

Our Number  
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Bing Chow

# WADSWORTH GAS ATTACK AND The Rio Grande Rattler.

Vol. 1

CAMP WADSWORTH S. C., December 29, 1917

No. 6



Drawn by F. Matassa for Sphere, London. Copyright in U. S. by N. Y. Herald Co.

“THE ONLY WOUNDED IN THE VILLAGE”

## New Year's Number, 1918

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**SEND IN!**

We want jokes, pictures, photos, cartoons, poems, snappy stories, personals, quips, tidbits, scandal, rumors, sketches, special articles, suggestions, and customers. Come across! It's your paper!

EDITOR.

## W A R N I N G!

It's only fair to warn you about what will happen soon.  
It's this—the next number of *The Gas Attack* will be out a week from today.

*There have been issued, thus far, six numbers of The Gas Attack. Number Seven will contain:*

*An unusual number of snappy articles and illustrations.*

*Sport news covered thoroughly and written appetizingly.*

*News from Division Units in lavish quantities and that feature which is distinctively our own—*

*A Soldier's Letter to His Sweetheart.*

The next number won't be overwhelmingly serious. It will be human, even as you and I. Don't forget to get it.



TRY SHOOTING THIS ONE OVER.

TEACHING FIGHTERS TO FIGHT.

KEEPING IN "TRIM"

CHALET  
MARIANNE

JACK COLLINS  
105<sup>TH</sup> MACH. GUN BN  
- FROM LIFE -

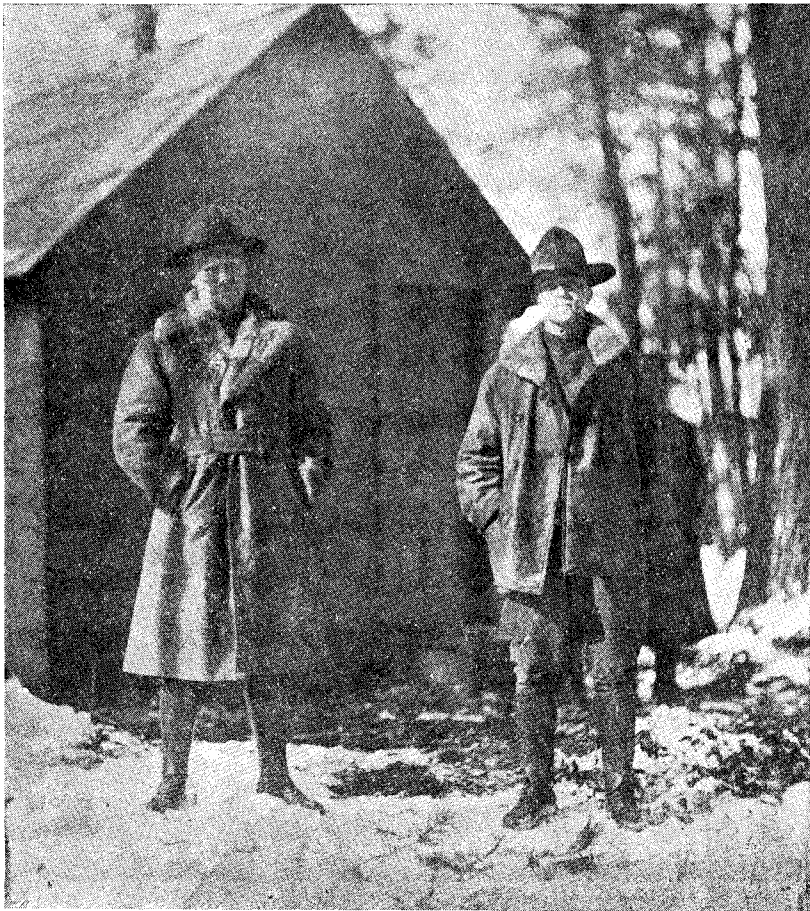
FRANK MORAN  
IN UNIFORM.

OH YES !!  
FRANK  
CAN RIDE  
A HORSE

BAYONETTS ARE A HANDY THING BUT

# "DON'T SALUTE! I'M JUST FRANK MORAN"

*Camp's New Boxing Instructor Gets on the Job With a Remarkable Baa-Baa Benny and the Redoubtable Mary Ann*



FRANK MORAN AND HARVEY COHN

A big man strode down East Main street. People stopped to stare at him as he passed, the men to envy, the girls to admire. He ran mostly to broad shoulders and bushy blonde eye brows. And he wore such a coat! Spartanburg boulevardiers have never aimed an astonished eye at such a toga! It was a super Baa-Baa Benny, with a wide collar of grey fur from the rare Andalusian camel. It was belted. And it fitted his massive chest, and spread of shoulders without a wrinkle. On his legs were leather puttees; on his head, which he held high, was a wide Stetson. No wonder the privates he passed drew themselves up with a snap and uncorked a salute that made their bones crack.

"Never Mind the Salute."

Salute after salute were snapped at the big man. He acknowledged each in a very unusual manner. He nodded, grinned and winked at the saluters. They continued on their several ways, pop-eyed with surprise that this officer—a general at the very least—should so far depart from military usage.

Suddenly, as one private saluted, the big man shot out a hand, grasped the amazed soldier by his coat and said, "Never mind the salute. I'm not an officer. I'm just Frank Moran."

Just Frank Moran! Frank Moran, the warrior! Frank Moran who took everything the giant Willard had and came back with some thumps that made the cowboy colossus wish he were back punching cows instead of Frank. Frank Moran who did valiant battle with the dusky Goliath, Jack Johnson, in Gay Paree, and who accomplished what Jeffries failed to do by lasting twenty hard rounds, and keeping the burly bronze boy busy all the time. Frank Moran, sole proprietor of "Mary Ann," punch of punches, which is first cousin to the kick of an artillery mule, and sister-in-law of a bolt of lightning. Frank Moran, American citizen, who is down here to teach the 27th Division how to bounce imitation Mary Ann off Teuton domes. Just Frank Moran!

Frank Moran's Plattsburg.

Frank has started a young Plattsburg in our midst. He is training some of our nimble young men to train the rest of us to brandish our elbows, present our mitts, and poke and pummel in the manner approved by his Grace of Queensbury.

Every Wednesday and Saturday afternoon out on the parade ground near Division Headquarters, you can see Frank and his pugilistic Plattsburg defying the chill Carolina breezes and walloping the daylights out

of the other. Frank is teaching them the fundamentals of firstcuffs.

These men, when they have graduated, will be instructors. They will teach the men in their own companies. A man is detailed from each organization for this school. The pupils include many pros and semi-pros and amateurs of note. They are all anxious to learn.

"I am going to teach them all I know about the game," Frank said the other night, as he taxed a chair in THE GAS ATTACK office with his two hundred-odd pounds of muscle. "In four weeks they'll know everything I do. Of course, I don't say they'll be able to do everything. That takes practice and training. But they'll know the principles."

### A Personality.

The old idea that a professional boxer is necessarily a low-brow with a scant eighth inch of neck, and even that much of the sandpaper sort, who disses and dats and is ornamented with cauliflower ears, fades when one talks to Frank. He has a genial, warm smile, and laughing Irish blue eyes, that twinkle under young beards of eye brows. His face is clean cut. There's something classic about it. He uses better English than many college men. He speaks French, too. From his stay in France he has acquired the courteous manner of the French. And he is a *personality*.

He was more interested in discussing the artistic qualities of the picture shown on the cover of this week's GAS ATTACK than he was in talking about himself.

### Boxing and Bayonetting.

He talked about the relation between boxing and the use of the bayonet.

"Of course it helps a man with his bayonet drill if he is a good boxer. It gives him confidence, quickness, strength. The English and Canadians who have gone over the top and have done some hot bayonet fighting tell me that it is just like a fist fight behind the shower baths when you run up against some Looie or Heinie in a trench. You watch 'is bloomin' heyes and you let 'im 'ave 'it.'"

Frank's Cockney accent is the kitten's overalls.

He has started a series of bouts to be held regularly on Saturday nights in the big tent and in various mess shacks to decide just who are the real champs at the various weights in the 27th Division.

### A Chance for Every Man.

"I'm not attempting to make the men of the Division professionals," said Frank. "But I think I can help make them better fighters. I've got some splendid material. I'm not going to develop the few good ones at the expense of the many ordinary ones. Every man in camp is going to get a chance to develop skill with his fists. . ."

(Continued on page 29)

## Wadsworth Gas Attack and Rio Grande Rattler

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### 1918?

What has 1918 up its sleeve? From where we stand, it looks as if the men in the 27th Division were in for a big and wonderful year. The year will probably see us making history on some field in Northern France. If the breaks are with us it may see us sampling the Kulmbacher along Unter den Linden. It may see us swimming in the blue Danube. It may see us back at our old jobs. Who knows? Nobody!

But of this we can be reasonably sure: if we stick at our training and prepare for the worst, it won't be very bad if it comes. The men who are going to suffer most on the other side are the men who are slacking now.

Take this example. Suppose you, you yourself, had to lick Frank Moran six weeks from to-day. The job had to be done, let us say, and you agreed to do it. You were anxious to do it. But you were only an indifferent sort of boxer, who had dubbed around a bit in an amateur way; you were, to quote a famous phrase, "in the punk of condition," with soft muscles and only a dim idea how you were going to avoid Frank's famous punch and land one of your own. What would you do? Would you train on wheateakes and bunk-fatigue, or would you get out and do a little road work and shadow boxing. Never mind answering.

Your situation is just the same now, except that you are going up against several million men whose bullets and bayonets are more deadly even than Moran's punches. Now is the time to harden your muscles and get ready to land on Hans. Later in 1918 it may be too late.

You needn't worry about what 1918 has up its sleeve. It may be a bouquet. It may be a blackjack. Be ready, anyhow. Come on, 1918. (It comes). R. E. C.

### WHAT IT REALLY MEANS.

Give a dog a bad name and hang him. Give a word a bad meaning, and murder it. Efficiency, the thing itself that is, is great stuff. But the word has come to be associated with Germans and cold-blooded cranks, so the ordinary red-corpuscled man bristles when he hears it. Call "efficiency" "delivering the goods" and he is for it.

The same thing is true of the word "discipline." In our younger days we came to associate "discipline" with unpleasant chastisement on a tender and sensitive part. "Discipline" got filed in our mental cabinet under the head of "punishment." When our teacher or stern parent said we must be "disciplined," it generally meant that somebody was going to whale the stuffing out of us.

Now discipline means nothing of the sort. It means mental, moral or physical **training; education;** something that is good for us, not something that would make us eat off the mantel-piece.

Of course, if we do not do what we are trained and taught to do, we get K. P. But being put on K. P. is **not** "discipline." It is the result of **our lack** of it.

"Discipline" should be given a new meaning in the minds of most of us. It should mean to us "team-work." It should mean "getting there."

Listen to this. We once saw a little college football team play a husky semi-pro eleven of boilermakers. The boilermakers were all built like box-cars. They outweighed the other team thirty pounds to a man, and they were pig-iron rough.

Kick-off! Bingo! One of the boilermakers got the ball and started down the field, bowling over the collegians. They finally flopped him. In the next couple of plays, the bigger men crashed through and were within five yards of the goal.

Then they started to go to pieces. They quarreled among themselves as to who should carry the ball. The few signals they had, they forgot. They wouldn't obey their captain. The college team was well trained and drilled. What it did to that disorganized bunch is painful to tell. After the first few rushes, the boilermakers were licked to a frazzle.

What did it? Team-work! Discipline!

On another page we print Secretary of War Baker's clear-sighted letter on the relation between officers and enlisted men, and how it effects discipline. Read it. You'll see that Secretary Baker understands the real meaning of discipline.

The 27th Division is lucky to have at its head another man who understands clearly just what true discipline is. The reason we, the 27th Division, are going to be a highly efficient, and probably famous factor when we hit the Hindenburg line, is that Major General O'Ryan is an expert in the science of discipline. He knows that discipline doesn't mean putting men in the guard-house when they are naughty. He knows that it means team work, co-operation, training.

He is the head of a vast machine. We are parts of it. We must do our work smoothly, promptly and well, when we are told to. We can't stop to argue. We can't stop to tell Major General O'Ryan a few of our own brilliant thoughts. If we do, the machine will break down. You know what would happen if the carburetor of your Rolls-Royce got arguing with your steering gear.

Discipline, after all, is just common sense applied to the big job our army has to do. Without it, we will be like the boilermaker football eleven, a mob. With it, we will have a punch that will shake Berlin from its highest roof to its wine-cellars. R. E. C.



## A SOLDIER'S LETTER TO HIS SWEETHEART. No. VI.

Mon Beaucoup Mable;

That beaucoup I put in front of your name, Mable, ain't nothing to shy at. You could even let your mother read it. Though as a general proposition I don't favor lettin' the maternal parents cast a wicked eye over a soldier's love letters. I wrote the beaucoup right off quick, and so far I've only been to three or four of these French classes. We get some live vaudeville here, Mable. But about that beaucoup, the beau means pretty, and coup means a lot of it. So beaucoup means "some chicken." And you're it. I always told you you was, Mable. That's me all over.

Well, Christmas has come and gone. And so has my army pay. And I would have wrote sooner but I had to answer a couple of letters from some strange women who keep writing to me wanting to adopt me. I ain't accepted their offers yet, on account of you, but I wrote for their photographs.

Thanks for the Christmas box, Mable. Just because I wrote and told you I was going to send you a present that cost me four eighty-seven (\$4.87) I hope you didn't think you had to send me any presents. I wouldn't have wanted that to happen for the world. Thanks for the Camels, but what I wanted was cigarettes. But I guess you don't understand those things. Give your mother my thanks for the stocking that you wear on your head. It came just in the nick of time, 'cause one of my squad burned another hole in the tent and if the stocking hadn't been handy we wouldn't have had anything to stuff in the hole and keep the wind out.

I got an awful careless squad about their sparks, Mable. Our tent has got so many holes burned in it now that it looks like one of those peekaboo waists you used to wear last summer when we went down to Coney Island on the boat and I was the life of the party. Remember, Mable?

Well, I got some bad news to break to you. I have been keeping it to the last, the way our supply sergeant did our woolen uniforms. But I gotta tell you some time. It's this, Mable—I've been reduced!

Oui, oui, Mable, as the French say. It means yes, yes. But why they should say it twice, I don't know. Once is enough for me. Oui, I've been reduced. I was a corporal, remember? Now, being reduced in the army ain't like being reduced at a bargain counter, the way you got that pink dress at Gimbel's last summer. It means I've lost my stripes—though you lost yours, too, when

you got the pink dress washed and it faded. Ha, ha! There I go cracking jokes again even in the midst of my adversity. That's me all over. Always looking on the sunny side of things. Though I've quit looking for it here in the South.

It happened like this. One day one fellow in my squad chopped some wood inside the tent and a couple of chips flew under my cot. How was I to know they was there? Anyway, the captain saw 'em at inspection and gave me the devil. He put me back as a private again, and now they call our squad the sloppy squad.

Things have to be awful neat on inspection morning, Mable. Inspection is the time when we stand up in our tents and the officers come in and look around to see if everything is clean and nice. "Where's your other woolen shirt?" asks the captain. "Ain't got none, sir," says I, speaking up on the alert. "Make a note of that," says the captain, turning to the supply sergeant, and the supply sergeant writes down something in a little book. That happens every Saturday morning. "Make a note of it," says the captain, and the supply sergeant makes marks in the little book. But I still got only one shirt on my back, Mable. I suspect the captain's got an interest in the firm that makes the lead pencils.

But I should worry. If I had another shirt it would be only one more shirt to wash every month. I let the laundry handle my stuff regularly. I send it in every three or four weeks and regularly they lose it the following Friday.

As I said to one of the lieutenants the other day, "a shirt on the back is worth six in the laundry." But he was busy thinking about something else, I guess, 'cause he walked away without paying any attention to me. But most of the fellows listen when I start talking. They know that when I say anything I usually say a mouthful. That's me all over. And I can't say anything nicer to you right now, Mable, than to extend to you the greetings of the New Year. And speaking of the new year, that reminds me about that flash-light I wrote to you about. I didn't find it in your Christmas box. Maybe you're waiting to send it to me for a New Year's present. Now, I don't want you to go and get me one if you haven't done so already. I don't want to put you at any expense on my account, though your mother is always glad to get most anything for you you want. Give her my love, too, and let her read my letter if you think she'd enjoy it. I don't mind.

Yours till the ice cracks in the water pail,  
BILL.

## AS WE SAY IT IN THE ARMY— SCRAPPY NEW YEAR!

\* \* \*

Two sooty natives of these cotton (or is it snow?) covered fields were talking.

"What company are you'all goin' to jine, Rufe?"

"Company B."

"Whut company is that?"

"It's the company that will be here when you'all go and that will be here when you'all get back!"

\* \* \*

### POEM.

*In the South*

*Is it hot?*

*It is not.*

\* \* \*

Discover Whiskey in a Tombstone.—News-paper Headline.

Death, where is thy sting?

\* \* \*

A report comes from the 47th that a captain bawled out a private the other day. That's not so unusual as what passed between them later in the day when the private failed to salute his commanding officer.

"Why didn't you salute me?" asked the captain.

"Why, Captain, I thought you were mad at me."

\* \* \*

### POEM.

**On the Proposed Shortening of Women's Skirts As An Economical Measure.**

*The shorter they are*

*The longer they look.*

\* \* \*

Signs of the Times—

"For Sale—One fleece-lined short coat; or will exchange for slightly soiled hat cord, box of sardines, or some kindling wood."

\* \* \*

We have dismounted cavalry and mounted infantry. Why not ground aviators, inland submarine captains, and private majors.

\* \* \*

We all can't join the Over There Club, but all of us can get into the Under Wear Club. (Bus. of itching.)

\* \* \*

"I can't understand some of your Americanisms," one of the French officers at Camp Wadsworth said, as he showed a company how to make some Huns unhappy. "You say, The man was unhorsed, and then he was cowed! Now how can that be? It is very odd, is it not? Do you pursue me?"



# Relation of Officers and Men

**Secretary Baker Says Reason for Social Distinction is Matter of Discipline and Not Caste Feeling.**

**CO-OPERATION BETWEEN MEN AND OFFICERS WANTED.**

**Explanation is Made in Response to a Request from Senate Asking That Regulations Be Stated.**

In response to a senate resolution asking whether there are war department rules and regulations to prevent social intercourse between officers and men of the army, Secretary Baker wrote Vice-President Marshall that distinctions of rank in the army imply no social distinction and are solely in the interest of military discipline.

**Mr. Baker's Letter.**

"I have the honor to acknowledge receipt of a resolution in the senate of the United States under date of December 11, 1917, directing me to inform the United States senate 'what, if any, rules or regulations there are of the war department which prevent officers from having intercourse with privates and mingling with them in social intercourse, or which tend to caste distinction between enlisted men and commissioned officers when they are off duty.'

"In response thereto I submit for the information of the senate of the United States, the following paragraph of army regulations in regard to the relationship between officers and enlisted men as the only rule or regulation now existing relative to this matter:

"Superiors are forbidden to injure those under their authority by tyrannical or capricious conduct or by abusive language. While maintaining discipline and the thorough and prompt performance of military duty, all officers, dealing with enlisted men, will bear in mind the absolute necessity of so treating them as to preserve their self-respect. Officers will keep in as close touch as possible with the men under their command, will strive to build up such relations of confidence and sympathy as will insure the free approach of their men to them for counsel and assistance. This relationship may be gained and maintained without relaxation of the bonds of discipline and with great benefit to the service as a whole.'

**Co-operation Desired.**

"In this paragraph will be seen an endeavor to arrive at true balance in the proper relationship between officers and enlisted men; on the one hand to encourage an exchange of confidence and co-operation between the officer and the soldier, and on

the other to avoid personal intimacies between an officer and any particular soldier or soldiers, which might have a tendency to lead to favoritism or the suspicion of favoritism in assignments for duties, or cause discontent on the part of those not selected for special intimacy by the officer in question. All officers are expected to so exercise their judgment under this regulation as at all times to enjoy the sympathy, confidence and respect of the soldiers and it has always been a part of the instructions given young officers by their superiors to exert themselves to promote this relationship.

**For Military Discipline.**

"Distinctions of rank in the army are solely in the interest of military discipline. They imply no social distinction; indeed, in a country like ours the advantage of education and culture will very frequently be found in favor of the soldier; and yet it is necessary that the soldier should acquire by continuous and unvarying practice the habit of instant obedience to his superior. This is as true of officers as it is of men.

"In the emergency of battle, whenever conditions tend to distract men's attention and peril is on every side, safety for a command frequently lies only in its organized and coordinated activity. This can proceed from one inspiration alone—the instant, unquestioning compliance by all with the voice of authority. There is no time to debate; no opportunity to consider; the men must have acquired their rule of action—attention and obedience to command. This habit can not be created in emergency and forgotten under other circumstances; but must result from practice which tolerates no exception either of persons or occasions.

"This relationship between officers and men, therefore, must be so arranged as to lead to this indispensable result; but this is entirely consistent with respect, sympathy and mutual consideration, and the best officers are those who have most completely won the affection of their men. Military annals are filled with splendid stories of men imperiling their lives outside of the necessities of military action in order to save the life of a beloved captain.

**Want Cordial Feelings.**

"The war department, therefore, has endeavored and is endeavoring by every means within its power to impress upon officers the military value of this cordial relationship—to have them understand that as is the officer so is the command; that their spirit and their actions constitute the example upon which the spirited actions of the men are moulded. While here and there instances undoubtedly occur of thoughtless and inconsiderate conduct on the part of officers and of reasoning complaint on the part of the men who have failed to under-

**BRIG. GEN. ROBERT E. L. MICHIE.**

Brig. Gen. Robert E. L. Michie, who is already here at Camp Wadsworth in readiness for the drafted men he will command later on, has had an army career of varied duties for 36 years.

In 1881 he was graduated from West Point. That is where his army record begins. An official list of what he has done since then reads like a catalogue of titles and deeds—the kind of deeds that make a good general. One of these came early in his military career and fits him for the training of men of the National Army who will soon be chasing Germans. It is announced in this manner by the army's "succinct account of services":

"Commended, while on duty at San Carlos, Ariz., in a Department letter by Brigadier General Nelson A. Miles, commanding the Department of Arizona, for energetic pursuit of hostile Apache Indians."

Prior to this Gen. Michie was Adjutant U. S. Cavalry. He served in New Mexico, Arizona, and Kansas. In 1899 we, his scanty biographers, find him Judge Advocate of the Department of the Province of Havana, and Pinar del Rio. Subsequent duties took him to Missouri, Texas, and the Philippine Islands.

From 1903 to 1907 he was detailed in the General Staff Corps.

In 1908 he was in Germany! As a member of the mission of army officers designated to witness the German Imperial Autumn Maneuvers! From then on he commanded various cavalry units. In 1911 he was on enough "detached service" missions to make up nearly 500 words in the "succinct account of services," going to the Philippine Islands, California, Arizona, Texas, and Kansas.

The next year he commanded a squadron on the Mexican border, and in 1914 he was on duty as aide to the Chief of Staff, attending conferences with General Villa and other Mexican officials at Naco, Arizona. In May of this year he accompanied the Chief of Staff as Aide with the U. S. Commission to Russia, and his rank of Brigadier General dates from August, 1917.

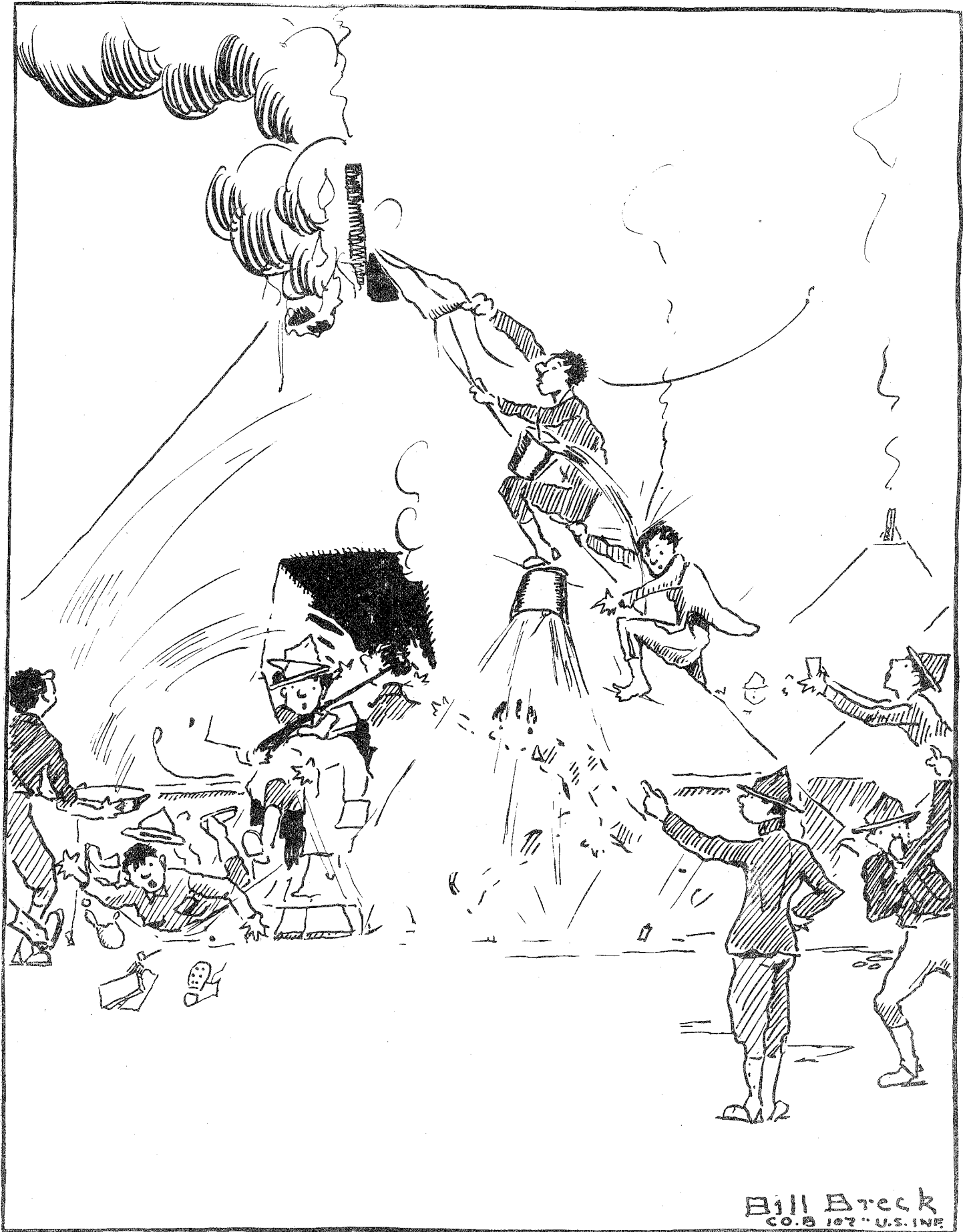
*Heaven—A Place Where There Are No Bugles.*

\* \* \*

*Hell—A Place Where Everybody is a Top-Sergeant—but YOU.*

stand the just obligation of this disciplinary relationship. I am still persuaded that in the great army we now have in the field and in training 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."





**FIRE!**

The remarkable coolness of the soldier in an emergency is best shown when a tent blazes up. In the sketch shown above the gentleman in the lower right hand corner of the picture is calling the occupants' attention to the fact that their abode is afire, while the others are coping in a masterful manner with the situation.

## THE IDEAS OF ETHELBURT JELLYBACK.

### IV. Society and the Moustache Drill.

Unfortunately, the social status which was mine at home has no corresponding prominence here. It isn't recognized, it isn't even known. In Fifth Avenue my face was familiar to all of our set and to many others who knew of me by hearsay and the society columns of the newspapers.

But here in Spartanburg, where East Main street is the city's Fifth Avenue, so to speak, I stroll block after block, passing scores of pretty girls from Converse College and other general environs, and not a one to bow to me or say me good-day or "How do you do, Ethelburt? Won't you run up for a bit of tea and cake this afternoon?"

It is vexing, to say the least.

#### A Letter from Irene.

On this topic I received a sympathetic letter from Irene Cole, with whom I am frequently seen at home:

"Why, Ethelburt, my very flesh throbs with fury when I think how unappreciative they are at that old camp. Mrs. Hatton-Higgins herself told me after you left that she simply dreaded the thought of undertaking anything in a social line this year without your suggestions for favors and figures."

Of course, there are dances at the Cleveland for enlisted men. But somehow, I never seem to get on. Perhaps my nature is too diffident—no, I shouldn't say diffident; rather, exclusively refined. I am at a loss to understand why the girls at these dances don't appreciate my nature. They never surround me as the girls back home are wont to do—and this even when I am unusually meticulous about my neat appearance. Whenever I find that the heat of the dance has wrought some little havoc with my linen collar, I am careful at once to repair to my room—I maintain a room at the Cleveland, you know—and there I remove the wilted collar and adjust in its place a fresh one. But even this scrupulousness in attire fails somehow to win me attention. I understand there is going to be an order issued against it—not against winning me attention, but against the wearing of linen collars by us privates. Well, as one of my rough tent-mates says, I should manifest perturbation.

The trouble is that I can't bring myself to indulge in some of the amusements which the other men seek. For example, that game which unresourceful persons and darkies play with a couple silly cubes numbered from one to six.

#### A Low, Squatting Game.

I believe that "Seven, come eleven!" is the battle-cry of the players, who usually throw themselves into ungainly squatting positions upon the ground when releasing

from their cupped hands the cubes which constitute the material factors of the game. The deluded players are accustomed to hold beseeching conversations with the cubes, such as: "Come on, seven! I'm waiting for you. Come on, there!" just as if anything they said to the little things would have an influence on such inanimate objects. Nonsense!

Some of the soldiers have squatted on the ground hour after hour, engrossed in the game. Ridiculous, isn't it? And they often miss mess. Of course, I don't blame them for that some days.

But it's the principle of the silly pastime. I could never understand why the players couldn't sit decorously in chairs and toss the cubes upon a table neatly prepared for the purpose, just as Irene and I used to do whenever we gave way to Jackstraws. Perhaps such chairs and tables aren't a government issue. I never thought of that. Or perhaps the government lacks the equipment. I daresay it wouldn't be the first time.

#### A Moustache Drill.

I thought that it would be a good thing to do away with this game in camp. So I went to the Captain and told him my latest idea: how the men might better employ so much idle time in a new drill which I conceived, called the moustache drill. Besides, I wanted the Captain to know that I am ever vigilant to improve the branch of the service to which I have given my help towards world democracy.

Of course, the manual of arms and the bayonet manual and all those regulation things are useful. But what an improvement in the appearance of the troops could be achieved by moustache training! The drill I designed is for rookier moustaches—not like mine, which is carefully cared for and has been in the service more than six months—but for those that are still in the stage of first growth!

#### The Drill is in Four Counts.

*One*, you bring the right hand smartly up to the upper lip. The thumb and forefinger are extended at right angles to each other. *Two*, the hand is moved to the right horizontally across the lip, the inside of the forefinger brushing the moustache. *Three*, the hand is reversed and brought back to the left, the back of the forefinger stroking the moustache on the left side of the lip. *Four*, you bring the hand smartly down to the position of attention again.

Simple, isn't it? That's what I said when I explained it to the Captain. And that, strangely enough, is what he said in reply.

But he didn't adopt my idea. No, and I noticed that some of the soldiers still went on playing the game with the two little cubes numbered from one to six. A group of them played in my tent and sat all over my cot just at a time when I wanted to give myself up to solitude, to compose a poem, one of those dainty little love-lyrics which make such a stir in our set at home.

#### Ethelburt Wagers.

One of the players, Jim, grew boastful of his control over the cubes. He offered to wager me five dollars that I could throw the little things down any way and he, without looking, could tell me the total of the spots on the upper and under sides of the cubes. I felt confident he couldn't and so to take him down a peg I accepted the wager. I gave the cubes a flick from my hand.

"Fourteen," he announced promptly.

I counted the dots on the upper and under sides of the cubes, and, do you know, they totalled exactly fourteen? I thought it the luckiest bit of chance. He offered to wager me again. With my usual courage I said: "You shall not make me back down. I accept the renewed challenge!"

And, do you know, I continued at that contest for half an hour, and each time he guessed fourteen and was correct. I lost ninety-six dollars and had to wire home for more. It wasn't the losing of the money I minded, so much as the principle of the thing. That's why I protested to the Captain. And he put a stop to it. So that I am assured that my ideas have considerable weight with my commander after all.

—ETHELBERT JELLYBACK.

(C. D.)

#### 12 New Rear Admirals.

Secretary Daniels has announced the promotion of 186 officers of the navy. In the list are twelve captains who will become rear admirals. They are:

Thomas W. Kinkaid, commanding the Engineering Experimental Station at Annapolis.

William Strother Smith, on duty in the Navy Department with the Naval Consulting Board.

Spencer S. Wood, commanding a battleship. Joseph Lee Jayne, commanding a battleship. He was formerly Superintendent of the Naval Observatory.

Charles W. Dyson, in charge of the designing room of the Bureau of Steam Engineering.

Clarence Stewart Williams, Chief of Staff to the commander of the first force, battle fleet.

John Daniel McDonald, commanding a battleship. He was formerly Chief of Staff to the commander of the Atlantic fleet.

Hilary P. Jones, commanding a division of the cruiser force. He was formerly Commandant of the Washington Naval Yard.

William R. Shoemaker, member of the General Board, Navy Department. His last command was the Utah.

Joseph Straus, former Chief of the Bureau of Ordnance. He is at present in command of a battleship.

Edward W. Eberte, Superintendent of the United States Naval Academy. He was formerly in command of the destroyer force of the Atlantic fleet, and was at one time commandant of the Washington Navy Yard.

Robert E. Soontz, commandant of the Puget Sound Navy Yard, Bremerton, Wash. He formerly commanded the Georgia.

# News From Division Units

## CO. M GETS BATH.

### Warriors of 107th are Soaped and Scrubbed by the Members.

Company M, 107th Infantry, sallies forth upon the fortunes of 1918 bathed within an inch of its life.

In the Y. M. C. A. building in Spartanburg last week, each man received one hot bath and a plunge. Lieutenants Cramer, Stout and Hagan led the way over the nice, muddy roads from camp to the town and up Main street to the Y. M. C. A.

The Y. M. C. A. had just been swept out and scrubbed. A Wofford College Major or two, in full uniform, were polishing the windows and the secretary stood in the door smiling like a man who suspects no impending calamity.

He watched the approaching column with vast interest. His interest deepened when the boys came to halt in front of the building.

"Prepare to Scrub! Scrub!"

Lieutenant Cramer, having hobbled the brave lads and parked them where the electric cars and the automobiles could not hit them, addressed the beaming secretary. Said the latter:

"Good morning, sir. Beautiful morning, sir. Fine looking company men, sir. Can I be of service to you, sir?"

"We have come," declared Lieutenant Cramer, "to take a bath."

"All of you?" queried the superintendent. The smile was still there.

"We rather planned a general affair of some sort," replied the Lieutenant.

"H-m-m-m-m," reflected the secretary, raising the windows.

Thus encouraged, Lieutenant Cramer marched the company into the building—the fourth platoon first.

It took an hour to bathe them. One of the lads, having a rheumatic arm, enlisted the assistance of his tentmates. They backed him beneath the shower and scrubbed him by the numbers. After ten minutes of earnest endeavor they came upon a well-worn cotton coat. They redoubled their efforts and discovered a pair of canvass leggings and a suit of B. V. D.'s

### The Missing Bath Mystery.

The crowd was so congested that Private Robinson discovered that he had devoted the hour to giving Private McManus a bath and had entirely missed himself. Private Sutherland announced that he had found the sweater he could not locate after his return from New York two weeks ago.

Corporal Roger Smith discovered that his O. D.'s fitted him at last. Private Coster slipped under the shower amongst the first.

"Hey, Goofus," demanded Lieutenant Hagan, "aren't you going to remove your clothes?"

"I have, sir," replied the O. D. Goofus.

"Oh, so you have," said the Lieutenant, looking closer.

"Have you taken a bath?" Lieutenant Stout asked Sergeant Pelham.

"Is there one missing?" asked the sergeant.

Looking less like the Mexican rurales and more like the bright, energetic lads they are, the 250 washed warriors were returned to camp almost as able-bodied as when they left.

W. A. D.

## COMPANY B, 102D ENGINEERS.

Our brand new Top Sergeant, Fred Buckholtz, has started on a fifteen day furlough. You are a good mathematician, Fred, so be sure to size up the figures while in the Big City. In other words, "look 'em over"—but don't "over look 'em."

Corporal George Interman is doing his best to sing loud enough to drown the melodious voices of all other members of the "Smallpox Quartette." His aim must be to beat John McCormack, as he is continually breaking out. When he bursts into song with his well-known tenor, it affects those within hearing in such a manner that they are compelled to leave at once.

Private Bill Emlock, of the 5th Squad, knows of a fine laundry out at Whitney, but he won't put us "hep" as to where "She" is. If She collars you Bill, beware of the tie that binds.

Privates Art Merry and Cecil Craig were seen recently heading down Main St. They were spruced up just like Spick and Span. Did she keep the date boys? Or were you out of luck?

Company "B," 102d Engineers, won the grand capital prize in the road race on Saturday, December 15th, along the Vanderbilt road when nine out of ten contestants finished amongst the first thirty men.

We are grateful to Privates R. Fisher, Mac Lay, Caldwell, Flynn, Powell, Davies, Shiffman, Hogan and Bowers for "coming through" in the road race.

We are sure that Sergeant Wilson Airy could use a force of valets to care for his uniforms. Let us hope nobody put him "hep" to Beau Brummell.

The old bricks from the incinerator are being carefully preserved for "Mother" Brady's next party.

Best wishes are extended to Sergeant Berch, Grau, and Buckholz. We hope that they may qualify at the next Officers' Training Camp.

## PRESENT FOR COL. HOWLETT.

(Contributed by a Member of the 14th.)

The enlisted men of the 14th Regiment recently presented Colonel Howlett with a gift of a pair of field glasses and a dispatch case.

The men feel that there is no way for them to express their esteem for Col. Howlett. They admire and love him most, because he is a man in every sense of the word, and they all would cheerfully go to hell for him.

The men fell in line with the band in the lead, and marched over to headquarters, where the presentation speech was made by Captain Bostick.

Colonel Howlett is most popular and whenever he favors his command with one of his excellent addresses he is always roundly cheered.

## SECOND CAISSON COMPANY, 102ND AMMUNITION TRAIN.

The mystery deepens as to who is collecting the interest on the eight dollars that "Pop" saved on our meals during the last six months.

Another unexplained mystery is this: A few nights since we found some harness on our mess kits; while laboring to slice it up, we were all wondering where the caisson was left.

Cook Johnny Butch believes in representing his native land. He has been serving some very delicious Mocha of late.

Quite a number of the boys are still qualifying as birds. It takes a cuckoo to walk away with a transfer in its bill.

Private Higgins has returned from his furlough, after a most enjoyable time blinking at the "bright lights."

Private Igoe was obliged to submit to an inoculation a few weeks ago. He tried to duck the next deck by throwing a fit. He started to shout: "The Angels Are Calling Me." It failed to work, however, and when his name was called he whispered to his buddie: "I Will Arise And Go."

Since Buck Private Bonner took three stripes, he has drawn a brand new covering for his thought dome.

The boys would appreciate Sergeant Grotle refusing to lend his whistle to Sergeant Bonner, as it has a tendency to awaken our cooks.

The rarest thing yet seen is a full squad of acting Corporals, with Corporal Joseph H. Hearn as ringmaster.

As a Mess Sergeant, "Pop" would make a good lumber distributor.

—N. F. C.



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

Next to the "Christmas Day" celebration held in the mess shack, the Company dinner was the most important affair.

The affair was arranged by Private Maher and Bettes. The famous "Jazz Band," led by Bugler Sommers, played.

Sunday we spent a few hours in the Camp trenches, and if you should ask anybody they will tell you how much they enjoyed their visit. The mercury was hovering around the bottom of the thermometer, and the boys were bundled up like Eskimos.

There were many humorous events that occurred during our stay, especially our good friend Corp. Ingalls halting two or three trees; "Halt," cried our Corp. Ingalls, but not a sound disturbed the stillness of the night. "Come out from behind those trees," but there was no one there and if there were our Corp. would surely have had them.

One of the observers approached a certain man about nine o'clock Sunday morning and politely inquired if he could have a loan of his gun. Our bright friend replied that if anybody got his gun, it would be the sharp end of the bayonette.

Pvt. Delehunt has been appearing on Thursday mornings with a few bruises. He is a pupil, a very apt one at that, of Frank Moran, who is endeavoring to teach the art of self-defense to our boys.

We enjoyed our hike in the snow last Friday, and discovered also that we have a few pitchers who are wasting their ability throwing snowballs instead of baseballs.

"Snowbird" Schaumberg seemed to be the target for the bunch and the funny part of it is, he did not seem to mind it, except occasionally when somebody accidentally confused the mud with the snow.

The "lucky 24," that is about the most appropriate title for them, are busy "dolling up" for the trip home.

The "Old man of the Woods," whom we all know, had everything ready for the trip, but when he discovered that he had not been elected a member of the "24," he came and told us confidentially that he was not very anxious to go anyway.

We all wish to extend our congratulations to Sergeants Harnisfeager, Prindle, Rhinehard, and all the rest of the boys home on furloughs.

Arthur met Hayner and Pierce in town, last week, with two dames and he says that he tried as hard as he could to "horn in." According to Artie, Hayner was deaf, dumb and blind to everything.

If Smith doesn't hurry and get well soon, the boys will be sending him flowers. Our musical talent usually gather about nine o'clock in the "cook's tent" to rehearse their famous "Alley band."

Strong and Corp. Jack Lee have a grouch on these last few days. Guess those usual fine pink envelopes aren't appearing in the mail.

—J. S. M., Jr.

**47TH INFANTRY.**

Wednesday evening, December 19th, was "stunt" night for the boys of the 47th. The stunts were staged in the Y. M. C. A. building number 96. Captain C. L. Tucker of M Company, acted as master of ceremonies, that being his last night with his company, as his resignation had been accepted during the afternoon. The whole affair was most interesting. The Regimental Band rendered the opening number, which was followed by songs, recitations, and bouts. The building was crowded with an appreciative audience, and the consensus of opinion was that the fighting 47th could frolic with the best of them.

There was one disappointment, which those present keenly regretted. Top Sergeant Alexander, of Co. I, and Top Sergeant Klein, of Co. M, had drawn up the necessary papers to appear before the bunch and show the boys that all the fighters had not become camp instructor, but two, at least, were still in the ring—ready to do or die. When their names were called they were seen behind the stove arguing about whether they should shake hands before the bout started. It sounded somewhat like a Jewish Jazz Band playing a stolen march. When last heard of they were still "talking it over." Let us hope that in the near future the two "Tops" will be matched again. As Top Sergeants they are at bottom of all the trouble in their companies, and the boys would relish seeing them shaking their fists at each other, instead of wagging their tongues.

Sergeant Tucker, of the Regimental Band, is responsible for the following:

Native of Richmond (glancing at the Sergeant, and the rest of Band): "What outfit is this, please?"

Sergeant (showing every sign of self-elation): "This, sir, is the famous 47th of Brooklyn."

Native: "Is this all there is of it?"

Sergeant: "No, Sir, we are recruited up to full war strength."

Native: "Where are they?"

Sergeant: "They are doing guard duty in four different states."

Native: "Are you sure there are not any of them in Brooklyn?"

Sergeant: "Quite sure, sir."

Native: "In that case I think I will move there—because I will be safe."

**108TH INFANTRY.**

The following have received furloughs to visit their homes during the past week from the Machine Gun Company: Private Daniel Flanigan, to Springfield, Mass.; Private Charles Leibert, to Buffalo, N. Y.; Corporal Perkins, to Rochester, N. Y.; Private A. Edwards, to Buffalo, N. Y.; Private "Bud" Cudaby, to Cleveland, Ohio; Cook J. Ryan, to Buffalo.

—D. F.

Send The Gas Attack to the folks back home. They like it.

**COMPANY "C," 108TH INFANTRY.**

Sergeant Hoskins and Corporal Michles proved themselves to be "live wires" while installing the telephones at the 108th Rifle Range. The result is that Happy and Mike have been held over here, attached to the Signal Corp.

Major Couchman feels mighty proud of the "Bungo-Cabin" erected for him by the boys. The cabin, with its cozy interior has made the Major's stay in the mountains worth while.

Lieut. Shaw, of Company C, is known to the men as "Snapshot Jimmy"—but not when he is within hearing. He has taken more pictures of the Rifle Range Expedition than Doc. Cook took of the North Pole.

After hiking the 32 miles like a "young one," Captain Farmer, of Co. C, was forced to surrender to a very severe cold, and returned to Camp Wadsworth.

**Mountain Lions Scarce.**

Private Mabie, while walking post about two a. m. Thursday had his attention attracted by a dark object. Mabie at once fixed his bayonet, and advanced upon the enemy. Arriving, he assumed the position of "on guard," and commanded "Long Thrust." He realized the point of the joke while pulling his bayonet from the tree.

Corporals Loukey, Goodrich and McCook had a rabbit feast after a little hunting party. But we regret to say that they tried cooking it on a Sibley stove. The next morning McCook and Goodrich answered sick call. Loukey would have responded too—if he had eaten any of the "Rabbit a la Sibley."

Lieut. Donlin returned from New York after enjoying a furlough. Little did he expect what he was returning to until he hit Glassy Rock, "The Rifle Range."

Some traps are made for the express purpose of catching animals. Lieutenants Shaw and Tieboldt spent much valuable time in building one in order to catch, what? Irish rabbits? We think so, as the bate used is a large piece of potato.

Corporals Hogan, Goodrich, and Meyer found a farm house where a delicious chicken dinner is served for fifty cents. Most every night now they duck for their chicken. The meal is not the only attraction, however, as the young lady of the house is just as magnetic in drawing them to that vicinity. If anybody has been favored with a smile as yet, from that quarter he has failed to mention it.

**M. P.'S PLAY POOL.**

The Pool Tournament that is being held in Oscar Heilman's Billiard Room on the Blackstock Road for the championship of the M. P.'s is going merrily along with private Spang leading with three wins to his credit. The winner and runner-up of this tournament will play two men from the Supply and two from the Ammunition Train for the pool championship of the 102nd Trains and Military Police.

### FIRST CAISSON, 102ND AMMUNITION TRAIN.

Below we give a list of the famous sixth squad, 3rd section, noted for the clever way they have of doing absolutely nothing, and doing it with the greatest enthusiasm. Their sleeping powers are immense, but they don't seem to be awake to the fact. They are the last on line at Reveille, but always head the line of march to the mess hall. When fatigue blows, they are too blame fatigued to answer. Here is the list. Duty Sergeant please note: Perry Korple, Dinny Kennedy, Private Bartlett, Dick Polg, Teddy DeLaune, Jack Keller, Herbert McGowan, Kid Koster.

First Sergeant Mayer was asked the other day his recipe for training heart-breaking dimples. The Sergeant has not answered yet.

One day last week Serg. Jim McGrath was seen without his side arms. No wonder it snowed.

Mess Sergeant Cullston gave us stew for a change Friday. We know it was stew as several of the boys exhibited some meat.

Regimental Supply Sergeant Hoyle was seen smiling Monday. That girl in Spartanburg must have let him escort her home from church Sunday.

Since Frank Lee became assistant to the Supply Sergeant, it has been necessary to raise the roof of the first tent. We think if Frank fell down he'd be halfway home.

As the result of the recent order that no enlisted man wear leather "puts" Sergeant Niles has answered sick-call four times in the last five days.

Corporal Chaddon says he is going to take his annual bath soon. That accounts for the sickly pallor he has had of late.

"Rocky" O'Brien, our star pugilist, and Purah Rivers, of Staten Island fame, are to enter the three-legged race at the next athletic tournament.

"Steve" Gaffney reported at reveille last Thursday. The next day the thermometer dropped.

Sergt. Jewett recently spent twelve days overhauling the Company's Overland. It hasn't run since.

Only two things can separate Frank Schmitt and his cat—"cats" and mail. Frank is now at the Base Hospital. No doubt many changes will take place in that institution after his stay.

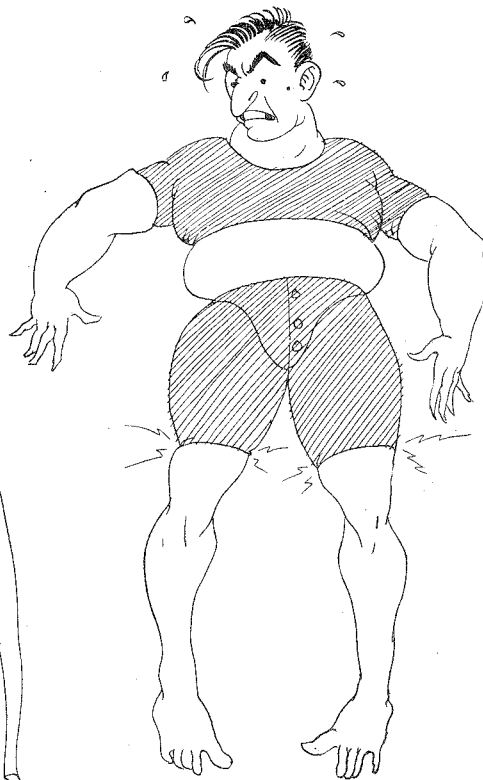
Corporal E. J. Brennan kept quiet the other night for two hours. No wonder he appeared on line the next morning without leggings. Something was bound to happen.

The tenth squad fittingly welcomed the return of Corporal Eckes last Tuesday. "Eck" has been home on furlough looking after politics in Brooklyn. Shouldn't be surprised if our popular corporal should some day sit in the White House.

Pop Glennon of the "Dizzy" squad, has his hands full keeping his youthful protege, Ford Gaffney, from ducking drills.

Sergeant Harry Twy says "it takes a man to raise a mustache." Wonder why the "sarge's" doesn't show more distinctly?

Cook Broomfield is at the Base Hospital, suffering from pleurisy. Our worthy chef may



John K. L.  
CAMP WADSWORTH

### "ADD HORRORS OF WAR ISSUE UNDERWEAR!"

be absent but his work goes on. We still have his hash and O. O. hamburger.

Hot water boilers have been installed in the showers. One may have a hot shower if he brings his own heat with him.

Joe Beck did guard last week. Hurrah! The country is safe.

First-class Private Granville B. Booth can see no reason why he shouldn't be an officer. "Rev." Booth must have terrible eyesight.

Charles T. Deake has had a touch of rheumatism. It is surprising how much his vocabulary has increased the past fortnight.

Private Leo Kiebs, a Jersey City boy, has advised the War Department to furnish us with O. D. pajamas. He says his get terribly dirty from the blankets.

The company laments the loss by transfer of Sergeant Charlie Meyer, who has gone to Divisional Headquarters. Good luck, Sarge.

Great was the welcome given to the thirty men who returned to the company after a three-weeks' stay in the lumber camp at Grover, N. C. The boys are enthusiastic in their praise of the place and all had a fine time. Among the detail welcomed most cordially were Sergt. McGlowin and Corp. Monahan and, oh, yes, Al Mason. We hear Al had a pile of pictures taken while at the camp. The boys who have been getting fatigue so often will welcome the return with the detail of Privates George Green, McGill, and Drane.

—E. J. L.

### AMBULANCE CO. 108.

First Sergeant Doyle and Mess Sergeant Tierney are back in the company street after having furloughed on the boulevard-lighted streets of Binghamton. Welcome home, Mike. And say, Ed, how about a little oatmeal for breakfast.

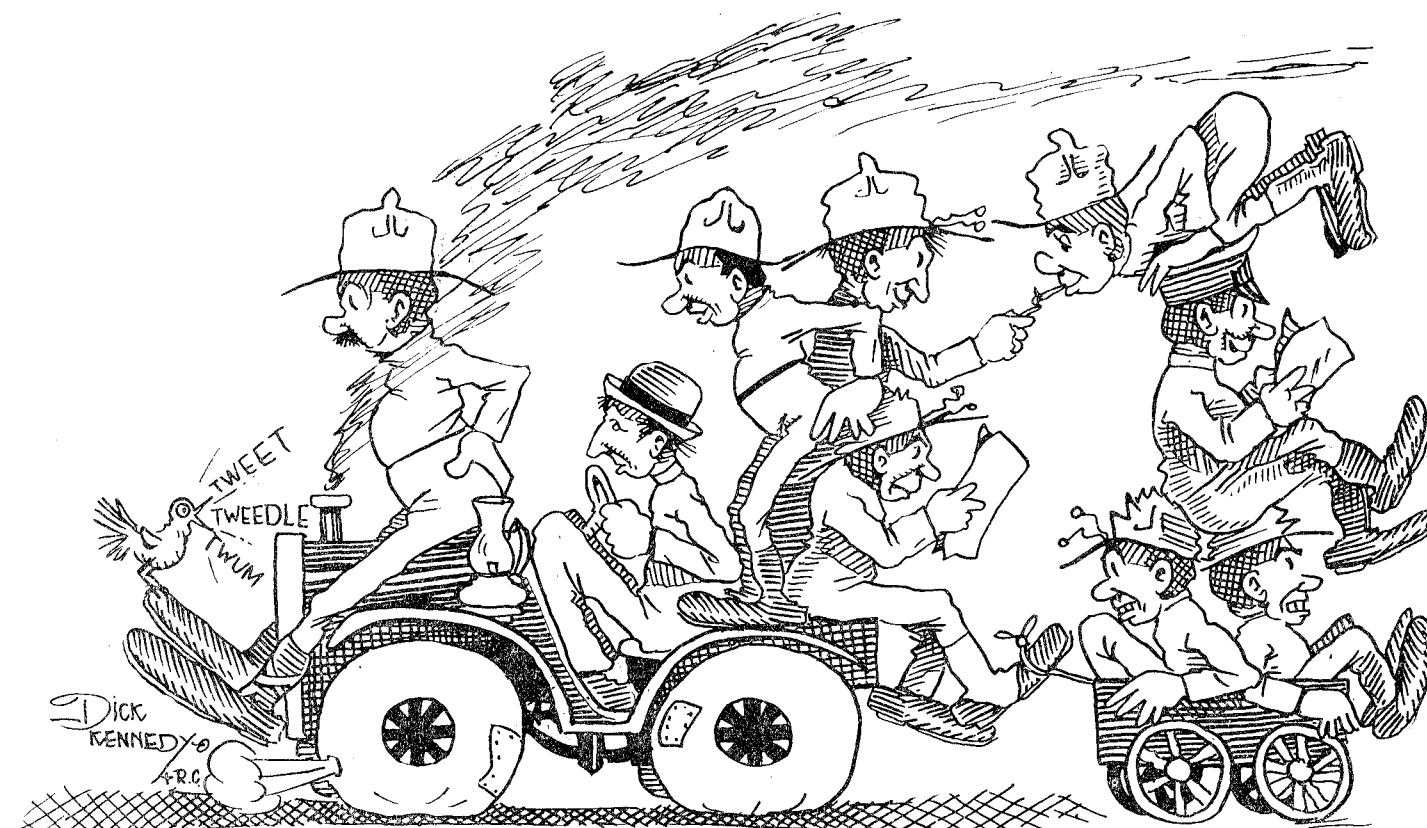
Lieut. J. E. Meeker has also returned from a brief leave of absence. Lieuts. Jones and Bagley have started on similar secret missions.

Private John B. Wine's barber shop has a new schedule of hours—no Wednesday, Saturday, or Sunday afternoons. Unless Burt decides he needs some more money! His shop has gained all the atmosphere of a regular tonsorial emporium, which means that you can hear all the gossip of the camp there. Eh, Burt? The proprietor ought to know, for he has been in these parts before: "When we were in Greenville in ninety-eight . . ."

Company Clerk "Phil" Clements came back from furlough, and Deputy Clerk Everett Galer relieved him.

Woolen suits are being issued little by little—and that's the way some of them fit.

Private Charles F. Savercool, of Johnson City, received a box of fudge from home this week. Say, Savvy, who was it got that paving block contract in Johnson City in ninety-two?



ON THE ROAD TO SPARTANBURG

**DIVISION HEADQUARTERS TROOP.**

Lieutenant Cameron is back with the troop after a twenty-day honeymoon. His bride is now residing in Spartanburg.

One of the recently appointed first-class privates has been burning things up so much lately that he even attempted to collect the insurance on the troop auto in front of the Cleveland. Somebody says Stark is taking orders from a rival automobile concern.

Hampton Anderson, who hangs his hat in the Division Intelligence Office, is rapidly losing all his respect for the members of the press. Every morning one of the scribes is sure to ask him, "Have you any Intelligence this morning?"

Smiley, the Division mail custodian, is living up to his name. Even the recent blizzard failed to change his beaming countenance.

Cornelius Vanderbilt, Jr., is now on his way to New York on a furlough. He is making the trip by auto. His only companion is a pet racoon, whose handiwork is well known to visitors at the Cleveland.

The baa-baa benny coats are gone, but we still have the squirrel hunter caps.

**WELL BEHAVED.**

Reports gleaned from over the entire country indicate that Uncle Sam's army on leave is an orderly, well-behaved, gentlemanly one. "Tell me what you do when not 'in the line of duty' and I will tell you the kind of fighter you'll make," stands the test of gentlemanliness with the olive drab soldiery.

**H COMPANY, 107TH INFANTRY, BRIEFS.**

Of course the young blizzard hit H street and for a few days our row of tents resembled a row of vanilla ice cream cones.

It gets the first sergeant's "goat" to hear anyone allude to the "Sunny South," and one can hardly blame him, for plus his regular duties, he now has snow shovelling details to worry about.

The company unites in extending a hearty welcome to Lieut. Edward M. Burtis, who has just joined our happy family, having been transferred from the 10th N. Y. Infantry.

Erwin S. Potter has been made a corporal and Privates Bellman, Johannes, King, Kowan, J. C. McCabe, Masterson, Payne, Sherman, Stewart and Susse have been promoted to privates first class.

The unfavorable weather has not hindered our training to any extent, and with drills, hikes, bomb throwing, and practice in the use of the gas mask, the past week was far from wasted.

However, it must be admitted, that our drill field was very much like Van Cortlandt Park skating rink, and everyone had to watch their step. If such conditions continue, why not an issue of O. D. in skates and such commands as "On skate into line!"?

—"T." K.

The first call had just been blown. The Signal Corps was waking up. Suddenly a voice boomed out, "Batteries for to-day's game: Red Seal and Eveready!"—And a few days later they held a military funeral.

**NEW ASSIGNMENTS FOR CHAPLAINS  
IN CAMP.**

New assignments for regimental chaplains are announced as follows:

First Lieut. Peter E. Hoey, chaplain to the 106th machine gun battalion, and in addition to his other duties will continue his temporary duty with the 107th infantry.

First Lieut. Francis A. Kelly, chaplain to the 104th machine gun battalion.

First Lieut. John C. Ward, chaplain to the 105th machine gun battalion.

First Lieut. Edwin F. Keever, chaplain, is permanently assigned to the 27th division, and will report to the commanding officer, headquarters trains and military police, for temporary duty.

**An O. D. Table d'Hote.**

They're talking about food tablets again—this time for the army. An organization of privates has been formed to prevent the spreading of this idea to the minds of mess sergeants. If the plan bore fruit—no, not fruit—what we mean to say is, if the plan were perfected they'd probably give us one food tablet for breakfast and one and a half for dinner and one and three point seven and two one-thousandths for supper. The worst of it is that we wouldn't be able to tell the difference between a food tablet and an O. D. pill until it was too late. And, maybe, they'll get to inoculating us for Christmas dinners.



**THE HOB-NAIL SHOES.**

By Pvt. Charles Divine, Ambulance Co. 108.

Oh, you can take the high road, and others  
take the low,  
And you will be in Scotland, France, or any-  
where you go  
Oh, many moons afore 'em, lads; the roads  
will crumble fast—  
Or you can sail your shoes as ships, and  
you can be the mast.

An army travels on its feet—Napoleon was  
wrong;  
The hob-nails would have cut the road from  
Moscow half as long,  
For when you strike a ruddy plain, as dough-  
boys sometimes must,  
You'll leave behind macadam where you  
pounded through the dust.

So plant your feet with thunder and a  
philosophic trust  
That when you lift your shoes again your  
legs won't crack or bust.  
An ugly lump o' leather, over hilly ways  
you'll plod,  
So put your feet in hob-nail shoes and place  
your faith in God.

And when you leap across the top, through  
battle-smoke or haze,  
The Boche will see an armored tank upon  
each foot you raise.  
They'll run in fear—and those who stay,  
the stunned among your foes,  
They'll lose their guns and gumption if  
you step upon their toes.

Oh, thirty-seven hob-nails in the sole of  
every shoe.

Oh, thirty-seven hob-nails, boys—or is it  
forty-two?

A'stamping stars for footprints in the roads  
that you pass by,

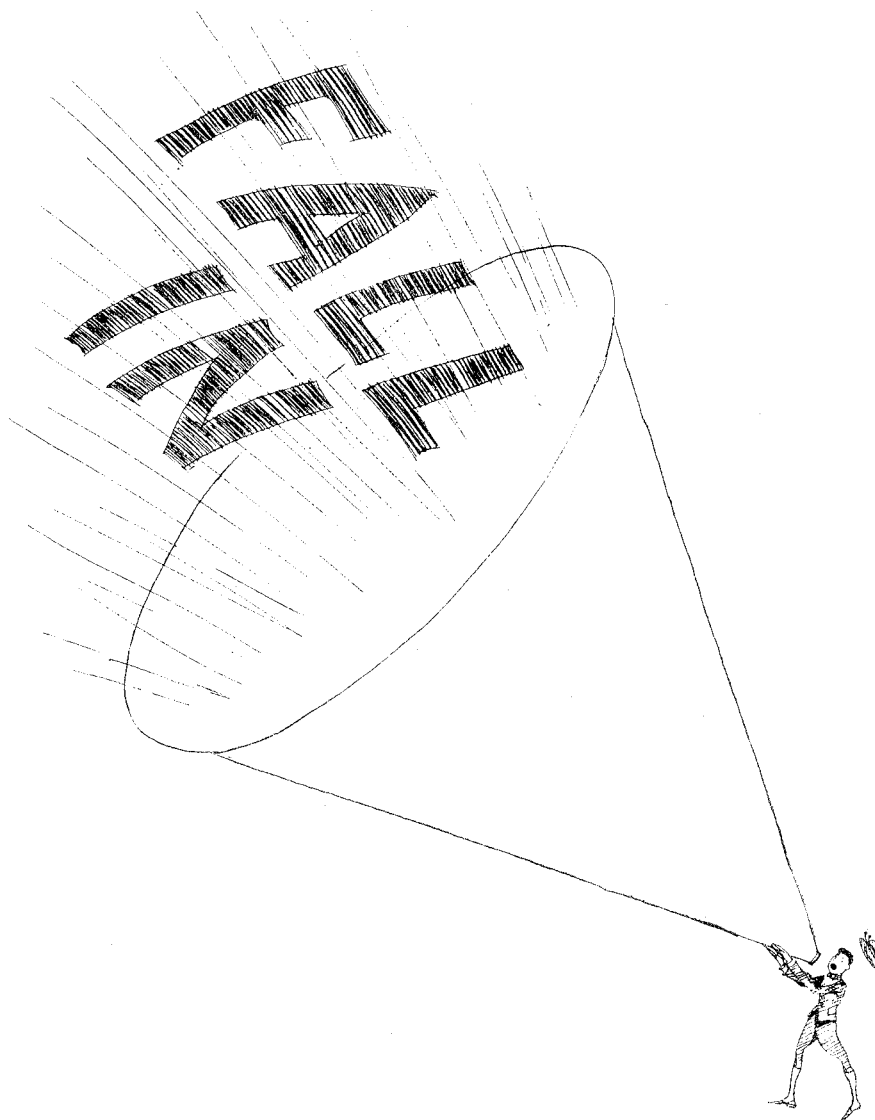
And some day you will stamp the stars—  
well, maybe, on the sky!

**CAMOUFLAGE.**

Of late the scene painter's art—technically  
known as camouflage—has raised the conceal-  
ment of batteries and their observation posts to  
the realm of the uncanny. According to Major  
Wagstaffe, you can now disguise anybody as  
anything. For instance, you can make up a  
battery of six-inch guns to look like a flock of  
sheep, and herd them into action browsing. Or  
you can dispatch a scouting party across No  
Man's Land dressed up as pill-boxes, so that  
the deluded Hun, instead of opening fire with  
a machine gun, will merely post letters in them  
—valuable letters, containing military secrets.  
Lastly, and more important still, you can dis-  
guise yourself to look like nothing at all, and  
in these days of intensified artillery fire it is  
very seldom that nothing at all is hit.

**BEWARE!**

The following letter from the war depart-  
ment to the division commander is publish-  
ed for the information of all concerned:



"HOW IT SOUNDS AT 6:15 A. M."

"It has been brought to the attention of  
the war department that considerable in-  
formation of military importance becomes  
public, due to the fact that officers and  
men send out a great deal in letters and on  
postcards to relatives and friends by whom  
it is made public.

"To avoid the leaking out of military in-  
formation, instructions regarding secret in-  
formation were issued in general orders No.  
94, war department, 1917, but considerable  
information continues to become public.

"The secretary of war directs that all  
officers and enlisted men of your command  
be directed to exercise the greatest amount  
of care to prevent all military information  
from leaking out and to refrain from dis-  
cussing in public or from mentioning in pri-  
vate letters anything whatever which might  
be of military value to the enemy. Consid-  
erable of importance becomes public through  
publication of letters; the publication of let-  
ters is generally objectionable because very  
frequently they carry information harmless  
in itself, but seriously harmful when con-  
nected with other items of apparently harm-  
less matter.

**HAVE YOU SEEN JANE?**

She Came From Brooklyn to the Camp, and  
Now She is Missing.

Jane came from Brooklyn. She was young  
and unsophisticated. All the men in Com-  
pany I, 106th Infantry, fell in love with her.  
But now she is gone. She has, perhaps,  
eloped with some wicked city chap from  
Spartanburg. Company I is inconsolable.

But most inconsolable is Lt. Ira I. Hodes,  
who brought Jane down from Brooklyn. Lt.  
Hodes wants to find Jane. He will be most  
glad to get any information about her.

She has brown legs, and a black body. She  
has a regulation tail, 1 and 5-16th inches  
long. She has a slight limp in her off hind  
leg. She has a very intelligent black and  
brown face, and a winning smile. She is  
two and a half months old and is a full-  
blooded Airedale pup. If you see Jane, let  
Lt. Hodes know.

# News of the Y. M. C. A.

EDITED BY ERNEST W. LESLIE.



**WILLIAM J. DAVISON**  
*Camp Y. M. C. A. Secretary.*

William J. Davison, Camp Executive Secretary of the Army Y. M. C. A. at Camp Wadsworth, was born in Albany, N. Y. He was the son of a Civil War veteran and started in the Y. M. C. A. work in his home city as a physical director.

Later on he was called elsewhere and served the Y. M. C. A. for sixteen years. At the end of that time he was called back to Albany as physical director, serving four years in that capacity and then being promoted to general secretary, the position he now holds. Very few men in the Y. M. C. A. secretaryship make good in their home city, but Mr. Davison is an exception to this rule, as he stands very high in his official as well as his personal position in the community and the Albany Association stands as one of the leading institutions in the city.

Mr. Davison is a natural born athlete and leader of men. He has had most unusual success as an instructor and coach of wrestling and football and is known throughout the Y. M. C. A. field as an expert on masked calisthenics, gymnastic dancing and pageantry. He is the author of several books on these subjects.

One of his hobbies is that of keeping himself in fine physical condition, and he en-

joys nothing better than a good workout with a company or battalion of Wadsworth soldiers. For some weeks past he has been giving exercises to the officers of the sanitary train and the camp dentists. Mr. Davison was one of the pioneer secretaries at Camp Wadsworth, coming to the camp as physical director and upon Mr. C. W. Dietrich's call to France his co-workers were unanimous in their desire of having Mr. Davison act as their leader.

## NEWS OF THE UNITS.

### Unit 92.

This unit has had a good week in the line of activities, the movie shows being especially good. We were fortunate in having with us this week two noted speakers, Dr. Charles E. Jefferson, of the Broadway Tabernacle, New York, who spoke on Wednesday evening, and Dr. Seerley, of Springfield, Mass., who spoke Friday evening on the subject, "Sex and Manhood." The 74th Regiment orchestra favored us with a fine concert on Monday evening, and we are hoping they will see their way clear to come to the building often.

### Unit 93.

The baby unit of the camp, No. 93, is making things hum with activities. The stunt night on Wednesday was one of the best we have had to date, and the movies this week were particularly good. We consider ourselves fortunate in having had two famous lecturers visit the building and speak to the men this week, Dr. F. N. Seerley speaking in the building on Thursday and Dr. Charles E. Jefferson on Friday.

### Unit 96.

The usual crowds have been on hand every night at this unit. Dr. Seerley and Dr. Jefferson, both noted speakers, have been at Camp Wadsworth this week and have visited our unit and spoken to the boys. Both speakers were well received and were honored by record-breaking crowds. The band concert by the 71st Regiment band under the direction of Sergt. J. H. Mode, was particularly good. On Sunday was held a union communion service at which there were present some four hundred men. We hope to repeat this service again. Educational classes are booming at Unit No. 96 and are now meeting three times a week in new class-rooms. The movie shows continue to please and draw big crowds.

### Unit 95.

The big event of the week was the dedication of the building last Wednesday evening. Camp Secretary W. J. Davison presided and talks were given by General Michie, Colonel Andrews and Major Roosevelt. The 10th Regiment band and its genial conductor provided the music for the

occasion, along with a solo by Secretary John L. Nelson. Chaplain Kelly and Secretary Drysdale offered the dedicatory prayer and benediction. The secretaries in charge of the building follow: Building Secretary, L. K. Lewis; Religious Work Secretary, R. J. Drysdale; Social Secretary, J. L. Nelson; Educational Secretary, A. E. Jenny; Athletic Secretary, H. B. Ortner.

The use of a fine Powers moving picture machine has been given to the unit by Col. Andrews, of the 105th Infantry.

### Unit 97.

Major Bell's Ammunition Train aggregation once more favored the men of this section last Friday night with one of their excellent entertainments. It would be an impossibility to pick out which number was the best. Mentioning individuals, Sergt. W. A. Downer, of the 106th Field Artillery, was certainly there with the li'l old violin, and Joe White and Jimmie Fogarty, of the Supply Train can sing some. It was an entertainment worthy of the best audience and was thoroughly appreciated.

A new face is seen behind the counter which belongs to E. S. Fitz, who comes from Baltimore to help in the work. An expert accountant, Mr. Fitz has already made himself invaluable in systematizing the business of the unit.

Capt. Fiala's lecture on "Fighting the Polar Ice" is a corker and the best part of it is that it is all first hand information, as the captain was with Commodore Peary on his historical trip to the North Pole. The unit was favored with the lecture last Wednesday night.

Dr. Seerley certainly made himself strong with the men last Tuesday night, as well as securing many recruits for the "Manhood League." The doctor has a strong, pleasant way of putting things, speaking straight from the shoulder, backed by a virile personality and an engaging smile.

Interest increases in the "sings" led by Mr. Clark, on Wednesday nights. The song slides used are all favorites and are sung lustily.

The religious services are well attended and much interest is manifested. The number of Testaments asked for increases and many signify their desire to be helped in leading lives acceptable to God. Dr. Jefferson brought a strong message last Sunday and Dr. Jordan was well received a few nights ago.

Owing to the moving of various military units new teachers have been secured for most of the classes. But the work still goes on with unabated interest.

Mr. Bonk has left us, going to the new unit temporarily established in a tent near the Remount Station and Quartermaster

(Continued on page 20)

## CAMP WADSWORTH.

## I. In the Rain.

A steady downpour from skies of grey  
Company streets and ditches o'erflow.  
We sit in our tents and try to be gay  
But "homesickness" all too plainly we  
show.

For it's Mud! Mud!! Mud!!!

And red as the sunset glow.  
It's sticky, it's slimy, it's wet, it's red  
And discouraging—we wish we were dead.  
We slip, we slide, we gloom, we glance,  
And get Carolina mud on our clean army  
pants.

We can't keep neat, but get "jugged" for  
our pains

—It is ever thus when it rains.

## II. In the Sun.

A copper sun in a steel-blue sky  
Vegetation withers and starts to die.  
The parched earth gasps and cracks for rain  
But day after day it's just the same.  
The heat waves crinkle, the Heavens boil  
Not a vestige of moisture in the sun-baked  
soil.

Dust shows on faces lined with care  
Oh! for one breath of New York air.  
But the dust rolls up with choking speed  
As we fervently pray for the rain that we  
need.

Yet the molten sun sneers in its celestial  
run

—It is ever thus in the sun.

—Pvt. Walter C. Roberts.

Amb. Co. No. 108, 102nd Sanitary Train.

## "WHEN WE WERE ON THE BORDER."

"When we were on the Border"—  
Sure my mind is in disorder,  
From the constant repetition of that song;  
From first call in the morning,  
The whole day long it's horning,  
"When we were on the Border" all night  
long.

With a mixture of some Spanish,  
And "I'll say so," it's outlandish,  
For I'll tell the world they're hearties every  
one;

They will tell you of their travels,  
Where the Rio Grandé ravel,  
Through the caeti covered plains into the sun.

You are always sure to meet a  
Bunch from Pharr, Laguna Sica,  
Sterlings Ranch or little Brownsville by the  
sea;

Mission has its tale of wonder,  
Old McAllen, and by thunder,  
Corpus Christi was a jump for you and me.

If it's tales of crime you're after,  
Tales of women, wine, and laughter,  
You can get 'em from "The Border" every-  
where;

Why they'll almost freeze your liver,  
With their fights along the "River,"  
Yes, the "On the Border" boys are surely  
there.

While there's few that can outcheat 'em,  
Sure there's nobody can beat 'em,  
At a faro game or breaking up a fight;  
But we envy them their pleasure,  
For their tales take London's measure,  
And the "On the Border" boys are our  
delight."

—Pvt. J. H. Wall, 74th Inf.

## POETRY CONTEST DECIDED.

We present on this page another garden  
of verses—picked from among the many  
contributions submitted in the contest for  
the best poem by a soldier in camp.

The winner of the contest and the first  
prize of five dollars is Private Walter C.  
Roberts, Ambulance Co. 108, whose poem,  
**Camp Wadsworth: in the Rain; in the  
Sun**, appears to the left. The second best  
poem was adjudged to be **December Morn**,  
by Private Howard A. Herty, Co. A, M. P.,  
which was published last week.

So many poems were submitted that if  
we printed them all, at the rate of a  
page-full an issue, we'd still be printing  
the last of them eleven months from now.  
But many of them were eliminated be-  
cause they failed to follow the rules. Some  
came from other camps, some from civil-  
ians. These were barred.

There is one thing about our contest  
that's unique. In addition to the first  
prize of five dollars the judges decided to  
give, out of the liberality of their spirit,  
25 other awards. These awards are of  
Honorable Mention.

The poems we print on this page and  
its continuation were selected from among  
the contestants' works because they were  
deemed worthy the perusal of our readers  
for one reason or another. Take your  
choice of reasons. It is strange, but true,  
that a number of the poems were "written  
while in bed at the base hospital," as  
their authors admitted.

The names of the winners of the Hon-  
orable Mention laurels, with the titles of  
their poems, follow:

Pvt. George Delaney, Co. D, 14th Inf.,  
"No More Ham or Grapefruit;" Pvt. Sid-  
ney A. Marks, Co. A, 106th Inf., "To-  
gether One and All—" Sgt. J. H. Wall,  
74th Inf., "When We Were On the Bor-  
der, Another 'If,' One Place It Never  
Rains;" Corp. Orlece D. Orvis, Hqts. Co.,  
107th Inf., "The Swan Song of an Op-  
timist;" Pvt. George R. Tracy, Co. I, 106th  
Inf., "When the Sun Goes Down in  
Dixie;" Regt. Supply Sgt. Wm. B. Love,  
107th F. A., "The Field Artillery;" Sgt.  
F. F. Katz, Co. M, 47th Inf., "A Roast to  
the Kaiser;" Corp. Frank S. York, Co. B,  
106th M. G. Battln., "Give Us Back Our  
Horses;" Pvt. Walter C. Roberts, Amb.  
Co. 108, "Camp Wadsworth, in the Rain,  
in the Sun;" Corp. H. Van Den Vonver,  
Hqts. Co., 108th Inf., "The Answering  
Chorus;" Pvt. Joseph S. O'Brien, Co. H,  
106th Inf., "The Bivouac of Christmas-  
tide;" Pvt. Jack Trumbull, 1st Co., 102nd  
Supply Train, " ";  
Pvt. John F. Rankin, 1st Co., 102nd Sup-  
ply Train, "The Raw Recruit;" Pvt. How-  
ard A. Herty, Co. A, M. P., "December  
Morn;" Corp. Lawrence E. Warrick, Q.  
M. C., "To the New Recruit;" Pvt.  
Irving Stern, Battery A, 106th F. A., "A  
Regular Guy;" Pvt. Russell C. Singleton,  
2nd Co., Ammunition Train, "Ward 16;"  
Sgt. V. L. Lloyd, Co. C, 105th M. G. Bn.,  
"The Supply Sergeant;" Sgt. G. W.  
Walsh, 1st Co., 102nd Supply Train, "A  
Comrade, The Guard, The Nuisance Two;"  
Sgt. H. H. Rollins, Supply Co., 106th F. A.,  
"The Skinner;" Pvt. Robert Ferris, Co.  
E, 102nd Engineers, "A Yankee's  
Dream;" Pvt. Jos. Hagan, Co. B, 10th  
Inf., "Little Pal and I;" Pvt. — —  
Schenega, Co. D, 104th M. G. Bn., "Base  
Hosp. Ward 20;" Pvt. Arthur Neville,  
Co. B, 105th M. G. Bn., "America in the  
Spirit of War;" H. W. D., Hqts. Co., 106th  
F. A., "The Picket Guard;" Pvt. W. G.,  
Hqts. Co., 105th Inf., "First Call in the  
Morning."

## AMERICA IN THE SPIRIT OF WAR.

(Editor's Note: The contest, in which this  
poem was submitted, started out as a contest  
in humorous verse, but was forced to change  
its purpose to a contest in any old kind of  
verse. The following is perhaps the blood-  
iest among the various poems submitted):

## I.

On the bloody fields of battle  
Are the guns in shrieking rattle.  
See the pools of human blood  
As they lay dying on the sod.  
The time has come to make a dash  
As the minutes quick fly fast.  
A whistle gives the telling blow,  
For 'tis well they know  
That they must live or die—  
To conquer  
And look for greater fame.

## II.

See those great bombs bursting  
To get those Huns,  
They sure are thirsting,  
See those poison gases come,  
See the coward, sneaking Huns.  
Will our men retreat in battle? No, never.  
We will fight if it takes forever.  
We know we're here for God and right,  
And so we'll fight with all our might.

## III.

Right into the thick of battle  
Hear the shrieks and angry rattle,  
Victory in their blood just boils,  
For every trench they'll take with toil,  
The battle will soon be over  
And we'll count the spoils of war.

## IV.

At last the day is dawning  
With but little grief and mourning.  
At last the Hun is quivering  
And the cowards look for peace,  
And are these words not true:  
What does it profit a man  
To gain the whole world  
And have his soul damned into hell?

## V.

And millions of lives have been lost  
For the wish of a crazy damn fool,  
And yet what of those millions butchered,  
They can not come back to earth  
For all the wealth this world is worth.  
Thank God there is a nation

## True

Who will not let those Huns  
Cross the border of the  
Red, White, and Blue.

## VI.

And when the war is over  
And peace reigns throughout the land,  
And these nations stand undivided:  
Glorious France, England, and Italy,  
And all our other Allies  
With America their leader,  
And we shall hear the words of Christ  
As we stand beneath  
The Stars and Stripes  
Peace on earth, good will toward men.  
—Arthur Neville, Co. B, 105th M. G. Bn.

## GIVE US BACK OUR HORSES.

You can have your M. G. drilling, on your  
feet it's nearly killing,  
And your heavy pack to carry on your  
back,  
But give me "Boots and Saddles" and the  
nag a trooper straddles,  
Curry combs and brushes and a good old  
gunny sack.

As for automatic rifles, while you'd hardly  
call them trifles—

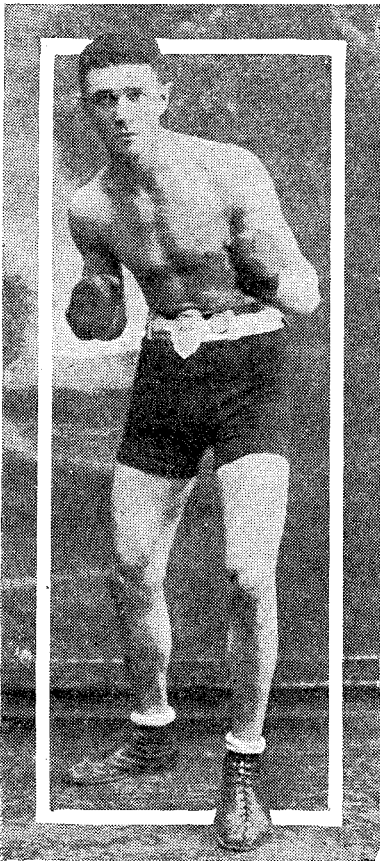
They're quite handy in a battle, I'll agree,  
But, for me the grand old feeling, of a horse  
beneath me reeling,  
And a sabre slashing, crashing, that's the  
only life for me.

(Continued on page 18)



# CAMP SPORTS

EDITED BY F. J. ASHLEY



**BARNEY WILLIAMS.**

Corporal, Battery E, 105th Field Artillery,  
Featherweight Champion, Army and  
Navy.

Barney is the toughest little scrapper in the 27th Division. He has met and defeated the best of the professionals in a ring career extending over nine years and including 162 regular fights and about 6,756 exhibition bouts for soldiers. He has trained a flock of champions, including Kid Williams, Johnnie Coulon, Willie Richie, Freddy Welsh and Ad Wolgast, and the present lightweight champion, "Lieutenant" Benny Leonard. He is shown ready to shoot over his celebrated one-two punch that has made many a doughty battler hear the birdies sing. He is wearing a belt emblematic of the army and navy championship. Barney is willing to meet Johnny Kilbane in a bout for the benefit of the Red Cross or for the camp athletic fund.

## BOXING.

By Barney Williams, 104th Field Artillery,  
Featherweight Champion of the  
Army and Navy.

Boxing has been adopted by the War Department for the development of its fight-

ers, both at home and abroad. That Camp Wadsworth will be among the leading cantonments in the pugilistic list is a certainty, now that Harvey Cohn, the hustling Physical Director of the Division, has succeeded in securing Frank Moran, the noted heavy-weight, to assist him here. Kid McCoy had been scheduled to instruct the 27th, but at the last minute he announced his inability to help Mr. Cohn.

The real reason for teaching the men boxing was to develop their minds and bodies to act at second's notice. It has been proven in France that pugilistic and athletic ability are a big aid in gaining for the Allies their superiority over the enemy in bayonet work and close fighting. In addition it helps the men of the trenches to overcome the other rigors of modern warfare.

I have been a professional boxer for the past nine years and during the last seven have held the featherweight championship of both the Army and Navy. In that time I have noticed how big an aid boxing has proven in developing simultaneous action by the eyes, muscles and brain. During my three years service in M Company, of the 12th U. S. Infantry, I found that the most successful men in bayonet exercises were those who had a little knowledge of the fistic science.

In a conversation with Harvey Cohn, the Division Athletic Director, he told me that each man and every man will have to undergo an athletic examination. He will be made to box a fixed number or rounds, to run two distances under a certain time limit, and to show his ability at both broad and high jumping. Before taking the tests, the men will all get sufficient training and those who appear slow at acquiring the needed perfection will be given at least an hour and a half every day to get up to the mark.

In my estimation, boxing will be the best liked sport on the calendar, especially since the camp directors are preparing to get the best men together in bouts, dividing them into their respective classes. Prizes will be awarded and after the regimental championships have been decided the best men will be chosen to represent Camp Wadsworth in competition with the other cantonments.

Another reason that should interest every one in the boxing game, is the fact the training will be counted as part of the regular drill schedule. Uncle Sam wants every one of you to enter the big ring "over there" in the pink of condition and it's up to you to help him out.

If it is advertised in the *Gas Attack* it is worth buying.

## THE WORLD OF SPORT.

Frank Gotch, retired heavy weight champion wrestler of the world, died at his home in Homboldt, Iowa, during the past week. Although he has not appeared in competition since his easy victory over Munroe in 1911, Gotch is conceded to have been far superior to any of the later claimants to the mat laurels. He was only thirty-nine years old.

Gotch began his professional wrestling career in 1899. Later in the same year the mat marvel lost to McLeod and Farmer Burns, but his work against the latter was of such a high nature that he was immediately engaged to make a trip to Klondike, where an unbroken string of victories started him on his way to the highest spot in his game. By his defeat of Jenkins in 1904 he cinched his claims to the heavyweight title.

The record of the deceased champ shows 140 professional matches, of which he won 132. His best showing was against Zyszko at Chicago in 1910, when he won in 6 1-2 seconds. Hankenschmidt, his last strong rival for the international honors, was easily outpointed in the same year.

### Big Leagues Hit by Uncle Sam.

Almost every nine in the major leagues will be minus several of its best players in the spring because of the inroads made by Uncle Sam's recruiting agents.

A big league battery is at Camp Gordon. Joe Jenkins, the White Sox catcher, reported immediately after the World Series, while Sherrod Smith, the Brooklyn twirler, is among his campmates. In addition three more Dodger pitchers have deserted to the army scouts. They are Pfeffer, Cadore and Miljus.

The Boston Red Sox have also been hard hit by the enlistment of Manager Barry, and Janvrin, who is now a private in the 301st Signal Corps at Camp Devens, Massachusetts.

The Cardinals have lost Dots Miller, their captain, who is now at the Marine Training Camp at Port Royal.

Some of the other famous diamond stars who are now in service are Color-sergeant Gowdy, Lieutenants Eddie Grant and "Moose" McCormick, Leslie McMahan, Ray Fisher, of the Yanks, and Stuff Maginnis, whose ambitions lead him to the navy. Captain Houston, the Yankee magnate, is now a major in the Engineers and is now looking for future stars among the grenade throwers in the French trenches.

### Millrose A. A. to Stage Military Carnival.

The entire program of events for the big athletic meet to be held by the Millrose Athletic Association at Madison Square Garden on January 23d have been turned over to army and navy competitors. The pro-

ceeds are to be donated to the War Department's Training Camp Commission for furthering athletic propaganda in the cantonments.

Although most of the entries will probably come from Camps Dix, Upton and Devens, those nearest Gotham, Harvey Cohn, the Wadsworth Physical Director, has been invited to send a team to represent the 27th Division. He contemplates holding an elimination run for the purpose of selecting men for the trip, and it is more than likely that a four-mile and one-mile quartet will go back home to compete. Individual entrants are also being considered for the other eleven events which make up the program.

That the Camp Wadsworth runners in the one-mile event will have to go some is evident from the entries of the other camps. Devens will be represented by four of the best quarter milers in the sporting world. They are First Lieut. Eddie Teschner, former captain of the Harvard track team; Second Lieut. William Barron, another former crimson leader; Second Lieut. Henry W. Minot and Private William Meanix. In addition Fort Hamilton is also after the mile event. On its team are Kiviat, who just joined the Fourteenth Coast Artillery; Sid Leslie, Jim Plant and Gene McQuire.

#### Goulet Enlists.

Immediately after his victory in the six-day cycle race at New York Goulet joined the forces of Uncle Sam. He is a private in the engineers. He was born in New Zealand, but has lived in Newark, N. J., for several years.

#### Football Schedule Starts.

The first round of the inter-regimental gridiron schedule proved a disappointment. Only one game was played, the 71st taking the 14th into camp by the score of 6 to 0. Two other games were on the list but in one case the 74th claimed victory when the strong team of the 10th failed to put in appearance, while the 12th also managed to score by a similar absence on the part of the 1st Infantry. Snow has caused a postponement of the other rounds and it will be some time late next month before the final can be decided.

#### Gate Receipts to Help Sport.

Harvey Cohn announces the appointment of Lieutenant Loeser, 107th Infantry, as official custodian of all money taken in as admissions at athletic and boxing gatherings. At first it was proposed to charge no fees of any sort but with uniforms and apparatus needed by several units it was decided to make a nominal price of admission which will be returned to the men in outfits. Lieut. Loeser will superintend all these finances.

Be sure and get the next number of **The Gas Attack**. It will contain cartoons and illustrations aplenty. Our art editor, Dick J. Kennedy, has been going around with his sleeves rolled up for a week.



#### COMPANY I, 10TH INFANTRY.

Winners of the STREET CHAMPIONSHIP comprising teams from the 10th, 105th and 106th Infantry. Company I won all its games, defeating the Headquarters of the 105th in the final game 7 to 0. Company I is noted for its star athletes. Their baseball team defeated teams from all parts of the camp and may be duly called camp champions. They have a team entered in the STREET Basketball league and intend to win another championship.

Top row, left to right: Lewis, L. H. Back; Black, R. H. Back; Fountain, L. Guard; Corp. Bowe, F. Back; Munda, R. Guard; Sergt. M. C. Leod, L. End, (Capt.); Field, R. Tackle; Runge, Q. Back;

Bottom row: Sergt. Dooley, R. End; Barry, Center; Corp. Fritz, Q. Back; Sergt. Doncourt, F. Back; Peters, L. Tackle.

#### AN ERROR.

##### Jack Bryman Was Not Bested in Recent Boxing Bout.

Erros will happen, even in **THE GAS ATTACK**. One happened in the Christmas number (be sure to get one and send it home), which we hasten to correct.

Our star sporting reporter indulged in a dinner of Bevo and beans, which blurred his vision to such an extent that he wrote that Jack Collins of the 106th M. G. Batt. defeated Billy Bryman, 102d Engineers, in one of Frank Moran's bouts held in the K. of C. Club house. Such was not the case. It was Jack Bryman, not Billy, who mingled with Collins, and Jack was not defeated, but boxed a good raw. So our first story was only 99 per cent wrong.

Frank Moran assures us that Jack Bryman is a thumper of considerable talent. We hope our sporting editor is out when Jack comes over to find out who made the mistake about his bout.

#### New Y. M. C. A. Athletic Director.

Unit 96 of the Y. M. C. A. has been assigned a new physical mentor. He is Herman J. Stegman, who graduated from the University of Chicago after having played varsity football and basket-ball for three years. In addition he was one of the best track men on the Maroon team. He was All-Western end in 1913. His work on the cinder track was confined to the middle dis-

tances. He appeared in both the quarter and half-mile races at the Penn Carnival for two years and in 1915 won the 880-yard Junior Championship at the San Francisco Exposition. Stegman has been Athletic Instructor at Monmouth College, Minnesota, for the past three years.

#### DEEP STUFF.

He: "I wonder why you girls wear such short skirts."

She: "Oh—for two reasons."

—Widow.

Tobacco is a dirty weed,

I like it.

It satisfies no normal need,

I like it.

It makes you thin, it makes you lean,

It takes the hair right off your bean,

It's the worst darn stuff I've ever seen.

I like it.

—Froth.

Niff: "She wears too thin skirts, don't you think?"

Biff: "No, only one."

—Chapparral.

Patriotic Old Lady (to youth who is milking cow): "Young man, why aren't you at the front?"

"Because the milk is at this end, ma'am."

—Widow.

Money talks. Let yours speak to the advertisers in the **Gas Attack**.

## 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 Leggings.

Chevrons.

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

Globe Sample Co.

109 W. Main Street.

### CAMP POETS.

(Continued from page 15)

They said that you're a hoss, but old hoss,  
I'd good deal rather,  
Ride your bent and boney back to hell  
and gone,  
When "mount up's" the order given, and  
the Huns are to be driven,  
You and I will go together—fighting—  
fighting 'til we're gone.

Just give us back our horses, and the devil  
take our losses,  
As the line goes forward riding hard and  
fast.

We may not get the Kaiser, but old Fritz'll  
be much wiser  
So give us back our horses and we'll fight  
'em 'til the last.

—Corp. Frank S. York,  
Co. B, 106th M. G. Battalion.

### 47TH INFANTRY.

A tribute to the 47th N. Y. Infantry,  
nicknamed "Rough and Ready."

#### I.

We've traveled far and wide,  
Throughout the country-side,  
Our duties have been hard  
And very steady.  
We left New York in time,  
For Virginia's sunny clime,  
They called us rough, but found us  
Always ready.

#### II.

And now that we are here,  
We've buckled down with cheer,  
To duties just as hard,  
And just as steady.  
They know we're tough and rough,  
But they know we've got the stuff,  
They nicknamed 47th  
"Rough and Ready."

#### III.

We glory in our name,  
And we'll bring it honored fame,  
On the firing line, they'll find,  
We're just as steady.  
And when hist'ry marks events,  
Of brave accomplishments,  
You'll find they'll chalk a few, for,  
"Rough and Ready."

AL SUSSMAN,  
Co. A, 47th N. Y. Inf.

### "THE BELOVED CAPTAIN."

The other night at the dedication of a Y. M. C. A. building, when one of the officers was announced to say a word, the boys got up and cheered. That kind of officer makes an army that will go anywhere. Such a man is described in "The Beloved Captain," a chapter from Donald Hankey's remarkable book, "A Student in Arms." The Y. M. C. A. is sending a copy with its compliments to every officer in the division. It is worth reading.

Money talks. Let yours speak to the advertisers in the Gas Attack.

### THE SUPPLY SERGEANT.

If he glances your way with a scowl on his  
face;  
If he growls when you get anywhere near his  
place;  
If he wears the best clothes to be had in the  
Camp;  
And without saying a word can make you feel  
like a scamp;  
Like as not he's the man.

Like as not he's the man whom they call the  
Q. M.  
The one man on earth you're afraid to offend,  
Because if you do he'll be after your "goat"  
Whenever you need a new hat or a coat—  
Yes, and get it he can.

It is easy enough to sit in your tent.  
And plan how you'll tell him your breeches  
are rent;  
Plan to look at him sternly and demand a  
new pair  
And go marching haughtily away from his  
lair—  
But somehow you flunk.

You sort of lose "pep" 'bout the last step  
or two;  
You slow up a little and wonder if you  
Had not better have waited 'til right after  
Mess  
And the first thing you know you're startled  
with "Yes?"  
"What do you want?"

His tone's like a rasp—his face is sheer rock;  
And just why you ever came down, you've  
forgot;  
You stammer a few halting words 'bout a  
tear  
And timidly ask "May I have a new pair?"  
His curt answer is "Nope."

You feel like he's yelled with much uncalled-  
for noise  
And you look around sideways to see if the  
boys  
Have seen you turned down—and with a low  
hanging head  
You slink back to your tent for your needle  
and thread  
To sew the tear up.

If I only could prove he is yellow all through  
'Twould be 'bout the happiest thing I could  
do  
So I loll in the lap of my luxurious cot  
And think of the things that he'll do, like  
as not,  
When the fighting is on.

I picture him there, hiding deep 'neath the  
ground,  
White-faced and shivering at the least little  
sound,  
With a sign at his dugout: "Nothing issued  
to you  
"Until I'm quite sure the bombardment is  
through;  
"The Supply Sergeant's GONE."

—Sgt. V. L. Lloyd,  
Co. C, 105th M. G. Battalion.

### BIKES FOR COURIERS.

Uncle Sam has bought 10,000 bicycles to be used by army messengers and couriers. Each "wheel" is to be equipped with an attachment in which the khaki-clad rider may carry a rifle. The machines are designed to carry 200 pounds of rider and 50 pounds of equipment.

Look before you spend. The best merchants advertise in the Gas Attack.



**THE MAN WHO COUGHED.**

Lying in No Man's Land, ready to ambush a German patrol, an American force awaited the approach of the enemy.

Not a sound was heard. Then faint foot-falls broke the silence. Instinctively the Americans made ready, being careful not to betray their presence.

The enemy came nearer and nearer. The time was almost at hand to fire the first shot.

And then an American soldier coughed!

In a moment machine gun fire was trained on the spot from where the sound of the cough came.

The Americans were forced to retire.

There were other men besides the one who coughed, that were victims of colds. But they had learned the art of self-control. In his zealousness to do his part the one who coughed had unwittingly betrayed the presence of his comrades. Perhaps he was not much to blame. Perhaps the excitement of his impending baptism of fire overcame him. But the ambush failed.

What shall the man say as he reads this of the irksomeness of discipline? The little thing that must not be done and the little thing that must be done—either of which seems trivial and irksome—take on a new importance in the face of the enemy.

The man in the ranks may reason that he is only a very small factor and that it will not make much difference if he is not perfectly drilled and perfectly disciplined. But here is a concrete example.

The purpose of drill is to make the man in the ranks subordinate himself so completely that he become a part of a great machine. The purpose of discipline is to make the great machine move easily and achieve the desired result with the least expenditure of effort.

The individual is important because if he fails to catch the spirit of discipline he may clog the great machine.

Drill is a part of the large scheme of discipline, and discipline teaches absolute self-control.

It may take months of weary training to come to that point where the soldier can even restrain a cough. But the discipline must approach that state of perfection where the cough will be restrained—or the troops may be compelled to retire.—From Trench and Camp.

**NICKNAMES.**

The commanding officers of the new army might be designated as follows:

- General Rumor.
- Brigadier-General Asyouwere.
- Colonel Onetwothreefour.
- Major Squadsright.
- Captain Presentandaccountedfor.
- Lieutenant Tenshun.

Buy the Gas Attack. One jitney for a mental joy ride.

**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.

**SPECIAL NEW YEAR'S PIES.**

**DIXIE PIE BAKING COMPANY**

PHONE 1711

South Liberty St.

Spartanburg, S. C.

**New York Prices**

FOR

**New York Boys**

We have the real goods  
FELLOWS

Chevrons all Ranks  
Sheepskin coats, rubber boots  
and shoes.

Insignia all Ranks.

Military books for all  
branches

Officers Insignia With Numerals

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

**Largest Stock of Leather Leg-  
gings in Spartanburg.**

**Army & Navy Equipment Co.**

137 E. MAIN STREET

NEXT TO BIJOU THEATRE

IF YOU WISH TO EAT AT A  
BROADWAY RESTAURANT

For good service in  
a clean and sanitary  
place

THEN VISIT

**The Royal Restaurant**

Broadway Style  
Broadway Cooks  
Broadway Waiters

**THE ROYAL RESTAURANT**

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

## 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  
Camp View Post  
Cards

*Burkhardt's*  
108 Kennedy Pl.

!!!

### The Best Film Service In Town

DEVELOPING

PRINTING

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

### Y. M. C. A. NEWS.

(Continued from page 14)

Corps. Our regrets are tinged with congratulations and best wishes for his success in the new work.

The Fireside Group on Sunday mornings, under the leadership of C. H. L. Ford, Secretary of Religious Work, increases in numbers and interest. The fire certainly feels good these cold mornings and the discussion is as warm and healthy as the fire.

### ANOTHER Y. M. C. A. UNIT.

There has been a persistent demand upon the Y. M. C. A. for some time past to put up a building or at least a tent in the rear end of the camp in the direction of the Field Bakery and Remount Station. The Y. M. C. A. authorities are trying hard to have the building authorized for this section, but in the meantime have erected a large tent which it is planned to put in operation the last of this week, at which time Dr. F. N. Seerley, of Springfield, Mass., will talk to the men on Sex Problems. Mr. H. O. Bonk, formerly physical director for Unit No. 97, has been designated as building secretary of the new unit which will be known as Unit No. 98.

### Y. M. C. A. PERSONALS.

John N. Johnston, the genial Brooklyn secretary, who has been serving as social secretary in Units 92 and 93, has been transferred to army association work at Camp Upton, Yaphank, L. I. We are sorry to see John go.

D. M. Davis, physical director at Unit No. 93, was called home a day or two ago because of the death of his brother. Mr. Davis has our sincere sympathy in his present sorrow, and it is needless to say that he is missed at Unit No. 93.

F. J. Knapp, who has been serving as religious work director for Unit No. 92 for several months past, has been assigned as building secretary of this same unit. We congratulate Mr. Knapp upon his new appointment and wish him every success.

Two new men have arrived at Camp Wadsworth for Army Y. M. C. A. work and both have been assigned to Unit No. 96. Herman Stegeman, athletic director of

Monmouth College, Chicago, and a former end on the University of Chicago football team, takes up the Physical Directorship, and Ralph P. Machenzie, an attorney of Lima, Ohio, and a graduate of Yale and Michigan, takes up the educational work at that unit.

### AFTER ALL A REAL CHRISTMAS.

Christmas Eve was company night, and there were Christmas doings in every company street. Christmas trees and evergreens gave a festive appearance to the mess shacks and in almost every one there were entertainments or some special goings on. Home folks and friends of the boys saw that no one was overlooked.

Midnight masses were celebrated in Y. M. C. A. Building No. 95 by Chaplain Kelly, of the 10th, and at the K. of C. Building by Chaplain Hoey, of the 12th. Chaplain Joynes, of the 108th, celebrated the Holy Communion at midnight in Y. M. C. A. Building No. 96. In the service that preceded, Christmas carols were sung by a quartet of the 67th, and a sermon was given by Chaplain Edrop, of the 47th. In the same building Chaplain Edrop had a service at 10:30 on Christmas Day. At both services the 47th Regiment band played, and solos were sung by L. C. Bareham.

A special program was put on in all Y. M. C. A. buildings on Christmas night. General O'Ryan visited every building and gave a word of Christmas greeting. He was accompanied by his aide and some of his staff, and by Dr. Strayer, Camp Religious Work Director, and Mr. Clark, Camp Music Director.

### LIEUT. PARIS'S BOOK PRAISED.

"Decorative Elements in Architecture" is the title of a book just published by the John Lane Company of London. Its author is Lieut. William Francklyn Paris, L. H. D., of the 102d Trains and Military Police. It is reviewed and highly commended in the New York Times of December 2d, which places it among the notable books of the season.

Advertisers in the **Gas Attack** know your wants.

**STARS OF A GENERAL IN EVERY KNAPSACK.**

**General Pershing Provides for Quick Promotion from the Ranks.**

Every enlisted man in the American army now carries the stars of a general in his knapsack. Orders just issued by General Pershing and a plan announced so provide for promotion from the ranks that any private may win a commission, and having won it, may climb rapidly up through successive grades.

The latter feature is made possible by a section of the general orders, which says that hereafter all temporary appointments and promotions in the American expeditionary force will be on a selective plan as in the British army. Recommendation for appointments and promotions must be based solely on demonstrated fitness and capacity of the man. The system of temporary appointments is one which the American army has not had previously.

**Worthy Men Will Rise.**

Under it a first lieutenant who has demonstrated special qualities and fitness may find himself a temporary captain or even a temporary major. He would hold that position until he had proved himself worthy of the new rank when the appointment may be made permanent. The British have found this method excellent, and by it have secured a great number of officers.

It is announced also that regular reports on the fitness of all officers of all ranks are to be made for guidance in transfer and promotion, thus making sure that the soldiers are under competent leaders.

The orders make all non-commissioned officers eligible for a school which is being established at a large training center for the instruction of candidates for commissions. Privates who desire to become officers must first demonstrate their efficiency by earning appointment as non-commissioned officers.

**Chance for Non-Coms.**

The non-commissioned officers will be sent to the training school on recommendation of their superiors. Before submitting such recommendations the officers charged with this duty are instructed by General Pershing's orders to give the most careful consideration to the record of those recommended.

When candidates attending the training school have been found to be proficient they will be assigned to vacancies as second lieutenants of replacement divisions. Thence they will go to fill vacancies occasioned by casualties and other causes in combat divisions. There will be no limit to the number of second lieutenants in the replacement divisions. On the contrary, it is recommended that there be at least three times as many in a given organization as in a corresponding combat division.

Within the combat units vacancies to the extent of one-third of the total will be filled

in this manner and two-thirds by promotion within the combat unit itself.

In the replacement divisions vacancies from the grade of first lieutenant to colonel will be filled by officers recovering from wounds and officers who have received no assignments. Those fully recovering from wounds will be assigned to the combat units. Arriving depot battalions hereafter will be considered part of the replacement divisions.

**SEE CANVASMATER.**

In the Middle West there is a soldier so fat that all his friends wonder how he ever passed the surgeon, but he prides himself on the fact he is as hard as nails and says that no medical board could ever find fault with him. Several weeks ago he sent a cotton uniform to the laundry. It came back with the curt comment: "We do not launder tents."

**MEDICOS PUZZLED.**

There is another story of a fat soldier. He was suffering from appendicitis—and thought he was—and presented himself to a surgeon at sick call. The surgeon had become very tired of seeing men who were trying to evade drills, and, calling over to his Major, he said, in loud tones: "Fat man thinks he's got appendicitis. Shall we operate or blast?" The soldier suddenly was cured, or reported that he was, and did his drill uncomplainingly.

**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.

**A HAPPY NEW YEAR, MEN!**

**Creighton Clothing Co.**

**THE ARMY STORE**

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

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

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

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

We make Uniforms and alterations on Suits

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



# TODD DRUG CO.

It Has Been A Pleasure To  
Us To Serve And Be Of Ser-  
vice To The Soldiers Of Camp  
Wadsworth. Our Pleasant  
Relations Make Us Doubly  
Sincere In Saying

*A Happy New Year To The Soldiers.*

Southwest Corner Church and Main Streets

## WILLARD MAY FIGHT TO AID RED CROSS.

His Sole Condition Is That All of the  
Receipts From the Bout Go to the  
Red Cross.

Jess Willard, the champion heavy weight prize fighter, announced that he would re-enter the prize ring for the benefit of the Red Cross. He declared he would defend his title against any person anywhere and any time, the sole provision being that all of the receipts should go to the Red Cross.

Willard said he preferred that a match be made for next Spring, so that it could be held in the open air. He also declared he would manage his end of the arrangements himself in order that no part of the proceeds could be diverted from the purpose for which he planned.

The champion will leave for Washington at once, he said, to confer with officials of the Department of Justice to learn if there was any way in which moving pictures of the match could be shown legally, the receipts from the pictures also being pledged to the Red Cross.

Buy of the merchants who advertise in the Gas Attack.

## THE MOONLIGHT SCRUBBERS.

Far down the vistaed, tent lined street,  
From Blue Ridge Mountains pours the sweet,  
Night kissed bouquet of oak and pine  
That stings the head like potent wine.  
Here soldiers sit bent over tubs  
And wash their clothes with rhythmic rubs.  
Through leaves, white tipped, each open space,  
Floods moonlight; patterned songs and lace;  
A silver hush on moon sprayed ground  
Breathes music sweeter than a sound.  
Where beauty is, are loves, desires,  
Night's vague and vibrant softness fires;  
Adventures brighten in the South  
Where romance calls from full-lipped mouth—  
And see! the lifted arms hang still,  
A moment's doubt that guns can kill.  
Then scrubbing hands forget the night:  
"Who's got the soap? The grease sticks tight!"  
—C. D.

I'm sorry that I went to war,  
Cause seven men in my squad snore.

\* \* \* \* \*

Any Inquisitive Person to Any Enlisted Man:

"How many cigarettes do you smoke a day?"

Any Enlisted Man to Any Inquisitive Person:

"Any given number!"

Take a Gas Attack home to supper.

## THE DREAM BEFORE REVEILLE.

Back in the dear old Pekin  
I'm dancing again to-night  
With Flo and Joe and Helen—  
And wine to my heart's delight.

The waiter's bringing cocktails!  
The regular stuff, I swear,  
And there is Frisky Flossie  
With nothing but veils to wear.

Whirling home in a taxi,  
Gee whiz, it's half past four!  
I wonder why the gosh darn key  
Won't fit the gosh darn door?

Snug in bed, with sheets so white,  
No bugle calls to bother me;  
Taps, retreat, are all gone by,  
And never a thought of reveille.

"Whee!" the topper's whistle blows,  
Outside, I don't care how.

"Jones, remember, you're not in New York,  
You're still in the army now."

PRIVATE CHARLES H. MULLER,  
104th Field Artillery.

## VISUAL SIGNALLING.

The question is being asked to what extent, if at all, does the French Army use the wig-wag and semaphore with flags as we are being taught?

Visual stations have an important part in the operation of the French Army to-day, not only in established positions in the trenches, but as vital to every assault and forward movement. Front stations, near Brigade and Battalion Commanders, operate by flag whenever they can obtain concealment from the enemy directly in front; and rear stations receive constantly, and reply when they too are concealed from German observation. At the beginning of the war the French Signal Corps (Service Telegraphique) was so small as to be wholly incapable of meeting modern demands upon it; and time could not be spared to train the thousands of new men assigned to the service, in anything more than the merest fundamentals. A practice sprang up and to some extent still obtains of sending General Service code without flags, by raising the arms horizontally from the side; one (either semaphore B. or F.) for a dot, and both (semaphore R.) for a dash. Thus, the learning of the separate semaphore code was avoided, at the expense of a little more time in sending the letters. —G. I.

## CAN NOT FORCE AN OPERATION.

Washington.—A soldier can not be compelled to undergo a surgical operation unless the military surgeon in charge furnishes him with a certificate showing that his life will not be put in jeopardy, the judge advocate general has ruled, in the case of Private Brady E. Cross, 150th Infantry, Camp Shelby, Hattiesburg, Miss. The soldier refused to be operated upon for removal of a disability and was sentenced by a courtmartial to three months' imprisonment for disobedience to orders. The sentence is disapproved.

**THE RIGHT SORT OF SALUTE.**

Frank Moran served four years in the United States navy. He was a good sailor, too. Frank has a fine idea about saluting. It is worth remembering, next time you salute.

"The man who says saluting is servile is all wrong," said the camp boxing instructor recently. "To me a salute means this—it means that when you come to attention and bring your hand up with a snap you are saying to the officer, 'Here I am, sir. Ready for duty. You can count on me!'"

R. E. C.

**BASKET-BALL LEAGUES FORMED IN CAMP.**

Camp Wadsworth men will see some great basket-ball games this winter. Two leagues are already organized, one a regimental league consisting of eight teams, which will play its games on Wednesdays and Saturday evenings, the other a company league consisting of twelve companies from the 10th N. Y. and the 105th Infantry, who will compete on Saturday afternoon. All the contests will be staged at the Spartanburg Y. M. C. A.

The Company schedule between the 10th and 105th promises to provide some real fast work, as many of the men have played professional games in the New York State league. Among them Duval and O'Neil, of the famous old Troy team, Cole of the Catskill, and several other teams. Co. I, of the 10th N. Y., the camp baseball champions and the winners of the street football title, are out to make it three championships, and bending every effort toward that end. The following teams are entered in this league: Mach. Gun, 10th; Headquarters, 10th; Co. B, 10th; Co. D, 10th; Co. E, 10th; Co. I, 10th; Sup. Co., 105th; Headquarters, 105th; Mach. Gun, 105th; Co. B, 105th; Co. K, 105th; Co. M, 105th.

The first set of these games will be played Saturday afternoon.

**TOMMIE AND SAMMIE.**

(From the Detroit Saturday Night).

'E'd rawther 'ave 'is coffee than 'is beer,  
'E cawn't tyke any pleasure drinkin' tea,  
'E calls th' Lunnon Times, in langwidge queer,  
Official organ—of a cemetery,  
'E speaks in such a bloomin' funny wye —  
'E talks of buddies, side-kicks, mutts and geeks,  
But 'e can 'old 'is end up any dye,  
And every blinker listens when 'e speaks.  
So 'ere's to you, Sammie Wammie, if you'll let me call you so.  
It seems jolly strange to 'ear you call a kippy blink a bo,  
But no matter wot yer langwidge, and no matter wot you do,  
Hi daresay we 'ave some failin's wot seem bloomin' strange to you.

**THIM MICKY McFINNS.**

'Twas a brave Irish laddy, named Micky Mc-Finn,  
That clung to the flag be the strife an' the din,  
The Frenchmin was bombin' the Dutch from the air—  
Ye can bet your swate life little Micky was there,  
To wanst came the order, "Git over the top!"  
When Micky got shtarted no shtep did he shtop,  
He was aimin' to foight all the way to Berlin—  
This brave Irish laddy, named Micky Mc-Finn.  
Ye'll foind Irish laddies named Micky Mc-Finn  
Be the mud iv ould Flanders a scrippin' like sin,  
They're foightin' wid Haig be the Passhendle line,  
An' nawthin' can kape thim from reachin' the Rhine.  
They're thick be the battles around ould Tree-cst—  
In Roosha an' Palesteen doin' their best,  
They'll help knock the kaiser clear aff iv his pins,  
Will thim brave Irish laddies—thim Micky McFinns.  
An' sure, 'tis thim Irish named Micky Mc-Finn,  
That's swarmin' the camps iv our Gin'ral Pershin',  
They're trainin' to foight whin the order goes out  
For Uncle Sam's boys to put Wilhelm to rout.  
'Tis achin' they are for to paint U. S. A.  
Be the mug iv the kaiser an' stow him away,  
An' so whin the Sammies march into Berlin,  
'Twill be wid the Irish named Micky McFinn.  
—Larry O'Gary, in Chicago Herald.

PRESENT  
**Floyd L. Liles Co.**

OPPOSITE CLEVELAND HOTEL

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

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

Leather, Spiral and Canvas Puttees.

Chevrons, Hat Cords and Insignia.

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

Christmas Greetings to our friends n khaki.

ALL AT FAIR PRICES

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### EVER-SHIFTING SLANG.

#### War Brings Into Use Many Queer, New Words.

Slang, even peace-slang, is a slippery, slipping, tricky, ever-transforming thing, and that is why the dictionary writers always make so poor a fist of recording it. Each new book out of the trenches brings its batch of fresh inventions. Probably by the time the ink is dry on their pages their vocabulary would be distinctly bad form in the best "Wipers" dugouts.

A conspicuous example of a steady shift is recorded in the title of a new war book, "Crumps," an unpretentious but very admirable little volume from the pen of a young Canadian artist, Captain Louis Keene. A crump is a high explosive shell, he explains. First they were "black Marias," then "Jack Johnstons," then "coal boxes" (all referring to the black smoke they give forth), and now, finally, "crumps," on account of the sound they make, a sort of *cru-ump*, as they explode. Only as crump has now been coming across for some time it is probably already dropping out for a fresher substitute at the front.

Captain Keene pictures the process, with its military consequences, in this paragraph: "Slang or trench language is used universally. My own general talks about 'Wipers,' the Tommy's pronunciation of Ypres, and I have seen a renunciation to 'Granny' (the 15-inch howitzer) in orders. 'Mother' is the name given to the 12-inch howitzer. The trench language is changing so quickly that I think the staff in the rear are unable to keep up to date, because they have recently issued an order to the effect that slang must not be used in official correspondence. Now, instead of reporting that a 'dud Minnie' arrived over back of 'Mud Lane,' it is necessary to put: 'I have the honor to report that a projectile from a German Minnenwerfer landed in rear of Trench F-26, and failed to explode.'"

We should like to hear more from Captain Keene of that delightful verb "to wangle" which he uses and which seems to be generally coming to the fore. Is it old stuff revamped? There is surely an echo of Lewis Carroll or Edward Lear about it. Its precise shading shows in this passage, when Captain Keene (then a private) was in camp on Salisbury Plain and trying to get up to London:

"We all get three days' leave and are trying by every means possible to wangle an other day or two. Many men have to see dentists, and lots of men have grandparents in Scotland who display signs of dying suddenly."

Another late example is in "Punch." The picture shows "Our Young Veterans," Grandfather and Granny. The former says: "Just had a topping bit of news, old dear. Gerald's wangled the D. S. O." To this Granny replies: "Absolutely priceless, old thing. Always thought that child was some nib." After that can any one question that all Eng-

land is in the war! No doubt we, too, shall learn to wangle when once we are really in the war. But must we wait? Is not wangle good enough nonsense to enter any vocabulary at once?—N. Y. Tribune.

### "HOWLERS."

#### Classic "Bones" Culled from Exam Papers.

The correct statements found in an examination paper are of no value to the teacher, but he can learn something from the mistakes. For that reason the schoolboy "howlers"—to use a Britishism—should be taken seriously. In looking over a list of humorous answers recently given in the Regents' examination of the State of New York I find that they can be readily referred to a few simple forms of misunderstanding. The majority come from the use of a wrong word similar in sound, such, for instance, as the following:

A blizzard is the inside of a hen.

When Cicero delivered his oration he was a prefix.

Sixty gallons make one hedgehog.

When the British got up in the morning and saw the Americans on the opposite hill they threw up their breakfast (breastworks).

A permanent set of teeth consists of eight canines, eight cuspids, two molars and eight cuspidors.

Climate is caused by the emotion of the earth around the sun.

Pompeii was destroyed by an eruption of saliva from the Vatican.

The Government of England is a limited mockery.

Georgia was founded by people who had been executed.

Geometry teaches us how to bisect angels.

Achilles was dipped in the river Styx to make him immoral.

A vacuum is a large empty space where the Pope lives.

The alimentary canal is located in the northern part of Indiana.

The rosetta stone was a missionary to Turkey.

A mountain pass is a pass given by the railroad to its employees so that they can spend their vacation in the mountains.

The skeleton is what is left after the insides have been taken out and the outsides have been taken off.

A circle is a round straight line with a hole in the middle.

Gravitation is that if there were none we should fly away.

A mountain range is a large cook stove.

The qualifications of a voter at a school meeting are that he must be the father of a child for eight weeks.

The first Governor of Massachusetts was Mr. Salem Witchcraft.

The stomach is just south of the ribs.

### WANTED TO PURCHASE.

One pair of boots, heavy soles, size 6 to 6½, C or D. Communicate with the office of Wadsworth Gas Attack.

# THE WORLD'S SERIES

## Berlin Gray Sox Lose in the Ninth Inning.

Batteries: For the Huns—Germany and Austria.

For the Allies—England and France.

The Huns opened up in the first inning with a smashing attack intended to give them an overwhelming lead. Owing—as it developed later—to having stolen the signals, Germany hit safely, with a heavy blow good for three bases. Anxious to stretch it into a homer, he spiked Belgium, who was playing third, but England, backing up Belgium, recovered the ball and laced it to France. Germany then tried to retreat to third, but was caught between bases and forced out.

Belgium, though bleeding profusely, pluckily continued in the game.

The next two Huns went out on foul flies, but when the Allies came to bat they likewise subsided in one-three order.

The Huns scored once in the second inning on an error by England, once in the fourth on a bee-liner that bowled over Serbia, and once in the fifth upon collapse of Russia, who let two grounders in succession through his fingers.

Somewhat unnerved, Russia was ready to retire to the side lines but was persuaded to stick, and the Allies offered fervent prayers that the Huns would place no more hits in his territory. The rest of the infield stiffened to a stonewall defense which, after the fifth inning, the heavy hitting Huns were unable to penetrate.

England, pitching for the Allies, was slow in warming up, but by the sixth inning, his delivery was air-tight and in the seventh and eighth innings he retired the Huns on strike-outs and pop flies.

### Allies Have Batting Rally.

After the Allies succeeded in getting their batting eyes opened they fairly murdered Germany's offerings, but the defense of the Huns was equally impregnable and the Allies could not score. Whatever Germany heaved up, they took to kindly, but whenever the ball landed the Huns had a man there to receive it. The Allies played in hard luck, for in every inning after the fourth they had from one to three men left on bases.

When at the beginning of the ninth the Huns came to bat, the score was still 3 to 0 in their favor.

Turkey went out on an easy fly to England; Austria wafted aloft a high one, but waiting Italy welcomed it with open hands, and Germany heard the umpire call three strikes.

The Allies went to bat to do or die. Russia, however, called forth groans from the grandstand by fanning out, but England almost immediately rapped out a Texas leaguer. France followed with a sacrifice hit which advanced England to second, but

made two out. Canada then came to the rescue with a grounder hot off the grill. Germany dropped it, but made a quick recovery and held England on second though Canada was safe on first. Then Italy brought the stands to their feet with a line-drive that filled the bases.

With three men on and two men out, all hearts were paralyzed when Uncle Sam was seen in whispered consultation with the Allies War Council. He had signed up with the Allies so late in the season that he had not participated in the Worlds' Series.

### Uncle Sam at Bat.

When Uncle Sam picked up a bat and strode forward toward the plate, a mighty roar went up from the bleachers, for it was soon seen that he was going in as a pinch hitter.

The stillness was death-like as Germany wound up, unwound, and tried to cut the corners of the plate. Uncle Sam swung, and with a resounding whack his bat connected with the sphere, and lifted it toward the left field fence.

As Turkey raced madly after it, England crossed the plate with France and Canada close on his heels.

Uncle Sam touched first, second and third, and just as Turkey picked up the ball, raced for home plate. The crowd went wild when the Yankee whirlwind completed the circuit of the bases with the ball still in mid-air.

Score—Allies, 4; Huns, 3.

After the game the Crown Prince was caught trying to crawl through a knot hole in the fence, while the Kaiser was seen in a corner biting his finger nails and cursing Bernstoff for having assured him that Uncle Sam couldn't bat over 150 on a bet.

By this time the rooters for the Huns were a raging mob, shouting, "Get a new manager," with so much menace in their voices that the whole thing ended by the Kaiser appealing to the Allies to lock him up in a nice safe jail somewhere until the storm blew over.—N. Y. Evening Telegram.

Men of the Division should buy of the advertisers in their Division paper.

### A WARNING TO READERS!

One of the pleasant uncertainties of life is that you never know when The Gas Attack is coming out. After the magazine leaves the printers in Atlanta, the express agents may throw off the shipment at any point along the line or beyond, as they did with the Christmas number.

Therefore, readers, you must be vigilant in watching the news stands for each appearance of The Gas Attack.

## HALT!

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**ELWOOD F. BELL,**  
Exclusive Dealer for  
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## WORLD BREVITIES

Edited by J. S. KINGSLEY

### Big Guns Spare Holy City.

In the capture of Jerusalem the British won at the bayonet's point refusing to return the artillery fire of the enemy in order to preserve the Holy City.

### Draft Dodgers Soaked.

Three draft dodgers in New England were tried and sentenced to fifteen and twenty years respectively, in the Federal prison at Atlanta, Ga.

### The High Cost of Sedition.

Julia R. Armbuster, of Syracuse, was arrested and tried for seditious utterances. She was found guilty and fined \$300. The judge said that the sentence was to be an example to others.

### N. Y. Museum Gets Morgan Art.

J. P. Morgan gave his father's art collection, remaining unsold, to the Metropolitan Museum. The collection is valued at \$7,000,000. This is one of the greatest gifts to a museum ever given. The collection consists of enamels and ivories chiefly.

### Not German Measles, We Hope.

Surgeon General Gorgas is inspecting the various camps of the country and reports the conditions he finds to Secretary Baker. In Camp Bowie there have been 2,900 cases of measles. In Greenville there have been 2,000 cases of measles. The Surgeon General is suggesting means by which conditions can be made better.

### See America First.

Both the Senate and the House of Representatives have passed by the necessary two-thirds vote a bill of an amendment which would make prohibition nation-wide by constitutional law. Before it becomes a part of the constitution it is necessary that it be passed by the legislatures of three-fourths of the States.

### Goethals, Q. M. General.

General Goethals has been recalled into active service and named as acting quartermaster general of the army.

### Gets Time for Sleeping on Watch.

A sailor who failed to obey orders and slept on watch was sentenced by Judge Morton in Federal Court to four months in jail. He was on a trans-Atlantic liner and endangered it by going to sleep while on duty.

### Swiss in the Dark.

Scores of cities in Switzerland are not lighted at night owing to lack of coal. A large number of factories are also closed for the same reason.

### War Council.

Brig. General Charles B. Wheeler has been designated as chief of ordnance to relieve General Crozier, who takes a seat in the War Council in the War Department. Maj. General Arasmus Weaver is also assigned to the War Council and Brig. General John Barrette is designated as acting chief of coast artillery.

### Let 'Em All Vote But Six!

Next month the House of Representatives will consider the granting of nation-wide suffrage to women under authority of the national constitution.

### More Hun Chicanery.

Report comes from Honolulu that the German cruiser interned there repeated radio messages from spies in the United States to Japan, the object of which was to get Japan to land forces in Mexico while the Germans hoped to invade Canada. The radio apparatus had been sealed by the American government but was broken open by the German officer on the interned ship. While the message was being repeated a band was playing to drown the sound.

### Submarine Rammed.

One American submarine rammed another, causing the loss of 19 lives. Further particulars are not given out as yet.

### Punish Spud Cheater.

A food dealer in London over-charged on a sale of potatoes and was fined \$7,000.

### Canada for Conscription.

Canada recently had a general Dominion election. The one question before the people was conscription or no conscription. The conscription law was approved by a decisive vote. Quebec has not done her part in the war, few of her men volunteered. The conscription was also opposed by Quebec. Now she will be required to furnish her quota of soldiers.

### Poor Ole Berlin!

The editor of the Copenhagen Politik says that Berlin is a gloomy place. There are few lights and fires. Sugar and fats are very scarce. Rubber is so scarce that few automobiles are seen and few horses enter and the horses are very thin. Breakfast consists of a substitute coffee, two slices of war bread and a fluid to sweeten the coffee.

**Drop Poison Bombs.**

The wife of an American artist who was residing in Venice reports that the Germans have been dropping poisoned bombs upon Venice, one of which struck their house and nearly killed all the occupants.

**Col. House Hopeful.**

Col. House, the special representative of President Wilson, returning from his visit to Europe, reports that he is certain that the Allies will win the war but he also feels sure that it will only be done by force of arms. He says that while the Central Powers are in a bad way, economically, yet they are not near the breaking point which can only be brought about by arms.

**London Air Raid.**

London has again been bombarded by air raiders. It is reported that a score or more were victims of the raid.

**Food for Thought.**

The Food Commission has decided that all retail dealers must obey the rules of the commission, even though they have not applied for licenses. Food in most cases will be labeled to show kind, grade, amount and price.

**Knights to the Rescue.**

The Knights of Columbus expect to send abroad to Europe 500 "Knights" to aid and

comfort the soldiers there. In order to meet this expense a sum amounting to \$3,000,000 is being raised.

**Great Lakes to Berlin.**

A motor truck fleet on the way from Detroit to an Atlantic port, consists of 30 three ton Packard trucks. There are two tank cars and one kitchen car. They travel at the rate of ten miles per hour through mud and snow. These trucks will go to Pershing in France. These trucks have streamers, "Don't back up until we get over there," "Great Lakes to Berlin," "Packard for Pershing."

**Sanitary Control.**

A despatch from Washington stated recently that the United States Public Health Service had completed arrangements to take over the sanitary control of the civil zones around twenty-six of the army cantonments and mobilization camps. In protecting the soldiers in camps, preliminary reports from the officials state that the most important obstacles met with are the "absence of knowledge on the part of the community as to the necessity for rigid control," and the "lax quarantine methods of the past."

**Ship Output for 1918.**

The Shipping Board estimates that America's 1918 output of shipping, based on builders' reports, will be five million tons deadweight.

**Uniforms**

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*Cotton Khaki* \$15.00 up  
*16 oz. O. D. Serge* 42.50 up  
*Funston Cloth* 32.50 up  
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*James A. Bannister*

*Genuine Cordovan*  
*Puttees* : \$16.50

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*A Happy New Year  
and  
Every Good Fortune  
To The  
Men of the 27th Division*

SPARTAN MILLS  
SPARTANBURG, S. C.

## BASKET-BALL SCHEDULE OPENS.

Supply Company, 105th Infantry and Company K of Same Outfit, Winners in First Games.

The first round of games in the inter-company basket-ball league, organized by the 105th and 10th New York Regiments, were staged at the Spartanburg Y. M. C. A. last Saturday. In the opener the Supply men of the 105th completely annihilated the machine gunners of the 10th by a 25 to 13 score, while their mates from K Company took similar delight in humbling the 10th by taking a whack at B Company. The winners of the late contest took the long end of a 25 to 16 tally.

There was never any doubt about the outcome of the first game. The Supply men got down to business right away, piling up a substantial lead. The rapid fire experts failed to live up to their name for although they had several individual stars they never showed a semblance of machine work. They braced a little in the second half, holding the victors 10 to 7.

In the second contest the tale was just the opposite. After having trailed in the first half 11 to 8, K braced and aided by the clever shooting of Morris, managed to hold its leaders to 5 points gathering 17 itself.

Both games were cleanly fought. Melvin, the former Hudson River League star, officiated. It is planned to play the second round New Year's Day.

### First Game.

Supply Co., 105th (25)	Mach. Gun Co., 10th (13)
Morris	Guest, Kreischner
Millet	Bedell
Vannier	Powell
Case, Duval	Weeks
Liney	Yost, Dolan

Goals from field—Morris, 1; Millet, 2; Vannier, 1; Case, 4; Liney, 3; Kreischner, 1; Bedell, 2; Powell, 1; Dolan, 1.

Goals from foul—Morris, 1; Liney, 1; Millet, 1; Bedell, 1; Kreischner, 1.

### Second Game.

Co. K, 105th (25)	Co. B, 10th (16)
Banks	Stern
A. Putts	Robinson
Morris	Lasard
F. Putts	Delisle
Coman	Vanseck

Goals from field—Morris, 6; F. Putts, 2; Banks, 2; A. Putts, 1; Robinson, 2; Lasard, 2; Delisle, 2.

Goals from foul—F. Putts, 3; Lasard, 2; Robinson, 1, and Delisle, 1.



"LOOKOUT FOR MARY ANN"

**FRANK MORAN.**

(Concluded from page 3)

Boxing in camp has the heartiest endorsement of Major General O'Ryan.

At the Chalet Marianne.

Frank and his coat with the Andalusian camel fur collar live in the "Chalet Marianne" with Harvey Cohn, the Fosdick Commission athletic director. The "Chalet Marianne," named for the wallop generated by Frank's good right arm, is a vest-pocket bungalow situated just abaft Division Headquarters. Frank admits that it is often colder there than up at Lake Placid, where he has done outdoor training with the thermometer down around ten below.

So the big fellow you see with the only baa-baa benny in camp that fits, and the only one in the world with a genuine Andalusian camuel fur collar, is "just Frank Moran." And take this tip—if you feel real mean, and want to pick a rookus with somebody, if you want to take out a grouch on somebody down behind the shower-bath, let it be someone other than the big fellow with the bushy blonde eye brows.

Look before you spend. The best merchants advertise in the **Gas Attack**.

**Happy New Year**

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WISH IMPLIES

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Absolutely Imported

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at reasonable prices.  
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will feel at home  
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every day.



**THE MAIN STREET CAFE**

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# In Division Society

Mrs. Charles P. Loeser, Editor.

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

Send your social notes to the society editor in care of The Gas Attack, Camp Wadsworth, or 502 Converse Campus. She will be pleased to give all information her personal attention.

## CHRISTMAS AT CAMP.

The spirit of Christmas visited Camp Wadsworth and threw its mantle of cheer and warmth over every man's shoulders in the division, for Santa Claus with the generous assistance of mothers, wives, sweethearts, sisters, brothers, relatives, near friends, far away friends, also unknown friends, had been working for weeks to see that every soldier should be happy on Christmas day—and they succeeded.

The soldiers converted their mess shacks into bowers of beauty, with the decorations of holly and evergreens, which they gathered themselves from the near-by woods.

A Christmas tree stood tall and beautifully arrayed in each mess shack and lighted with many little electric light bulbs.

Entertainments were arranged by the men of the different companies and a general good feeling of Christmas filled the camp. Not the least of the attractions for the day was the Christmas dinner, planned and provided with thought and care, of turkey and all the good things that go with it.

All drills were suspended from Saturday at noon until Wednesday morning, and no work required of the officers and men except that which was absolutely necessary. If deep down in his heart a man had a longing to be back with the folks at home, he kept the thought hidden, and just entered into the joy of the day like a true soldier.

## THE ROCK CLIFF CLUB HOUSE WARMING.

The Rock Cliff Club opened its doors for its first dance for enlisted men and their friends recently. The pavilion was beautifully decorated with Christmas greens and two huge fireplaces gave additional warmth and cheer.

The 74th Regiment Band furnished the music.

## BENEFIT BALL ON NEW YEAR'S NIGHT.

One of the brilliant attractions of the Yuletide season is the charity ball to be given at the Cleveland Hotel, New Year's evening for officers and civilians by Mr. and Mrs. William Fear, assisted by Mrs. Leon Gaus. The patrons are Maj. Gen. and Mrs. John F. O'Ryan, Gen. and Mrs. Charles Phillips, Gen. and Mrs. Lester, Gen. and Mrs. Michie, Maj. and Mrs. Kilpatrick, Mr. and Mrs. Walter Allan, Mr. and Mrs. Tom Perrin, Mr. and Mrs. Charles O'Neale, Mr. and Mrs. A. M. Law, Mesdames Evans and Montgomery.

## DANCE FOR OFFICERS.

The Rock Cliff Club have announced an opening dance for officers to be given on the evening of December 27th. The second dance of the club for enlisted men will be on New Year's eve, and the second officers' dance on New Year's night.

## DANCE POSTPONED.

The dance of Company G, 107th Infantry, was postponed on account of a great number of the men being away on furloughs.

Miss Lohied, director of the Hostess House, soon to be opened at Camp Wadsworth, and Miss Kingman, emergency secretary, are staying with Mrs. W. J. Keller, 166 Pine St.

## DANCE BY THE MEN OF THE 106TH FIELD ARTILLERY.

A dance enjoyed by all present was given by the 106th Field Artillery at the Cleveland Hotel. The dance was under the direction of Corporal V. L. Bruhn, post exchange steward; Farnk Tanner and Sergeant Kelley, of Battery A, with the assistance of a number

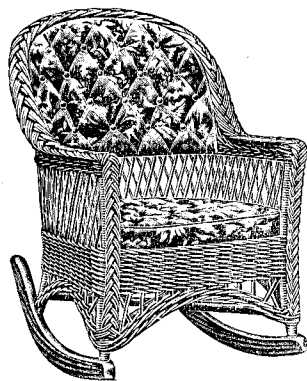
of ladies, including Mesdames Tanner and Wilson and the Misses Carpenter, Green, McGovern and Boyd.

## IMPROVEMENTS?

The American Society of Phrenologists at its recent meeting in Philadelphia prepared for general circulation a list of terms that may be used as synonymous for "hit on the head," thus conferring a great favor on those who are always looking for something new. Here they are:

Drubbed on the dome.  
Bammed on the bean.  
Tapped on the conk.  
Bumped on the beezee.  
Biffed on the coco.  
Busted on the cranium.  
Whiffed on the skull.  
Cracked on the nut.  
Nailed on the knob.  
Slugged in the belfry.  
Lammed on the peak.  
Dinged on the brain-box.

—Cincinnati Enquirer.



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## Rialto Theatre

Monday, Dec. 31, 1917

WM. S. HART

IN

"Horns and Hoofs"

Saturday, Jan. 5, 1918

WM. S. HART

IN

"The Silent Man"

BIJOU

Friday and Saturday  
Jan. 4th and 5th

WM. S. HART

IN

"The Prowlers of  
the Plains"

# THE SUN AND THE GAS ATTACK

New York Newspaper Calls Twenty-seventh Division Magazine the "Liveliest of Camp Papers."

The New York Sun has come out in frank approval of **The Gas Attack**. It has printed a three-column article about the magazine of this division, which it calls the "liveliest of camp papers."

Many of the contributions in a recent number of **The Gas Attack** are re-printed, and in its comment The Sun said:

"Their weekly paper down at Spartanburg has a regular gosh awful fighting name. It has two. It's double barreled, suggesting an O. D. journalistic merger.

"Viz.: **The Wadsworth Gas Attack and Rio Grande Rattler**. There. Bing, bang! Lokal Anzeiger and other Hun sheets please cop.

"The **W. G. A. & R. G. R.** makes its monaker good. It plays the part, both parts. This doesn't mean that it asphyxiates the camp or stings its subscribers with poison, merely that its pages mirror a great husky multitude of assorted he-men, healthy and cheerful, getting on fine together, collectively looking for fight and hopeful of finding it pronto—the more pronto the better.

"Wilhelm's house pet Fourth Estate make a bold black note of that too.

"The honorary editors are the Generals at Camp Wadsworth. Most of the active staff wear khaki; they're officers and plain buck privates. But soldiering being a full time job, and allowing few leisure hours for hobbies like orchid growing and journalism, you could hardly expect the boys to do all the work that turns out thirty-two pages once a week, unless they had good live civilian help.

"They have it, and they get it where they get so many other good things, namely, from the Camp Wadsworth Young Men's Christian Association. The Y. M. C. A. directs and takes part in the enterprise.

"Don't on the strength of that jump at wrong conclusions. We are being pretty well cured these days of some of our previous conceptions of the Christian Association; perhaps it might be said to the Association's glory that some of its leading spirits have revised their own as well. The **Wadsworth Gas Attack, &c.**, is Y. M. C. A. in the best sense that is, World War Y. M. C. A. In no limited Sunday night song service sense is it Y. M. C. A. one bit.

#### Reasons for Thanks.

"This again does not mean that there is anything in it the boys would want to cut out before they mailed their copies home. It only means that the **Gas Attack** is of, by, for and about vigorous male humans who are neither 'thin red 'eroes' nor 'plaster saints,' who have been flung together in the

final stage of their preparation for their sizeable share of The Job, who find on the whole that they rather enjoy it—deprivations, hardships and the prospect of going across, even the not much remoter prospect of going Over the Top to reason with Fritz at the bayonet's point.

"There is nothing solemn and sombre, nothing sentimental, nothing a sob squad writer could seize on to shed a parting tear of printer's ink. Heaven knows if there were it would be wildly out of place. But then there so easily might be. And there isn't.

"At a glance down the staff roster you recognize at least one Park Row newspaper name, that of Private Chick Devine, who, incidentally, wrote the best verses in the Thanksgiving number before you.

"But to single out familiar names is unfair to all the others. The whole tone of the **Gas Attack** is that of A1 newspaper work, and the men who did the work could hardly have done better on full time assignments and salaries.

"The sporting pages are first rate, the real, regular goods. They cover camp sports very much as the best papers cover the big leagues and the Big Four football games.

"Several newspapers and news associations have helped put the **Gas Attack** over

by contributing war features which no other publication could have bought or borrowed on any terms. There is a live, well edited page of world news brevities, and there is, most properly, a directory of the churches and church services in Spartanburg.

"You will like the way the **Gas Attack** deals with the topic of camp morals. It is neither unimpressed nor hysterical with indignant denials evoked by the Humiston kind of thing. A specimen paragraph:

"The Twenty-seventh Division has an exceedingly clean record. Talk about vice in this division is nonsense. Morally Spartanburg is one of the cleanest towns in the country. Furthermore, the personnel of this division and their absorption in serious training have cut dissipation of any character to a negligible minimum. A chocolate soda and a Keystone comedy are the average soldier's idea of a hot time in the old town these days.'

"All through plenty of good solid stuff (such as an expert alienist's description of shell shock and how to avoid it) is mixed with the snappy camp humor. You wonder how such a publication is ever put together in a military camp. Also and especially you would bet your bottom dollar on the fighting qualities and the glorious service future of the camp that gets out such a publication.

"(Crown Prince's body servant, please paste in his hat—if it happens to have fallen off.)"

New Year Greetings  
and  
Best Wishes  
to the  
Boys of Camp Wadsworth

Pacolet Manufacturing Co.

# A CALL for 15,000,000 VOLUNTEERS

You are wanted.

**YOU!**

You are wanted now.

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

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

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

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

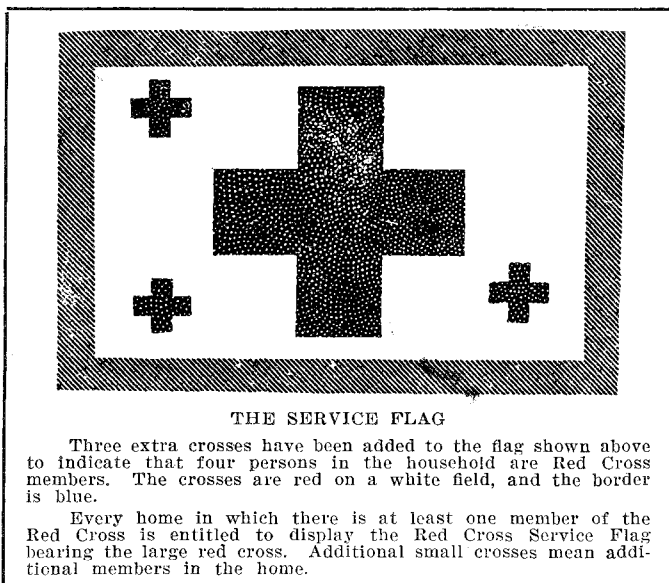
It may save the life of someone you know and love. It is sure to be put to immediate practical use for some soldier. Every penny paid in by members is used for much needed things—bandages, comfort kits, sox, helmets, etc., which are given to the soldiers of our country.

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

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

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

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



THE SERVICE FLAG

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

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

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

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

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

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

*Join this Army of Mercy and Help To-Day*

## BE ONE OF THE 15,000,000

# A HAPPY NEW YEAR TO THE SOLDIERS

## SAFETY RAZORS

Gillette  
Gem  
Ever-Ready  
Auto Strap  
Enders and Penn



## TOILET ARTICLES

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

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

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PRESCRIPTION SPECIALISTS AND FIRST CLASS DRUGS

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**BUY**  
**Coupon Book**  
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From All  
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Value at the—

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**The Shamrock**  
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173 N. Church St.

MISSES HOUSTON

The New  
**Rex Theatre**



C. L. HENRY, Manager

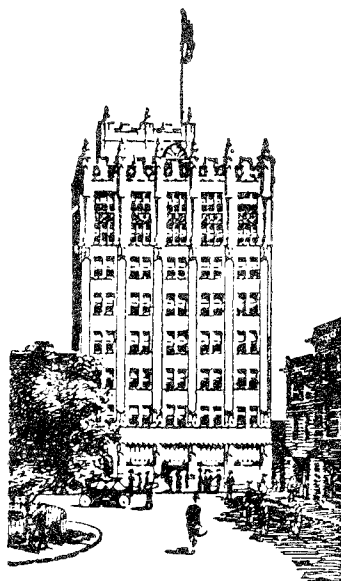
The Best Pictures  
That Real Orchestra

The Largest Motion  
Picture Theatre  
in the State

*You Come Once,*  
*You Come Again.*

**TRY IT**





## COME AND GET IT

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

CENTRAL NATIONAL BANK