

WADSWORTH GAS ATTACK AND The Rio Grande Rattler.

Vol. 1

CAMP WADSWORTH S. C., January 5, 1918

No. 7



“Ach Himmel! Der Jig iss Up! Der 27th Division iss Gecoming!”

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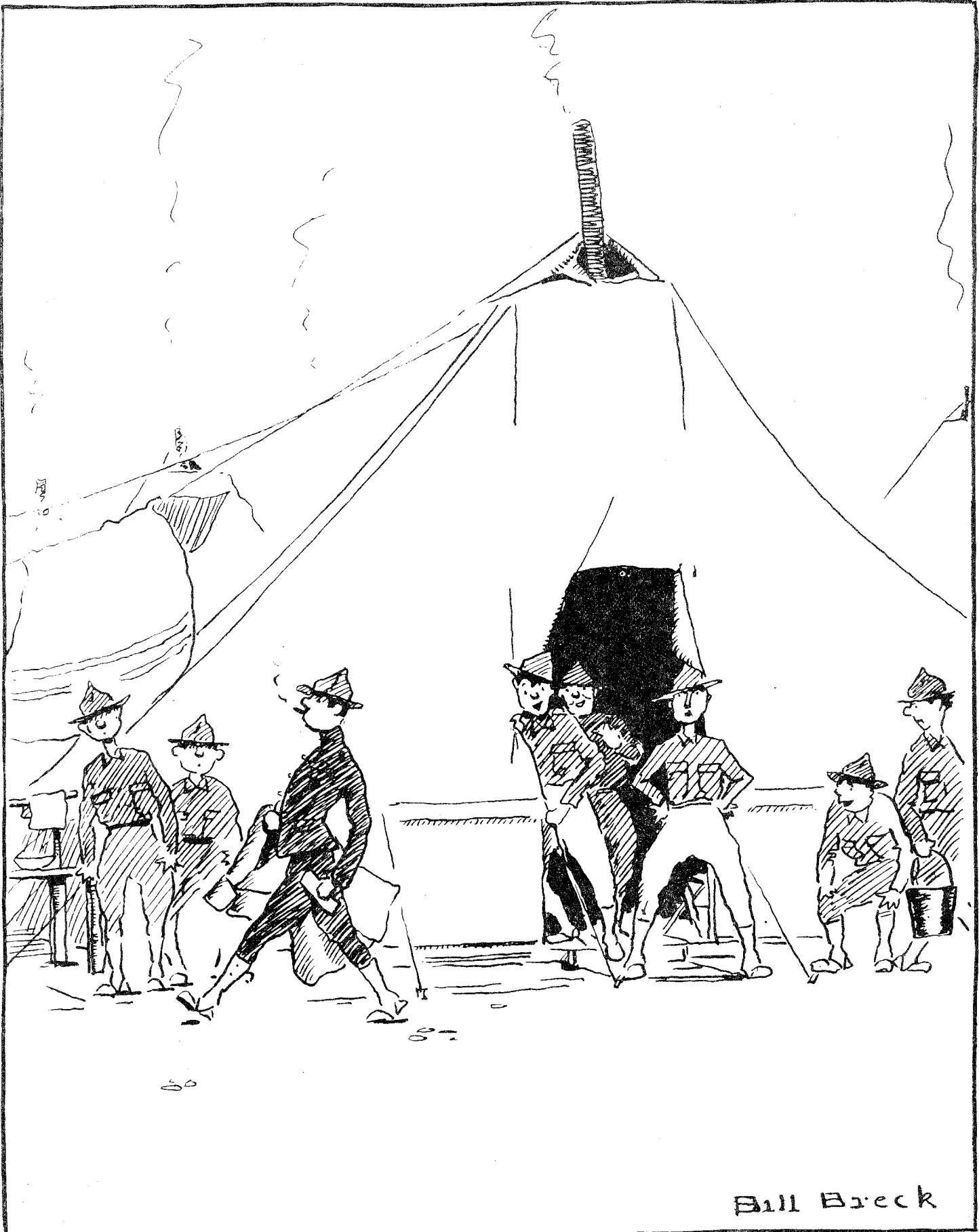
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Table of Contents

	Page
Illustration, "The Furlough," by Pvt. William Breck, 107th Inf.....	2
On the Good Old Pea and Hen, by Pvt. Richard E. Connell, Co. A, M. P.....	3
The Things You Did in Civil Life, Poem, by Pvt. Chas. Divine, Ambulance Co. 108	3
Editorials, by "F." and Pvt. Wm. A. Shea, 105th Inf.....	4
The Incinerator, by Lt. Edward Streeter, 52nd Brigade Hdqtrs.....	5
Outside Influence Won't Help in the Army, by Major General O'Ryan.....	6
The Ideas of Ethelburt Jellyback, V, by Pvt. Charles Divine, Ambulance Co. 108.	7
Illustrated by Dick J. Kennedy, 102nd Supply Train.	
The Furlough that Went Flooey, by Pvt. Walter A. Davenport, 107th Inf.....	8
Illustration by Dick J. Kennedy.....	8
The Wearing of the Blue, by Pvt. Walter A. Davenport, 107th Inf.....	9
Night in Carolina, Poem, by D. Stanley Beattie, 105th Inf.....	9
News from Division Units.....	10
Illustration, by Dick J. Kennedy.....	11
"An Aged Lady" Writes to The Gas Attack	12
News from Division Units, Continued.....	13
News of the Y. M. C. A.....	14
Camp Sports, Edited by Pvt. Fred J. Ashley, Headquarters Troop.....	16
News from Division Units, continued.....	18
Drafted, Poem, by H. E. S.....	22
Girls Knit Their Nerves Into Knots.....	23
News from Division Units, continued.....	24
A Friend, by J. W. B.....	25
My Sweetheart, Poem, by Pvt. Howard A. Herty, Co. A, M. P.....	25
River Song, Poem, by Albert F. Smith, Base Hospital.....	27
World Brevities, edited by J. S. Kingsley.....	28
Sports, continued.....	30
Illustration, by Dick J. Kennedy.....	31
Announcement of the Nut Number.....	32

The editors call your attention to the advertisement on page 32, and invite you to contribute to the Nut Number that will appear on January 26th—weather permitting. Send in your nuts and make the party complete. Every Company has its Nut. Write us a sketch about yours—as a weird tale or a fantastic narrative. And send it in early.



Bill Breck

THE FURLOUGH

The little slip of paper called the furlough has the subtle power of changing its possessor from a meek, "hit-me-on-the-other-cheek" kind of a soldier into a strutting-nose-in-the-air individual who is often very unbearable. The change is most noticeable in the person's walk.

ON THE GOOD OLD PEA AND HEN

DIARY OF A RAILROAD JOURNEY IN DARKEST CAROLINA.

I had to get to camp. Not a bus was to be seen. Their drivers were all having their necks shaved or something. I decided to take a desperate step. I decided to go on the Pea and Hen R. R.

There was a train at 6:10, some passing soldier said. It was then five minutes to six. I reached the station at six.

I went up to the counter to buy a ticket. Two young men were sitting with their backs to the counter, counting pennies and chewing tobacco with great deliberation. At regular intervals they spat ftui with surprising accuracy into a stove. Also they conversed.

"Forty-one, forty-two, forty-three, forty-four, ftui—an' I sez to her, Mis' Liza, kin I take you'all to the sociable, and she sez, forty-five, forty-six, forty-seven, forty-eight, ftui—"

I tapped on the counter with my dime, and said, "May I have a ticket?"

Buying a Ticket.

They looked at me slowly and with dignity and gave me the sort of look a Belgian would get if he said "Hello, Bill!" to the Kaiser. Then they slowly turned their backs again, exhibiting their shaved and glistening necks, and continued to count, spit and talk.

"Forty-nine, fifty, fifty-one, fifty-two, ftui—and she sez, I reckon as how it's a trifle too durn pert to go to a sociable—fifty-three, fifty-four, fifty-five, ftui—"

I hated to interrupt them but it was getting near 6:10. I rapped with my dime again, and said, firmly, "I want a ticket, please!"

The two shaved necks revolved and the two unshaved faces were turned towards me. Four beady eyes glared at me. Who was I to interrupt a Carolina Bobo, they seemed to ask. Then the one who hadn't shined his celluloid collar addressed me briefly, "Wait a minute, ftui," he said, scoring a perfect bullseye on the stove.

I heard what I supposed to be the 6:10 train being cranked up in the distance. So I told the young men in excellent issue language just what disposition they could make of my ticket. Then I rushed for the train.

I need not have rushed. It was not the 6:10 departing. It was the 5:05 arriving.

Off on the 6:10.

I saw a man with a large Adam's apple and a conductor's cap on the platform.

I approached him and asked, "Are you a railroad man?" He did not deny it.

"When," I enquired, "will the 6:10 leave." This made him very angry.

He spat three times, ftui, ftui, ftui, like a machine gun, before replying. "I dunno." I begged his pardon, but he departed. So I waited another half hour.

Then the 6:10 train appeared. I got in. I made room for myself by putting one foot in an artillery man's pocket, and by sitting on a thin ambulance company man. Every two minutes I'd say to him, "I'm sure I'm too heavy for you." And he would reply, martyrdom in his tones, "Oh, not at all, not at all."

The train whirred and wheezed a few times. Once it moved a full foot. Then my conductor friend, with the Adam's apple, stuck his head in the door and said, "This train don't go out. Your train is on the other track."

I took my foot out of the artilleryman's pocket, left the ambulance company man for dead, and surged, with the rest of the passengers, into the other train. After several false starts, and a long debate between the conductor and the engineer as to whether salt or sugar should be used in making corn bread, we pulled out. It was 7:23.

The Rocky Road to Camp.

We must have gone fully one hundred yards, when we stopped with a jerk that made me bite a fat major in front of me in the neck. The lights went out just then so he never found out who did it. They were turned on again and we stood there while the conductor, and a couple of fellow conspirators in trick black felt hats, went through us for dimes and tickets. They seemed disappointed when a ticket was produced.

Having apparently collected enough to make the trip worth while, we started off again. We hooverized electricity by turning on and off the lights every few feet. Sometimes the engine shied. Sometimes it stopped dead, imperilling the major's neck. Once we went fully two hundred yards without anything happening. Some one piped up, "Gosh, how smooth we are running. We must be off the track!"

I never found out who won the debate between the engineer and the conductor on the proper way to make corn bread. They were still arguing when we limped into Camp Wadsworth at 8:48.

—R. E. C.

ENLISTED FOR SERVICE.

She: "Why the tears?"

He: "These aren't regular tears."

She: "What are they?"

He: "Volunteers."

—Awgwan.

THE THINGS YOU DID IN CIVIL LIFE.

By Private Charles Divine, Ambulance Co.

108.

In civil life you had it soft—

I've heard you say it fifty times.

You made a hundred bucks a week

And let the others chase the dimes.

Besides, you got to work at ten,

But here you're treated like the rest,

You have to work like other men—

And you who used to get the best!

You might have owned the business now

If you had stayed, that's what you say,

Because the boss had no one else

To handle girls in just your way.

The president would often come

To you for tips on what to do,

But here nobody seeks your help,

Except for seconds on the stew.

Oh, yes, your fame was growing fast,

Your car was always at the door,

Your face was noticed on the street,

Before you came to end the war.

But now, dear fool, lay off that stuff,

Forget the bunk and buckle down.

"The things you did in civil life"

May sound all right back there in town.

You're here to fight and not to cry,

So when you've won this strafing strife

You then can go and boast about

The things you did in army life!

OVERBURDENED MEN MAY GIVE UP LIBERTY BONDS.

The following communication has been received by Major General John F. O'Ryan from the Adjutant General's Department at Washington, regarding the liberty bond allotments of the men of the Twenty-Seventh Division:

"Information has been received that hardships still obtain among certain numbers of enlisted men in the army due to over-subscription to the second liberty loan. It is desired that the instructions from this office dated November 22nd, be properly disseminated in order that soldiers may be properly informed as to their privileges in this matter."

Men are privileged to give up bond if they find themselves overburdened.

Wadsworth Gas Attack and Rio Grande Rattler

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PROMOTION.

By a 27th Division Captain.

General De Brack, an officer under Napoleon, said in 1831 that "Discipline is the soul of an army." We say that Loyalty is the soul of Discipline. Loyalty where it does not exist can not be given by school methods. That is why promotion from the ranks and promotion of officers in active duty is the only known means by which the spirit of Loyalty can be fostered in a command and a high esprit de corps inculcated.

It was the method used by all great commanders from Caesar to Napoleon. The school should be in the active service of men on duty. And to no man should be given the opportunity of promotion through attendance at a school which would require his absence from his duty as a private, non-commissioned officer or officer.

Napoleon said that in the knapsack of every private there was the Baton of a Marshal of France. He proved it by making Berdonette, once a private in his army, Marshal of France and then King of Sweden. The men under the "little corporal" knew their destinies were safe as long as they came up to the mark. No school-bred interloper or politician would take away their chance of promotion.

Napoleon was defeated only after his later-born imperialistic doctrines had run away with his sense of fairness to his men and forgetting the reward for his earlier virtues he retrograded toward the policies of his enemies.

"F."

TRAINING FOR THE GAME.

If health was ever priceless it is so to the man in khaki, to whom a dispeptic stomach is a physical ball and chain and sound molars more valuable than their weight in perfect pearls.

The military and the customary life are as different as the polar winds and the soft breezes of the tropics.

In civilian life, awakening, we may spring out of bed into a warm room to dress in comfort, eat with relish a tastefully prepared meal, and away, ready to put a punch into every task the day may bring, myriads of physical shortcomings hardly noticeable in our life of modern luxury.

But when the conditions are reversed—your tent is cold and damp at dawn, your breakfast substantial but, withal, unvaried; your day's work a herculean task, you must be fit to qualify and to excel an athlete.

A day's hike is an endurance test; a spell of unusually cold weather an examination of efficiency; and every pair of wet feet a physical third degree.

Many of the hardships seem well nigh unendurable. But, they are a part of the war and the Kaiser has left us no appeal of relief from them. There is no choice in the matter. This twentieth century scourge can be overcome only by might which in this instance demands some sacrifice.

Fighting Machines.

The greatest fighting machine will win the war and the efficiency of the organization can be no greater than the efficiency of the individual fighter. The Nation's part in the great conflict decided, Victory rests with the average man. It is his for the taking. Crises make leaders as surely as necessity breeds invention. However, the capabilities of the American "doughboy" must be greater than those of his vandal adversary. He must measure his faith in Democracy against the creed of the Hun which compels almost religious obedience to autocracy. The nephews of Uncle Sam must be greater in physique and mentality, man for man, than the subjects of Kaiser Wilhelm.

The mile record was broken by a strong mind, not a powerful body. There are physiques, given Norman Taber's will, that could have clipped ten seconds from Taber's time for the distance. The body was meant to obey the brain.

Every "Sammie" can be a Samson does he will it. The morning drill, the calisthenics, the prescribed games, executed with a will can not but bring a greater body and a clearer brain. And these mean greater protection against the hardships of this life, and those infinitely greater "over there."

Let us do our part in the struggle by increasing our efficiency, bearing in mind, the spirit beneath the campaign hat is the factor that makes the driving power of the division. Don't be a weak link in a strong chain when it is merely a matter of personal decision to be the strongest man in an impregnable line.

You are the master of your physical well being, and, of the destiny of a score of nations.

In short, nothing worth while was ever accomplished without preparation and if the war is to be won we must make ready for it, individually as well as collectively. We must train for the game.

PVT. WILLIAM A. SHEA, S. D. 105th Inf.



Incinerator.

A SOLDIER'S LETTER TO HIS SWEETHEART.

Mon Croquette:

That's not the kind with the over-dressed toothpick in the top, Mable. A croquette is a French society woman. If you study these letters of mine and see how I use the French words you ought to be able to pick up enough French to understand me talkin' it when I come home.

Well, Mable, New Years are behind us again. I made a lot of New Year's revolutions. That's why I haven't answered your last five letters. It's no use your saying that there wasn't nothing for me to change, cause you're prejudiced. I can see faults where others can't. Underneath a plezant exterior I am made of sterner stuff, as the poets say. I have given up frivolity with the exception of a few invitations which I had already accepted. I am making a study of war.

And now I am goin' to tell you a secret. I'm workin' on a plan to end the war. I got thinkin', as I will, an' it struck me that no one had touched this side of it at all. They was all figuring how to go on with it. Don't say nothin' till I get it all worked out. You'll here from me yet and I guess you always knew you would, eh, Mable?

I've also resolved not to put off to to-morrow what you can do to-day. (Old motto.) For instance, if I can get out of a fatigue to-day, what's the use of putting it off till to-morrow. That's just horse sense.

I've cut down on my smokin' too. I was gettin' to be a cigarette feend. Got so I had to smoke whenever I was thinkin'. Nervous and high strung. That's me all over, Mable. I taken up cigars and a pipe instead. A fello with an active mind has got to have something of course to steady him down. You remember what the fello who trained the high school show said about me when he saw me act. Temperature. That's me. Of course you can't borrow pipe tobacco and cigars as well as I could cigarettes but I'm tryin' to get the other fellos to look at it the same as I do and in a little while I will be all O. K. again.

I got that watch your father sent me for a New Year's present. Tell him, thanks very much and not to feel bad that he forgot to send me any Christmas present cause this wipes out the debt entirely. He said it was a military watch and the latest thing out. I guess they call it a military watch cause it works two hours and then stops four. And its the latest thing round here all right. If

I answered calls by that watch I'd be fallin' in for retreat round taps. I got the blacksmith over at headquarters company workin' on it now. He's an awful good man. He was a plumber in civilian life. That's why they made him a blacksmith when he enlisted. He says he's goin' to fix it so's I'll never be bothered with it again.

I went to an enlisted man dinner dance New Year's night. I sat next to a Colonel's wife. It was kind of embaressing at first. I put her at her ease though, Mable, right away. I says this is a chick laid table. But that a French joke, Mable, and you wouldn't understand it, not being a Colonel's wife. When I'd stopped laughin' at that I started right in and told her all about every man in the company, beginning with the As. You know what I am when I get started. I didn't giv'er no chanst to feel uneasy. When she started to say something I kept right on talkin', just to show her that she wasn't expected to make no effort, bein' the Colonel's wife, but I would do all the entertaining.

I guess I made good all right, too, 'cause after dinner I heard her ask someone who I was and who had invited me. I couldn't quite catch what the other person said, then the Colonel's wife said something like "He ought to be known better." Make your mark wherever you go. That's me all over, Mable. It may mean promotion or most anything. It may mean that I'll be sent to Fort Silly to study something. You can't tell.

There's a fellow in town what sells stuff to soldiers. He's got a little black pad that you tie over your eyes so that you can sleep in the day time. That was never invented by an army man, Mable. I says to him that first thing we knew someone would be inventing a portable mattress that we could tie on our backs so as we could lie down on the drill field, eh, Mable?

The second lieutenants are wearing gold bars now. Funny how things go in the army. First lieutenants silver, seconds, gold. According to that corporals ought to wear platinum. But I say the old mahogany bars is good enough for me. Get the point, Mable.

I can't think of anything more that you would understand. Don't let no one get hold of these letters. You can't be too careful with so many spize 'roun'. I suppose you are awful lonesome without me. I don't get much time to be lonesome, what with drillin' and goin' out somewhere. After things get shook down a little I hope to get more time to miss you. How's your father's liver?

au Riviere,

BILL.
—E. S.

"Let's have setting up exercises."

"All right. Whose going to set 'em up?"

"You've got to hand those Fords a lot."

"I do. Half my month's pay every week."

We learn from the Spartanburg papers that one of the mats used by the local traffic police to keep the limbs of the law out of the mud has been stolen. Although the paper does not state the details, we assume that it was stolen while he was standing on it. THE GAS ATTACK offers its services in running down the culprit. It is men of this type who are the greatest menace to the community. Any man who would stoop to such a thing would short change a poor box, steal the lap robes out of a baby carriage or take Saturday Evening Posts from in front of Du-Pre's Book Store.

The average woman's waist is 30 inches. The average man's arm is 30 inches. Oh, nature how kind thou art!

It's bad enough to sit up all night with a sick friend, but don't bring him home with you in the morning.

A new department has just been opened up in hell. It is for the taxi driver who lures you into the back of his car on the assumption that he is going out to camp; who refuses to move until it is impossible to get a piece of paper between any of the springs; who has to stop for gas and oil at the end of the first block; who has to stop at a lunch counter in the middle of the second block and fill up his radiator with a cracked tea cup in twenty-seven trips, stopping each trip for a cup of coffee and a doughnut; and finally, who gets almost out of town and then turns round and goes back to the square to see if he can't find a couple of other suckers to sit on top of you.

The gentleman in the movies who gets shot in the arm at 10:05 and knocks the villain for a goal with the same member at 10:20 would have had a great time in the army. Apparently some of those who go up to sick report every morning have discovered the trick.

OUTSIDE INFLUENCE WON'T HELP IN ARMY.

Promotions, Transfers, Etc., to be Made on
Soldier's Merit, Not Through Pull.

HEADQUARTERS, 27TH DIVISION, CAMP
WADSWORTH, SPARTANBURG, S.
C., DECEMBER 19TH, 1917.

BULLETIN No. 92.

1. Since his return from Europe the Division Commander has been receiving numerous letters from persons outside the military service requesting special consideration for enlisted men of the division in relation to details, transfers, furloughs and designations for the divisional officers training camp. It is difficult to believe that these letters are written without the knowledge or consent of the enlisted men affected. Enlisted men of the division should know that particular service does not go by favor. Such letters serve only to prejudice superior officers unfavorably against the soldiers affected. If letters from influential persons are to favorably affect the destiny of particular soldiers, other soldiers equally worthy but without such influence would be prejudiced in their advancement.

Military efficiency is dependent upon rewarding and advancing those who are worthy and efficient irrespective of other considerations. Military regulations provide adequate machinery for each and every man in the division to secure a hearing in relation to any application or complaint he may wish to make, and if he feels that any injustice has been done him, to appeal to higher authority including the Regimental, Brigade and Division Commanders. No soldier with a justifiable complaint who so appeals need fear that he will be prejudiced by reason of making such complaint or appeal.

In relation to the selection of men to attend the officers training camp a detailed system has been devised to determine these selections solely on merit. Letters requesting special favors for enlisted men in this connection will not only have no effect in influencing these decisions but if it can be shown that the soldier was party to the effort, it will unfavorably affect his case, for it will demonstrate a lack in the soldier of one of the requisites of an officer, namely, a sense of fairness coupled with an appreciation of military ideals.

This bulletin will be posted on all company bulletin boards for ten days following its receipt and will be read by an officer to each company and similar unit in the division at three appropriate formations.

By command of Major General O'Ryan;

H. H. Bandholtz,

OFFICIAL. Colonel, Chief of Staff.

H. B. Battenberg,

Adjutant General,

Acting Adjutant.

OVERHEARD AT YAPHANK.

A contributor who signs himself "Megohm," sends in the following narrative:

"While in New York on a furlough I had occasion to visit the camp at Yaphank. I stood by and watched a Lieutenant, an old sergeant of mine from the regulars, a soldier of some thirty years' experience, vainly trying to instruct a batch of unusually stupid rookies.

"After several discouraging trials he brought the detail to ease and began to speak to them, as if relating a story.

"Men," he said, 'when I was a little boy I had a set of wooden soldiers. I lost them and I felt pretty bad. Little did I think that some forty years after the little devils would turn up in this shape!'"

New Year Resolutions.

To watch the barbers in a military manner and keep constantly on the alert so that they will not cut my hair round.

To allow no one to sell me a black felt hat—ever.

To give up all rich foods.

To go to early church every Sunday morning even though it interferes with stables.

To buy a towel of my own and lend it to no one.

To buy no more cigarettes.

To return the book I borrowed from the Y. M. C. A. last September.

To take no baths till it gets warmer.

To salute no Wofford majors.

LAUNDRY GOES OUT OF BUSINESS.

The New York Steam Laundry, Wofford street, Spartanburg, have announced their intention of going out of business, according to a recent bulletin from Division Headquarters.

"It is understood," said the bulletin, "that this action is mainly due to the fact that there are bills aggregating several thousand dollars due the laundry from members of this command. It is desired that all such bills be paid at once."

At the laundry it was said that there were many unclaimed packages which would be left at the owner's risks unless they were called for immediately.

ARMOUR SOLDIERS' AND SAILORS' COMFORT CLUB.

Former employees of Armour and Company will receive a handsome gift if they forward their names and addresses to R. S. OXLEY, Secretary, The Armour Soldiers' and Sailors' Comfort Club, Chicago, Ill.

FIRST AID RULES FOR ALL ENGINEERS.

The following instructions have been carefully prepared by the medical authority:

DOCTOR HOWITT FICKLER.

Stage Fright.

If patient is UNCONSCIOUS hang him FACE UP, over a convenient fence. See he is breathing THROUGH his EARS. Take off his SHOES and THROW THEM AWAY. If he is still unconscious, GO THROUGH his POCKETS. That will bring him to.

Paralysis.

Search patient for BOTTLE and test QUALITY of contents. If bottle is EMPTY, hold to ear and LISTEN for DEATH RATTLE. Rub patient's back beginning at the FRONT and vice versa. Ask him WHERE he got it, writing reply on BACK of your COLLAR. Pull out patient's TONGUE a few inches, letting it FLY BACK. Continue this OPERATION till the WAGON comes.

Tooth Ache.

Wrap BLANKET around tooth and secure with RUBBER CEMENT to roof of mouth. Lay your ear to SOLES of patient's FEET and see if you can detect heart beats. If his PUMP is working, ask him to COUNT UP to TEN slowly, holding his BREATH. A fly-paper poultice in the back of the KNEES will help in severe cases.

Homesickness.

If patient is UNCONSCIOUS wind his WATCH, returning it carefully to YOUR pocket. See if there are indications of RUST MARKS on the BACK TEETH. When patient is able to take nourishment, feed him a hot GOULASH through a STRAW.

Freezing.

Hang up patient by his heels, telling him to stand "AT EASE." Rub frozen spot with TOMATO SAUCE and open DAMPERS half way. If patient is still cold it may be necessary to PRIME HIM. Use primer CAREFULLY, remembering FEDERAL TAX.

Snake Bite.

If patient has been bitten BELOW THE BELT remove belt and place BELOW BITE. This is IMPORTANT. Remove patient's SHIRT and look for Snake. When found mark "EXHIBIT A" and replace CAREFULLY. Blow in both of patient's ears at the SAME TIME.

Why is it—

That when the New York guard arrived in McAllen they were told that it hadn't rained before in seventeen months;

And now—

The Spartanburgians tell us that this is the coldest Winter since 1492?

Probably, when we get to Berlin, they will tell us that the beer has given out for the first time since the Crown Prince drank it all up on his twenty-first birthday.

THE IDEAS OF ETHELBURT JELLYBACK, PRIVATE

Dear Editor:

It's the little things in life that count. Don't you know? And nothing so exasperates me, since I have joined the army, as the barriers that are placed in one's way to prevent one's keeping up with society. Of course, I speak of society with a big S—the set to which I belong on the avenue. Of course, by avenue I mean Fifth Avenue.



Now there was Mrs. Hatton-Higgins' New Year's party, for example. Her week-end parties, by the way, are always delightful. I had planned upon going to her house party over the holidays, and Mrs. Hatton-Higgins herself, by letter and telegram, had repeatedly sought my counsel in arranging all the little details—the centerpiece for the dinner table, and the proportions by which the butler should make the claret cup.

He is Denied a Furlough.

Then, all of a sudden, like a bolt from the blue, or the sound of reveille in the morning, I was told that a furlough had been denied me—me of all persons, Ethelburt Jellyback, of the well-known family of that name! I was told that an order from Washington had limited all furloughs to a small percentage of enlisted men.

"Who made that order?" I demanded.

"The Secretary of War," they told me.

"Did he know that Private Ethelburt Jellyback had applied for a furlough? Did he know that Mrs. Hatton-Higgins' house-party waited upon my coming? Did he know

V. On the Social Hardships of Army Life

that without me the butler would probably bungle the punch? Was he aware that a dance had been arranged especially for me, in honor of my having offered my life towards helping make the world safe for democracy?"

Ah, those questions were sticklers! They couldn't answer them. And, after having raced to the telegraph office to wire dear Mrs. Hatton-Higgins that the butler would have to be left to his own devices, I made threats of mutiny and desertion.

Ethelburt is Not a Regular!

"You're in the army now," the first sergeant told me. "Why don't you be a regular soldier?"

"Sir!" I replied with Jellyback pride, "I am superior to the regular soldier. My culture, my training, my position in society, all lift me above that, thank Heaven and my lineal descent. The trifling technicalities of discipline should never apply to me. How absurd!" I was gradually working myself up into a heat over this outrage, and it was a jolly good thing, too, for we get too little of it here in this land called the Sunny South.

"First they took my leather puttees from me," I went on hotly. "Then they deprived me of my sheepskin coat. Then of my silk hat cord. Why, I'll look just like any other private! And me a Jellyback! But I'll thwart some of their discipline. I still have my pink silk pajamas. By day I shall conceal them among my equipment; by night I shall wrap them about me over a pair of flannel pajamas, like the drapery of a royal couch, and lie down to slumber, sweetly confident that I still am the scion of one of our first families—providing, of course, that Jim Mugrums, in the next cot, doesn't snore."

Making the World Safe for Himself.

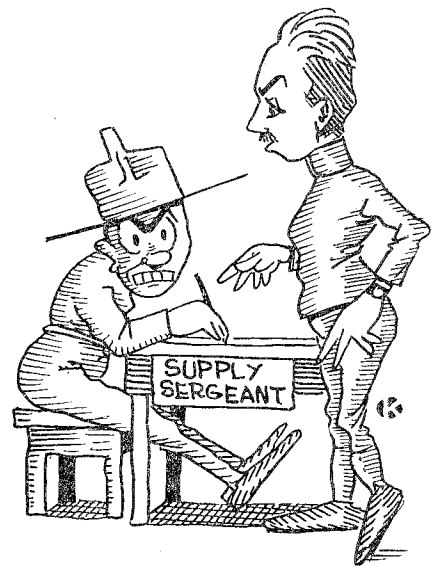
After I had ended this declaration of independence, the first sergeant said he'd see that New Year's wouldn't be a dull day for me. It wasn't. He detailed me to the incinerator.

Oh, how little do the officers who are running this war realize that social conveniences, such as furloughs and two-tone color dancing pumps, are necessary to a

nature such as mine. Before I can make the world safe for democracy I must first make myself safe.

How keenly I felt the hardships of discipline, which makes it impossible for the officers to mingle with us privates in a social way. Of course, my sympathies are more with the officers than the men, for the officers, poor fellows, must always eat and converse with one another. What a bore!

I have drawn up plans for the remedying of some of these evils, and one plan contains the days on which furloughs should be granted, including the birthdays of Lincoln, Washington, St. Patricks, St. Valentine, and May-day, Easter, and the Ides of March.



But, of course, I can not put through such a program myself, because, strangely enough, I am still a private. The first sergeant reminded me that Napoleon had said that there was a marshal's baton in every knapsack.

He Couldn't Find His Baton.

Hearing this, I made a careful inventory of all my luggage, but nowhere did I discover the marshal's baton. I thought that perhaps I hadn't been equipped with the regulation knapsack. I went to the supply sergeant. One always does, you know.

"Will you give me my issue of a marshal's baton?" I asked him.

He looked at me askance. I had seen that blank look on his face before. I knew that it meant: "I haven't any on hand just now, but they'll be here next week."

And I am still without my marshal's baton. I think that as soon as the government concludes its investigation of the shortage in machine guns and rifles that it should undertake an investigation into the lack of baton equipment. America, I believe, is the home of the brave and the land of the inquiry.

ETHELBURT JELLYBACK, Private.

—C. D.

THE FURLOUGH THAT WENT FLOOEY

Everybody Out in New York, Even the
Lights on Broadway, Says Private
Whoozis, Just Back.

Well, Banty, I'm back again, like that guy of Kipling's said—you know the guy in the billycock hat. New York? Oh, I don't know. It seems different, somehow. I was fit to murder a couple of colonels in order to get that furlough. I got it. I'm back to stay this time. Bring on your German army. Shoot the works.

I don't know how you guys with folks up in the big town feel about it, but somehow or other New York has lost something for me—you know, doesn't seem to be the same burg that it was the day we marched down Fifth avenue on our way to the troop trains.

I sort of figured on dropping in at the club rooms that the Lexington Avenue bunch fixed up a couple of years ago and telling the fellows all about the army. Sort of felt that I was going to knock 'em dead. Get me?

And I doped it out going up in the train to call up a few of the girls and drop in on a few old friends—a couple of the bunch around the old neighborhood. And, of course, I had it fixed to breeze into the office and give the razz to the boys and shake hands with the boss.

I was the cat's mitts, as I doped it out, and my neck was going to be crooked for a month from having people fall upon it in wild welcomes. You know how a guy in O. D.'s used to get the glad eye last June and July.

Well, I'll tell you, I'm satisfied. I want to go back to New York again—after the war is over. I've had mine.

As soon as I hit the Pennsylvania Station I rang up Gladys. Sort of felt as though I'd like to have the kid look me over. Nothing doing. Moved down to Bay Ridge section. The boy on the other end of the wire didn't know exactly where. I tried Jeanette and got her on the wire. All wrong; all wrong! Glad to hear my voice and all that sort of thing, but she was sorry but she hadn't a night open for a month—knitting, working at bazaars and all that. Might drop in some afternoon for a few minutes. Her mother'd be glad to see me, too.

Same with two or three other Janes I used to fuss around with. Glad I called up and was well and all that sort of thing but no enthusiasm.

I blew over to the office. You see my folks have sort of dwindled away to a couple of aunts who live out in Grand Rapids or somewhere. I hall-roomed it in New York, but I had a bunch of friends and I figured



"Here, why don't you salute me; can't you see I'm an officer?"
"Yezzir, but you see you don't belong to our gang!"

that it was just like home to see them again and that things were the same as when I left.

They had a new head office boy at the shop. Didn't know me. Said Jimmy had enlisted in the Regulars. The old man was in, but busy. He came to the door of his office and slapped me on the shoulder and then blew back to his desk. Grouch Pennell, the head clerk, was still there, but that about let the shop out. Baldy had enlisted in the navy. The draft got Harvey Black and Smitty and Larry Hager and five or six others. Bill Henry was in the flying corps and Nelly Black had taken up nursing so she could go with the Red Cross people.

I beat it. A lot of older men held down the jobs. They looked at me. That's about all.

Well, Banty, I ran up to Harry Hill's beanery for my dinner. Fred, the guy who used to wait on me was gone. Harry said he'd been drafted and was out in Yaphank. Strangers—that's all I met everywhere. Tried Mike Fogarty's gin mill. Thought I'd have a bottle of pop and give Bert, the big bartender down near the cashier end of the bar, the glad hand. Banty, I was as welcome as a Congressional Investigation.

Mike had sold out. Bert had joined the Marines. The new owner welcomes soldiers just like the Italians do the Austrians. Out, Banty, out for mine. Me for the club rooms.

Closed! With the exception of Heavy McBride, who has flat feet, Shrimp Wallace, who can't make the weight; Charlie Hogan, who has four kids and a wife, and Squint Bacon, who got a rough deal on his eyes, the whole bunch were in just like me—out in Yaphank, down at Wrightstown or Fort Meade or in the navy or the Marines or something.

Well, Banty, there you have the works. It made me sort of low in the mind. Got to me hard. Everywhere it was the same. It was coming on evening, too.

I beat it for the old boarding house over on St. Nicholas avenue. Yep, Mrs. Brown was still running the place. The first thing that I saw as I approached the joint was a service flag with two stars. She told me about them—her two sons, Jake and Homer—in like me.

Banty, she made me have supper with her and then we sat down in the old parlor and talked. Great old dame, the missus. Never saw her like that before. She cried a little

(Continued on page 22)

"THE WEARING OF THE BLUE."

New Hat Cords Cause Weeping and Gnashing of Teeth Among Erstwhile Cavalrymen.

He couldn't have been more than 21 or so—a mere kid. But he slouched down the road past Headquarters like an aged man. In his once cherubic face there were etched a thousand dry wrinkles, like those of a man who has passed through many terrors. His eyes were furtive, self-accusing. Nervously he shifted his hat, averting his glance. His once lovely hair had whitened and the clever part that was wont to cleave back over the centre of his no longer pink scalp had vanished.

Reggie? Reggie Van Rye, of East Sixty-third street, Beverly and Ormond Beach? To be sure! Reggie! But what a change! What terrible thing had been visited upon jolly old Reggie?

"Old dear," groaned Reggie as I gripped his fevered hand, "they've done it at last. After slipping our good nags over to the hally Remount we rather expected it was the beginning of the end, but—"

Reggie began skidding. His voice choked up on him and he bowed his head—possibly to hide from me a tear or so.

"Forgive me, old man," he gulped once, he had regained himself. "It has me by the throat. Did you see it—see it on my hat? Ghastly; what? Blue, old dear, blue as blue and I'm afraid its going to break the good old spirit of a lot of the chaps back there in the cavalry. By jove, I just can't bring myself to say machine gunners, somehow. Good work, machine guns and all that but there's not the old smartness, somehow or other.

"As I say, we could stand the loss of our horses. Between you and me, old fellow, we thought they were spoofing us a bit; that they would send the jolly old beasts back to us.

"But then they took our riding breeches—the breeches most of us had tailored ourselves; mounted breeches some of the artillery fellows called 'em. Then they took our currycombs—even the imported ones, and our spurs—crested ones and all.

"Little by little they undermined our fraternity. It was a good bit like a frat, after all, old man, the troop. Our saddles and sabres, next. Yes, and then our pig-skin puttees. By jove, it maddens me, to think of it. See what we wear now, instead. Look like just anybody with these canvass and leather affairs on our legs.

"But we managed to preserve our individuality to a certain extent with our yellow hat cords. We still had those.

"But look! Look at us now! Look at my damned hat! Look at the cord! Blue! Doughboy blue. Who is to distinguish us now? What girl is going to pick us out of the crowd, now? How could she? We're just like all the rest of the men now. I tell you, old fellow, it was hard, rotten hard



ITZ KOMINOFF

SCHEDULE FOR THE WEEK IN RUSSIA.

(In order that those of our readers who are planning to go to Russia on furlough may have no doubt as to who is in power at any time we will print the official schedule for each week, furnished by our Vlodiivlostock correspondent, Itz Kominoff. The schedule is subject to change by anyone at a moment's notice.)

MONDAY—Bolsheviki in power. Army to be reorganized and all officers and non-commissioned officers destroyed. All members of the Koinski (wealthy class) owning property to the amount of 1,000,000 kopecs (\$2.67), will immediately be thrown into jail and their property taken by whoever happens to be chief of the Bolsheviki to be held in trust for the Working People.

TUESDAY—Trotup and Kanteroff, formerly of the Keith Circuit, organizing new party, name still uncertain, for the protection of the working class. All members of the working class will turn in all their money to the party leaders for which they will be issued memorandum receipts. The afternoon

and it has just played hob with us, I can tell you.

"We buried the dear old past, the other night. Oh, yes, buried it. Believe me, old fellow, we were fearfully attached to the old life. Had a regular funeral cortege or whatever you call it, you know. Jack Fitzmaurice played Chopin's Funebre on his ukulele and some chap or other blew taps on his bugle.

"We buried them all together—a yellow hat cord, a pair of Bobbie Lexington's spurs, a pair of my old puttees, an old troop currycomb and a few good old hairs out of Jimmy Baxter's thoroughbred's tail. Jolly, wasn't it? Rotten, really. Thanks, old man. Knew you'd sympathize. So long."

And the broken youth slunk along, clinging to the shadows.

—W. A. D.

NIGHT IN CAROLINA.

It's night-time in Carolina,
And the camp is wrapped in sleep;
The wandering breezes whisper,
The dusky shadows creep,
The bugle notes melt fast away,
A farewell song to dying day,
And then flash out, from chilly height,
The sparks from God's anvil, flaming bright.

Night throws her nocturne tresses far
To clasp them with a diamond star;
And then her silver dipper dips,
To wash with dew with flush-red lips;
Of golden sunset is her crown,
With moonspun silver bound around,
While, from the tip of each tiny spire,
Burns the pure light of celestial fire.
Thus, above the sleeping fort,
Time's dark beauty holds her court.

A herald meteor flashes by;
What is it?—a passing soul,
Or just stardust across the sky.
The murm'ring grasses whisper "Sleep,"
Safe in the tender watch they keep.
With steady pace walks the sentinel,
The world's at rest—all's well.

D. STANLEY BEATTIE,
Hdgs. Co, 105th Inf.

"WAY DOWN SOUTH IN GREENWICH VILLAGE."

A request has been made for the names and organizations of the men in the 27th Division residing in Greenwich Village, N. Y. City. Address: First Sergeant E. Sullivan, Supply Company, 107th Inf., Camp Wadsworth.

has been set aside for a battle royal between the schzecks, the chzecks and the kszecks for the control of the government on Thursday.

WEDNESDAY—New government, headed by Lenine and Kerosene. This will be known as the Polular party and will be composed of six men. Little else is known about it. The regular Wednesday afternoon holiday will be observed for washing clothes and a general clean up.

THURSDAY—The party winning Tuesday's battle royal will be in power. All lands of the Koiniski will be confiscated and divided up among the party leaders to be held in trust for the working people. A committee of the IWW and the RSVP will meet to consider a separate peace with the Canary Islands.

FRIDAY—The regular Friday afternoon coalition government has been called off on account of the shortage of coal.

SATURDAY—Battle between the Cossacks and the Hassocks for the control of Ubbuk. This is the key to the entire situation as here are stored the Winter supply of samovars for the whole of Russia.

SUNDAY—Regular weekly disbanding of the army.

—E. S.



News From Division Units



MACHINE GUN CO., 106TH INFANTRY.

With due appreciation of the hard work on the part of Mess Sergeant Thompson, Cooks Gorman, Melbourne and Orio, we enjoyed a very delectable feast of the following for dinner Christmas Day at two o'clock:

Roast Turkey with Dressing,	Gravy
Mashed Potatoes	Green Peas
Cranberry Sauce	Stuffed Olives
Mince Pie	American Cheese
Apples	Oranges
Assorted Nuts	Candies
Bread and Butter	Coffee
	Cigarettes

The mess shack was artistically decorated with holly and our small company tree stood out in its glory of tinsel and electric lights.

The meal was a success and all were letting out their belts several inches.

Our company Ichabad Crane Private Longnecker was asleep as usual at bomb throwing practice Monday forenoon.

We note with great delight Private Smith is cultivating a Charlie Chaplin moustache, which he is not going to shave off until the division goes over seas.

How is it that our honorable Corp. McEvoy has the Gimmies right after pay day? Ask Cook Orio.

What does Private Longnecker do with all the pills he gets from the hospital?

Private Rurolde had the pleasure of having his mother, brother and fiancée spend Christmas with him.

Sergeant Monahan, Corp. Conklin and Cleary have been granted furloughs over the holidays.

Why has Private Mose left the 18th squad?

Wonder when Private Norman is going to the M. P.'s. Will he let Corp. McEvoy get by without a pass?

When is Private King going to help his squad get some wood?

We notice Lieut. Curtis's Tigers (Third Platoon) are right there with the pep in their right-hand salute.

What makes Bill Ulrich such a grouch these days? W. N.

CO. F, 102ND ENGINEERS.

Efficiency Expert on the Job.

After weeks of planning the new "Speed King," who was engaged to produce more efficiency in the army, has given out a few of his systems which will soon be in motion.

The Old Shark figures that by putting windows in the top of the tents so the moon can shine in, a saving of enough electricity will be accomplished to light up the parade grounds sufficiently for the troops to drill at night.

He visited the mess halls several times, and found an utter lack of system in our eating, so he formulated this plan:

Each man as he enters the mess hall will be weighed, and when he leaves, weighed again. In this way it can be determined just how much in weight each man eats by subtracting the first number from the last. The largest eater will be given No. 1, the second largest No. 2, and so on down. The men will be seated at the table according to their numbers and rations will be in proportion. In this way each man will get just the desired amount, therefore all waste will be eliminated. This system of eating efficiency, he calculates, will save the government at least one cent per day for each company.

In addition to that no man will be allowed to place his elbows on the table while eating, for the old fish says it wears the elbows of the shirt out nineteen hours and forty-two minutes sooner. This he calculates will result in a saving of .792 cents per shirt. H. C. B.

AMBULANCE COMPANY 106.

Ambulance Co. 106 (2d N. Y.) of Rochester, N. Y., was often read of in 1916 in the pages of the Rattler.

Major Charles O. Boswell, who organized the company, is now seeing active service in France, but his old command, under the leadership of 1st Lieut. Alfred F. Correbur, is still doing business at the old stand at Camp Wadsworth.

At present the main topic of conversation is furloughs.

Lieut. Correbur, the commanding officer, left on a ten-day furlough to visit Rochester last week.

The following men are now on furlough: Sergt. (1st Cl.) James H. Fowle, Privates (1st Cl.) Charles Hindt, Dewey De Hey, W. D. Doty, Stanley W Hicks.

Everybody has undoubtedly heard of "General Rumor," but for the benefit of those who do not know it, it is stated that Ambulance Co., 106th, boasts (?) of having his chief assistant in their ranks. He is Private "Gus" Burton. If any officer or man wants to know where we are going from here, when we are going, if we are going, or any other important matter they should just call on Gus. He is most at home in a building near the shower bath and promises a new rumor every twenty-four hours.

All the company lacks now is regular New York girls to have some regular times. A piano has been installed in the mess hall and when Musician Arthur Melville plays the thoughts of all the boys in fancy drift back to dear old Rochester and "the girl we left behind." E. M. O.

COMPANY "C," 107TH U. S. INFANTRY.

On last Wednesday, December 19th, our company was well represented at the company dinner we held in "Harrison's Joy House."

The food was excellently cooked and enjoyed immensely by everybody. "Old Man Bettes" blew the boys to some "Bevo" which, of course, was somewhat inferior to the Bevo we had at our farewell supper in New York.

Sergeant Harnisfeagher and Private Bettes also donated five dollars each for door prizes and Sergeant McAdie and Private Draper were the lucky boys.

Donovan, of course, favored us with his famous "Wanderer" song.

Sergeant Harnisfeagher entertained the boys with some absolutely new rumors, and he is the boy who can spill them, too.

Our Christmas dinner and entertainment was immense. Captain Raecke, Lieutenants Smith and Bowman worked very hard to make our Christmas a happy one and they succeeded in doing so. We will have more about our Christmas celebration in the next issue, as our time is limited just now.

We would all like to know what Tate did with the roast chickens Bettes had sent to him.

Will somebody kindly inform Private Horr when the war will end? All he does is wander from tent to tent asking everybody that question.

Strong and Lee had been walking around like two homeless orphans until those "pink envelopes" arrived last Thursday.

Corporal Strong is in the hospital at present, but expects to be out very shortly. Don't try to stop any more Fords with your feet, Ossy.

I guess Sommers will go out into the woods the next time he wants to start a shooting match. He won't start any more parades at night, either. What about it, Aubrey.

What did Freddie Schlischer get for Christmas? Ask Jerry Lyons. He knows.

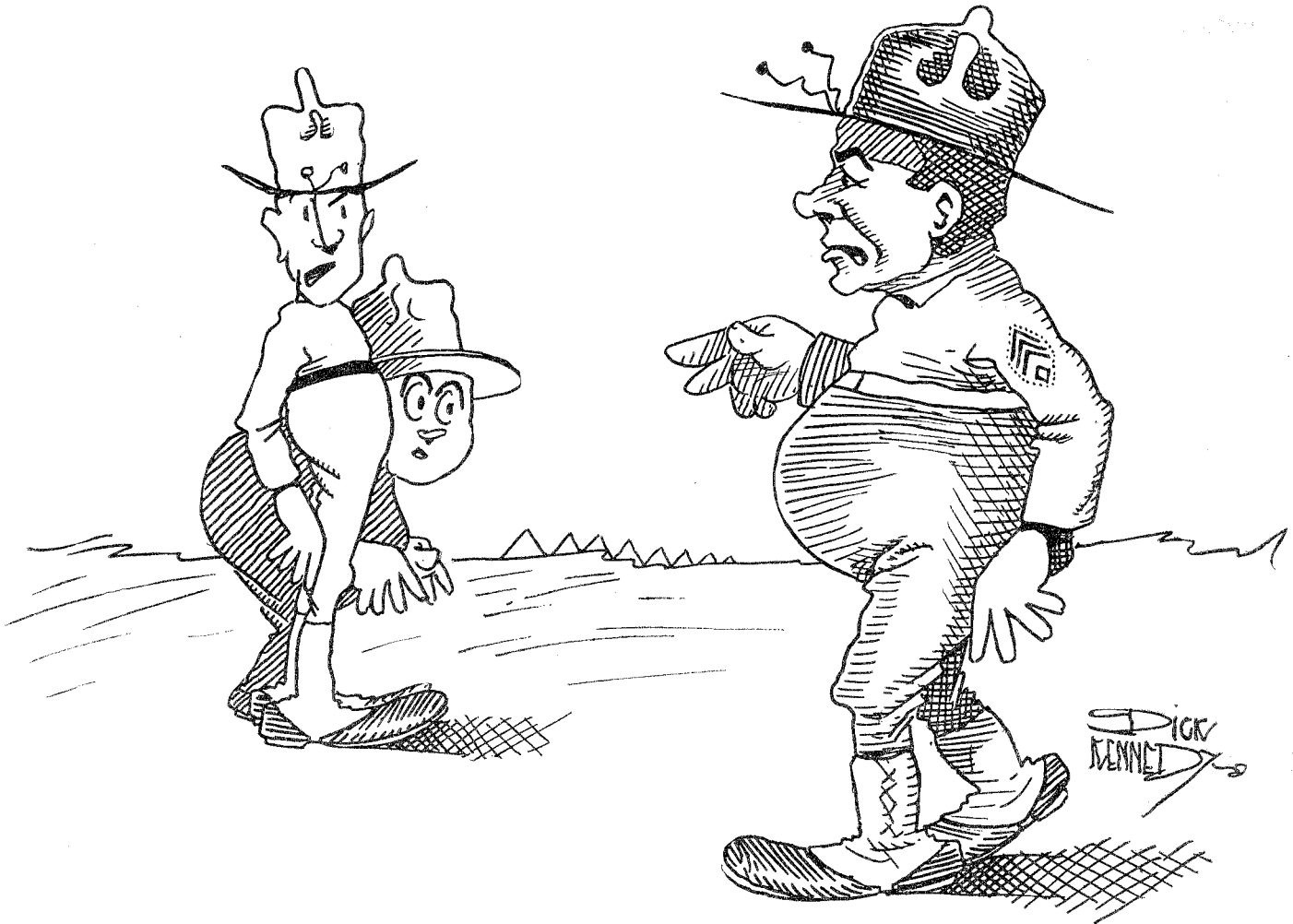
Cassilli thought he was making a great hit with two of the Spartanburg beauties last Wednesday until he discovered the lady whom he thought was looking at him was cross-eyed. Some head.

Tulip wishes to know if anybody has a bag they can lend him. He needs it badly.

J. S. M. Jr.

MACHINE GUN CO., 105TH INFANTRY.

Naturally at this time of year the chief topic of discussion in the company street is the holiday furlough. Among those who have leaves of absence until after Christmas are the following: Sergeants DeGanahl, Wasson, Powell, Hamilton, Farrell, Corporal



"Now I am going to count till three. When I say 'One!' you bend your knees; at 'Two!' you jump as high as you can; but be damn sure I don't catch any o' you guys go down before I say 'Three!'"

Vanderhop and Privates Barbour, Nicholls and Hambar.

Mechanic Pratt has returned for duty, after a short stay at the base hospital.

O. D. uniforms and heavy underwear are being handed out abundantly; also the long-expected flooring has begun to arrive. Let the "Sunny South" emulate old New York if it desires, that is, as long as Carolina pine holds out.

Corporal Oatting's squad are still proud of his pink cheeks. "Donkey" Donahue continues to insinuate the "roseate hue" is not due to the balmy breezes from the Blue Ridge Mountains, but is sent directly from Schenectady. How about it, Bill?

Congratulations are due former Corporal Maroney on his promotion to a sergeantry.

Sergeant: "The Lewis automatic rifle is a gas-operated, air-cooled gun."

The same sergeant (a short time later): "How is the rifle kept cool?"

Buck Private: "The gun is cooled by water sprinkled on the barrel as each cartridge is exploded." And he wonders why extra detail is his lot.

"Dynamite," the company's pet mule, still remains an unsolved problem. Horseshoer Nugent wagers odds that he will succeed in placing shoes on the aforementioned pet yet. Good luck, Nuge!

A most instructive talk on "Gas Attacks, and the Means of Protection Therefrom," was delivered during the week by Lieutenant Higbee. After the lecture a practical demonstration in the use of the gas mask was held. Although realizing the seriousness of the lesson, considerable amusement was afforded those participating by the novel or almost weird appearance of fellowmen. There is quite a knack in adjusting the gas mask incidence, and that a great deal of practice is necessary is very apparent.

"High Explosives" was the subject of an informal talk by Lieutenant Thomas recently. The lieutenant has gained an enviable reputation among the men as a speaker and even the "sick, lame and lazy" crawl to the mess shack to hear him.

J. A. McC.

COMPANY C, 102ND ENGINEERS.

Albert Spiegman and Daniel Ryan, formerly of Headquarters and C Companies of the 102d U. S. Engineers, have been transferred to the Aviation Section of the Signal Corps, and are now stationed at San Antonio, Texas. "Spiegie," as the entire regiments knew him, was the energetic drill master who whipped the recruits of Headquarters Company into shape. Spiegie made 'em sweat and blow; but he was a jolly

good scout and they liked him just the same. Later he was corporal in C Co. Ryan was an automobile mechanic with the Packard and other big automobile manufacturers.

Let us hope that the above pair of high flyers will not have to fly across the river Styx.

MEMORIES OF CO. K, 71ST INFANTRY.

It was not so long ago when we all got together in old 71st K room. We remember the look on their faces as each entered the room for drill. The telephone bell would ring and Private Jones would be on the wire reporting, "I can not attend drill; working overtime."

The old faces! Where are they to-day? The topper is out of service; the 1st Duty Sergeant is now a First Lieutenant, and the Q. M. Sergeant is a Second Lieutenant in another outfit.

Our First Lieutenant then is now in the Home Battalion, and the Second Lieutenant is dead. Our captain also has left us. He is away in an outfit all by himself, without any of the old K men.

But perhaps some day we will all meet again and be able to go over the times we spent together. And then the old 71st K will be on top, as it always has been.

PRIVATE JNO. H. BENJAMIN,
Co. I, 105th Inf.

HEADQUARTERS CO., 102D ENGINEERS.

Cook Louis Goldberg, of Headquarters Co., after giving the boys one grand good dinner for Christmas, left the same evening with his wife on a furlough. Our hearts are with you Goldie, and may you take a few for each of us.

There has been a considerable congestion of the mail in Headquarters Company since the mail man left.

That Border Stuff, B. S., has all frayed out in Headquarters Company.

Thomas Bracken, formerly top sergeant in the old 71st N. Y., is now with the Headquarters Company of the 102d Engrs. Tom brought his Aeolian Victrola with him and a great deal of classical and ragtime music has been heard coming from his tent, and the place has become one of the recreation centers of Headquarters Co. Tom has been with us only a short while, but he is already one of the most popular men in the company.

Cook Dietz's favorite song is, "It's nice to get up in the morning; but it's nicer to lie in bed."

Joe Halpin, of the Sanitary Detachment, is orderly for Gen. Rumor.

Hinchey, Messemer and Pop O'Brien, of the Midget Squad, are doing corral duty for Gen. Rumor.

Supply Sergeant Greeley does not say, "Go west, young man, go west." He directs them elsewhere.

First Sergeants Thompson, Turner, Lennox, Widland and Olson have just completed the barracks for the reserve officers assigned with this regiment, and they have now begun work on the engineer regimental church.

Has anyone seen anything of a letter for Sergeant Greeley? Since his return from the Big Town, his inquiries for mail have been fervent and frequent. Rumor has it—but never mind—we all expect an engraved card some time in the near future.

Peter J. finally got his allowance of O. D. breeches.

That tall Southern gentleman, J. C., is evidently failing in health. When Joe refuses "thirds" something is radically wrong.

Understand you got a furlough, Joe.

There has been a noticeable increase in "furlough-grams" for the past week. Holidays are very hard on grandmothers and stepmothers.

We are unanimous in our opinion that the candy our topper receives from N. Y. is O. K.

He's sweet on the girl, too.

Eternal questions: What are the official duties of Headquarters Company? When are we to get our mounts and ordnance equipment? Ask Jack Barry. He don't know.

We are glad to announce the complete recover of our esteemed compatriot Jerry O'Connell from a serious attack of "bunkus-fatigus."

Well, anyhow, it's better than no war.

"AN AGED LADY" WRITES TO THE GAS ATTACK.**HER LETTER.**

Dear Mr. Soldier:

We've never met each other,
And we may never meet,
Though I may pass another
When walking down the street.
I thought you might be lonesome
If no one writes to you,
So hence this little letter—
And you may write me, too.
For I'll not take offense at
This breach of social grace,
Though you may take exception
If you should see my face,
For I'm an aged lady,
Not handsome, this is true.
No wonder everyone must laugh
At everything I do.
But if you'd like a letter,
A friendly word, that's why:
Just write to Miss Jeanne Walters,
Astoria, L. I.

279 Seventh ave., care MacLeod,
Astoria, L. I.

OUR ANSWER.

Miss Walters, we acknowledge
Your note of yesterday,
With thanks for what you write us
In such a pleasant way.
And we enjoyed your letter,
Your "friendly word," that's why
We're grabbing pens with fervor
To send you this reply.
For we take no offense, dear—
No social rules can cramp
A letter-writing soldier
If he can get a stamp.
And though you may be aged,
No lady could have sung
With such a kindly nature
Unless her heart was young.
So we'll not stoop to laughter
If we should chance to meet,
We'll kiss you for your spirit—
And do it on the street!

C. D.

COMPANY A, 105TH MACHINE GUN BATTALION.

Private Banz, better known as The Mighty Hunter, goes forth once a week for game of any sort. So far he has caught nothing but wet feet, and a cold in his head. His tent-mates are willing to stand for anything he catches, but the fun will cease should he ramble in some day with a few cats—of the Polish variety.

Private Manrick almost dropped dead when he was ordered to cease sporting around in his trench coat, and to cover his lower extremities with something else besides leather puttees. We do admit that he looked somewhat like an officer, until Headquarters got wise to him.

G. S.

DIVISION HEADQUARTERS TROOP.

On Christmas Eve a special entertainment was celebrated in the troop mess hall. It was attended by the friends of the officers and men.

A regular Broadway program was issued to each of the audience. It was prepared by Corporal King and Private Comacho.

A large, beautifully-dressed Christmas tree had been erected, and the evening's fun started when Santa Claus appeared from behind it and distributed handy little gifts to all. Gus Odin handled the part of St. Nick to perfection, and there are several who suspect that the foremost steeple-chaser in the troop has qualified at the Santa game before.

The feature of the night was a one-act fantasy written especially for the occasion by Private Hugh Strange, whose production, "Seventeen," is just beginning its appearance on Broadway. The title of the play was "The Choice." The scene lies in a dugout on the western front where a young American soldier of German birth is about to go over the top for the first time. Strange has cleverly depicted the mental condition of the Sammy, who is influenced on one side by the inherent respect for the land of his nativity, and on the other by the knowledge that his adopted country is acting on the side of justice. The latter finally wins his support.

A stage was built at one end of the hall with regular scenic and lighting effects. Rex Swain operated the spotlight, while Corporal Davies and Private Painter were stage directors. Teddy Gemp, whose motorcycle riding has had every military policeman on the reservation on the jump for the past two months, handled the orchestra. The cast included: Private Jack Garvey, the Soldier; Private Charley Ward, Reality; Private Strange, the Fatherland; Private Hughes, the Brother; and Sergeant Major Flannery, Truth.

Lester Hunt, attired in the costume of a French Field Marshal, thrilled the troop with a tale of his daring work in the Battle of Spartanburg, attributing most of his success to the assistance of Sergeant "Slinger" and Corporal Chanut. He was attended at the lecture by his faithful orderly, Lance Corporal King. Several Christmas chorals were well rendered by the Troop Quartette, Privates Hughes, Bonk, Campbell and Corporal Davies. Sergeant Loeb directed the program.

During the past week three of the troop were commissioned. The lucky men were Privates Vlober and Crowski, who have been made second lieutenants and assigned to the billeting service, and Wilder M. Lahy, who is ordered to report to Petersburg, Va., as second lieutenant Engineers. Lieutenant Crowski lost no time in getting into a position where he could give orders. He was married in New York on Christmas night.

Horseshoer Sam Pine received a neat little wrist watch for Christmas. On the follow-

ing night he was caught trying it on his ankle.

Bugler Wattison is rapidly developing into a first-class dog trainer. For the past few days he has been accompanied at retreat by a select canine chorus.

Percy Davies has at last come into his own. His days of skipping mess for an extra half hour at polishing and cleaning to grab the supernumerary's job are over. He was made corporal of the Sixth Squad. At the same time Private King was presented with a lance corporal's chevron.

AMBULANCE COMPANY 108.

Mess Sergeant Tierney received a telegram from Binghamton, N. Y., telling him that his father was the donor of the turkey at the company's Christmas dinner. The telegram, through some delay, was delivered too long after the holiday to make the news known to the men.

Privates Hank Scrafford and Rutherford Platte have shaved off their moustaches.

A number of the men received recent presents of money belts. The only solution of the problem of what to do with them seems to be to put tobacco in one pocket of the belt and kindling wood in the other.

Private Charlie Flanagan has a story. It is called the adventure of the mug. Ask his tent-mates about it.

The company quartette has been holding recent rehearsals in the shower bath pavilion or in Stable Sergeant Rampe's tent back on the hill back of the company street. The company seems to think that distance lends enchantment to these harmonies.

Horseshoer Rapp has made a poker for the second squad of the second section. Much obliged, Rapp.

On a recent holiday Sergeant Haucke, of Cornell football fame, went over to Inman with some fellow collegians a-calling to go. Bert Orrell, who was a dandy little quarterback when he was at Amherst, carried off the eating honors, according to those present, and would have done the same to the tablecloth if the hostess hadn't removed it in time. But it was "Chief" Haucke who scored the greatest novelty: he let a girl pin a rose on him!

Company Clerk Galer has returned from a furlough, spent in Worcester, N. Y. Some of the fellows say that that's all anybody could spend there.

COMPANY A, 47TH.

Private Adrian floated into the mess hall at breakfast the other morning, after an extended furlough. He called for black coffee. He forgot that the coffee is always black now—it's in mourning for the milk. Corp. Covert was invited to partake of a Christmas box belonging to Corp. Schildheour. Corp. Covert pitched in to beat the band, and glancing at the empty box, Corp. Schildheour said: "Never again."

Sergeant McDonald doesn't like to have the regiment mentioned. The forty-seventh recalls very sad memories.

HEADQUARTERS CO. OF THE 102ND ENGINEERS HAS DOUBLE BARRELED CHRISTMAS ENTERTAINMENT.

About the liveliest bunch in camp assembled in the mess shack of Headquarters Company of the Engineers on Christmas Eve and Christmas night.

The Christmas Eve party was not on the schedule, but when the company gathered in the mess shack to receive the remembrances presented to the men by Colonel and Mrs. Vanderbilt and the Colonel's mother, they were in such good spirits that a spontaneous entertainment broke out. It was so good that when the officers who had made the tour of companies with the Colonel, completed their trip a number of them returned to Headquarters Company and spent the evening.

The interior decorations of the mess shack were enough to make any crowd happy. Credit for the unusual decoration of the mess shack goes to the initiative of Cook Dietz, and McKean, Levin, Master Engineer Milks and several others who volunteered their help.

The wagoners scoured the country for ferns, holly, a Christmas tree, and all the necessary material, and Dietz and his artistic group did the rest. When the job was done it looked like rendezvous in a thicket in a wood where poets, Bacchus and good fellows meet. The scheme of illumination and artificial flowers, gave the scene an atmosphere of warmth, comfort and good cheer.

Sergeant Rosenberg rose to the occasion Christmas Eve and carried the impromptu entertainment through to a success. Christmas night Sergeant Major Atkinson took charge of the program, and everything went off with a bang.

There were songs, recitations, stories and instrumental music galore and golora. The grape flowed freely, but it was the kind Bill Bryan approves.

"Giblets" Cristel, Chris Newman, Joe Carey, Shiels, Sergeant Bill Diersing, Bill Hummel, McGinty, Lacey, Connors and Bill Hummel contributed their favorite songs and stories, and each had to appear several times.

McCowan put the bun in an uproar every time he appeared with his side-splitting Irish stories and songs.

Olson and Allen gave a happy surprise when they were called to step to the front and sing, and Fluey Johnson made good with his soft shoe dance.

The quartet composed of the Garcia brothers, Chris Newman and Pete Carderelli did their part with credit.

Curtis, the violinist, played up to his usual high standard, and he and Pete Carderelli, with the guitar, were an entire orchestra by themselves.

Carderelli also sang a duet with Pordon that was one of the big hits of the evening.

Among the visitors who brought mirth and comedy to the affair were Cook Garfunkel, Flannigan, Clark and Brennan. Garfunkel and Flannigan had them all going with their comedy of songs, repartee and dancing.

Major Goldstein, Lieutenant Bles, Lieutenant Fitzgerald, Lieutenant McCroskery, Captain Dunn, Captain Hines, Lieutenant Waters, formerly Regimental Sergeant Major, were there and thanked the boys for the good time they had. Lieutenant Bles and Captain Hines starred as story tellers.

The dinner was bounteous, delightful, and superbly prepared. Captain Bates, Regimental Adjutant and Commander of Headquarters Company, was present with the boys and enjoyed the dinner as much as anyone present. Cooks Goldberg and Dietz, with the willing help of Bill Hummel, Shaw, McGinty, McGrath and Fromm, won their way into the hearts of the men via the famous route of the stomach.

In his talk to the company Captain Bates told the men that he was proud of the company, and that was why he let them take care of their affairs by themselves as much as he did; he knew that anything they were given to do would be done well and on schedule. If they did not do their duty so well he would have to reside on their necks; but with the spirit of Headquarters Company that isn't necessary.

MACHINE GUN COMPANY, 106TH INFANTRY.

Mrs. Gleason and her daughter, Esther, of Los Angeles, Cal., visited Private W. W. Estely last Saturday. Private Estely certainly did relish the visit as Los Angeles is his home city. His guests complimented Camp Wadsworth by saying it was the cleanest camp they had yet visited. It was rather unfortunate but when they "paged" Estely he was found in the Mess Hall laboring hard at the duties of a "kitchen police." He is still wondering how his "classy" friends from the West took it.

Trench Observer (looking in trench)—"Why don't you chaps stop talking?"

Private McDonough—"Pardon, sir. I understood this to be 'communicating trench.'"

Recently two college men were picked for "kitchen police." Harvard was represented as was Cornell. The cook had the time of his life, and throughout the day one could hear him yell: "Come on you educated dummies, get busy. We don't want any polished language here—just brighten up those pots and pans and that will add lustra to your names."

This week's bright remark: "It is a cold lover who has to hug a Sibley stove."

Send in your news.

The former cavalry men needn't pine away about their new blue hat cords. They won't be blue long.



News of the Y. M. C. A.

EDITED BY ERNEST W. LESLIE.



P. MacGREGOR ALLEN.

Mr. P. MacGregor Allen, Dean of the Building Secretaries of the Army Y. M. C. A. at Camp Wadsworth, was born of Scotch-American parents in Portland, Me. He was educated in the public schools of Portland and later, upon the arrival of his family in Canada, finished his schooling in the city of Ottawa.

Mr. Allen for many years before entering Y. M. C. A. work was engaged in the building and contracting business in Albany, N. Y., going from there to the work of the Y. M. C. A. in 1904 as physical director and later as general secretary in the cities of N. Adams and Westfield, Mass.; Waterford, Schenectady and Jamestown, N. Y. From Jamestown, N. Y., where Mr. Allen had been for the past four years, he came to Camp Wadsworth in the capacity of building secretary before any of the Y. M. C. A. buildings were complete and when the Y. M. C. A. was serving the North Carolina soldiers in a tent.

Mr. Allen's hobby is singing; he being a very capable singer and song leader. As checker and chess player he has few, if any, equals in camp. Mr. Allen's present ambition is to stay with the 27th Division as long as they are at Camp Wadsworth and when they move to France to go along with them.

VOLUNTEER KRIS KRINGLES.

The Y. M. C. A. Secretaries all through the camp have become Santa Clauses lately, and have been busy ever since Christmas distributing boxes of eats and other useful things sent on by friends back home. The Y Secretaries are glad to serve in this or any other capacity for the boys of the Empire State.

Y. M. C. A. PERSONALS.

Mr. John Dame, who has had charge of Y. M. C. A. Unit 94 at the Range, has left for his home in Chicago. He will be succeeded in his work by Chester W. Darrow, who has been acting as Building Educational Secretary at Unit 97. Mr. Darrow left camp to take over his new duties on Sunday.

D. M. Davis, of Unit 93 who was called home because of the death of his brother, has returned. We welcome Davis back.

Rev. Robert Drysdale, religious work director at Unit 95, has been granted a ten days' furlough, and left Wednesday for his home in Rochester, N. Y.

J. L. Nelson, of Unit 95, left Thursday for Albany, N. Y., where he will enjoy a short leave of absence.

UNIT NO. 92.

During Christmas week the building was taxed to its capacity in serving men. About 15,000 pieces of mail and parcel post were sent out in the few days preceding the holidays. Entertainments suitable to the occasion took up almost every night.

On Wednesday night Dr. Jefferson, of New York City, gave a good, straightforward talk to the men. Dr. Paul Strayer, of Rochester, spoke at the Sunday evening service. On Christmas Eve, with the assistance of Chaplain Ward, a Christmas song service was held. Two Christmas morning services were conducted in the building by Chaplain Ward, followed by another Christmas sing in the evening, under the direction of Mr. Clark.

The present staff of the unit is as follows:

F. J. Knapp, of Utica, N. J., Building Secretary.

F. A. Cunningham, of Providence, R. I., Religious Secretary.

Arthur B. Wrigley, of Atlantic City, N. J., Educational Secretary.

R. G. Bell, of Atlanta, Ga., Social Secretary.

H. A. Davis, of Nashville, Tenn., Assistant Secretary.

H. A. Hildreth, of Elmira, N. Y., Camp Pianist.

A French class of exceptionally good enrollment has been organized at the Base Hospital. The members of the class, expecting the "big journey" in the near future, are progressing rapidly under the efficient instruction of Private D'Jeronovo, of the 102th U. S. Engineers.

In the Y. M. C. A. building, two Mechanical Drawing and Topographical Drawing classes, with Sergeant Juvenal, Co. F, 102d Engineers, as instructor, are making splendid progress.

During the cold weather, the "Y" has been the headquarters for many classes in military instruction. Chief among these were the officers classes in higher mathematics and the classes in gas instruction.

UNIT NO. 97.

The usual activity has characterized the unit during the past week. The movies on Monday and Thursday nights continue with increasing popularity and attendance.

Two very beautiful concerts by the 104th F. A. Band, under the direction of Bandmaster Sutherland were given on Saturday and Sunday nights. The band rehearses in the building each day and gives us the benefit of its efforts during the week. A plan will shortly be inaugurated by which the bands of the 52d Artillery Brigade and Military Police will alternate in giving concerts during the week.

The Sunday night religious services are being made more interesting and active by the introduction of a bit of program by regimental talent, following the sing and preceding the address. This feature has a great future and will fill a need.

Christmas was fittingly observed in the unit. In co-operation with the chaplains a program consisting of movies and singing was put on Monday night. Christmas services began with a midnight mass just outside of the building, celebrated by Chaplain Fornes, of the 106th F. A., a picked choir and the band rendering the music. Chaplain Shipman, of the 104th F. A., held two celebrations of the Holy Communion, one at 7:30 and the other at 9:30, and the regimental service with sermon at 10:30 and Chaplain Fornes said two other masses at 7:40 and 9:40. In the evening, after a general good time, the unit was honored by the presence of Gen. O'Ryan, who said a few words of greeting to the men.

The special program of movies last Friday night was pleasantly varied by singing and readings given by talent from Spartanburg. The men appreciate the people who come to us from outside and give of their ability to entertain.

The staff is once more bereaved by the loss of Educational Secretary Chester W. Darrow. Mr. Darrow has gone to the range, where the 105th F. A. is encamped and will serve in the tent there.

No. 97 is certainly some training school for efficient workers.

On guard! Against what? Against the next issue of *The Gas Attack*, because it will print another page of those remarkable poems by camp poets!

UNIT NO. 96.

There has been an unusual amount of gayety in Unit No. 96 for the past week. On December 19th the 47th N. Y. Infantry put on a fine program, under the direction of Chaplain Edrop and Captain Tucker. The band and the different men who took part certainly gave us a corking good treat.

Dr. Jefferson's talk on Thursday night was fine; there was a good crowd and the fellows sure did appreciate his message.

The movie Friday night was also good.

Saturday night was left open.

Sunday morning Chaplain Edrop held regimental services. At night Dr. Baker gave a good talk.

On Monday night, Christmas Eve, the 108th N. Y. Inf. band gave a fine concert between 8 and 9:30. There was also some singing, etc. From 11:00 to 12:00 the 47th Band played; at 11:55 Otto Kuhl of the Supply Co., 108th Inf., sang Ave Maria.

The building was all decorated with holly, colored lights and a Christmas tree and a beautiful altar was erected by the chaplains.

Christmas night there was a good movie. The crowd, for there was a crowd, seemed to appreciate it.

FOLSOM'S IDEA OF RUNNING AN ARMY.

We'd answer reveille in wheel chairs,
And have our breakfast brought to bed;
We'd have beer and liquors all the time,
And never think of eating bread;
But we'd feed the boys on angel cake, and
demi tasse fine
And then we'd have ice cream and pie,
and good old Burgundy wine.
We'd never answer taps at night—
You'd get home when you could,
And we'd have electric heaters,
And never think of burning wood.
We'd never attend to lectures,
And we'd ride the bunk all day,
And when a man was dead broke,
He could just go draw his pay.
We'd have lectures and drills on poker,
And teach the recruits to roll the dice—
Now think it over well, boys,
Wouldn't that be pretty nice?

SERGT. HARRY FOLSOM,
Field Hosp 106.

WANAMAKER SOLDIERS, AHOY!

All men in the 27th Division who were ever connected with the John Wanamaker Store, Philadelphia, Pa., are requested to send their name, rank and organization to Colonel William R. Scott, John Wanamaker Store, Philadelphia.

Gen. Haig: "Didn't it scare you when you heard the bullets whistling all around you?"

Gen. Joffre: "They didn't whistle. They were dum-dums."

GERMAN ATROCITIES AGAINST AMERICAN SOLDIERS REPORTED.

Despatches from the Western front say that German atrocities against American soldiers are officially reported. An American sentry has been found with his throat cut and it is officially declared "He must have been so killed after capture."

Information concerning German savagery has reached the troops in one of a series of bulletins read to them by the unit commanders and posted on the bulletin boards. Here is what they heard:

After a raid by the Germans on trenches held by American troops, a lone sentry of — Infantry was found with his throat cut from ear to ear. He had been surprised by an overwhelming force of Germans and must have been so killed after capture.

Such brutality is familiar to old soldiers, who served against savages in the Philippine campaign.

Another bulletin tells the men how the Germans in occupied sections of France and Belgium are turning women and children out of their homes into the snow, the buildings being then given over to soldiers, horses and material.

SERGEANT BECKMAN GAS ATTACKS ENGINEER HOSPITAL CORPS, BUT LOSES BRAVE FIGHT.

Sergeant Beckman, of the Engineers, is out for revenge against the Hospital Corps. He breezed in the morning before Christmas complaining about a wisdom tooth and some white spots left in his throat after a case of tonsillitis, and was attacked en masse by Lieutenant Bles and Lieutenant Fitzgeraid, of the O. D. Pill department, and Lieutenant Macroskery, of the Dental and Demolition department, reinforced by the entire hospital corps under command of Sergeant Toole.

Sergeant Beckman was seized, head, hands and heels, while Lieutenant Bles made a bayonet attack for the white spots with Lieutenant Fitzgerald reconnoitering. Beckman entered upon a wordy warfare of camouflage, but suffered intensely as for fully fifteen minutes he was prevented from talking.

When Beckman was groggy the brigade placed him in the dental chair and Lieutenant Macroskery continued the assault with a set of dynamite drills brought in by the demolition squad.

Beckman left threatening to train further and attempt a come-back to get even; but he was told that if he came in again he would lose a tooth. Being Christmas season, he decided that wisdom was the better part of valor and the come-back will not be staged until a later date.

NOT IN HIS LINE.

Manager: "Hey there! Run up that curtain, will you?"

Stage Hand: "Say! I'm hired as a stage hand, not a squirrel."

—Purple Cow.

FIELD HOSPITAL CO. 107.

Saturday night, December 15th, the men who had been detailed to the Rifle Range at Glassy Rock arrived in camp after a very eventful trip. On the way to the range the motor truck skidded while making a sharp turn near "Dark Corners," and plunged over the edge of an embankment, carrying Sergeant Williams, Church, Harrison, O'Connor, Womersley, Heitzler and Sutka along with it on its wild journey down the precipitous slope. "Slats" Burns was the only passenger who was not "dumped" into the valley. Owing to his slim proportions the first jolt catapulted him skyward and lodged him in the boughs of a sturdy pine tree, where he nestled for a second and then back-flipped involuntarily to safer but less comfortable quarters—a babbling brook.

The second truck, containing Lieut. Strickler, Stanwise, Hawthorne, Mosher and Brophy, narrowly avoided a fate similar to the one that befell the first machine, by becoming jammed between two small boulders. Led by Lieut. Strickler, the occupants of this truck jumped out and scrambled down the slope to where the first machine lay overturned with its freight lying distributed in all directions. They were joyfully surprised to find the bunch unhurt, save for a few slight bruises.

Stanwise, one of the "rescuing party," received quite a jolt when he noticed a pair of shoes protruding from under a pile of tentage and heavy boxes but after he succeeded in moving the heavier freight from the "victim" and discovered that he was administering "first-aid" to a pair of "shoes, russet, marching," he explained to the grinning crowd that he thought "sure'n blazes some one needed the attention of an undertaker."

Bill Brophy, better known as "William S. Hart," begged "Mistah Hike," the mountaineer canteen owner at the Rifle Range to open up his store and sell him some cigarettes, etc., and "Hike" blandly informed him that "it was too d— cold for a humin' be'in to be up and moving around," and "the fellows oughtn't be a-hangin' aroun' a-pesterin' ta buy sumthin' or other."

Womersley and Stanwise, fondly known as the "German Spies," while working in the kitchen, lived up to their reputation when they served "embalmed weiners" to the bunch—the following morning the entire detail reported "sick."

One night while the wind was blowing 80 miles per hour, Brophy, after watching the tent pole "lean to" and careen like the mast of a schooner, remarked, "that they ought to make Sandy Hook by three o'clock."

Hawthorne, the snake charmer, nearly lost his reputation when he used an angle-worm as a substitute for a cobra.

The detail indulged in small arms firing and Sutka was voted the "dead-shot" of the bunch, excluding Lieutenant Strickler, who hails from "old Kentucky."

CAMP SPORTS

EDITED BY F. J. ASHLEY



NAUGHTY, NAUGHTY!

BOXING TAKES CAMP BY STORM.

McDermott Adds Another Knockout to His List.

Although he has only been in camp for a fortnight Frank Moran certainly has succeeded in getting most of the boys interested in the art of the padded mit. Last Friday he staged a boxing exhibition, the attendance of which would have even made Sam Pollock and Billy Gibson turn green with envy. It was held at the Knights of Columbus building and over a thousand trench dwellers rubbed their muddy elbows against the braided sleeves of Major General O'Ryan and his staff who were there to see Frank get things started.

McDermott Too Strong for Reed.

Eight little arguments were settled and if any of the audience thought they were out of the battle zone in this case they certainly lost the idea, when they saw the tender care with which the battlers sought to tuck each other in for the night. In all there were two exits by the knockout route, one by the sponge, a gamely fought draw and four melees which could only be decided by the closest use of the point system.

Fred McDermott, who already had one knockout to his credit in the elimination battles started by Moran, was again the hero of the evening scoring a second ten tick victory in less than two rounds. His opponent was Sergeant Reed of the Division Headquarters Troop. The bout was to have gone six sessions but, game as he was, Reed

in his first ring appearance lacked the finer training and condition of the dope dealing slugger from the 106th Field Hospital.

McDermott opened the battle by trying to massage Reed's left ear. Reed returned a few right hooks but he was out reached and could do little damage. He stuck to it however, and was forcing the battle at the bell.

Between the rounds Mac called for his ether kit and lost no time in getting after his patient, making a few passes in the air while he figured what size stretcher to call, he connected with the trooper's wind and dodging a well-aimed left, played Taps on his victim's jaw.

Fitzgerald, of the 102d Engineer Train, scored the other knock out after he appeared to be hopelessly out of the fray himself, in the first round of his battle. Hahn, of the 105th Infantry, did the Sleeping Beauty part.

Hahn started like a whirlwind sending Fitz to the floor after an attack on his middle sector. The mule charmer was used to such treatment however, and stuck to it, coming back strong in the next period. A bloody nose proved no obstacle and with Hahn all winded he proceeded to take his measure in the third with a short right to the jaw.

In the 130 class, DeMussi, Batt. D, 106th F. A., proved too mussy for Ellis, Batt. A, same regiment.

The infantry men in the 150 pound class were at a loss fighting in the open after they had been led to believe that all 20th century scrapping must be done underground, and Haynes, Co. L, 108th, learned this just

in time to beat out Schmidt, Co. L, 106th, for the decision.

The fourth bout was a hummer between Mykens, D Company, 102d Engineers, 128 pounds, and Jimmie Anderson, 133 pounds, of Company A, 104th Machine Gun Battalion, four rounds, Myken winning the decision.

Cocoa, Batt. D, 106th F. A. tried to stop a wild Irishman named Murray, who by the way, is fellow stretcher slinger with McDermott, in the fifth. "Nuff said." Cocoa was canned and put aside to cool off.

Gonouski, Batt. D, 106th F. A. and Jesse Robertson, 105th F. Amb. didn't tarry long in the 150 pound event. Goñouski decided he had better duck back to his outfit after a little persuasion by Robertson in the second round.

The last call brought Everley, 106th Field Artillery, 132 pounds, and Lynch, Company F, 108th Infantry, 130 pounds, together for four rounds. This bout was a fight from bell to bell and the fur was flying all the time. A well-earned draw was the verdict.

—F. J. A.

Y. M. C. A. ENCOURAGES BOXING AND WRESTLING.

Large rings are being constructed in each of the Y. M. C. A. buildings for the benefit of the Division boxers and wrestlers. The Red Triangle authorities are planning a series of practice nights in each sport. Several wrestlings mats are now on their way to Spartanburg and the catch as catch can men will be able to get all the work they want in the near future. Each week a "Stunt Night" will be arranged. Its program will include boxing, wrestling, basket-ball and other individual and company sports.

GOOD SOCCER MATERIAL IN 106TH.

Soccer practice has been started for the 106th Infantry team. Thirty men are out for it. Among them are several players who starred on English teams. They include Sergeant Marone and Musician Leeson.

ONE ON HARVEY COHN.

In giving a youthful soldier some fine points on the art of running, Harvey Cohn, athletic director of the division, told the young Sammy to use his own initiative when he asked a question.

"What in hell part of the body is that?" returned the would-be athlete.

LOST—December 22nd, 1917, on Main or Clinton streets, Spartanburg, gem studded Phi Chi medical fraternity pin. Liberal reward for return to Miss Elizabeth C. Patton, Nurses Quarters, Base Hospital, Camp Wadsworth, S. C.

BOXING FANS SEE NEW STARS.

So Do Some of the Boxers, for K. O.'s Are Common at Moran Bouts.

Eight boxing bouts, every one of which would have been worth the price of admission, featured the first of Frank Moran's Saturday night program at the Red Triangle tent.

Two thousand ring worshipers crowded the big arena to see their favorite bunkies and beloved non-coms right dress with the floor.

The affair was enlivened by the presence of the 105th Infantry Band, while between the bouts Dr. Woolsey entertained the crowd with his latest songs. Frank Moran and Harvey Cohn, the Division Physical Director, officiated in the ring, assisted by Major Hollander, 14th Regiment, whose accurate time keeping saved several of the boys from hasty exits, and Joe Johnson, of the 102d Engineers.

While some of the fights were a little too tame for some of the spectators, three heavyweight and lightweight melees had it on anything ever seen at the Dunnybrook Fairs.

McDermott Administers Anesthetic.

Fred McDermott, of the 105th Field Ambulance, scored his third successive knockout in the six round heavyweight match, which was the big thing of the evening. However, while all his boxing affairs before had been walkaways, he was forced to the limit in the seventh bout by Munce, of the 106th Field Hospital, and only succeeded in sending the artilleryman to the land of nod ten seconds before the end of the last round.

It was a fight from beginning to end, with no mercy shown on either side. Earlier in the night Munce had shown his ability in the fifth round when he forced Borden to retire after two furious minutes, and his work against McDermott made him popular with the audience.

McDermott had the advantage in the first round, as Munce was a little tired by his previous battle. Fred landed drive after drive on his opponent's kidneys, and for a while it looked as if he would score by the steam roller method again.

Munce began to get real mad at the start of the second stanza, and from then on it was a sight worth seeing. Mac played for the body repeatedly, alternating his strong lefts with a few short jabs to the face. Near the end of the round he cut Munce's mouth. The latter returned a machine gun delivery to the face. The round was even.

Munce's Hide and Seek Tactics.

The hide and seek tactics of the artillery boxer cost him several sure hits in the third. He started strong enough but instead of going over the top and breaking Mac's winning streak, he stopped just when he had the bone-setter all fussed up and hid his own face, leaving his body as defenceless as the Russian front. The Albany medicine man took

prompt advantage of this state of affairs and resumed his autopsy of Munce's kidneys. It was all Mac's round.

Munce came out of his corner in the fourth reeling from weakness. He was game, however, and surprised everyone by recovering quickly and sending McDermott into the ropes with a volley of shots to the face. He showed his lack of ring knowledge by failing to follow up this lead and once again he did the salaam act, Mac doing a Harry Thaw on Munce's ribs. Covering cost Munce the round.

Munce Rallies.

The 106th representative did his best work in the fifth and for a minute it looked like the Base Hospital for his medical friend. It was blow for blow, the claret flowing freely from McDermott's nose. Twice Munce forced the saw-bone expert to the ropes, placing a neat Black Bertha on his chin as the bell sounded. Munce took this session.

The last frame was a beaut. Munce made his last attempt to kiss Mac "good-night," but alas, his work in the fifth had hurt the embryo champ's feelings. Just when Munce was about to tell the reporters of his ambitions to meet Willard, Mac sneaked up and wrote a ten-second furlough on his jaw.

Another Chance for Munce.

In view of the fact that Munce had scored a win earlier in the evening and had never been in the ring more than twice in his life, Moran has decided to put him in training for another whack at McDermott.

The last match of the evening also proved a hummer. It was a four-round skirmish between Gordon, of A Company, 105th Infantry, and Bernard, of G Company, 108th Infantry. Bernard won the bout by grabbing the second and last rounds, the others going even. Both men weighed about 125 pounds.

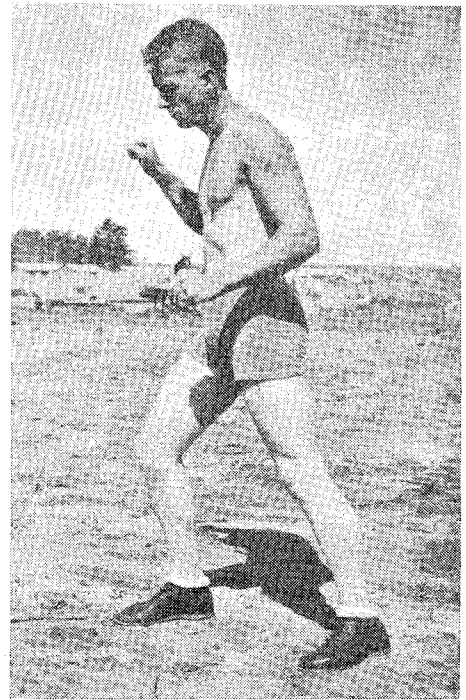
Charley Chaplin Gordon.

Charley Chaplin had nothing on Gordon in the first. He tore into Bernard, jabbing his mustache into his face and his fists, knees and feet into his body, but to no avail. He was up against a head that would have done justice to Happy Hooligan in his palmiest days. Bernard had no hair to get mussed up and he was perfectly satisfied to let his opponent break his digits on his shining dome. When there seemed any likelihood of Gordon's ceasing his bull-ring attack the 106th scrapper attracted his attention by derisively wiggling his thumb and fingers in a well-known gesture.

Bernard allowed Gordon to continue his pile-driving in the second, showing no signs at all of ruffled feelings. He was real friendly and as Gordon began to get wild Bernie helped him along by starting a red streamer from his nose. Bernard made every blow count, taking the round.

Bernard is Some Biffer.

Gordon made his last onslaught in the third, directing his attention to the kidneys and face, but he might as well have attempted to storm the Hindenberg line. The

**JOE JOHNSON**

best he could do was break even on the round.

Bernard showed his real class in the fourth. First of all he hung a black sack on Gordon's left optic and then he did his best to find out its contents. It was his round all the time.

The first bout was a merry set-to between Fitzgerald, 102d Engineer Train, and Gasselli, Company B, 102d Engineers. Fitz had won a bout at the K. of C. Hall the night before, but with the exception of the opening round, he did most of the receiving. Gasselli's work has attracted special comment by Moran, and he will be matched for a longer bout in the near future.

Eckler, a Jazz Boxer.

Moran announced Hegarte and Eckler in the 145 class. As a fight it was a fine exhibition of the latest dancing. Eckler must have trained with Vernon Castle and Paul Swan. Every one of his slaps spelt determination, but alas, Hegarte grew tired of learning the latest ball-room rules in the second and a few back-hand strokes brought the entertainment to an end. Eckler exited.

The third bout between Riley and Lawson, of Headquarters, 106th Field Artillery, in the 165 pound class, went to the former. He took the first two sessions from his bunkie and was satisfied to ease along for the other pair.

Barney Williams on Exhibition.

Barney Williams, 105th Field Artillery, who claims the camp featherweight title, and Stewart, a claimant for the welterweight class honors, met in an exhibition bout. Stewart had the best on the beef end of it, and he decided to let it go at that. Williams attempted to get him mad by disarranging his nice new ring suit, and for a while it was feared Stewart would get real mad. Moran

(Continued on page 30)

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

Soldiers' 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 Leggins.
Chevrons.
Overshoes, Rubber Boots and many other necessities too numerous to mention.

Globe Sample Co.
109 W. Main Street.

2ND BATTALION, 105TH FIELD ARTILLERY.

Although away back in the hill country we are still interested in the deeds and doings of the division.

Our genial canteen-manager, John Kenn, always has the Rattler for us. Some hustler, is our John.

Despite all rumors as to our whereabouts, we are still on the "range," working hard.

"Charley" Morrell had some sort of a mishap during the night in the trenches. We never did "get the straight of it," but Sergt. "Buck" Hawthorne seems to know something about it. What say, "Buck?"

We wonder what "Ham" Fischer will do with his "Ba-Ba-Benny." Guess you'd better trade it off for a possum dinner, "Ham," say we.

The boys of this command wish to express their thanks for the interest shown in their welfare by the ladies of Tryon.

Remark credited to one of our sergeants: "Non-commissioned officers fall out; corporals, too." What did you mean, "Ed?"

"Oh Sergeant, can I have a suit of O. D. Wools?" Trials of a Supply Sergeant.

Personal—Alex McMullen, Battery D. "Merry Christmas, Alec." X. Y. Z.

Some of our new lieutenants are models of sartorial perfection. The house of Kuppenheimer must have been kept mighty busy fittin' 'em out, say we. And did anybody read the prospectus published by the Tryon Board of Trade? It says a lot of things about the climate hereabouts. I've heard lots more said about it at reveille.

"Yes, we're located in the thermal belt. We never have more than an inch of snow, and it is never really cold for two consecutive days."

We've floundered through six inches of snow for the past week and it has been a damn cold week.

There is a place in Hades for all prospectus writers.

News "are" scarce; reckon as how we'll have lots of stories after our period of firing—Selah.

CO. G, 2ND BATTALION, 105TH INFANTRY RIFLE RANGE NOTES.

Buck Private Slade, a delinquent, gave the third squad a severe shock when he received a letter addressed "Captain." The shock was too much for the squad, and they were unable to pay attention to their work, with the result that nobody qualified at the range.

The appearance of Mechanic Nagy at reveille added to the shock. Six fakers (Mechanics) Dizzy, Swift, etc., reported for work at the Butts. This was the first time in ten years that six were found working together.

Company H congratulations to First Sergeant De Conca upon his rapid advancement from private to corporal, and then to sergeant, followed by a further stride to first sergeant. All in eight months. More power to you, Frank.

J. N.

FIELD HOSPITAL COMPANY NO. 108.

Field Hospital Co. No. 108 has installed the squad system, where there is a leader to each tent. When the squad leaders were interviewed they gladly gave the following info:

"Forthwith is a roster of Famous No. 3 Tent: No calls answered but mess call. The two greasy cooks: Dutch Louis and Moth Miller, slingers of hash, also bricks. The Johnson twins; meat-hounds from the back woods. And last but not least, the three Dukes, Bible Back Winters, Measle Laidlaw, and Bronchitis Henecker, who are striving to uphold the honor of the tent against all comers. A WORD TO THE WISE: Mention not the name of 'Bertha' in the presence of 'Bible Back' or 'Bronchitis.'"

George Tripp, our company cartoonist, is working nights now, on camouflage drawings. He claims they turn out much better and give the cartoons a dark effect. Bill Schenck and Sy Van Houten (Van & Schenck for short) are taking up singing lessons at night and any one passing tent No. 11 can hear them in their famous duet, "Cough, Cough, Cough." Bob Dawson is now on a ten-day furlough, spending Christmas at home. He has been relieved of his job as mail orderly until he returns, and is not a bit sorry, for at the present time the mail is coming a little too strong for poor little Bob. Pete Rauth returned from a ten-day furlough from New York and says: "It's just the same as when we left it last September, the only difference being that there are so many girls and so few fellows and that somebody ought to report this very serious condition to the officials who will tell us that old boy 'General Rumor' is not a liar and that we will soon pack up and start."

Red McCardell, who was put in charge of a trench-digging detail, says: "This acting sergeant's job is no cinch because Fleury and the rest of the gang UNDER me refused to shovel unless I do likewise, and I can't see it no-how, so I guess unless they give me the stripes I am going back to me old job, 'Bunk Fatigue.'"

Fat Andrews has at last taken up the art of sawing wood (much to the delight of his tent-mates) but we are afraid he will soon decide he had better go back to the picket line where things are more to his liking, for he loves his position of massaging the landscape around said picket line.

Tent No. 2 induced the No. 2 Sergeant's Tent to play off the championship at checkers, but there was a protest against the decision, as Sergeant Bechtold was later found guilty of blowing smoke in McCardell's eyes, so we leave it to any one who knows the effect of said smoke. In fact we wonder if there is any difference between this smoke and a German gas bomb, for Sergeant Willy smokes awful cigars.

"PEPPER" DISAPPEARS.

Unit No. 93, Army Y. M. C. A. is mourning the loss of a pet fox terrier, white with tan markings; answers to the name of "Pepper." He was sent from the folks back home in New Jersey and arrived on Thursday, Dec. 20th, on train No. 27 at Spartanburg Station. Was entrusted to one of Uncle Sam's boys in uniform to deliver to Mr. Anderson of the Y. M. C. A. at Camp Wadsworth. We ask every reader to keep a lookout for him as we will gladly reward anyone who will furnish us with information leading to his recovery, or deliver him to us. Notify: W. J. Anderson, Unit No. 93.

We wonder what is making Sergeant Stark so thin lately? Why, don't you know? Well, I'll try to help you out. The other day he missed a certain picture from his tent. What? Oh, my yes, they have pictures in their tents; the only thing lacking in their tent is hot and cold swinging and folding doors. Well, anyhow, ever since our little Sergeant S. S. missed that picture he is running (yes, real running) around yelling, "Oh, where is my Eleanor? Oh, where, oh, where, has she gone?" That is just what is making him so thin.

Tent No. 5 has in its midst six eminent members, the roster being: Bugler Fred Krueger, Private 1st Class; Frank H. Adcock, Private 1st Class; Robert D. Taylor, Private 1st Class; Robert G. Fleury, Private 1st Class; George F. Lippert, Private Victor Olaff.

Bob Taylor and George Lippert, two well-known boys of South Brooklyn, miss their summer house-boat very much, named Gowanus. This mud scow sails up the creek which name it bears.

Lippert just got back from a furlough and surprised us with the announcement of his engagement to Miss Rebecca Hortense Noskinitzki, who he claims is very beautiful, but judging by the picture that George showed us of said Rebecca, he has the sympathy of the whole company.

Taylor's best girl sent him a sweater last week and judging by its appearance she must have thought he was a member of the Rainbow Division, because the sweater was the nearest thing to a rainbow any of us ever did see. He don't care though. That's him all over.

Robert G. Fleury, the Flatbush Cyclone, is taking lessons from Lolly-Pop Adcock (the Mexican Border Vet.) in the art of lighting a Sibley stove. Bob's only wish at present is to get a license to become a first-class engineer, and he claims that any one who can successfully keep a Sibley going is entitled to a license with a medal attached.

Victor Olaff (the roaring sea-lion) and Bugler Krueger entertained us last night with their wonderful melodies entitled "Snow, Boys, Snow." The rest of us awoke thinking it was a call to arms.

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.

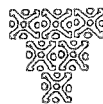
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South Liberty St.

Spartanburg, S. C.

**Hardware
Mill Supplies
and
Machinery**



Montgomery & Crawford

Spartanburg,
S. C.

*When in Town
Visit*

**The
Royal Restaurant**

*Spartanburg's Beautiful
Restaurant*

The Most Sanitary and
Up to Date Place
in Town

All Meats and Poultry
Government Inspected

The Royal Restaurant

132 North Church St.

Just a Block from Main Street

Start the New Year Right!

Buy a Camera and keep a photographic diary of your experiences. When the war is over, this picture-story of your trip will be worth a thousand times its cost.

Leave your films here for developing and printing. We give a *positive 24 hour service* and *Expert Work*.

Complete Line of Camera Supplies, Candies, Cigars Stationery and Novelties

New Year Cards
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The Best Film Service In Town

DEVELOPING

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Gold Filled Knives	\$2.50 to \$3.00
New Year Candy	\$1.00 the pound
Safety Razors	\$1.00 to \$5.00
Manicure Sets	\$5.00 to \$15.00

Military Souvenirs, Silk Handkerchief Cases, Service Pins and Flags, Fur Trimmed Moccasins, Regimental Pillow Tops and Flags.

Up To Date Line of Holiday Goods

Kaminer's Drug Store

159 EAST MAIN STREET

ROLLER SKATING

GOOD MUSIC

NEW PRINCESS RINK

ONE BLOCK WEST OF CLEVELAND HOTEL

Busses Stop at Door

COMPANY L, 105TH INFANTRY.

Privates Duffy, Flynn and Crabtree attended the enlisted men's dance last night, and were unsuccessful in grabbing a partner for a dance. Crabtree fell for one young lady, but she let him lay.

Private O'Donnell, known as O. D. Mike, received a bottle of vanilla extract in one of his Christmas boxes. He was found roaming about the company street, and he claims his condition was caused by the two per cent alcohol in the extract.

Corp. Sargent claims to sell iron and steel (steals) for a living in civilian life.

Sergt. Thornton threatens Private Lilley with that early morning detail if he don't refrain from repeating his story about the Hotel McAlpin.

We surely had a fine Christmas dinner and plenty of it, too. Even Privates Childs and Knothe failed to go up for seconds.

Our First Sergeant expects to go on a furlough soon, and the boys seem rather downcast that he will be gone but for ten days.

Corp. Hallick, our new physical instructor, put us through the paces this morning. We enjoyed our rest immensely.

We had quite an entertainment Christmas Eve. Corp. Reid sang the ancient song: "Any Rags." Private McCluskey was the hit of the evening and received many encores. E. B. S.

"STOCKINGS" CONROY TO BOX.

Private "Stockings" Conroy, of Headquarters Company, 105th Infantry, a famous featherweight boxer, left Thursday for Troy, N. Y. He will fight Charlie Goodman for the benefit of the Red Cross. Goodman has cleaned up everything in sight but members of this regiment are sure he will hit a snag when he tackles "Stockings." He is a good boy, fighting for a good cause, and ought to win.

You will be neglecting your duty to yourself and country if you don't get the next number of *The Gas Attack*. There will be many interesting features in it.

ANOTHER "IF."

If you can hold your head up while the others,

Are drooping theirs from marches and fatigue;

If you can drill in dust that clouds and smothers,

And still be fit to hike another league;

If you can stand the greasy food and dishes, The long black nights, the lonesome roads, the blues;

If you can choke back all the gloomy wishes, For home that seem to spring right from your shoes;

If you can laugh at sick-call and the pill boys,

When all the other lads are checking in;

If you can kid and jolly all the kill-joys,

Whose faces long ago forgot to grin;

If at parade you stand fast at attention,

When every muscle shrieks aloud with pain;

If you can grin and snicker at the mention, Of some bone play connected with your name;

If you succeed to keep your knees from knocking,

At thoughts of all the bullets you may stop;

If you can do these things and really like 'em,

You'll be a reg'lar soldier yet, old top.

—D. H. W.

It was nearly noon when the irate traveling man found the night clerk of the little hotel in a North Carolina town.

"I told you to call me for the seven o'clock train. Now I have to lose twenty-four hours' time. Why didn't you call me?"

"I couldn't very well," explained the clerk, cheerfully: "I just got up myself."—Everybody's.

Another Ally for the Kaiser.

President Wilson has sent to all executive departments a letter recently addressed by Secretary Redfield, in which he advises the elimination of red tape. "Delay is the Kaiser's Ally," he says.

47TH INFANTRY.

Company K were going through the setting up exercises, and one son of the old Sod was seen puffing like an engine.

"Take a good long breath," shouted Sergeant Hallenbeck.

"For the love of Mike," said Erin's son to his companion, "how does he expect me to take a long breath, when Oi haven't any lift?"

Tom Mickles, recently transferred to an artillery regiment from Co. I, registered a kick with the corporal, telling him that "the infantry suited him best."

"You should be glad of the change," remarked the corporal, "this is considered to be a much higher branch of the service."

"For my part," replied Tom, "I'd rather have a lower branch; then I would be nearer the ground."

Sergeant Van Nostrand, of A Co., after trying his best to drill one of his men, suddenly lost his temper and asked the rookie what he joined the army for.

The recruit, with a broad grin, answered: "I haven't been in long enough to find out yet."

Sergeant Klein, of M Co., recently complimented one of his men for policing the street in rather a neat manner.

"How did you learn to do it so nicely?" asked the sergeant.

"Why," was the reply, "I taught myself, by picking things up as I went along."

John Olsen, who used to hit the nail on the head in Company I, has been transferred to the 102d Engineers. He is still seen wielding a hammer and driving nails. Some claim he would rather be driving a pony of brandy, but his friends wouldn't trust him with the reins, as he is full of animal spirits as it is.

Christmas day was "bone" dry, as was to be expected. However, as Sergeant Tucker, of the Regimental Band, remarked: "Though the men were dry, while the Christmas feast was in progress he noticed that the coffee cups were full to the brim, although not staggering, the electric lights were lit up, the mess table was loaded, the chairs were unsteady on their legs, and the pots and pans had all they could hold."

Out of respect we will call him John Doe. He was heard the other evening asking a friend in Spartanburg for the loan of two bits, in order to get back to camp. When asked what made him go broke he confessed that he had blown in his last cent to buy a "money belt."

Also out of respect and sympathy we will call another soldier of I Company John Doe. They have nick-named him "Bargain." He used to be a corporal, but a few weeks ago he was "reduced."

Sergeant Alexander received a letter recently informing him of the death of a friend of his who had joined the Aviation Corps.

ELECTRICAL APPLIANCES

**GAS
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FOR ALL PURPOSES**

South Carolina Light, Power & Railways Co
SPARTANBURG, S. C.

**COOL NIGHTS
DOWN SOUTH**

Do you sleep warm?
If not call on us for

**COT PADS
BLANKETS
COMFORTS**

WE TREAT THE SOLDIER BOYS RIGHT

Hammond-Brown-Wall Co.

145 North Church St.

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.

AN EXCELLENT ASSORTMENT
OF
CAMP WADSWORTH
PENNANTS AND PILLOW TOPS
AT
LESS THAN COST

MAILLARD'S, PARK & TILFORD, AND
NUNNALLY'S CANDIES

FOUNTAIN PENS—That Write When You Buy Them!
—And Stay Right, As You Use Them!
FROM \$1.00 UP

*We Carry A Particularly Fine Assortment
of Havana Cigars and Tobaccos*

TODD DRUG CO.
Southwest Corner Church and Main Streets

DRAFTED.

(Answer to the Poem, "I'm Only a Volunteer.")

What's all the excitement, old timer,
What sort of a parade might this be?
Them fellers don't look like no convicts—
It sure is a puzzle to me.
They're all under guard and that's certain
And some of 'em look kinda pale.
Say! What in Sam Hill are they doing?
Are they moving the county jail?

Why look! there's a woman a-crying,
Her eyes is jest glued on that lad—
The one with the newspaper bundle,
Why sho' he don't look like he's bad.
He sees her. His smile-gear ain't working,
I can see him a-gulping from here.
This weep stuff jest seems to be ketching—
Why dang me! I'm shedding a tear.

Why, stranger, these boys have been drafted.
This bunch is the third they have sent.
That guard is a guard, sir, of honor;
No hint of discredit is meant.
It's part of the intricate system,
A cog in a massive machine
That turns out a standardized product
From stock that is raw and is green.

From office, from farm and from work bench,
All classes, all races, all creeds,
All strangers the one to the other,
No pals like a real fellow needs.
Kerplunk! in a whirlpool of newness,
The drafted man goes on parade.
Just one of an army of rookies,
A kid in the primary grade.

YOU, MAN WHO ENLISTS, you are different.
You're one of a veteran crew,
With a record to brag and to boast of—
A dare-devil Yankee "poilu."
If we seem to, well, baby the draft man,
Forget it, and go get the Hun;
We're with you 'till Hell freezes over,
We love you, you son of a gun.

H. E. S.

Sandy had returned to his native Scotch villege after a visit to London. When some one asked him what he thought of the great city he said:

"It is a grand place, but the folks there are not honest."
"How is that?" asked his friend.
"Well, I bought a box of pins labeled 'a thousand for a penny,' and coming home in the train I counted them, and I found they were seventeen short."—Ladies Home Journal.

The next number of *The Gas Attack* will print an unusually large number of personals. Prepare for it.

A LITTLE TOO GREAT.

Landlord—"Yes, sir. We've a centenarian in this village. As a matter of fact, this is his grandson—or are you his great-grandson, Joe?"

Joe—"great — great — great — great—gr—"

Visitor—"Oh, come, come! That's scarcely possible."

Landlord (confidently)—"He isn't telling lies. He's only stuttering!"—Passing Show.

A FOOT NOTE.

In order to eliminate confusion upon return of repaired shoes, supply officers of all units will see that shoes submitted to them for repair, are plainly marked with ink or indelible pencil, with the name of the man to whom they were issued.

"HERE, BONKIE, BONKIE!"

Should you call "Bonkie, Bonkie," and a dog, of the Airedale brand, responds, kindly lead him to Captain Charles J. Dieges, 102nd U. S. Engineers. "Bonkie" strayed away recently and is still A. W. O. L.

NURSE LOSES WATCH.

A lady's wrist watch, Nicoly made, has been lost by Gertrude Skelly, a nurse at the Base Hospital, in or around Spartanburg. Please return it to her if you find it.

THE FURLOUGH THAT WENT FLOOEY.

(Continued from page 8)

bit about Jake and Homer and she made me promise to behave myself. She told me how she wanted her two boys to be a credit to her and good soldiers and all that. Then she rang in something about me doing the same and how she'd sort of include me in her prayers and all that sort of stuff.

Well, Banty, I'm back for good. I've had that furlough. When do we go to France? Heard any good rumors, lately?

W. A. D.

JUST LIKE A PUBLISHER.

"Where do you get your papers, my little man?"

"Oh, I buy 'em in the Times alley."

"What do you pay for them?"

"Fi' cents."

"What do you sell them for?"

"Fi' cents."

"You don't make anything at that?"

"Nope."

"Then what do you sell them for?"

"Oh, just to get a chance to holler."—Denver Times.

CALIFORNIA'S GIBE.

From an account of an Oregon wedding: "The bridegroom's present to the bride was a handsome diamond brooch, together with many other beautiful things in cut glass."—Oakland (Cal.) Tribune.

WARNS GIRLS AGAINST KNITTING THEIR NERVES INTO KNOTS.

Dangers Beset Them, Says Director, Unless They Adopt Grandma's Technique.

Mark you weary debutante, how listlessly she drags herself after her sprightly grandmother. See how feverishly she knits, as against grandma's calm, efficient stitch. Alas, poor girl, she is a slave, not in the morphine, but the knitting needle, a victim to knitting nerves, the new disease, a bad insurance risk, bound for the padded cell, where hollow-eyed wrecks rave ceaselessly of dropped stitches.

That scarf you wear measures the inches of sister's nerves destroyed forever. That sock of melancholy gray—it made mamma a maniac. Auntie's half finished sweater? She wears it now as a strait jacket—the knitting craze has crazed her.

"Cheer Up! There is a Cure."

This is the depressing picture presented by Louis R. Weizmiller, Director of the West Side Y. M. C. A., according to a statement received from that institution, and published in the N. Y. World. One cure alone is known he said. Victims must learn rhythmic, circular knitting, the technique which rendered grandma proof against these ills. Mr. Weizmiller's treatise on the new ailment follows:

"We are likely to have an epidemic of knitting nerves unless knitters watch their knit. The Christmas knit has not been a good thing for many women. They rushed work to finish for Christmas and will emerge from the season with serious cases of knitting nerves.

"Grandma never tired of this work, for she had learned how. Her granddaughters are making hard work of purl and knit and cast. There is no rhythmic action. Usually she sits rigid. She makes unnecessary work for the muscles. She moves hands and arms in a jerky way, generally trying to do all the knitting with wrists and fingers. The range of motion is small but angular rather than circular and such a small set of small muscles is employed that it is wearing on muscles and nerves.

"A woman should learn to knit properly. She should not sit bolt upright and rigid; she should use muscles otherwise unused as much as possible; she should use large muscles, and motions should be rhythmic and circular. Women who knit are generally occupied with other affairs and knit between times, so that they keep nerves tense most of the time; they should supplement their work with exercises which would counteract the tension."

Psychologist Says It's True.

Dr. C. P. Christensen, President of the Psychological Research Society, concurred in the gloomy predictions of Mr. Weizmiller. He attributed the knitting nerve scourge to the failure of womenfolk to comprehend

TWO MONTHS MORE HERE FOR 27TH DIVISION?

Major General O'Ryan Says We Need More Training Before Going to Front.

Two months more at least at Camp Wadsworth! That is the probable fate of the 27th Division. Major General O'Ryan told the Senate Military Committee that his division should be trained at least two months more, before being sent abroad for intensive training.

Major General O'Ryan told the senators that it requires at least a year to evolve soldiers from inexperienced men. He said that actual training under shellfire is absolutely essential.

No Shortage at Camp Wadsworth.

There has been no shortage of clothing or other supplies at Camp Wadsworth, Gen. O'Ryan said. Virtually everything sufficient for training purposes, he stated, has been furnished, but he said the equipment was not sufficient for war campaigning. Food he said, has been plentiful and of good quality.

Before examining Gen. O'Ryan for three hours behind closed doors and an hour in public, the committee unanimously adopted a resolution by Senator McKellar, of Tennessee, requesting Secretary Baker to act at once to furnish winter clothes at camps where shortages exist, and to set aside departmental "routine" to get clothing if necessary. The resolution was approved after Senator McKellar presented information he secured by telegraphing all cantonment commanders.

Although most of Gen. O'Ryan's testimony was confidential in executive session, he told the committee that the vital need in the war is artillery. Heavier clothing for American forces sent abroad also was recommended by Gen. O'Ryan, who is said to be the youngest American major general.

"the vibrations of nerve laws." He continued:

"The women are overworking themselves. Knitting has become a craze. Nerves cannot stand this strain.

"At the Hero Land bazaar the women at my booth knitted constantly. At our meetings they knit so persistently that they do not listen to the speaker. The fact that most of them are not particularly proficient knitters adds to the attrition of their nervous fibres."

As the controversy spread in neurological circles, knitters found their champion in Dr. A. A. Brill, noted nerve specialist. He reassured the "victims" in the following terse words:

"It sounds like bosh to me. However, it is quite possible, in order to have their nerves affected, women would have to knit some ten hours a day for several weeks. No cases of this kind have yet been called to my attention."

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OPPOSITE CLEVELAND HOTEL
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Leather, Spiral and Canvas Puttees.
Chevrons, Hat Cords and Insignia.
Sheep Lined Coats, O. D. Sleeve and Sleeveless Sweaters.

New Year Greetings to our friends in khaki.

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Wooden Ware
Galvanized Ware
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The only Restaurant at Camp
Wadsworth

BETTER VALUE—BETTER FOOD

At the Camp Wadsworth Station
of the P. and N. R. R.

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9:30 a. m.—10:30 p. m. (Daily)

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

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

WELCOME ON THE DOOR

Tommy Harrison
BUFFALO, N. Y.

PIEDMONT GROCERY COMPANY

WHOLESALE GROCERS

CIGARS
TOBACCO
CIGARETTES
CANDIES
CAKES



124 Ezell Street
SPARTANBURG, S. C.

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

"Who lost the sock?" "Is this coffee or tea—or what?" "Who pulled the sock through the warm water?" Questions like these flew thick and fast in the mess hall of the 105th Ambulance Co. at the evening mess on Monday, December 17, when a luke-warm, insipid liquid brought shouts of protest from the seated men.

The news reached the ears of Mess Sergeant Chaskel, who promptly blamed it on the green wood that has been issued recently for use in the kitchen. He declared that the supply of wood cut daily by the energetic emergency squad for each days' consumption does not allow the wood to season and smoky fires result.

Private Jack Ellis has been appointed temporary cook to fill Ed Nickel's shoes. Good luck, Jack.

Mr. George R. Seitz, correspondent and photographer for the Syracuse Herald, arrived at our mess shack just in time for mess one day, after securing permission from headquarters to secure photographs of the companies from his home town. Mess over he snapped a picture of the boys washing their mess kits and a little later took a panoramic picture of the camp and men. About fifty of the boys toed the semi-circle marked off by him and furtively straightened awry leggins and tucked away stray laces while he set up his big revolving camera. Finally to the tune of "All ready, men," the deed was done.

Shortly afterwards he pushed his way through the crowd surrounding Corporal Bernard Tucker and Private Hookum, as they sparred in the center of the ring, and now those two worthies are eagerly looking forward to the Sunday Herald from home.

Mr. Seitz was the target for innumerable questions concerning Syracuse, but could give very little satisfaction to most of the questions, as he has been traveling for over a month, taking pictures "all over the map," as he expresses it, and doesn't know when he'll get back to the Salt City.

On Wednesday morning, Sergt. Bill Plant took the company out for a stiff hike over hill and dale, through woods and clearing, past mansions and negro cabins, until the prevailing cry was, "We don't know where we're going, but we're on our way." The company finally struck a main road and managed to get back in time for mess. You sure have long legs, Bill.

The need of a piano has long been felt by the orchestra and Glee Club, and after much delay and discussion, one has been purchased and placed in the mess hall. Very favorable terms were secured and we feel sure that the pleasure afforded to all by it will amply repay the company for its investment.

When Lieut. McKemy reappeared to-day after a week's absence caused by a bad fall

FROM AN AMERICAN SCHOONER TO A GERMAN SUBMARINE.

A U. S. Sailor Finds a Brooklyn Bartender
on a U-Boat.

After one of our destroyers had put the finishing touches to a German U-boat, an American sailor was surprised at being addressed by one of the captured sailors.

"Hey, Pete, don't you remember me? I have slid many a glass of beer over the bar in your direction."

This was the greeting the American sailor received as he fished the German out of the water, as the U-boat was sinking for the last time.

"Don't you remember me?" repeated the German. "I was a bartender in a saloon right near the Navy Yard. Many a-time we have exchanged a smile. I used to call you our champion pin boy—because you were always 'setting them up!'"

The group of Americans crowded around as "Pete" shook hands with the German.

"I lived in little old New York ten years," he said. "Just before the war started, I visited Germany. They took me—and here I am. I guess the war is over as far as we are concerned, and when I get out, I'm going to hot-foot it to New York. No more Kaiserland for me."

PUBLIC SCHOOL NO. 92 MEN.

Former members of P. S. No. 92, Brooklyn, are requested to send in their names and organizations, also names and organizations of other P. S. 92 men in other branches of the service, to Sergt. E. A. Gutzzeit, Hdqts., 2d Provisional Infantry, Brigade, Camp Wadsworth.

while on duty he was greeted by three lusty cheers from the men. We all hope that the cane loses its usefulness to you soon, Lieutenant.

When it comes to impersonating "Cullud Folk" Private First Class Bill Fey and Corporal Schindler are there and we hope that they make use of their talents at our Christmas Eve*entertainment.

Private First Class Ray Hollis is busy these days constructing a drop for the stage-to-be in the mess hall. Good work, Ray.

There is a rumor afloat that the ambulance drivers will receive \$36.00 per month when January rolls around. We think that rough riders should receive more pay, anyway.

A. K. M.

A MILITARY PROBLEM.

"What are you knitting, my pretty maid?"

She purred, then dropt a stitch.

"A sock or a sweater, sir," she said,

"And darned if I know which!"

—Kansas City Star.

A FRIEND.

A friend is the commonest name you hear; but the rarest thing you find.

Sure, they're all with you when your head is up and you are going strong and you carry your burden and theirs along. When you're fighting hard and the edge is yours they're with you with loud applause; but lose the battle and you're a bum.

A friend is with you and for you and fortune and fate have no effect except to give him joy when things go right and pain when they go wrong.

When all others decry you, your friend stands by you.

If you get set on your ear and you bite the dust and blood, it's your friend who steps forward and gives you a hand and sets you on your feet again. And if you do him a turn you get his gratitude in return.

When the world is black and despair has clouded your soul, your friend is there with words of cheer to console.

When everyone is with you your friend is glad and when all are against you, he fights for you.

The longer you live the more you realize that there is nothing equals the value of a friend.

I would give name, wealth and fame for a friend and tell the world to go to hell.

J. W. B.

HALT!

Poole's Barber Shop



A REAL BARBER SHOP WITH REAL SERVICE.



TEN FIRST CLASS BARBERS NO WAITING.



TOOLS AND TOWELS STERILIZED.



BATHS—HOT OR COLD.



YOUR PATRONAGE APPRECIATED.



WELCOME VISITORS.



127 NORTH CHURCH ST.

PANNING THE P. AND N.

The Spartanburg Herald Joins in This Popular Indoor Sport.

It does one's heart good to be agreed with. For example, our friend and contemporary, The Spartanburg Herald, asks editorially: "Where is the P. & N. line to camp? Will it ever be built, and if not, why not?"

The Spartanburg Herald's doubts about the efficiency of this railroad corroborate some of our own. The Herald says that it has been informed that the passenger service between the city and the camp is still bad.

"This complaint serves to remind us," says the Herald, "that the P. and N.'s line into camp must have been completed and put into operation some two or three weeks ago. About a month ago it was announced that the line would be in operation in ten days.

"As a matter of fact the attitude of this road towards its business between Spartanburg and Camp Wadsworth will stand for all as one of the most amazing pieces of indifference and inefficiency in the history of transportation lines in this part of the country."

SEE WHO'S HERE.

She—"The man I marry must be bold, but not audacious; handsome as Apollo, yet industrious as Vulcan; wise as Solomon, but meek as Moses—a man all women would court, yet devoted to only the one woman."

He—"How lucky we met!"—Judge.

MY SWEETHEART.

I left her one day, and hurried away,
To answer Democracy's call,
A tear dimmed her eye as I kissed her good-bye,
And she swore she loved me above all.

This sweetheart of mine, a vision divine,
Was the fairest that Heaven could send;
And though I did grieve, she made me believe
She'd be faithful to me to the end.

Does she dance with joy when some other boy,
Says "Dearie, let's go to a show,"
Does she smile with glee, and say, "Come sit near me,"
On the sofa that I used to know?

Don't think that I fear, when she's so sincere,
She is, for she vowed she would be;
Does she go out nights, and take in the sights?
* * * * *

She does, you can take it from me!
PVT. HOWARD A. HERTY,
Co. A, Military Police.

BANKING MADE EASY.

Bank Cashier—"You will have to be identified, madam."
Lady—"My friend here will identify me."
Cashier—"But I don't know her."
Lady—"Oh, well, I'll introduce you."
—Boston Transcript.

"Soopy, Soopy, Soopy"

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HEADQUARTERS 54TH INFANTRY BRIGADE, 27TH DIVISION, U. S. A.

Private John F. Butler has been transferred from Co. L, 105th Infantry, to the Headquarters Detachment of this brigade. Butler is an expert driver, and claims he can drive anything from a bicycle to a pair of mules. "Where do yuh get that stuff."

Sergeant John T. Davis and Privates Allen and Baumann have returned from a furlough. Cook Leveille, Privates John Father Doyle and James Albany Flanagan are next in line for a furlough and will leave for Albany, N. Y., this week. Wait until the bunch on South Pearl street get a pike at Doyle and Flanagan's heads. Talk about a hair cut. They had so much hair taken off that each head shines like a polished mirror. We are not going to feel uneasy when our good Cook Louie goes home on his furlough, for he has taught his first assistant, Hank Baumann, all the fine points of the art and we can live until he gets back. We hope he has a very fine time on his furlough.

The boys of the Detachment had a glorious time on Christmas Eve. The officers and their wives assisted in decorating a Christmas tree, set up in the mess shack. The room was all decorated with greens and holly and the tree had many small electric bulbs attached, which added greatly to its beauty, together with the many useful gifts for each and every man of the Detachment. General Lester presided and made a short address and also distributed the presents. The Detachment String Orchestra rendered several selections, "Cut Wood" Flanagan pulled off several of his famous Albany buck and wing steps, while Jack Doyle tried to sing the choruses of several songs, but got stage fright and had to quit. The hit of the evening was a skit pulled off by Privates Manning and Robetor, entitled "The Honor Man."

Manning, with his number nines, tens or elevens, and his perfect physique, was a great source of amusement. Manning and Robetor will appear shortly in the Harris Theater in Spartanburg.

The boys certainly appreciate the efforts of the officers and ladies in charge of the festivities to make Christmas a very merry and happy one in camp and wish me to extend a most cordial thanks to each and all. The cook, too, outdid himself and the result was one grand meal on Christmas Day.

T. J. McE., Jr.

Barbara was leaning out of the window. "Shoot, if you will, this old gray head. Your bullets can't hurt me." she said.

The general pondered. "Why not?" he asked, and his voice trembled as he choked back a sob of disappointment.

"Because," she answered, "I wear Paris garters, and no metal can touch me."—Pitt Panther.

COMPANY "H" OF THE 108TH U. S. INFANTRY.

Company "H" of the 108th U. S. Infantry had some dinner on Christmas day. The kitchen and dining room gang put their heads together weeks in advance, resulting in the following menu:

Chili Con Kearney a la Perkins
O. D. Cocktails Colgrove Punch
Turkey De la Killian Millers Dressing
Cranberry Sauce Bradley's Canned Corn
Guard Beats Alvord Beans
Mike Doerr Squash Sun Blythe 'Taters
Brown's Gravey
Osborne's Gherkins Crabs a la de Frank
Schoville Desserts
Stern Raspberries Wallace Grape Juice
Simes Ice Cream Mosher Flips
Paton's Pies
Lawrence's Cakes Weinberg Cheese
Gets His Coffee Water by Request

Music was furnished by the dining room orderlies. Songs by the kitchen quartette. Directly after the feast the company divided in two sections to debate on the following questions:

"Why should Webster be picked for incinerator engineer?" "What do we hike on?"
—D. GANG.

ODE.

Clupeco thermos dioxygen, temeo sonora tuxedo,
Resinol fiat bacardi, camera anseo wheatena;
Antiskid pebico calox, oleo tycos barometer Postum nabiseo!
Prestolite arco congoleum, karo aluminum kryptok,
Crisco balopticon lysol, jello bellans carbondum!
Ampico clysmic swoboda, pantasote necco britannica,
Encyclopædia?

—Corinne Rockwell Swain in The Century.

Two young Irishmen in a Canadian regiment were going into the trenches for the first time, and their captain promised them five shillings each for every German they killed.

Pat lay down to rest, while Mick performed the duty of watching. Pat had not lain long when he was awakened by Mick shouting:

"They're comin'! They're comin'!"

"Who's comin'?" shouts Pat.

"The Germans," replies Mick.

"How many are there?"

"About fifty thousand."

"Begorra," shouts Pat, jumping up grabbing his rifle, "our fortune's made!"—London Opinion.

"Yes, auntie," said one of Pershing's men, invalided home from France, "we captured the first-line trenches, and the very same day the French took 400 meters from the Germans."

"That was splendid, my boy. It ought to put a stop to those dreadful gas attacks we hear so much about!"—Ladies Home Journal.

105TH INFANTRY.

Private Rodney Willis, of Headquarters Company, has returned from a ten-day furlough. The account of his activities is rather vague.

Private Paul Gillespie, of A Company, has been discharged because of bad eye trouble.

Private Jack McCloughlin, at the 105th restaurant: "A stack of wheat cakes and bring 'em in a plate."

Waiter: "What do you think I was gonna do? Roll 'em in!"

Private Abie Payten on answering the telephone the other day, was much surprised to learn that he, Abie, was in the hospital and a detail of two men was needed to carry him back to the company street. Abie's reply burned the insulation off the wires, for he had left a real nice "penny ante."

Sergeant Schudallari: "—! That's all wrong."

Sergeant Aquino, of A Company, the "kippy" little left guide of the Fourth Platoon, has been made battalion "freight wrestler" over at the railroad station. He is busy all day tangoing around with boxes of Christmas cheer. And now, when with the shades of even-tide, he returns to the street "he isn't so kippy as he uster be."

Lieutenants Conant and Gore, of Headquarters Company, had a dream of "a fire-side far from the cares that are," and built one in their tent. And thereby hangs the tale. Precautions such as insurance were taken, and then Lieutenant Conant was Assistant Fire Marshal, too.

SCENE I.

What Was Expected.

A fire is quickly kindled in ye unique fireplace, giving forth benevolent warmth. Lieutenant Gore sets comfortably reading a book. Lieutenant Conant is diligently writing letters. Both gaze now and then at the fire, smiling with satisfaction. Outdoors the winds wail and the snow beats against the tent with fury. A picture of tranquility.

SCENE II.

What Really Happened.

Lieutenant Conant, by much coaxing and patting on the back induces a fire to start, while Lieutenant Gore looks on apprehensively. The fire burns. Lieutenant Conant sits down to his letters. Lieutenant Gore keeps a suspicious eye on the hearth. Minutes pass (sometimes actually ten of them pass) and somebody sneezes, somebody blinks, the air is rather aromatic. All of a sudden the tent is full of smoke. Lieutenant Gore promptly goes visiting, Lieutenant Conant goes for a pail of water.

Curtain.

Sergeant Jack Patten Saturday arrested a dog that was in camp without a pass and took him to the guard-house. But all rooms were taken for the Christmas holidays. The last heard the dog was stopping with Sergeant Patten.

RIVER SONG.

The hawsers wheeze as they swing her clear,
A farewell flutter from the pier,
The hills and the glimmering village
blend,

And the last of the bridge lights disappear
As we drop below the bend.

Down through the dim, still night of June,
We glide with the stars, and the low new
moon.

The shores clasp hands in the rear away,
While the engines pound their single tune
To the swirling water's flay.

Let us sit silently, say no word
To stay the dream that the scene has stirred,
For dreams go deeper than words, old
friend,

And it's well now to let them glide all un-
heard,

Since we part at the river's end.

ALBERT F. SMITH,
Med. Dept., Base Hosp.

A PITTSBURG JEST.

It was the first week that the Jinkses, who had fallen heir to considerable property, had been in their new home. Mrs. Jinks was giving a dinner-party with the fond hope that from this occasion she would be fairly launched in society. "Lena," said Mrs. Jinks to her new cook, "be sure to mash the peas thoroughly to-night."

"What, ma'am?" exclaimed the amazed cook. "Mash the peas?"

"Yes, that is what I said, Lena, mash the peas," repeated the mistress. "It makes Mr. Jinks very nervous at dinner to have them roll off his knife."—Pittsburg Chronicle Telegraph.

The second battalion returned from rifle range on December 21. They looked mighty happy, too.

The signal attachments of the 105th and 106th will meet in competition for valuable prize in the near future. Details are as yet unannounced.

Cook Jimmy Dempsey was discharged and left for Troy, N. Y., last Friday. It is safe to say Jimmy was the best known man in the regiment and best liked. He contracted inflammatory rheumatism during his service and much to his own sorrow was forced to leave the army.

The performance given by the 105th Infantry at the Harris Theater on Christmas Eve was a great success, both artistically and financially. The regiment has much clever talent, professional and amateur. The various company entertainments on Christmas Day discovered hitherto unknown performers whose talent will be used later.

D. S. B.

Uniforms

Tailored by

The House of Kuppenheimer



Cotton Khaki \$15.00 up
16 oz. O. D. Serge 42.50 up
Funston Cloth 32.50 up
(Heavyweight)
English Whipcord 55.00

James A. Bannister

Genuine Cordovan

Puttees : \$16.50

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World Brevities



Edited by J. S. KINGSLEY

Secretary Baker Warns.

Secretary Baker says that Germany's newest peace propaganda "should not for a moment induce us to slacken our preparations for war."

Italians to Fly Here.

An Associated Press despatch from the American Army in France says that arrangements have been made to establish in the United States, schools in flying for Italian aviators.

Blasphemy!

The Kaiser, in Christmas greetings to his troops, declared that in God the German people had "an unconditional and avowed ally." He said that he—not God, but the Kaiser—would bring peace to the world "by battering in with the iron fist and shining sword the doors of those who will not have peace."

Would Lower Age Limits.

Premier Clemenceau has sent a circular letter to General Petain and all army chiefs of France pointing out that the experience of three years of war has shown that existing age limits are too high. He said that commands are not effectively exercised at over 56 years for a regiment, 58 for a brigade, 60 for a division, and 62 for an army corps.

"Willy" to "Nicky."

Recent discoveries in the Russian Imperial archives reveal some mighty interesting facts. In 1904 Nicholas, Czar of Russia, and Kaiser William agreed upon a treaty which was intended to crush France and to conquer England. Russia had already agreed to stand by England and France. The scheme was to compel France to join Germany and Russia or be crushed and then to force a war with England. These letters are called the "Willy" and "Nicky" letters because the emperors thus signed their names.

Bombarded With Tracts.

The allied airmen have been carrying war tracts across the battle lines into Germany. These invasions by the Allies are feared by the Germans no less than a battle invasion.

Corrupting Roumania.

It has recently come to light that Germany spent \$7,000,000 in corrupting Roumania. Leading periodicals were purchased, prominent propagandists were hired, educational schedules were followed to win over the masses. When any autocrat can secretly use millions to purchase rulers and the press the world can never be safe. Such graft would be impossible under a democracy.

Wanted—Merchant Ships.

There are about four great problems to solve in this war, not by any means the least one is the building of a sufficient number of merchant ships to carry over our troops, to keep them fed, to carry food to Europe and to carry munitions. The problem would be huge were it not for the submarine which is sinking 500,000 tons monthly or two ships daily, therefore, we must build ships to meet this loss also. We now have about 2,250,000 tons of shipping. In one year it will be double this. At the end of 1919 it will be four times what it is now. But our forces must be moved and next Spring will be when the need will be felt most.

High Cost of War.

The cost of the war to the United States for the first year is estimated nineteen billion dollars, which is one quarter more than the value of all the railroads in America or four times the land value of Manhattan Island. It is nine times the debt after the civil war. The cost of a single gunboat equals the endowment of Harvard or Chicago or Columbia or University of California. And yet, without peace and justice, civil values would be worthless. Although nineteen billion dollars equals nearly one thousand dollars per family, yet universal democracy, freedom of the seas, the death of autocracy, the crushing of militarism, the establishment of a universal police force will be worth all that it will cost.

Who Started It?

For a time the Kaiser claimed that England began the war. The absurdity of all this claim is evident when one realizes that no country in the world gave such liberal trade conditions as England has given for half a century. Germany was one of the most selfish nations in restricting trade with her colonies. England gave Germany entire freedom of the seas. England has as free a government as any on earth and when the war began she was totally unprepared for the war.

Vanderlip's Salary—2 Cents a Week.

Mr. Frank A. Vanderlip gets as small a salary as any man who serves the government. He gets less than two cents a week. He was the chairman of the board of the biggest bank in America. He resigned this position to help the Secretary of the United States Treasury float two billion dollars of war savings certificates and to raise a million dollars to purchase books for our soldiers.

The Valuable Camera.

The camera is as useful as any single instrument of warfare. Of late the value of artillery officers as photographers and observers on planes has been demonstrated. An artillery man sees much more than an inexperienced man.

Testify on Conditions at Front.

Three major generals commanding training camps, recently returned from observation trips to France, have been requested by the War Department to come to Washington to testify before the Senate Military Committee concerning conditions among American expeditionary forces in France. One of these major generals is General John F. O'Ryan, who was in Washington directly after Christmas.

Underhand Work.

A Russian freighter landed at a Pacific port the other day. It was loaded with hides, etc., but it also contained hidden packages of rifles, ammunition and revolvers, supposed to be sent by the Russian Bolsheviki to the I. W. W. The crew were Bolsheviki, the guns and ammunition were German in type. Also a Swedish crew was captured on the Southeast coast of Africa. The crew were laying mines. The mines were German in type. The crew will probably be executed. The Bolsheviki crew will probably be interned.

Death of Senator Newlands.

Senator Newlands, of Nevada, died last week in Washington. The Senator was one of the best and most favorably known Congressmen. He was born in Mississippi, educated at Yale and Columbian law school. He practiced law in California but later removed to Nevada, which State he represented in Congress three terms. He was the father of several of the most important national laws.

T. R. For Bone-Dry Laws.

Theodore Roosevelt advises bone-dry laws for America till after the war. He claims the need of the grains used in liquors for food purposes justifies the action. Besides all intoxicating drink lessens the fighting efficiency of any army.

Sea-Going Fords.

Henry Ford expects to make a trip through the Southeastern portion of the United States in order to locate a place suitable for building merchant ships on a moving belt similar to the one on which the Ford automobile is assembled. By this method ten ships could be in process of construction to one by the old method.

The Insidious Bernstorff.

It was a long time before the Americans would believe that the German Ambassador, Bernstorff, was anything but honorable both as a man and as a diplomat. He was proud of his American wife and boasted of his love for America. At the time that Germany was practicing barbarities, which would have shocked Captain Kidd, this, now notorious tool of Kaiser William sent the following note home: "I request authority to pay out up to \$50,000 (fifty thousand dollars) in order as on former occasions to influence Congress through the organization you know, which can perhaps prevent the war. I am beginning to act accordingly."

What did he mean? He meant to bribe our government in order to let the submarines which were breaking all international law by sinking merchant ships without warning and protection to the crews. He intended to dull the American conscience with German gold. The same week in which he planned this bribery he re-expressed his great love for America. The same love for America caused Zimmerman to promise Mexico aid in case of war, promising her our bordering States. The same love tried to bribe Japan to join her in a war against America.

The German raiders in the North Sea sunk eleven vessels, one being British, five neutral merchantmen, one destroyer and four trawlers. The total tonnage was small and the loss of life also small.

Old King Coal.

Commissioner Garfield, who has control of the coal situation, says that our nation will need at least 100,000,000 more tons of coal this year than usual, due to the war. He thinks it is possible to get 50,000,000 more tons mined while the rest must be saved. Many find fault with the administration because the fixed prices are high and the supply is deficient. If the supply must be greatly increased more mines must be worked which do not pay at normal times. The price must be sufficient to cover the cost of production in the poorest mines. In order to do that the prices must be high. It is the business of the Commissioner to fix a price large enough to cause enough coal to be produced and to punish all speculation. It is the policy of Congress to tax heavily all war profits which are unusually high.

He Could Stand the Shower Baths in Camp.

Gerald Meister, who was five times wounded in the battle of the Marne, won the annual Christmas swimming contest across the River Seine, a distance of 350 yards.

The temperature stood at about the freezing point, and the bridges and banks of the Seine were crowded with spectators, who cheered the swimmers as they plunged through the icy water. Meister won this event in 1913.

Giving Up His Jit.

Charles M. Schwab, chairman of the Board of the Bethlehem Steel Company, has placed

his private railroad car Loretta in storage for the rest of the war.

"In the emergency of battle, safety for a command frequently lies only in its organized and co-ordinated activity, and this can proceed from one inspiration alone—the instant, unquestioning compliance by all with the voice of authority."—Secretary Baker.

"While here and there instances undoubtedly occur of thoughtless and inconsiderate conduct on the part of officers and unreasoning complaint on the part of the men, I am still persuaded that in our great army there is a growing realization that it is both possible and useful to be faithful to military discipline and at the same time to the democratic ideals of our country."—Secretary Baker.

THREE YEARS FOR SENTRY WHO KILLED CARPENTER.

Private Jerry Ward, attached to Company A, first separate battalion of negro troops of the Washington District National Guard, has been sentenced to dismissal from the service and three years at hard labor for killing Andrew J. Cooper, an aged carpenter, at the Quartermaster Training Camp here on October 12, last.

The verdict of the courtmartial was disapproved as inadequate by Brig. Gen. Eli D. Hoyle, commanding the Eastern department, but the court refused to amend it and Gen. Hoyle finally approved it, he said, only in order that the soldiers should not "escape well deserved punishment."

Cooper had tried to enter camp by a shortcut instead of through the main gate and Ward, who was on guard, knocked him down an embankment and when he started up again shot and killed him. The court held the act was involuntary manslaughter under the articles of war.

CLOSE QUARTERS.

"How cold your nose is!"
 These words came from the daughter of the house, who was sitting in the parlor with her beau.
 "Is Towser in the parlor again?" demanded her mother from the next room.
 "No, mother, Towser isn't in the parlor."
 And then silence resumed its reign.—Exchange.

LATEST IN TORPEDOES.

A torpedo with a corkscrew course has been observed. If it misses the port side it turns and strikes the starboard; sometimes on missing there it even turns again, striking the port side. The ship's officer unaccountably omitted to add that after the explosion the fragments reunite and return to the submarine as a complete missile ready to be fired anew.—New York Sun.

Be on the alert! The next number of **The Gas Attack** will be out in a week.

He writes: "Be sure to mark my Clothes with CASH'S NAMES"

**OFFICERS and MEN
 OF THE
 U. S. ARMY and NAVY**

SHOULD NOT OVERLOOK THE MARKING OF ALL THEIR CLOTHING WITH

Cash's Woven Names

They give a perfect means of identification and make mistakes impossible.

Sold by all leading men's furnishing and army and navy co-operative stores.

PRICES:

12 Dozen . . .	\$2.00
6 Dozen . . .	1.25
3 Dozen85

STYLE SHEET ON APPLICATION

J. & J. CASH, Ltd.

29 Chestnut St., SO. NORWALK, CONN.

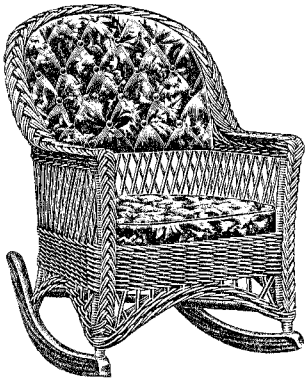
VISIT

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



THE MAIN STREET CAFE

Located in Basement
NEW REX THEATRE BUILDING
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New Catalog of Latest Hits
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115 East Main Street

Fielder & Brown

WHOLESALE GROCERS
FULL LINE OF GROCERIES

Candies and Cakes

A SPECIALTY

Corner **EZELL & CHOICE STS.**
PHONE 161

BOXING FANS SEE NEW STARS.

(Concluded from page 17)

refused to make any decision on the bout. In all there were about twelve blows landed in four rounds, Williams getting in most of them.

Two K. O.'s.

Neither of the other two bouts went the full distance. In the sixth bout Young, of the 106th Field Artillery, lost his wind and ambition after two rounds with Hyde, of the same outfit. The other did not even go that long. Vicatox, of A Company, 105th Infantry, decided after one round that he was more useful as doughboy than as a punching bag for Shannon, of the 47th Infantry's Machine Gun Company.

ATHLETIC JOTTINGS.

Frank Moran Getting Ready for Willard.

Since his recent offer to meet Willard in a fifteen-round boxing exhibition for the benefit of the Red Cross, Frank Moran has started training in real earnest. Every morning he takes a run through camp, while the afternoons see him sparring with the best of the heavyweights in the Division. Frank wants to meet Willard in a championship affair. During the past week, Moran received an offer to meet Fred Fulton in a finish fight match at New Orleans next month. Doc Torterich, who is fostering the scrap, declares that the winner of the battle would be entitled to the heavyweight title in view of Willard's refusal to participate in any match going longer than fifteen rounds. Moran has not replied to the offer yet.

Entries for Boxing Tournaments Close This Week.

All entrants for the boxing titles of the camp must communicate with Frank Moran before the end of the week for places in the elimination rounds. The contests in the tournament will be held in the Red Triangle Tent every Saturday night. The classes are Heavy-weight, 175 pounds and over; Light Heavyweight 165 pounds; Middle-weight 158 pounds; Welter-weight 142 pounds; and Light-weight 133 pounds. Leeway on weight will be allowed in all but the final bouts when the participants must meet all requirements.

74th Football Team In Buffalo.

The football team of the 74th Infantry returned to its home town Christmas Day for an indoor battle with the strong eleven which has been representing the Upstate municipality this season. The game was the feature of a big military athletic meet. The gate receipts were given to the soldiers to pay for their trip.

VIC VOTERETSAS LEADS HARRIERS AGAIN.

Wins Christmas Road Run and Beats Gianapolis for Second Time.

Harvey Cohn, the camp Physical Director, staged his second cross-country run Christmas morning. Colonel Cornelius Vanderbilt,

ENGINEERS HAVE CHAMP.

Joe Johnson Claims Heavyweight Championship of 27th Division. Will Meet Any Contender Over 10-Round Route.

Joseph "Wallopum" Johnson, of the 102nd Engineers, claims the heavy weight championship of Camp Wadsworth by virtue of his being awarded the verdict in a contest for that title early in the season at the Spartanburg Athletic Club. Joe has been watching the elimination contests with much interest. Joe isn't the biggest man in the regiment by any means, but he is sure he is the best and is willing to prove it. He weighs about 165 pounds and is around six feet tall, and although some of the contenders look like Willard, he says he doesn't care how big they are for he is a demolition squad all by himself.

Joe was middle weight champion of the Navy in 1913 and 1914. Joe's record can be summed up as follows:

Chief Halftown, draw; Sailor Altier, dec. 12 rds.; Sailor Fritz, dec. 1 rds.; Soldier Sharp, k. o. 9 rds.; Sailor Zarnanski, k. o.; Billy Fisk, dec. 6 rds.; Sailor Carroll, draw 10 rds.; Fred McDons, lost foul 15 rds.; Chief Halftown, lost foul 6 rds.; Sailor Altiers, k. o. 7 rds.; Sailor Fritz, lost 10 rds.; Sailor Fritz, draw 15 rds.; Zaranski, won 10 rds.; Fisk, dec. 6 rds.; Jimmy Powers, dec. 12 rds.; Buck Ehmann, won championship of Camp Wadsworth on foul, 6 rds.; Sailor Carroll, draw 10 rds.

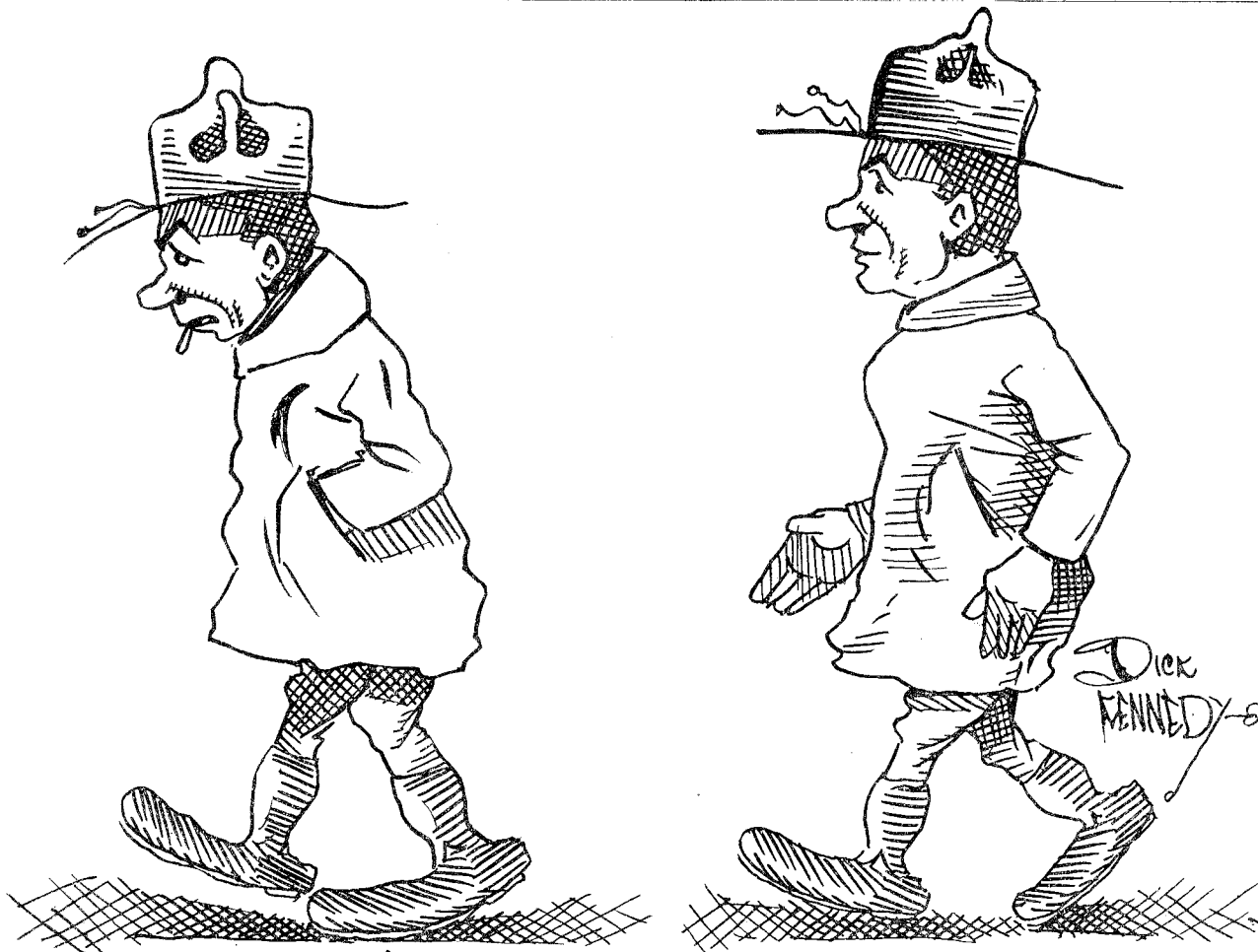
Joe is also a star on the Division football team, and is the Adonis of the army squared circle. He was developed by the Bellwood Athletic and Sporting Club, of the Bronx.

102nd Engineers, started the sixty men on the trip that took them through the camp roads for a three-mile spin.

Vic Voteretsas, Company K, 105th Regiment who won the previous four-mile race, was again in the lead, coming home almost one minute ahead of his old rival, Nick Gianapolis, 106th Infantry. In their last brush the two Greek stars had run neck to neck the whole way, but this time Vic left his countryman soon after the start and was never in danger. Both men started from scratch.

In addition to receiving a prize for breasting the tape in the lead Voteretsas got the fast time premium. Flynn of B Company, 102nd Engineers, won the special trophy put up by the regiment for being the first Red and White representative to finish the course.

At the last minute it was announced that all the runners were to compete in full military regalia. As a result several of those who finished well up in the pack a few weeks ago were forced to drop out on their second journey.



A MILE FROM HEADQUARTERS: PASSING HEADQUARTERS.

MILITARY BOOKS MUST BE APPROVED, SAYS ORDER.

The following advance copy of a War Department general order has been issued at division headquarters at Camp Wadsworth for the information and guidance of all concerned:

"Until further orders, officers and enlisted men and other individual members of the service are prohibited from printing or distributing through publishing houses or otherwise any pamphlets or books not previously published or in process of being published on any military subject whatever except as an approved government publication or as authorized by the war department. In order that there may not be duplication of effort in the preparation of publications and in order that there may be proper supervision and collaboration in the use of information and available records, departments, bureaus, corps, schools, etc., will not prepare nor distribute any military pamphlet or book without first informing the chief of the war college division, general staff, of the contemplated publication. Upon completion of the publication, three copies will be furnished to the chief of the war college division, general staff."

THE MISPLACED PRIVATE.

You know the Misplaced Private. He is a relative of the fellow who, when in civil life, knew how to run the office better than the boss.

He should be a general or a colonel, but by some oversight of the War Department he is wasting away in the ranks. He says so himself. Or, if he doesn't admit it openly, everything he does and says implies that he is a big calibre gun, being wastefully used as a side arm. Every thing is a grave mistake. This fellow has intimate, first-hand dope that it is. If he were only where he thinks he should be—at the top—there would be improvements everywhere, in everything. He would shatter into bits the scheme of things entire and remold it nearer to his heart's desire. The food would be different, the plan of training would be changed, the discipline would be revised, the equipment would be of another sort.

For the Misplaced Private never agrees. He always has something better, not for any other reason than that it's his own—his idea, his opinion, his little single-track notion. His ideal is himself, exalted, lofty, superior.

What a blessing that he is Misplaced, and not where he thinks he should be. His sort will always be lower than self-esteemed worth

deserves, according to his estimate. That assurance delivers us from the menace of The Misplaced Private.

THE SHOT WAS SCATTERING.

An amorous British youth was being taken to task for his flirtations. "Engaged to four girls at once!" exclaimed his horrified uncle. "How do you explain such shameless conduct?" "I don't know," said the graceless nephew. "Cupid must have shot me with a machine gun."

THE GREATER NEED.

Gipsy fortuneteller (seriously)— "Let me warn you. Somebody's going to cross your path."

Motorist—"Don't you think you'd better warn the other chap?"—Everybody's Magazine.

CHEERY.

Bacon—"Let me shake your hand, dear boy. This is one of the happiest days of your life."

Egbert—"You're too previous, old man. I'm not to be married until to-morrow, you know."

Bacon—"That's what I say. This is one of the happiest days of your life."—Spokane Review.

Are You a Pecan?
 Or a Brazil?
 Or a Hazel Nut?
 Or a Hickory, maybe?
 Mayhap a Filbert?

Perchance you are a Pistache!
 Or an Almond! Or an English Walnut!



No Matter

All brands of plain and fancy nuts will
 be represented in the

Nut Number

Of The

Wadsworth Gas Attack and Rio Grande Rattler

Out January 26

Rain or Shine---Weather Permitting

Don't miss this Number if you have to sell your Sibley and give up your furlough.

Three Editors are already in the Base Hospital from laughter
 and Two Printers are in Padded Cells.

WATCH FOR THE NUT NUMBER!

PRICE---The Price of a Bag of Peanuts

The Bank of Spartanburg

STARTS 1918

With a satisfied feeling of a year's work well done. It has been our duty and pleasure to offer every assistance to the men of the 27th Division. The keynote of this duty has been **SERVICE**, and we pledge ourselves to the same conscientious work, just so long as the soldiers remain at Camp Wadsworth.

Open an Account in this Bank and join the Army
of Satisfied Customers.

Where the Soldiers Go

THE BIJOU

(Feature Pictures)

Marguerite Clark

in

"The Seven Swans"
Monday and Tuesday, Jan. 7 and 8

William S. Har

in

"The Primal Lure"
Friday and Saturday, Jan. 11 and 12

THE RIALTO

(Super Pictures)

Mary Pickford

in

"Rebecca of Sunny Brook Farm"
Monday, Jan. 7

Douglas Fairbanks

in "Down to Earth"

Tuesday, January 8

William S. Hart

in "The Squealer" and

"The Pride of New York"
January 9 and 10

Charlie Chaplin

in the "Champion"

Saturday, Jan. 12

Your Deposits AND Our Bank

We will be as watchful of your deposits, as though they were our own funds. Our policy, that our customers' interests come first, is "Safety Insurance" for you. Form the habit of dropping in the bank when in town. It is an asset for us both.

CENTRAL
NATIONAL BANK
SPARTANBURG, S. C.

The New Rex Theatre

C. L. HENRY, Manager

Good wholesome entertainment every day at prices within the reach of all.

Coming—Mary Garden
in "Thais"

BY THE WAY

If you have any pennies please stop at the box office and exchange for "regular money."

Whether it's cold
Or whether it's hot
We shall have weather
Whether or not.

"Bockbeer"



The Proprietor Says!

"Running this hotel is not a guessing contest. All the knowledge gained in the ownership and management of a chain of hotels has been mobilized to give the guests and patrons of the Cleveland Hotel the very finest service obtainable. We have stretched every possible means to make the men of the 27th Division and their families comfortable, and we will continue to do so."

The Cleveland Hotel

FOOR HOTEL COMPANY

Wm. FOOR, Managing Director

SPARTANBURG, S. C.

Brand New

European Plan

Fireproof
