Instructors—2d Lt. E. W. Maxon, 105th U. S. infantry; 1st Lt. L. C. Brennan, 2d Lt. R. H. Trask, 106th U. S. infantry; 1st Lt. C. J. Walrath, 107th U. S. infantry; 2d Lt. E. H. O'Rourke, 2d Lt. W. DeF. Manice, 108th U. S. infantry.

Assistant Instructors—2d Lt. C. V. Degenar, 105th U. S. infantry; 1st Lt. I. I. Hodes, L. Peterson, 106th infantry; 2d Lt. E. K. Palmer, 107th U. S. infantry; Capt. G. M. Taylor, 12th N. Y. infantry; Capt. E. A. Robinson, 71st N. Y. infantry; Capt. L. N. Smith, 74th N. Y. infantry.

Automatic Arms.

Instructors—1st Lt. F. K. Lovell, 2d Lt. M. L. Atkins, Capt. R. F. Potter, 105th infantry; 1st Lt. A. T. Brown, 1st Lt. T. D. Cronan, 1st Lt. R. K. Comstock, 106th U. S. infantry; 1st Lt. R. M. Vernon, 1st Lt. W. B. Penoyer, 1st Lt. John Kerr, 107th U. S. infantry; 1st Lt. J. J. Roos, 2d Lt. J. W. Vogt, 108th U. S. infantry; Capt. Edward Cavanaugh, 12th N. Y. infantry; Capt. Herbert D. Crounce, 14th N. Y. infantry; Capt. W. A. Renalds, 71st N. Y. infantry; Capt. C. E. Smith and Capt. C. R. McMichael, 74th N. Y. infantry.

Field Fortifications.

Instructors—1st Lt. C. H. Scott, Capt. E. W. Strong, 2d Lieut. T. F. Brown, 105th U. S. infantry; Capt. Ritherford Ireland, 1st Lt. F. D. Clark, 106th U. S. infantry; 1st Lt. H. W. Hayward, 1st Lt. R. W. Bowman, 1st Lt.

ARE YOU GIVING THE SIBLEY ITS DUE?

How Many Hundredths of a Cord of Wood Do You Get?

The wood allowance for heating purposes has been increased. Here it is: For each authorized kitchen fire, one-twelfth of a cord of wood per day; for each authorized crematory, one-twelfth of a cord of wood per day; for each infantry regiment, maximum strength, for heating purposes, 12 cords of wood per day for other units of maximum strength, for heating purposes, one three-hundredths of a cord of wood per man per day; for incomplete organizations for heating purposes, one hundredth of a cord of wood per man per day.

For officers: One-half gallon of mineral oil per tent per day, or 20 pounds of soft coal per tent per day, or one-fiftieth of a cord of wood per tent per day.

Try this over on your Sibley.

SECOND LIEUTENANT'S INSIGNIA.

The Quartermaster General of the Army has notified military uniform manufacturers that the rank insignia on the shoulder loops of the service coats of army second lieutenants will be a gold bar. Also that the rank of these officers will be designated on the sleeve of their overcoats by a brown braid in the same design as the black loops of the first lieutenant.

William G. LeCompte, 107th U. S. infantry; 1st Lt. A. L. Blades, 1st Lt. G. L. Wilder, 1st Lt. E. R. Mahaffey, 108th U. S. infantry; Maj. Lewis Seymour, Capt. E. A. Roberts, 1st N. Y. infantry; Lt. Col. W. E. Downs, Maj. M. G. Addison, 12th N. Y. infantry; Maj. W. H. Jackson, Maj. J. E. Schuyler, 14th N. Y. infantry; Capt. C. F. True, 71st N. Y. infantry; Capt. B. C. Mead, Capt. E. J. Murray, 74th N. Y. infantry.

Musketry Section.

Instructors—1st Lt. J. J. Callahan, 1st Lt. H. F. Smith, 1st Lt. H. L. Conway, 105th U. S. infantry; 1st Lt. A. J. Hook, 2d Lt. F. W. Rozeck, 2d Lt. A. B. Elliman, 106th infantry; 2d Lt. Clarence T. Baldwin, 2d Lt. G. B. Daniell, 107th U. S. infantry; 1st Lt. A. B. Peterson, 1st Lt. L. H. Butt, 108th N. Y. infantry; Capt. G. S. Keepers, Capt. A. I. Marshall, 1st N. Y. infantry; Capt. F. A. DePeyster, 12th N. Y. infantry; Capt. F. A. Sayles, Capt. H. J. Young, 14th N. Y. infantry; Maj. James Eben, Maj. Arthur E. Wells, 71st infantry; Capt. A. L. Gillig, 1st Lt. E. G. Zeigler.

Liaison.

Instructors—1st Lt. Frederick K. Long, 2d Lt. Grover C. Cleaver, 106th U. S. infantry; 1st Lt. Thomas J. Brady, 2d Lt. Francis J. Gould, 107th U. S. infantry.

Assistant Instructors—1st Lt. Frederick R. Coudert, Jr., 1st Lt. Chester P. Jones, 1st Lt. William H. Fuller, 2d Lt. Stephen F. Fifield, 1st Lt. William A. Hunter, Jr., Capt. Ridgley Nicholas, Capt. Raphael A. Egan.

DICKIE DOW, U. S. R.

By Charles Divine, Ambulance Co. 108

He swings his arms from the elbow, as a smart young officer should;
He marches erect, with an air of pride,
that does my old heart good.
He's First Lieutenant Dowlington, whom I used to call Dickie Dow,
And I, who bossed him at college, am only a private now.

For some of us have to be officers, and some of us have to be men,
And I mind what he says when he tells me, though he used to mind me then.

A freshman was Dickie, a junior was I, fraternity brothers, too,
And he was as green and timid a frosh as ever walked into the "U."
I made him weather his college storms, I helped him over the year,
And his frivolous mother scribbled her thanks: "He's such a baby, the dear!"

When we woke to the war and its mission,
I went by the shortest way
And joined the Guard, and that's why, you see, I'm here in the ranks to-day.
But Dickie—and I mustn't blame him—he went to an officers' school,
And came out with a bar on his shoulder and the latest bayonet rule.

How I used to shout at him, "Dickie Dow!" whenever we chanced to meet;
Now, sir, it's Lieutenant Dowlington the length of the company street,
For some of us have to be officers, and some of us try to be men,
And I mind what he says when he tells me, though he used to mind me then.

So I do my bit, digging a pit, back of the old latrine,
While Dickie looks on with his head erect, though once with a troubled mien
He gripped my arm, and he looked away:
"It ought to be me instead."
But I laughed at him softly and sent him away with a friendly shake of the head.

For he swings his arms from the elbow, as a smart young officer should,
And he marches erect, with an air of pride,
that does my old heart good.

Later—the scene was the trenches—when we all landed "over there,"
I stepped in the way of a bullet that crumpled me up for fair.

The enemy pushed us and trampled, as I lay there waiting for death,
When I felt an arm underneath me and Dickie Dow's gasping breath.

"Now steady, old pal, and we'll make it," lifting me, that's what he said,
"Good God!" there were tears in his boyish eyes: "It ought to be me instead."

He carried me back through the shell-fire, the hell-fire, the shrapnel, the rain,
To a doctor he browbeat with orders, and that's why I'm living again.

Then, going back to his station, a shell burst right at his feet,
And Dickie lay dead—and still were the arms that had swung so smart and neat.

Still were the lips that had murmured: "It ought to be me instead,"
Still were the brave young shoulders that held so erect a head.

Though I bossed him once, and he minded me, the dear little Dickie Dow,
I'd take the kitchen detail in hell—if I could be serving him now!

TOO COLD TO HULA.

The Hula of a Hawaiian Hennessy Becomes a Shiver Here.

The Princess Kalcialus came all the way from Pukoo, Molokai, Hawaii, to Camp Wadsworth, last week, to dance in a tent and a sea weed skirt. The Princess, born and raised Bessie Hennessy, was accompanied by six—count 'em, six—regulation O. D. Hawaiians armed to the teeth with ukuleles.

She came here consigned to E. A. Wickes, impresario and general manager of the combined Redpath and Red Triangle attractions. Under the direction of Manager Wickes, the Princess was scheduled to dance the Hula as the Hula is danced on the beach at Wikiki.

Arrives Night of the Big Wind.

The Princess arrived the night of the big wind. Simultaneous with her arrival in camp, the two big tops wherein Manager Wickes and his colossal, stupendous, astounding and magnificent—not to overlook enormous, stupefying and marvelous—amusement productions hold forth, collapsed.

That left the Princess and her O. D. support without a place wherein to astound. But the Hennessy heart of the Princess was not dismayed. Manager Wickes staged a rehearsal in a nearby mess shack. The Princess, shy a tent or so, still had her sea-weed skirt. She wriggled around the mess shack floor for a spell but the Carolina breezes won. The Hula became a shiver and the ukuleles froze in the hands of their O. D. tormentors.

A Hula in Trench Shoes.

Still survived, however, the Hennessy grit. The Princess, it is alleged, swore a mighty Mauna Kai oath that she'd dance. Somewhere they dup up a supply sergeant who had a heart. Assisted by this stranger, they camouflaged the Princess with a few pairs of spiral leggings, an assortment of blankets—human and horse, a stray shelter half or so, a Sibley stove and a pair of trench shoes—those new tank-like affairs we got from the Bethlehem Steel Company.

After thoroughly heating the Princess, they rushed her to Y. M. C. A. Unit No. 92 where she danced. The dance lost something of its South Sea Island flavor. There was a suggestion of Bolsheviki about it and there were those in the audience who saw touches of frozen Fandango in the Princess' endeavor. But the Princess danced. Meanwhile the O. D.'s beat upon their ukuleles.

Such was the success of the affair that the Princess was prevailed upon, after thirty-eight seconds of argument, to hasten in to Spartanburg where she repeated her mighty success at the dance being conducted in the Hotel Cleveland by the officers of the 102d U. S. Engineers.

After seeing the Princess' sensational efforts, it is alleged, 300 of the 301 engineers present applied for transfer to the Hawaiian Engineers. The other one was temporarily blind.
—W. A. D.



THE MORNING AFTER

SLEEPING WITH TENT FLAPS OPEN.

It is reported that the men of certain regiments and companies have been ordered by their commanders to sleep with their tent flaps open. The report was published by our friend and contemporary, the Spartanburg Herald, which went so far as to say that some of the regimental officers "claim that it is conducive to good health and to comfort as well."

There is another report, not as yet published, that the reporter for the Spartanburg Herald who wrote that sentence is going to be made to experience the adventure himself, to determine if he can gain first-hand information to support the phrase "comfort as well."

HOLIDAY FURLOUGHS FOR NATIONAL ARMY LIMITED.

Men of the National Army will not be given Christmas furloughs unless they live within trolley distance of their cantonments, the War Department has decided.

Secretary Baker assigned the harmful effect a general leave-taking would have on camp discipline and the heavy burden it would throw on the railroads as reasons for the department's action.

Spartanburg merchants have a big line of high-grade Christmas goods. You'll find their names in the **Gas Attack**.

The biggest dollar you ever spent—the one that makes you a member of the Red Cross.

ETHELBERT JELLYBACK, PRIVATE, GOES ON GUARD.

A Letter to the Editor.

Dear Editor:

Do you recall that bitter cold Sunday night—the ninth, I think it was? Dear me, the weather was egregious! And I, Ethelbert Jellyback, Private, was forced to go on guard—I, the scion of one of the first families in the country, of gentle breeding and impregnable social position.

Mind you, I express no dislike at being kept up at all hours of the night. Back in New York I often did it and enjoyed it, what with dinner dances that lasted until breakfast, and not infrequently I kept James waiting at Delmonico's with the limousine until dawn came over the roof-tops of the giant structures. Isn't Fifth Avenue wonderful at dawn? Dawn and reveille are one and the same thing, in point of time, and yet what a world of difference between them! There is something lovely, something that appeals to my soul in the word "dawn," but as for "reveille,"—well, as I started to tell you, dear Editor, I was on guard that coldest of all cold nights.

Had to Sleep in the Guardhouse.

Fancy my exasperation in finding that I had to sleep in the guardhouse, a tent improperly fortified against the weather. I told the sergeant of the guard that I pre-



ferred sleeping in my own tent, and that as far as my being accessible whenever he wished to call me, I would be willing to hire a messenger boy from town to go on duty all night and to carry messages from the sergeant at the guardhouse to me at my tent. But, strange to say, the sergeant declined to accept my proposal.

It wasn't regulation, he said. But it was convenient, you must admit that.

Of course, my guard duty began with a two-hour pacing of my post in the afternoon. It was a lonely two hours, and I am not fond of loneliness. I like company. Nothing appeals to me so much as to sit down with another dear chappie and have a good old chat for two or three hours. It's companionable, you know.

The Bewildered Lady.

While walking my post a lady, who looked unhappy and bewildered, got out of an automobile and came up to me. She was looking for her son, she said, and she couldn't find the regiment he was in or the company. I liked the well-bred tones of her voice, and my sympathies went out to her at once.

She begged me to go in search of her son, and volunteered to watch my post while I was away. I went.

When I came back the officer of the day was waiting for me, stern and denunciatory. In no uncertain tones he rebuked me for having gone on my altruistic mission.

I told him that the lady had been very insistent that I find her son. He replied that that had nothing to do with it. I retorted, with my usual self-possession:

"Any gentleman would give up his post to a lady."

The officer of the day went away muttering. It sounded as if he said something about being "against the rule." But a bystander said his words were: "The damn fool!" Of course, the bystander didn't catch his words correctly.

He Must Have His Bath!

Going back to the guardhouse that evening, I told the sergeant that I desired to bathe. He wouldn't let me leave the guardhouse. But I outwitted the horrid fellow. I have one of those little cans of Sterno canned-heat, you know, with its tripod, and over this I heated a sufficient amount of water to achieve a superficial bath. I removed my upper garments and, while the other men in the guardhouse sat on their cots looking at me intently, I flipped the warm drops over my shoulders and torso. The men openly marvelled at my courage, bathing in such weather. But I realize that improving all sanitary conditions wherever possible is next to Godliness.

He Denounces the Wind.

My turns on guard at night came from 10 p. m. to mid-night, and from 4 a. m. to 6 a. m. What untold agony I suffered. I wouldn't have minded it so much if I hadn't been betrayed by that seductive slogan "The Sunny South," or if the night had been warm and moonlit, for then I could have passed the hours composing one of those exquisite little poems which I now and then dash off. But one can't write poetry with good meter and regular feet when one's own feet are cold.

The wind—how I denounced it! It had none of those soft, gray tones such as one hears in the music of Chopin. It bit and cut, and the blasts were ice-coated.

I wore my Winter underwear, two O. D. shirts, two Red Cross sweaters, a blouse, and an overcoat. But even then I was rapidly succumbing to the wintry elements, had it not been for a unique scheme which I hit upon. I got a portable oil stove, and, grasping it by the handle, I carried it swinging by my side as I walked my post in military manner, keeping always on the

MAKE THE 27TH CHAMPION OF ALL DIVISIONS.

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

To be a champion you first have to have the qualities that make a champion. Then you must have the will to whip those qualities into championship shape and the spirit and determination to win.

The 27th Division has all the qualities that make champions. It has just as keen brains, just as sound bone, and just as lithe and powerful muscle as any other army in the world. These raw products can be moulded and turned and hammered into a finished product that will eclipse the best we will have to face.

The responsibility for the success of the 27th Division, so far as you are concerned, rests squarely upon the shoulders of one man, and that is the man right under your own hat. The Commanding General and your officers can plan and prescribe regulations and training for you, but unless you yourself get into the work with dead earnestness and determination to win, you will simply be one of those near champions who never arrive.

Don't depend altogether upon the men in command to make this Division the greatest in the world without your fullest support. Take the measure of yourself, or the Germans will, and see how far short you fall from doing your share. When every man does his part, the officers will have an organization which can not be shattered by howitzers or hardships.

Let this be the slogan of every man in the Division:

MAKE THE 27TH THE CHAMPION OF ALL DIVISIONS!

Then stake your life on living up to it, or you will likely give your life if you don't.

alert and observing that the stove was constantly burning.

He Loses the Stove.

At the time the stove was handed to me by a thoughtful fellow-private, who said he wanted to do me a favor, I had no idea that it wasn't his to dispose of. What was my surprise to be confronted by the officer of the day at 3:15 a. m., demanding what in hell I was doing with his stove? I told him I was unaware that it was his. He then took it away from me and gave me so many new orders that they perplexed me to the extent of my forgetting them all. And I am said, by my friends, to be unusually intellectual.

My life since that night has been one of numerous punishments. Oh, if I had only known that the officer of the day was going to come bothering me like that. As I said to my chum and tent-mate, Dickie darling, what business has an officer of the day to be snooping around at night?

Yours truly,

ETHELBERT JELLYBACK, Pvt.

—C. D.

News From Division Units

FIRE IN 107TH.

Residence of Co. K's Top Sergeant Destroyed,
But Without Loss of Life.

A ten alarm fire having its origin in Sergeant Raven's residence on "K" St., 107th Inf., stirred up the neighborhood in the vicinity of Park Ave. (Park Ave., Camp Wadsworth, of course) early Tuesday morning, December 11, and threatened that entire section of the city.

The cause of the fire is as yet unknown, but due to the recent increasing number of fires in that locality an incendiary is suspected. As there are in Co. K several Germans—at least a well-informed person "up North" has written down to say that their names are pure German—this explanation is very plausible.

At the time of the fire, Company Clerk Scannell was heating water for his first wash since the frost set in and Pvt. Van Rensselaer, one of the German suspects, the Van gives him dead away, was apparently innocently engaged at the company's typewriter.

The first warning of the danger these two were in came when a large cinder fell from the burning hood of the sergeant's tent—a pyramidal, large—upon the waiting cranium of Clerk Scannell. Be it said right here that Clerk Scannell did not lose his head; he jumped slightly—we admit—but who, crowned with a sparkling cinder, would not?

His first thought was that Pvt. Van Rensselaer had indulged in a practical joke and fired a pea-shooter. You know how a well-aimed pea will burn.

As soon as he realized his mistake and saw the flames making rapid headway, Clerk Scannell turned in the ten alarms immediately by shouting "Fire" an equal number of times and rushed to the telegraph key to which he stuck until the tent collapsed, sending reports to the C. O. who, unfortunately, was not at home, but out drilling the company.

Sgt. Clarkson, Company K's popular supply Sergeant, took charge of the bucket brigade and did heroic work rescuing the Sibley stove and a pair of the Top Sergeant's breeches, woolen O. D.

Realizing, after futile trials, that buckets of ice were not the best things with which to extinguish a progressive fire, Sgt. Clarkson ordered the tent tore down and the fire stamped out.

Everything was saved but the tent. Sgt. Van Schaick, another obviously German "Van," is being watched closely by the authorities.

FIELD HOSPITAL CO. 108.

Kranshaar, the "champion whistler of New York State and the New England States (at least that's what we learn from qualification record), was in the Sergeant's tent one Sunday and was induced to prove his ability as a "champ whistler." Sgt. Seth D'Aran was sleeping, he at once awoke, and on hearing the boisterous noise, gave the signal: "Heads under" and "lights out," just then the "champ whistler" bravely (oh, so bravely) turned the Sergeant, cot and all on the floor. All of the boys realized that Sergt. D'Aran would keep cool and with these remarks he solemnly went to sleep: "All right Kranshaar, I'll see that you are detailed to 'K. P.' all week for that."

It was the topic of the day for a whole week, finally some one suggested that the two combatants have a new novel duel, something on the following style: both to be equipped with a rubber hose (it's very easy to draw them from Q. M.) attached to our "hot" showers, with good soapy water running through them. It is needless to say that the entire company will root, and pray, if necessary, that Sergt. D'Aran win with honors.

Sergt. McDaid to Sergt. Buff: "We should buy some lumber to make our new tent the real cheese, just like tent No. 1." Sergt. Buff now speaking: "Ah! Go on, what do you want that for, we'll show them we're real soldiers and can rough it, all they need in that tent to make it a sea-side bungalow, is an electric tea server."

Lieut. Smith explained to the men at retreat one night that General O'Ryan remarked that the men with the long overcoats would feel more comfortable than the men with the short ones, when they get "Over There." Then we noticed our good friend, Sergt. Willy Bechtold, send his overcoat to the tailor to have it shortened. After questioning him on this, he said: "The suggestion may be good, but a guy with a short overcoat can run better, when he gets 'Over There.'"

Note: Don't laugh! Our little sergeant is not "yellow," he doesn't mean what you mean. What he has on his mind is that if he happens to see Kaiser Bill, he will be the first on his neck.

Bill Schenck was one of those lucky boys to receive a pair of woolen socks from one of our patriotic women. Bill said he is going to acknowledge the gift thusly:

"Your socks received dear lady, they're some fit,

I wear one for a helmet, the other for a mit,
I hope to meet you when I've done my bit,
But where the dickens did you learn to knit?"

I. P. E.

HEADQUARTERS CO., 102D ENGINEERS WILL HAVE BIG CHRISTMAS.

The Christmas dinner and program being arranged by Sergeant Rosenberg and Dietz and Goldberg, the crack cooks of the regiment, will make everyone in the Headquarters Company of the 102d Engineers forget that he is sorry he is not home for Christmas cheer and good things.

There will be songs, recitations and instrumental music, all by the talent that exists right in the company.

William J. Lacy will give some of his clever impersonations, John J. Connors will reel off some of his dry mirth-provoking monologues, Joe Johnson promises a soft-shoe dance—probably padded foot, and everyone will watch his watch.

Adolph Badinelli, Pete Carderelli, Chris Newman, Mitchel Bienenzucht, and Charles Fromm will render some of their song specialties, while Louis Goldberg will treat the crowd to a bass solo.

Michael Tracy, Joseph M. Carey, William D. Garcia and Frank Levendowsky, the company quartet, will punctuate the evening's entertainment with their song hits.

William B. McGowan, Dan J. O'Leary and Charles Lennox will do monologue stunts.

Curtis, the clever violinist who gave the boys a delightful surprise Thanksgiving Day, will be on hand and Sergeant Fink and Stark will add to the pleasure of the evening with their duets.

All this feast and festivity will take place in a decorative setting arranged by Herbert A. Dietz, with the aid of a force of volunteer decorators from the company.

COMPANY A, 102D ENGINEERS.

Street Commissioner Casey finds it hard keeping the boys on the job these cold mornings.

Company Clerk—Have you eight men in this tent?

Corporal—No. Seven men—and Ginley.

The boys feel highly elated in having the world renowned pugilist, Frank Moran, eating his mess with them.

Everybody is saying, "Hello" to Q. M. Sergeant Holligan since appearing in "O. D." woollens.

Mess Sergeants please note: Several new combinations of food have been discovered. Information regarding them may be obtained from Private Mackay.

Private Eagan was able to navigate back to camp from his ten-day furlough without the assistance of any camp posts.

An interesting entertainment has been arranged for Christmas Eve by Buttsy Hodgins. The chief performers will be Privates Hodgins, Smith, Keighly, Geelan and Gannan.

—C. A. K.

COMPANY A, 104 MACHINE GUN BATTALION.

This organization was honored by the presence of Senator James W. Wadsworth, of New York, on Thanksgiving day, who spoke to the men of this command at dinner.

Senator Wadsworth, who was formerly a first lieutenant in Company M, 1st New York Cavalry, visited the camp for ten days around Thanksgiving time, and peculiarly enough, last year at that time he visited McAllen, Texas, and he said emphatically that no matter where the erstwhile 1st New York Cavalry happened to be he would be on the job to renew old friendships and acquaintances. He took dinner in the mess shack with the enlisted men, and was the guest of honor of Captain Donaldson and his staff.

In the morning he attended the football game between the 104th and 106th Machine Gun Battalions which resulted in a thrilling and unexpected victory for Lieut. Andrews' team by the score of 14 to 7. The 106th came on the gridiron heralded as world-beaters, but they had to battle an unconquerable spirit as well as clever men. The 104th team worked as a machine, and under the guiding hand of Lieutenant Andrews, who demonstrated his sterling worth at quarterback, went through the 106th team as though they were paper. The stars of the game were the Leonard brothers, Irwin, Hasbrook, Curry and Morton. After the game the whole 104th team was cheered to the echo both individually and collectively, and carried off the gridiron on the shoulders of their almost demented partisans, who went wild with joy over the triumph.

After the snow had ceased, cameras all along the line clicked merrily in order to reproduce the fact that the "Sunny South" only existed in popular songs. Our folks in the North will be surprised when they get these photos of tents covered with the well-known snow.

A rookie was enlisted in this organization the other day and was immediately placed on kitchen police. He did not understand his job thoroughly, and went up and placed one of the cooks under arrest.

The soccer game between the 2nd and 3rd platoons resulted in a deadlock, but the good old 2nd grabbed off the relay race, which was promoted by Lieutenant Andrews, by a whisker. How's that, boys?

Two of the coon laborers around this section were conversing the other day regarding each other joining the colors. One was berating the other, and told him he was a slacker. The little coon finally said, "Look heah, niggah, I'm going to join Company B." The other one said, "What's Company B?" and the little darky replied, "I'll B heah when you go, and I'll B heah when you come back."

The furloughs are starting and all the boys are looking forward eagerly to what will be their last visit home before we are off for France. Here's hoping we all grab off 15 days in the old home town soon.

An innovation in hiking was introduced by Lieutenant McCahlin yesterday when he led the whole company into town, and to the Y. M. C. A. We were all agreeably surprised when he told us we were permitted to have a swim and a hot shower. We all hope this is a weekly happening, for hot water is a luxury.

Owing to the high price of beans, we are now only allowed 56 beans at lunch instead of 57, which we formerly had.

One of our lads dropped into the Red Cross headquarters the other day in Spartanburg, and feeling liberal dropped a quarter toward that fine organization's finances. He was telling Bill Coppinger about it, and Bill complimented him about doing his bit. "Doing my bit?" the lad replied, "I done my two bits."

COMPANY M, 107TH INFANTRY.

Only 195 of the 250 men in the company applied for Christmas furloughs. Looks as though the fellows were no longer homesick.

Top Sergeant Jack Kelly has returned from New York after a brief furlough. So has Private Cecil Arthur.

Corporal See and Privates Kretchmar and Sprung have ba-ba coats that they will now exchange for a cord of wood or anything else serviceable.

Nine men from the 10th New York Infantry became members of Company M last week. They are excellent soldiers and we're glad to have them.

Corporal Willing has been transferred to the Quartermaster's Corps, National Army. He left for Fort Thomas, Kentucky, to await permanent assignment.

Private Tom Healy laments the fact that the frozen water pipes have prevented his washing his hands for four days. Tom is the first Greenwich Villager we have ever known to regret being unwashed.

AMBULANCE CO. 108.

Capt. Frank W. Sears has returned from Binghamton, N. Y., after a brief leave of absence.

He came back after personal interviews with some genial agents of Santa Claus. One of these agents, Mr. Alonzo Roberson, of Binghamton, gave Capt. Sears \$1,060 for the Binghamton boys' Christmas. Another, Mr. George W. Johnson, head of the big shoe manufacturing firm of Endicott & Johnson, gave \$1,000, not as a Christmas present exactly, but to be expended in purchasing a supply of cigarettes and tobacco for the ambulance company to take to France with them. The gift of \$1,060 from Mr. Roberson is to be divided among the soldiers from Binghamton in the various units in camp: Battery C, 104th Field Artillery; Co. H, 1st Infantry; Headquarters Company, 1st Infantry, and the band of the 1st Infantry.

Besides, Ambulance Company 108 has received Christmas boxes from a Binghamton committee and the wives of officers in the Sanitary Train have arranged Christmas tree celebrations for every company in the train.

CO. A, 105TH INFANTRY.

The company has shown a decided increase in the amount of insurance which the men have taken since the cold weather has set in.

We wish to thank our Supply Sergeant Murray for his promptness in issuing the new comforters to us. He is an angel.

The fighting fourth squad of the third platoon, otherwise known as the dizzy squad, is wondering where their wood disappears every night. Suspicion is centered on Corp. "Mush" Ryan and his squad across the street.

The squad is thinking of detaching Pvt. James Morris to stay up all night and guard the wood. Jimmy does nothing but sleep all day, so it is thought a good plan. Why, the other day he wanted to take his cot out to drill with him so he could sleep during the rest periods.

The men of the company were greatly pleased with Mess Sgt. Geiser's turkey dinner.

Pvt. Ben Friedman, the matinee idol, claims he personally knows all the show girls at the Harris Theater this week. He tried to crash the show but was unsuccessful.

Sgt. Aquino has a new hat cord. It's about time.

Pvt. Woodward, the ex-regular (so he claims) must be about 150 years old. So it seems, anyway, according to his stories of where he was all over the globe.

I. R.

CO. C, 74TH INFANTRY.

A rookie from the 106th Artillery was transferred to the 74th Regiment. While he was on guard this scene occurred: The commanding officer was riding by. The rookie, seeing that he was an officer, immediately came to attention and rendered a right-hand salute with his rifle on his left shoulder. The officer then sternly asked: "Don't you know how to present arms?" The rookie said, "Yes, sir," and offered his rifle to the officer.

Coming off guard Private Strachan wanted to know why there wasn't any fire. Private Mueller replied: "I can't put any wood in the fire because the door is froze to the stove."

MACHINE GUN CO. 14TH IN- FANTRY.

Last Saturday morning, as usual, Private Macrery was asked by Major Schuyler, the inspecting officer, why he didn't clean himself up, and this conversation was overheard by Corporal Lavin:

Major: "Why don't you dress and clean yourself better than this?"

Macrery: "I have been working on Captain Thompson's car, sir."

Major: "Where is your corporal?"

Macrery: "I don't know, sir. I haven't been issued any."

LEAVES OF ABSENCE.

Commissioned officers have been granted leave of absence as follows:

First Lieut. James R. Harbison, 104th machine gun battalion, 10 days, beginning December 24.

Second Lieut. E. L. Cashin, 104th machine gun battalion, 15 days, beginning December 29.

Major A. W. Slee, 71st infantry, 10 days, beginning December 23.

Capt. Wm. A. Ronalds, 71st infantry, 15 days, beginning December 15.

First Lieut. William F. Brady, 105th infantry, 15 days, beginning December 10.

Capt. H. G. Montgomery, 106th field artillery, 10 days, beginning December 18.

Second Lieut. Albert F. Reinert, 106th infantry, 10 days, beginning December 23.

First Lieut. Charles R. Carroll, 108th infantry, 10 days, beginning January 2.

Capt. Clifford E. Branch, 74th infantry, 10 days, beginning December 23.

Capt. Edgar C. Miles, 10th infantry, 10 days, beginning December 23.

Capt. A. M. Barager, 108th infantry, 10 days, beginning December 20.

Capt. J. P. D. Schiebler, acting assistant adjutant, 10 days, beginning December 24.

Second Lieut. Ezra A. Barnes, 108th infantry, 10 days, beginning December 11.

Maj. L. F. Sherry, 102d ammunition train, 10 days, beginning December 20.

Lieut. W. L. Baird, 102d ammunition train, 10 days, beginning December 20.

Lieut. Col. J. C. McLeer, divisional staff, 10 days, beginning December 23.

Capt. Howard E. Sullivan, 105th field artillery, 10 days, beginning December 21.

First Lieut. Harold E. Hornhart, 106th field artillery, 10 days, beginning December 17.

First Lieut. W. W. Acklerly, 102d ammunition train, now at ordnance instruction school, Kenosha, Wis., 10 days, beginning December 18.

First Lieut. Henry A. Delany, 104th field artillery, 10 days, beginning December 24.

Maj. Edmund P. Fowler, 107th infantry, 10 days, beginning December 22.

Lieut. Floyd W. Hayes, 106th field artillery, 10 days, beginning December 20.

Capt. J. C. Tucker, 47th infantry, 10 days, beginning December 28.

Lieut. George W. Beaman, 108th infantry, 10 days, beginning December 24.

Lieut. James H. Carroll, O. R. C., unassigned, 10 days, beginning Dec. 24.

Lieut. Michael Stapleton, 47th infantry, 10 days, beginning Dec. 23.

Lieut. Leo Feldman, 47th infantry, 10 days, beginning Dec. 11.

Lieut. Norman D. Richardson, 102nd engineers, 10 days, beginning Dec. 23.

CAMP PERSONALS.

Private H. B. Triest, Company F, 10th infantry, is transferred to the quartermaster corps, national army, and assigned to duty in the office of the camp quartermaster.

Private Joseph H. Bennett, machine gun company, 105th infantry, is transferred to the 104th field artillery.

Mess Sergeant Jacob Platt, Company C, 14th infantry, is transferred to Company A, 107th infantry.

Private Arthur G. Smith, Company I, 107th infantry, is transferred to the quartermaster corps, national army, and assigned to duty with truck company 331.

Private Harry Beebe, Headquarters Company, 106th field artillery, is transferred to the enlisted veterinary corps, national army, and assigned to duty at the remount depot.

Private Daniel J. Ryan, Company C, 102d engineers, is transferred to the aviation section, signal corps, and will proceed to Camp Kelly, San Antonio, Texas, for duty.

Private Moses Kanowitz, Company E, 106th infantry, is transferred to the Quartermaster Corps, National Army, and assigned to duty with the remount depot.

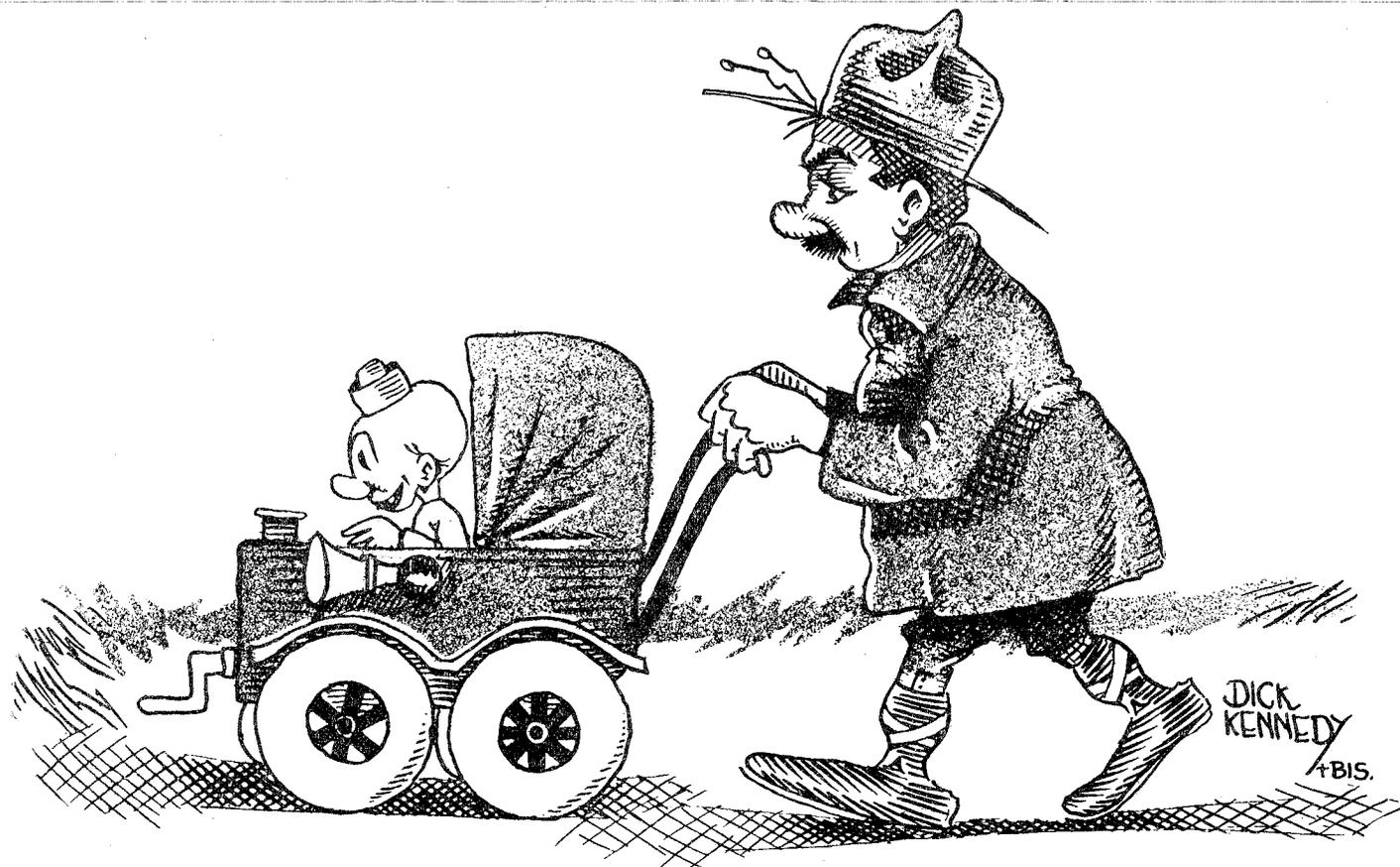
Private Percy H. Long, Company A, 104th machine gun battalion, is transferred to the aviation section, signal corps, and ordered to proceed to the school of instruction at Princeton, N. J.

First Lieut. Colgate Hoyt, Jr., 105th machine gun battalion, is detailed as aide-de-camp on the staff of Brig. Gen. R. E. L. Michie, commanding the 53d infantry brigade.

Lieut. Col. James M. Hutchinson is transferred from the 107th infantry to the surplus list and assigned to temporary duty with division headquarters.

Capt. H. H. Battenberg becomes assistant division adjutant, having a desk adjoining Lieut. Col. Franklin W. Ward, the division adjutant. Capt. Battenberg has been temporarily on this work for some time.

Major Gabriel G. Hollander is transferred from the 106th infantry to the 14th infantry. Major Charles W. Berry is transferred from the 14th infantry to the 106th.



ROLLING HIS OWN.

102D AMMUNITION TRAIN.

Lt. Col. Cleveland C. Lansing, of the 102d Ammunition Train, has been transferred to the 107th Infantry. Lt. Col. Lansing is the man directly responsible for the organization of the 102d Ammunition Train; it was his efforts and military knowledge that brought the Ammunition Train up to the high point of efficiency which it has attained. Lt. Col. Lansing has always been very popular with the men of his command, and in taking up his new duties with the 107th Inf. he carries the best wishes of every man of the 102d Ammunition Train.

Lt. Col. J. C. McLeer, who has been assigned to the lieutenant colonelcy of the 102d Trains and M. P., is a soldier of the highest type. Formerly with the 1st N. Y. Cavalry, he established a reputation for fairness and discipline such as to earn for him the respect of every man of that organization. In welcoming Lt. Col. McLeer to the 102d Ammunition Train, it is with the assurance that he is among friends who will offer him every co-operation.

Sergt. Tompkins, of the Wagon Co., the biggest sergeant in the 27th Division, says anybody can drive a motor truck but you've got to know more than a mule in order to drive a mule.

One of the mess sergeants in the motor section is blowing about the extra fine coffee he serves to his company. He claims it costs a cent and a quarter a pound. Yes, Felix, right you are, the bill says 26c per pound.

Anybody heard any of the natives say, "This is the worst snow storm we have had in ten years?"

Unless the Paymaster gets on the job pretty soon, it looks as if Christmas this year will just be the 25th of the month.

We wish to announce to all friends who have been anxiously inquiring about high Private Carroll that he is still with us, hiding behind a beautiful jet black moustache.

Private Bridget Clarke still reports every morning for reveille but between retreat and reveille (Ah! That's the question).

Corporal Trainor, the bewhiskered exhaust pipe, is still reading dime novels in feverish haste.

Sergeant Constantine, the Russian without the Caviar accent, is envious of the Bolshevik guards who are drinking Kummel from jardinieres in the royal palace.

Sergeant Welsh and Corporal Johnston are the inspirers of our worthy S. O.'s famous expression, "Can't get a damn thing done." Our over-worked Sergeant Major Toomey is back in camp after a much needed rest in the North. Welcome back, Jack.

Our mud gutter blonde, Steno. Cackett, still insists on smoking butts in the office. She's getting positively awful.

Sergeant McCusker, the fighting Syrian, is now visiting New York.

We regret the loss of double time O'Grady, the famous wind-jammer who has transferred over to the Q. M. N. A. in quest of more laborious duties.

Headquarters welcomes Joseph F. Flanagan, the famous American horseman. Acting Buck Private Useless S. Grant is now aspiring to the rank of High Private or may be better, who can tell?

—G. A. Y.

AMBULANCE COMPANY 107.

Private Graham, the entertaining and genial undertaker, possesses an ambition which outranks any of the week. That is, that he may officiate when the Kaiser of all Germany is followed by slow music and measured tread.

The corporals take this war seriously. That fact was expounded during the week of the Siberian Christmas. The weather was prohibitive of considerable training on the outside but was prolific of attempts from within. Provoked by Corporal Beirne, who has an awful propensity for work which is conducive of disorder, the boys sawed a trap-door in their hardwood floor and seriously undermined the tent, making a modern, up-to-date dugout. Enough dirt was passed out of that tent to dam up the raging torrents of Niagara. Corp. Smith, the lightning calculator of the company, estimates that the entire command can find refuge in the "basement" in case of aerial attack or further Government allotment.

The winter caps have been issued and despite the comfort they beget a fellow can't perish the thought that he looks like a cross between a coal miner and a Tennessee squirrel hunter.

"Jack" Phillips, C. O. orderly grandiose, who is on speaking terms with all the top-notchers in the fistic limelight, is training "Freddy" McDermott, a speedy boy with the 2nd Field Hospital of Albany, for a series of bouts in the Y. M. C. A. tent under the direction of Frank Moran. "Jack" and his protege are out on the snow covered roads every morning long before first call is sounded, and the old war horse takes to the three miles or over like a soldier to a home-made dinner.

Sergeants Paseo and Kellerman, Privates Sheridan and Downey were ordered to New York City December 11th on special detail, to be away five days. Seemingly, the men in question had no reluctance to prompt obedience, and they hurried for the first train going North before the delectable order could be rescinded.

The Q. M. Dept. was swamped with demands for O. D. snow-shovels and snow-shoes when the snow intended for Alaska stopped off here.

Elaborate preparations are under way for the Christmas show, and this extravaganza is going to eclipse by far the two shows already staged in our mess shack. The new piano will be installed by that time, and the stage changed somewhat by new drops and curtain. Special music and new red hot stuff have been obtained from Broadway, and the woods hereabouts are giving forth strange noises as the actors prepare for the festivity, outside gun range.

G. F. B.

FIELD HOSPITAL CO. 107.

During the recent cold spell the kitchen police were having considerable trouble drawing water as the water was frozen in the pipe. Hennessey, after listening to Pierce's complaint, in reference to the ice in the faucet, said, "Why don't you let the water run—the exercise will keep it warm."

Someone upset a pail of water in No. 1 tent one night last week and the occupants were surprised to find a sheet of ice on the floor around the Sibley stove.

Jim Malcolm, detailed as office orderly, was awakened from the slumber, usually indulged in by orderlies, and was called to answer the 'phone. The following conversation took place:

Deep Bass Voice (a la General)—"Who's this speaking?"

Malcolm (sleepily—"Office orderly, Field Hospital Company 107.")

D. B. V.—"I understand that thoroughly, but who ARE you? What's your NAME?" Malcolm (now thoroughly awake)—"Private First Class James Malcolm, sir."

D. B. V.—"That's the stuff, Jimmie, old boy, speak up. Listen, Jim, this is Mess Sergeant Burger; go over to the kitchen and ask Cook Rhodes if those frankfurters came on time. Will you, please?"

Malcolm—"?XZ&—!?"

Montgomery, not having heard from his numerous fair correspondents in the last few days, is still doubtful as to whether the postal authorities are at fault or whether the ladies all belong to the same sewing circle and are reading each other's mail as part of the evening's entertainment.

Sergeant George Killian received an itemized list of articles ranging from smokes to comfy-kits from his friends in New York City. Instead of acting upon their suggestion and marking an "X" along side of the most acceptable gift, he "voted a straight Democratic ticket" and mailed the list back to his friends. To date he is still waiting a reply.

Sergeant Bruger received a box containing a few jars of preserves and other things. The preserves will remain under cover until gas masks are issued as they were two weeks en route to this camp and look suspicious.

Society Notes—The men in No. 8 tent, quarantined, pending investigation of "measles," are having little to do, and less to worry about. Judging by the care free life they are leading it will be a sad day for them when the quarantine is lifted.

N. B.—The gentleman who composed the song entitled "Keep the Home Fires Burning" evidently wasn't referring to the "Sibley Stove."

Millon.

LIEUTENANTS TRANSFERRED.

First Lieut. Donald C. Strachan has been transferred from the 108th infantry to the 106th infantry, and First Lieut. Frank A. Bayles goes from the 106th infantry to the 108th.

AMBULANCE CO. NO. 105, 102D SANITARY TRAIN.

During the frigid weather last week the company street was as bare as a desert most of the time and none envied the doughboys as they drilled in the biting cold.

The snow storm Tuesday evening brought memories of toboggans and skis to all and the next morning Private First Class Fred "Stretch" Wells proved a jack-of-all-trades by building a sled (at least, that is what he called it) and Corporal Guy Mendell was soon merrily "belly-slammng" down the hill at the end of the company street.

Private First Class Jack Layden, the J. Rufus Wallingford of the 105th, and his able assistant, Bert Moss, are busy as a couple of bees these days promoting a Christmas entertainment for the men of this company. Financial support has been secured through the kindness of the Ladies Auxiliary of this company in Syracuse, which has forwarded a check for \$25.00 for the benefit of the men at Christmas time; and the talented entertainers in the company, notably Prof. Alberto Urinosio Flint, are busily preparing a program that they confidently assert will put the entertainment given at our anniversary dinner in the background. Prof. Flint will long be remembered for the splendid manner in which he rendered "There's A Long, Long Trail" on this occasion.

Privates Edgren and Lewis, who had been absent on furlough, dropped their newly acquired seriousness as they smilingly argued that two could live as cheaply as one, thus informing the boys that they had turned the trick on their recent vacation. Lucky lads.

Corpl. Kompe, Mechanic Miller, Private First Class Jack Stanton, and Privates Seammell, Frawley and LaValle have left for Syracuse on ten-day furloughs. Seammell took "Booze" back home with him and the affectionate bull pup will be missed by all.

That magician of modern cookery, Cook Fred Glahn, brought back memories of home and mother when he presented biscuits, light as a feather, at mess Tuesday evening. Wheat cakes next, Fred, you're doing fine.

Private First Class Carl B. Rea, has recently been appointed Chief Record Clerk of this organization. Congratulations, Carl.

While at their armory at Syracuse, the men were promised woolen clothing and underwear "soon." We are pleased to announce that the underwear arrived in sufficient quantity to give each man three suits the early part of this week. Supply Sergt. Arthur Gwynn says that the quartermaster has promised him woolen clothing the last of this week. Praises be!

—A. K. M.

CAPT. NICHOLAS HEADS M. P. CO.

Captain Ridgely Nicholas has been made captain of Company A, 102d Military Police, to succeed Captain Cornelius W. Wickersham, who becomes assistant chief of staff.

Our advertisers have a big assortment of Christmas presents.

A CHRISTMAS MESSAGE FROM SECRETARY BAKER.

"None but lofty purposes and exalted motives could justify the keeping of hundreds of thousands of men from their homes and families at this time of Christmas, but the measure of that sacrifice will be the measure also of the triumphant achievement that will follow it.

"There is mighty comfort in the knowledge that the history of these days will make a record not unworthy of the proud tradition of our past when again there is peace on earth."

NEWTON D. BAKER,
Secretary of War.

106TH INFANTRY.

Having noticed a strange lack of contributions to The Gas Attack from our Regiment, we are anxious to start things going in true Supply Co. style. We hope that the other companies will try to overcome their bashfulness and follow our example.

Our esteemed Captain, S. O., has relieved us from our great suspense of a week ago. After much consideration he has decided not to apply for transfer to the Aviation Section of the Signal Corps, as per recent letter from the War Department. We might remark that he is already an expert at flying up in the air—without the aid of an aeroplane.

We all wish to congratulate Lieut. W. H. McMullen upon his promotion to 1st Lieutenant. With his promotion came his transfer to the 105th Inf., but we are glad to announce that he is with us again. In the short time he was with the 105th he had to serve twenty-four hours in the trenches, which nearly broke his heart. Quite a change from the Supply Office, we dare say.

A variety of inflammable materials have been missed from under our store-houses these cold nights. Said materials apparently walk right away in the dead of night under the guard's nose without being seen. We fear the buildings themselves will soon be on the move, piece by piece, if a warm spell doesn't come along soon.

The other night the Top Sergeant was aroused from his slumbers at an ungodly hour by a terrible commotion under the store-house, where several choice bits of wood were known to be reposing the night before. Armed to the teeth with pajamas, boots, and a night-stick, he stealthily crept out and encircled the building, an evil gleam in his eyes, with intent to kill, only to find the two mascots, the goat and the sheep, playing leap-frog under the building to keep warm.

Membership is now open to the "Polar Bears."

Charter members: Regimental Supply Sergt. Cornell, and Mechanic Johns.

Rendez-vous: The shower baths.

Time: 5:30 a. m.

As a result of a division order hot off the griddle, sheepskin coats may be picked up very reasonably by officers from Sergt. Landis, Mechanic Johns, and our very good friend, Pvt. Bill Creagh, of Headquarters Co. We especially recommend Bill's as being an unusually fine one.

It has been noticed by a number of the men that certain non-coms are no longer eating in the kitchen. We wonder why.

We might also inquire if a certain Supply Sergeant has cleaned the dust off his mess-kit.

102D FIELD SIGNAL BATTALION.

Major William S. Hollohan, commanding, who has been in Washington and New York on business since December 3d, returned to camp on December 13th. He reports much cold weather at home, but less snow than here.

Six of the eight motorcycles with side cars assigned to the battalion on the tables have now been delivered, and are found most helpful in Q. M., Paymaster and Headquarters errands. The Spartanburg roads are believed to offer the riders good practice in negotiating the shell craters to come.

Lieut. Steeves, detailed to the Gas School, has completed the course and commenced to instruct the battalion. With seven classes a day the forty-eight box respirators on hand are working full time, and being disinfected hourly.

The battalion turned out on forty-five minutes' notice for review by General Michie on Thursday morning, December 13th, and is believed to have made a creditable showing. The glazed surface of the roads caused the animals of the mounted Companies A and B to slip and sprawl in dangerous fashion, but happily, the parade went through without an accident.

Wives of officers and enlisted men of the battalion now in Spartanburg have, under the able direction of Mrs. Hollohan, taken vigorous measures to make the Christmas celebration a success. By means of a personal letter to veterans, the home auxiliaries and mothers and fathers of the personnel, contributions have been obtained for lights and additional decorations, and various secret plans for home boxes are being laid.

Discipline is strong in the 27th Division. A corporal of the battalion obtained ten days' furlough to go home and be married, but found difficulties in the mind of the maiden when he reached New York. So fearful was he of possible consequences of a court martial for false pretences that he wooed, won and wed another lady within his leave period, and returned smiling to report the event to his benedict captain.

First Lieut. Dudley C. Hughes, Dental Corps, has moved into walled and heated quarters to our east, and transferred his stump-pulling activities from the rear of our C. Q.'s tent to the Sanitary Building of the 107th U. S. Infantry, assisted thereto by S. O. No. 123, Div. Hdqrs., Dec. 4th.

G. I.

News of the Y. M. C. A.

EDITED BY ERNEST W. LESLIE.



PAUL MOORE STRAYER, D. D.

Dr. Paul Moore Strayer was minister of the Third Presbyterian Church of Rochester when he went into Army Y. M. C. A. work. He succeeded Rev. A. C. Beaven, as Camp Religious Work Director at Camp Wadsworth.

Dr. Strayer was born in Maryland. He was educated in Baltimore City College, University of Chicago, Yale University and University of Edinburgh. He has received degrees from Yale and the University of Rochester. He served for a time as acting pastor of a large Presbyterian church in London, England.

For the past fifteen years Dr. Strayer has been pastor of the Third Presbyterian church of Rochester. He is the founder and leader of the People's Sunday Evening, a public forum which has run for eight years. He is the author of "The Reconstruction of the Church" and in part of other books.

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

The Y. M. C. A. authorities, in response to an insistent demand that something be done for the boys of the Supply and Ammunition Trains, Field Bakery, Remount Station, Quartermasters Crew and others in the rear end of the camp, have decided to open a new unit to be known as number 98.

At present a large tent will be used with the hope that later on a building can be erected to serve that section of the camp. It is planned, however, to install a movie machine and other Y. M. C. A. comforts at once.

Mr. H. C. Bank, formerly of building 97, is slated to take charge of the new unit.

NEWS OF THE UNITS.

Unit 92.

This has been the busiest week at this unit with two cracker-jack movie shows and lively religious meeting and a "Stunt Night." An innovation was tried at this building this week in putting on an athletic stunt night, which consisted of tumbling, wrestling, boxing and general athletics, and it proved such a winner that it is to be tried often. A number of reserve officers from the 102d Engineers accepted the invitation given them to occupy sleeping quarters at the Y. M. C. A. until their barracks are erected.

Unit 95.

The outstanding feature in Unit No. 95 for this week was the charming entertainment given by a party of Spartanburg people consisting of Mrs. A. G. Blotcky, contralto; Miss Ried and Miss Epton, violin. The boys are always glad to have someone from town to entertain them and this entertainment was especially appreciated. It is hoped that the visit can be repeated soon. Unit No. 95 are busy preparing for moving day, when they go into their new building. We hope this will be done within the next day or two and the dedication service take place the early part of next week.

Unit 96.

This unit considers itself particularly fortunate in having as one of its speakers during the week, Dr. Charles E. Jefferson, of the Broadway Tabernacle, New York City, who speaks to the boys Sunday night. The movie shows continue to be very popular and Mr. Barcham, the new social secretary, has instituted an innovation at this unit by having a band concert each Saturday night. This is popular and it is hoped that it will be continued. Dr. F. N. Seerley, of New York City, an expert on sex matters, was scheduled to appear at Unit No. 96 Monday evening, but was unable to appear and Dr. Paul M. Strayer, of the Headquarters Staff, took his place and addressed the men upon "Sex Problems."

Unit 97.

Unit No. 97 has been a place of activity all the week, the movie shows and stunt night by local regimental talent being especially popular. The new plan of having in connection with the religious service during the week a fifteen-minute song service, led by R. E. Clark, Camp Musical Director, and the talk followed by a reel or two of current events movies, is proving very popular. On Tuesday night Mr. W. J. Davison, Camp Secretary, spoke at the unit, taking the place of Dr. F. N. Seerley, of New York City, who was scheduled to talk on "Sex Problems." Mr. Davison was a very able substitute for Dr. Seerley, and it

is hoped that he can be induced to come back to Unit No. 97 and give a series of lectures on this subject.

AN APPRECIATED CHRISTMAS GIFT FOR THE BOYS.

What the boys would really appreciate at this time of year is a bed boot made from cotton flannel or blanketing, any color. These should be sixteen inches long and thirteen inches for the length of the foot. They should be slit at the top and a tape attached thereto so that they can be tied to the upper part of the leg so as not to slip down. These would be appreciated more than sweaters at this time and can be made in a very little time.

UNION COMMUNION SERVICE.

A successful innovation at Camp Wadsworth was the Union Communion Service in Building No. 96, last Sunday. It was arranged for with the full approval of the chaplains. The Rev. Charles E. Jefferson, D. D., of Broadway Tabernacle, Congregational, New York, presided and made the Communion Address. He was assisted by Rev. George R. Baker, Baptist; Rev. E. J. Jordan, Presbyterian, and Rev. J. W. Frazer, Methodist. Dr. Jefferson has spoken in every Y. M. C. A. unit, and has addressed several meetings in Spartanburg.

DEDICATION OF UNIT 93.

On Sunday evening another of the Y. M. C. A. buildings was dedicated with elaborate ceremonies. This building serves the men of the 106th, 1st and 14th regiments, and is in charge of the following secretaries: "Ted" F. Elworth, "Jimmie" Moore, "Johnny" Johnston and "Shorty" Davis.

A band concert by the 106th regiment band preceded the ceremonies, which consisted of speeches by Colonel Howlett and Major Schuyler, of the 14th Infantry; also speeches by T. F. Elworth, W. J. Garrison, and Dr. R. M. Strayer, of the Y. M. C. A. staff. Bandmaster Kasamac, of the 14th Regiment band, played a violin solo, and Robert E. Clark and Corporal Waite, of the 106th Infantry sang. All told it was a most enjoyable and entertaining program and the building was packed to capacity.

On Monday evening, under the direction of John N. Johnston, Social Secretary of the building, a fine entertainment of fourteen vocal and entertainment numbers, was staged, nothing but regimental talent being used. The 700 men present all voted it the best ever.

Your name may appear in the next number of **The Gas Attack**. Be sure to get one out a week from to-day.

CAMP SPORTS

EDITED BY F. J. ASHLEY

McDERMOTT SHOWS CLASS AS THUMPER.

New Fistic Light Discovered Already by Frank Moran.

A number of earnest young men wagged their padded fists at each other in a number of bouts at the K. of C. Clubhouse Saturday night, December 15th. It was the first of a series of soirees to be given by Frank Moran, the tawny topped gladiator who is in camp to help us develop a punch.

The bouts were to have been held in the Red Triangle Tent, but the tent blew down so Frank took his battlers, and a large audience, to the K. of C. building.

McDermott Stops Coldgrave.

The star of the evening was Fred McDermott, a very able bodied young man from Albany, N. Y., who came south to spend the winter with what used to be the 2d Field Hospital Co. He liked it so well down here he decided to stay. The climate evidently agreed with Fred. He brandished as mean a collection of knuckles as any man has shown around this camp for many a moon. His first opponent was Billy Coldgrave of the 108th Infantry. Remember that name—Coldgrave. Fred laid Billy low in the second round.

Then Fred, who is an amateur champion up in the sunny North, gave an exhibition with Frank Moran, in which he did very creditably. Frank didn't trot out "Mary Ann," the justly celebrated clout with which he used to knock Jim Coffey for a shower-bath shack, but he showed an appreciative audience that he would be a mighty dangerous man to pick on.

Other Bouts.

Jack Collins, 106th M. G. Batt., convinced Billy Bryman of the 102d Engineers, that Billy was better at building roads than walloping in an argument that lasted two rounds. They weighed 145 lbs.

Al Shannon, M. G. Co., 47th Inf., was too much for Billy Freeman, Co. E., 106th Inf., 125 lbs.

Freedman Pepper, Co. H., 106th Inf., 150 lbs., failed to live up to his last name and lost to Jesse Robinson, 3d Ambulance Co.

Jimmy Stewart, Hdqts. Co., 106th Inf., and Frank Clump, of the same company, 133 lbs., fought a good draw.

The bouts were most exciting. They were so warm the soldiers forgot the chill breezes. There will be more of them, under the direction of Frank Moran.

COMPANY K'S MAN WINS LONG RACE

Vic Voteretsas, of Seventy-First Infantry, Finishes First in Cross Country Run.

Vic Voteretsas, Company K, 71st infantry, showed his heels to a classy field of hill and dales in the initial cross-country run of the 27th division over a four-mile course, Saturday, December 15th. Voteretsas breasted the tape at the finish just two seconds ahead of Nick Gianapolus, of the 106th. The last mile and a half developed into a duel between the two Greek runners. Voteretsas displayed the greatest stamina of the two, and managed to come through in a thrilling finish. Frankie Zuna, of the 14th infantry, landed third place. The prize for the company finishing a squad first went to the B company, of the 102d engineers. A score or more of valuable prizes, donated by the merchants of Spartanburg, were distributed among the runners. The team prize was a silver trophy.

The runners finished in the order named:

Name.	Regiment.	Time.
Vic Voteretsas, Company K, 71st....		22:56
Nick Gianapolus, Hospital Corps, 106th		22:58
Frank Zuna, 14th		23:53
R. Williams, Base Hospital		24:20
C. F. Blankenberg, Company F, 102d engineers		24:32
Frank Davey, Company B, 102d engineers		24:38
Jerry Flynn, Company B, 102d engineers		24:42
G. Swartz, Company D, 102d infantry.		25:14
Lemberg, 14th		24:59
DeSilva, 14th		25:26
E. F. Naylor, Company F, 102 engineers		26:05
Sergt. L. Webster, 71st infantry.....		26:11
J. Duffy, Company L, 105th		26:15
C. Duror, Hospital Corps, 107th.....		26:31
C. J. Lilly, Company L, 105th.....		26:15
Charlie Davis, 14th		26:52
Henry Hare, Company H, 102d engineers		27:02
Shiffman, Company B, 102d engineers		27:19
L. Caldwell, Company B, 102 engineers		27:33
McLoy, Company B, 102 engineers...		27:38
Powell, Company B, 102d engineers...		27:40
Freshler, Headquarters Company, 106th		27:41
T. E. Pierce, 107th		28:12
Hotk'ss, 107th		28:19
Scott, 106th		28:24
Corporal Hall, Company K, 105th.....		28:25
Longnecker, 106th infantry		28:39
Phil Murdel, Company B, 107th.....		28:57
Heilni, Headquarters Company, 106th.		29:03

FRANK MORAN TO CONDUCT BOXING BOUTS.

Frank Moran, the boxing instructor for the division, already has his plans under way for many contests among the men. He met several hundred of the soldiers at a meeting presided over by Capt. E. W. Moore, of the division staff, who told the men that General O'Ryan was much interested in boxing and wanted to encourage the sport all he could.

Moran has already booked preliminary bouts. Seven contests were staged last Saturday night in the Redpath tent. Others will be held soon, to try out the men and determine to what class they belong.

COMPANY I BEATS COMPANY M, 105TH INFANTRY.

On the initial attempt for gridiron honors Co. I, 105th Infantry made good by defeating Co. M of the same regiment 6 to 2.

The game was played Saturday afternoon, December 8th, and although the field was in a sloppy condition from an all-night rain, there was an abundance of good, snappy plays that made the fans forget the cold.

The stars of the game were Gibson, Byrne, Parker, Sabo, Hind and Lieut. Maxim for Co. I. Slocum and Riley played a fast game for Co. M.

Lieut. Maxim proved to be an ideal center, being surprisingly fast for a big man. Gibson and Byrne made good ground-gaining runs and Hind at tackle showed some of his old-time college form.

Co. M was the first to score, the wind carrying the ball on the kickoff over I Co.'s goal-line for a touchdown. From that time on Co. I held the upper hand and in the third quarter by line-bucking and end runs managed to get the ball over their opponent's line, Parker carrying the ball.

Even a second class private can give orders. To whom? To the Gas Attack advertiser.

R. G. Fisher, Company B, 102d engineers	29:12
Milo Robetor, 54th infantry brigade..	29:18
Ackerley, 106th infantry	29:22
Tom Forster, 107th	29:27
R. Crook, Company F, 102d engineers.	29:48
Joe Flynn, Company B, 102d engineers	30:17
Williams, 107th	30:18
Peabody, 107th	30:34
T. Pierce, 107th	30:53
W. L. Douglas, 14th	31:01

In Division Society

Mrs. Charles P. Loeser, Editor.

Mrs. Walter Montgomery, Mrs. J. W. Allen, Associate Editors.

THE CHRISTMAS TREES.

The army women, with the members of the local chapter of the American Red Cross, worked hard on their task of providing Christmas trees for the men in camp. Many of the friends and relatives of the soldiers back home sent presents to go on the tree, and boxes of ornaments. Others sent cash contributions, to be used by the committee in charge. Mrs. James M. Andrews has secured attractive electrical decorations, with which the trees will be illuminated. The coming Yuletide bids fair to be a happy one, and the friends of the soldiers are all working with the hope that each and every man in camp will have cause to rejoice.

THE ROCK CLIFF CLUB.

A new dancing club has been formed in Spartanburg. The organization is to be known as the Rock Cliff Club. The first dance will be held Saturday evening, December 22d and will be followed by dances every Wednesday and Saturday evenings, also dansants Wednesday and Saturday afternoons. The membership is limited to 300 men, and is dependent on presentation by a member before a board, who passes on the matter, and on payment of a fee. Most of the members are enlisted men. Admission will be charged for each dance attended, and each member is entitled to bring an out-of-town guest. The pavilion in which the dances will be held is owned by J. M. Crawford and has been remodeled, enclosed by glass, warmed by two large fireplaces, and made very attractive. It can be reached by the East Main street carline. It has also been planned, beginning soon after Christmas, to reserve Thursday evenings of each week, for officers' dances. Music will be furnished by the military bands and orchestras. The ladies who are assisting in the organization are: Mrs. E. H. Houghton, official chaperone; Mrs. Walter Montgomery, Miss Mildred Hudson, Miss Kate Lois Montgomery and C. Andrade III, formerly of Co. K, of the 107th.

CAPTAIN VAUGHAN WEDS MISS ZABEL.

Miss Ruth Zabel, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Otto Zabel, of this city, was married to Captain Vaughan in the Methodist parsonage. The bride's family and a few friends of the groom were present at the wedding ceremony. Captain and Mrs. Vaughan left for a northern trip.

What are you going to send HER? Our advertisers have it.



ARMY WOMEN WORKING FOR CHRISTMAS TREE CELEBRATION AT CAMP WADSWORTH. Left to Right - MRS. HENRY A. RILEY, MRS. C. LIVINGSTON WATERBURY, MISS MARGARET MICHIE, MRS. JOSEPH L. SELIGMAN, MRS. S. LEON GANS

MRS. W. G. LEE ENTERTAINS AT A SILVER TEA.

Cowpens Chapter, D. A. R., are planning to have a tree for the members of the Company of Military Police, that will stay in town on duty Christmas day. To help pay expenses, Mrs. W. G. Lee, on East Main street, entertained at a silver tea. The feature of the affair was a melting pot, in which each guest was asked to deposit a broken trinket or discarded novelties of metal value.

OFFICER OF 102D ENGINEERS WEDS.

The announcement of the marriage of Second Lieut. A. R. Garland, Co. C, 102d Engineers, to Miss Agnes Shay, of New York City, who was in town on a visit, caused surprise amongst his many friends. After a short honeymoon, the happy couple will return to Spartanburg, where Mrs. Garland will remain until the division leaves.

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

What shall I get them for Christmas? Let our advertisers answer.

COL. HOWLETT SAVES OFFICER'S WIFE FROM FIRE.

Brooklyn Officers in Danger But Their Coolness Prevents Damage.

Col. James R. Howlett, of the 14th Infantry, rescued the wife of Lieut. Charles Ostberg, of the 106th Infantry, from a fire in the house at 335 South Church Street in Spartanburg on the night of December 12th.

The fire occurred while officers from Brooklyn and their families were at dinner. Lieut. Matthew J. Wilson, of the 106th Infantry, was the first to discover the flames coming from an upper part of the house. He told the diners to go out into the street. The officers then proceeded to remove from the burning building all the personal and household effects possible.

It was during the carrying out of these belongings that Mrs. Ostberg made three trips into the house to get some of her things. On the third trip the smoke overcame her. Col. Howlett, who lived next door, saw her plight. He made his way through the smoke and carried her out to the street. She soon revived.

CAMP POETS! FRONT AND CENTER!

The prize contest conducted by *The Gas Attack* for the best humorous verse by a soldier in camp closed December 15th. On this page we present some of the results. Other contributions will be published next week, at which time we hope to announce the winner of the contest and the five dollar prize. (Who says poetry doesn't pay?)

Some of the humorous verse submitted in the contest was terribly tragic. Some was meant to be tragic and was humorous. But we were glad to get them all, even if we didn't discover any Kiplings or Services or Lord Byrons. Perhaps they will come out of their dug-outs later.

Many of the poems submitted in the contest were put back on the "dead hook" because they failed to follow the rules. There is discipline in poetry as well as in the army. One rule that was broken was: "Thou Shalt Not Steal." Whenever it was possible for the Poetry Editor to detect a theft he threw the contribution out. In one case the same poem was submitted by six different authors.

But, never mind, here goes the first platoon in review. You can wear your gas mask if you want to. And the worst is yet to come.

DECEMBER MORN.

It is a frosty morning, cold and damp.
No sound disturbs the calm tranquility;
The light that lives is but an ancient lamp
That guides the wanderer, ere he steps on
thee;
But hark! The mighty bugler is awake,
And doth with his infernal weapon make
A crashing sound like thunder.
Rookie! If thou remain unmoved by such
a noise,
To-morrow's sun will find thee out of luck.
So up, brave boys, and with thy guns and
toys,
Go forth and start to earn another buck.

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

ON GUARD.

(Editorial Note: The author of this poem sent in a letter accompanying it, in which he said: "I composed this poem while on guard one night. It seemed as if the stars in the sky were sentries on guard, just as I, and as I watched one particular bright star, it gradually faded away in the distance, and I saw another take its place, which also disappeared as dawn came.")

Silent spectre of the night
In the Heavens high,
Patient, grim, with starry light,
Standing, just as I.

Faithful watchdog of the sky,
Guarding with his light,
Boon companions, he and I,
Sentries of the night.

Changing, like a guard-relief,
Forlornly he leaves,
As if, gives me the belief,
He, it also grieves.

Then, as dawn begins to break,
With his waning light,
A message: "Keep cheer for my sake,
Sentry of the night."

PRIVATE ALEXANDER SUSSMAN,
Co. A, 47th Inf.

WILL IT EVER BE SO AGAIN?

I.

Some time ago, as you all know,
We lived a life that then seemed slow.
We went to work on cars and trains,
And tried so hard to use our brain;
And coming home so tired at night,
"Bay Ridge, West End trains to the right."
The platform man in a voice that kills
Yells "Fulton Street or Cypress Hills."
You fight your way through the angry mob
While some dame's umbrella wallops your
knob.
The seats are scarce but you grab one,
And the other contestants growl "son of a
gun!"
Oh, there's Cholley, the fellow who quit at
your place,
Who holds his newspaper in front of your
face.

II.

"Oh, hello, Bill," he says, when your eye
meets his gaze,
"I'm thinking of asking the boss for a
raise,"
Or, "they say the bill's good at the Empire
this week.
Do you see those two wrens? Don't look
yet! Take a peep!
Our racket's to-night, here's two tickets for
you.
May called me up, she says she's going too.
So long, Bill, be sure now to meet me at
eight
On the gin-mill corner, no kiddin', that's
straight!"
You battle your way to the nearest way
out.
Why don't they run more rush hour trains
on this route?
The telephone next seems to be your best
bet
To see if your steady made any dates yet.
After patiently waiting to get four-thre-
ten,
Central says: "Five cents please," and you
wait again.

III.

"Line's busy;" you hear, "I refund you
your money."
You hang up the receiver and say it's darn
funny.
You go home and doll up and then gobble
a feed,
Then from Papa's cigar box you light up a
weed.
"Hey, Sis, where's my tie-pin, please let
things alone.
No. I can't tell you just what time I'll be
home."
Down to the hang-out you dash like a streak,
It's the fastest you've travelled in over a
week.
"Hello, kid, you're here, I see, what'll you
have?
You're off it? Say, Bill, please don't give
me that salve.
Here's luck! No, no more, let's go up to
the hall.
This is the night of our club's annual ball.
Do you want to break those two, Bill, you're
a good dancer?"
And you wink at the nice one, she smiles
for an answer;
And you dance and you shout,
You have a good time 'til the lights all go
out.

IV.

And so, you know, some time ago
We lived a gay life, and we thought it was
slow.

COOK ROBERT R. DILKS,
Co. M, 106th Inf.

IT'S GREAT TO BE A SOLDIER.

Oh, it's great to be a soldier
And wear the old O. D.,
And have the girls all crowding 'round
And asking you to tea.
Oh, it's great to be a soldier
And fight mid battle roar
And kill and kill and win a trench
You've never had before.

(Continued on page 23)

Men of the 27th Division

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

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

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

The Wadsworth Restaurant

Soldier's Accessories

Shoe Brushes, Daubers and Griffin's Polish.

Leather and Leggin Laces
Collar Ornaments.

Coat Buttons.

Flashlights and Batteries.

Rifle and Revolver Cases.

Wrap Leggings and Regulation Leggings.

Chevrons.

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

Globe Sample Co.

109 W. Main Street.

HOSTESS HOUSE TO OPEN.

Staff of Women Officers Already Announced.

Work on the Hostess House at the entrance to camp is progressing, and it is hoped that it will open soon.

The men who have been at Plattsburg or other camps with Hostess Houses, already know something of what they mean—of the little touch of home which the opening of this one will bring to camp, and of the comfort and convenience it will afford the women guests of the soldiers.

It is at government request that these houses are established, to serve as centers of home life available for all officers and men of the camp. Here will be found a welcome for all; a pleasant, home-like place to visit with mothers, wives, and sweethearts; a well-equipped cafeteria, and a wide-awake information and emergency secretary ready to be of service. Men are welcome at any time to drop in to read or write, or for a quiet talk.

The Staff, appointed by the War Work Council of the National Board of the Young Women's Christian Association, includes: Director, Miss Bertha M. Loheed; Information and Emergency Hostess, Miss Bessie R. Kingman; Business Hostess, Mrs. Davidson; Receiving Hostess, Mrs. Caroline Brooks; Cafeteria Hostess, Miss Mary I. Mulford.

FIELD HOSPITAL COMPANY NO. 106.

It might be of interest to members of this division to know that Private Walter Reilly of this company has the agency for "Motorized Bunks." Private Reilly derives much pleasure during his spare time on the latest model bunk.

A football team has been organized and is under supervision of Major Gaus. All challenges to be considered will be sent to Private Joseph Bigley.

No we are not "Movie" stars, nor anything of the sort, but expect very soon to see a demonstration of our "K. O.'s" work as a camera-man, he having purchased a movie camera very recently and is now experimenting by taking pictures of the company in our daily routine work.

First Lieut. Reed, now in charge of the Field Hospital and Ambulance Company canteen, promises the men of the Sanitary Units that the stock of the canteen will be of the best and the supply unlimited.

Our new "Top" Sergeant First Class Harry L. Folsom, has the good will of all the men. He succeeds Sergeant First Class Willard G. Walsh, recently transferred to the Remount Station of the National Army.

Captains Papen and Haeker can be found every morning in back of officers' row sawing stumps of trees, which have been recently dug up from the drill grounds in the rear of the Sanitary Train. It must be that the

Captains were stumped to saw stumps. It has been said that Captain Papen agrees with the old saying "Early rising and plenty of exercising before breakfast is conducive of good health," especially since the Captain has been enjoying (?) his new fire place. Speaking about open fires, we would suggest that any officers contemplating the erection of one, dispense with the use of a Sibley stove for an outlet. Lieutenants Reed and Nealon will agree with us, no doubt.

"Snow Shoes" Jackson feels that the world is against him. He finds it impossible to purchase a banjo string for his banjo. "Snow Shoes" finds much pleasure in being company serenader and travels all evening from one tent to the other playing his banjo and singing to his comrades-in-arms.

"Deacon" Bender is very much pleased with his new detail as Assistant to Lieutenant Reed, in caring for matters having to do with the canteen.

"Ibbsie" Bahn is in hard luck this time of "Hooze-gow." His fiance has been in town for ten days and "Ibbsie" has been in camp for the last four days, and K. P. too. Gee, this is a tough war!

"Doc" Pedlow seems to find much pleasure in the lobby of the Cleveland, smoking his Cinco Centavus cigar and conversing with other "Colonels."

Captain Hacker and a detail of men are now at Glassy Rock Rifle Range for ten days. Of course, it is expected the Captain and the men will be real mountaineers when they return.

"Broncho" Franklyn Pomeroy expects to receive in a few days a contract from Barnum & Bailey's Big Circus, booking a season's engagement for his trained flies that he has painted green so as to distinguish them from other flies.

"No Seconds" Mike McCormack has a hard task every day we have liver. Mike says the bone in the liver is worse than that he received in beef we had once.

Now that the snow covers the ground and the facilities for washing are very bad, "Soap Suds" Anderson has taken in his shingle and has laid aside his laundry business for the time.

"Philosophy" Bill Dolan says he is just tickled that he is one of the detail for the Rifle Range. "I'll learn to shoot injections while I'm there," says Bill.

—J. V. B.

ASSIGNED TO DUTY ON THE DIVISION STAFF.

Maj. Andrew E. Tuck, adjutant general's department, is detailed to duty in the office of the chief of staff and Capt. Edward B. Thorne, 10th N. Y. infantry, is detailed to duty in the office of the division adjutant.

MIDNIGHT MASSES.

There will be midnight masses in the Knights of Columbus hall in Camp Wadsworth on Christmas Eve night, and in those regiments whose chaplains are of the Roman Catholic faith.

HEADQUARTERS 105TH INFANTRY VS. CO. I, 10TH INFANTRY.

It was some game! There were two bands and nearly a thousand spectators. There was a terrible wind and it was very cold. And I Company won the battle 7-0, and with it the street championship. The teams were evenly matched in every way and fought every instant with the fiercest desperation. The contest opened with Headquarters kicking off to I Company, who with line drives forced their way to first down. In a wild mix-up Dooley lost ground on a trick play and suddenly the ball bounded out of the melee into Hundt's hands. On the very next play came a fumble, restoring the ball to the 10th Regiment men. Quarterback Runge ripped out his signals, there was a sudden shift and he bucked through the line for twenty yards. The quarter ended with the ball on Headquarters' twenty-five yard line and the 10th rooters highly jubilant.

Headquarters came back with a rush at the start of the second period and Arndt crashed through the line for twenty yards. Vannier and Schaible made steady gains, and when Company I was penalized for hurdling, things looked pretty rosy for the 105th. The whistle blew with the leather in I's territory.

The third quarter was fierce and decisive, with the ball moving back and forth around the fifty-yard line. Conant repeatedly smashed his opponents' line and caught the runners with hard tackles before he had even started. Black made fifteen yards through the line for I Company. Then Vannier took back ten for Headquarters the same way. At this point the 105th was forced to kick and then came tragedy and victory for the respective teams. The pig-skin soared high into the air against the heavy wind over the 10th's forty-yard line and from this was blown with a swoop and bounced back to Headquarters' ten-yard line. The 105th fought with such strength that no gains were made for several downs. Conant repeatedly tackled the runner in his tracks. At last Black carried the ball within a few feet of the goal and Lewis went over in a flying scrimmage for the score. McCloud kicked the goal, making the score 7-0.

Headquarters, getting possession of the ball, lost through bad luck two forward passes to left end, but undiscouraged tried a throw to the right, which Colleson nabbed for a long, sensational run and here the whistle blew and the game ended.

LT. COL. TUCK COMMANDS SCHOOL OF THE LINE.

Owing to his other heavy duties, Brig. Gen. Phillips is relieved from duty as commandant of the division school of the line, and Lieut. Col. John B. Tuck, 106th infantry, is detailed to that position.

We Have Enlarged our Plant at a Cost of \$30,000.00

To cater to the boys' business of the 27th division. Our plant has the approval of your Sanitary authorities.

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

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

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We have the real goods
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Chevrons all Ranks

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Military books for all
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Bed Rolls, Web Belts, Folding
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Largest Stock of Leather Leg-
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BROADWAY RESTAURANT

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All the Stars in Filmdom

ROLLER SKATING

GOOD MUSIC

NEW PRINCESS RINK

ONE BLOCK WEST OF CLEVELAND HOTEL

Busses Stop at Door

DIVISION HEADQUARTERS TROOP.

Considerable interest has been aroused by the return of Sergeant Jack Johnson and Corporal Bruenig from the French front. Both non-coms were members of the party that accompanied Major General O'Ryan on his visit to the scene of hostilities, and have been in the front line trenches. Johnson was in the British battle area during the advance of three weeks ago, while Bruenig accompanied the commander of the 27th to the French sector, the week before. Their tales of Paris and the few facts they are willing to disclose about the actual fighting have made them the Mecca of the troop street.

Bobbie Vincent, one of the medical men attached to Headquarters, has also been more or less the object of professional jealousy recently among the men who have yet to see their first real enemy and dodge real shells. Although the youngster has made very little mention of his past deeds, he is the hero of one of the latest war stories. When only sixteen years old, he ran away from a preparatory school in Boston in 1915 and smuggled his way to England where he attempted to enlist. Failing, because of his youth, he managed to get to France where he joined the French scouts, an organization corresponding to the Division Headquarters Troop. For over a year he was busy right in the thick of the fray. Because of his powers as a linguist he was used most of the time to carry dispatches between the French and British staffs. Several of these trips were by aerial route. One day while talking to a German prisoner, Vincent displayed his knowledge of the Hun lingo and he was promptly placed under arrest as a spy. Only after considerable work by the American State Department was he able to secure his release. Vincent now carries a scar on the right knee from a bullet wound received at Arras.

Percy Davies, the professional supernumerary of the guard, met his first setback last week when Private Stange showed up, to better advantage at guard-mount. However, Davies was right on the job four days' later again securing a good night's rest because

of his superior neatness. His run of six consecutive times as super will probably stand for some time.

Because of the aptitude shown by some members of the beginners' class in French, they are allowed to leave the compulsory lessons half an hour before the others. It is expected that there will be a big clamor in the mess hall next session when the embryo Poilus endeavor to display their wares.

Private Cornelius Vanderbilt, Jr., has just received a letter from a twelve year old North Carolina lady asking for \$12.98, the cost of a new dress she would like to possess. The young lady promises to return the money after the war and when she has grown up, explaining at the same time that she really hopes Van will be able to collect then. Who is she, Neil?

Lead by Private Crowley and the Muzzler, the medicos at Headquarters have taught the troopers how to decide all disputes. When a private battle is being waged in their tent, they display a single red flag at the door and when they hold one of their frequent "free for alls," two flaring pennants are in view.

On last Saturday, December 8th, First Lieutenant Douglas T. Cameron was married to Miss Margaret Payne at her residence in Montclair, New Jersey. Mrs. Cameron was a visitor to Camp Wadsworth three weeks ago. Lieutenant Cameron returned home on furlough recently after he had fractured his ankle while practicing for the Division polo team. The officers and men of the troop extend their heartiest congratulations.

F. J. A.

BAA-BAA BENNIES BANNED.

The Baa-baa Bennies, i. e. short canvass, fleece lined overcoats, must go. They were presented with the raspberry by a recent general order. They may still be worn as pajamas, however.

Watch for the Gas Attack posters in your canteens.

Join the Red Cross. One dollar does it.

!!

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DEVELOPING

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<i>Gold Filled Knives</i>	\$2.50 to \$3.00
<i>Christmas Candy</i>	\$1.00 the pound
<i>Safety Razors</i>	\$1.00 .00
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Military Souvenirs, Silk Handkerchief Cases, Service Pins and Flags, Fur Trimmed Moccasins, Regimental Pillow Tops and Flags.

Up To Date Line of Christmas Goods

Kaminer's Drug Store

159 EAST MAIN STREET

'Twas the Night Before, Etc.

Spend It With the 105th Infantry.

The 105th Regiment is planning a Regimental Gala Night to be produced Christmas Eve at the Harris theatre. Arrangements have been made with the Keith interests to supply special talent of note.

Captain R. F. Hodgdon is in charge of the entertainment committee, and is being assisted by Sergeant Wm. Woolfendon and Sergeant Harold Kemp who are guaranteeing to put on an entertainment that will equal any yet produced in any Southern city.

The chairman of the ticket committee is Lieut. J. J. Callahan, of Company A, and reservations for seats should be made to him in writing.

Frank Moran, the well known pugilist, boxing instructor for the 27th Division, will render the monologue which he used while on his tour in vaudeville.

Members of the 105th are taking a keen interest in making the affair a success.

J. A. WHITE HERE TO LOOK AFTER RAILWAY TRAFFIC.

J. A. White, who has been associated with the Southern Railway for 35 years, is the agent assigned to Camp Wadsworth by the American Railways Association to look after the movement of troops and supplies into or out of camp. He has his desk in the building with the camp quartermaster.

Mr. White's coming here is the result of the recent decision of the railroads of the country to pool their resources and equipment in order to help the country prosecute the war more efficiently.

HARLEM AND YORKVILLE CLUB.

An Enlisted Men's Club is being organized at Camp Wadsworth. It will be known as the Harlem and Yorkville Club. The purpose of this organization is to keep in touch with the relatives and friends of soldiers, and to let them know weekly what the boys from Harlem and Yorkville are doing. There will be a plea made to "the folks back home" for woollens and knitted wearing apparel, which will be distributed equally among the members.

Among those who have already sent in their names for membership are: Albert Hoffman, Co. M, 107th Inf.; Ray S. Lid-dane, 242 West 112th St., Supply Train; Sergt. James Smith, 362 W. 116th St., Supply Train; Corporal Andrew J. McGinity, 104 F. A.; John O'Keefe and Dan Lenihan, 102 Sanitary Train; Professor Joseph P. Quinn, 107th Infantry, and Joseph W. Vermily, 102d Field Signal Battalion.

We want more members! Send in your name to—

DICK J. KENNEDY,
Care The Gas Attack,
Camp Wadsworth, S. C.

Sensible Christmas Gifts

At Sensible Prices

FOR HER

FOR HIM

- Great Assortment of Manicure Sets, Scissor Sets, and Sewing Sets in French Ivory and Pearl at - - - - \$2.50 to \$22.50
- Cameras - - - - \$2.50 to \$29.00
- Lowney's Chocolates in attractive Boxes at - - - - 80c to \$6.50
- Mary Lincoln Chocolates - - - - 70c to \$1.40
- Complete Boxes of Stationery - - - - 50c to \$4.00
- Service Pins and Brooches - - - - 25c to \$1.50
- Service Flags - - - - \$1.25 to \$1.70
- Service Rings - - - - \$1.00 to \$7.50
- Souvenir Handkerchiefs - - - - 10c to 75c
- Photo Albums - - - - 35c to \$1.25
- Calendars with frames for your photo 10c to 30c
- Souvenir Pillow Tops - - - - \$2.50
- Fountain Pens - - - - \$1.00 to \$1.75
- Wrist Watches - - - - \$3.50 and up
- Shell Souvenirs, with flags - - - - \$1.30 to \$3.50
- French Ivory Clocks - - - - \$10.00
- Bridge Whist Sets - - - - \$5.00

- Cameras - - - - \$2.50 to \$29.00
- Cigar and Cigarette Cases - - - - \$3.50—\$3.75
- Cigars (per box) - - - - \$2.25 to \$4.50
- Tobacco (1 lb jars) - - - - \$1.00
- Cigarettes (all brands) - - - - -
- Stetson Hats - - - - - \$6.00
- Sleeveless Sweaters - - - - \$3.50—\$4.00
- "Eversharp" Pencils - - - - \$1.00 to \$1.50
- Fountain Pens - - - - \$1.00 to \$1.75
- Electric Flash Lights - - - - 75c to \$3.50
- Swagger Sticks - - - - 30c to \$3.00
- Safety Razor Sets - - - - - \$5.00
- Bill Folds and Pocket Books - - - - 50c to \$1.00
- Money Belts - - - - 40c to 75c
- Memo Books (loose leaf) - - - - 40c to \$1.65
- Jack-Knives - - - - 75c to \$3.00
- Gold Pen-Knives - - - - \$1.00 to \$7.00
- Poker Chip Sets - - - - - \$3.50
- Photo Albums - - - - 30c to \$1.25
- Service Rings - - - - \$1.00 to \$7.50
- Stationery - - - - 50c to \$4.00
- Box Candy - - - - 70c to \$6.50

Complete and Attractive Line of Christmas and New Year Cards of the Better Quality at 5c to 20c each

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MERRY CHRISTMAS, MEN !

Creighton Clothing Co.

THE ARMY STORE

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

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

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

- Officers' Overcoats \$40.00 to \$50.00
- Sleeveless Sweaters, to be worn under shirt, at \$3.50 and \$5.00
- O. D. Woolen Uniforms \$30.00
- O. D. Woolen Uniforms \$35.00
- High Grade Serges \$35.00 to \$50.00
- O. D. Serge and Cotton Odd Breeches \$3.50 to \$10.00
- Stetson and Schoble Regulation Hats \$5.00 to \$6.00
- All Insignia for all branches, including regimental number.
- Sheep-lined Coats \$15.00 and \$18.50
- O. D. Regulation Wool Sweaters \$6.50 and \$7.50

We make Uniforms and alterations on Suits

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

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Not Too Late To Get Those
Christmas Remembrances

If you will drop in we can show you

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Maillard's, Park & Tilford and Nunnally's
Candies in Gift Packages

Artistic Christmas Post Cards

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Military Uniforms and Overcoats

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ALTERING ON UNIFORMS

A full line of supplies
for Soldiers

Make our Store your head-
quarters while in Spartanburg.
We will be more than glad to
keep your packages for you.

Merry Christmas to All

CANNON & FETZER CO.
118 E. Main Street

THE PENALTY.

How Thirteen Soldiers Paid It.

Last August a hundred gin-crazed negro soldiers of the Twenty-fourth United States Infantry shot up the town of Houston, Tex., and killed twenty-two persons.

At dawn, December 11, in a lonely mesquite thicket near Fort Sam Houston, San Antonio, thirteen of these negroes were hanged. They rode to their death singing "When the Roll is Called, Up Yonder."

And they made the nine-foot plunge to death together.

It was the most drastic act of punishment ever meted out by American military authorities. Never was a punishment more justified. Forty-one other negroes are in prison serving life sentences for their parts in the Houston crime. Four others received lighter sentences.

The story of the hanging provides an unforgettable picture—a picture that should have its effect. It took place fewer than a hundred yards from the Camp Travis Barracks, wherein nearly 40,000 National Army rookies were sleeping. Yet not one of these men knew what had happened until the story was published in the newspapers that afternoon.

A squad of army motor trucks trundled out to the thicket soon after midnight. Each bore lumber from which the scaffolds were made. The scaffolds were built together into one long platform. Each trap was to be sprung by the movement of a heavy pine trigger. And to each trigger was detailed six husky soldiers.

Hanged at Daybreak.

A heavy wood fire had been kindled a dozen yards away. The condemned negroes had been moved from the cavalry barracks that had been their prison, to separate buildings. With the exception of one of the men, whose name is not made public and around whom much mystery settles, the negroes had called in Army Y. M. C. A. workers for spiritual comfort.

Dawn was just breaking over the mesa. The first gray streaks of daybreak were coming out of the east. A chill wind was blowing. The heavy guard, bayonets fixed, moved along their posts, twenty yards from the long scaffolding.

Talking Was Forbidden.

The officers stamped up and down the length of the little clearing, their coat collars turned up. The mechanics who had erected the scaffold under the direction of the sheriff of Bear county, were hurried back to camp in one of the trucks.

Dressed for Inspection.

A motorcycle dispatch bearer came through the lines. The trucks, bearing the prisoners were coming. It was less than an hour before reveille. The big motors, throttled down until their combined noise was no more than a sonorous hum, rolled through the opening in the thicket. The

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thirteen negroes, dressed in their regulation O. D.'s and as carefully as for inspection, stood in the swaying vehicles.

Six armed guards rode in each motor with them. The negroes were singing the familiar camp-meeting hymn fervently, but in an undertone. Over and over they repeated the chorus:

*"When the roll is called up yonder,
I'll be there."*

Quickly they were lifted from the trucks. They were shackled before leaving their several places of imprisonment. Each insisted upon walking to the scaffold floor. And the request was granted.

They mounted the steps in column of files. Their step was as even and firm as though they were on drill. A chaplain was praying.

The singing had ceased. Each man was seated in a chair, his feet only on the trapdoor through which he was to be shot. One of them leaned forward.

"Good-by, boys," he chanted in a low tone. And the twelve men to his right and left repeated the farewell in chorus, but just as quietly.

Their last Attention.

An officer stepped out from beneath the heavy structure. His face was white—ghastly white in the glare of the now roaring log fire over on the edge of the clearing. He made a sharp about face. He looked at the row of black men in the chairs.

"Attention!" he snapped.

And the thirteen men sprang to their feet like automatons and with the same machine-like precision. Rapidly they lashed the legs of the men on the trap doors. The caps were jerked down below the chins and the strings drawn taut. The nooses were slipped over the thirteen heads and the knots yanked up beneath the left ears. The guards stepped back. The arm of the white-faced officer fell. The men at the trap triggers lunged forward. And it was over.

W. A. D.

IT'S GREAT TO BE A SOLDIER.

(Concluded from page 17)

Oh, it's great to be a soldier,
And win your shoulder bar,
And get a medal fine to show
What sort of a one you are.

Yes, it's great to be a soldier,
But remember this, my son,
A soldier's more than a uniform,
A pistol or a gun.

Yes, it's great to be a soldier,
But the battle you must win
Is fought with "Old Fatigue," my boy,
So fight him with a grin.

Yes, it's great to be a soldier,
But its meaning you must scan,
And the end of all your seeking is
You first must be a man!

W. J. B.

52nd F. A. Brigade.

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JEWES CELEBRATE FESTIVAL OF "CHANUKA."

Sgt. Major Goodman Writes of Services
In Benai Israel Synagogue.

EDITOR THE GAS ATTACK:

On Sunday night, December 9, 1917, within the portals of that splendid Jewish Temple, "Benai Israel," in the city of Spartanburg, S. C., was celebrated the Hebrew Festival of "Chanuka," which commemorates events made glorious by that ancient Jewish hero, Judah Maccabee, who with his brothers fought to maintain the freedom of Jerusalem against the invading Syrian.

It may be said for those who are not informed, that the Jews of Great Britain and France are magnificently represented in the ranks fronting the Von Hindenburg line, and are in the van with their Christian brothers behind the British banners in Holy Land. Many crusades have been preached and prosecuted during the past centuries against the heathen in the Land of Judah, but it remained for the crusade of 1917 at last to raise the flag of freedom upon the turrets of the ancient Jewish metropolis.

After the "Chanuka" services in the synagogue, "Benai Israel," an address was made to nearly 500 Israelites by Major Llewelyn Sale, of the Base Hospital, 27th Division U. S. A. Many of the 27th Division were there. Samuel Lunine, of the 105th Infantry, was the presiding officer.

The religious services were followed by an entertainment and reception given by the Ladies Auxiliary of "Benai Israel," under the auspices of Mr. Isidor Dominitz, the Spartanburg representative of the Jewish Board of Welfare of the Army and Navy.

To those of Jewish faith who desire to avail themselves of its services, the temple "Benai Israel" is open on Friday nights and on the Sabbath, and Kadish services for the memory of those who have gone to the great beyond, will be gladly accorded.

SERGT. MAJOR LOUIS GOODMAN,
12th N. Y. Infantry.

WHERE SANDWICHES ARE A NICKEL.

A Real Canteen Opened for Enlisted Men in
Spartanburg.

A real canteen for enlisted men, where sandwiches are a nickel, coffee a nickel, and other prices in proportion, is now under way in the W. O. W. Hall, opposite the Cleveland Hotel.

It is being run by the Spartanburg Committee on Training Camp Activities. Mrs. Sloan Cranford is the commandant, and she has a corps of competent assistants.

*'Twas the night before Christmas, when all
through the camp
Not a soldier could stir, for the cold and
the damp.*

YOU CAN'T SWITCH DRINKS ON BROADWAY.

Every Day is Grogless When a Khaki-
Clad Figure Sits at a Table.

Broadway has decided that there'll be no more switching of drinks when soldiers or sailors sit down at a restaurant table with civilian companions. The Society of Restaurateurs, meeting at Reisenweber's, made the new rule.

"For too long a time"—this is the way The SUN presents the plaint of the restaurant men—"have the soldier and sailor lads, or some of them at least, horned into restaurants and then after a curtain fire of soft drinks or water orders have switched the hard stuff on the table in front of their own plates.

"Waiter, gimme a lot of attention," says the soldier or sailor. "Waiter, gimme for the lady a long, cold, juicy green mint stinger. And, waiter, gimme for myself a gill of ginger ale or something—any old stuff that you don't need for window cleaning. But see that you bring me—I mean the lady—Blabla's green mint and lots of fine ice shavings, or I can't drink—I mean the lady can't drink it."

Then it sometimes occurs, say the restaurant men, that when it comes to clearing off the table after the pair have departed the ginger ale glass, which may or may not have been emptied, is resting in front of the chair which the lady had occupied, whereas the green mint stinger glass, always astonishingly empty, is beside the military man's napkin.

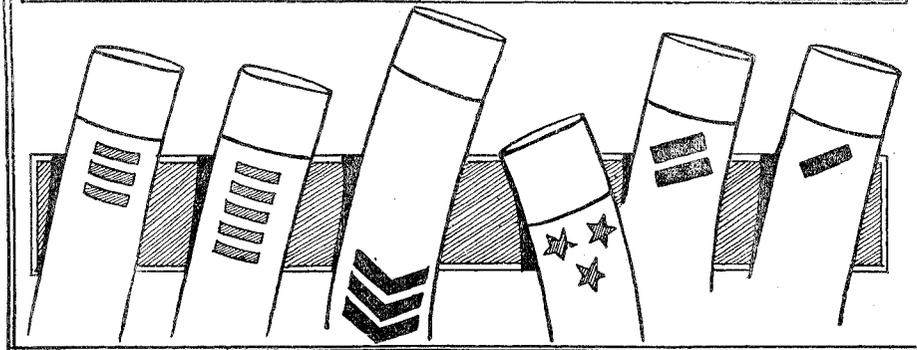
Only One Way to Stop It.

"If a soldier orders a drink, even if it's really for the girl accompanying him," explain the restaurant men, "and sticks to the most harmless soft drink himself, even then the fact remains that the soldier pays the check for the girl's drink. In other words, we are selling a drink to a soldier, and whether he drinks it or not himself we are violating the law."

So set are the restaurateurs on stopping the drink switching that they also voted to hold waiters, aisle captains and bartenders responsible for the enforcement of the new rule. The restaurant men agreed at their meeting that if any employee is found guilty of breaking the rule about grogless tables for the army and navy the offending employee will be discharged promptly and then turned over to the proper authorities for legal punishment.

The man who wrote the song, "Waiting at the Church," must have had in mind the soldiers who would look for an automobile in which to go to Spartanburg in the evening. What has become of these public cars that thronged camp during the warm days of October? Have they gone South for the winter?

WHAT THE FRENCH SOLDIERS' INSIGNIA MEANS



The first sleeve on the left shows the insignia of a captain, three gold stripes. Next is the sleeve of a colonel, five gold stripes. A lieutenant-colonel (not shown), has three gold and two silver stripes. A commandant (not shown), which corresponds with our major, wears four gold stripes. A lieutenant (not shown) has two gold stripes, and a sub-lieutenant (not shown), has one gold stripe.

The third insignia indicates service. If worn on the right sleeve each chevron stands for one wound. If worn on the left sleeve the first chevron indicates that the wearer has served one year at the front.

Each additional chevron stands for six months' service at the front. The sleeve shown above indicates that the soldier has been in active service two years.

The sleeve with three stars is that of a general de division, which corresponds with our major-general. A brigadier-general wears two stars. A marshal wears six.

Two diagonal bars on the sleeve indicate that the wearer is a sergeant-major if they are gold. If they are cloth, he is a corporal. One gold diagonal bar stands for a sergeant, if it is gold, and for "first soldier," i. e., first-class private, if cloth.

ENCOURAGEMENT FOR CAMP INVENTORS.

Board Appointed With Col. Vanderbilt as Chairman to Consider Suggestions as to Military Services in 27th Division.

Officers and enlisted men are to be given every encouragement in working out devices of military value, and a board has been appointed to receive and consider suggestions of this nature. The following announcement was made at division headquarters yesterday:

"In the armies abroad it has been found that many excellent military devices have been conceived and developed by officers and enlisted men in the field. For the purpose of stimulating officers and enlisted men of this division in developing devices of military value in the present war, the following board of officers is appointed to receive and consider suggestions and devices of this character and to determine their practicability:

"Col. Cornelius Vanderbilt, 102d engineers.

"Maj. Joseph J. Daly, division ordnance officer.

"First Lieut. Thomas Crimmins, 102 engineers.

"The board will conduct tests of devices submitted to it, and report to the division commander such as are recommended for

trial in the division and for consideration of the war department.

"Communications presenting suggestions and devices should be addressed to Col. Vanderbilt."

REGULATIONS AS TO GRANTING FURLOUGHS.

Everybody Wants to Go Home, But Only Five Percent Can Go.

With the approach of the Christmas holidays there have been innumerable requests for leaves of absence, and all commanding officers have been greatly embarrassed. Army regulations provide that not more than five per cent of the organization can be away on furlough at any one time, and, as one officer put it yesterday, if all requests for leave were granted it might be that not more than five per cent of the men would be left here for Christmas. This memorandum was sent out from division headquarters yesterday:

"The responsibility for granting leaves of absence and furloughs rests with the commanding officers of regiments or equivalents or equivalent units. It is assumed that all requests for leaves or furloughs forwarded to these headquarters for approval are within the limits of five per cent of the respective commands, and the division commander approves them under that assumption."

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every tire a good tire

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DON'T GRIEVE, LITTLE MOTHER.

Christmas Message to a Soldier's Loved One.

Did your boy join the army, little mother, and are you grieving about it until your heart is nearly broken?

Did you kiss him good-bye that morning he left, and suppress the tears by a great effort, so he would not go away feeling so badly because he knew you cared so much?

When you were packing his grip and had all of his things spread out upon the bed to be sure you had forgotten nothing, did you drop to your knees and ask God to watch over and care for your boy through the dangerous days that were to come?

Did you retrace his steps back to childhood, to the days in the little cottage, when there were just John and you and the boy—your own wonderful son?

Then did you follow him as he grew, day by day, until you told his dad one evening after he had gone to bed that he was big enough to wear pants?

And did you remember how proud you both were of your boy—your only son?

Then did you see him the day he just started to school, with his book that you had covered with a gay piece of calico held tightly in his hand?

Little mother, did you think of the great feeling of thankfulness and pride that welled up in your heart that morning as your boy turned around and waved his hand as he disappeared around the corner?

Did you remember how long the morning was, and how you clasped him in your arms when he came home at noon? You remember, you were watching for him long before time for him to get home; and all the time you were thinking: "Ah, suppose something should happen to my boy, and I should never see him again!"

Do you remember that even when other children came, your love for your first born did not grow less; but that it grew greater and greater all the time?

And then, when you traced his whole life and back again to the present, and the realization came upon you once more that he was going to war, did you throw yourself across the bed where his things were and cry out in anguish? And, little mother, did you repeat over and over, "Oh! I can't give him up; I can't give him up?"

And did you finally steel yourself to pack his clothes in his grip, carefully, examining every sock to see that it was properly darned, and examining every garment to see that no buttons were missing?

And then, a week after he was gone, did you go with his father and sisters and brothers to see him where he was encamped with his company? And did you feel proud of your son in his new uniform of his country? And do you remember how pleased he was when you gave him the cakes and pies and jellies you had fixed for him?

KIND WORDS FROM A PUBLISHER.

He Nominates Gas Attack for Place in the Sun.

Wilson D. Youmans, head of a printing and publishing house at 135 Lafayette street, New York City, writes to THE GAS ATTACK as follows:

"A copy of your issue of November 27th was sent to me. To-day being Sunday, I decided to look it over thoroughly and see if it was as good as it looked. Before a cheerful grate fire I spent three hours in its company. Enough said, for we never spend three hours, voluntarily, in company that does not please.

"I write to congratulate you upon its appearance and contents, and to express my surprise that anything so elaborate could be produced in connection with an army camp.

"I venture to say that it is probably the finest camp magazine ever produced at any time or place; the wit and humor, general news and camp items, all so well written and of such interest to both soldiers and civilians, give you a 'place in the sun' of journalism at the very outset of your career.

"Your opportunity for almost unlimited good for the army has been seized by you, and I can not commend you too highly for your good service on behalf of our boys."

Little mother, your boy has answered the call of his country in its time of need and how proud of him you must be—proud to know that your son—flesh of your flesh, was not afraid to go, and did not shirk his duty!

When the greatest trial of all comes to you, when you stand in front of the bulletin boards and watch, dry eyed, as the list of the killed and wounded is posted up, you will still feel a thrill of joy that your boy, your first born, was not afraid to go when his country called.

Little mother, it is to you and your kind that America owes its greatness to-day. You have always showed the dauntless spirit in time of danger; and have stood shoulder to shoulder with your husband and sons whenever it became necessary.

In the days of the Indian Wars, even before the Revolutionary War, you, or other little mothers loaded the rifles and passed them to your men folks as they fired through loop holes to drive back the painted savages.

Little mother, throughout the width and breadth of our land to-day, your spirit is the spirit in your boys—the brave soldiers who are gathering to defend freedom throughout the world—the spirit that knows no defeat, the spirit of American sons of American mothers!

PRIVATE J. P. MALONE,
Batt. A., 105th U. S. F. A.

A NIGHT'S LODGING IN THE TRENCHES.

Pvt. Theodore B. Korony, Co. H, 107th Infantry.

Yes, Company H, of the 107th, has visited the trenches. We were all glad to get in them, and likewise all glad to get out, for there are some features which do remind one of General Sherman's famous version of what war is like.

Of course it is just the training we need, and one can not "stay in" long before the supreme value of absolute discipline among troops in trenches can be seen. After leaving the company street for the trenches the order was that not a word was to be uttered, and not a word was uttered. Without perfect discipline however, even this would not be accomplished.

The trenches are only about two feet wide, and upon entering the rear trench the walk through the ever-turning narrow walls to our post, made one think of one of those "Palaces of Mystery" at Coney Island, where it is easy to get in for a dime, but it's harder to find your way out. In fact the trenches are so narrow, just how Corporals Saalfeld and Connolly, both 200 pounders, managed to pass each other is still a mystery with the boys. Possibly their practice in leap frog helped them a bit.

Two men were kept on each firing step throughout the night, and with friend moon in our favor our "enemy" with the white hat bands, found it impossible to take our trenches.

After sun-rise the guards on the firing steps were removed and not a man could show his hat or head above the trenches, but of course guards stood along side of each firing step.

A dark dug-out was our resting place, and an indignant protest of "Hey, that's me you're sitting on" could be heard very often.

The food was carried from the rear by details, and the fact that it received added flavoring by falling chunks of red clay-like dirt, didn't affect our appetites in the least.

One of our famous exponents of the bayonet art, Sergt. McCarthy, heard that chewing tobacco was in order in the trenches, so proceeded to devour four packages without blinking an eyelash, much to the disgust of our insurance peddler, Segt. Phillips.

Nine P. M. found our 24-hour stay at an end, and we all filed out in perfect order, and marched back to our mess shack to enjoy some hot apple sauce and cocoa.

The following day, Thanksgiving day, was one spent mostly in bunk fatigue, and Captain Tompkins said that anyone who had nothing to be thankful for would at least be thankful that there was no morning assembly.

SONGS THAT MAKE US ILL.

Songwriters Still Insist. We Are "Soldier Boys In Blue."

The man we'd most like to use as a target for our bayonet practice is the curly-haired hero, who, clad in a near-officer's uniform, sings patriotic songs in cabarets.

The man who would be our second choice as a bayonet dummy is the fellow who writes those songs.

The country is flooded with them. Have you heard the one that is being sung in every vaudeville house in southern Missouri? It is called, "Don't Tell Mother I'm a Non-Com; She Thinks that I've Geen Gassed." Have you heard "I'm Only a Second-Class Private in the Volunteers, but I Love You Like a Major in the Regulars." Or, "Good-bye, Third Avenue, Hello, Yaphank." Or, "I Didn't Raise My Boy to Be a Stump Digger?"

The song writing bards are still laboring under the impression that soldiers are "boys in blue," by which they do not mean fatigue dungarees, but a species of uniform seen now only in musical comedies. But calling us "boys in blue" has its advantages. It is easy to find rhymes for blue, whereas rhymes for khaki and olive drab do not spring to the tongue.

Here is a typical patriotic song, which, like all patriotic and other songs, is the biggest hit on Broadway since "Poor Butterfly":

"Nellie, the Longshoreman's Daughter and Her Soldier Boy in Blue."

The golden sun was sinking by a camp-fire in the West,
As a handsome young lieutenant pulled a watch out of his vest;
In their tents the boys were singing, and they drank their evening beer,
But he sadly smiled while gazing on a face to him so dear,
'Twas a picture of his sweetheart, who was many miles away,
And the soldier boys grew quiet, as they heard him softly say:

Chorus—
"She's only a longshoreman's daughter,
But I know that she'll be true;
She'll be waiting by the water,
For her soldier boy in blue
And, boys, I'll do my duty,
For the sake of Nell, my beauty,
And I'll meet my darling fairy, oh,
By the shores of Lake Ontario."
—R. E. C.

SUMMARY COURT OFFICER.

Second Lieut. L. M. Thibadeau, Quartermaster Corps, National Army, is appointed summary court officer for all cases arising in Truck Company 331 and the detachment camp, Quartermaster Office.

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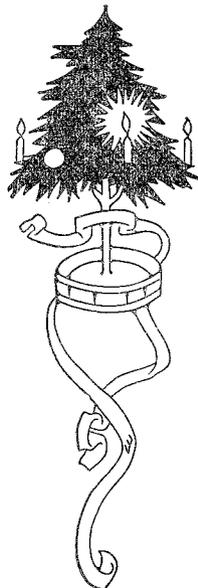
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“When Under the Mistletoe Bough”



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

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

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

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

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

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

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

J. D. COLLINS.



WHY ?

I've tucked fourteen blankets round both my feet

Quite neat.

And pulled them all tightly quite over my head

My bed

Is apparently warmer than toast

Add so much as a sheet and I know I should roast

The Sibley stove, thumping red, choked up with wood

All's good.

I wake with a tingling all down the line
Of spine

My body's congealed and my nose and my toes

Quite froze;

The stove has gone out and all over the tent
Every freezable thing is like Portland cement,
Watchful I wait for the reveille horn

To get warm.

Then just at the time when I fall in a doze
It blows,

And now I discover that I want to sleep

Deep,

And I wonder why as I stretch my tired form
When I have to get up that the bed is quite warm

Yet a few hours ago it was colder than hell,
Oh well,

What's the use.

105TH INFANTRY.

Private Thomas Burke was seen at drill last Friday morning. There really must be something to the boy.

Monday, December 10th, the regiment took a long, fast hike all around the camp and saw the soldiers and everything. The trip was made in record time.

Private William Turner, the tenderfoot of the mounted orderlies, denies the “foot” part, but not the “tender.” He says the saddles here aren't much good.

Private Vincent Lofters, of the Ford Artillery Force, disabled his steed last week jumping a ditch.

A sentry at post on turning over his orders to the relief, said to stop all “galloping automobiles.” No doubt there was an order to “dine all the horses.”

The bath houses are now at bay against the great drive of the Sibley stoves. But they can't last much longer.

Private Rodney Willis, of Headquarters Company, is on a ten-day furlough. He was called home by business matters.

Corporal Harry Munberg has returned from a ten-day furlough in Troy, N. Y.

Regimental Quartermaster Sergeant Connery has received his commission as second lieutenant, to the satisfaction of the entire 105th. Lieutenant Connery has had years of experience in the army game, being a veteran of the Spanish War and many other campaigns.

Private Pat Murphy says of his original conception of the sunny South, that, “'Twas truly an Irishman's Dream.”

Private Ed Farrington says he finds it easy to be good now,—there are so few pretty girls around.

All first sergeants' tents and supply tents are now equipped with board walks and floors.

The regimental canteen now includes a short order restaurant where wheat cakes and sandwiches can be secured at reasonable prices.

Insurance policies are being written for the men already to prevent a rush at the final date set for taking them out.

O. D. sleighs were issued to all the men after the furious blizzard of Tuesday night. Wednesday was spent manicuring the streets and piling the snow at the end of the streets.

Sergeant Behan, of the signal attachment last Sunday played the leading part in a grim tragedy entitled “The Villain Still Pursued Them.” He got his eagle beak working after some real, live “moonshiners,” but true to tradition, they eluded him. When questioned Bill merely murmured, “Hist!”

Lieutenant Walsh, of Headquarters Company, has been transferred to the 307th Infantry at Newport News as Regimental Intelligence Officer. Lieutenant Harry Handy, former adjutant of the third battalion, has taken his place.

D. S. B.

THE NEW OFFICER BUYS A UNIFORM.

A True Story.

I had just been made a Reserve Officer and sent to Spartanburg, you know. I wanted to cut a bit of a dash among the Guardsmen, so I bought myself a ripping good uniform in town. Then I strolled into Smink, the outfitter, for some haberdashery and the like. Old man Smink was standing at the door. He took the corner of my blouse between his thumb and forefinger and began rolling it into a ball. All the time he kept clicking his teeth and shaking his head as if he had just dropped a nickel in the phone without getting his number, you know.

"What's the matter?" I said. "Isn't the blooming thing any good?"

"Where did you get it?" he asked.

It occurred to me that perhaps I had been done, you know, so I told him.

He looked alarmed. "You want to be careful of them," he warned me. "What did they sell it to you for?"

"Serge," I said.

"We make overalls out of that stuff," he said. "What did they charge you?" I told him again.

"We have some real serge uniforms," he said, "fifteen dollars cheaper."

Of course that made me feel like a bit of an ass, you know. I had a new Stetson hat on. He pulled it off and crumpled the brim until he had ruined the thing entirely.

"How much did you pay for that?" he asked.

I told him.

"I could have sold you the same thing or better for half the price."

After he got through with it any hat in the store would have looked better, so I didn't contradict him.

Then I went out and bought some boots. I thought them pretty swanky even if they did hurt at the heel a bit. Later in the day I hobbled into Smink's. Old man Smink met me at the door and began scratching at my boot with his thumb-nail, which made me beastly mad. Before he could ask me I told him just where I had bought them and how much I had paid for them. "And they are not cordovan," I added, "and you could have given me the real stuff at 50 per cent less."

This took him off his feet for a minute, you know, but he got his second wind right away. "They're not a bad imitation," he said, "that painted cowhide is all right unless you get it damp. I could have given you real cordovan, of course, five dollars cheaper, but you'll need two pairs, eh?"

I began to think that old man Smink might be up to tricks at that, you know, so a few days later I borrowed some money and bought a whip-cord uniform from the rotter. I noticed that he didn't undersell

CONVERSE CORRESPONDENCE.

(By Special Wire to The Gas Attack.)

Each Converse girl has fixed up a box of "Christmas" that Miss Gee will take care of until Christmas and then she will see that these boxes get to boys at Camp Wadsworth, who will not have so much Christmas as some of the others. These boxes are filled carefully, each girl giving her own individual touch to it, so they will be different from the usual Christmas boxes.

There was an open meeting of the Spartanburg Woman's Music Club in the Converse Auditorium on Saturday evening. The duet from "Samson and Delilah," "My Heart at Thy Sweet Voice," sung by Mrs. Blotchey, of this city, and Judson House, of the Remount Station, Camp Wadsworth, was one of the most enjoyed numbers. The selections sang by Corporal P. H. Bonner, accompanied by Miss Simpson, were also enjoyed greatly.

The same number of Converse College girls who have been going out to the camp to sing, went out again on last Friday evening. This time they sang for the 92d Y. M. C. A. Unit. The chorus, "Estudietina," with the solo part sung by Miss Lucy Dinwiddie, and the different entrances of the guitar, the triangle, the tambourine, and the castanets, made the whole chorus most effective. "Peep again," and "When the Boys Come Home" had to be sung over and over again. The solos by Misses Fannie Spain, Sarah Pryor and Kathleen Connor, were also greatly enjoyed.

The girls will continue going out until they have sung in each Y. M. C. A. shack.

anyone on that particular uniform. A week later I went in to take a bath (you can't keep too clean even if you are in the army). I had on the whipcord. Afterwards I dropped into Smink's. He was standing behind the door waiting for me. Before I was inside he was making pills out of the corner of my coat.

"What kind of material is that?" he asked.

"Whip cord," I replied.

He shook his head like a father whose only son has gone wrong. There were tears in his voice.

"What is it then?" I asked, for I was getting sick of this thing, you know.

"We make cheap horse blankets out of that stuff," he said. "How much did you pay for it?"

I told him with one hand behind my back.

"We could have sold you real whip-cord eighteen dollars cheaper," he said.

The Military Police saved the beggar's life, you know.

Now I buy all my uniforms from the Quartermaster.

OFFICERS' OVERCOATS

JUST A LITTLE BIT BETTER THAN ANYTHING ELSE IN TOWN

\$45.00

Funston Cloth Uniforms

\$18.50

A Complete Line of Whipcord and Serge Uniforms

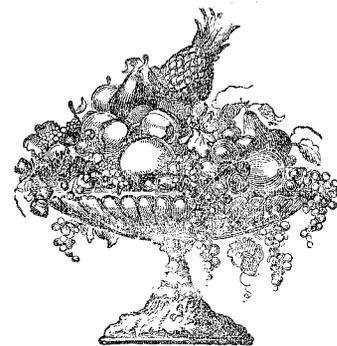
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The only Basement Cafe in Town. Good things to eat at reasonable prices. Everything clean. You will feel at home here. Regular dinner every day.



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WORLD BREVITIES

Edited by J. S. KINGSLEY

A WEEK OF WAR.

During the past ten days the war has been more uncertain and more active than usual. Italy, which had retreated and had reorganized her lines, has been put to her supreme test in keeping back the assaulting Teutons, who, for eight weeks have been aggressive. Italy still holds the mountain passes which are keys to her interior. She has held back a vastly superior force which was moving Southward and was gaining inch by inch toward Venice. Although large numbers of Teutons have probably come from the Eastern border of Germany, yet they have not crushed nor defeated Italy. Italy is reforming her lines; she is getting supplies; she is getting more forces. Each day makes her position safer. In this Teutonic assault 12,000 Italians have been captured and several Teutonic victory and will have little influence on the results of the war.

Two weeks ago the British had gained the heights around Cambrai and were threatening Cambrai itself. It seemed as though the Germans had given up hopes of regaining the lost ground. All seemed to indicate that Ypres would be the scene of the next German assault. The Russian move toward peace and the fact that the Germans must hasten before the American forces get over in large numbers probably have urged the Central Powers to make a strong assault. Cambrai is very important to the Germans. They must not lose this sector if they wish to keep intact the submarine bases. These combined influences and conditions have caused the unusual German activity all along the Western front.

Fierce artillery duels have been fought for ten days along the English-French and Italian lines. This seems to indicate an attack in the near future. The Allies are apparently preparing to meet the enemy all along the lines.

Submarine Activities.

Submarine activity has been noticeable during the past three months. The menace is now confined to the smaller and slower craft. Even now the weekly toll is large, being from three to four ships daily. The Allies are not only holding the submarines in check by convoys and probably by several other secret means but they are also capturing and destroying many submarines. Some say that the Allies are destroying as many submarines as the submarines are ships. Germany can not furnish the submarines to keep up this pace. One thing is certain and that is the submarine has been a failure in ending the war in favor of Germany. The Allies have not been able to entirely eliminate the submarine yet they have reduced the peril to a positive failure.

Venezuela Pro German.

Venezuela has suppressed all newspapers which are not pro-German. In return our government will not allow any newsprint paper to be shipped to Venezuela.

British Take Jerusalem.

Jerusalem after having been centuries in the hands of the Turk, has fallen into the hands of the British and the British flag is now floating over the city, which will be under control of the Allies till the end of the war, when its future will be settled.

Germany's Modest Demands.

A Petrograd correspondent says that Germany demands the following from Russia before concluding peace:

Russia must give Germany control of the Russian wheat market for fifteen years. Russia must admit all German goods into Russia duty free. Russia must allow Germany the right to hold all territory held by Germany.

This would be a defeat most humiliating to Russia and advantageous to Germany. It is doubtful whether Russia, even under the extreme party, can accept such terms. Such a peace would be most disadvantageous to the Allies and would stir up a revolution in Russia.

Chinese Soldiers.

Ten New York Chinese have joined the army by selective draft. They are in Camp Upton.

Teutons Lose 100,000 at Cambrai.

The German losses at the battle of Cambrai are estimated at 100,000. The Germans attempted to crush the British lines but failed. The English gained several important heights while holding all important positions and had gained without losing more than a small portion of the total losses.

Great navy yards covering more than 1,000 acres are planned for Norfolk. More than 40,000 men will be employed here in naval activities.

A bill was introduced into Congress last week which would allow Chinese farmers to come into this country during the period of the war.

Viva, Italia.

Italy has been placed under her greatest trial this past week. The Teutons have used their greatest efforts in order to drive the Italians south of two mountain passes. Although the Italians have lost nearly 20,000 men, they have held fast these mountain fastnesses. Those who believed Italy is becoming discouraged and disorganized to an extent that would cripple her for the rest of the war have been surprised and even amazed at her wonderful defense under so great odds.

CHRISTMAS GREETINGS

AND

BEST WISHES

TO

The Boys of Camp Wadsworth

South Carolina Light, Power and Railway Co.

SPARTANBURG, S. C.

Increasing R. R. Efficiency.

The presidents of the Eastern railroads met in New York recently to consider the railroad problems in the war. It was recommended that the government assist the railroads financially in order to increase the railroad efficiency. The Railroads War Board was commended for its present management of the roads, but the roads can not run at a loss. Either government management or government aid is necessary. In England the roads are run as efficiently as possible and the government guarantees profits equal to those the year before the war. The conference also advised the discouragement of passenger traffic by increasing greatly the passenger rates.

U. S. Destroyer Sunk.

On December 6th an American destroyer was sunk by a torpedo launched from a submarine which was not seen until after the disaster. The destroyer, having 110 men, sank within twenty minutes. One-half of the crew are known to be safe; one member was taken prisoner by the submarine. A gunner, Harry Wood, of Atlanta, Ga., of the destroyer, was killed by the explosion.

The Halifax Horror.

During the terrible disaster at Halifax one of the most heroic deeds on record occurred. A French munition ship had collided with a Belgian relief ship causing an explosion which killed over 2,000 and de-

stroyed a large section of the city, which is one of the principal British marine stations on this side of the Atlantic. A second munition ship was in the harbor; the shock had killed nearly all the crew, the rest had fled. The ship was anchored very near the city. It was on fire and soon a second and more terrible explosion was about to occur. A British sea captain, seeing the flames shoot from the ship, sent messengers to warn the people of the threatened section of the city, while he cut the ship loose and alone went adrift upon her. He turned the hose upon the fire, opened the valves and put out the fire, which in a moment more would have destroyed millions of dollars of property and killed thousands more. To aid the sufferers at Halifax a boat loaded with every relief possible made a record trip from Boston to Halifax, carrying a cargo valued at \$300,000, sent by the Red Cross.

DID YOU GO TO P. S. NO. 8?

All men who attended Public School No. 8, 29 King St., Manhattan, are asked to send their names, and organization to the Principal.

Next to the Service Flag comes the Red Cross Flag. Every home can have one.

Don't waste that dollar. Join the Red Cross.

WHAT PRIVATE WILLIE BITE OF THE 107TH GOT FOR CHRISTMAS.

1. A nice, new, black and gold hat cord from Auntie Belle, with a card, saying: "I noticed some of the boys wearing faded blue cords. I'm sure this one will be more becoming to you. I've seen a lot of soldiers wearing them. They look so much more dressy than the other ones."

2. A cocktail shaker from Uncle Peter.

3. A bathing suit from Aunt Tessie, "so that you may enjoy a dip in the river at Spartanburg during your Christmas recess from army duties. And don't forget to send me some ripe oranges and pineapples. Just pick them on your way to town someday."

4. A copy of Ivanhoe from Uncle Luke.

5. A copy of Ivanhoe from Uncle Jake.

6. A copy of Ivanhoe from Uncle Peleg.

7. A tennis racket from Sister Susie.

8. A large picture of a sunset on Lake Erie from Grandma "to hang in your tent."

9. An oyster fork from Cousin Felix.

10. A copy of Ivanhoe from Cousins Lucy and Carry.

LOST NEAR GAS CHAMBER.

Lost near Gas Chamber or in trenches a bunch of keys. Return to Major Sheehan, 1st N. Y. Inf.

Get in the big Christmas drive for members. Join the Red Cross.

A CALL for 15,000,000 VOLUNTEERS

You are wanted.

YOU!

You are wanted now.

You are wanted in an army that is doing immense practical service to our country and our country's soldiers.

You may be above the draft age, or below it. You may be a man, woman or child. No matter. You can enlist. Your enlistment will not take you away from home. It will not cost you your business, nor will it mean hardships. It will cost but One Dollar. It will be the **BIGGEST DOLLAR YOU EVER SPENT.**

You are invited to become a member of the American Red Cross. The dues are **ONE Dollar** a year. That is all. There are no further obligations.

Just think what **YOUR** dollar will do!

It may save the life of someone you know and love. It is sure to be put to immediate practical use for some soldier. Every penny paid in by members is used for much needed things—bandages, comfort kits, sox, helmets, etc., which are given to the soldiers of our country.

Men who are enlisted in the army may enlist in the Red Cross army, too. The dollar they invest will bear them big interest.

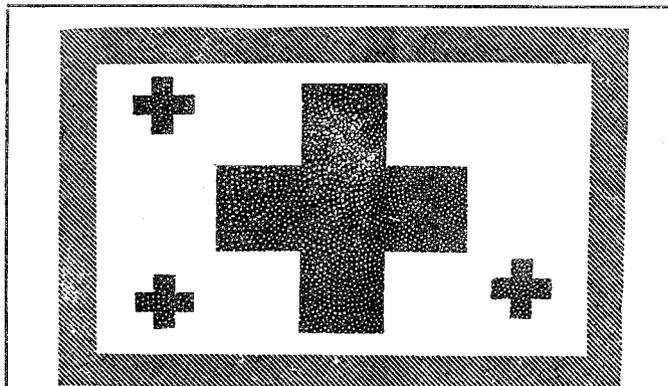
15,000,000 members are wanted by Christmas. A big Christmas membership drive is on. You should be in it. Already about one-third of the 15,000,000 members have joined. And the dues they paid are helping keep some soldiers warm and happy.

Do this. If you are already a Red Cross member, present some soldier with a membership for Christmas. Or write to half a dozen friends and tell them that you have enrolled them in the Red Cross.

No dollar that you spend this Christmas or any other Christmas will buy so much as the dollar you spend to become a member of the American Red Cross.

You'll be proud to show the Red Cross membership flag in your window. It is second only to a service flag.

This Red Cross Flag is shown on this page. One should be in every home. Every home can afford one. It shows that you are standing behind your men. Every cross means one member. Junior memberships for children are 25c.



THE SERVICE FLAG

Three extra crosses have been added to the flag shown above to indicate that four persons in the household are Red Cross members. The crosses are red on a white field, and the border is blue.

Every home in which there is at least one member of the Red Cross is entitled to display the Red Cross Service Flag bearing the large red cross. Additional small crosses mean additional members in the home.

Enroll today. Enroll at the Spartanburg County Red Cross Headquarters, Magnolia Street, Spartanburg, S. C., or at your local Red Cross Headquarters.

There's a Red Cross Chapter in nearly every county and town in the country.

Join this Army of Mercy and Help To-Day

BE ONE OF THE 15,000,000

CHRISTMAS GREETINGS TO THE SOLDIERS

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Gillette
Gem
Ever-Ready
Auto Strap
Enders and Penn



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

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

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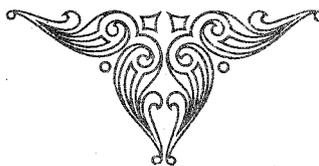
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See Our Christmas
Program

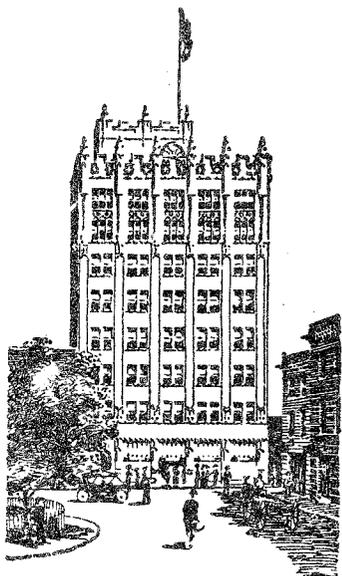
Mrs. Vernon Castle
IN
"Sylvia of the Secret
Service."

The New Rex
Theatre

The show with the vim, pep and
go that makes for good entertain-
ment and Christmas Spirit.

Boys from my home state, Merry
Christmas to you.

C. L. HENRY, Manager



AS THE CROW FLIES

A congestion in the mail service at Camp Wadsworth was to be expected. This, however, does not take away from the importance of prompt delivery of Dividend Checks. Have your Dividend Check mailed direct to us and we will immediately inform you of its safe arrival and gladly follow your instructions in the care of same. It is a safe and sure proceeding. In view of this offer on our part, it is obviously necessary that we ask you for credentials, when taking advantage of our favor.

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