

WADSWORTH GAS ATTACK

AND

The Rio Grande Rattler.

Vol. 1

CAMP WADSWORTH, S. C., January 19, 1918

No. 9



“Why Boys Go Home”



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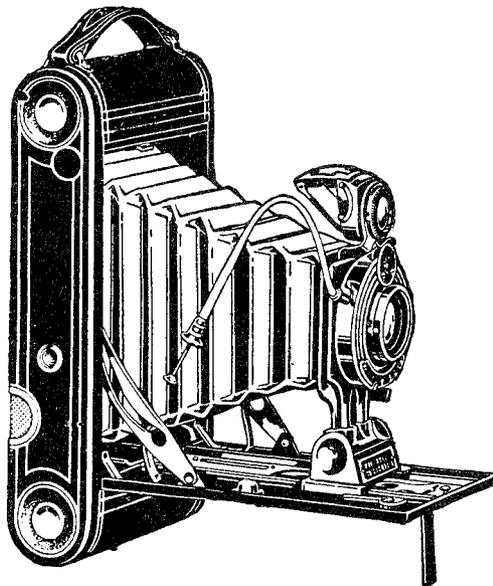
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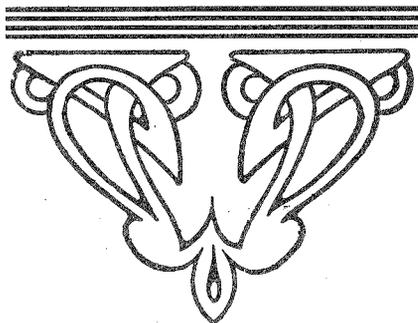
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ANNOUNCEMENT.

Next week comes the Nut Number, the biggest number of the year. Its price will be ten cents. Get it, and you'll laugh so hard you'll get a disability discharge.



The Impatient Soldier

By Charles Divine, Ambulance Co. 108

“A soldier has been defined as a man who has an insatiable desire to go anywhere else.”—Maj.-Gen. O’Ryan.

Something calls—and I want to go over.
I want to go over where comrades have led:
From these white cotton fields and the sweet-smelling clover
To roads where the flowers of battle are red.

Here, friendly highways companion your noontide,
Sunshine a-spatter on still, forest lanes,
Fields hushed in beauty when night floods the noontide—
And ponchos and shelter whenever it rains.

There, roads are shattered and young lads around them,
Bullets will spatter instead of the sun,
And up from the byways limp those who have found them,
And back from the highways the ghosts of men run.

Yet I want to go over—a soldier’s impatient;
This horrible vice is a heart leaping hot,
Regardless of fate or the shell-hole adjacent,
And trying to get there until he is “got.”

His nature would baffle courtmartial or jury;
A-roving, a-yearning, go somewhere he must.
God fashioned him out of a glorious fury,
A handful of dust . . . and the wanderlust.

Something calls—yes, I smell every cluster of clover,
I see here the meadows, each blossom is gay . . .
And the song of the wind—but I want to go over.
It calls, and I want to go over to-day!

THEM WAS THE HAPPY DAYS!

Just Think of the Chances You Passed Up When You Were a Civilian!

Of course we don't believe for a minute that you regret having enlisted. And we are quite certain that had you to do it all over again you'd do exactly what you did.

But it's more or less interesting to recall those days and nights of strict neutrality. For instance, you remember meeting Joe Goofus just as you were shuffling into the subway entrance at Grand Central, and Joe saying:

"Lo Bill. What's the rush? Let's go over to Jack's for some scrambled eggs and Irish bacon and a little beer before going up town. Then I'll ride up with you."

And, remember replying:

"Nix, Joe. I'm not hungry. Besides I'm tired of Jack's and I'm off the stuff."

And naturally you don't forget being haled by Harry Hoozis on your way home from the office one night and Harry saying:

"Fine, Bill! Just the fellow I was looking for. I have a couple of tickets for the Follies to-night. Come along."

"Nix, Harry," you replied with a yawn. "I'm getting tired of those girl shows. Get Bob. He'll go. I've seen three shows this week, anyway. Thanks, though."

Personally we look back, with mingled emotions, upon that afternoon when Fred rang us up on the telephone and said with great cheerfulness:

"That you, Bill? This is Fred. Say, Bill, I dated up a couple of PEACHES for to-night. Going to meet them at nine at Murray's. Bill, take it from me, they're the goods. Blonds. Told them about you and they're keen to meet you. Meet me at—"

But we interrupted Fred thus:

"Sorry, Fred. Wish it was some other night. Me for the hay to-night. Had a big party with Marie and Betty and the bunch last night. Started at Shanley's and went out to Hunter's Island Inn and rolled in about four. Try Jimmy. He's strong for blonds. Me for the simple life for a few nights now. 'By Fred."

Any of you fellows who think it's easy to write this stuff ought to try it yourselves. It has started us thinking about a lot of things we might have done and didn't, just because we didn't know that there were nights coming when we'd killed any guy we heard telling the telephone operator of a Saturday night:

"Operator, ring me up about six to-morrow morning. I'm going to cut out this business of spending Sunday in bed. Besides I'm going to start in drilling with the bunch over on Governor's Island Sundays. I'm wasting too much time in bed, anyway."

Now, understand us. We're not kicking. We're glad we're here and wouldn't be anywhere else in the world except, possibly, in

THE BEST SOUVENIR.

Every soldier wants to send home something that will be a keep-sake for the folk at home, and that will be a souvenir of his days in the service.

The best souvenir a soldier can possibly send home is the Wadsworth Gas Attack and Rio Grande Rattler. It will last longer than sofa pillows, rings, pennants, pictures and bric-a-brac. In years to come it will cause him many a chuckle as he reads about old times in Carolina. It is really a little intimate history of the 27th Division.

You'd better keep a file of it. Some of the early numbers can still be bought at the Gas Attack office in Y. M. C. A. headquarters, near Division Headquarters. They are going fast.

The best plan is to subscribe to the Gas Attack for three months. It costs only a dollar. The paper is mailed from the printer directly to the folk up North. They can preserve them for you until you can get back from Berlin. Better send in a dollar to-day for three months.

A WARM PLACE TO REST.

Enlisted Men's Club in Town is the Feline's Pajamas.

The men at Camp Wadsworth are cordially invited to make good use of the comfortable club room which the people of Spartanburg have fitted up for your convenience, in the Woodmen of the World Hall, opposite the Cleveland Hotel.

The committee in charge wants the boys to know that the privileges in this club are open to all enlisted men absolutely without cost; no dues, no fees nor any charge for entertainments given.

The club is open every day from 4 o'clock in the afternoon until 10 o'clock at night. Every Saturday evening from 7 o'clock until 8 a free entertainment will be given, consisting of the best talent which the city of Spartanburg, Camp Wadsworth and visiting artists can furnish.

Make this club your headquarters in town.

France or some camp where the weather is reasonable. And we know all about the dangers of this wine, women and song admixture. But, gosh hang it, we do wish we'd gone to Jack's with Joe, taken in the Follies with Harry and met the blonds with Fred and—oh, damn it; you know!

W. A. D.

HALF-HOLIDAY SCHEDULE.

Some Outfits to Get Tuesday or Thursday Off.

The half holiday on Wednesday afternoon for the entire camp will be discontinued, and a new schedule will be substituted. All the men will continue to get a half holiday during the middle of the week, but all will not get it at the same time. The object is to relieve congestion in the city and on the transportation service between the city and the camp. The order reads:

"Tuesday afternoon will be a half holiday for the 53d infantry brigade, 102d engineers and 106th machine gun battalion.

"Wednesday afternoon will be a half holiday for the 54th infantry brigade, and all other units of the 27th division (less the 52d field artillery brigade) not previously mentioned.

"Thursday afternoon will be a half holiday for the 52d field artillery brigade and for such organizations of the depot for corps and army troops as the commanding general of the depot may care to allow that privilege."

LOOK OUT FOR LOAN SHARKS!

The following has been received from the treasury department at Washington, with the request that it be published for the information of all concerned:

"It has been brought to the attention of the treasury department that loan sharks are operating in the national army and national guard camps and directing their attention especially towards loans on liberty bonds. Loans from \$50 to \$75 are made on a \$100 bond at rates as high as 10 per cent. Army men should be protected at all hazards, against those who would either misinform or otherwise take advantage of them with respect to their government bonds. Any reputable bank will give the market price for the bonds and should loan on them at a reasonable rate. Open market quotations for the bonds carry only a slight discount."

PRESENT FEET!

How would you like to measure the feet of 5,000 soldiers? That is the task Lieut. Henry P. Mauck, medical reserve corps, has started on at Camp Wadsworth. He is going to cast a critical eye at every Cinderella in camp. He takes them in batches of 5,000.

WARNING!

The Nut Number, which will come out next week, will cost ten cents. After you read it you'll come to the conclusion you wouldn't have missed it for ten dollars.

Wadsworth Gas Attack and Rio Grande Rattler

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

Honorary Editors—

Major General John F. O'Ryan.
Brigadier General Charles L. Phillips.
Lt. Colonel Franklin W. Ward.
William J. Davison, Camp Y. M. C. A. Secretary.

Publication Committee—

Dr. Paul Moore Strayer, Chairman.
J. S. Kingsley, Editor-in-Chief.
E. W. Leslie.

Editor—

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

Associate Editor—

Pvt. Charles Divine, Ambulance Co. 108.

Art Editor—

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

Business Manager—

Theodore F. Elworth, Y. M. C. A.

Associate Business Manager—

Private Mark V. Brady, 102d Supply Train.

Advertising Manager—

Regtl. Sergt. Gaylord W. Elliott, 102d Ammunition Train.

Editorial Staff—

Lieutenant Edward Streeter, 52d Brigade Headquarters.
Ernest W. Leslie, Y. M. C. A.
Private Walter A. Davenport, Co. M, 107th Infantry.
Private Fred J. Ashley, Headquarters Troop.
Private Keppler A. Bisbee, 105th Field Artillery.

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WE'LL NEED IT SOME DAY.

After noon mess the other day in a company the mess orderlies collected seven gallons of good chocolate, five gallons of milk, four big pans of broken bread, and a great quantity of hash which the men had left behind. The chocolate, milk, bread, and, of course, the hash, were thrown away.

This happens every day in every company to a greater or less extent. It is waste of a sort that makes the French officers, who know how precious food is at the front, throw up their hands and shudder. We ask the folk at home to save food—to Hooverize. We shouldn't waste it ourselves. There's enough for everybody, but there isn't enough to waste. If we waste food now, we are going to regret it when we are at the front. We'll need it then.

Every soldier in the Division has this responsibility directly on his own shoulders—or, better, on his stomach. Don't waste food.

A mess sergeant is in many ways the most important non-com in his company. He can do much good, or harm. If he lets food be wasted, he is falling down on his job. If he squanders his supplies, he is betraying his trust. Remember the old saw—You Never Miss The Water Till The Pipe Freezes.

R. E. C.

DOING OUR BIT AT \$150 PER.

Amongst the several things we object to is the name of the burlesque holding forth at the Winter Garden, New York. Not, of course, that it makes the slightest difference to the heroic lads who are thus "Doing Their Bit" for various considerations ranging from \$25 upward, per, but it does strike us that the same more or less valuable

contribution to the history of Broadway entertainments might struggle along with a title a trifle less mocking without appreciable detriment to the box office business.

As a matter of fact our experiences with Winter Garden shows convince us that the name, quite likely, has nothing at all in common with that which goes on the stage. And we realize, quite thoroughly, that the exquisite boys of the chorus, who are, doubtless, clad in neater O. D.'s than we and who, of course, salute frequently and always improperly, are vastly more serviceable in sundry ways than they would be in the army.

But even ignoring the Winter Garden's disregard for the simple rules of good taste, we can think of a number of reasons why whatever it is they are doing at the Winter Garden this season, would be quite as successful were the Messrs. Shubert to shift the title, "Doing Our Bit," to some other activity; some activity, let us suggest, that would fit the title, for instance.

It would be too bad were this to be interpreted as an attack upon the business enterprises of the Messrs. Shubert. We assure them, for higher than business office reasons, for we are not thus hampered, that we are not thus inspired.

However, we wonder whether this isn't a good time to eliminate from stage properties, the venerable trick of saving the show by introducing the long suffering Stars and Stripes. And isn't it about time to make some sort of protest against the purely commercial introduction, by the orchestra, of The Star Spangled Banner, at that psychological moment when less heroic measures would not save the audience from absolute boredom?

The principle that is responsible for labeling the Winter Garden performance "Doing Our Bit" appears to us to be the same. We haven't the slightest idea whether it is a very good or a very bad show. We haven't seen it.

But somehow we are sentimental enough to associate the phrase "Doing Our Bit" with the idea of willing sacrifice; a necessary sacrifice to a great ideal and something even more concrete and tangible—the preservation of humanity. There are millions of men and women doing it.

We would be indeed stupid not to appreciate the Shuberts' keen business acumen but we are moved to question their thoughtfulness.

W. A. D.

MAGAZINE COVER WARRIORS.

Some day one of these artists who draw covers for the popular magazines is going to see a real soldier. The meeting will be a distinct shock to the artist. Your magazine-cover soldier would have a tough time of it in the 27th Division. He apparently salutes by slapping himself on the nose with a careless flip of his hand. Or else he makes a gesture that is a combination of the British salute, the secret wig-wag of the Royal Order of the Stuffed Duck, and the motion a man makes when he is trying to roll big Dick from Boston.

And his uniform! We have the cover of a well known magazine before us. The soldier on it is trying to dig his thumb in his eye while giving what the artist believes to be a salute, and he is wearing—(a) leather puttees; (b) khaki pants of remarkable cut; (c) a side arm strapped apparently to his knee; (d) a blue sport shirt, open at the throat, and a blue cartridge belt supported by what appear to be blue gallusses; (e) a hat set at a rakish angle; (f) a hat cord which is yellow with red tassels, indicating, presumably, that he is in the cavalry on week-days and the artillery on Sundays.

Of course, we don't believe Art should be trammelled by the army regulations. But if artists are going to paint soldiers, why not cast an optic at some of the 27th Division Apollos. Then they'd know how soldiers really look.

R. E. C.



A SOLDIER'S LETTER TO HIS SWEETHEART.

Mon Petit Enfant:

That's slang. Untranslatable. They call it idiotic French. It means "Oh you kid" in American. I haven't done much French of late. Everybody round here's bein' speshulists. Not the kind your mother goes to. A speshulist is a fello what only does one thing. I been doin' everything an' I'm gettin' sick of it. I says to the first sargent the other day wasnt he goin to make me a speshulist sein as I had as many brains as any of them that were. Which isnt sayin much as you know as well as me. He said all right he have me study the preparation of food. Said he wanted me to go into it pretty deep. I been into it up to my elbows in the kitchen almost every day since. I asked some fellos and they said they never heard of the job. I think there's something queer, Mable. Never trust sargents, least of all first sargents.

A lot of the fellos have gone away to learn to be officers. That kind of struck my fancy, it bein' about the only thing I hadn't done. I went to the captain and told him I thought I'd go, too. He said I could go too, but he added something. He said a company was built up some like a man. There was the brain, that was the officers, then some had to be the muscle and some had to be the bone. He said I seemed to be pretty well fitted to my part so he wouldn't change me. Queer duck, the captain, Mable.

I've wrote a pome. I sent it to the Divishun paper. They wouldn't print it 'cause they said it was so real that it might depress the men. I read it to the fellos in the tent, and it seemed to depress them awful. I'm writin' it to you. It's about war, as you'll probably notice yourself as you read it over:

I.

Here the thunder of the guns
Smashin down the German Huns;
An' the sticky pools of gory blood,
Soakin' up the oozy sod;
The rushin', roarin', shreekin' boom
Of bullets crashin' thru the gloom.

II.

Listen to those great bums bust
On the quiverin', Hunnish crust!
Listen to the shreikin', moanin',
Swearin', yellin', gruntin', groanin'
That comes to us across the trenches
All mixed up with gruesome stenches.

III.

Biff. And from their hellish lair,
The shrieks of Germans rent the air.
Bloody limbs lie on the ground,
Bits of Huns go flying round.
Bang! And through the cannon's roar
Is plainly heard the splashin' gore.

IV.

But this cannot go on for long,
'Cause Uncle Sam is comin' strong.
An' when we charge the German line,
We'll chuck the damn thing in the Rine,
And blood and slaughter, rape and gore
In Bel La France will rain no more.

Ain't that terrible, Mable? I read it to one fello and he said that it made him absolutely sick. He said he didn't see how I could write it without gettin' sick myself. Between you and me, I did get sick a couple of times when I was makin' it up.

It gives you a good idea of what I'm goin' to do. Of course, there's a lot in it that's confidential, but I don't care if you read it to some of your friends just to get 'em seein' what war really is. I suppose you'll say some of the things ain't nice. If you'd studied literatooor you'd know that when you're writin' big stuff you have to put in anything that comes into your head or lose the punch. The ends the best part. It's the kind of thing that gets people excited. The Rine is a German river where they make wine near Berlin, Mable.

I stayed in from drill one day to write that. I didn't say nothing to no one, though, 'cause none of these sargents has any imagination. They think there's nothin' in the world but drill. Always trying to get fellos to go out and drill with 'em. The worst of it is that they always get them.

You keep mentioning a fello named Broggins in your letters, Mable. Now, I ain't got a spark of jealousy in my make-up. Big. That's me all over. But I tell you frankly that if I ever catch one of those allin enemys winding your victrola I'll kick him out of the house. That's only fair, Mable. It isn't that I care a snap. There's plenty of girls waitin' for me. It's just the principal of the thing. Don't think for a minute that I care. I just mention it 'cause I hadn't nothin' else to say.

Yours till you here otherwise,
BILL.
Per E. S.

Straight-jackets will be in vogue after the
Nut number of the Gas Attack.

NURSERY RHIMES OF A SOLDIER.

Hickory, Dickory, Dock,
A soldier lives by the clock.
Up at six-thirty,
To bed at ten;
It's the army's way
Of making men.
Hickory, Dickory, Dock.

Hey, there, Sergeant,
Have you any wood?
Yes, sir! Yes, sir,
And be this understood:
There's some for the Mess Shack,
And for the kitchen fire, too,
But where in thunder do you get off,
To think there's some for you?

Oh, I didn't like the Infantry,
Said Little Willie Spreggins;
Oh, I didn't like the Infantree,
Where they wear the canvas leggins.
So I transferred to the Artillereee,
To set my mind at ease.
For I thought that in the Artillereee
I'd be given leather puttees.
But now the Infantry and Artillereee
Are just the same to me,
For in the Infantry or Artillereee,
I'll wear the canvas puttee.
"LITTLE GUY."

After Muster—"Say, Cook Gorman, did you get mustered yet?"
"Sure, I ordered the damn stuff but it didn't come yet."

THAT MAKES IT UNANIMOUS.

There goes the call for reveille,—
I love to hear it summon me;
I love to get up in the morning, too,
I do, I do—like Hell I Do!

A. F. S.

Raw National Army Recruit (Italian parentage)—"Halt! Who dere?"
Soldier (after taps): "Friend."
Same Recruit: "No friend. Too late."

"Have you seen that last issue of underwear that the Supply Sergeant is handing out?"

"Yes. I told him I didn't want any and he made me take it."

"I'll get even with him. I won't wear them."

"So'll I."

MABLE REPLIES.

AN ANSWER TO ONE OF BILL'S LETTERS.

My Hereo Bill:

I am so happy. I cried when I read you was a Orficer. Gee, but it must feel good. I am going to call you my Sweet Caporal now because I know that is what you said you are. I often wondered what those signs with the pretty women meant when they said: "Ask Dad. He knows." And I did, and he told me all about it.

You know Pop was a Orficer in the I. V. before they busted up. He was going to join the 69th, but he had fat feet, the captain said. But Pop said the captain was jealous of him and was afraid he would get his job. Pop always tells the boys down at Dinty Moore's place about it. But I am more worried now, because now that you are a orficer and ride a horse I suppose you'll get careless and be hurt. I forgot to tell you. Pop was a orficer in the Irish Volunteers, but he couldn't be a Home Guard now. That's funny because he was a Lance Corporal orficer in the Irish Volunteers.

We was over to the ten-cent store shopping last night, and we got a lot of Christmas stuff. I was sorry about your fountain pen that got froze in the Sibley stove and I got you a new one. I couldn't get no electric flash-light so I am sending you some safety matches because them new things get broke so easy. I am sending a lot of candy, too, and some of those Ask Dad Sweets, because they are for you orficers, and it says on the box about you caporals.

I didn't know what you meant about the stocking for your head so I went over to the Red Cross place and I asked the feller there. And he said, "Oh! you mean the Helmit." And I said: "What do you mean, Helmit?" So he says, "The Helmit, the hat." So I got mad and went home. But I knew you would need a hat so I am sending you the White Linen hat that Pop wore at Dinty Moore's Beer Racket last summer.

I shivered when I read what you said about the Book in Minor Tackticks. But I didn't know that you had it all worked out so scientific about moving the bodies around. I suppose by that you are going into the Undertakers Regiment. I know you ain't going to be killed. Will you please write my address on all the things you got so when they find you out there, they can send them to me.

I am so glad you are getting so edjicated. You are learning all them things like Miner's TickTacks and Camooflage. It must be like going to college. Mommer was sorry to hear about those Gas Attacks you have down there, so she is sending some of that Indigestion Stuff that she gives Pop. She says to tell you not to eat so much onions, and maybe that will help.

I was all imbibed with what you say about that wonderful camooflage and how you do



it. It must be nice to be camooflaged all up like a tree. I can picture you. Because you must look like a Christmas tree, because I remember how you was all lit up last New Year's Day at our house.

It is so cold and snowy here. I always think how lucky you are down there in the Sunny South. How I wish I was there, too. But I know when you come back we can be married in the winter and have our honeymoon in the same place where the camp is in Spartanburg. It will be so romantik. I just love those romantik things. That's me all over again.

One of the guys from the supply company in your regiment is home for the New Year's furlough. He has a wheel on his arm now, and he says that he is a pilot on a airship now. Gee, I didn't think that boob would get up in the army so quick. But I bet he's got a pull somewhere, because he says the Sky Pilot got him the job. I asked him who that was and he says Holy Joe, and then he laffs like mad. He tries to be funny like you, but he is about as funny as that old mop that's been hanging out of Mulvaney's back window for the last two years.

All the folks send lots of love, so does mommer, and say, kid, you know me. I send thousands of miles of love, and a kiss for every Flivver on the road.

Yours until dad stays sober,
MABLE.

Per George Lounsbury,
Co. K, 71st N. Y. Inf.

THE LATEST FASHION.

The newest fashion in camp is to keep a file of the Gas Attack. Everybody is doing it. So don't forget the next number, the great Nut Number. Out January 26th.

CAMP COMEDIANS.

There's a lot of stage talent loose in Camp Wadsworth. All you have to do is blow a whistle and half a dozen end-men, two or three vaudevillians, and a Hamlet or two come running out, making up as they come. We have enough actors to supply K and E, and an assortment of plain and fancy turns that would fill a couple of columns in variety.

One of the best acts that has ever answered an encore around these cotton fields is the trio composed of 106th Infantry men. Connie O'Donnell of Co. H, Gus Stickler of Co. C and Billy Travers of Co. G. Connie is the 27th Division Al Jolson. He was with George Primrose's Minstrels, and he does a black-face rigmarole, and some big-time buck and wing work. Stickler and Travers also contribute some live-wire comedy. These boys have been appearing at various Y. M. C. A. units and have scored enough hits to make Ty Cobb jealous.

HE DIED GAME.

News has been received in this country of the death of Bugler Marion F. Stoddard, of Co. F, 18th Infantry, American Expeditionary Force, somewhere in France.

Bugler Stoddard, whose home was in Silver Springs, N. Y., was at the border with the old Third New York Infantry. He was accidentally shot by a fellow soldier while on guard.

His company commander wrote to the dead soldier's mother that Bugler Stoddard displayed wonderful gameness in the face of death. Although the .45 bullet had torn a hole in his lung, he joked with the doctors, saying his was a jerry that the bullet couldn't have been used to finish a Boche.

THE IDEAS OF ETHELBURT JELLYBACK, PRIVATE

VII. On How, Acting on Impulse, He Almost Got Into the Officers' Training School.

To the Editor:

It has ever been a fault of mine—and I make bold to confess it—to act on impulse. Yes, I often hurl myself into rash deeds, I, Ethelburt Jellyback, a scion of one of our most prominent families.

That was how I met with a rude rebuff at the hands of a high officer just the other day. It began with the excitement in our tent over the beginning of the officers' training school. I told my tentmates that I couldn't understand why the captain had failed to recommend me for appointment. It was absurd, I declared—as absurd as saluting, though some officers seem to have a fondness for this custom. Of course, I myself might have come to enjoy saluting if I had succeeded in entering the officers' training school.

"My training at home, in the most intellectual circles of Fifth Avenue, ought to fit me for an officer," I said.

"Yes," put in Jim Mugrums, the pudgy little first-class private who sleeps next to me. "It's easy to get a commission in the army of the unemployed."

You Can't Fool Ethelburt.

I knew that Mugrums spoke without sufficient respect for my position in society. I knew he did. It isn't easy to deceive me in these things. I know, for instance, that yesterday's stew, despite its tomato camouflage, is the same stew to-day.

Flanagan, my corporal, went out laughing. It rankled in my soul, for Flanagan was going over to be examined for the officers' training school. And he doesn't possess one iota of the culture that is mine. I fell into reflection. I brooded. A sudden impulse seized me. (I told you it has ever been a fault of mine to act on impulse.)

"What," I asked myself excitedly, "what is to prevent me going to the examination of my own accord?"

Ethelburt Rushes Into Action.

I seized my hat, adjusted my tortoise-shell spectacles, and rushed out of the tent. In my haste I forgot to wax my moustache.

Outside the appointed building I found the line of men waiting to enter to be examined for the school. I fell in at the end of the line. I don't mean by this that I caught my toe on some obtruding object and actually "fell in." No, I maintained perfect poise. I simply took up a position at the end of the line. I was still outside the door two hours later, shivering from the cold. If enough had not already been said in a satirical vein of the sunny South I would record my opinion here. Suffice it

to say that I have renamed it the Funny South.

Ethelburt Is Examined.

At length my turn came to enter the long room and approach the officers standing there in a knot. To me it looked like a hard knot, stern and forbidding. But did I shrink? No! I remembered that the captain had warned Flanagan: "For Heaven's sake, Mike, when you get up in front of those officers, make an impression. Do something to get their attention."



I walked forward and, six paces from them, I stopped, clicked my heels together, and saluted—oh, so smartly! I could tell by the expression that suddenly came over the colonel's face that I had already begun to make an impression.

"What is your name?" he snapped out, glaring at me.

"Ethelburt Jellyback, Private." I never winced.

"Where did you ever go to school?"

"I went to Broton, sir, until I found life there too rough. Then I studied with private tutors. After that, Harvard."

"What did you do before entering the service?"

His Previous Training.

"Well, sir, I did a great many things. I spent a year in travel. I surrounded myself with the best books, the best chappies and friends a fellow could hope to have, I managed many a cotillion and social event for Mrs. Hatton-Higgins, I drove my own car—when the weather wasn't too severe, you know—and—"

"Have you had any previous military experience?"

"Yes, sir." I spoke up promptly, a snappiness of tone would help to make an impres-

sion I knew. "Yes, sir, I once visited the Campfire Girls at their spring maneuvers."

The colonel turned to another officer, who was sitting at a desk keeping records of the candidates. They conversed secretly. Their conversation continued. I began to wonder when the colonel would ever turn around and tell me I had been accepted. Then I began to fear he had intended to tell me but had forgotten about it. I must do something to get his attention, I told myself. So, in a sharp, commanding voice, such as I might use when commanding troops of my own, I cried:

"As you were!"

He Gets the Colonel's Attention.

It had the desired effect. The Colonel swung about as if on a pivot. He must have been impressed for his face grew red and his hand was shaking. In it he held a paper containing the list of names.

"What—" he thundered at me in a louder voice than necessary—"what in the devil brought you here!"

"I came on the impulse of the moment, sir. I thought there would be an opening."

"Yes, there is." The Colonel turned to the door. "Please close it after you go out."

I felt like making him a long speech, in which I should say that apparently the only officers they wanted were fellows who spoke like roaring cannons. But I restrained myself. I went away with a great amount of hauteur and a confidence that I would hit upon other ideas soon.

When I get them, Mr. Editor, you shall know of them. But you mustn't dismiss them with such scant consideration as you displayed in your last note to me. I wrote you about some ideas, and added: "I have other irons in the fire." You replied: "Remove irons. Insert ideas."

—ETHELBURT JELLYBACK Private.

(C. D.)

A BUILDING BOOM.

This is getting to be quite a thriving little town—this here Camp Wadsworth. The 102d Engineers allow as how they are going to build a church, and the 107th comes right back with the announcement that it is going to build a combined church and clubhouse for use by the whole regiment. Part of the building will be used for an officers' club.

NUT NUMBER NEXT WEEK.

The next number of the Gas Attack will be the Nut Number. It will appear on January 26th. It will be something to marvel at, something to laugh over, something to crack your brain on, and something to send home to the folks.

You Mustn't Hypnotize the Mess Sergeant

Division Order Has Been Issued Against Indiscriminate Use of Science.

"Hereafter no enlisted man of this division will be subjected to hypnotic influence without the approval of the division surgeon."

This order, issued from division headquarters recently, caused the Gas Attack to detail one of its bright young reporters to make an investigation into the hypnotic situation in camp.

The Order is a Preventive.

First, it was discovered that Lt.-Col. E. R. Maloney issued the above order as a preventive. It was to prevent rumors getting around that enlisted men were being hypnotized for the amusement of officers or other enlisted men. Hypnotism must be used wisely, he said, and judiciously.

Second, it was discovered that a seance took place at which Major J. B. Sharp and Sergeant Major Tector, of the British army, successfully practiced hypnosis before "a distinguished company." Unfortunately for our readers, no reporter for the Gas Attack was present at this seance. But the vigilant sleuth of the staff who was detailed to "go out and find out something—if you can," came back with the report that at this seance a subject drank three pints of water and enjoyed it more than he has any drink consumed since camp was established here. He was told, while in the hypnotic state, that the water was beer. It is unofficially reported that the subject, upon awakening, begged the major to hypnotize him again.

The Work of Major Sharp.

Major Sharp, it is understood, has done some valuable work with hypnosis in the base hospital. But the reporter couldn't get at the facts in the case.

Another enlisted man who was a subject at the seance was made to believe he was a French general. As such he made a polite speech to the company. Another played an imaginary hurdy-gurdy and grew exceedingly peeved when any one tried to annoy the leather puttee he held under his arm—it was the monkey, of course.

All of the men came out of the hypnotic state feeling better than when they went into it, for a strong suggestion was left in the mind of each that he would awake in a pleasant frame of mind. Our reporter suggests that this suggestion should be applied to every man in the division just before reveille.

Interviews With Mere Privates.

Our reporter, unable to reach high officers in his investigation, fell back upon interviewing ordinary privates. Private Billy Payne told him:

"We have had our revolvers taken away from us recently. This was not done for the purpose of issuing new ones, as some believe, but because we are to carry none at all. Instead each of us will be issued lessons in hypnotism, and when we get to the other side and meet the Germans, we will simply make a few hypnotic passes with our hands and lo, the Huns will drop their guns and stand still in their tracks. This way the war will be won without bloodshed. But don't say I gave you this inside information. Don't under any circumstances use my name. I spell it with a 'y'."

What Private Jones Said.

To our reporter Private John Jones said: "Yes, I have read the division order against indiscriminate hypnotizing. But what I am in doubt about is this: Would hypnotizing the mess sergeant into giving you seconds be put in the indiscriminate class?"

Private Smith informed our reporter as follows:

"I am going to ask the division surgeon for permission to be hypnotized. I want to be told that I am back on Broadway on a furlough, that it is eleven o'clock at night, that I have just come from the 'Follies,' that I am now sitting at a table in Rector's, and there's a sound of revelry by night—not reveille."

Private Brown's Communication.

Private Brown permitted the reporter to see a communication he had just drawn up. It read:

To: Division surgeon.
From: Private Brown.
Subject: Revenge.

"Private Brown requests the division surgeon to give his approval to the hypnotizing of Private Brown into a commissioned officer. Private Brown desires to enter the state of trance in the presence of his first sergeant, and to be told to reduce the first sergeant to a private in full view of the entire company."

The reporter for the Gas Attack obtained other interviews, but they were all of a similar nature.

C. D.

OH, SAY CAN YOU SING?

Do you know the Star Spangled Banner? Be honest, now. Do you? Or do you have to fill in missing words with "da da da de da"? Ten to one you don't know the first verse. Twenty to one you don't know all of it.

Why not learn it? You can fix the words in your mind some night when you are on guard. Once you fix them there you won't have to cough and "da de da" your way through your national anthem. Try singing it over to yourself next time you stand guard.

BUMPITIS.

A New Disease.

During my stay here in camp I have discovered a new disease. It is entirely dissimilar to measles, pneumonia, fevers and other diseases which are naturally prevalent among large bodies of men.

The germ of this strange disease is found only in the brain cells of embryo sergeants. It develops rapidly. The first symptoms can be detected by closely observing the victim as he gazes from side to side at three small strips of cloth firmly cemented to his shirt sleeves, and his artificial look of importance.

As time goes on the disease enters its second or more serious stage. The germs overpower the white corpuscles, and the sufferer shows his misery by establishing new rules of his own. He may re-write the drill regulations at a moment's notice. He will turn in all men who permit one minute to elapse after fatigue call is blown. He tries to enter conversation with the officers, he applies for a furlough so as to convince the home folks of his superiority over their neighbor's son, he looks in all shop windows at the natty lieutenant's uniforms on display and examines same closely, and he repeatedly shouts "close up" when he takes the company on a hike.

The only treatment or cure for this terrible disease is by exposing the victim to the remainder of the company at the next entertainment or performance given by the men. This is best done by having a courageous private who can handle his dukes compose a little verse gently reminding him that the others are aware of his ailment. After he has swallowed this verbal dose, though he will try to put on a sickly smile, he will sneak to his tent with a crestfallen air, satisfied that after all he is only a mere man.

J. C. C.

Ambulance Co. 106.

THE LAST STRAW.

A new health regulation issued by the state board of health to conform with the United States public health service regulations through Sparta and all cantonment towns in South Carolina, is that all bottled goods, such as soft drinks, must be sold and served in the original containers with straws inserted in the bottles. The contents must not be poured into a glass.

The government regulation regarding the washing of dishes at public eating places requires that all dishes be washed and rinsed in boiling water.

The Nut number of the Gas Attack will contain no chestnuts.

PITY THE POOR YAPHANKER

He Has Lots of Steam Heat and Hot Water But Yearns for Palms and Oranges of Sunny South.

"Can you beat it? Think of those yaps! Sitting in steam-heated barracks wishing the War Department would send them down to Spartanburg—down to the sunny South, as they put it, so that they could sit under the palm trees and eat oranges that they picked off the trees along the company streets. Can you beat it?"

Naturally we couldn't inasmuch as they stopped raising oranges and palms around Camp Wadsworth some time ago. But Harry—Private Klyne, of the Second Pioneer Brigade Headquarters Detachment—had just returned from a furlough and he had been out to Camp Upton in Yaphank to see a couple of chaps he knew and who had been drafted.

It was as cold in our tent as the heart of the supply sergeant. We'd fed the Sibley the last chunk of pine and had crawled into the blankets—not because we were tired, but because it was too cold to sit up longer.

"Y'know we'd heard a lot about the life of Riley these draft guys were living," went on Harry, "so Bill and I thought we'd give 'em a rumble before we came back to Wadsworth.

"We found the guys we were looking for in one of the big barracks. It was too cold for drill so the fellows were in quarters for the day.

"Get this! At one end of the hall there were a battery of shower baths and bath rooms. Hot water? You said it; enough to float a battleship and hot enough to boil eggs in. And some bath rooms! As finely equipped as any I ever saw! Everything complete—basins and everything.

"On every floor there was a furnace and to every furnace one man was detailed every day to keep it going. And believe me he kept her going. Why, do you see my eyes pop out when I hear one guy holler because the temperature in the place was only 82 degrees. I thought of you guys in the sunny South and laughed myself off the chair. Chairs? You said it.

"Each of those unfortunate patriots had only three blankets and a comforter. Tough, what? Why, do you know, if any of those fellows feel like getting up at night he slips into his bath robe and pokes his feet into slippers and—. What? You said it. Don't have to leave the nice warm hall.

"Well you can imagine what happened to us Wadsworthers when they began to yelp about wanting to go to the sunny South. I started out to look over the rest of the outfit. I was just leaving when I ran into a



"Say, boy! Are you going to the telegraph office?"

"Sir, I'm Major Bobo, of Wofford College. Don't delay me. I'm on my way to Division Headquarters."

"Whadda ya mean, Division Headquarters?"

"Turner's Drug Store."

little old man who had come looking for his son. The old man asked me about the boy and I thought I'd kid him.

"My Mischa iss gedding along fine," the old guy explained. "He iss a big man already in the army."

"Commission," I inquired.

"No," said the old man, "choost straidt salary."

"And say, fellows, the Long Island Railroad sells the Upton men a round-trip ticket to New York for sixty cents. But you have to buy it at Yaphank. I had heard about it but didn't know the whole trick. I tried to buy one of those wholesale rate tickets at the Flatbush avenue station in Brooklyn, when I went out. Nothing doing. Cost \$3.72 if you buy in New York or Brooklyn.

"But I slipped one over on them at that. I bought a single way ticket in Brooklyn and then got in on the cut rates when we started back for New York.

"What do you think of that! Water in my canteen frozen. And to think of those steam-heated warriors back in Yaphank. Squawking because they aren't sent down to the sunny South. Draft men? Hell! Daft."

CLINTON COUNTY MEN.

The Red Cross of Plattsburg, New York, is desirous of obtaining the names and addresses of all men from Clinton county, in the service.

Address: Private B. L. Betsford, Company I, 105th Infantry.

Beginning next week the Gas Attack will sell for ten cents. And it's the biggest bargain in camp.

SOME NEW COURSES ARE TO BE TAUGHT HERE.

Division School of the Line Reorganized and Valuable Work Provided for Student Officers and Enlisted Men.

The division school of the line, established some time ago for the instruction of student officers and enlisted men, has been reorganized, according to an official order issued by Maj. Gen. O'Ryan. Lt. Col. John B. Tuck is named as commandant, Capt. William H. Furtiss, 105th infantry, is executive officer, and 2nd Lt. Francis J. Ridgway, 105th infantry, is supply officer.

The courses of instruction provided are for the units of the 27th division. The courses of instruction and personnel of the instructors follow:

Small Arms Department.

Maj. William A. Turnbull, 108th infantry, director.

First Section: Grenades, Hand and Rifle.—Advisors, Lt. Pierre Forestiere and Aspirant Edgard Mercier, French army; instructors, Capt. Raymond Hogdon, 105th infantry; 1st Lt. Arthur J. McKenna, 107th infantry.

Second Section: Bayonet Fighting and Physical Training.—Advisors, Maj. John B. Sharp and Sergt. Maj. W. Tector, British army; instructors, 1st Lt. Harry L. Stratton, 107th infantry; 1st Lt. Murray Taylor, 106th infantry; Sergt. Emil Roth, 107th infantry; Corporal Raymond Purcell, 107th infantry.

Third Section: Musketry (including sniping, patrolling and reconnaissance).—Advisor, Capt. H. H. Johnson, British army; instructors, Maj. F. M. Waterbury, ordnance department; 2nd Lt. Waldemar Busing, 106th infantry.

Trench Mortar Department.

Capt. A. N. Braithwaite, British army director.

Instructors, 1st Lt. Donald M. Roy, 106th field artillery; Sergt. Frank Cookson, British army.

Engineer Department.

Capt. Ernest F. Robinson, 102d engineers, director.

Advisors, 2d Lts. E. Veyret and Charles W. Smith and Aspirant Eugene Dalle, French army.

First Section: Sappers, Bombers and Pioneers.—Instructor, Capt. George T. Snyder, 102d engineers.

Second Section: Field Fortifications for Line Troops.—Instructors, Capt. William E. Lane, 102d engineers; 2d Lt. Rexford Crewe, 105th infantry.

Camouflage Department.

Capt. A. W. Palmer, 102d engineers, director.

Advisor, Capt. H. H. Johnson, British army. Instructor, Sergt. Linwood P. Ames, division headquarters troop.

Liaison Department.

Maj. William L. Hallahan, 102d field signal battalion, director.

Advisors, 2d Lt. Charles W. Smith, Sergt. Eugene Grand, French army.

Instructors, 1st Lt. Gordon Ireland, 102d

Getting the New Pioneers Ready

Gen. Carleton Expects His Troops to Be More Than a Division.

NEW NAMES FOR OLD REGIMENTS.

1st Pioneer Inf.—1st N. Y. Inf.
2d Pioneer Inf.—14th N. Y. Inf.
51st Pioneer Inf.—10th N. Y. Inf.
52d Pioneer Inf.—12th N. Y. Inf.
53d Pioneer Inf.—47th N. Y. Inf.
54th Pioneer Inf.—71st N. Y. Inf.
55th Pioneer Inf.—74th N. Y. Inf.

Brig.-Gen. Guy Carleton has assumed command of the seven old National Guard regiments of infantry that were depleted to fill up the Twenty-seventh Division. He has begun reorganizing these seven regiments, now to be known as pioneers, with the new designation numbers as listed above, and he is preparing for the new troops that will arrive soon.

When all of Gen. Carleton's new command is here, it will number more than a division.

So far, in the general's plans, which have been announced, there will be four brigades, to be commanded by Brig.-Gen. C. T. O'Neil, formerly of the Pennsylvania National Guard, who has been stationed at Fort Hancock, Ga.; Brig.-Gen. E. LeRoy Sweetser, U. S. A., who has been in the coast artillery, stationed at Boston; Brig.-Gen. James Wilson, formerly of the New York National Guard, who has been stationed at Camp Beauregard, Alexandria, La., and by another brigadier-general, whose name hasn't yet been announced.

field signal battalion; 1st Lt. L. J. Gorman, 102d field signal battalion.

Transportation Department.

Maj. James T. Loree, director.

First Section: Rail and Transport Service.—Instructors, Maj. James T. Loree, quartermaster corps; Capt. W. T. Starr, 102d trains headquarters.

Second Section: Motor Vehicles.—Instructor, 1st Lt. William A. Ackerly, 102d ammunition train.

Third Section: Animal Drawn Vehicles.—Instructor, Capt. John D. Weber, 106th field artillery.

Fourth Section: Pack Animals.—Instructor Capt. David D. Mohler, 102d engineers.

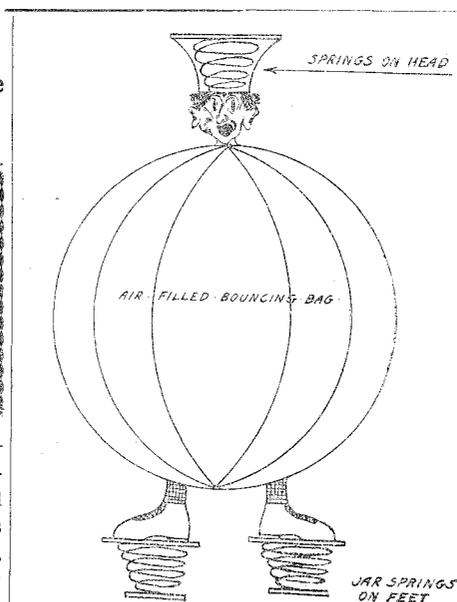
Equitation Department.

Capt. Geoffrey M. Taylor, 12th N. Y. in fantry, director.

Instructor, 1st Lt. Harley W. Black, 104th machine gun battalion.

Gas Defense Department.

Capt. H. M. Deans, British army, director. Instructors, 1st Lt. Henry Adsit, 106th machine gun battalion; 1st Lt. O. Roberts, U. S.



A JOLLY BOUNDER.

Patent For Aerial and Balloon Observers—Parachutes Are Now Unnecessary; the Inventor, Lt. Anderson, V. C., 104th F. A., Designed Especially for Lt. McNeil, Aerial Observer, 104th F. A.

“IT'S NICE TO GET UP IN THE MORNING BUT—”

Oh, it's easy enough to be pleasant,

When life goes along like a song.

But when reveille sounds at 6:30 A. M.

And it's raining like the very mischief,

And your kicks are still wet from the night before,

And the only pair of socks that are not at the laundry are wet,

And your O. D. uniform is damp and chilled, and what not,

And your Platoon Commander blows that damned old whistle and yells

At the top of his voice, “Shake it up down there,”

That's the time to show what sort of stuff you are made out of.

—G. L.

The girl back home enjoys the Gas Attack as much as you do—in fact, more, when you're thoughtful enough to send her a copy.

sanitary corps; Sergt. Chester M. Scott, U. S. sanitary corps.

Band and Field Music.

Capt. Henry F. Greene, adjutant, 105th infantry, director.

First Section: Bands.—Instructor, Band Leader Francis W. Sutherland, 104th field artillery.

Second Section: Field Music.—Instructor, Sergt. Charles F. Swarthour, 107th infantry.



News From Division Units



104TH MACHINE GUN BATTALION, CO. A.

The Cavalry Days Minstrel Show, given at Converse College on January 5th, was such a huge success, that it will be repeated in the very near future. Requests have come from all over the town, and in the Division, to produce the entertainment for the benefit of all those who were so unfortunate as to miss it. Major General O'Ryan was one of the most enthusiastic spectators and applauded each effort of the dismounted cavalrymen who took part. One of the biggest individual hits was Fred Schmidt who, although a sick man, garnered many laughs with his songs and witty stories. There is also a possibility of the show being presented in Columbia, S. C.

Congratulations to Lieutenant William Halloran are in order for the masterful way in which the production was staged, and the excellent work of the chorus was due to his management.

The Machine Gun Battalions will be remounted as soon as the "Colts" are broken.

A number of our camera men were busy all day snapping photos of the demon young machine gunners in action. We have received three Colt machine guns, and the boys are having their pictures taken lying prone and in the action of shooting the guns off.

Mike Stegman, the mess sergeant, told Doc Brinckley the other day to put some water on the fire. Doc being very hefty, grabs two buckets of water and throws it right into the fire and puts it out.

We all went to the gas hut on last Wednesday to learn how to use the masks, and to be able to know what real gas is when we meet it. Jack Dunn wanted to know where the meter was in order to slip the quarter in. The gas hut is very pretty outside, but a heluva place inside. Ted Johnston had one sniff, and wanted to send for a dentist to have two teeth extracted.

Sergeant Balliet said there was as much gas in his tent as there was in the hut, and Dick O'Neill had a tough time trying to get the mask over his nose.

An English bull dog, belonging to Sergeant Moran has strayed away twice during the past two weeks. Said dog not being in the habit of absenting himself without leave, we strongly suspect that he is being enticed away by alien enemies.

Those who persist in practice of this sort will soon find themselves out of luck. And if a friend were needed, the Sergeant has a namesake in camp.

R. B.

Pick out your padded call, then buy the Nut number of the Gas Attack.

107TH INFANTRY, CO. C.

Monday morning, December 31st, the passing out of the old year was indeed a riot of pleasure for the boys of "C" company.

The entertainment and supper arranged by a committee consisting of Corp. O'Connor, Mechanic Irwin, Bugler Sommer and Pvt. Stoll, (every branch represented), could not possibly be improved upon. There was such an assortment of eatables upon the tables, that we were very much puzzled as to where we should start. But after glancing at the "beefsteak" we were "at ease" once more.

Major Engel, Capt. Raecke, Lieuts. Munson, Smith, Burrough, Bowman and Walradt were the guests of the company. It recalled to Major Engel the days when he commanded "C" company.

The entertainment led off with a quartette of 10th boys. Naturally that started our own quartette—Muller, Stoll, O'Sullivan and Ketschky. The honors were about even. Smades and Hilton next puzzled the boys with the harmonica and bones. Following a very good trio from Co. H, came Perano and Hennessey, the "mocking birds of Sweden." Schyler of "K" Co., had the boys helpless with laughter; he is without a doubt the most interesting and amusing storyteller around these parts. Delehunt and Kelly (our two Jewish boys) insisted upon doing an "Irish Reel," and my, those boys certainly can move their feet. "Scotch" Irwin not to be outdone by the Irishman, sang a parody on "The Wearing of the Green." What Frank didn't do to that song is a shame. Sommers deciding he was as fine a singer as Irwin, rendered with his melodious voice, "They Go Wild Over Me," and they did.

Major Engel and Capt. Raecke closed the evening's entertainment with a few words to the boys, and although their speeches were short and simple, they were delivered with such force, that the boys were very much impressed.

We all hope that the committee will gather again and try to repeat the success, some beefsteak.

"Scotty" McLaughlin is still the undefeated "checker" champion of the company.

Little's moustache has now, altogether, sixteen hairs.

All the wash basins have been missing since Stoll and Sommers started their Christmas parade.

"Buck" Leonard has a coal and wood sign outside of his tent. You must have lots of money, Buckie.

What a shout greeted the top sergeant as he screamed, "Fall in." He looks as though he had some time at home. J. S. M., JR.

105TH INFANTRY.

After returning from the rifle range, Galloping Barney Galvin, (who was down on the border), found that some one had confiscated his trick leggins. He is under the impression that it was a put up job.

The furlough that Mike Kruse had spoiled him to such an extent that he now hits the mess line-up for seconds regular.

Private Post is very unlucky when it comes to dealings with the weaker sex. He received a letter from his steady asking forgiveness as she married another while he was away. "Well, cheer up, Hank; mayhap the fair damsel didn't like the idea of being hitched up to a Post."

First Class Private Alexander Francis Norton in the service, is the last man up and the first one dressed mornings. How do you do it, Al? No chance of any one stealing your clothes at night.

Corporal Harry Adams is called the hungry corporal and he sure does live up to his reputation. He is first on line, first to eat, and first to go up for seconds. Will some kind-hearted person please send him a bale of hay?

Private Matera was issued a new pair of trousers last week. But his joy was short lived as they are the causes of his getting up 10 minutes earlier each morning. Something funny about it; perhaps his old trousers were used as pajamas.

Private Dan Brennan caused a rumpus in the Company the other day when he shouted, "Corporals up to have their heads examined." There were two non-coms hurt in the rush.

Rookie Corporal Rowe has got the "gimmies." He makes sure to get his share of all the eats that are sent to the boys.

General Nuisance McHugh is always fooling around the stove. The squad is taking up a collection to buy him a small toy fire engine.

Jack Glass, the incinerator kid, was feeling unusually happy New Year's Day. All the boys are now wondering where he got the package.

George Rush, the ex-cook, finds it very hard to stand at attention. Well, don't worry, George, regulations read heels together or as nearly together as the conformity of the man permits.

All the boys are looking hopefully forward to the mess sergeant's birthday as they expect butter with their meals that day.

Bubb McGurr only has one pair of chevrons and they are on his sweater. It makes it very inconvenient for him, as he has to wear it at all times. Tough on cold days, EH!
J. E. M.

106TH INFANTRY, MACHINE GUN CO.

Corp. Kennedy's squad would like to have some one solve the mystery as to what Pvt. Welda does with his "bank roll" after he pays Kissam his monthly debt of "two bits?"

"Humpty" Jackson is spending a laborious week-end (three days) at Mess Sgt. Thompson's bungalow. Get the oatmeal out of the corners, Humpty.

The squad would like to know how "Yonkers" Murray's wife is getting along?

Can you imagine "Pat" Crosby returning 25 iron men to Brooklyn after being denied a furlough? The "cubes" tempted "Patty" many times—will-power personified.

Now that the squads' trips to the woods have been curtailed, Private Bartley realizes the danger his head is in.

How does Corp. Kennedy afford to dine in town seven times a week on \$30 per? Are they loaded, Jack?

They say that "Practice Makes Perfect." Now, we know why Private Fisher stays up after taps rolling the bones. Here's luck for a big hit next pay day, "Fish."

Sgt. Wilson and Andy Wood have gone home on furlough. They are going to bunk together in the trip North. The sergeant is lucky to have such an able bodyguard.

"Smiling Dick" Harrahan is getting mysterious letters signed "Regina." Put us wise, Dick.

The boys would be pleased if Sergeants Wilson and Roderedge would stop losing their pencils so often.

Corp. Hunter is going on furlough, and the boys of the 17th Squad wish him a good time.

"The Wop," Private Grillo challenges all comers of 105 pounds in the squared ring. For particulars apply to Manager Zimmerman, 17th squad.

We wish Sergeants Archer, Bowne McCaffrey and McKeown success upon their entry into the O. T. C.

Sgt. Monahan has returned from his furlough. Why that far away look, Sarge?

When is Private Patrick going to get his furlough? He recently received his furlough coat, but is looking for the furlough. He's one of Lieut. Curtis's Tigers.

Our official Gen. Rumor, Pvt. Norman, has been transferred to the M. P.'s. Here's luck, old top. W. N.

ADJUTANT STOCKBRIDGE.

Capt. Marton G. Stockbridge, Company G, 53d pioneers (formerly the 47th New York infantry) has been detailed as adjutant of the regiment, succeeding Capt. Charles E. Coffin, who has been discharged for physical disability.

Batter at gloom, put up a fight against adversity, never mind if you couldn't get seconds on the pudding. In other words, buy the Gas Attack.

NOCTURNE.

There was no moon, yet the unending stars,
That infinitesimal array of sparks,
Ranging from nothing to the ruby Mars,
Shed light enough to see the fresh-made marks

Across the snow where the last weary guard
Returned to the rough comfort of his cot.
I was alone and no rude noises marred
The crowded silence that called to mind my lot.

I was a silent part, a small mute cog,
To grind salvation for democracy,
To save the world from the barbaric fog
Springing from dungeons of autocracy.

I. but one small inevitable star
In all the mortal firmament of strife.
Yea, kings could not my splendor mar,
For was I not to sacrifice my life?
And in these meditations I could hear
The solemn funeral slowly creeping,
The deadened drums, the rumbling heroes bier—

THE CORPORAL SPOKE: "TEN DAYS'
FATIGUE FOR SLEEPING!"

Corp. Paul Hyde Bonner,
Co. A, 102d M. P.

105TH INFANTRY, CO. G.

"Chink" Youngbug has transformed himself from a good looking Harp into a funny looking Dutchman by the addition of a blond lip warmer.

"Pinkey" McDonnell has been so busy corresponding with some Murray Hill doll that he loves to hear recall. He also received a present from said Doll in the form of a pair of feet warmers with pink ribbon decorations.

Thrifty Jake Bahr always has his mind working on some invention to end the war.

Our most beloved corporal, "Dolly" Viemeg, the Schenectady heart breaker, is now home on a furlough, and is probably spending all of his time with his many affinities, judging from the numerous pink letters he receives. B. S. G.

105TH INFANTRY.

Speaking of rumors: Who is it that saw 105th Infantry painted on the shacks at Mineola? Serg. Gately! Who says we are going to Terafly—Serg. Gately! But Eddie Byrne and Eddie Olsen still hold all records for coralling rumors. They were overheard the other day discussing the possibilities of a card index system as they are getting dates and places of embarkation mixed.

Discovered at last—where Joe Pearman gets his walking ability—hiking up for seconds.

Corp. Gibson came back from New York looking rather downhearted. What's the matter, Jim? Why didn't you do the same as Corp. Mayer did and marry the girl?

Corp. "Nick" Crean shaved off his mustache just before he left on his furlough. What's the matter, "Nick"? Wouldn't they recognize you with the camouflaged lip?

105TH INFANTRY, CO. A.

Corporal "Troy" Mahoney's Battling Second Squad is rather quiet these days, after arguing for weeks as to who is to get the next stick of wood.

"Bellhop" Byrnes has a swollen jaw. He felt indisposed a few days ago, and finally went to the Lieutenant in charge of the Dental Demolition to have his two troublesome teeth "yanked." On his return "Bellhop" was heard to say the following: (! ? * ! O * ? * !). He returned from the "chair of battle" with six teeth missing instead of two.

"Dutch" Schmidt found a new book.

"Turner" Hawkins and "Gaby" Krafft are trying to squeeze 25 hours sleep into a 24-hour day.

"Old 98" Evers and "Hobnails" Teeling are now patronizing the Y. M. C. A. Our other two friends are killing time in the Base Hospital. They are "Kippy" Kane and "Hebe" Brown.

Corporal "Troy" Mahoney doesn't know what to make of it, as absolute silence now reigns in the tent of the Battling Second Squad. Coal is the reason.

Our friend, "Sherlock" Lee Clarke, the snappy sergeant of our platoon, is trying to find out where the Battling Second Squad got their abundant supply of coal. Here's luck to you, "Sherlock." N. J. S.

105TH INFANTRY, MACHINE GUN CO.

Capt. Tiffany has returned from his furlough.

Hey, Doc, what happened to the chicken fricassee New Year's Day? The company is out gunning for you.

Hey, doc, we really had pancakes Sunday morning.

Terrible Kit Carson, the erstwhile correspondent at the border, is now corporal in the Machine Gun Co., and has been on special detail at the adj. office.

How is "All" in Glendale? I don't want to mention any names in particular, doc.

Ah, Kingsley, the next time you try to clean dynamite, take off your shirt as he don't like non-coms.

Will some kind person donate some tools to Horseshoer Callahan, so that he can shoe the company's horses?

Sgt. Haddie made his annual trip through the tents, looking for electric bulbs. I think he found some, for the mess shack looks brighter.

What do you think? Sergt. Russell has not as yet located a flower pot; perhaps his wife is wise.

Raspberry O'Leary is still cook.

Lieut. Thomas is now with us again. We all missed him very much.

J. K. H.

KNICKERBOCKER GREYS!

Members of the Knickerbocker Greys Veteran Corps are requested to send in their names to Mrs. Pierre Noel, 131 Jamaica Avenue, Flushing, Long Island, N. Y.

52ND PIONEER INFANTRY.

With the New Year came a new birth. The many mutations suffered by the gallant 12th N. Y. Infantry in the past few months has received some Balm of Gilead by getting a new designation, and official information that its witholm rattling skeleton will soon have built upon it some good soldier flesh. Whether the new comers are to be regulars or yaphankers is still in the air. Although Webster's Unabridged informs us among other things that a pioneer is a backwoodsman, still it also means a "preparing of the way" and there is romance in this. For instance, blazing a new trail to the enemy's country. The Dandy Dozen have always been in the van, and the men are constantly expressing the hope voiced by their Commanding Officer, Colonel Foster, to wit: "Next Summer in Berlin." Here's hopin'.

Sgt. McArdle says that the best way to enjoy a furlough is to dream about it. It's less expensive. He also said that one of our Supply Sergeants has a new head; he has never used it yet. We have in our command now, non-commissioned officers only, and all are specialists, all the way from I. D. R. to carrying wood.

When Sergeant Harry Thiebaud was last at the Armory in New York he was photographed as a type of a handsome soldier, and should any one see his posters in New York under which is printed the legend, "Join the Army, see the world, learn a trade," they immediately become imbued with the ambition to be a soldier.

Sgt. Bugler Goff is practicing a new trill on the bugle. Some one played a trick on him and placed a larger mouth piece in the bugle than he generally uses. The other night, with the thermometer 6 above zero, he blew "Taps"; the result was a number of sour notes. Apparently the bucal muscles did not liaison with the mouth piece. Nevertheless there is no one in the Division who can blow "taps" as well as he, and we all say it will be a pleasure to have him do this final rite for us.

Sgt. Major Frank Doolittle has developed a morning report face. This only comes from long quarrels with first sergeants and company clerks, especially when the morning report shows some one "Present Absent." However, he has now an able assistant in Clerk Russel Kinney, of Co. A, who has taken the morning report vaudeville act off his hands. Kinney, by the way, has red hair, but is nevertheless calm, cool and collected.

Color Sergeant Charles Evans is about to go on a furlough, and between reveille when he plants the flag in front of the Colonel's tent and down to taps when he has completed his last story about his experiences as a railroad engineer, he is telling us of what he will do during his furlough. At the rate he is making promises to himself, he ought to go to the Thousand Islands, and spend a week on each island.

Band Master James O'Neill has returned from New York with an enormous amount of new music, and he gives a band concert



Private—"Sir, I would like to be promoted to a corpulency."
Captain—"See the mess sergeant."

every day before retreat. Austin Walsh, of the Band, is 6 feet high, and Musician Short is 5 feet. Walsh plays the piccolo, and Short the helicon bass. Nevertheless, Walsh has never been reprimanded for staying in his tent "too long" at reveille, and Short is just as active in abandoning bunk fatigue.

1st Sgt. Frank Farrell and 1st Sgt. "Babs" Malone gave a dance at the Enlisted Men's Club the other night. It may be the Sunny South but it is certainly not the daughterly South. If more young ladies were present there would be more to go around. However, it was a fine elite affair and enjoyed by all. Corporal Thomas Farrell, of the M. G. Co., was an able-bodied assistant in the general festivities, while the regimental band discoursed sweet music, and Musician de Guillo, of the band, proved himself a sweet singer. He and Sergeant Dorrite, of M. Company, are rivals in this particular line.

Regt. Sgt. Major Ed. Boylan has been one of the lucky ones to be selected for the new Officers' Training School. His friends have given him a gold and black hat cord for a present.

L. G.

The Man Without a Country wasn't half so bad off as the man without the Gas Attack.

12TH N. Y. INFANTRY, CO. F.

Mess Sgt. White (The Sanitary Kid), has gone home on a fifteen day furlough because his mother is suffering from the news of his brother's death "Over There."

Supply Sgt. Billy Loyer, our esteemed "Fire Chief," is still trying to get some dope on how to charge us twice for stuff we have never received.

Say, Jess, what are you going to do with that big \$7.50 you draw for your monthly pay?

Sgt. J. Briley, when he isn't talking about his experiences in the Regulars, is either sleeping, eating or else growling. What do you say, Jack?

Sgt. James A. Halloran was greatly disturbed by the loss of his perfume bottle. Too bad, John; too bad. But never mind, she will send you down some more.

Where do you get all the stuff you put in those twenty-page letters you write every day. Lillie sure has our sympathy when we think of the fellow with the invisible mustache she has chosen for her life mate.

Sgt. Joe Dealey, our ambitious newlywed, was seen in camp for a few minutes one day last week.

W. E. R.

Capt. James Riffe, 108th Infantry, has been detailed as commandant of the camp prison, "Luna Park."

AMBULANCE CO. 108.

Corporal Olin G. Smiley and Private Cecil R. Crispin have been made Sergeants. Good luck, boys!

Private "Pete" Clock, the officers' mess orderly, strolled down the company street the other afternoon with a charming young woman, showing her the sights of the company while men stuck their heads out of tent-flaps shouting: "Hey, Pete, got them dishes washed yet?"

Mess Sergeant Tierney and Private "Phil" Collins sat up late the other Monday evening. "Ed" sat so close to the stove he burned his coat. Eh, Ed?

Private Burt Wine has been appointed the distributing agent for THE GAS ATTACK in the company. Copies on sale at his barber shop every week!

Sport Note: Chief Mechanic F. H. O'Neil thought he was the champion euchre player of the company until he went up against Farrier R. W. Dacey in three games out of five. It was a walk-a-way for Dacey.

Musical Note: The quartette has been enlarging its repertoire. It is now open to engagements.

Sergeant Hankins built a fire in his squad tent the other morning—and then let it go out!

Private Charles Flanagan is in the Base Hospital recovering from an attack of pneumonia. His brother, Robert, and sister, Mrs. Winifred Shea, of Binghamton, N. Y., have been visiting him. C. D.

106TH INFANTRY, CO. H.

Private McCarthy, while on exterior guard duty, broke his rifle. He stumbled over it when he was called to partake of that wonderful cocoa which is served to the guard every night by some very thoughtful ladies. The gun can be repaired, so there is nothing to worry about. What is a gun when hot cocoa is being served?

Fire Chief Deegan's tent caught fire last Sunday. Now he has a brand new one. What's the matter, Chief? Did you require the practice, or did that old tent of yours get on your nerves?

Eddie Crawford makes coffee every night in his tent. The smell of it tastes mighty good, Eddie. We are never thirsty, anyway. C. O'D.

102ND AMMUNITION TRAIN, SECOND CAISSON CO.

The following men have been transferred from 102nd Ammunition Train:

Regimental Supply Sergeant Leon W. Hartough.

Sergeant Mechanic Albert H. Wallack.

Sergeant Agent Harold A. Stewart.

All have been assigned to 1st Company, Supply Train.

A DRIVE ON THE ENEMY.

"I've got to practise on the piano five hours a day."

"What for?"

"Cause pa and ma don't like our new neighbors."—Boston Transcript.

OFFICERS' TRAINING SCHOOL NOW UNDER WAY.

The Officers' Training School has now been under way nearly two weeks. Sergeants and Corporals and Privates from all over camp have taken up their beds and walked over to the white-tented streets of their new home—in the camp of the old 74th.

As time goes on, and the student officers meet the crises in their training careers, The Gas Attack will print special articles on this work by a staff correspondent.

106TH INFANTRY, CO. I.

Co. I kitchen was the scene of a daring holdup New Year's Eve. Cook Yahn Kauth, (German by inoculation but he is trying hard to hide it), is an expert pie baker, and to keep in the good graces of Lieut. Ira I. Hodes, he decided to make two special pies. He did and while they were cooling on the edge of the oven, they did look tempting. Somehow the information leaked out, and shortly before midnight, a heavily armed and disguised band of men, four in number, dashed into the kitchen, and held up Cooks Kauth and Dolan. In less time than it takes to tell, one of the bandits had seized the two pies and fled with his assistants. Thirty minutes later Cooks Kauth and Dolan began to recover from their open mouthed surprise. The raid was reported to 1st Sergeant Massel, who detailed Supply Sergeant Vette (an old sleuth) to investigate. Sergt. Vette claims that to begin he must have a clue to work on. He suggested that two more pies be made and left on the kitchen steps to cool. Whoever took the two pies would be the guilty party. Upon interviewing Cook Kauth, he expressed his belief that Sergt. Vette was a fizzle. Kauth is wondering why he can't draw that extra pair of woolen pants.

A suggestion is made to Company Clerk Corporal Joseph Blum to stop writing so many letters to Jennie, and to get in the game part of the time.

1st Sergeant Edmund S. Massel and Supply Sergeant Edward G. Vette returned to camp December 30, after spending 15 days at the big town. They both advise the rest of the boys, who are thinking of coaxing a furlough out of Lt. Groesbeck, (not Grass-back), not to go home on furlough.

Private Levine misses his old side partner in the laundry business.

Co. I boasts of the champion quartette of soup eaters in the 27th Division. When Sergeant Eselgroth, Privates Sileo, Kavanaugh and Padola get together, harmony reigns.

Cook Kauth would like to go home on a furlough, but he is afraid of either the cops or "Leah." Which it is we don't know, but we can all have our own opinions.

C. O. L.

MILITARY POST-OFFICE.

Everyone has recovered from the Christmas rush. It was some rush. But the boys got their mail on time, so the P. O. men are happy.

George Knappka is the P. O. poet. George composes poems as he sorts mail.

Boston has sent down some of its niftiest dressers to the camp P. O. Joe Walsh still sports the Helen pink shirt he used to wear on Tremont street.

Bill Judge is another Bostonian. You can tell him by his melodious whistle. He seems to know only one tune—"There's a Long, Long Trail."

The 102d Engineers have contributed Special Delivery Frank Callahan to the P. O. No one has figured out how Colonel Vanderbilt gets along without Frank.

Harry Gay says Binghamton got its name this way: A couple of farmers were arguing, when a third passed. He shouted, "Bing him, Tom!" The P. O. men insist on pronouncing it "Bimmington."

Jim Ware, the boss of the P. O., comes from Asheville. So does Pop Hawkins, with the warm Southern smile. They admit that Paradise is almost as good as Asheville.

A post card has been received from S. C. Whiteheart, formerly of the registered mail department at Camp Wadsworth, who is now in the postal service somewhere in France. It shows him in uniform.

Carl Storer, of the 105th Field Hospital, is one of the P. O. hustlers. Carl does his work in a military manner, keeping always on the alert and kidding everyone within sight or hearing.

Jimmy Purtell has won a lot of friends by his pleasant grin and his general on-the-jobness.

Buffalo's donation, Vincent Wales, is considered the Apollo of the force. Eddie Burling is the closest of his rivals.

105TH INFANTRY, 'M' CO.

Many are the rumors of marriage, filtering back from the men on furlough. Foremost amongst them, and most persistent are the ones concerning Corps. Reilley and O'Connor. Although both deny any intention or thought of getting "hooked up," still we get letters from home and have our suspicions.

Our cooks claim to be thoroughly efficient in gas work. They claim that Cook Brock Hughes keeps them constantly under "gas," every time he talks.

Corp. Yerrington, the lad with the \$11.00 pants, has wired back that he is laying in a large supply of talcum powder.

Giles Slocum has been transferred to the 1st Battalion at last. He now announces he has given up his "job" with M. Co. and accepted a "position" as orderly.

CORP. F. B. R., Jr.

The Nut number of the Gas Attack will carry a choice line of assorted nuts.

THE STRIKER.

I carry his water and sweep out his tent,
I polish his puttees and if there's a rent
In some of his clothes, why, I sew up the
same,
'Cause I'm his striker and I like the game.

I keep oil in his stove and, say, that's
some job,
For oil's 'bout as scarce as a hitless Ty
Cobb;

I work hard all the time, to please is my
aim,
'Cause I'm his striker, and I like the game.

I smoke his cigars, I ride on his mare,
I use what I want but he don't seem to
care;

If things go wrong, why, I'm never to
blame,
'Cause I'm his striker and I like the game.

My first month with him was over to-day,
He gave me a dollar, says, "Here's your
pay;

Well, for the love of Sam Hill, ain't dat a
shame?

Say, boys, this strikin's a hell of a game.
L. S. B.,
Machine Gun Co., 106th Inf.

COOKING SCHOOLS NOW

NEWEST THINGS IN CAMP.

Camp Wadsworth is to have a series of cooking schools. Capt. Daniel Barth, of the quartermaster reserve corps, has been sent here by the war department to give a general course in cooking. According to an order issued from division headquarters a school for cooks will be immediately established in each regiment of equivalent unit, the personnel of each school to consist of one regimental mess officer, one lieutenant from each battalion, all company mess sergeants, all men on duty as cooks or student cooks, and such other enlisted men as may be required by the officer in charge of the schools. The term of each class will be two months, except that men qualifying for mess sergeants may be held an additional month.

The instruction will be along theoretical and practical lines as well, the general object being to improve not only the standard of cooking in the division, but to inculcate new ideas and methods of conserving food. Those attending the school will be excused from all other duties, so they may give their whole time and attention to the work in hand.

On the completion of the course, certificates of proficiency will be awarded to men who successfully pass a theoretical and practical examination.

BROOKLYN SCHOOL BOYS, YO!

P. S. No. 136 men, send your names to Principal Van Namm, P. S. No. 136, 4th Ave. and 40th Street, Brooklyn, N. Y.

RESERVE OFFICERS ORDERED TO LEAVE.

Captains, First Lieutenants and Second Lieutenants Who Are Going to the 83rd Division Now at Camp Sherman, Ohio.

The following reserve officers, who have been stationed here since the close of the last training camp at Plattsburg, and practically all of whom are from New York state, have been ordered to proceed without delay to Camp Sherman, Chillicothe, Ohio, reporting upon arrival there to the commanding general of the 83d division:

Captains Harry W. Bardi, Gordon Dudley, Henry M. Graham, Jacob L. Hicks, Edward J. Hynes, Jr., Augustin D. Kelly, John G. Meem, Henry Vaughn, Ernest O. Young, Peter E. Keyville.

First Lieutenants Arfred G. Dent, Edward D. Spring.

Second Lieutenants Albert S. Bagley, Ormond T. Barr, Don C. Bartholemew, Thomas E. Beatty, George Beeman, Robert C. Bunsur, Winchester D. Brunig, E. Bartow Burgess, James H. Caril, Jr., Lloyd P. Chittendon, William H. Colgan, Albert E. Cooper, Cyril J. Curran, William L. Custer, Robert L. Diggs, Phillip E. Donlin, L. Roger Fagan, Eric Ferguson, E. Irving Fiery, Earl M. Gardner, Lawrence I. Grinnell, Albert E. Hill, Edward H. Hilton, Spencer E. Holden, Joseph H. Hughes, William James, David B. Jarvis, William H. Kennedy, Frank M. Long, Henry W. Morrison, Robert D. Murray, Harry F. Peto, William F. Phillips, Charles R. Potter, Henry R. Powell, Leopold F. Prager, Charles H. Reges, Guy Robinson, Vernon C. Ryder, Walter W. Schahtel, Raymond B. Seymour, Joseph E. Slee, Harold Speakman, Michael F. Stapleton, Jr., Peter Stern, Allen Strauss, Arthur, H. Sulzberger, Edward S. Sykes, Michael G. Traylor, Claude M. Twombly, Charles N. Taylor, Leslie E. Van Scoy, Warren J. Vibbard, Eugene Von Wening, Banno Von Witzleben, Sidney S. Walcott, Henry J. Warth, James C. Wiggins, Isaac B. Williams, C. H. Wilmerding, Charles Wolff, 3d; William H. Wood, Chester C. Woodburn, Horace Zimmer, Raymond J. Beechinor, Carl A. Brostrom, Thomas A. Byrne, Brice Cawley, James Clark, Edward W. Emmons, Henry W. Freeman, David S. Freidlander, William D. Greene, Wilson Hoffman, Louis J. Holub, John F. Kearney, Harry J. Marsden, Edward Oldham, Harry G. Parish, Russell E. Owen, Roscoe Saunders, Norman L. Stone, Thomas E. Trapnell, Mason Wheeler.

Great Thoughts.

"Despite many setbacks and disappointments we are far on the path to victory."
—David Lloyd George to Viceroy of India.

"I have good hope that before this new year is past the purpose to which we have set our hands will have been completely achieved."
—David Lloyd George.

GRIN.

Since no one knows to-morrow's tale;
Since soon we'll live from day to day,
Where flashing star-shells rend the veil
Of dark, when light must spell dismay—
Since no one kens but what his name
And number's listed in Berlin,
To-day, at least, we'll play the game,
And greet the morrow with a grin.

When soon across the misty net
Of grey-drear wire we'll scan the foe,
And see the spattered shrapnel set
Its blighting hand on those we know;
When madly dashing ranks of grey
Come billowed through the battle's din,
When none can hear the words we say—
There's lots of comfort in a grin.

So now, when fingers tend to freeze
Around the Springfield's icy plate,
And when there comes a Northern breeze
To chill a sunny Southern state;
When Sibleys stand in sullen gloom,
With not a gleam of fire within—
While living in an Arctic tomb,
It's not so warming boy—but grin.

JAMES KEVIN McGUINNESS,
Co. K, 105th Inf.

105TH FIELD ARTILLERY, BATTERY A.

Bright Remarks From Dark Corners.

The boys encamped here at Dark Corners are of the opinion that Spartanburg is a Paradise compared to this place. The most prominent thing is mud; and the boys think that Napoleon's retreat from Moscow was a cinch alongside of our retreat every night to our respective tents.

The hob nails are very popular during this weather, and one considers himself lucky in traveling fifty yards in them—in an hour or so. The boys have been trying to dope out some method in which they can find their way back to their tents these dark nights, on their journey from the canteen, and to and from the barber shop, without being thrown in the brook which intersects the road to camp, or trying to stop with the pigs all night.

The boys all agree that if the Huns had to soldier as we have been doing the past two weeks, they would pack up their hatred in their kit-bags and beat it away.

Nevertheless, it is a great life, if one continues strong for it. A very common sight these rainy days is to see one's personal belongings slowly floating down the Battery streets, and the various owners fishing for their shoes and socks—a rather tiresome job, after staying awake all the night wondering how far they would go before the morning.

But with all the many drawbacks, the spirit of the men is just the same, and they are as anxious as ever to go over the top when their times come. J. P. M.

When the sergeant balls you out, buy the Gas Attack and forget your troubles.



News of the Y. M. C. A.

EDITED BY ERNEST W. LESLIE.



E. REED SHUTT,

Building Secretary, Unit No. 96.

Mr. E. Reed Shutt, Building Secretary of Unit No. 96, was born in Rochester, N. Y. He received his education in the public schools of Rochester, later graduating from the University of Rochester with a degree of B. A. Mr. Shutt then attended Columbia University, graduating from the Law School there with honors. While in Columbia Mr. Shutt was very prominent in college activities, as well as giving a great deal of time to settlement work. Upon his graduation from Columbia University he was admitted to the New York State bar and returned to Rochester, where he became associated with his father as a member of the firm of Reed & Shutt, prominent attorneys of Rochester, N. Y.

In Rochester Mr. Shutt was very active in church and civic affairs of all kinds, giving all this up last June to enter Army Y. M. C. A. work. He came to Camp Wadsworth as Building Educational Secretary, later being promoted to Building Secretary, which position he now holds. Mr. Shutt says he "will be somewhere with the 'Y' work until the Kaiser is trimmed."

UNIT NO. 92.

One of the rooms in this building will be exclusively used in the future for religious purposes, where the chaplains may celebrate the Holy Communion or Mass. A disused stone altar has been given by the

Church of the Advent, Spartanburg. Chaplains Hoey, Ward and Kelly will hold their services in this chapel as well as at the Auditorium.

Eyes are centered now at the handsome and most attractive memorial of the 102d Engineers. The Castle Fire Place, which has been in course of erection, is nearing completion, when will take place the presentation, benediction services at which time an inspection will be made by the officers in the line this unit serves.

The stage is being enlarged to accommodate boxing and wrestling.

The Divisional Heavy Machine Gun Class for Officers is meeting in the Auditorium, also French and Mechanical Drawing, Mathematics. The programs for the evenings are: Monday, open night; Tuesday, stunts; Wednesday, movies; Thursday, religious service with an address followed by movies; Friday, educational lecture; Saturday, movies; Sunday, Holy Communion at 7:40 a. m. in the Chapel, Chaplain Ward; Mass at 7:40 in the Auditorium by Chaplains Hoey and Kelly; regimental service at 9:30; Bible Class at 10:30; song service and address 7:00 p. m., all taking place in the Auditorium.

UNIT NO. 95

Unit 95 has a wealth of excellent talent among the men of the outfits it serves. A willingness and cheerfulness characterizes all the fellows who offer their services for religious meetings, concerts and entertainments, that is most encouraging and gratifying.

The Jazz Orchestra of the 10th Infantry adds much to the pleasure of the movies on Wednesday and Friday evenings: Chauncey Sears, violin; Frederick Alwaise, piano; Harry Gilman, banjo-mandolin; Paul Klopff, ukele-banjo.

Privates Anthony Guido, of Co. D, and Alfred Shackler, of Co. H of the 10th, are the efficient operators of the 105th's new Powers 6B moving-picture machine loaned to the unit by Col. Andrews.

On Saturday, January 5, a crowded house enthusiastically greeted a troupe of entertainers: Corp. O'Donnell, Privates Stickler and Woods, of the 106th Inf.; Private Green, of the 105th Inf., and Cook Lee, of the 14th Inf. Their fine program was preceded by a half hour of movies loaned by Col. Andrews: "With the allies in the Balkans."

Private Ralph Moore, H. Q. Co. of the 105th Inf., is the jolly good pianist that makes the "sings" so lively and worth while, and he's a mighty helpful man at the office where, with fellows like Peter

Wagner and a number of others, he gives out stationery and sells stamps.

The official staff is happy also in the fine co-operation and splendid helpfulness of the bands of the regiments in its unit.

It's all of these men and hosts of others that help to make the Y building the cheery, home-like and happy place that it is.

BUILDING NO. 96.

With the loss of the Reserve Officers who used our building a great deal and the quarantining of the One Hundred and Eighth Infantry, it would have seemed as if this building were destined for a quiet week. But it has been very much the contrary.

The physical examination of the men of the old Forty-seventh was ordered and our building was the only warm place. The spectacle of many half-dressed men running about the building added a new touch. Particularly was this impressed upon us at the Holy Communion celebration on the morning of Epiphany Sunday. As Chaplain Edrop was at the most solemn moment of his service, the consecration of the elements, a rush of these half-dressed men from an inner room seemed as if it would disturb the solemnity. But the service went on uninterruptedly.

On Thursday evening Miss Woolsey, daughter of the camp singing director, sang for us and an address was delivered by the Reverend George Warren. The meeting was well attended.

Friday night was movie night and, as usual, it was crowded.

On Saturday we had an open night and Jack Trezise, of the Forty-Seventh Regiment, entertained.

We have two farewells to announce. We have lost Mr. Warren. He has returned to his church in Syracuse. He leaves many friends in the camp and will be greatly missed. His work has been enthusiastic, untiring and helpful.

The old Forty-Seventh Regiment has disappeared. In its place is the new Fifty-Third Pioneer Infantry. It exists only on paper now, except for the nucleus left by the old Forty-Seventh. But soon it is to be built to war strength. Then the capacity of our building will be taxed to the limit.

Every Sunday morning at ten-thirty we have the regimental services of the two regiments we serve and in the evening we have a rousing meeting with good singing by the men.

Last Sunday evening, Rev. Dr. Fulton, pastor of the leading Presbyterian church of Syracuse, N. Y., spoke to a crowded house. We hope Dr. Fulton will pay us another visit in the near future.

(Y. M. C. A. News continued on page 23)

In Division Society

Mrs. Charles P. Loeser, Editor.

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

Colonel Cornelius Vanderbilt has returned to Camp Wadsworth, after spending several days with Mrs. Vanderbilt at their new home, 640 Fifth avenue.

Mr. and Mrs. Frederick V. Corille announce the engagement of their daughter, Katherine, to Lieut. Chester C. Woodhern, of the field artillery at Camp Wadsworth.

Mr. and Mrs. William Morgan Kingsley, of New York City, announce the engagement of their daughter, Myra, to Corporal Wright I. Goss, Jr., of the 102d Engineers.

Dr. and Mrs. Ernest H. Fahnstock, of New York City, announce the engagement of their daughter, Marion Perry, to Lawrence Phillips, of the remount station at Camp Wadsworth.

Mrs. E. B. Whittlesey, wife of Capt Whittlesey, of the 102d Engineers, was hostess at a dance and supper given at the Cleveland Hotel.

Lieut. and Mrs. Marvin W. Marcus, Jr., of New York City, whose marriage took place on Christmas Day, have arrived in Spartanburg after passing their honeymoon at the Greenbrier, White Sulphur Springs.

Captain Braithwaite was a week-end guest of friends in Augusta.

The 102d Engineers Give Dance.

An enjoyable dance was given by Co. A of the 102d Engineers at the Rock Cliff Club.

Col. Merritt Smith, of the 104th Field Artillery, and Mrs. Smith, are occupying their new and attractive bungalow, located near the camp. During the temporary absence of Col. Smith at San Antonio, Texas, Mrs. Smith has with her as guests her niece, and Mrs. Coles, a friend.

The Rock Cliff Club Dances Attractive.

The dancing set are enjoying the Rock Cliff dances every Thursday evening for officers, and Wednesday and Saturday evenings for enlisted men. The Saturday afternoon dansants are also very popular.

Officers of Co. G of 107th Infantry Give Dance.

The officers of Company G of the 107th Infantry, recently gave a very enjoyable dance at the Cleveland, in honor of friends and visitors.

Reception and Ball Given by the 102d Field Signal Battalion.

Invitations were issued by the 102d Field Signal Battalion for a reception and ball to be held at the Cleveland Hotel. Dancing was enjoyed by the music of an army band.

"SQUAD SISTER CLUB."

Girls Organize to Send Smokes to the 107th Regiment.

Girl students of the Jamaica High School held a meeting in the Hotel McAlpin, in New York City, a week ago and organized the "Squad Sister Club," the purpose of which will be to supply members of the 107th Regiment, formerly the Seventh, with tobacco, cigarettes, candy, phonographs, records and other comforts. The club begins with eighteen members. The officers are Miss Anita Alba de Costa, president; Miss Margaret Barlow, vice-president; Miss Charlotte Albrecht, secretary, and Miss Linda Alba de Costa, treasurer.

The club will send a phonograph to each company of the regiment and records will go into a regimental library. Standard packages of cigarettes, tobacco and candy will be made by a New York company and will be sent weekly in single shipments. Funds to carry on the benefactions are to be raised by the club members among their friends.

RONDEAU.

(A poem after the French form, but with American feet.)

So long! "So long," that's what you say,
When cheerfully you ride away,
To do your bit for Uncle Sam,
As if you didn't care a damn,
Whether it prove a year or day.

But we, who have at home to stay,
And homage to our heroes pay,
We know that message is no sham,
—So long, so long!

For as we wind our yarn of gray,
And knit and purl as best we may;
We knitters (such you know I am),
Are fain to ask—excuse the slam:
"Why are your feet—oh, tell us pray—
So long, so long?"

E. S. C.

(By one who sent socks to the 102d Trench Mortar Battery.)

There will be no sense in you buying the Nut number of the Gas Attack.

WAR-CAMP COMMUNITY SERVICE.

The Spartanburg Commission on Training Camp Activities has taken a new name, The Spartanburg War-Camp Community-Service. This is done to comply with the wish of the War Department Commission on Training Camp Activities, that all organizations working in the camp cities to develop recreational and entertainment facilities in these camp cities may have the same name.

Two new departments or sub-committees have been added. First, the Camp Wadsworth Entertainment Committee, made up of seven civilians and two representatives from the camp will organize entertainment troupes to make regular trips to the camp to furnish entertainment at the Y. M. C. A., Knights of Columbus, Regimental buildings and mess shacks on regular schedules.

The other department consists of the Board of Managers of the new Soldiers' Club, which is now in course of erection opposite the Cleveland Hotel. This committee is composed of Col. George A. Wingate, Dr. Rosa H. Gantt, Mrs. C. J. Hamlin, H. B. Carlisle, Mrs. Walter H. Schoellkopf, H. F. McGee, E. F. Bell, J. C. Evins, and T. W. Garvin.

The completion of this club is looked forward to with much interest, as it will provide very attractive features for the men when in town.

The Spartanburg War-Camp Community-Service is an organization composed of more than 100 of the leading citizens of the city, and a number of representatives from the camp. It has for its object, the furnishing of the greatest possible amount of hospitality, enjoyable recreation and entertainment for the soldiers at Camp Wadsworth, encouraging every enterprise that helps to build the friendly relationship between the camp and the city.

55TH PIONEER INFANTRY, CO. C. To Our Old Comrades.

The remainder of the old 74th, of blessed memory, wish to state that they will be known in the future as the 55th Pioneer Infantry. We haven't found out yet what a pioneer is, some say it is blazing a trail, and others insist that it is trailing a blaze. However, we are willing to do either. Come around and see us once in a while. The tent flap is always open to our old friends.

SIGNAL INSPECTOR.

Announcement was made yesterday that Maj. W. L. Hallahan, signal corps, is detailed as inspector of signal corps attached to the regiments and equivalent units of the 27th division. He will confer with command officers as to dates and methods of inspection.

CAMP SPORTS

EDITED BY F. J. ASHLEY

WHAT ABOUT CAMP WADSWORTH?

For the past month or so, the sporting sheets of the New York dailies have been filled with accounts of athletic funds, the purpose of which was to supply the physical needs of the men in khaki. We have read of thousands of dollars contributed, and hundreds of boxes distributed, to furthering healthy recreations in northern camps and cantonments. How about Camp Wadsworth? To date The Evening World, through Bob Edgren, its sporting editor, is the only publication which has even mentioned the boys here.

During the last few days, Harvey Cohn, Division Physical Director, received sixteen boxes of athletic material from the Fosdick Commission on Training Camp Activities. At the same time the Y. M. C. A. and the Knights of Columbus aided as far as they were able. But the entire supply is inadequate.

Most of the thirty thousand men here are interested in some sport. Yet there are not enough supplies for one-tenth of that number. While some of the units have been able to buy what was wanted from their own athletic funds, there are others, especially those recently reorganized, which have a treasury in name only. It is to aid these that we make our plea.

The athletic authorities announce that until more supplies are received thousands of men who are anxious to get out and harden up by healthy work, will have to remain disappointed. The soldiers themselves want to supply their own needs, but, with the average monthly pay check sadly reduced after dependency and insurance allowances are deducted, there is little chance of success. Will Father Knickerbocker aid his sons who are eight hundred miles away in the mountains of South Carolina?

PUSH BALL GAINS IN FAVOR.

Push ball, a sport formerly associated with inter-class activities at the larger colleges, has come into its own here. At first it was tried out at some of the Y. M. C. A. units. It was eagerly adopted by the men and the camp athletic authorities are now endeavoring to get more of the big spheres to fill the popular demand.

The balls used are big pneumatic affairs, eight feet in diameter. The object of the game is to push the ball into the enemies' territory. As each side usually numbers about fifteen men there is no lack of interest. Inter-company and regimental schedules in the new activity are now being prepared.

MORAN-FULTON MATCH POSTPONED.

The twenty-round boxing match which had been arranged between Frank Moran, the fistic instructor of the 27th Division, and Fred Fulton, one of the most prominent contenders for the heavyweight title, has been postponed. Originally it had been scheduled for January 26th at New Orleans, but it has been put off until Washington's Birthday at Moran's request.

The big blonde from Pittsburgh, who has already made himself popular with every soldier in the camp, has found his work as a teacher of Uncle Sam's battlers too strenuous to allow sufficient time for proper training. Next month, with enlisted instructors selected from his classes for each company here, Moran will have a little more time at his disposal. Then "Good-bye, Mr. Fulton."

BASEBALL AND VICTORY.

We believe in baseball. It is a national American game, and we believe in nationalism. We believe in everything that will keep vital and distinctive the American spirit. We believe in having things of which we can be proud as a people, and we believe baseball, the cleanest and finest of popular sports, is a game of which we can be proud. It is one of the things that hold Americans together.

More than that, we believe in organized baseball, or professional baseball. The interest in the great league contests keeps alive the interest in the non-professional sport. It also gives us open air we would not get otherwise, and a form of entertainment that hasn't a harmful thrill in it.

But we cannot see any logic in the claim for the exemption of professional baseball and just the kind of men the Army can make the best use of at the present. We shall miss them from the teams in whose uniforms they are familiar to our sight but we shall not miss them more than we do others who voluntarily, or by conscription, have put on a better and braver uniform than that of the baseball diamond.

Commercial baseball will have to find others to fill the places of those upon whom the lot falls. In this it is no worse off than other commercial enterprises. There is no reason why it should be better off. Contracts will have to be adjusted and the strength of selected nines may be affected for good or bad, but victory is more important even than baseball, and for the sake of American victory there are corresponding disarrangements in industries more important even than the provision of good sport.

—Brooklyn Citizen.

CAMP WADSWORTH BASKETBALL TEAM TROUNCES CHARLESTON NAVY YARD.

Soldiers Too Fast for Tars and Win 37 to 16.

The basket-ball team selected from the stars of the 105th and 51st Pioneer Infantry Regiments had a walkaway in their game at the Charleston Navy Yard Gymnasium last Saturday. The quintette of Camp Wadsworth basket-ball masters lead from the very start and aided by an impenetrable defense, were never in danger. They won 37 to 16. It was the first game away from home for the representatives of the 27th Division.

Morris, who has been burning up things in the Inter-company League, was the star of the evening, caging seven field goals and proving the main link in the machine-like play of the locals. He was aided by the clever guard work of Dooley, who accounted for eleven tallies, and Tom O'Neill, captain of the Wadsworth five.

A return game will be played at the Spartanburg Y. M. C. A. a week from tonight. The sailors are out for revenge and as they have every facility for proper training at Charleston, it is expected that the second contest between the two teams will be more exciting. Coach Ortner is now booking dates with several of the cantonments and camps in the neighboring States, on a home and away arrangement.

The line-up:

| Camp | Charleston |
|----------------|---------------------|
| Wadsworth (37) | Navy Yard (16) |
| Morris | R. F. Kern |
| Fritz | L. F. Popham |
| Duval | C. Ketchum, Johnson |
| O'Neill | R. G. Lumsden |
| Dooley | L. G. Hoey |

Field Goals: Morris, 7; Dooley, 4; Duval, 3; Fritz, 2; O'Neill, 1; Popham, 3; Hoey, 2; Kern, 1; and Ketchum, 1.

Foul Goals: Dooley, 3; Kern, 2.

Referee: Mr. Bosly, Navy Yard Y. M. C. A.

BIG LEAGUE GAME HERE.

Walter E. Hapgood, business manager of the Boston Nationals, who was here recently to perfect arrangements for a game between that team and the New York Americans, in this city this spring, announced last night that the local commission on training camp activities had taken up the proposition, and that the game would be played here on Monday, April 8, when the two teams are returning from their respective training camps further south.

WHO'S WHO IN BOXING CIRCLES?

Camp Wadsworth Ring Artists Anxious to Show Wares.

During the past week the sporting editor has received several letters, the authors of which are positive that they, or the fighters whom they represent, are entitled to one if not all of the Division boxing titles. Heavyweight challengers seem to predominate, a fact not to be wondered at with Frank Moran doing the camp instructing. However all the other classes are there, too, from the mosquito weight, right up the line.

Recently one of our reporters ventured to say that the heavyweight honors of the 27th would probably go to either Dope-Dealing Fred McDermott, of the 106th Field Hospital, Monce, of the 106th Field Artillery, or Joe Johnson, of the 102d Engineers. That these sentiments didn't suit is evident from the following letter, one of the batch now at hand:

"Dear Editor:

"On behalf of Corporal Tarrantino, of this company, I wish to enter a challenge to the so-called Champion of the Engineers. We can not see where Joe Johnson ever won a championship, nor where he ever got the idea that he knew how to fight. Corporal Tarrantino is open to meet any man of the Division around his weight and would much prefer Joe Johnson as a sort of warm-up. Tarrantino held the Amateur Championship for Heavyweights in 1915. He won it at the New York Athletic Club. He weighs around 170 pounds.

"Hoping you will enter this deft in your worthy Gas Attack, I am

"CORP. WILLIAM HARRIMAN,
"Hdqtrs Co., 104th Field Art'y."

We are glad to note the willingness shown by Tarrantino. We want more of his kind. If you think you have the goods as a boxer, or in any branch of athletics, don't talk about it! Get out and show us what you can do. Let's hear from you. Drop a line to the sporting editor.

CAUGHT IN THE ACT.

Visitor—"And do you find people come in here during the week for peace and meditation?"

Sexton—"Ay, sir, that they do; why, I caught two of 'em in 'ere only last week."
—Cassell's Saturday Journal.

A sign in a restaurant has this variation of an old idea:

Pies Like Mother Made, 5 Cents.

Pies Like Mother Tried to Make But
Couldn't, 10 Cents.

—New Idea.

Are you an idiot? Buy the Nut number of the Gas Attack.

SOME BOXERS IN AMBULANCE CO. 107.

Private Jack Phillips, boxing instructor of Ambulance Company 107, is prepared to enter five or six of his men in the weekly bouts held Saturday evening at the Red Triangle Tent. If things work out right, the old veteran will put up Private Robinson, Murray, Dunne, Elsasor and a few more of the boys who have demonstrated fistic prowess since coming under the expert tutelage of Phillips. All of these men are well known about the camp—Robinson and Murray especially. Robinson was credited by Frank Moran as knowing something of the great game, and he has a number of offers from fighters prominent here and in New York.

Phillips is making considerable progress with his squad of fighters. He has had the experience and is well enough versed in the business to turn out fighters of skill and ability. Back in New York he worked out with Frank Mantell, Fred Bradley, Harry Cutch, Jack Doyle and other well known celebrities. His work in getting Fred McDermott ready for the bouts held here, is proof of his standing. The men of the ambulance company are all enthusiastic over the latest thing in training for the Huns, and the weekly programme of bouts is bound to contain more and more of Phillips' men as time goes on.

CAPTAIN DIEGES GETS FUND FOR PRIZES.

Captain Dieges, the hustling athletic officer of the 102d Engineers, is back in camp after a short trip to New York. While home he managed to see enough sport enthusiasts to collect almost a thousand dollars which will be expended in buying trophies for the athletic stars of the Division.

The Amateur Athletic Union of the United States, also were in touch with Captain Dieges and donated several medals for the champions of the 27th Division in boxing, wrestling and cross-country running.

Five prizes will be presented to the boxers. They will go to the winners of the different classes who are now appearing in the elimination contests held at the Red Triangle tents every Saturday night. The entrants are divided according to weight. These arrangements will also hold in the wrestling tournament.

A Division Cross-Country Championship Race will be held during the next few weeks. All that is holding it up is the non-arrival of the entry blanks now on their way from New York. Harvey Cohn announces that the course will be at least four miles. The winner will receive a gold fob, while the second and third men home will also get individual prizes. Five gold medals will be presented to the winning team, silver and bronze going to the second and third respectively. Each team must be composed of eight men.

105TH'S MACHINE GUNNERS BEST.

Defeat Their Rivals of the 51st Pioneers, 18 to 13.

The Machine Gun Company of the 51st Pioneers, the old Tenth New York, suffered its third consecutive defeat on the basketball floor last Saturday. They were the victims of the Machine Gun Company of the 105th Infantry, who were playing their first game in the League series. The score was 18 to 13.

The 105th's rapid fire experts showed up best on team work and jumped ahead in the opening session. At the halfway mark they lead nine to five. The second half was a neck to neck race, only one point separating the two teams after they had changed baskets. Lawyer and Huddy were the best shots on the winning outfit, while Kreischner and Guest starred for the Pioneers.

| | |
|---|---------------------------------------|
| M. G. Co. 51st | M. G. Co. 105th |
| Prs. (13) | Inf. (18) |
| Kreischner | R. F. .. Wasson, Lawyer |
| Guest, Bechall | L. F. .. VanSchoonhoven |
| Powell | C. Huddy |
| Weeks | R. G. .. Nicolls, O'Hearn |
| Yost, Van Sawyer .. | L. G. Barbour |
| Field Goals: Lawyer, 3; | Huddy, 2; |
| O'Hearn, 2; VanSchoonhoven, 1; | Kreischner, 3; Guest, 2; and Yost, 1. |
| Foul Goals. Huddy, 1; O'Hearn, 1; and Guest, 1. | |
| Referee: Melvin. | |

27TH DIVISION RELAY TEAM RACES WEDNESDAY.

Six men left Camp Wadsworth last Saturday to represent the 27th Division in the military relay race at the Millrose games. The contest will be held at Madison Square Garden next Wednesday night. The men from Spartanburg were selected by Harvey Cohn, after several trial races and are undoubtedly the best we possess. They will be matched against the fast quartets of Camp Upton, Camp Devens, Camp Dix and the outfit lead by Abe Kiviat, from Fort Hamilton.

Each man selected was allowed a ten-day furlough and from now until the race, daily training will be in order at the Madison Square Garden track. Miles McHugh, the old Pastime runner, and now a member of the 105th Field Artillery, is acting captain of the Wadsworth team.

Nick Gianapolis, the Flying Greek of the 106th Infantry, also made the trip. He will compete as a representative of the 27th in the heavy marching order race.

Harvey Cohn Training Cross Country Men.

Harvey Cohn is encouraging the long distance men to get down to real work for the races he is arranging with the harriers of the cantonments at Greenville and Charlotte. Practice spins are regular affairs now every Wednesday, Saturday and Sunday afternoon.

106TH INFANTRY, CO. C.

In Captain Holbrook, Company C has one of the best Captains in the 27th division. He is constantly on the lookout for the welfare of his command, and anxious that its good record be upheld.

This company also deserves credit for having all four Sergeants appointed to the Officers' Training School. We are sorry to lose Sergeants Gilchrist, Maloy, Tomlinson, and Perkins, as they were held in high esteem by the whole Company. Our very best wishes go with them. "C" Company also has some first class black face comedians, as was proven by their clever work on Christmas night. Corporal Johnston and Private Hennessey deserve great credit for their work in behalf of the show, which was a success in every sense of the word.

Our Supply Sergeant, it seems, has never been supplied with a head for figures. If asked for a number eight shoe, one receives a number ten; ask him for the loan of a five spot, and he gives you nothing. The "Ladies' Auxilliary" presented each member of the Company with a Christmas gift, and donated a splendid Victrola, besides giving us twenty-five dollars for our Holiday pleasure.

CORP. H. A. K.

106TH FIELD ARTILLERY, BATTERY F.

To Whom It May Concern.

All fires will be cancelled until further notice as the strength of the department is greatly depleted by the absence of the Chief, Mess Sergeant F. H. Heller, who is in the Base Hospital, recovering from an operation, and the valiant welder of the ax, Hook Sherwood, who is on a ten day furlough. Non Coms in Battery F will finally see that the spark arresters are in their proper places, instead of reposing in some corner of the ground.

Hank Smith, who handles the hose, is acting Mess Sergeant, and is very busy spending the Mess funds for car fare, as he goes to town every day, to buy necessary things for the battery.

H. J. H.

102ND ENGINEERS, Co. D.

A farewell dinner was given to Captain Edward J. Hynes, Jr., on Sunday, January the sixth.

Captain Hynes, at one time in the ranks of the old "G" Company, now "D" Company, entered the first Reserve Officers' Camp at Plattsburg, where he graduated with honors, and the distinction of being the youngest officer commissioned.

Short speeches were made by a number of the old "D" Company boys, and songs were rendered by H. Seligman, Wm. Malloy, Leroy Berglund, and Wm. Duncan. Ira Brall recited a poem of his own originality, which was well received.

The success of the affair was due to the efforts of Captain Snyder, Lieut. Fagan, Sergeant Schiff, Corporals Winckler, Klipham, and Dorner.

WM. C.

SPEAKING OF THE WEATHER.

When we hit McAllen, Texas, two years ago about,

They had a fall of rain there that almost washed us out.

The Mayor remarked in the country store, "By the records it appears

We ain't had such rain in these parts for more'n twenty years."

This year we camped at Spartanburg, and down a blizzard tears

And makes the Sunny South look like the land of Polar bears.

The old Postmaster and the Judge just scratched their heads and swore:

"We never had a storm like that in Spartanburg before."

But the rain can't make our colors run, and the snow can't keep us down,

For we're on our way to Berlin, and we're going to take that town.

And talk about your weather, boys, I'm going to tell you what:

The Huns won't recognize Berlin, we'll make it so damn hot!

THE LITTLE SIX.

105th F. A.

MACHINE GUN COMPANY, 106TH INFANTRY.

Word comes from Brooklyn that our esteemed company clerk, Corp. Joe Kunst, has received a new addition to his family in the person of a bouncing twelve-pound baby boy. Congratulations, Joe. You once said that the two stripes on your arm stood for two children in your family. The Captain will have to make you a sergeant, now Joe.

We have to hand it to our next door neighbor for several ideas. They turned out yesterday to shovel snow with wash basins. By the looks of the wash basins when they were through, they will probably have to use mess kits next time.

Our company clerk has the touch system down to a science. He raised eight cents last week, also, two one-cent stamps without mucilage and two inhales out of a Mecca. Who says Joe isn't there?

Our First Sergeant, Francis Hugh Anthony McKeon, says the would-be carpenters who framed his tent thought they were making a corn-crib, Mack says he's going to put a weather-vane in his tent so he'll know in the morning in which direction he will have to look for his clothes.

We heard at a lecture the other day that the Machine Gun men in the Canadian army wore an M. G. on their sleeves. We wonder if they will do that with us. We'll probably be known then as the Mulligan Guards

A wonderful scheme to develop courage in the men. Send them to our Supply Officer to ask for wood.

—L. S. B.

105TH INFANTRY, CO. G.

Peace was prevailing in the 8th Squad when one of its gallant members suggested the beautiful gun rack would make fine kindling so immediately buck privates Simon, Bradford, Spencer, Ackerman and Arnold proceeded to demolish said rack, but alas! Arnold, feeling very strong, having taken a bath the night previous, broke our new axe in half. The corporal on his return to the squad was very much puzzled as to the disappearance of the gun rack, and immediately all hands were measured for striped suits.

ENGINEER OFFICERS SENT TO CAMP GORDON.

The following officers of the Engineer Reserve Corps are relieved from temporary duty with the 102d engineers and assigned to the 514th service battalion, and ordered to proceed to Camp Gordon, Atlanta, Ga.:

Captains William G. Burns and Lewis A. Jones, First Lieuts. Horatio Baysh, John R. Watson, John F. Mockler, Charles Q. Wright; Second Lieuts. Ralph L. Langenheim, Seigfried L. Aichel, William G. Martin, William P. Mitchell, Albert W. Turner.

MEDICAL OFFICERS BEING TRANSFERRED.

The following changes in the assignments of medical officers are announced:

Maj. Thos. N. McClintock is transferred from the 12th N. Y. infantry to the 14th N. Y. infantry.

Maj. Arthur W. Slee is transferred from the 71st N. Y. infantry to the 12th N. Y. infantry.

Capt. George E. Taylor is assigned to field hospital company 106, and detailed to temporary duty with the 74th N. Y. infantry.

First Lieut. John F. Schafmeister is transferred from the 47th N. Y. infantry to the 71st N. Y. infantry.

GERMAN PEACE.

For peace that's made in Germany the allies do not care; it would be cheap and verminy, not warranted to wear. The peace the kaiser's pondering, and planning with a gun, would surely fade in laundering, the colors all would run. This war! The world is hating it, but peace would be more punk, with Germany dictating it, and handing out the bunk. The allies are much wiser dumb, and wielding sword and creese, than arguing with kaiserdom about the terms of peace. When peace again is given us, and people know repose, and war's red dog, that's driven us, back to its kennel goes, that peace must be no platitude, no phrases neatly turned, of wide and yielding latitude, to be ignored or spurned. No paper written gaudily whose terms may be withstood, no fabric woven shoddily, or "something just as good." When gentle peace has come again, it must have come to stay; no king shall make things bum again by starting up a fray. The peace that comes from Germany would last till Kaiser Bill should once again determine he was strong enough to kill.—Walt Mason.

102ND TRENCH MORTAR BATTERY.

Sergeant Hanlon's basket-ball team is practicing daily and are in fine trim, but find it hard to arrange games with other teams in the division. All teams in the division are requested to get in touch with Sergt. Hanlon as soon as possible.

"Pat" Powers and Georgie Bollar gave a rehearsal of their sketch "Taking It Out" last week to the men. George has the principal part in the sketch and shows he has given much attention to it.

"Chet" Goldberg received a fine gold and black hat cord from his girl for New Year's. Evidently "Chet" said more than "Good Morning" while he was home.

After a long and heated discussion as to their respective running powers Oppenheimer and Jackson were finally persuaded to stop talking and start running with the result that Jackson showed a clean pair of heels to Oppie and the Jackson backers collected handsomely. Cook Ulrich has a challenge to the winner.

Corporals Mooney, Stapleton, Anderson and Mead were successful in passing the entrance examination for the third Officers' Training Camp and have left the battery to take up their studies.

The prize bore of the year, one that equals even Merkle's famous baseball bone, occurred here last Friday. Hard Eating Harry Mills who was on guard, was instructed by Mess Sergeant McLean to light the fires in the kitchen stoves after his last trick on guard. When Cook Kenny arrived on the scene to start breakfast "Har" was complacently toasting his shins and *Had Both Ovens crammed full of wood and blazing merrily.* Jack Kenny pulled out the wood and turning to Mills, said:

(Deleted by Censor).

105TH U. S. INFANTRY, CO. A.

Pvt. Le Blanc has gotten the 5th squad dizzy from his French accents.

Pvt. J. I. Martin, alias General Rumor, comes in with the latest news of the widening of the 50th Street Subway Station.

Plying Arch Gooth at pay call, forgets he's to walk lame.

Andy Hogan, the eccentric sleeper, will some day wake up; at least his tent mates think so.

Daddy Loudon, now in his second childhood, is challenging his squad to a knitting bout.

(Note: The Honorable Livingston Eaton has it on him.)

Pvt. Flanagan can't be held down since he returned from his furlough telling the boys about the light lights of Greenpoint.

Pvt. L. Martin, the squad mechanic, is out scouting for loopholes to repair the port-holes in the tent.

Pvt. Barnard Freedman, the lady killer, received photos of his sweetheart; he is wearing them out looking at them. His tent mates cry "lay off that stuff."

J. A. M.

NUMBER 14 SHOES NEEDED BY ARMY.

Former Maximum Size, No. 12, Too Small For Some of Our Soldiers.

(Staff Correspondence)

Washington.—A complete revision of the quartermaster general's "tariff tables" governing army shoe sizes is now being formulated. This follows the discovery by both army and civilian investigators that only 15 per cent. of the men in the military service have satisfactory shoe fits. As pointed out in The Tribune, the faulty tariff tables used as a basis for the great shoe orders placed by Quartermaster General Sharpe will cost the government millions of dollars.

The blunder is aggravated by the fact that the faultiness of the existing "tariff tables" was pointed out before the United States entered the war, and before a single large shoe order had been placed. Examination of soldiers on the Mexican border during the 1916 mobilization developed all the information now to be the basis for reformation in the quartermaster's department. The results of those examinations coincide very fully with the more recent examination of the shoe fits of drafted men, and have been the subject of criticism in medical journals.

The government has purchased to date more than 22,000,000 pairs of army shoes, at a price in the neighborhood of \$4.75. Experts estimate that the wearing qualities of ill-fitting shoes is reduced more than 30 per cent. Beside this loss in the serviceableness of the shoes, it is pointed out, a tremendous reduction in the efficiency of the soldier results from faulty footwear. Explaining the proposed revision of the shoe tariff tables, the War Department to-day issued a statement which reads in part as follows:

"Examinations made of several different groups of men by both army officers and civilians brought reports indicating that only 145 per cent. of these men had shoes fitted to the satisfaction of the examiners.

"General Pershing has already recommended dropping from the tables all widths of the smallest size, 5, and the narrower width, A, in all sizes and adding to them the various widths of sizes 13 and 14. Heretofore 12 has been the largest called for by the army tables. His recommendations have been adopted."

FIELD HOSPITAL COMPANY NO. 106.

Lieutenant Reed has installed a telegraph system between his tent and our "Tops" tent so the men of the company can learn the International Morse Code. Much interest is found these snappy evenings receiving and sending messages over the wire.

The men of this command are much remembered by the Ladies' Auxiliary of Albany. Among many of the useful gifts received from the Auxiliary a trench Victrola has arrived and it now occupies space in our

mess hall and is enjoyed by all. Along with our nine-piece string orchestra, we now have a piano, which the men all agree has added much attraction.

Tent number 7 of this Company in charge of Saddler Robert Townsend, caused considerable commend during the holiday season on account of its elaborate decorations, which included a Christmas tree very highly decorated. Among the visitors to see the tent, included Ex-Governor Manning, of Carolina; Father Brennan, formerly of Albany, N. Y., and now Chaplain of the K. of C. of this camp, and Frank Moran, famous pugilist and boxing instructor of this division.

Private Raymond Clark has been advanced to Incinerator Engineer and Assistant Fourth Cook. The Private now holds that only through a resolution adopted by Congress can he be reduced.

"Our Top" Sergeant 1st Class Harry L. Folsom now boasts of being a mate to the famous pugilist, Frank Moran, boxing instructor of the camp. When the Sergeant and Mr. Moran get together they relate the many happenings of interest when they were sailors on the well-known ship "Pararie," back in 1904.

Private Joseph Sheehan displayed his art as a barber by cutting Private Elbert McCullom's hair recently. McCullom is of the opinion that Sheehan will not have to hire any more help in a hurry and in fact thinks Sheehan should dispose of the tools.

The Company is making arrangements for a dance to be given the latter part of this month. The dance will be held at the Spartanburg Country Club and will be under the supervision of Lieutenant Reed. Other members of the committee include Sergeant Wm. Klein and Private Louis Rolling. A very pleasant time is anticipated.

The men all regret very much their loss in the transfer of Horseshoer Martin Sebast to the Signal Battalion as Sergeant. Sebast has been with this organization since its prime. The men all wish "Martty" the best of luck and are sure he will make good as Sergeant.

Certainly there is some other object in digging a whole five feet deep in a tent for the keeping of kindling wood. The stunt has been pulled off in tent number 5 in charge of Sergeant Bill Klein. The men are wondering if it's in case of emergency, when heavy details come up or when a detail is needed in a hurry. How about it, Bill?

Private Fred Blafield is a casual, recently arrived from Fort Jay, Governor's Island. Fred has a lot to learn about the Field Hospital work on the field yet, but when it comes to eating army rations, the Private is a veteran.

Now that we have disposed of most all our horses, what is our Saddler "Bob" Townsend going to do for a job? When asked this, the Saddler said, "I suppose my only and last resort to hold my job as Saddler is to transfer to the National Army, making saddles for bunk riders."

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BOARD OF TRADE, ASHEVILLE, N. C.
N. BUCKNER, Secretary

"Ignatious" Bugler Ryan is now boasting of having the sweetest sounding and smelling bugle in the Division. The Bugler received a reprimand from one of the officers at inspection last week on account of the brassy odor from the piece. Art immediately thought of a scheme to overcome that odor so invested in a bottle of "Djere Kiss" and used it on his bugle. Some of the men feel homesick at times when Art Blows his calls in the daily routine work, especially at reveille.

"Pay Roll" Kelly, impossible to write anything about the Private in this issue as our pay roll hasn't come back as yet to be corrected, as usual.

"Circus Ed" Gardner is contemplating a furlough to visit his relatives at Stephentown, N. Y. The men all agree that all could be spent at Stephentown is a furlough.

"Little Sergeant from the East" Emery Burton, is kept busy these days issuing clothes he hasn't got to the men who need them and keeping the stock of clothing he expects to receive. J. V. B.

AMBULANCE COMPANY NO. 105.

There has recently been much "weeping, wailing, and gnashing of teeth" among the men of the 105th who have been fortunate enough to be customers of that energetic laundry firm of Siamese twins, namely, Professor Alberto Urinosio Flint and "Microbe" Zaremba who have been doing a thriving business since the cold weather set in.

The last cold snap and resultant coal shortage in Spartanburg, however, put the kibosh on the Spartanburg Laundry which has been doing the heavy work for the Twins and as a result the men's O. D.'s, underwear, etc., very necessary to one's comfort in this weather, have been in hock for over a month.

The proprietors of the luckless laundry were hourly besieged by hordes of angry, indignant customers but it was not until Tuesday that the precious packages appeared in camp. The incident has so affected "Dizzy" Moore that he wanders aimlessly from one tent to another in an effort to locate his only handkerchief which was lost in the shuffle.

The cold snap also worked havoc with our shower baths and for several days "rainbow" necks were very popular. However, we called on our old friend, Mechanic Jake Miller, and he soon had the showers running in old-time form. The showers are used on alternate days by the 105th and the 107th Ambulance Companies and the arrangement is working satisfactorily to both companies.

The warning influence of the three big, pot-bellied stoves which have been placed in the mess hall have made Sergt. Hull's domain a very popular place these days, that is, if you are lucky enough to escape Sergt. Fish's "detailing" eyes.

1st Lieut. William E. Truex has been detailed to Bellevue Hospital at New York

City for a course of instruction to cover several weeks.

1st Lieut. Reginald M. Ballantyne has been appointed Summary Court in addition to his other duties.

Private 1st Class William J. "Chief" Costello was the final choice of the examining officers for the Officers' Training Camp to be conducted at this camp. He has already begun his studies and intends to try for a commission in the artillery. "We're all behind you, Chief."

Because of his knowledge of the French language, Private 1st Class Thomas M. Burton, our Quartermaster clerk, was one of the two successful candidates from the 102d Sanitary Train to be accepted in the elimination contest held by French officers at the Base Hospital on January 8.

Our songbird, Private "Rol" Henry has been appointed to fill Tommy's shoes.

Sergt. Robert H. Hull has been appointed Mess Sergeant and we all hope that he continues the wheat cakes for breakfast which Sergt. Chaskel has started.

The success of the Christmas entertainment has encouraged its manager and producer, Private 1st Class Jack Layden, to lay plans for another series of vaudeville sketches which will be produced in the near future. Jack has been assured of the hearty support of the entire company and we all look for a rattling good entertainment soon.

* * * * *

Heard in Tent No. 9 (The Fighting Ninth):

Two of "Hoddy" Jones' most successful mottoes:

"Never do yourself what you can get someone else to do."

"Cuckoo" Gomon says: "If money is the root of all evil, we are all pure."

"Cuckoo" hopes that "Hoddy" Jones soon recovers from the attack of "gimmies" as the care of the patient has fallen mostly on him. A. K. M.

102ND AMMUNITION TRAIN, 1ST CAISSON CO.

Top Sergeant Mayer is on the road to making good, as he has been appointed to the Officers' Training School. We are sorry to lose you, Sergeant, but we are not at all selfish about it. We wish you the best of luck, and all the honors you are capable of annexing.

Bartlett, Kennedy, Lane, Trierers, and Glennon enlisted in the Army as chauffeurs. Great were their thoughts relative to the deeds they would do, as they "Chouffed" the road to Fame and Decorations. However, cleaning the sportive mule is just as interesting, and they are doing their bit in a good-natured way. J. Mc.

Mrs. Johnson, the widow, was engaged at her wash tub, when there entered to see her Mr. Botts, a devoted admirer and suiter.

After a bit, Mrs. Johnson asked: "Yo' sho' yo' loves me?"

"Why Mrs. Johnson, of co'se I's sho'!"
"Yo' ain't gone an' lost yo' job, has yo'?"

News of the Y. M. C. A.

FOR YOUR INFORMATION.

By Thomson Burtis, Staff Correspondent of
the Army Y. M. C. A.

With the revelations made to the senate military committee regarding disease epidemics and sickness in the various army camps, it is entirely proper to tell the story of what the Army Y. M. C. A. has been doing for the soldiers who have crowded the base hospitals, thus supplying the lining of this passing cloud with a bit of silvery tinge.

In every hospital in every camp and cantonment throughout the country, the Red Triangle secretaries have systematically visited the sick soldiers. Magazines, books, writing paper, stamps, money orders and the like have been delivered by hundreds of thousands to cot-sides, or tossed through barracks' windows to those quarantined. The over-taxed doctors and nurses have no time to write letters for the boys seriously ill. Thousands of letters have been penned by the Army "Y" men "with the colors," performing a service gladdening the hearts of wives, mothers and sweethearts the country over.

Wherever possible entertainments are given and Christmas was made more cheery. In nearly every hospital there is an over-worked phonograph, representing the thoughtfulness of the Y. M. C. A.

The camps in the Southeastern and Southern military departments appear to have suffered most severely from epidemics. At Camp Jackson in Columbia, S. C., where a long and bitter fight is now being waged against the dreaded meningitis, a rigid quarantine is in force. For a time over-wrought boys from the base hospital corps deserted almost daily, as the terror of this awful disease overcame them.

But like the British Red Triangle men who suffered nine per cent. casualties recently along the Aisne, the American Army Y. M. C. A. secretaries will "do their bit" in times of danger. Permission has been granted by the military authorities for several to work in the quarantined base hospital. And about quarantined barracks, with a grinning military policeman to see that the Y. M. C. A. men do not overstep the deadline and the barracks' windows crowded with grateful men; into the open windows are thrown magazines, writing paper and postage stamps, without charge. Folding organs furnish music for impromptu entertainments and religious services opposite the barracks under quarantine, with the company street as the stage, to the delight of the shut-ins.

Everything conceivable that can be done without actually entering the buildings is systematically performed every day, for every barracks. Likewise in every unquarantined barracks, there being an order against the men gathering for entertainment outside these buildings, an informal program is arranged in each every night by the Army Y. M. C. A. An average of nearly 4,000 soldiers each Sunday have voluntarily attended Bible classes in their own barracks, or about 12½ per cent. of the men in the camps, and thousands of Testaments have been given out.

During the month of November at Camp Doniphan, Fork Sill, Okla., one of those investigated by the senate committee and reported upon by Major-General Wright in command; 2,720 visits to the sick were made by Army Y. M. C. A. workers. Magazines and books to the number of 8,106 were distributed in the base hospital.

When there were over 2,200 cases of measles at Camp Wheeler, Macon, Ga., three Red Triangle secretaries were detailed to its base hospital. This work among the sick soldiers outlined above is merely one small part of the huge program of the Army Y. M. C. A. here and overseas made possible by the \$50,000,000 subscribed by appreciative Americans.

UNIT NO. 97.

One of the largest crowds which has yet greeted an individual speaker listened to a corking talk by Rev. Dr. Charles A. Fulton, of Syracuse, last Wednesday night. The talk was preceded by a sing led by Secretary Ford. Dr. Fulton's reputation as pastor of the First Baptist Church in Syracuse, as well as his personal popularity, were large factors in securing him the excellent audience which greeted him. Dr. Fulton comes as a camp pastor representing the Baptist Church, succeeding Dr. Baker, of Ithaca, whose work ended about Christmas time.

Monday night saw a record crowd when the 104th F. A. gave one of its exceptional concerts, which was followed by an entertainment put on by the boys of the same regiment, under the management of Corporal "Buck" O'Neil. The affair consisted of vocal numbers and boxing exhibitions, the details of which will be noticed in the athletic columns. Private Fred McDermott, of the 102d Engineers and champion light-weight of the 27th Division, acted as referee. The mills were pretty good, the contestants being somewhat out of training, but at no time afraid to mix it up in spots. Take it all in all, the pastime made a very pleasant evening.

Last Sunday night the service was addressed by Dr. D. E. Camak, of the Textile

Men of the 27th Division

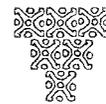
☐ This enterprise was launched by reason of your coming to camp here, and its success depends in a large measure on your patronage.

☐ 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.

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Institute at Spartanburg. He spoke on, "Wanted—A Man," and certainly made a most favorable impression and held his audience well.

General Court Martial met last Tuesday in the building. The Band School of the Division meets daily for instruction under Bandmaster Sutherland, of the 104th Band; three Buglers' Schools meet daily in different rooms, and Field Bakery School is meeting regularly in the building.

The general good character of the staff has been enhanced by the addition of Mr. Harvey Pafford, of Georgia, who comes to take the educational work in place of Mr. Darrow, who has gone to the range. Mr. Pafford comes with a training and experience which bespeak for him a remarkable success in his department.

Y. M. C. A. PERSONALS.

E. A. Wicks, Superintendent of the Red Triangle tent for several months past, has left Camp Wadsworth to take up Chautauqua work at Richmond, Va. Mr. Wicks made a fine record while here and we regret his leaving very much.

Rev. Samuel B. Jordan, a native of Georgia, has been added to Camp Wadsworth's staff. He is stationed at present at Unit 95.

Rev. Robert Drysdale, who has been on a ten-day furlough, has returned to his duties at Unit 95.

A MAN'S MAN.

Mel. Trotter, of Grand Rapids and Chicago, is one of the great evangelists of the country. He is giving several months to army work and will be in Camp Wadsworth next week, beginning Tuesday, January 22. He brings with him a male quartet and is a real whirlwind. The program is as follows: Tuesday, Unit No. 95; Wednesday, Unit No. 97; Thursday, Unit No. 96; Friday, Unit No. 93; Saturday, Unit No. 92.

Here is a chance to hear a celebrity and a real man. That is a double-barrelled opportunity. "Jimmy Moore of Bucktown" is the story of his life which may be had in any of the Y. M. C. A. buildings.

TRUCK COMPANY NO. 1.

Truck Company No. 1 is now situated on the outskirts of Grover, N. C., about six miles from the woods. Every morning at seven-thirty we grab our trusty ax, and sally forth in search of food for the Sibley stoves.

There is a movie show in King's Mountain where all the fair damsels go to spend their evenings. The boys were not long in finding out about this, and Hardy, not forgetting Collins, soon had a couple on the string.

Every night finds the boys sitting around the stove in Kate's Headquarters in Grover. Kate says she is fond of the soldiers, and wants them to feel at home. Thanks, Kate. Mechanic Jackson, the original "Boer War" kid, nearly made a date the other day—only she said: "No." Try again, Jackson, this world is still full of women.

Captain Olmstead returned from a trip to Spartanburg, and brought back a stock of overshoes, and galoshes which he distributed among the men, of whom he is ever thoughtful.

L. E. C.

Under the cottonwoods, in a boat tied close to the bank, a seedy-looking colored gentleman twitched a fish-line lazily through the waters of the lower Mississippi River. The heavily laden traveler eyed him for a moment and then shouted:

"Say, uncle, can you row?"

"No, Ah cain't ro'."

"Well, let me borrow the boat to go down to Bungtown for the train and I'll give you a dollar."

The darky hauled in his line with alacrity, the stranger jumped into the boat, picked up the oars, and pulled rapidly out into the stream. It was not long, however, before the hot sun showed its effects and the rower paused, panting for breath. His colored companion then seized the oars and began rowing with great speed and little apparent effort. Gasping in astonishment, his passenger remarked somewhat crisply:

"I thought you said that you couldn't row?"

"For lawdy sake, did yo' mean ro' a boat? Ah done thought yo' meant ro', like a lion."

THE TOP SERGEANT

He is as necessary to the army as food. That may be a reason why he is "cussed" so much. Every one considers it an inalienable right—kicking at the grub. But the fellow who kicks at him would be floored if asked what would be done without him. The only possible reply would be that the army certainly would be done, without him.

He's the Top Sergeant. And since his rewards here on this troubled earth are so meager, certainly he'll be a Top Harpist when the Great Choir is mustered in where St. Peter keeps the gate.

Reviled by those below him, uneasy from the orders of those above, he hangs trembling on the topmost row of the barbed wire in a shell-swept No Man's Land. He is always Top—whether it's morning or evening, No-Man's land or company mess.

An ancient army adage declares that "the back-bone of the army is the non-com." The T. S. is the top vertebrae link in the important organism. He would be king of non-coms, if an imperial hierarchy existed in the American fighting force.

His contacts are wide. He knows the man power of the company to its last shoestring, and keeps track of words and deeds. He is mighty as a reckoner and judge. His words are weighty and his opinions treasured. He is One Clothed With Authority.

And yet he is a Boy with the Boys when occasion arises. He will sing a song, tell a story or do a dancing fling with the finest grace and gusto. Dignity slips from his mighty shoulders easily, and reveals the essentially human being, which the T. S. really is, in spite of occasional rookie doubts as to his connection with the Family of Upright, Two-legged Vertebrates. He is a queer compound of the Democrat and the Demagogue, is this Top Sergeant.

The head of a certain manufacturing firm is an old gentlemen who built up his business from nothing by dogged and persistent toil, and who never felt that he could spare the time for a holiday. Not long ago, however, he decided that he was getting on in years and that he was entitled to a rest; so, calling his son into the library, he said:

"Tom, I've worked hard for a long time and have done well, so I've decided to retire and turn the business over to you. What do you say?"

The young man hesitated a moment, then in sudden thought he suggested:

"I was just thinking, father, how would it be for you to work a few years more and then we would both retire together?"

Pat: "Have ye christened your new baby yet?"

Mike: "We have."

Pat: "And p'wat did ye call it?"

Mike: "Hazel."

Pat: "Glory be to God; 223 saints to name yer kid after and ye had to go and name it after a nut."

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Big Thoughts by Big Men

"The military masters under whom Germany is bleeding, see very clearly to what point Fate has brought them; if they fall back or are forced back an inch, their power abroad and at home will fall to pieces."—George Harvey.

"When Germany shall have withdrawn within her borders, every soldier whose feet now stand upon foreign soil, when she shall have returned to France, to Belgium, to Serbia, to Roumania, to Poland and to Russia, all of the helpless men and ravished women whom she has wrested ruthlessly from their homes; when she shall have abandoned wholly her illegal and inhuman warfare at sea; when she shall have ceased to bombard unprotected villages and to kill little children from the air, when she shall have driven from power the group of monsters who forced this frightful calamity upon an unoffending world—then, and not until then, will America consent to consider her appeal for peace."—George Harvey.

"There is far greater danger of the starvation of our Allies than the starvation of the Germans. Every available inch of ground in Germany is cultivated by the aid of the old men, the boys and the women, and the two million prisoners of war."—Ambassador Gerard.

"Nor shall anyone believe the Germans will make peace because of revolution. The German nation is not one which makes revolutions . . . the officers of the army are all of one class, devoted to the ideals of autocracy."—Ambassador Gerard.

"I want to bring home to our people that the military and naval power of the German Empire is unbroken; that of the twelve million men whom the Kaiser has called to the colors but one million, five hundred thousand have been killed, five hundred thousand permanently disabled, not more than five hundred thousand are prisoners of war and about five hundred thousand constitute the number of wounded or those on the sick list of each day, leaving at all times about nine million effectives under arms."—Ambassador Gerard.

"The brotherhood of mankind must no longer be a fair but empty phrase! It must be given a structure of force and reality. The nations must realize their common life and effect a workable partnership."—Woodrow Wilson.

"Let us pray Almighty God that in all humbleness of spirit we may look always to Him for guidance; that we may be kept constant in the spirit and purpose of service; that by His grace our minds may be directed and our bodies strengthened, and that in His good time liberty and security of peace, and the comradeship of a common justice may be vouchsafed all the nations of the earth."—Woodrow Wilson.

"The cup of German degeneracy is filled. It is the cup of German mendacity; more deep, more dark; more virulent than any ever filled before by any nation in all the erring annals of mankind. Approximately too, it is the Kaiser of *Kulture* who, himself, adds the final drops."—George Harvey.

102D MILITARY POLICE.

Add to the list of celebrated squads "the Ink Pot," of Co. A, of which Regulation Tom Regan is king. He is supported by an all star cast, including Goldie Colfax, the insurance fiend; Stanley Smith, the Mt. Kisco canary; Wild Bill Daggens; Battling Eddie Boram; Dizzy Eddie Carlson, the w. k. horseman; and Arthur (Mike) Donovan, the renowned box-fighter. Jack O'Brien, who first named the squad the Ink Pot, graduated to a job driving an army truck.

Corporal Lloyd Co. B will always be acting corporal. He is an actor by profession, and a good one. He can play anything from Hamlet to a mob.

In Mess Sergeant Johnson, Company B has one of the best dancers in the division. He shakes a wicked pair of cinderellas.

The Flatbush A. C. of Co. A has elected Jack Wilson, the authority on hippology, and Sam Shotwell, members.

Bugler Black erstwhile tooter of Co. B, is now spoiling the mornings for Co. A.

The eagle sculptured by Corporal Alex Pacini, Co. A, is one of the first things noticed by visitors to the M. P. camp. It is a remarkably fine piece of work.

Co. A has two sets of prothers, the pugnacious Perrys of Mt. Vernon, and the daring Davenports of New York. Both Jim and Jack Davenport are crack horsemen and crack crooks, and both have seen service in the U. S. Navy.

Byren Phillips of Co. A has named his steed "Bevo," because, he explains, the animal hasn't much spirit.

Ed Reilly, company A's fashion plate, expects to go to his home in the Bronx soon, where he will doubtless break a number of hearts with his form fitting uniforms.

Mueller of Co. B, it develops, is a talented artist. Some of his work is due to appear in the Gas Attack.

AMERICAN ARMY CAMPS NOT PLAGUE SPOTS.

The same malicious propaganda which President Wilson once characterized as a foe within more to be feared than foes without has been spreading the seeds of anxiety and apprehension among the parents of America's men under arms.

According to the authors of this propaganda every camp is a plague spot. The men in the camps know to the contrary because they see with their own eyes. But great distances separate them from their homes. With each recurrence of the report new anxieties and new apprehensions arise.

In order to reassure the mothers and fathers who have loaned their sons to the cause of freedom, Trench and Camp prints a few cold facts and figures.

There is nothing speculative about these figures. They are the official returns from the camps consolidated into a report from the Surgeon-General of the Army.

The figures show, first, that a smaller number of our soldiers are dying in camps and cantonments of disease than during any war in the history of the country.

Analyzed, the figures, which are taken from a weekly report chosen at haphazard, show: 157 deaths among 801,072 men would mean 8,164 deaths a year.

This would be a death rate of 10.18 per thousand per year.

In plain English the returns given in the report indicate that, if the present death rate obtains, 10 soldiers out of every 1,000 in training camps would die from natural causes in the space of a year.

In peace time the death rate among the men of the draft age, who constitute 9.1 per cent of the total population is 7.4 per cent. In a word, more than seven out of every ten men of the draft age would die from natural causes in normal times and in peaceful pursuits.

Therefore the deaths from natural causes in camps and cantonments would be slightly in excess of three more deaths per thousand than in normal times.

Now look at the other side of the picture. In the war between the States the Federal Forces had a total of 2,673,567 enlistments. This represented not less than 2,000,000 men. Of this number 67,058 were killed in action; 43,012 died of wounds and 25,556 died from causes undetermined. But to be added to this number was the huge total of 224,586 who died from diseases. It has been stated that a large percentage of the deaths were among prisoners of war and that the high mortality rate was due to the deaths among their number. But the truth is that only 30,192 of the deaths were among prisoners of war and these represented only 14 per cent of the total.

The fact is, then, that nearly one man of every ten who enlisted in the Federal armies died of disease in Federal hospitals or camps. This was 2.4 per cent a year of the total number enlisted during the war.

WAR TO END IN SPRING?

French Soldiers Say We will Land K. O. Then.

"When the American forces start their drive next spring the Germans will melt away like butter before a hot fire."

This is the expression heard throughout France to day and brought to this country by Americans returning from Europe. These travelers declare that an entirely new spirit has come over France since the American soldiers arrived "Over There." The French soldiers have been greatly encouraged and stimulated by the sight of the boys in khaki and are confident that the more American soldiers sent to France the nearer draws the end of the war.

Shortly after his arrival at an Atlantic port Robert Davis, who has spent several months in Europe working for the Red Cross, said:

"Everything is all right with the American troops this winter. General Pershing told me that unless something unforeseen happens he does not expect American troops to get into action generally until winter breaks. He said we must buck up the French because they are holding the line until our baby army is schooled."

The actual mortality among the Federal forces in a given year (1862) was 53.2 per thousand.

Of this number only 8.6 were battle casualties.

In A Word, 44.6 Were Victims of Disease.

All of which leads to the conclusion that the mortality rate from disease today is less than one-fourth the mortality rate from the same cause in the war between the States.

We shall have more to say on this subject in a subsequent issue. It is requested that every man who reads this editorial mail the issue containing it to his parents. Let him also mark the editorial plainly so that it cannot escape attention.

The figures we give are absolutely authentic and are taken from official records.

They tell as no amount of descriptive writing would ever tell the story of the elaborate care, with the most modern devices for preventing and fighting disease, that surrounds the American soldier of today.

A gentleman who was visiting his lawyer for the purpose of making his will, insisted that a final request be attached to the document. The request was, that his Ford car be buried with him after he died. His lawyer tried to make him see how absurd this was, but failed, so he asked the gentleman's wife to use her influence with him. She did the best she could, but she also failed.

"Well, John," she said finally, "tell me why you want your Ford car buried with you?"

"Because I have never gotten into a hole yet but what my Ford could pull me out," was the reply.

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South Carolina
Union District
Received of John
Derby four hundred & fifty
Dollars in full payment for my
Negro woman Maria & her girl
Child both of whom I warrant
sound healthy & sensible & free from
all defects in title
John S. Chreitsberg

AN HISTORIC DOCUMENT.

Here is a document that should interest the men at Camp Wadsworth. It is the receipt for money paid for a slave woman and her child, both of whom, doubtless, picked cotton on the very spot where your mess shack is now standing. The price paid was \$450.

Note that the woman and her child are guaranteed to be sound, healthy, sensible and free from all defects in title. A sensible woman for \$450! Mr. Derby probably considered that he made a good bargain. The document, which is a valuable one, was kindly loaned to the Gas Attack by Mr. Chreitsberg, of Spartanburg.

NO MORE CROWDED THEATRES.

Local Theatre Managers Readily Co-operate
With Military Authorities in Measures to
Prevent Spread of Disease.

Lieut. Col. E. R. Maloney, division surgeon, and Lieut. Col. W. C. Montgomery, division sanitary inspector, are of the opinion that colds are contagious, just as measles, diphtheria or other diseases of that nature, and they hold that the danger of catching colds by infection is very great in crowded and badly ventilated rooms and tents. This explains the order requiring the men in camp to sleep with their tent flaps open. With plenty of fresh air in circulation, the disease germs do not thrive so well and a constant supply of fresh air keeps them from becoming effective when inhaled into the lungs.

Working along this line, they have asked and secured the co-operation of the managers of the local theatres. Steps are being taken to secure better ventilation in all the theatres, and to prevent over-crowding. Hereafter theatres will not sell tickets after the seating capacity has been exhausted, and members of the military police will be stationed at the doors to prevent crowding.

In moving picture theatres readers will be thrown on the screen, such as "Germs Spread Disease. If You Have to Cough, Use Your Handkerchief."

Theatre goers will be educated in this way, and taught to take simple but effective means to prevent the spread of disease. The

germs are put into circulation in the air by coughing in crowded and overheated rooms or tents and by expectorating on floors or sidewalks.

The health authorities of Camp Wadsworth are constantly working on the theory that it is easier and better to prevent disease than to cure it after it has once started, and the success of their work is shown by the statistics of the surgeon general of the war department, which prove that there has been less sickness in Camp Wadsworth than in any other training camp in the country.

Government Success as Casey Jones.

The President has taken over and is now in full control of all the railroads of the United States. The number of passenger trains has already been greatly decreased. Idle freight cars are being placed into active service. The movement of passengers and freight will be so distributed over various sectors of the country that congestion will be lessened, if not removed.

The government expects to pay the railroads a profit equal to the average yearly profit of the last three years. Both the railroads and the people in general are very much pleased. The week of January 14 was known as freight week, during which it was the duty of every railroad and of every railroad center to clear all congestion and move all possible freight.

\$2,000,000 Fire in Norfolk.

On the last night of the year Norfolk was swept by a fire causing a loss of \$2, 000, 000. Explosion after explosion in various parts of the city was followed by flames which swept the city. In a hotel where 400 guests were sleeping an explosion occurred and immediately following flames spread throughout the building. In one of the halls a guest was taking down the fire hose but was balked at the point of a pistol held by a man who threatened to shoot if he took down the hose. The man was caught and the whole affair supposed to be of German origin.

More Kultur.

The Germans are compelling Belgian women to dig war trenches near the front line of battle. The women have even been compelled to work under fire.

Our Strength.

The New York World gives the following summary of the army: Personnel before the war 265, 000 men. The strength now 1,500,000 men. Before end of 1918 2,000,000 men. The navy has now 300, 000 officers and men.

Get Your Chest Ready.

A bill has been introduced in Congress authorizing the awarding of medals and awards for distinguished service. It will pass another bill authorizing men in service of the Allies who have now honor medals to be permitted to wear the same. This also will pass. Another bill authorizing an American Legion of Honor will probably pass.

Murdered a Million Greeks.

The Turks-Teutons have massacred and killed in other ways one million Greeks. Greatest indignities and brutalities have been used against the Greeks. It is said that the Turks who have always been known as the most barbarous of all peoples of modern times are far too gentle to be compared with the Teutonic Hun. Shiploads of helpless women and children were taken out to sea on huge ships and then dumped overboard by the thousands like garbage. This report reached the Associated Press the same day that the Kaiser said "We face the year 1918 with firm confidence and iron will. Therefore forward with God to fresh deeds and fresh victories."

Devilish Ingenuity.

It has now come to light that German influence was used to produce a play which would alienate the Japanese and the Americans. The Writer approached was offered \$5,000 to produce such a play but refused. He was greatly surprised later to see a play similar to the one he was asked to write but having another title. This latter play had a considerable run and caused much antagonistic comment.

Government Controls Railroads.

The government now has full control of the railroads. The Director-General, McAdoo will probably recommend a considerable advance in salaries of the 1,500,000 railroad men. It may also be regarded necessary to exempt railroad men from the draft. Transportation is fully as essential to win the war as any other element of industry or of warfare.

Our Exports—Six Billions.

The value of the exports from America to foreign countries totaled about \$6, 000, 000, 000 during the year 1917. The imports into this country were valued at less than half the amount. The amount of gold imported into this country was much less the past year than it was the year before.

More Dirty Work.

One of the largest naval bases in Russia, Kronstadt, blew up on December 30. It may be one of those ten thousand explosions in England, France, Italy, Russia, South America and in this country, in nearly every case of which some mysterious German speaking visitor is connected with the occasion.

84 Below Zero!

On December 30 one of the coldest waves ever experienced in this country extended from Alaska to Florida and from the Rocky Mountains to the Atlantic. In the Yukon Valley the thermometer fell to 84 degrees below zero. In New York city the temperature was 14 degrees below while in Northfield, Vermont, the coldest place in the country, the temperature was 40 degrees below. At Spartanburg it was nearly zero.

At Last a Cause.

American troops, we hear, are now occupying a portion of the French front. It is quite possible that they will soon appear along the Rhine-Rhone Canal in order to establish American claims to the potash mines there, seeing that America's peaceful designs on our potash in 1909 and 1910 (by purchase) were defeated by the passage of the German potash law, which prohibits foreign ownership.—Professor Roth of Greifswald University.

"The German people in arms has thus everywhere on land and sea, achieved great deeds. But our enemies still hope, with the assistance of new allies to defeat you and then to destroy forever the world position won by Germany in hard endeavor. They will not succeed."—Kaiser William to his Army and Navy.

"Trusting in our religious cause and in our strength, we face the year 1918 with firm confidence and iron will. Therefore, forward with God to fresh deeds and fresh victories."—Kaiser William to his Army and Navy.

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**THE MAIN STREET CAFE**

Located in Basement
NEW REX THEATRE BUILDING
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World Brevities



Edited by J. S. KINGSLEY

GREAT THOUGHTS

Kaiser Wrong Again.

And yet, Germany says England Did it. The keynote of the policy that made Great Britain the greatest and most successful colonizing nation in the world is freedom. Throughout the British Empire the merchants of every colony are absolutely free to trade with whom they will. Even the small tariff preference in favor of the mother country that prevails in some of the colonies is of colonial origin a self imposed duty to show their loyalty and good will.—Edw. Neville Vost in World's Work.

The final product of autoocracy is to convert man into a machine; the final product of democracy is to set free the soul even in the most clod like man.—Frank Simonds.

"Germany."

The war has taught us that there is in central Europe a strong and populous nation which does not believe in individual rights that it does not believe in any right, any duty, any pledge, any obligation toward other people; that war is the normal state of man; that the purpose of any army is to devastate and conquer neighboring countries and to carry away all. The portable wealth, as the foot-pad, holds up and rids his victim of his watch and purse.

This nation repudiates the claim of chivalry and mercy, and even more damning than its cruelty is its deceit. At the head of this Nation stands an irresponsible autocrat who boasts that he grasps in the hollow of his hand the mind, body and soul of every creature in his empire and whose bidding is done by Generals, Admirals, Parsons and Professors of his own appointing. This is the nation that enslaves and carries away the conquered young men and young women to suffer privations, shame and unspeakable outrage.—Frank Simonds World's Work.

In the Spanish American War, Germany very secretly asked England to join her and France in putting their fleets between Cuba and the U. S. fleet. The English Foreign Secretary replied promptly "no" and he added that if the British fleet took any part in the war it would be to stand between the European fleets and the American.—Frank Simonds.

President Theodore Roosevelt in 1902, in response to the threat of the Kaiser: "Arbitrate or I will give orders to Dewey, within ten days to proceed to Venezuela and see that no bombarding is done." The Kaiser arbitrated. The Kaiser in speaking of this occasion said "If I had had a larger fleet I would have taken Uncle Sam by the scruff of the neck."

The deportations (from Belgium) were not hazy to us. They were the most vivid, shocking, convincing, single happenings in all of our enforced observation and experience of German disregard of human suffering and human rights in Belgium.—Vernon Kellogg.

We have enlisted about 400,000 men, equal in proportion to 5,000,000 from the United States. If in striking the proportion we should omit both the French Canadian population and the French Canadian enlistments, it would be equal to 7,000,000 men from the United States. We have raised about a billion dollars on the basis of the wealth of the two nations, which would be equivalent to some forty billions from the United States.—Benjamin A. Gould. (War Situation in Canada.)

The Germans have a great system but it is machinery, not brains, and wheels can never really replace brain-cells in human functioning.—Vernon Kellogg.

We had to see the citizens of a proud and beautiful capital barred from walking in certain of its streets and parks, that elderly Landsturmiers and boy officers might stroll and smoke there; and to be sent indoors to bed every night for a fortnight at eight o'clock to learn to be deferential and friendly to soldiers who had slain their relations and friends, not in the heat of battle, but a cool dawn in front of stone walls.—Vernon Kellogg in Atlantic Monthly.

"Please convey to the sisterhood of your great country the warm thanks of the women of the British Empire for their inspiring words of encouragement and assurance. The horrors of war have taught us to know one another better and they have strengthened the ties of kinship and mutual sympathy by uniting the women of the English-speaking races heart and soul in the struggle for liberty and civilization."—Mary R (Queen Mary of England.)

"You, we all, are instruments in the hands of almighty God for restoring peace to the world."—Kaiser to his Army and Navy.

In parts of occupied France the people have to salute the German officers or get shot.—Vernon Kellogg.

Even were the German Kultur that most desirable thing that the German intellectuals have said it is and that most of us are convinced that it is not the Germans are utterly unable to make it over to any other people.—Vernon Kellogg.

Italians Gain But British Lose.

There have been two great surprises along the European battle line during the past two weeks.

One was that the Italians have withstood so well the combined efforts of the Teutons to break through. One Italian observer said that the Italian army would rather perish than to give up Venice. Surely their stubborn defence during the past month has demonstrated this statement. The Italians have held nearly all of their territory which they retained after the great drive of the Teutons, although the Teutons have made every effort possible to pierce and to roll back the Italian lines.

The second surprise was the loss of the territory gained by the British army. The British had gained a magnificent victory at Cambrai. In fact it was a victory to be compared with almost any of the war. The English tanks did much in gaining this victory but for some reason the British were not prepared to defend what they had gained and have gradually lost nearly all of the ground which they had gained in a most brilliant fight.

Why they lost this ground is a question which the layman does not know. It may be that it was intentional on the part of the British or it may be that it was an error on the part of the British. One thing is certain and that is this territory is regarded as the most valuable along the British line. If the Germans should lose this sector the base of their submarine activities in the English Channel would be endangered and the line of defense placed upon the Belgian coal fields and Belgian factory towns would be broken. This section is a vital section for Germany. It is not a vital section for England. It may be that England was not willing to pay the price required to take and to hold this sector at this time.

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GUY S. LAVENDER, Manager

Ask the Germans; They Know!

The seizing of German secret telegrams indicates that Germany knows the number of troops that America has abroad but she asks the German press to discredit this number as much as possible and to show that it would be impossible to convey so great a number of troops in so short a time.

John D. Comes Across.

John D. Rockefeller has given during the war five million five hundred thousand dollars for war relief. He has endowed several medical institutions in which many valuable medical discoveries have been made. He was the cause of the stamping out of typhus fever in Austria and Siberia and he gave toward the Army Y. M. C. A. and the Red Cross more than any other man.

Spain Getting Fidgetty.

A conspiracy among the officers and soldiers of Spain which planned to revolutionize the government of Spain has recently been discovered. It was discovered before any of the plans were consummated. The plotters have escaped and the government is excited but probably will not suffer from the conspiracy for the King of Spain is very popular and is willing to give the people as much freedom as they desire.

Finland A Republic.

France has reconized Finland as a republic. After France made this reconition, Germany also did the same. The declaration of President Wilson and of Lloyd George indicates that the world will have a new baptism of liberty as a result of this war. Even Germany is promising reforms in her midst and the peoples of the world are becoming more nearly equal and becoming filled with the spirit of reform and of equality. Every great world war has been followed by great reforms but there has also been a tendency after each great world war to destroy these reforms. President Wilson in his message foresees this possible tendency and intends to forestall any such reactionary movement.

Turkey Getting Roasted.

The Arabian and Jewish people of Turkey have petitioned for entire independence from

the Turkish government. Turkey has been made a dupe and a tool for Germany in this war. She had nothing to gain and everything to lose by entering the war on the side of the Central Powers. She has already lost Jerusalem. Her very existence in Europe has been threatened. Her own people are discordant and are demanding a reform in the government. Turkey must either reform or be relegated to the extinct nations.

The Basis of Peace.

President Wilson and Lloyd George were very similar in their declaration of the demands of the Allied Powers upon the Central Powers which must be met before peace can be consummated. It is very fortunate that these two great leaders agree almost entirely. Nothing in the agreement seems extreme or unjust, while every demand seems to be essential for the complete and lasting peace of the world and the reign of justice among all nations whether large or small.

Belgium must be restored and paid for her suffering and destruction. France must be paid for damages and restored. Peoples who desire to be free must be allowed their freedom. The seas for which the American people have contended from the beginning of their history must be entirely free and must be protected by international law which all nations must observe. Militarism or great armament of men shall not be allowed, although enough soldiers to keep domestic peace will be allowed. If all the nations freely agree to this peace there shall not be any economic war after the present war. Peace must be made between peoples and not between unauthorized autocratic governments, and not representative. These terms ought to be acceptable to Germany herself as soon as she loses hope of conquering the world and of so disabling other nations that she can compel them to pay her war debts. She has so great a war debt that unless some other nations help her pay it, she will be crippled for a century.

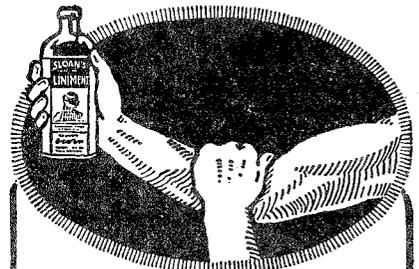
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NUT NUMBER

IT WILL APPEAR JANUARY 26th

From cover to cover it will contain a harvest of nuts, some ripe, some rich, others old and musty: nutty people, nutty sayings, nutty pictures, nutty poems.

For weeks people have been saying to us in surprise: "I don't see how you can get out such a magazine for only a nickel!" They were right. The reason we tried hard to keep the price down to five cents was because we didn't want to sting the soldiers any more than possible. We're privates, ourselves. But now---The next number of the magazine will cost *Ten Cents*. It had to be done. What's ten cents among friends?

In the next number the most distinctive features of the Gas Attack will be printed as usual. There will be: *The Ideas of Ethelburt Jellyback, Private: VIII, on the Night of His Wild Adventure in Paris, After the War*. There will be another *Soldier's Letter to His Sweetheart* on the *Incinerator Page*; a page of editorials, by no means depressing; and a sprinkling of general news, news of sport and Division Units.

But for the most part the next number will bristle with the weirdest wit and most insane illustrations that a reading soldier-public e'er gazed upon.

Two printers have already gone to padded cells as a result of working over this number, and nineteen contributing editors now screech their general orders from the Base Hospital.

Get ready for the Nut Number. The Gas Attack is selling out every week 48 hours after it goes on the newstands.

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Offer Four Days' Service and
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AND TO THE

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Everything in eats, drinks
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Even the Kaiser Knows It's Coming!

He knows it's coming just as sure as fate. He knows it's coming just as sure as the wallop he's going to get in the jaw.

Look at him!

He's shaking in his boots!

He's seized with fear and trembling.



It's Coming

And now, after this warning there's no excuse for anybody's not knowing that it's coming just as sure as reveille's coming in the morning.

It's going to be stupendous, overwhelming, and as eccentric as a crutch.

Yes, it's coming out next week.

The Gas Attack's Big Nut Number

There will be contributions from Colonel Nut, General Debility, Captain Daffy, Lieutenant Bugs, Sergeant Balmy, Corporal Dotty and Private Bees-in-his-Bonnet

There will be another Soldier's Letter to His Sweetheart; another Ethelburt Jellyback, describing Ethelburt's Wild Adventure in Paris after the War; and an unusual number of Poems, Pictures and Peculiar Paragraphs. The pictures alone will be worth the money.

Get the Nut Number and forget your troubles.

Get the Nut Number and forget the leather in the stew.

Get the Nut Number and forget everything except home and sweetheart.

The Price of the NUT NUMBER will be TEN CENTS