

WADSWORTH GAS ATTACK

AND

The Rio Grande Rattler.

Vol. 1

CAMP WADSWORTH, SPARTANBURG, S. C., February 2, 1918

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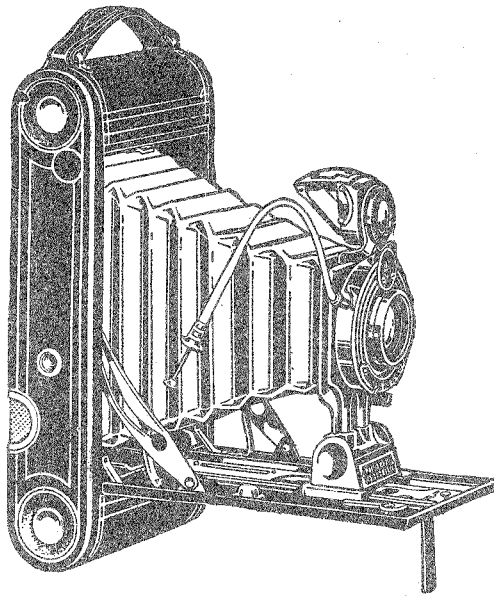


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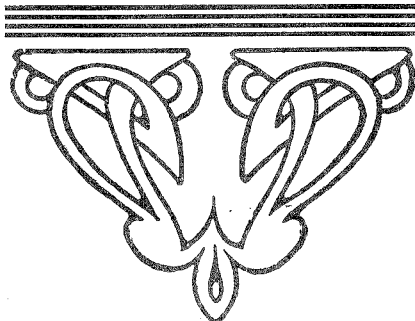
Spartanburg, S. C.

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ANNOUNCEMENT.

One of the outstanding features of the next number of *The Gas Attack* will be an article on the Officers' Training School, by Pvt. Walter A. Davenport. Back in Park Row "Bill" Davenport is known as one of the star reporters on the *New York American*. His first story of the school, in which he is now a member, hits the target right in the bull's eye!





FRIDAY NIGHT ACTIVITIES.

The artist has taken the liberty of removing the front of the tent, thus showing you a cross-section view of the interior. He hopes that the inmates will pardon him for thus exposing the intimate view of their activities. It is about eight o'clock Friday night, with Saturday morning inspection only a few hours away. The tent assumes the appearance of a Chinese laundry, as there are, naturally, no clean pants, shirts, or socks—no clean anything, in fact—to show at the coming inspection. For such a situation there are but two remedies: camouflage, and soap and water. Camouflage is effected without a great deal of fuss, but the second process involves certain quantities of cold or lukewarm water, certain words adapted to the occasion, and a great deal of drying.

FOOLISH FASHIONS—IN THE ARMY AND ELSEWHERE

Present Coats Are Dangerous to the Health—A Pattern the British Discarded After the Boer War

In the early days of Spain there was a certain queen who was unfortunate enough to be afflicted with a crippled leg. She could not ride astride a horse, as was the custom of the women of the age. So the court saddler made a saddle for her with a sort of a horn attached, around which she could place her shrivelled leg and thus hold her seat on a horse.

The ladies of her court, out of courtesy to the Queen, had their saddles constructed in the same way and so the side saddle was invented. Through the centuries that followed many a good woman and many a good horse was permanently injured following the example of a cripple.

When Foolish Fashions Started.

When the pagan priests entered the Christian church, through the decree of that old fox, Emperor Constantine, they could not see spiritual things. They materialized as far as they could even the pure Christianity of their day. At that time no one thought anything of exposing the human body. It was the desecration of it in immorality that the early fathers preached against.

These pagan priests, however, said it was sinful to look at the human body and so the very appearance of its form was forgotten. As a result, it became the fashion to distort it, and the race suffered through hundreds of years because of foolish fashions designed to cover the body.

Barefoot Dancers and Army Shoes.

Our mothers and sisters have just escaped the deadly tight corset because through Art and the Stage we have become familiar with the normal human shape. Statutes of perfect human bodies of both sexes should be in every school as an incentive to correct living and normality in form.

The barefoot dancers and the military shoe will, after a while, deliver us from the arch-destroying and ugly pointed shoe.

When we become familiar with true nature, a distorted shape is ugly. So, a wasp-waisted woman to-day looks hideous, because we know better than we used to—how a correctly built woman's form should be.

Expose the Neck.

One great help toward the health of our women has been the habit of exposing the neck and upper chest.

ABOUT ANTHONY FIALA.

Anthony Fiala, besides being a captain in the Twenty-Seventh Division, is well-known as an explorer and scientist. In civil life, when not crossing the frozen waters of the Arctic or plunging through tropical jungles with such companions as Col. Roosevelt, he is the head of one of the biggest clothing departments in New York City.

So, Captain Fiala is in a position to know what he's writing about in this article. He is in a position to know the kind of clothes suited to army life. He tried to let the authorities know, back in 1916, before millions were spent in clothing, about the unhealthful uniform we wear. Impracticable, he says, and absolutely inappropriate for the purpose. No one but a fop would defend it.

Many sore throats and colds are due to it, in the opinion of Capt. Fiala, who now has a cold himself—and he never was troubled with such afflictions before on any of his trips to Polar climes! But, of course, he says, he was dressed for work, not for the lounging room of a hotel.

There is still an opportunity for the Quartermaster's Department to make a change: to cut down the blouse to the second button from the neck. It's worth the expense. And any tailor could put on a turn-down open collar to the present blouse.

Men catch cold and pneumonia more quickly than women because they don't expose their throats and upper chests enough. Specialists state that a large proportion of the eye troubles of men is caused by their wearing high and tight collars. They state that men should discard collars altogether, as they restrict the development of the throat and press with destructive effect upon important nerves and blood vessels. Furthermore, if the neck is exposed there is less danger of catching colds and throat and lung troubles. While exercising, the body throws off great quantities of moisture. This heated moisture goes upward and collects in the clothing around the throat and upper chest. Unless the clothing is open enough and loose enough to allow this moisture to escape it remains around the throat and upper chest.

At 40 and 45 degrees below zero, while driving dog-teams over the polar ice, I always had my neck free and a "V"-shaped opening right over my chest. If I protected myself against the wind it was by my parka, which stood out some distance from the neck and chest, allowing free movement and plenty of space for the escape of moisture.

Both the present army coat and overcoat are dangerous to the health of our soldiers.

In This Special Article for The Gas Attack, Captain Fiala Points Out Some Mistakes in Military Clothing

The high collar of the coat arrests development of the throat, a very important factor. It is well-known that a strong man and a courageous one is usually characterized by a large and well-developed neck.

The English have undoubtedly the best coat or tunic, as they call it, for working in. Our army coats are cut on a dress uniform pattern, which was discarded by the British after the Boer war. They found that the high, close collar of the coat was unsanitary, and, in addition to its other defects, it just simply could not be kept clean in the field. Besides, it was buttoned so tightly over the upper chest that it prevented development there and altogether was a garment unfit for athletic work of any kind.

Patch Pockets Useless.

The patch pockets are also almost useless and principally ornamental, while the British coat has pockets that can be used.

The idea of using the collar of a coat to keep up a man's chin is as unwise as placing an arch support in a shoe. The remedy is only temporary, with the fault growing worse. If men are developed physically they will not need supporting collars. In fact these collars will cause them discomfort and result in colds and often severe lung troubles.

The army overcoat has a very bad collar, the flaps buttoning over the chest so as to prevent an escape of moisture and causing severe discomfort to the wearer unless he is sitting in a zero atmosphere.

The Sailor's Clothes Are Better.

When on a hike, the coat collars should always be open and the flaps turned back. The collar should be changed so as to conform with the great coat collar pattern like that on naval officers' overcoats or naval peajacket. In very cold weather it can be turned up, but it never binds the throat or chest, but always leaves an opening between its comfortable flaps and the wearer's chin for the escape of moisture.

The Jack Tar, in clothes, has it all over his army brother, and it is seldom you hear of a Jack having a cold at sea.

The new Mackinaw coat is a move in the right direction. One reason why our soldiers on the border were so free from colds and lung troubles was because we practically lived in our shirts and had very little use for the coat and overcoat.

CAPTAIN ANTHONY FIALA,
102d Ammunition Train.

Wadsworth Gas Attack and Rio Grande Rattler

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THE EDITOR BUYS A CHEESE.

The Editor wanted to buy a cheese for his lunch. He had been buying them for fifteen cents at a canteen not far from the **Gas Attack** office, but on applying there for one cheese, mild, he discovered that the canteen was just out of them. Canteens are usually "just out of them." So he went to another canteen not far away. They had the cheese. It was exactly the same sort that the other canteen sold for fifteen cents. But this canteen charged twenty cents. The Editor called this to the attention of the bored young man who was practicing bombing by hurling the articles purchased and the change at the customers. He yawned and said, "Yeaaa?" and commenced to manœuvre his nails with the cake knife, as if that ended the affair.

There is a moral to this tale. Why should one canteen sell a cheese for fifteen cents and another canteen some two hundred yards away charge twenty cents for the same cheese? This situation suggests the possibility that some canteens are not being run as well as they should be.

Canteens are run for the soldiers. What profits are made go to the company's mess fund. It is right that a fair profit should be made. But why gouge? Hundreds of soldiers from other outfits buy cheeses at this last canteen and get soaked an extra nickel. They benefit in no way from the mess fund thus swelled. But men in that company, who never go near their own canteen, do profit. What is true of cheese, is true of other articles. The canteen keeper in his eagerness to make a showing, makes some of the jitney highwaymen look like philanthropists.

While we are on the subject of canteens, we might raise the question: "Why are men chosen to run canteens who

were generally taxi-drivers or subway-guards in civil life?" There are some canteens on this lot where the service makes the service in Beefsteak John's joint on the Bowery seem like the Ritz-Carlton. The canteeners are so tickled with themselves at getting out of drill, that they resent having to wait on common privates and non-coms. They had much rather commit mayhem than be found guilty of the low crime of salesmanship. Of course, though some canteeners won't admit it, salesmanship is one of the greatest of the arts, and the wise canteener practices against the day when he must return to civil life. But too many canteen czars were picked for their ability as wrestlers, rather than as salesmen. And the soldier—as usual—suffers.

What can you expect of the men in town who sell things, if the soldier's own canteen gouges him? Isn't it about time this soldier-be-damned attitude on the part of canteen keepers (and store keepers, too) came to a timely end?

R. E. C.

NO REWARD FOR BORDER SERVICE?

If the order giving decorations to men who saw service on the Mexican border doesn't apply to a lot of men in this division who went down to the land of cacti with the New York National Guard, and it looks as if technically it doesn't, a penetrating howl should be raised here and now until those men get the recognition due them. The fact that a man wasn't shot up by the foe doesn't prove that he wasn't willing to be, if necessary; it doesn't prove that he didn't make real sacrifices and undergo real hardships.

They also serve who only stand and wait, you know, especially if they wait in the alkali dust with the mercury trying to escape out of the top of the tube. Such service deserves at least the reward of a decoration.

R. E. C.

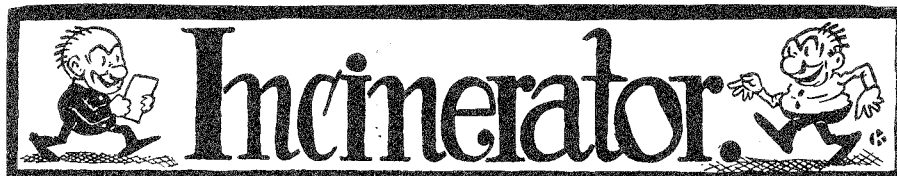
HOME-MADE OFFICERS.

Too many people think that the army is an institution where the privates try to look like officers, and the officers try to prevent them.

Buck privates are too prone to try to camouflage themselves with leather puttees, baa-baa bennies and hats that aren't regulation so that they can fool the uninitiated into thinking they aren't bucks. Of course they fool no one but themselves. They may get an occasional salute, in the dark, or may fool some silly girl, but it is a cheap sort of fakery at best, and gets them where swank gets most people—nowhere.

We all want to be officers, of course. The man who isn't ambitious isn't apt to be a good soldier. But a regular soldier doesn't want a distinction he hasn't fairly earned. Uniforms should be uniform. We are a machine, not a fancy dress ball. If you are a civilian, you can indulge your passion for purple neck ties or pinch-back coats, just as you can sell bonds or sandwiches, as you wish. But in civil life you aren't playing on a big team, as you are in the army. Now you have to suppress some of your individual tastes and foibles that the whole machine may be more efficient. You've got to live up to regulations laid down by men who know what they are saying. These regulations decree that officers shall wear certain distinctive marks. The reason is obvious. No private or non-com who has respect for himself or the service will try to appropriate or simulate these marks. Don't be a self-made officer. Earn your bars.

R. E. C.



A SOLDIER'S LETTER TO HIS SWEETHEART.

Dere Mable:

The Captin aint goin to give me my furlow. Says theres an order out against it. Someones got it in for me, Mable. I bought a wooley coat awful cheap from Bill Bruggins. Right away theres an order against em. Angus MacKenzie sold me a pair of leather leggins for less than he paid for them. Some bargain from Angus. The next day they issue an order that you cant wear em. Now they hear I want to go home an put an order out against it. If theyd only come right out an say Bill Smith, we're goin to get you. Sneaky. Thats what I call it, Mable.

I've half a mind to transfer back to the artillery. If I transfer much more they'll be chargin me extra fare, eh Mable? Only for me an the Captin not bein able to agree Id never have left. I understand hes been awful sorry since. All you have to do in artillery is to put a bullet in the gun. It does the rest. In the infantry you got to go up and do all the dirty work yourself.

Besides Im gettin leery of these infantry fellos. Theyre always talkin about what we're goin to do to the Germans, blowin em to pieces an slicin em up and throwin em all around the lot. I got thinkin what if the Germans was learnin their men to do the same thing. They never seem to figger on these things.

An these baynuts, Mable. They ain't safe. When you get a lot of fellos in a trench with there baynuts stickin every which way some ones goin to get hurt sure.

I got those cigars your father sent me. Thank him an tell him if he ever gets taken like that again not to send such a large box, but—well, you explain it to him, Mable. You can do that sort of thing much better than I can. Outspoken. Thats me all over, Mable.

Why is it that no matter how fussy a fello was when he wore a vest, as soon as he begins to call a coat a blouse no one thinks he knows whats what. If you got any old magazines what was old before the war started send em to the soldiers. They wont know the difference. Some women sent our regiment the Baptist Review for three years back. That aint right, Mable. They give you candy that comes by the bale. Then they come round and watch you eat it. I bet if you walked into their place and watched them eat theyd raise an awful holler. They make speeches to you that youd get your money back without askin up north. They give you free movies thats so

old they look as if they was taken in the rain.

It seems like feedin the hippo at the zoo, Mable. It dont matter so much as long as theres lots of it.

Im goin into town tonite with a bunch to eat a swell dinner on a china plate. All but Angus MacKenzie. He eats all his dinners on me. Im awful sick of eatin out of a tin fryin pan. When you put food in it it folds up like a jackknife goin the wrong way. It takes months to make a good mess kit eater.

We get our mess from some fellos what stands behind a counter. One of them divides the coffee. He does it by puttin half in your cup and half on your thumb. The other fellos has big spoons. I guess they are old Lacross players. A big wad of food hits your plate splash and knocks it squeegee. The other fello hits the other plate and knocks it the other way. When you get it all its runnin out of one dish up your sleeve and out of the other back into the food pans.

Army food always runs. Cooks love loose grub. There awful stupid. If theres anything solid you get it in the pan with the rim on it. Then they pour the soup on your cover.

When you sit down half what you got left spills out on the table. It isnt so bad now cause everything freezes about as soon as it hits. You ought to see us eat breakfast, Mable. We got so many overcoats and things on that a fello dont get no elbow action. Some fellos eats with there wool gloves. That aint a good scheme though. It makes things taste like eatin peaches with there skins on.

The fello that invented our eatin tables must have been a supply sergeant once. All the seats is nailed to the table. When you get a spoonful of loose food up some fello puts his foot in your lap and leaves a couple of pounds of mud there. I just brush it off tho on the next fello. Never complain. Thats me all over.

Well, Mable, I got to shine my shoes now and go an eat offen china plates with a nigger waiter. I dont eat with a nigger waiter, Mable. Its awful hard to explain things to you sometimes. So now I will close.

Hoping you are the same,
BILL.
—E. S.

Be sure to jump over the counter next week and grab the salesman by the neck, saying, "Gimme a Gas Attack, or you're a dead soldier." It will be worth it.

THE VOLUNTEER.

I never thought,
As a little codger,
That when I grew up
I'd be called a draft dodger.

Definitions not in the manual: "Bulletin board," 98 per cent., "bull," 2 per cent. board; "Doughboy," 2 per cent "dough," 98 per cent. boy.

Amateur Poet to Editor of Gas Attack: "Sir, I have an ode, 'To Spring.'" Editor, busy counting jitneys: "Go ahead, spring it."

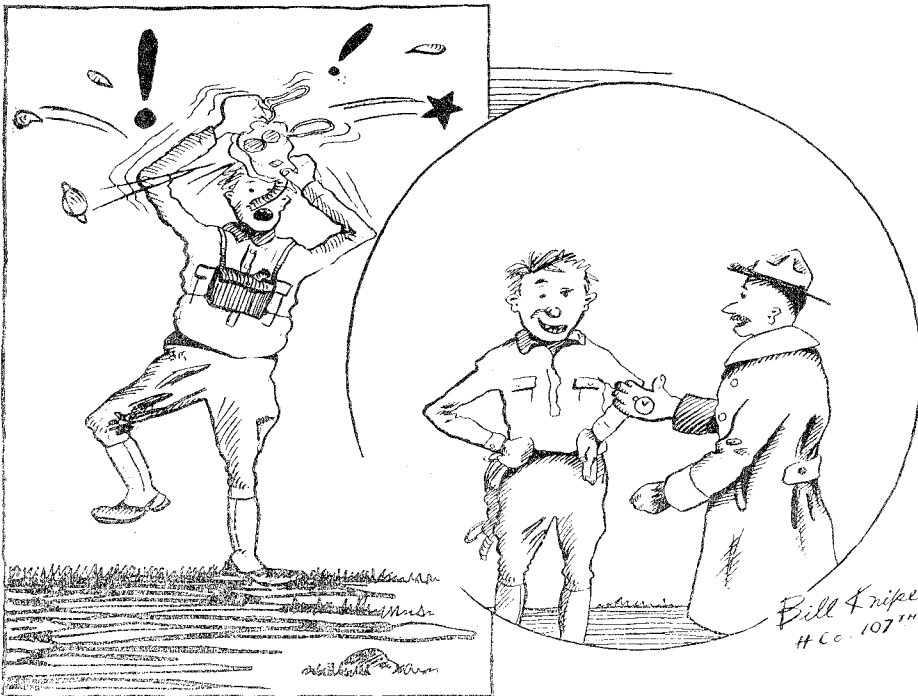
SPEAKING OF CREEDS.

Examining Officer: "What is a 'dogma?'" Rookie: "A pup's mother."

TO THE BASE HOSPITAL.

I've been photoscoped and stethoscoped,
And pinched until I'm sore;
I've been questioned and examined
By twenty Docs, or more.
I think they've diagnosed my case
'Bout every week or so,
And written down long Latin terms
A Greek "full-blood" don't know.
They've taken temperatures and pulse,
To see if I've had fever;
If they decide to amputate
I suppose they'll use a cleaver.
They've come and taken blood tests
Most every other day,
And asked how tall I thought I was,
And what I'd ought to weigh.
They've hunted "rails" within my lungs,
And "murmurs" round my heart,
Then had me cough, then breathe, then
cough,
By saying "Stop!" and "Start!"
I'm bound up with adhesive tape,
It's hard to get my breath;
Then I've been pricked with needles
That I thought would be my death.
But when they've made more tests and
things—
Decided what I've got—
I sure will be a happy boy,
If I'm discharged or not,
Or sent back to my company
With belt and gun to drill,
For I hope I never have to see
Another Doc or pill.

N. W. CLUTE,
Company E, 105th Inf.



TOUGH, ISN'T IT?

After you've surely broken all records for getting on the gas mask, to be told that twelve seconds is too much time and won't do!

COURAGE.

Courage!—What if the snows are deep,
And what if the hills are long and steep,
And the days are short, and the nights are long,
And the good are weak, and the bad are strong;
Courage! The snow is a field of play,
And the longest hill has a well worn way;
There are songs that shorten the longest night,
There's a day when wrong shall be ruled by right,
So courage! Courage! . . . 'Tis never so far
From a plodded path to a shining star!

CORNELIUS VANDERBILT, JR.,
Division Headquarters Troop.

STATUS OF MEN IN TRAINING SCHOOL.

A bulletin went out from headquarters inviting attention to paragraph 9 of the bulletin of October 27, 1917, which reads:

"Enlisted men of the regular army, national guard and national army will be carried on detached service while at training schools. They will receive the pay and allowances of their grades."

Therefore, the new bulletin says non-commissioned officers who are students at the officers' training school will not be reduced except for cause.

Coming numbers of **The Gas Attack** will contain distinctive illustrations by some of the best artists in New York. They also happen to be in the Twenty-seventh Division.

Quite a Few of Us.

According to the report made by Secretary of War before the Senate committee on military affairs, there are now 10,250 officers in the regular army, 16,031 in the National Guard, 84,575 reserve officers, making a total of 110,856 officers. There are 475,000 men in the regular army, 400,900 men in the National Guard and 72,750 men in reserve, making a total of 1,428,650 men.

NO PRIVATE MOUNTS TO GO ACROSS.

No private mounts may be taken abroad by the American expeditionary force. General Pershing has so decreed, and the War Department has approved his recommendation. This means that many officers will have to leave their favorite steeds in this country.

CAPTAIN MOORE RESIGNS.

Then Becomes Major in New York National Guard.

Word comes from New York that Captain Edwin W. Moore, who recently resigned as aide-de-camp to Major-General O'Ryan, has been appointed by Governor Whitman to be a major in the New York Guard and attached to the governor's personal staff. Major Moore is president of two large manufacturing concerns which have important government contracts, and his services in this connection were so urgently needed that it was necessary for him to resign his duties with the 27th Division.

As soon as he learned of the resignation, Governor Whitman sent for Major Moore and offered him a position in the guard that has behind it a plan which will mean much to the soldiers of the 27th Division. Under the governor's orders, Major Moore will have an office in the Municipal Building and a corps of assistants, whose duty it will be to facilitate the return of soldiers on furlough who find it impossible to secure railroad accommodations, and in fact to do everything possible for officers and men of the division who may be in New York State and require the services of this bureau.

Governor Whitman has time and again shown a deep interest in the welfare of the division and has left no stone unturned to assist its personnel, individually and collectively, wherever he could do so. This last appointment is only one of many things he has done to show his deep and kindly interest in this command.

The resignation of Major Moore from the National Guard was quite unexpected and the cause of much regret to his many thousands of close friends. The entire command feels deeply indebted to Governor Whitman for his thoughtfulness in placing an official fresh from Camp Wadsworth in such a position in the military forces of the State of New York.

HAVE YOU GOT ANY OLD CLOTHES TO BE CLEANED?

The following bulletin has been issued to commanding officers:

"You are directed to have turned in for repair and renovation all summer clothing when winter clothing is issued, and similarly to turn in all winter clothing for repair and renovation when summer clothing is issued. The clothing will be delivered when called for by the camp quartermaster."

AS USUAL.

First Soldier—"Can you let me have a dollar? I don't get paid till to-morrow."

Second Soldier—"Sorry, I haven't a cent. I was paid yesterday."

THE IDEAS OF ETHELBURT JELLYBACK, PRIVATE

IX. On How He and Dickie Darling Spent a Riotous Evening in the City of Spartanburg.

In writing this autobiography of mine, I shall reveal all my disappointments as well as my pleasures. That is the way of all great autobiographies—Col. Roosevelt's, Benvenuto Cellini's, Lydia Pinkham's.

There is at least one happy circumstance of an autobiography: you don't have to dot the i's. They are all capitals.

And it is but natural that I, Ethelburt Jellyback, Private, the scion of one of our first families, should write in the first person.

I looked about for an automobile to take me out of camp the other evening. I wanted to go to town for a hot bath, some barber's work, and a dinner at which a white tablecloth would be laid and cutlery and dishes which I wouldn't have to wash afterwards. The greasy dish-water at camp is so injurious to the hands. One can't keep a soft skin.

Ethelburt Takes the P. & N.

But most of all, I undertook this journey to Spartanburg for a change of air and underwear. At the cross-roads near Division Headquarters I found no automobiles responding to my hailings. The drivers were probably in a hurry to reach town to get round hair-cuts. I wish I dared protest to the General about it.

So, at length, I repaired to the P. & N. (Nobody else has ever done that to it.) The train I boarded seemed to be suffering from hookworm. There was a constant struggle between conscience and corruption. For an interminable period the conductor struggled with the bell-rope, but his tugging at it didn't budge the train. To the other soldiers in the car I announced, in my epigrammatic style, that P. & N. stood for "Perhaps or Never."

Watching the conductor persevere with the bell-rope, I finally came to the conclusion that he was only doing his setting-up exercises.

"Look here, my dear fellow," I said, "you ought to do it by the numbers. One, you size the rope firmly in your hand. Two, you tug it smartly. Three, you let go of it. Four, you swear again."

Ethelburt's New Manual.

But the conductor was somewhat crude. He didn't appreciate, apparently, that I was Ethelburt Jellyback, the author of the latest military manuals. One of my newest manuals is the manual of wood chopping. It is very essential these days when the coal is short and the wood is long. It follows:

One, you take your position in front of the Sibley stove and place the block of wood on the floor of the tent, smartly. Two, you hunt for the axe. Three, you don't find it. Four, the fire goes out.

But to return to my theme. I became convinced that the locomotive on this railway was what is called a stationary engine. By



"Ho, there! I'm all over soap!"

this is meant, I daresay, that a chap might catch up with all his letter-writing while the engine is making up its mind to go. I sat there, determined to stay in my seat until I should get to town. I thought of that saying of another patient soldier, General Grant: "I'll fight it out along this line, if it takes all summer."

(Four dots, indicating a lapse of memory. When I awoke I was in Spartanburg. It was evening.)

Ah, There, Dickie!

Strolling up the cobble-stoned byway leading to Morgan Square, who should I bump into but my old chum, Dickie Darling! The dear fellow! Just fancy, I hadn't seen him for a month. Much against his will he had been transferred to the Base Hospital by a mule.

"Ah, there, Dickie!"

"Ah, there, Ethelburt!"

"Did you come in on the P. and N.?"

"No, old chap, I walked."

"What was your hurry?"

There Are Disappointments, There Are Pleasures, and Ethelburt Describes Both.

Dickie told me he was bent upon the same mission I was. So we went together to the barber's shop, in the basement of which we were able to purchase a hot shower bath for a quarter. Somewhat crude, of course, but then. . . Unfortunately, just as my bathing reached a crucial stage, the water stopped running.

"Ho, there!" I called for the attendant, but no answer came. "Ho, there! I'm all over soap!"

Still no attendant. Most provoking. I paraphrased Dante: "Abandon soap, all ye who enter here."

At length the attendant appeared. I upbraided him.

"This was no time for you to start upon your annual vacation."

After this the service was better.

And Then the Cleveland.

From the barber's, Dickie and I went to the Cleveland Hotel for dinner. The lobby was full of officers who will some day lead us in battle. Dickie and I had to wait for a table in the dining-room, and then we ordered a feast fit for Lucullus. We only ordered it. We didn't get it. I had counted so much upon that fried Carolina rabbit.

"Look here, waiter. I ordered rabbit, not a hair."

But the point of my remark was lost upon the waiter. So, to stimulate our flagging spirits, Dickie and I ordered ginger-ale. We did it with an air of deviltry. We didn't stop at one bottle. We ordered a second, and then a third. We grew quite exhilarated. Our conversation sparkled. Suddenly I realized that we were intoxicated. We laughed, throwing all restraint to the winds.

"And now, Dickie," I suggested, after paying our check, "let's go upstairs and write letters in the writing room. If this hotel, which is piling up a fortune out of our patronage, won't advertise in *The Gas Attack*, we'll retaliate by using some of their expensive stationery. What do you say?"

Dickie was all for the lark. He always was as full of adventure as I am.

That Exciting Joy-Ride.

After dashing off several brilliant letters to girls back in New York in our set, we sallied forth again. To our horror we discovered that it lacked but a few moments of midnight. How the time had fled!

Frantically we looked for a car. By the merest chance we found a substitute—a Ford. With a third soldier, we crowded in,

(Continued on page 30)

Our Almanac

Compiled by C. D.



February

Explanations:

The calculations are given in mean time—very mean, particularly around reveille. The year 1918 comprises the latter part of the 142 year of the American Independence, and corresponds to the year 5679 of the Jewish era. Debts contracted in 1918, however, must be paid before 5318. The two Equinoctial and Solstitial points which divide the ecliptic into four points are called Seasons, and are known, in New York State, as Spring, Summer, Autumn and Winter. In South Carolina they are Winter, Winter, Winter and Winter. Venus will be the Evening Star 'til February 9th—Universal Films! Ember Days occur on Wednesday, Friday and Saturday after the first Sunday in Lent. They are feast days. (Mess sergeants have not yet adopted this calendar.)

Medical Note: For cinders in the eye, use our marvelous kidney remedy, on sale at your favorite drug store.

MOON'S PHASES.

Eastern			Central			Mountain			Pacific		
D	H	M	D	H	M	D	H	M	D	H	M
4	2	52 M	4	1	52 M	4	0	52 M	3	11	52 A
11	5	5 M	11	4	5 M	11	3	5 M	11	2	5 M
17	7	57 A	17	6	57 A	17	5	57 A	17	4	57 A
25	4	35 A	25	3	35 A	25	2	35 A	25	1	35 A

WEATHER FORECAST.

1st to 2nd, **Cold Period**—Cold wave will sweep over camp. Wood hard to get and hard to burn. Prominent citizens of Spartanburg predict cold wave can't last much longer.

3rd to 4th, **Storm Period**—On the 3rd a great storm will advance, double time, from the Pacific Coast and travel Eastward, causing a blizzard. When the wood won't heat your tents, try our wonderful cough syrup.

4th to 5th, **Snow Period**—Snow storm. Our tablets make fine kindling wood.

6th to 7th, **Cold Period**—Very cold. Spartanburg citizens repeat prediction cold wave can't last much longer. We also have coal tablets, suitable for Sibley stoves and containing three and one-eighths grains of coal. Two of these tablets, added to the Government issue of two and three-eighths grains, will furnish sufficient fuel for one and five-eighths men.

8th to 9th, **Cold Period**—Great rush of cold air from everywhere. Rain, hail, sleet, snow.

9th to 10th, **Painful Period**—Kitchen Police.

10th to 25th, **Disgusting Period**—Storm advances from West, snow turning to rain East of the Mississippi. Snow, blustery. On the 22nd great storm, causing blizzard in Spartanburg and blasphemy in camp.

25th to 28th, **Unsettled Period**—Rain or snow or sleet. Still cold. Hot water pipes still frozen in the bathroom.

USEFUL INFORMATION.

In 1910 the population of Santa Rosa, Fla., was 14,897.

Broadway is the name of the principal thoroughfare of New York City.

Shakespeare was a great English poet, now dead.

The Gulf of Mexico empties into the Atlantic Ocean.

A camel can go seven days without a drink.

In the language of flowers the rose stands for love.

M---Morning D---Days		H---Hours		A---Afternoon M---Minutes		Use Our O. D. Pills for All Ills																
Day of Month	Day of Week	History of Modern and Important Events				Motto: A Stitch in time is worth two at the Base Hospital				Calendar N. States Lat. 42°+			Calendar S. States Lat. 33°+									
		Sun Rises	Sun Sets	Moon Rises	Moon Sets	Sun Rises	Sun Sets	Moon Rises	Sun Rises	Sun Sets	Moon Rises											
1	F	DeCassagnac died, 1880. (Who gives a darn?)								7	15	5	13	11	0	6	56	5	32	10	45	
2	S	Candlemas. Get your issue from the Supply Sergeant.								7	14	5	15	morn			6	56	5	32	11	42
3	S	Sexagesima Sunday. Bunk fatigue discovered, 1782.								7	13	5	16	0	3		6	55	5	33	morn	
4	M	Alex. Hamilton died, 1916								7	11	5	17	1	6		6	54	5	34	0	40
5	T	Ole Bull born, 1810. Ukuleles discovered, Hawaii.								7	10	5	18	2	9		6	53	5	35	1	41
6	W	In 1742 "Squads right and squads left" invented.								7	9	5	19	3	11		6	52	5	36	2	41
7	T	In 1742 the inventor of "Squads right" died. Sudden.								7	8	5	20	4	10		6	51	5	37	3	39
8	F	1901, South Sea Island army on dress parade, "as issued."								7	7	5	22	5	1		6	50	5	38	4	32
9	S	Gen. Harrison born, 1773. To-day's Birthday Proverb: Luke 1:22.								7	6	5	23	5	45		6	49	5	39	5	21
10	S	Quinquagesima Sunday. Discovery of bunk fatigue spreads.								7	5	5	25	6	25		6	48	5	40	6	5
11	M	1803, basket of harness fell in the stew. Slum discovered.								7	4	5	26	sets			6	47	5	41	sets	
12	T	Shrove Tuesday. Drills, just the same.								7	2	5	27	7	28		6	46	5	42	7	29
13	W	Ash Wednesday. Soldiers go to town at night.								7	1	5	29	8	42		6	45	5	43	8	36
14	T	St. Valentine. Ditto still waiting for car to camp.								7	0	5	30	10	1		6	44	5	44	9	48
15	F	1342, cheese discovered by Baron Roquefort.								6	58	5	31	11	19		6	44	5	45	10	58
16	S	Russians get Erzerum. (They used our salve remedy.)								6	57	5	32	morn			6	43	5	46	morn	
17	S	Quadragesima Sunday. Proverb: Deut. 24:39.								6	55	5	33	0	32		6	42	5	47	0	6
18	M	Vermont admitted, 1791. (Admitted using our remedy.)								6	54	5	35	1	39		6	41	5	48	1	10
19	T	Copernicus born, 1472. On this date, 1473, he was 1 year old.								6	52	5	37	2	40		6	40	5	49	2	10
20	W	Ember Day. The wood detail will start at dawn.								6	50	5	39	3	34		6	39	5	50	3	4
21	T	German drive on Verdun starts, 1916. Driver intoxicated.								6	48	5	40	4	19		6	38	5	51	3	52
22	F	Lady Godiva rode, 1441, in the first horseshow.								6	47	5	42	4	58		6	37	5	51	4	33
23	S	1441, window shutters abolished throughout Coventry.								6	45	5	43	5	29		6	36	5	52	5	9
24	S	2nd Sunday in Lent. Pay Day still 5 weeks off.								6	44	5	45	5	56		6	35	5	53	5	42
25	M	2,000 B. C. Queen of Sheba undertakes visit to Solomon.								6	43	5	46	rises			6	34	5	54	rises	
26	T	2,000 B. C. Queen of Sheba late. She took the P. & N.								6	41	5	47	6	47		6	33	5	55	6	47
27	W	Author of phrase, "Sunny South," first appeared in public.								6	40	5	48	7	47		6	31	5	56	7	41
28	T	Ditto resting at home as comfortably as could be expected.								6	38	5	49	8	50		6	30	5	56	8	38



YOOOOOOOO, BILL !

The soldier by the roadside, whose state of mind is indicated by a question mark, wonders how the two runners can prefer that to bunk fatigue. The other soldier at the roadside, the one who is lifting his arm and calling to a pal, has got the right explanation. "Come on, Bill," he shouts, "the guy in the black shirt is the one what invented reveille."

IN MEMORY OF OUR CAVALRY.

Over the top, over the top,
 Over the top went Byng.
 Patting the ears of the horses,
 That felt the bullets sting.

They took the hill like an O. D. pill,
 With a curse for the good it would do.
 They called it chance, a song and dance,
 While up to the top they drew.

On, Bill! Go, Bet! Don't fail us yet.
 Good boy, how we advance.
 The sparks that flew from each horse's shoe
 Made stars in the flag of France.

But now it has come to the last, sad rites,
 Good-bye, old pal, you must go.
 In the Hall of Fame, will be your name,
 While ours will be in the dough.

G. F. W.

SAVES TWINS FROM FIRE.

News has reached camp from Brooklyn that Private Enoch C. Swain, Co. A, 106th Infantry, made a daring rescue while home on a furlough recently.

He was waiting for a surface car near his home, in East 31st street, when he noticed a commotion in the middle of the block. He ran down. He found a building on fire and a young woman yelling frantically that her children were in it. With some others, Private Swain ran into the building, but neither he nor the others would have made any progress, owing to the thick smoke, if he hadn't had his flashlight handy. Swain led the way to an upstairs room, where he found three children. He carried two of them, twins, and another man carried the third. The children were restored unharmed to their mother.

THE GREATEST JOY.

There's a joy that's hard to equal,
 When a son comes home from war,
 Or when a ship-wrecked sailor
 Puts his feet upon the shore;
 A dog will show some gratitude
 If he is thrown a bone,
 And a twenty-five day furlough
 Will make a rookie groan;
 Some sorrows are depressing,
 Some joys will make us shout,
 But the greatest joy of all comes when
 The "Topper" yells: "Fall out."

HOWARD A. HERTY,
 Co. A, M. P.

The subscription terms of *The Gas Attack* are now \$1.50 for three months. That includes postage to whatever girl you want it sent.

NOTEWORTHY MEN IN CAMP

No. 1. Major T. Harry Shanton, Commanding 102d Military Police.

Way out west in Wyoming, in the days when Laramie was more to the liking of William S. Hart, they used to have riding and roping contests in which horsemen took part who made Centaurs look like Central Park equestriennes. There was no leather pulling among those fellows! They were riders.

But of all the riders, the most daring and the craftiest was a mere kid from Laramie, "the Laramie kid," they called him. No bronc ever boasted a victory over him. The tougher they came, the better he liked them. And men who had been in the saddle many a year and who could ride a snorting, fire-breathing son-of-a-gun up the side of a building, had to admit that "that there kid from Laramie" was their master.

He's a Major Now.

To-day, the young man who learned his riding around Laramie, more than a quarter of a century ago, is one of the best known figures at Camp Wadsworth, and the men who have marveled at the ease and grace of his carriage and his seat as he passed mounted on one of his high-spirited mounts now know the secret of his ability to ride.

He is a major now—and a varied and picturesque career has stretched itself, between the day when he was "that Kid from Laramie" and to-day, when he is Major T. Harry Shanton, commander of the 102d Military Police.

The quickest way to make an M. P. mad is to suggest that there is anybody in the Division—or the world—who is a better horseman than his Major. The M. P. will quote what Col. Cody, the immortal "Buffalo Bill," who ought to know a thing or two about riding, once said: "I have seen great horsemen all over the world, but T. Harry Shanton is in a class by himself."

With Buffalo Bill.

Major Shanton could ride as soon as he could walk. His father was one of the men who "won the West," to quote T. R. and was himself a horseman par excellence in a land of great horsemen. He died recently at the age of 91. Major Shanton was born in Laramie 48 years ago, and as a boy and young man was constantly in the saddle. He won many trophies, and made such a reputation as a rider that Buffalo Bill took him with his show. For five years he rode with the dare-devil riders of the Bill Show in every town in the United States, and in the principal cities of Europe.

In Europe Major Shanton had many adventures, and attracted much attention to what the English papers called "the American style of riding." He was invited to



MAJOR SHANTON

give courses in equitation in the famous Sammer School in France and in the Hanoverian and other German schools of riding. He accepted and his instruction had a marked effect on riding in both the French and German armies. He speaks French and German fluently. He won many prizes in competition with the crack riders of the world—including the famous Don Cossacks.

He Tackled New York's Blizzards.

Returning to the United States, Major Shanton found a job worthy of his energies in the Street Department of New York City. The New York papers announced "that a western cowboy was going to undertake the gigantic task of tackling the big city's blizzards." He made a notable record in this work, and for 22 years was in the employ of the city of New York. For the last eight years he was in charge of the transportation division of the police department, which includes the 700 horses and 50 motor vehicles used by the police department.

Just to show that New York had not taken any of his western energy out of him, he studied law at New York University, and trained thoroughbred horses, as a hobby, in addition to his man-sized work for the city. He has taken a number of prizes at the Horse Show in Madison Square Garden, including the celebrated Plaza Cup.

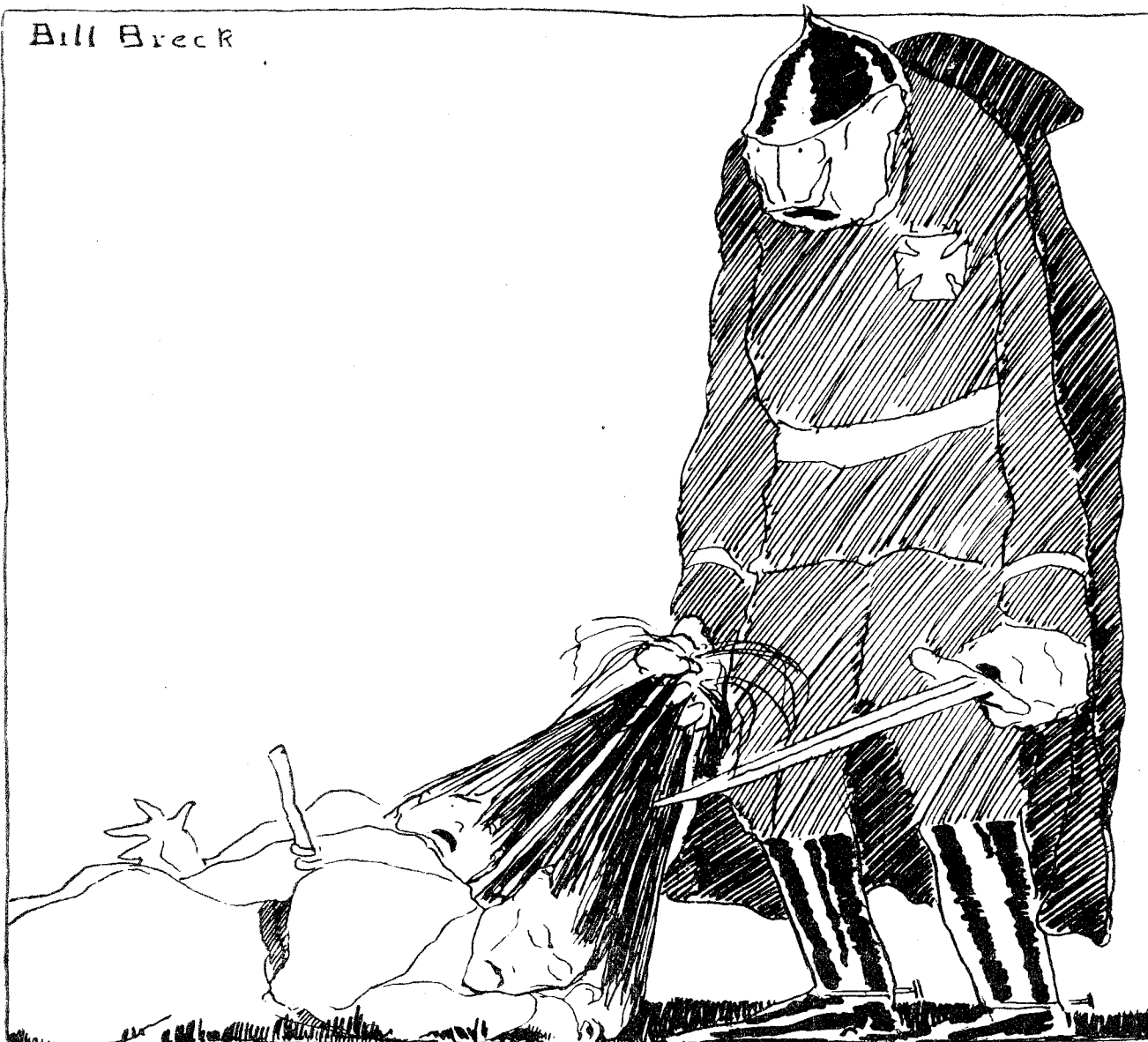
It was typical of Major Shanton that when he went into the military game he started at the bottom and made his way up. He enlisted as a private in the old 69th Regiment, and won his way to a captaincy. He was eleven and a half years in the 69th.

When the Mexican border trouble broke out, he gave up his work to go to the border as major in charge of the supply train. He was highly complimented by General Pershing himself for the efficiency of the supply train, which went on some rough and tough hikes, and stood up under the severest sort of service.

Organizes 102d M. P.

When the necessity of a special unit of military police for service against the Huns was seen in New York, Major Shanton was selected as the man for the job of organizing the 102d Military Police. Under his tutelage, a crack bunch of riders and an efficient police force has been developed. When he hit Spartanburg, he went at the job of cleaning it up with the same force and courage he showed years before when he tackled the New York blizzards. The best proof of the thoroughness with which he and his men did the job is the Spartanburg of to-day.

(Continued on page 22)



WHY WE ARE HERE

A 29 TO 1 SHOT.

The man who goes to the front has twenty-nine chances to come home, as against one that he will be killed.

He has ninety-eight chances to recover from a wound, against two that he will die because of wounds received in battle.

There is one chance in five hundred that he will lose an arm or a leg.

It is explained, also, that in this war only one man dies from disease, as against from ten to fifteen who fell victims of various diseases in other wars. This estimate is proportional.

But 10 per cent. of the Canadian soldiers disabled on the battlefields are rendered unfit physically to engage in their former occupations.

There ought to be cause for general encouragement in these figures.—Official Statistics, Military Hospitals Commission, Canada.

STEINMETZ LIKES THE GAS ATTACK.

Celebrated "Electrical Wizard" Calls It "An Excellent Paper."

Charles P. Steinmetz, the celebrated scientist of the General Electric Company, writes from Schenectady as follows:

"Two copies of the Wadsworth Gas Attack and Rio Grande Rattler were received in this morning's mail. It surely is an interesting paper, and I have found much interest in it. We should like to receive it for a longer period, and also any back numbers.

"We are circulating it among the many friends of our local companies.

"We wish you every success for the coming year."

The Gas Attack sells for ten cents. It's worth more. Some day it'll be worth ten million to you.

THE SPIRIT OF THE BAYONET.

Grasp your rifle, an iron grip,
With fire in your eyes, look ahead;
From our lines to theirs is a very short trip,
You'll soon be on top to lay them dead!

Who can compete with you, if strong,
If your will and your hold is tight?
Where is the brave in the German throng
Who will risk his life in open fight?

What matter if one score of Huns, or two,
Await, in a row to make you fall?
As long as there's bayonet faith in you,
Nothing can stop you against them all!

T. A. F.,

Co. M, 106th U. S. Inf.

THE STUYVESANT HIGH SCHOOL.

Members of the Stuyvesant High School are requested to send in their names and addresses to Ernest R. von Nardroff, Principal, 345 East 15th, New York City.

MAKE YOUR MONEY TALK

YOU men of the 27th Division, lend an ear to this story, and, as you always do when called upon on any occasion, respond to the spirit of the paragraphs that follow.

Do you believe in, and do you read with interest the "Gas Attack"? Do you look at the advertising pages of your camp paper, and buy from the firms helping to support the "Gas Attack"?

It costs money to bring out the "Gas Attack" for you men every week. Help support your camp paper by patronizing those firms who advertise with us. As long as our advertisers profit from your trade, just so long will they continue to advertise in the "Gas Attack." **IT TAKES MONEY TO MAKE THE OLD MARE MOVE.** Make your money the motive power to keep your camp paper a live, interesting sheet. Do your part that it may keep its reputation for being "the finest camp paper in the country."

Let your present thought be father to your future action, and the next time you go to town, be liberal with the merchants who have been liberal with the "Gas Attack."

Some of the largest manufacturers in this country have ordered advertising space in the "Gas Attack." Their goods will be on sale in every Canteen in the Division. Watch for their announcement and buy their products at your Canteen or from an advertiser in Spartanburg.

The best New York military outfitters offer you a mail order service or invite you to put off your buying until you go home on leave or furlough. Read their story, it contains a lot of common sense.

Lieut. T. D. Reed, of the Sanitary Train, is the purchasing officer for the Sanitary Train Canteen. He spends \$8,000 a month for supplies; how many other officers spend a like amount? Lieut. Reed is a loyal friend of the "Gas Attack," he is particularly liberal in supporting the firms appearing in our advertising pages.

Can we not ask and look for an equal co-operation from other Canteen Officers, Mess Sergeants and thousands of soldiers?

The "Gas Attack" can be the greatest camp paper ever published if you, men will patronize our advertisers. Every cent of profit on this paper is turned back to make it a better one for you. No one but you gets anything out of it.

Do your part, you men of the 27th Division, and watch the staff of your paper turn out a better number every issue.

SERGEANT GAYLORD W. ELLIOTT.



Eventually!

CAMP WADSWORTH STILL LEADS.

Holds Highest Absolute Total of Insurance—
\$175,000,000.

Washington—According to the latest figures available, Camp Dix, N. J., has a total of \$140,000,000 of insurance written, with more than seventy-five per cent of its personnel insured, and with an average application of \$9,030.

Enthusiasm is running high at all military and naval camps, with the concerted drive to make America's fighting forces one hundred per cent insured in full swing. More than four billion dollars of insurance has already been applied for by the Army and Navy, but between now and February 12th energies are being redoubled in the nation-wide effort.

Camp Wadsworth, S. C., and Camp Custer, Mich., are increasing their insurance totals with record-breaking speed, and the race for premier honors among the different divisions is becoming extremely close. On January 12th Camp Custer reported a total of \$156,332,500. The insurance campaign there is being conducted by Captain H. H. Pound.

Camp Wadsworth has probably the highest absolute total—\$175,000,000, according to the latest report of Captain Tristram Tupper, Divisional Insurance Officer.

There will be another article in the series, "Noteworthy Men in Camp," in next week's Gas Attack.

CUSHY.

We hit the hay long after taps,
To slumber undisturbed,
This squad of seven stalwart chaps
Whose minds are not perturbed
By fear of kitchen, guard, or drill—
Fatigues of any sort.
Our former worries all are nil,
We delve in idle sport.

The blast of reveille at dawn
Means nothing to us lads,
While others rise with weary yawn
To join the khaki-clads.
Our mess seems fine when served in bed,
(Unheard of, in the past),
We lift no hand to earn our bread—
Have dreams come true at last?

But why withhold the secrecy
Of such a "cushy" tale?
The squad is quarantined, you see,
Our tent's a little jail.
"Bill" flirted with a measles germ,
And made a landing hit
Of bunk fatigue—a ten-day term.
Shake, Bill!—you've done your bit!
B. E. BURKMAN,
Co. D, 104th M. G. Bat.

IMPOSSIBLE!

Mistress (engaging new maid)—"You say the last family you worked for were Germans?"
Maid (apologetically)—"Yes'm, but they was sterilized when war broke out."

102D TRENCH MORTAR BATTERY.

Tent 15.

With the new year came a new sensation. It all came about through the Officers' Training School being organized, and our corporal, naturally being smart and up to the minute in all the rules and regulations of the military game, went off to try his luck at bigger game (we wish you luck, Andy, old boy), but nevertheless we struck it lucky in obtaining a man just as good, if not better, in Corporal Bennett, of old Troop I, of the 1st Cavalry. The only thing we can't get used to is his midnight lunches of cheese and catsup, which he receives weekly from some one who loves him and his dear little appetite. Ask McLean, our able mess-sergeant. He always seems to have his eagle eye on him at mess time.

Persimmon Ebbinghouse got all fussed up to-day to make a call on his Southern beauty at Greer, S. C. He had to have company, as her father is a boiler maker, so he took Red Doyen, but his sweetheart being just like a bull, got frightened at Red's hair. Now poor Ebbs is mourning his loss. Cheer up, Al, we go to Portchester soon.

Private Doyen received his monthly inheritance yesterday so he's got his name in for a pass for the next six days.

Poor John Minnick got a lemon. Sergeant Garraty thought that John was writing too many letters to Clara's "brudder," so he gave him the incinerator for one week. You sure have our sympathy, John.

M. B.



News From Division Units



COMPANY F, 106TH INFANTRY.

Conversation overheard between Corporal Finger and a private:

Private: "Hey, Finger, where did you get the gas-mask?"

Corporal Finger: "That ain't a gas-mask; that's my face."

Our esteemed Mech. Pat Canfield seems to be out of luck on getting a disability discharge. He has tried every which way to succeed. His latest experiment is to do a submarine act under his blankets at night. He claims it will make him long-winded; then they will either give him a discharge or transfer him to the navy for submarine duty. More power to you, Pat.

Cook Avery is bound to make fighters out of the men of our company. He is now taking boxing and bayonet lessons from Mech. Fredrich, better known as "Kid Fredrich," the pride of Brooklyn. The kid is a graduate of Frank Moran's fistic school, and endeavors to make his company the best boxing company in this division by inserting plenty of pep in his famous beef stews.

Cook Cavello is now taking mandolin lessons so he can assist Cook Avery in making Co. F the wonder company of this division by inserting music in his ever famous baked beans a la Mulberry Bend.

Everybody likes to hear Private Donnely, better known as the dog, tell a joke. They are so funny that he has to laugh himself.

V. P. E.

COMPANY I, 106TH INFANTRY.

Sergeant Jack Kingsley has taken unto himself a wife, while on furlough. Congratulations from all the boys, Jack.

A special invitation has been extended to all the occupants of the first sergeants' tent to attend reveille functions which will take place every morning at 6:30 a. m. in the company street.

Miracles will never cease. Corporal Evans just bought (a nickel bar of chocolate, which he evenly divided in seven parts.)

Jane is still "AWOL."

Our sergeants' tent puts one in mind of an opium den with their upper and lower berths. Probably to bring about a home effect.

Privates Mercer, Platkin, Trenchard and Wiegand have been assigned to the Signal School.

It's about time Sergeants Massel and Vette took a tumble and quit kidding Platkin about Rose, because some day they will take a fancy to one of the weaker sex and then, look out.

CAPT. CLARKE, OF OHIO, IS MUCH AT HOME HERE.

The 14th infantry, recently rechristened the 2d pioneer infantry, obtained a Brooklyn man for one of its captains when the officers from western states were sent to fill up the personnel of the officers of the skeletonized regiments. He is Capt. Orville Clarke. Capt. Clarke lived in Brooklyn until a few years ago, when his firm sent him to Ohio. There he enlisted in the national guard and rose to the rank of captain. His regiment was one of those which was broken up when the national guard divisions were reorganized. Capt. Clarke said he was greatly pleased with being assigned to a regiment from his old home city.

CO. E, 51ST PIONEER INFANTRY.

Sergeant Edwin Williams and Mechanic William Comfort are home on furloughs.

We have been having considerable trouble with our cook shack of late and it has been an unusual occurrence to get our meals on time. Luckily, we have found the reason. Cook "Satchel" Glennon failed to receive his daily letter from Bridgeport, Conn., Cook Hitchcock received a letter with thirty-seven pages written on both sides and every time Mess Sergeant Kerr is absent you can catch "Hitchy" reading. We are hoping he will finish it by Saturday. Outside of the third cook buying a newspaper every day to find out if peace has been declared, our cook shack is in good condition.

Everything was excitement here Wednesday morning when Captain Cassidy's tent caught fire, but Captain Harris, fire marshal of the 51st Pioneers was right on hand and a well-directed pail of water squelched the flames. Much to Captain Harris's surprise upon returning, he found his own tent afire, but it was put out with hardly any damage.

Lieutenant Heath, formerly with our company, but now with Co. A, 107th Inf., returned last week from Catskill, N. Y., where he has been on sick leave.

Incinerator Sergeant "Gus" Helke is complimented daily on his good work. He certainly is the best man we have ever had on the incinerator.

I. L. B.

HEADQUARTERS, 105TH INFANTRY.

Forty-one men were discharged on surgeon's certificate of disability in the 105th Infantry, between the 8th and 16th of January. This combing out of the unfit has made a big improvement in the physical status of the regiment, there being at present very few men in the organization below the required physical standard.

COMPANY L, 52ND PIONEER INFANTRY.

Personnel Corporal Dowling says he'll cut wood tomorrow but this was a week ago and tomorrow hasn't arrived yet.

General Rumor Sergeant Cy Strever predicts that we'll celebrate St. Patrick's Day at home.

Everytime that Bugler Spike Evans goes on guard everybody else's watch is wrong.

Corporal Rabbitt is endeavoring to become a first-class company clerk. More power to you, Bunny.

One of Sergeant Burke's relatives was suddenly taken ill and he is now enjoying a fifteen days' furlough in New York.

The five above-named Non-Coms. are blessed with the fact that Private George Lyuta resides in their quarters and chops their wood for them.

We are of the opinion that Supply Sergeant Mackey will become proficient in the art of profanity when the promised two hundred and fifty recruits arrive and commence annoying him for clothing.

When you hear a window open at 1st Call in the morning and a voice sing out "Dig out Pioneers," don't be alarmed, it's 1st Sergeant Boyle getting his happy family of Pioneer Infantry out of bed.

F. H. B.

COMPANY F, 102ND AMMUNITION TRAIN.

The mess sergeant told the cook to make salmon loaf for the evening meal.

The cook replied there was no need because Jerry has been loafing since he came to the company.

Since the canteen started the kitchen police haven't much work to do as it seems they can buy more than they get.

They say a man sometimes wears a gas-mask for twenty-four hours.

What will John Hock do for the want of eats, as he is a champion oatmeal smasher?

The mess sergeant, after giving the boys breached beefsteak, made steak and onions for himself and sat in the corner like a mouse watching a cat.

We have a great mule skinner, better known as Domko, who named his mules Cook and Perry. One of the girls stopped him and asked him why he named them that.

His reply was: "Don't you see the pole between them?"

M. H. and P. H.

The Gas Attack is never dull and stupefying. Quite the contrary! Next week will be no exception.

It's A Hard Life for the Mess Sergeant

V. R. Describes the One in His Company and the Terrible Periods of Rest and Sleep.

Mess Sergeants do not have to drill. They get passes to town whenever they ask for them. They never think of doing guard duty. They are too large to go into the trenches. And, adding insult to injury, they make the K. P. keep their Sibley stoves supplied with wood.

Just what a mess sergeant's duties are, is hard to say. The mess sergeant is almost totally ignored by "The Manual for Non-Commissioned Officers and Privates of Infantry of the Army of the U. S.—1917. In fact the only notice taken of the mess sergeant by this unquestionable authority is in paragraph 17, Section 3, of Chapter XIV on page 299, where it indicates that he ranks with a stable sergeant and a fireman of the coast artillery corps. Whether his duties consist of a combination of those of the stable sergeant and fireman is not stated.

Mess sergeants try as hard as they know how to please all 250 members of their companies, and all the thanks they get are 250 hungry looks after each meal.

That is more than any human can stand. It gets on their nerves.

Take our mess sergeant. He is a typical well-fed big man of the company, speaking geometrically. I admit he is handicapped by living with the supply sergeant, but in all other respects he is an excellent example.

His Day Starts.

His day starts at about 6:45 A. M. when a buck private yells through the flap of his tent:

"Say, Serg., I'm on the incinerator today, what am I supposed to do?"

"What are you supposed to do?" sleepily repeats the Mess Sergeant; "What's your job? For the love o' Mike, get your corporal to tell you; that's his business."

With that he draws his blankets a little further up and resumes sawing wood.

About 8 A. M. one of the K. P. appears with a pail of hot water. The Sergeant rises with many grunts and moans, curses the weather a bit, dresses, shaves and presents himself an hour later at the kitchen for a breakfast of eggs, coffee and toast.

Ten minutes later he is stretched at full length and width on his cot, taking his morning's nap.

He'll See What He Can Do.

At ten o'clock the head cook generally disturbs his peace with the announcement that the private stock of coffee, eggs, fruits and chocolate is exhausted and it must be replenished at once.

"All right," replies the Sergeant; "I'll see what I can do."

He sits up, yawns, finishes a box of sweets, yawns again, eats one or two Wan-Eta bars,

yawns a third time, and balances himself on his feet.

Satisfied that he hasn't lost any weight during the last twenty-four hours, he reports to the "Top" and asks for a pass to town in order to buy supplies.

The pass is given to him and by one o'clock he is back with all the articles necessary to keep four cooks and a mess sergeant cheerfully on the job.

His Light Lunch.

His lunch is a light one: coffee, soup, toast, butter, a couple of bananas and half a pie.

After mess he turns over his dishes to one of the K. P. and, as he passes the wood-chopper, generally says something nice. Mess sergeants always like to encourage their men.

"How's things goin'?" he asks.

"Fine, sir," respectfully replies the complimented wood-chopper.

"That's good. Hard work, ain't it?"

"Not very bad," replies the worker, overjoyed at having the opportunity to display his willingness.

"Well, then," suggests—merely suggests—the Sergeant; "fill up my wood box; she's getting low."

He wanders down to his tent, reads his mail, itemizes his morning's expenditures, and retires at two o'clock for another rest.

CAMOUFLAGE.

When you go to town in quest of good cheer,
And only get Bevo that tastes very queer,
Just close both your eyes and imagine it's beer—
THAT'S CAMOUFLAGE.

When a saleslady acts unusually nice,
And just to be friendly she smiles once or twice,
Then all of a sudden she boosts up the price—
THAT'S CAMOUFLAGE.

If the Mess Sergeant says he's got something new,
And he tries to shove hot-pies over on you,
Remember at dinner you had it for stew—
THAT'S CAMOUFLAGE.

When a girlie from Converse goes giggling by,
And just as she nears you, she winks with a sigh,
Don't think that she means it; there's dust in her eye—
THAT'S CAMOUFLAGE.

The "moral objector" does not want to fight,
On his soft-feathered mattress he sleeps every night,
But when the war's over, he'll say "we were right"—
THAT'S CAMOUFLAGE.

When you see a "soldier" with buttons galore,
And he's posing like Venus near Ligon's Drug Store,
It's a "Major" from Wofford, too young for the war—
HE'S CAMOUFLAGE!

—HOWARD A. HERTY, Co. A., M. P.

On His Feet Again.

At four, another box of sweets, or a little tea and toast, puts him on his feet and carries him through to supper.

At this meal he always confronts the members of his company. He walks among them. He smiles foolishly. He talks to them. In fact, he asks them how they are and whether they are getting enough to eat and what they honestly think of the service.

And right here is where the enlisted men make their big mistake. They do not give the mess sergeant half a chance. They get nasty. They start knocking. They tell the truth.

"Rotten!" exclaims one man.

"Do you call this stew?" asks another.

"Say, Serg.," suggests a third, "Why not economize and have one beanless day a week?"

Hurt and discouraged, the tired, misunderstood mess sergeant wends his way to the canteen where he seeks solace in three bottles of pop, a couple of ice cream cones and five bars of chocolate, which he does not have to pay for as he helps to manage the canteen.

It's a hard life!

—V. R.

Co. K, 107th Inf.

There will be another instalment in next week's *Gas Attack* of *The Ideas of Ethelburt Jellyback, Private*. Don't miss it.

Letters That Choke The Editor's Mail

Communications From Readers, Gentle and Otherwise

"WAKE UP AMERICA."

Editor The Gas Attack:

During the past two weeks the papers throughout this country have printed forceful headlines and stirring editorials regarding the Germans "Great Spring Drive."

If what the papers say is true and at all authentic then the American people know that the Germans are preparing for it with all their might and power.

Our country also knows that the French and British can not stand long against overwhelming numbers of men and arms which Germany is certain to stake in their last great effort for militarism.

A few days ago there appeared in a prominent New York City paper, Senator Garfield's stirring address before the senate. In his address he brought to the attention of this country the fact that the Allies needed 5,000,000 men to check the Germans, and 7,000,000 men to make them retreat.

Now that these facts have been published, why don't the American papers stop printing ridiculous cartoons, such as: "The Kaiser down on his knees, begging for Mercy," and "Peace Near at Hand"?

Of course we have to take into consideration that our shipping facilities are greatly hampered by the lack of men and materials. Still, Great Britain, with all her troubles, has up to a month ago been building ships faster than any other country. So I say:

Wake up, America! Stop being humbugged. Get down to business by putting the boys Over There 7,000,000 strong.

L. J. E., Co. A, 105th Inf.

THANKS JUST THE SAME.

Gentlemen:

My son, a private in the 53rd Pioneer Infantry, has been sending me your weekly issues, and I notice on page 8 of your issue of January 12th that you state you are willing to accept contributions, providing they have not been printed elsewhere. As the enclosed poem has never seen the "light of day," if you think it is worth space in your publication, you may print same

And oblige,

CHARLES E. CHRISTIE.

501 Lincoln Ave., Brooklyn, N. Y.

Editors' Note: We thank you for your kindness, Mr. Christie, but are unable to use the poem. We have made it a rule to print only contributions from soldiers in camp, and we make exceptions to this rule only on rare occasions.

SLOW DOWN THE PICTURES AND STRIKE UP THE BAND.

Editor The Gas Attack:

The pictures shown in the theatres of

Spartanburg are of a very fine quality; the managers deserve to be complimented on their ability to obtain first-class pictures, so soon after their release.

We note, however, that the operators have a tendency to "run" the picture too fast, which in most cases spoils a perfectly good story. Whether this is done through lack of knowledge as to how a machine should be run, or because the management is desirous of "crowding in" an extra performance, we can not say, but we do know it has a very bad effect on the picture.

A special effort might also be made in regard to the music rendered. It has always been the policy at first-class houses to have music continually during the entire performance. There is no picture that can not be improved by music. The system used at the local theatres is very poor, to say the least. It has reached such a stage that one is very fortunate if an entire selection is rendered, and this usually happens during a display of advertisements.

With prices at such a notch, extreme care should be taken to give the patrons absolute satisfaction.

It is quite beyond us to understand why the musicians leave the theatre during a feature picture and absent themselves for an hour or so. This sort of thing displeases the audience and has its ill effect on the picture.

CAMP SENTIMENTS.

Editors' Note: We understand why musicians leave the theater in New York, but we don't understand why they do it in Spartanburg.

IN SEARCH OF VINDICATION.

Editor The Gas Attack:

I wish to be brief, but still I am obliged to call your attention to a write-up which appeared on page 12 of the January 19th issue of your publication. It was about the second squad of the third platoon, Company A, 105th Inf. I was only one of ten mentioned in the write-up. I don't want to take up your space criticizing, but I do insist upon your correcting this write-up, for this reason:

I don't wish my friends to be under the false impression that I am arguing over getting my stick of wood for my tent, as that is something which I think every man in a tent should do—his share of the work.

Then again, I wish to call your attention to the part of the write-up that refers to me as "Old Ninety-eight." I think that is both raw and discourteous to me, and I take exception to it. Yes, I do spend quite a little time in the Y. M. C. A., but never to dodge getting wood, or drilling, etc. And what he said at the finish—this gentleman,

whom I do not know—is wierd and maybe funny regarding Sherlock. Coal is the reason, etc.

I am enclosing the page to you that you might judge for yourself in regards to vindication. Now, Mr. Editor, I insist upon your publishing this, so as I might be understood in this matter.

Thanking you in advance, and if anything comes up regarding me in the future, I would appreciate it if you would consult me first before you print it.

Yours truly,

STEPHEN F. EVERS,

Co. A, 105th Inf.

N. B.—I forgot to mention that I have been in charge of the tent for the past six weeks, and I am sure that the corporal of the second squad has nothing to wonder at.

A WORD OF PRAISE.

Editor Wadsworth Gas Attack:

I have received occasional copies of *The Gas Attack* from an old pal of mine now with the 27th Division. In the last issue I received (January 12th) I read your notice of subscription terms, and I hasten to send my dollar bill for a three months' subscription.

I am a magazine seller by occupation, and of course I read a great many magazines and periodicals. I can honestly say that I consider *The Gas Attack* a wonderful periodical.

I was with the old First Field Hospital down on the border when the Rio Grande Rattler made its appearance, and thought that that was a good paper, but the present *Gas Attack* far surpasses that paper.

Yours very truly,

ALBERT A. ARCHER, JR.

950 Trinity Ave., New York City.

Editors' Note: Mr. Archer's subscription will not be affected by the price, but the terms for three months have been raised to \$1.50.

VARIETY, MISS MITCHELL.

Dear Gas Attack:

I noticed in a recent issue you had no rhymes. Probably your poetic vein was temporarily frozen up. I have enjoyed my copies so much that I enclose a couple of originals which may be of use. If too serious, don't hesitate to omit them. You know best what is suited to your purpose.

Your friend,

Lynbrook, N. Y. BESSIE L. MITCHELL.

Editors' Note: The chief reason we can't use your poems, Miss Mitchell, is the one we gave to Mr. Christie, in a reply just above. And the chief reason we printed no verse in the particular issue you mentioned was that we had published a great deal of it in preceding issues.

NEW UNIT MAKES CAMP.**Headquarters Sanitary Squad No. 1
Pitches Tents.**

Headquarters Sanitary Squad No. 1, a new unit recently formed for work in sanitation, has begun to put its organization in working order. The twenty-six members of this special squad have pitched tents on a site back of the old Fourth Field Hospital, where they will have their own little company street.

Capt. Don M. Hooks, M. C., is in command of the new unit. He was in command of a field hospital on the Mexican border, and at another time of an ambulance company there. More recently he commanded Field Hospital No. 106.

James A. McKenna, formerly of the 104th Field Artillery, is the first sergeant of the squad, which also has another sergeant, Clayton W. Crandall, of Ambulance Co. 105.

The other men, and the companies from which they were transferred, are:

Privates John A. Holleran, A. C. 105; Ralph L. Goldsmith, A. C. 107; Alfred R. Thibeau, A. C. 107; Earl M. Osborne, A. C. 106; Emil A. Huser, A. C. 106; Frank S. Sturdevant, A. C. 106; Frank R. Crandall, A. C. 105; Ernest F. Ling, A. C. 108; Cleon W. Goodnough, A. C. 108; Leo J. Keefe, A. C. 108; Charles Divine, A. C. 108; Richard C. Lockwood, Field Hospital 107; Joseph A. Shields, F. H. 105; Edward F. Shields, F. H. 105; James P. Ehrman, F. H. 108; James Rankin, 1st Co., 102nd Supply Train; Arthur Rogers, 1st Co., 102nd Supply Train, and Harry O. Heaney, F. H. 105.

NOTES:

"Ernie" Ling, who spent his college days at Alleghany and Cornell, has been detailed to work in the laboratory at the Base Hospital. This assignment is part of the work of fitting the sanitary squad for its new duties.

Capt. Hooks made a prophecy while the men were setting up stoves in their new tents. He said: "We won't have cold weather much longer." It is reported that he will be held to strict accountability for this remark.

Sergeant McKenna, who has had "border" experience, although he never talks about it (What did you say?), was the first to sleep in the new company street. Not that he slept in the street, not literally, but his tent was the first one inhabited for the night.

Private Goldsmith—he's probably a sergeant by now—has been made the squad leader of tent No. 3, in which are quartered the men who were assigned to the unit from the old 1st and 2nd Ambulance companies.

**AMBULANCE CO. 106, 102ND SANITARY
TRAIN.**

In commemoration of the return of two of their comrades, Privates Cappon and Emler entertained at an informal tea on Monday evening, January 21st. During the evening Private Cappon entertained his auditors with impersonations of some of Camp Wadsworth's prominent men. Private Emler proved a master in the art of camouflage, by draping his body with the tent furnishings. Despite the inclement weather the guests report an enjoyable time. Cappon and Emler are now diligently working on their newest stage success, "Three Weeks," after which "Watch Your Step" will be presented.

Sergeant Atkins, Privates Alt, Hill, Thorpe and Cropsey returned to camp at 4 a. m. Tuesday morning, after an extended furlough. No, we didn't hear what time the train arrived.

Privates John Casaretta and Dennis Duffy are daily rehearsing their newest song hit, "The Lark." These talented artists promise to make a name for this company and if we are to be guided by the sweet strains which emanate from the shower baths, these young songsters will soon appear on the boards at "Luna Park."

Sergeant Kelly, Corporal Long, Privates Scandling, Anderson, Patte, Salisbury, Winn, Massucci, Earley and Cook Richmond are enjoying ten-day furloughs. Privates Scandling and Massucci expect to spend a few days in Atlantic City in search of the spring styles.

Lieutenant J. P. Henry is enjoying a ten-day furlough at his home in Rochester, N. Y.

The command extremely regrets the loss of one of its oldest members, Private Fred Hild. "Stretch," as he is familiarly known by all, was given an honorable discharge by reason of physical disability. We all join in wishing him good luck in any venture he may undertake.

"Confectionery" Corporal Clancy, our dashing young non-com, is about to break up house-keeping. It is reported that his star boarders are to take up their abodes elsewhere.

J. F. H. and C. F. C.

2D PIONEERS.

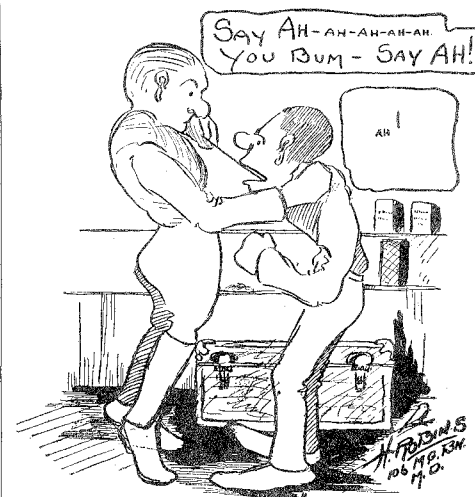
Once more the old 14th Infantry receives a severe blow.

More of the old members have been transferred to Antis Aircraft Battalion, and the boys certainly feel the loss of their old friends.

K Company felt it most when they lost Cook Al Stuart and Mess Sergt. Bob Willigan, as both were very popular.

Just about a month ago the boys moved into H street, and now that the new batch of men are coming to fill up the regiment, everybody is as busy as bees, moving back to their old company street.

R. De. R.

**"FAIR EXCHANGE, ETC."**

One of our most distinguished chaplains helped to arrange prize fights in his regiment. One Saturday a strapping corporal came to him and said, almost reverently: "Chaplain, in recognition of your kindly and efficient interest in the prize fights, Battery F will attend divine service to-morrow in a body." "Efficient" is good. This neat phrasing was probably suggested by the fact that Battery F had won all the bouts.

BOW WOW.

An Airedale pup, who wears a collar with the name-plate removed, has strayed away. A liberal reward will be given for his return to Capt. Chas J. Dieges, 102d Engineers, Camp Wadsworth, S. C.

HEALTHGRAMS.

1. No person is exempt from service in the war against disease.
2. The principle of keeping well beats all the theories of getting well.
3. No man is worth anything to his country unless he takes care of his own body.
4. Don't overdraw your health account. "A promise to pay" won't go with mother nature.
5. "Don't bolt your food; your stomach has no teeth."
6. Live right, eat right, exercise right, and you can beat the millionaire to a frazzle.
7. The healthy person dominates life, instead of allowing life to dominate him.
8. Without health you are bankrupt, regardless of how much money you have in the bank.

ARTHUR C. SCHAEFER,
Captain M. C. N. G.

Sanitary Unit 20, 27th Div., Camp Wadsworth.

NO WINTER CAPS HERE.

Advices have been received from the quartermaster general of the army that winter caps will not be issued at this camp. They will be obtained from the depot quartermaster at the post of embarkation upon proper requisition for the use of organizations going overseas.



CAMP SPORTS



EDITED BY F. J. ASHLEY

SOCCER TOURNAMENT OPENS.

Supply Train Has Cinch With Machine Gun
Team—Score 11 to 1.

The first game of the soccer schedule proved a walkaway for the players of the Supply Train. They got going with a whirlwind start and were never in any danger from their opponents from Company C, 105th Machine Gun Battalion. At the half time whistle, the supply chasers were leading 7 to 0. It was only in the closing minutes of play that the rapid fire experts were able to save themselves from a shutout.

Pitman, of the Train, was the star of the contest. He made the first score in less than two minutes of play and followed it right up with another. At one period of the last half, there was a mixup in one of the corners of the field. It ended when one of the Machine Gun players kicked a goal against his own side.

The score:

S. P.	Positions.	M. G. B.
Poillon	Goal	Hodgins
Cooney	Right back	Sullivan
Cowan	Left back	Molloy
Sharkey	Right half	Macklin
Keating	Center half	Suckley
Dermody	Left half	Liskbeck
Colley	Outside right	McCauley
Warren	Inside right	Chestnut
Ayton	Outside left	Frazier
Ford	Inside left	Radtke
Pitman	Center forward	Mathison
Referee—Sergeant John Rooney.		
Linemen—Murphy and Allen.		
Timekeeper—O'Connor.		
Time of halves, 40 minutes.		

ANOTHER WHITE HOPE.

Tom McEllgot, of B Company, 102nd Engineers blew in the other day and stated that he failed to see where Joe Johnson, of Headquarters, same regiment, had ever justified his claim to the heavy-weight title, not only of the camp, but even of his own organization. As both men are about the same size, a little fistic debate to decide the question would be welcomed by all the local ring followers.

GET BUSY, YOU MANAGERS.

"Why didn't they mention soccer in the GAS ATTACK last week?" we were asked the other night.

That's just what we would like to know!

We want to give proper publicity to all your sporting activities, but how can we, if you don't help us out? The editor is only a private, too, and gets his regular turn on guard and at K. P. just like yourselves. He'd like to take in every athletic event on the reservation, but—it can't be done!

Get busy! Get your managers and athletic officers on the job! Tell them to send the dope to us, whether it be about a tiddle-wink tournament or a slug fest. We'll take care of the rest.

PIONEERS TO ORGANIZE.

Will Have Their Own Athletic Body.

The men of the new Provisional Depot for Army and Corps Troops are going to have an athletic association all by themselves. Instead of meeting the units of the 27th Division as had been expected when the original schedules were prepared, they will confine all their activities to Depot bodies, only meeting their former rivals when there is dual competition. Harvey Cohn, the camp physical director, is in favor of this arrangement. There are several trophies now up for competition in the 27th Division and as it is likely that some of the titles will only be decided after the tactical body gets to France, Cohn believes it best to get the two bodies organized separately from the start.

As a result of the change all existing Division schedules will be revised. A meeting of the athletic officers of the new Depot will be called as soon as they are announced by the Pioneer officials. The change will not affect any inter-regimental league now active, such as the basket-ball series going on between the company teams of the 53rd Pioneers and the 108th Infantry.

Medicos in Soccer League.

A soccer league has been formed by the members of the Division Sanitary Train. Each of the eight companies in the medical department will be represented by a team. B. E. Hutchinson was elected chairman of the league while Sergeant Brown, 107th Ambulance is secretary. The first game will be played this week.

GAS ATTACK'S ATTITUDE PLEASES DIRECTOR.

Harvey Cohn Also Claims 27th Division Is Slighted.

A few weeks ago an article appeared in these columns calling attention to the way the 27th Division was being slighted in the distribution of athletic supplies. Our particular kick was due to the fact that while the authorities up home claim they are collecting to equip the New York soldiers athletically, to date they seem to have forgotten that Camp Wadsworth is the training station for the 30,000 former Empire State guardsmen.

In a recent interview Cohn, the Division Physical Director, said:

"That GAS ATTACK article was just to the point!

"It is a shame that the 27th Division, which is the pick of the National Guard of New York, should be forgotten by their home towns when it comes to giving out athletic equipment to the men. Funds have been made up by various organizations and popular subscriptions to some of the well known papers, and what equipment has been bought has all been kept in the North. The camps around New York City have received all this equipment.

"The old saying that 'Charity begins at home' is all right, but the people in New York want to remember that the boys of the 27th Division are 'home boys.'"

KNIGHTS OF COLUMBUS AID SOLDIER ATHLETES.

The usual Saturday evening sporting events will be resumed to-night at the Knights of Columbus Hall. For the past month, the athletic authorities of camp have been hampered by the cold spell and with the Red Triangle Tent offering poor defense against the cold, the boxing and wrestling tournaments have been postponed week after week. For a time it looked doubtful whether there would ever be a chance to decide the elimination contests as long as Old Mercury refereed.

These facts were explained to several of those interested in the soldier activities, and the Knights promptly offered their hall. They intend to build a regulation ring and are arranging to secure a couple of wrestling mats. Harvey Cohn and Frank Moran are both tickled by their new field of action and are now planning mid-week matches at the hall also. Once before the Knights came to the aid of the boxers, when they offered the Hall last fall before a ring had been built in the big tent.

HEARD AT THE RINGSIDE.

Interest in the squared ring game was given a big boost this week by the announcement that hereafter boxing and wrestling tournaments would be staged at least once a week in each of the Y. M. C. A. units. Mr. Ray Jenney, camp athletic supervisor of the organization, fostered the adoption of the two sports which will probably be of more use to the average soldier in a pinch than any weapon yet devised.

All the Y. M. C. A. bouts will be limited to three rounds. A permanent referee will be appointed at each unit, while there will be two judges, one of whom must be an army physician. At the end of each contest, both judges will announce to the referee the contestant whom they believe to have won. If there is any doubt about the decision, a fourth round will be fought to settle the question.

Pioneers Training for 108th.

Four bouts formed the opener of the new system at Y. M. C. A. Unit 96. A regular ring had been built, and all the men who appeared were past masters at the science. The second contest was a hammer with Jerome of Company B, 53rd Pioneers and O'Brien of Company F, same regiment, doing the heavy work. A regular tournament has been started by the battlers of the 53rd. The survivors will be matched against the best scrappers of the 108th Infantry.

In the first affair Corporal Reichman of Company B, 53rd Pioneers tried to separate Sergeant Beneditto of F Company, same regiment, from his third chevron but to no avail. The corporal with 147 pounds under his belt had a peach of a punch but he found his superior officer too fast.

The third match brought together Corporal Pettitt and Private Sussman, both of Company A, 53rd Pioneers, while in the last Private Schindler of the 53rd's Machine Gun Company met Private Duvine, 105th Machine Gun Battalion.

Mr. Stegman of the Y. M. C. A. refereed.

Young Howard Issues Defi.

Howard, Company H, 106th Infantry, is willing to settle all difficulties about the featherweight title of the Division. Since coming to camp he has defeated Gilbride and Palladino. Each bout went 10 rounds. His last victory was a knockout over Glenn of the 102nd Engineers.

Jack Philips Helps at 92.

The boxing enthusiasts at Unit 92 are taking their orders from Philips of the 107th Ambulance. He is assisting Mr. Anguish, the director, in getting the future White Hopes acquainted with the Queensbury Rules. For several years he has been training fighters and already has succeeded in developing some first-class battlers among the medicine men of his own outfit.

Don't let the price of **The Gas Attack**, ten cents, stand between you and happiness.

ATHLETIC BUILDING HERE.

A half million dollars has been appropriated by the Military Training Camps Amusement Commission for the construction of suitable places of entertainment in all the larger camps. Wadsworth is one of those mentioned. While the building will be used for theatrical and lecture purposes also, it will be fully equipped with athletic apparatus.

The structure to be erected here will measure 125 by 179 feet. It will be located at a point near the center of the reservation and will be built this month.

NOBODY EXCEPTED FROM TEST.

A special physical test is being prepared by Harvey Cohn for all men and officers up to the rank of captain. It will take the form of a military pentathlon. The six companies showing up best will be matched for the camp title. The officers will compete against each other on a regimental basis.

To pass the test it is required to (a) run one hundred yards in 14 seconds; (b) high jump, 4 feet; (c) running broad jump, 14 feet; (d) standing broad jump, 7 feet, 6 inches; and hurl a grenade, 35 yards.

Wrestlers Get Started Too.

The catch-as-catch-can men made their first appearance at Unit 92 last Monday. There were two hugging affairs on the program. Jack Fowlston of Company C, 102nd Engineers proved a bear at the grappling art, appearing in both mixups. In the first he was too *able* for *Abel* Baba of his own company, while in the second he did his best to camouflage Howard Schaffer, Company C, 102nd Engineers. Delehant, Company C, 107th Infantry and Mather, Supply Company, 107th, performed in the only fistic encounter of the night. It was a fast three-round draw.

"A PLACE IN THE RANKS AWAITS YOU."

A place in the ranks awaits you;
Each man has some part to play,
The past and the future are nothing,
In face of the stern to-day.
If you have a friend still in civils,
Who's not playing some part in the game,
It's your duty to flag and to country
To question him wreathed in his shame.
And if he responds that through illness,
Or age, or through family support,
He's been obliged to stay homewards,
Seek out his "nation's report,"
For this is the time for each man,
Whether taken or whether he goes,
To don either blue or khaki,
Or hide his shame and his woes.
So search out a place in your country;
Work for your nation, so fair;
The eyes of the world are upon you—
AMERICANS! Do your own share!
CORNELIUS VANDERBILT, JR.,
Division Headquarters Troop.

COHN FORMING TRACK TEAM.**Twenty-one Runners Form Nucleus of Division Machine.**

Harvey Cohn is rapidly sorting out the best men in the camp for the team that will represent the 27th Division on the track and field this Spring. Twenty-one men have already proven good enough for the Empire State unit. He plans to have at least a hundred athletes well trained before the first regular meet.

Most of the men who appear on the list, already announced, have proven consistent winners in civilian competition. Among them are Ray Georgi of the New York Athletic Club, Miles McHugh of the Pastimes, and Nick Gianopolious and Matty Geis of the Millrose A. A.

As it has been impossible to hold any try-outs in the field events because of the inclement weather Cohn has centered all his attention on the followers of the cinder path. At present the regular team includes M. F. McHugh, Co. F, 105th Inf.; E. Sweeney, Co. F, 105th Inf.; M. Geis, Co. B, 105th Inf.; J. J. Schleifer, Co. B, 105th Mach. Gun Batt.; N. Gianopolious, San. Co., 106th Inf.; A. I. Lemberg, 2nd Pioneer; A. DeWitt, Co. D, 105th Inf.; E. Ellertson, Co. B, 54th Pioneers; A. Hoffman, Co. D, 105th Inf.; R. Georgi, Co. G, 107th Inf.; J. Bennett, Hdqrs. Co., 104th F. A.; S. Hedberg, San. Co., 106th Inf.; E. P. Naylor, Co. E, 102nd Eng.; F. Davey, Co. B, 102nd Eng.; J. Flynn, Co. B, 102nd Eng.; V. Voteretsas, Co. K, 105th Inf.; J. Roure, Co. B, 105th Inf.; C. Davis, 2nd Pioneers; L. Hyams, Co. E, 105th Inf.; T. Cooman, Co. K, 105th Inf.; I. Trowbridge, 102nd Trench M. B.; and A. Formosa, Co. A, 106th Inf.

Anguish on Physical Staff.

J. L. Anguish has been appointed physical director at Y. M. C. A. Unit 92. He is a graduate of Springfield College where he was captain and manager of the soccer team in addition to being active in football and track. He has been associated with sporting work in Long Island and in Chicago. He was Director of General Activities with the famous Chicago South Park System and also was in charge of the Boy Scout movement in the Windy Town when the war started.

GENERAL WOOD.

When General Leonard Wood was a small boy he was called up in the grammar class. The teacher said:

"Leonard, give me a sentence and we'll see if we can change it to the imperative mood."

"The horse draws the cart," said Leonard. "Very good. Now change the sentence to an imperative."

"Get up," said young Wood.—Christian Register.



News of the Y. M. C. A.

EDITED BY ERNEST W. LESLIE.



NEW RELIGIOUS WORKER AT NO. 95.

Rev. Marvin J. Thompson, D.D., pastor of the United Presbyterian Church of Rochester, N. Y., has been given a two months' leave of absence to direct the religious work of Unit No. 95. Dr. Thompson is an honorary member of the Army and Navy Union, Captain Gridley Post of Erie, Pa.

He made good in Rochester and he lit on both feet when he came to Camp Wadsworth. He has an energy and enthusiasm which is infectious, and will put ginger into the work in that neck of camp.

He has spoken in several other units and knows how to put it over. Thompson is sure to be an asset because of himself and because of his organizing ability. Keep your eye on No. 95.

LUTHERANS IN CAMP BEING ORGANIZED.

The Lutheran church is "following up" the boys. Working under the direction of the National Lutheran Commission for Soldiers' and Sailors' Welfare, Rev. E. E. Ryden, pastor of the English Lutheran Church of the Holy Trinity of Jamestown, N. Y., has arrived in Camp Wadsworth to look after the Lutheran men training here. Mr. Ryden estimates that there are between 1,000 and 1,500 men of his faith in the camp. He assists Dr. S. P. Hallman, pastor of the Lutheran church, in Spartanburg, on Sunday mornings, and conducts a Soldiers' Service every Sunday evening in the same church. Throughout the week he works in the camp, speaking in the Y. M. C. A. buildings and doing personal work among the men.

Mr. Ryden has organized a confirmation class in camp, and invites all men who are not confirmed to affiliate. On Sunday, February 17, at 10 a. m., a Lutheran communion service will be held in Y. M. C. A. building No. 96 by Chaplain Keever, of the Military Police, assisted by Rev. Ryden. The service will be open to every one.

CHIVALRY.

Respect for officers is taught by military orders. Chivalry is enforced only by what Kipling calls the law of the clan. It can not be put over on you. It belongs to you by nature and instinct. If you are not a gentleman, it may not be your fault, or it

may. It may be because of your bringing up—but one should not advertise his home that way. Also you have had time to learn. Or it may be because of your associates—you choose them. Or because you forget—you do the forgetting. In either case you are to blame. If you are a gentleman, no one can disprove it but you.

Every man is a gentleman most of the time. Soldiers should be all the time. Things have changed. To-day a uniform is looked upon as a badge of chivalry.

Chivalry means that a man treat all women as he would like his sister treated, or his mother or wife or sweetheart. It means that he respect the rights and tastes of other men, privates as well as officers. It means reverence toward God and religion. The soldier who is not gentleman enough to be reverent during a religious service, to sit respectfully uncovered, to leave off his cigarettes for an hour, ought to go to his tent. It may be some of the fellows who live with him wish he would keep out of the tent.

A little more chivalry would be good for us all. And good for the army.

PAUL MOORE STRAYER.

UNIT 95.

Thursday evening of last week Dr. Woolsey, camp director of music, conducted a sing. His daughter rendered a number of selections. The fellows fell right into the spirit of the program, and it was undoubtedly a success.

Saturday night was stunt night. Sergeant Kellar and company, of the 12th, staged 45 minutes of minstrelsy, jokes, clog dancing, songs, banjo strumming. The show was great and drew much applause.

Sunday Dr. Thompson in the afternoon had quite a number of men at his Bible class. In the evening Dr. Thompson gave a splendid talk, choosing as his subject "Do What You Can."

Tuesday night Dr. Strayer chose as his subject "Conscience."

Dr. Marvin Thompson, religious secretary of Unit 95, spoke at Camp Sevier, Greenville, S. C., on Wednesday.

ROBERT GARRY—SOLDIER AND SAINT.

Early in December an old man with a sunny face and cheerful voice blew into

Camp Wadsworth. We were not long in learning that he was Robert Garry, Civil War Veteran, and proud of it. He came to do "personal work" and it was the real thing. We located him in Building No. 96 for the first few weeks, intending to move him to another as soon as the Y. M. C. A. Staff had caught his spirit and learned his methods. He spent his days and evenings circulating among the soldiers, talking with them, telling them stories of the war, and making them love him without knowing it. When anyone showed that he wanted to open up to the dear old man, they went together to his little room back of the counter and the old soldier showed the young soldier the way to a Christian life, prayed with him and led him to a personal decision. Eight to ten men a day went into that little room. And Robert Garry always sold his man. He knew how.

Of course, he had an advantage over us younger men because of his Civil War record and his grey hairs. But what carried was his devotion. That word sums up his life. He was utterly devoted to his work. To use an old-fashioned phrase, he loved the souls of men. He would have done anything for any man. And he won the love of us all without trying to. What he aimed at was to serve them.

He gave himself without stint. He gave his life. When he first came down he caught cold and, although everybody tried to look after him, it grew steadily worse. We could not induce him to go to town and take care of himself until he got over it. Finally, we literally forced him to the Base Hospital. The doctors said it was pneumonia and despite all the physicians and nurses could do, he had not the vitality to throw it off.

Robert Garry was an inspiration to the whole Y. M. C. A. force. If we younger men had his sheer devotion, we would do far better work even though we lack his more easy access to the hearts of men. And we will do better work because of him. Every man in uniform who knew "Dad" as he was affectionately called, is the better for it, and through us his influence ought to touch the rest. He lived and died as one would like to do. To the last day he did good work, finished work, and he laid him down with a will.

PAUL MOORE STRAYER.

The next number of *The Gas Attack* will cost ten cents. But you'll get more than your money's worth.

In Division Society

Mrs. Charles P. Loeser, Editor.

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

OFFICERS' CLUB OPENED.

The formal opening of the Officers' Club of the One Hundred and Fifth Infantry was celebrated recently by a dance in their new and attractive club house. During supper Lieut. Higbee, Lieut. Armstrong, and Lieut. Dreher added to the pleasure of the guests by an entertainment that had been arranged with much care. Amongst those invited were Major General and Mrs. John F. O'Ryan, Brig. Gen. and Mrs. Michie, Brig. Gen. and Mrs. Bandholz, Major Geo. R. Roosevelt, Capt. and Mrs. Battenburg, the wives and friends of officers, and many of the popular young ladies of the dancing set in Spartanburg society.

The officers of the club are: President, Major Everett E. Pateman; Vice-President, Capt. Slosson; Secretary, Lieut. Howard Bird; Treasurer, Lieut. Harry Merz. The committee in charge of the dance included Lieut. Col. M. N. Liebman, Capt. Henry E. Greene and Lieut. Royal K. Tucker.

Miss Marcelle Stemmer, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Theodore Stemmer, of New York City, became the bride of Lieut. Frederic R. Mason, at the home of her parents in the Apthorp, Broadway and 78th street. Lieut. Mason is stationed at Camp Wadsworth and attached to the 108th Infantry.

The marriage of Lieut. Harold Birdsall Pratt, of the 106th Infantry, and Miss Gertrude Evans Middleditch, daughter of Mrs. Thomas Jarmen Middleditch, took place at the residence of the bride's mother, Bedford avenue, Brooklyn, Rev. Dr. Avery A. Shaw officiating.

Lieut. Gordon Victor Parker, of Headquarters Train and Military Police, and Miss Vera Grill, both of New York City, were married in the Church of the Advent by Lieut. Keener, the chaplain of the command.

The wedding of Miss Lucy Belcher, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Francis Belcher, of Boston, to Lieut. Donald Roy, of Brooklyn, took place at the Central Congregational church, Brooklyn. Lieut. Roy is a member of the 102d Trench Mortar Battery at Camp Wadsworth.

Mrs. Walter Schoelkopf, who has been in New York for a fortnight, has returned to rejoin Capt. Schoelkopf.

Mrs. Charles L. Phillips, wife of General Phillips, has returned to Spartanburg, after visiting friends in New York and Boston.

Major W. H. Allen, of the Base Hospital, and Mrs. Allen, were guests of honor at a dinner given by the officers of the hospital corps at the Cleveland Hotel.

Mrs. Joseph Seligman, wife of Lieut. Seligman, entertained with bridge and an informal tea at her residence on Mills avenue.

BANQUET GIVEN AT THE CLEVELAND HOTEL.

Lieut. Pierre Forestier, of the French Army, was tendered a banquet by the American officers of his grenade class at the Cleveland Hotel. Lieut. Forestier was presented with a silver wrist watch as a token of esteem from the American officers. Aspirant Mercier, of the French army, also a guest of honor, was presented with a riding crop. Among the officers present were Captains Raymond F. Hodgson and Charles A. McArthur, Lieutenants Armstrong, Bennett, G. M. Bramwell, Thomas F. Brown, T. G. Carlin, F. D. Clark, Albert Clement, J. J. Koen, Harry L. Conway, Ernest C. Dreher, A. B. Elliman, J. W. Frost, Francis L. Gould, Alfred F. Hook, F. C. Hyames, Joseph A. Kerrigan, Herbert E. Marshall, Fred E. Mayor, Edward R. Merriweather, Stephen M. Schwab, Joseph Seligman, Leroy W. Stearns, L. E. Stoffregen, Cary Walratt, Thomas F. Ward, and Matthew J. Wilson.

DANCE GIVEN BY SIGNAL CORPS.

Company C of the Signal Corps gave a delightful dance at the Cleveland Hotel. Among the patronesses were Mesdames Robert Battle and Harlan of New York, Walter S. Montgomery, J. S. Marsh, Edwin Johnson, Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Perrin.

Major and Mrs. T. H. Shanton have leased a home on Hall St., the residence of Mrs. Hattie R. Alexander, of Spartanburg.

ENLISTED MEN'S CLUB ENTERTAINS.

The Enlisted Men's Club, under the direction of Mr. L. W. Garsin and the Quartermaster Corps at Camp Wadsworth, gave an enjoyable entertainment. Captain George Evans, camp quartermaster, planned a delightful musical program. Colonel Henry S. Sternberger was general chairman.

First Lieutenant Charles P. Loeser, of the 107th, who was detailed for special duty in connection with the leases of the Rifle and Artillery Range, has returned to Camp Wadsworth.

BALL GIVEN FOR ASSOCIATED CHARITIES.

There was an Enlisted Men's Ball given at the Rock Cliff clubhouse for the benefit of the Associated Charities. The patronesses members of the board of Associated Charities were Mesdames W. G. Lee, John Gary Evans, Arthur Libby, J. W. Allen, A. B. Correll, W. S. Manning, Dr. L. Rosa Gantt and Miss Mary Law.

SENTRY KILLS SOLDIER.

Another is Hurt When Three Prisoners of 108th Infantry Make Break to Get Away.

Three soldiers made an attempt to get away from the regimental guardhouse of the 108th Infantry on the night of January 22d. They were: Private Floyd Dickey, Co. A; Private Stoville, Co. H; and Private Beard, Co. A.

After supper the three prisoners, who were confined in the guardhouse for minor military offences, asked to be taken across the company street. On the way one of them stooped, as if to tie a shoestring. Private Beard made a grab for Private Laird, on guard duty, and tried to take his gun from him. Laird held to his gun and got free. Another sentry, Private McCarthy, came to his help.

Dickey and Stoville ran while the sentry was trying to shake off Beard. Then, when Beard was overpowered and held, three shots were fired after the fleeing prisoners.

One bullet hit Dickey in the body. Another struck Stoville in the hip. Both fell to the ground. Dickey died in the Base Hospital the next morning; Stoville was not seriously hurt.

MAJOR ALLEN LEAVES BASE HOSPITAL.

Major W. H. Allen, who has been in charge of the Base Hospital since it opened last October, has been transferred to Fort Oglethorpe, Ga., where he will be in charge of a field hospital train.

NELSON OF THE PIONEERS!

John Louis Nelson, singer, manager of musical concerts and all-round good fellow, will work especially with the 52d Pioneer Infantry regiment, when that regiment leaves for France. Nelson was social secretary at Y. M. C. A. Unit No. 95. He is a concert baritone himself and one of the youngest managers in the country, having managed concerts by such artists as Melba and Kreisler. He studied music in New York and Vienna and has lectured on his personal experiences in Africa and Europe. He came to Camp Wadsworth in the first week of November and was appointed to work with the 52d Pioneers by request of the men of the regiment. He is a son of the Right Reverend Richard H. Nelson, Protestant Episcopal Bishop of Albany, N. Y. Strength to your arm, Nelson, and may no Camp Wadsworth colds attack your bronchials in France!



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NEWS FROM DIVISION UNITS---Continued

DIVISION HEADQUARTERS TROOP.

Frank Foreman and Jack Marquesse were found on the floor of their tent the other night, each trying to hammerlock the other. It was learned later that Marquesse was only demonstrating some of the new methods he had studied for getting partners at the enlisted men's dances at the Rock Cliff Club.

Sergeant Pete Leonard and the canteen tailor both appear satisfied lately. Pete has learned that breeches can be made to fit him.

Two inspectors from the Cooks and Bakers' School made an unexpected visit to the troop kitchen recently. They were shown around by Cook John W. Wilson, the former lord of the Garden Restaurant in New York. For a while they seemed at a loss to know what a darkie whitewasher was doing in the kitchen until Wilson introduced them to Depew, his chief assistant. When leaving they were heard to say: "That's the neatest kitchen in camp, and those two chefs certainly know their business."

Jake Wagner, manager of the troop canteen, announced his engagement while home in Bay Shore on furlough. The future Mrs. Wagner is Miss Ruth Brown, of the same town.

Hughes and W. Smith, two of "the A. G. O. men," found it warmer in the city than in their tent for several nights last week. The other members of the "Pen Battery" decided to do a little visiting themselves, leaving the wood-pile undisturbed.

Bob Schappert found an easy way to get rid of the coffee drippings while dealing it out the other day on K. P. Flower pots can even be used in the South, can't they, Bob?

Howard Stark has determined why they had the troopers turn in their rifles. He is positive they are going to give them to soldiers.

Mess Sergeant Mackesey is certainly dissatisfied with the way they fed him while he was in the Base Hospital. Mack's chart called for oranges and water and as they had run out of the fruit he didn't have much

choice about his meal. However, as the sergeant was always faithful in the way he saw that the men on sick report got their toast and tea, we can only repeat his own words, "Them's me orders."

Frank Giefer is holding a wireless class all by himself. His two best pupils are Top Sergeant Reed and Sergeant Leonard. Both men are plugging away for the aviation tests.

BATTERY E, 106TH FIELD ARTILLERY.

Sergt. Springer, a recent arrival in our Battery from the elite Headquarters Troop, has brought with him several packets of wonderfully scented pink envelopes and a nice shiny cigar lighter that lights in cyclones, rainstorms, etc., that is providing he has enough matches with him to build a fire under it.

After Private Foster has improved several minor details, he will submit to the War Department a new and wonderful invention. The main idea is to decrease the fatalities of aviators by placing a net under each aeroplane so that when there is engine trouble, and the machine starts to drop, the aviator has only to drop through the frame and into the net below.

Moving day in camp this week. Everybody moved into the tent where there was somebody that they didn't like.

They took our "gats" last week. This week General Rumor says they are going to take some of the 4.7's, and that very soon we are going to lose our horses. What are we going to fight with, rocks?

For the past few weeks there have been very few deaths in Buffalo, but since the rumor has come along the line that transportation for soldiers will be one cent a mile, the death rate is beginning to show an alarming increase; also the requests for furloughs.

Say, Foster, who was that letter from anywhere? Did she find out that you are a mahogany connoisseur. Well, any old port in a storm, kid.

HEADQUARTERS CO., 54TH PIONEER

Now that we are to be known as the 54th Pioneers, we are quite anxious to know just what this Pioneer stuff really is. "Scotty" says we are the Pi-bakers for the Division.

Would like to advance the info. that there will be no rejections for flat-heads, not referring to any particular member of this company, but would advise the "Swede" to have some of his corners leveled off. Scotty claims to be the Regimental Sergeant Bugler, but there is no regiment. You're out of luck.

Sergeant Major Fleischman is now in the "big city" on furlough; hope he doesn't pull any of that marriage stuff like one of the other on the N. C. S. Corporal Adare and Musician Fleisher have returned from a week-end trip, touring the "Sunny South," we presume.

Mrs. Kehlbeck, wife of our captain, who has been in our midst for some time, has left for the "Sunny" North. We are very thankful to her for her many kindnesses. We miss our chaperon.

Regimental Sergeant Major Wm. Ginn and First Sergeant George Cobbett, members of this company, who are now at the Officers' Training School, have our best wishes for their success. We trust it will not be long before we hand them the "highball."

MAJOR SHANTON

(Continued from page 10)

When Major Shanton heard of vice-moonshine stills and the like—he led his men to the spot and in a few minutes there was one less moonshine still in South Carolina. And he and his men are still very much on the job.

Major Shanton is an accomplished musician, and he wrote a song for the Military Police, which was sung with success at the M. P. entertainment. He was married 14 years ago and has a little girl who is already a skillful equestrienne. His brother, Col. George R. Shanton, is in command of the Porto Rican Constabulary, and was in charge of the Zone Police of Panama.

M.

COMPANY F, 105TH INFANTRY

Well, Company "F" is back from the rifle range at last.

After shooting down half the trees and cussing the cooks for serving too much sow belly and beans, and sleeping in pup tents, they are glad to fall back again to squads right and squads left and sleep in regular tents.

The detachment that was left behind on guard had the gravy in the matter of eats. Thanks to Corporal Ted Nier, Joe Murphy, and John Malone, some eats.

One night at eleven p. m. as Private Willie Adams came in from a patrol around the range, he woke up Corporal "Pop" Jones to tell him that he was snoring. The next night "Pop" slept with a baseball bat and a grenade alongside of his cot.

One day a kid came around selling sweet potatoe pies. "How much are they?" asked Sergt. "Ed" Sweeney. "Twenty-five cents," said the kid. "Will you take two bits?" asked the Sergeant. "No, sah," said the kid. "Twenty-five cents."

New Year's eve the bunch harnessed up the mules and went to a house party in the mountains. We drank "cider." The following morning we were all sick with a vinegar headache.

The boys had lots of sport watching the country storekeeper's wife chewing plug tobacco. The ladies back home please take notice. Plug, Ivanhoe, and Virgin leaf tobacco last much longer than Spearmint and Pepsin chewing gum.

Furlough time has bloomed and the flowers of our country are gone.

Another one of our privates, Fred Barlow, after pleading with tears in his eyes for a furlough, was seized with a religious fever, with the result that he was caught by one of our lieutenants driving a Salvation Army truck.

One of our sergeants, genial Sergt. Grant MacDonald, went away a single man, but hereafter he will travel in double harness, having acquired a wife. Good luck, "Mac."

The rifle range is all right in its place, say in the summer time. But, in the winter—well, we quote Private "Willie" Adams when he says:

"Were you ever out to the rifle range,

When the moon was awfully clear,

And the icy mountains hemmed you in,

With a silence you most could hear?

With only the blast of the sergeant's whistle,

And you camped out there in the roar,

A half dead thing in a stark dead world,

Clean made for the muck, called war.

While high overhead, green, yellow, and

red,

The southern lights flashed in bars,

Then you have a hunch what the rifle range

is,

Hunger and night, and the stars."

The "dizzy" corporal in our outfit is called "Slivers" and believe us he sure is dizzy. He can't figure out why they call him "Slivers." Slivers was the name of a very funny clown, who is now dead.

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The most economical form of shaving soap is the stick. This we know for we make shaving powder and cream also, and thus are in a position to give this disinterested advice. Lather with Colgate's and shave with Comfort.

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"HANDY GRIP"

PATENTED 1917

"Slivers" or Corporal Walter Silverson thinks there is nothing dead in him. Poor boob, every time that I look at his neck, it reminds me of a typewriter. It's "Underwood."

Corporal Herbert Friedman was acting as a guide the other day, and he walked in a zig-zag direction. The lieutenant asked him what he was guiding on, and he told him on an automobile going twenty-five miles an hour. Some guide.

The mess hall is a wonderful place for rumors. Stood in there for ten minutes, and the rumors that blew around the hall had this regiment three times around the world, and fighting on every front in France, and the men all wearing honor medals.

Corporal Oliver McCauley, our hustling insurance agent, was on the rifle range, and while on guard was so occupied thinking about insurance, that he forgot that sentries get relief every two hours and left one on post six hours. Result, "Private" McCauley.

Corporal "Ted" Nier's music box is working overtime. Keep up the good work, "Ted."

The boys were talking recently about the thirty mile hike to the rifle range. "Dick"

Dickson, the ex-cook, chinned in with: "Say, I have a boy who took a 2,000 mile hike here lately." "Where to," someone asked. "Why," said Dick, "to the Philippine Islands, on the Battleship Ohio." Poor "Dick" had a hard time ducking.

WILLIE.

"IN MEMORIAM."

A few days ago in the list of the dead and wounded Over There, under the countersign of the Grim Reaper, Death, we found the name Corporal Frank May.

Who was there among us who didn't know Corporal May? We respected and loved him. "Old Pop May." When things went wrong, and everything seemed blue, did anyone ever hear Pop May kick? For the boys I'll answer "No." Did Pop May ever have to turn a man in? Again comes the answer, "No." He was all wool and a yard wide; and with tears in our eyes that we won't try to hide, we will wish you GOOD LUCK on your long journey West, "Old Pop May."

J. A. R.,

71st Regiment.

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(Heavyweight)
English Whipcord 55.00

James A. Bannister

Genuine Cordovan

Puttees : \$16.50

PRICE'S

116 E. MAIN ST.

AMBULANCE COMPANY 108.

John Bean, late of the artillery range, has just made his debut in Spartanburg society. At a recent dance at Ravidson Hall, he was declared to be "too sweet for anything." It is suggested that he be put in the coffee.

Harry J. Shoemaker's new book, "Feeding an Army," will soon be ready for publication. He acquired most of his information for this important volume while attending a tea on a certain Tuesday. Sergeant Tierney poured.

Cook Truesdell is back again, handing out the grub. Welcome home, Larry.

During a recent mimic battle between the wood detail and the digging gang, Privates Carl Smith and Fritz Johnson received lacerations about the face and scalp. Although Carl's Apollo-like beauty was slightly marred, he says he doesn't care so long as he is making the world safe for democracy.

Corliss Minturn is filling the shoes of our barber, Burt Wine, while the latter is home on a furlough. He is also filling the barber's chair.

The Gas Attack is on sale at the barber shop each week.

Private Savercool is not the only one who can make the welkin ring with his mouth-organ. Privates Herrick and N. R. Cole possess harmonicas from which they can bring music that fills the eyes with tears.
W. R.

COMPANY M, 105TH INFANTRY.

Private Joe McGrouty reports the barber business as being rather dull. Next!

Private Dirtinger has a brand new one. He now swaps prisoners for students. According to Gus, they are easier to handle than prisoners.

We notice that supplies have been more plentiful since Pete Buss has vacated the supply tent. Wonder why?

Buglers Rake and Rivage, the "Q" flat wonders, are planning a new vaudeville act. The boys are already famous for making up their own bugle calls.

Sergeant Luchtenberg has at last joined the ranks of the humiliated, having managed, finally, to salute one of those "Woof Woof" college lads.

Corp. Dewar and Sergeant Hamilton were actually seen going to church last Sunday.

Our espionage system has just found out why Carr and Carney are going up to North Carolina soon. "Females" is the explanation offered.

We hereby present a bit of startling news. Private Chas. Alexander reports having heard wolves in the woods near Saxon. The wolves don't interest us, but what Charlie could be doing near Saxon does.

At the weekly meeting of the 8th squad, Private John McCarthy was elected chief pole watcher for the windy season.

F. B. R., JR.

ELECTRICAL APPLIANCES

GAS AND ELECTRICITY FOR ALL PURPOSES

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

PIEDMONT GROCERY COMPANY

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CIGARS
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CANDIES
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124 Ezell Street
SPARTANBURG, S. C.

COMPANY "B," 102ND REGT. U. S.
ENGINEERS.

If the Kaiser could have been in the company clerk's tent on last Monday night, he would have witnessed one of the most up-to-date battles in the world's war. All the wood, shoes, soap and everything not nailed down was stacked beside each of the four cots. When taps had sounded and lights doused, firing commenced in earnest, as Bugler Steele had tried to find the range of the enemy's trenches before taps. After a shoe duel of several minutes Bugler Joseph Howard Steele, our world-known Apollo, put his noble head over the top (of his blankets). Just then Olson sent up a "star bomb" (by lighting a match) with the result that he saw Herold gathering up more ammunition (hob-nails) in his B. V. D.'s. When the bomb went out and Herold had once more entrenched himself (in his cot), firing again commenced. The heavy firing was directed at Steele's flank. A "hand grenade" (a cake of soap) landed in Steele's vision and shattered his idea of a perfect view of "No-Man's-Land." Hansen, who is known by his large nose (it is much larger now) let it protrude too far. A "Big Bertha" (a pail) landed squarely on said nose. "Liquid fire" (the electric light) was then turned upon all forces, showing that all ammunition had been used. When this was observed by "Observer" Olsen, everybody agreed that it was a draw.

One evening last week the company was treated to the latest exhibition of Hawaiian dances by "Hula-Hula" Owens, the man who burns the oatmeal, and "Hickey-Doola" Emlock. They were dressed in the latest Waikiki costumes. After the exhibition, the fellows paired off for a one-step. The music was furnished by our celebrated Jazz Band, Nigger Kallas, Joe Koehler, Mother Brady and Drummer DaShell. After the dance Hartley Schwarzbaum chaperoned the couples to their tents.

CORP. O. O.
PRIVATE I. A.

FIELD HOSPITAL, CO. 107.

In response to a "still alarm" the representatives of the Poughkeepsie Fire Department, Cook Mosher and L. Putnam, rushed to the Office Tent and fought the blaze, assisted by Sergeants G. Killian, Thomas, Rhodes, and Privates Patterson, Houston and O'Connor. Every available pot, pan or pail that was "sea-worthy" enough to hold water, was pressed into service. The mere fact that the fire was soon extinguished, did not prevent the "smoke-eaters" from doing a lot of heroic damage, such as upsetting the field desks and baptising their contents. The office now boasts of a "southern exposure" where the valiant ex-firemen tore down at least three-quarters of the tent (which is now about as useful as a "sport-shirt" at the North Pole.)

"Cupid" Kluefer, the office orderly, was conspicuous by his absence during the mix-up. Somebody handed "Weary Jerry" O'Con-



Style A
\$2.00

Style B
\$3.00

Style C
\$3.50

Extra Blades
3 for 25c

Weck's Sextoblade Razor

A Real Man's Razor. May be used with or without Safety Guard. Sharpened on an ordinary strop like an ordinary razor. No matter *where you are*, this razor plus a razor strop—your own or your comrades—will solve your shaving problem.

Made by
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For sale in Spartanburg by
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nor a pail of water and he walked over to the blazing tent to "do his bit," but by the time he reached the scene of disaster, the water was ice. Jerry has about as much use for work as "Mike," our mascot, has for fleas.

After the excitement the ex-firemen strolled into the dining hall and after chewing tobacco had been passed around, all hands seated themselves comfortably around the stove, and used it for a target.

Inspired perhaps by Billie Sunday's slogan, "Hit the Sawdust Trail," the officers now have a little "sawdust trail" of their own, which extends from the office tent to the "Chateau Meditation."

Hawthorne announces to the company in general, and to certain sergeants in particular, that "he's not lazy, just tired." He also wishes to state that while in civilian life he had a good trade and doesn't care to work at anything else.

"Spike" Hennessy is again with us after having spent a month in the Base Hospital, where he enjoyed all the comforts of home. Finding his present quarters less comfortable he has threatened to bathe and contract pneumonia. Who's your friend in the pneumonia ward, Spike?

Tent No. 9 mourns the absence of Womersley, who left them bereft of all "rumors and calamity howls" when he went to New York on furlough.

"Slats" Burns caused considerable comment when he broke all records while work-

ing on the wood-pile. He "had nothing on" Sergeant Burger, who sat on "A Little Bit of Heaven" while winding our victrola, and completely demolished this record.

Some of Life's Mysteries.

Spiral leggins and the wearer.

Benny Harrison.

Luke Combs' hip-boots (he never wears them).

Well-Known Sayings Heard in Our Company Street.

Sergeant G. Killian: "Over de river."

Sergeant "D. C." Burger: "I fully realize that."

Sergeant "B. C." Killian: "Well! Wadda ye gonna do about it?"

Haviland: "What's it tuh yuh?"

Montgomery: "Aw, that's nuthin'. I know a guy—" etc.

Brown, Wire, Hanrahan: "Giv'us a cigarette?"

Josh: "I hope tuh tell yuh."

Jonny Maher: "You bet."

Entire company: "Wonder if Flanders is any muddier than South Carolina?"

M.

HELPING HYMEN.

Bride's Mother—"Colonel, have you any suggestions that would improve the marriage ceremony?"

Bridegroom's Old Bach Uncle—"Not unless you could let the groom take gas."—Judge.



Asheville.

Officers and Soldiers Invited to Visit
"LAND OF THE SKY"
 in the "Heart of the Blue Ridge"

Three and a half hours from Camp Wadsworth by rail. Wonderful mountains and wooded valleys. Splendid motor roads. Two hours into midst of Pisgah National Forest, crossing Mt. Pisgah mile high.

18 Hole All-Turf Golf, Finest Course South

Send your families to Asheville, where they will have safety and every comfort, can visit back and forth and telephone at will. The ideal place to spend the winter, or make a home. Hospitable people. Productive soils. Good schools and churches. Water from 17,000 acre city owned watershed. Commission government. The city of homes.

SPLENDID HOTELS:
 Grove Park Inn, Battery Park, Manor, Langren, Margo Terrace, Swannanoa, Glen Rock. Lots of good boarding houses.

For folder of Asheville, views and data, write

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

102ND ENGINEER TRAIN.

The street took on signs of great activity this past week. The spring house cleaning and renovation has commenced. On the 17th Lieut. W. F. S. Root, who came South with the Train, but who has been in the 102d Engineer Regiment, Co. C, since last October, was returned to the Train, assuming command thereof. Lieut. R. B. Field was transferred to the 102d Engineer Regiment. On the 17th the entire kitchen was torn apart and a temporary one erected outside. A cement floor was put in and a new portable range, such as made Co. C famous, is now installed. The boys won't have to go to town to get a "Stack of Wheats" now. Col. Vanderbilt, who is greatly interested in these new ranges, will inspect the new layout, and it is expected that Co. C will have to resort to strenuous efforts to retain its laurels. Lieut. J. F. Jahn has the sympathy of the entire Train in the loss of his baby and the serious illness of his wife.

Sergeant McCarthy is Acting First Sergeant in the absence of Sergeant Howland, who is greatly missed. Private "Wireless" Hogan, the Train "Rattler," has been appointed Saddler, and is now on the Picket Line pushing the old Needle. Privates Noble and Colgan, the "Watervliet Twins," have been appointed Lance Corporals. Privates "D. R." Carr and "S. G." Smith, have been appointed First Class Privates, and they are two happy boys, "just think, THREE (\$3) more to spend in the GAY LIFE at

Spartanburg." Stable Sergeant Long and his able assistant, Orderly Grasser, are still making things hum on the Old Picket Line. Mess Sergeant Dick Dormer is right on the job and the boys are being well taken care of, as far as EATS are concerned.

BATTERY E, 104TH FIELD ARTILLERY.

Our minstrel man and football star, Corp. Yerkes, was transferred to headquarters during the past week. The transfer means advancement. Go to it, Austin!

Private Corr was appointed cook. Corr is an old "sea dawg" and as cook ranks A1.

Mechanic Joe Murphy, who returned from his furlough to New York City, brought several musical numbers with him. His selections rendered at the Cleveland Hotel a few nights since proved to be a riot. One of the number is a pretty thing entitled "Three Girls from Mexico" (or words to that effect).

Napoleon once said: "An army travels on its stomach." Wrong again, Nap, decidedly wrong. We proved this during the past two weeks when the ice was on the ground. This sort of travel has raised havoc with Private Garland's spinal column.

Private Flynn has turned out to be one of the division's foremost rough-riders. Dick always was a careless sort of a cuss.

Sergeant Wade to Private Plath: "Take that ham off your back."

Corporal McBeath to Sergeant Wade: "That's no ham; that's a shelf for his undershirt."

WE WILL BE ENTERTAINED.

The work of entertaining the soldiers in the different cantonments by the Redpath, Y. M. C. A., and Klaw theatres, has been consolidated, according to the latest news from Washington, under the War Department Commission on Training Camp Activities.

Under the new plan the Redpath tents, the Y. M. C. A. Auditoriums, and the Klaw theatres are to be turned over to the commission, who will direct the work. The Redpath tents will hereafter be known as "Liberty Tents," the Y. M. C. A. Auditoriums as "Liberty Auditoriums," and the Klaw theatres as "Liberty Theatres." Credit for this consolidation is given by Secretary of War Baker to Harry P. Harrison, general manager of the Redpath Chautauquas.

Two committees have been appointed to handle the actual administrative details. Mr. Harrison has been made chairman of the committee having in charge all amusements to be given in the Liberty Tents and Liberty Auditoriums and Marc Klaw of the one in charge of the Liberty Theatre Amusements.

An executive committee to have charge of arrangements for financing the different amusements, has been appointed by the Commission, with H. P. Harrison as chairman, and he is now in Washington busy on plans which will soon develop into a nationwide campaign to further the cheer of the soldier boys.

The following was written by Secretary of War Baker to Raymond B. Fosdick, chairman of the War Department Commission on Training Camp Activities: "A proper amount of clean, wholesome entertainment contributes largely to the happiness of our soldier boys in camps and is fundamental in supplementing their physical and military training. It is one of the important duties of the War Commission for Training Camp Activities and this work must be continued and extended. I am glad to know that all entertainment projects will be consolidated and managed directly by your commission."

BATTERY D, 106TH REGT. FIELD ARTILLERY.

Private Bohn, our Incinerator Sergeant, has been getting passes every day for dental work. How is she, Bohn, pretty nice?

Supply Sergeant Vought has been strolling in camp rather late. Married life evidently does not agree with him. What say ye, Jack?

Corporal Kettle and Corporal McMurray spent Saturday and Sunday at Asheville, N. C. They wanted to buy the camp when they got back, and were rather dizzy-looking when they fell in for reveille roll-call.

Seven men are on Detached Service in Q Battery (guard house).

Corporal Jackson, the Beau Brummell of the Battery, was seen on Main street with two girls Saturday. That tenor voice of his must have quite some attraction for the fair ladies.

106TH INFANTRY.

"What is so rare as a day in June?" chor- ties the poet.

Camp taxis in Spartanburg at 10:45 p. m. Pneumonia's a bad illness.

Private Richards: "I seen 'em takin' Erb out on a stretcher a few minutes ago. What's the matter with 'im?"

Private Cordi: "Komonial!"

P. R.: "Oh, the Ammonia. GOSH, that's tough."

The following men from this company are in the "big town" on furloughs: Corporal George Peterson, Cook Chris Borresen, Privates George Jacobson, William Toms, and Richard Bogert.

And speaking of furloughs, Corporals Riley, Appleton, and Andrews, returned to camp recently, as well as Private Billy McEwan. Poor Bill. He rode in on the forty-mile gale that swept the camp last Saturday night, while the thermometer hovered around the zero mark. Said Bill: "Golly, New York's just like Palm Beach compared to this place."

And dealing still further in furloughs, Genial Billy Bockmeyer thought a few days ago that he'd be in New York by the time this goes to press. In fact, he had new O. D.'s, new hat, and hat cord, and new everything else picked out to knock the folks on the farm dead with, but alack a day. Bill was down in town a few nights ago armed with pass, qualification ticket and all the other requisites, but as he came out of a store was nailed with his overcoat unfastened by a wary lieutenant. His credentials were of no avail. The lieutenant turned him over to a passing M. P. Result: Fifteen days' confinement and "one furlough no got." But Bill swears that he'll get square. He's gonna boycott the M. P.'s canteen from now on.

They were discussing the black bandolier around the lieutenant's sleeve:

Quizzed Adamson: "What's the thing for, anyhow?"

Hebert: "Dunno. Guess the poor fellow's in mourning."

Adamson: "Morning, hell! This is afternoon."

Free admission will be given to the special performance in our mess hall on next 29th of February of

"The Power of Reduction"

(A heart-throbber in one act and one scene)

Dramatis Personae

King Bustemritenleft—First Sergeant C. E. Lichtenstein.

Prime Minister—Sergeant Harry Ehrenberg.

Court Jester—Corporal Arthur Salisbury.

Chancellor of the Exchequer—Corporal William Rockmeyer.

Ladies and gentlemen in waiting (for passes or furloughs)—Ex-corporals McCarty, McConnell, Myers, Stewart, Anderson.

D. T.

102D SUPPLY TRAIN.

It was with great regret that the 3d Company learned of the loss of their former commander, Lieut. Demarest, and they all wish him the best of success in his new appointment. We always have claimed, and will continue to claim that he may be tied, but they will have to step some to beat him.

Willie Snyder, who has been on the sick list for some time, has now recovered sufficiently to air his views on certain matters, and says that considering the percentage of non-coms in his company he considers it an honor to be a buck. I wonder if it was this or that box of candy that Hoosier Dunn got from Peekskil that made him ill?

Hippo Smith proved quite a success playing leap-frog at gas instruction.

Sergeant Vass, of the 3d Company, who has been detailed to the Officers' Training School, carries the best wishes of the 3d with him, and though he may be young, he's got old ideas, and the boys had better fall in promptly when "Willie" gets back.

VanBurg, alias Joe Rogers, the Supply Train Tailor, will make you look like a loolie for a dime.

"Tham" says he has seen the beautiful sunsets over Boston harbor, but has never seen the likes of the light that came into Fifty Fifty's eyes after the last physical exam. I wonder why.

It has been discovered how Jimmy Trucks, the famous headquarters messenger boy, holds his weight. We're on to you, Jimmy. Watch him start down the line, boys, about eleven.

Lieuts. King and Sanger, both of this command, received a ripping send-off, and as they are both good fellows, we hope to join them soon "over there."

We wonder when the wild Irishman will get his bars. Never mind, old top, you had your chance.

Beau Brummel Gerhardt has been making quite a hit with the Spartanburg ladies, but Fry knows one he missed on.

F. W. S.

COMPANY H, 106TH INFANTRY.

Sergeant John McCrosson is home in Brooklyn on a ten-day furlough.

Private Johnston (rumor Johnston) overheard the commander of the 106th say we were leaving for Mineola, Long Island, next week. Try again, little Albert, you know more than the colonel. We heard you before.

Private Red Steinhauser says boxing is bad for the eyes. It will be pretty bad, Red, where you have to fight in a gas attack "over there."

Private Roe was showing the boys a picture of his wife and baby. Luck, Roe.

The boys in Headquarters Squad are going to carry Private Johnston to church next Sunday. Better go, Johnston. You're in Dutch.

Our company always has the honor to escort our national colors out on the field for Saturday's inspection.

V. E. H.

5
Imported English
Trench Coats

with
Detachable Linings

\$50.00

The Coat for All
Seasons' Wear

GOLDBERG'S
Military Outfitters
"On the Square"
Spartanburg, S. C.

Fielder & Brown

WHOLESALE GROCERS
FULL LINE OF GROCERIES

Candies and Cakes

A SPECIALTY

Corner EZELL & CHOICE STS.

PHONE 161

The
Largest Book Store
in
South Carolina

Private Peat

Over the Top

*Rhymes of a Red Cross
 Man*



The DuPre Book Store
 Spartanburg, S. C.

**The Asheville
 Laundries**

Offer Four Days' Service and
 First Class Work

*Leave Your Package at
 The Following Places*

Sanitary Train Canteen

108th Infantry

Post Exchange

Austin Nichols

and Company Store

(At Camp Wadsworth Station,
 P. and N. R. R.)

BATTERY E, 104TH FIELD ARTILLERY.

E Battery's favorite musical number: "Tales of Hoffman."

Saddler Noonan just returned from a furlough in New York. He claims that Broadway is as dark as the inside of a motorman's mitt, but he found a place lit up by "incandescent" blondes.

Cook Kane has returned from his furlough from "somewhere in America," and enjoyed himself despite his hasty departure. Since his return the walls and floors of the mess hall are spotless. Moral: "A rolling stone repents at leisure."

"I want you should meet a friend. Some day he may do you good." Ask Top Sgt. Corbett. He knows.

During the past week one of B Battery's gray mules strayed over here and kicked Supply Sgt. Tattersoll. He has recovered, however.

Corp. Buck O'Neill expects a discharge with flat feet.

Privates James Williamson and Joe O'Brien don't expect to be around much longer. They're long enough now.

We are glad to hear Sgt. Callahan is attending the Divisional Officers' Training School. Our only regret is that it lasts but three months.

Some non-thinker with hob-nail shoes stepped on Herlihy's barber ticket and punched all the shaves out of it.

Sgt. Pete Kelly, formerly a marshal in New York City, is up to his old habits. It was noticed last Sunday at church in the Y. M. C. A. when the plate was passed Pete just showed his badge.

The 3d Section driver's tent would leave the same impression on a sightseer as the Leaning Tower of Pisa. One glance and you wonder what the hell holds it up.

"Fireside" Schaffner answered sick call, as usual, the other morning.

"What's the matter with you?" said the doctor.

"We had steak for supper last night," answered "Fireside."

"Well, what of it?" asked the doctor.

"Somebody put a leather hinge on my mess plate and I ate it."

"Well?"

"All night long I felt like a mess-hall door. Every time the wind blew I slammed."

REMOUNT DEPOT, NO. 307.

Of all the "positions" open in the Remount Depot, one of a nature not usually found in the "Want" column of a daily newspaper, or even in the Wadsworth Gas Attack, is that of an undertaker. But Private Dunn appears to be a full-fledged undertaker in a brand new line—that of dragging out all mules which have become disgusted with life and the army, and if they don't die fast enough, well, he leans up against a shed and waits for them. Can this job be beat? And at \$30.00 per?

F. E. T.

HEADQUARTERS CO., 102D ENGINEERS.

The brown derby which has changed hands several times has been won by Acting Corporal Frank Finnegan. Frank received a package to-day containing a pair of boots which were leaking.

Morge Currie, acting Mule Skinner during Dan O'Leary's illness, is missing a week in the kitchen.

McGinty won the brown spats the other night in town. A funeral of a deceased enlisted man was passing through town. McGinty remarked to the fellow with him: "What a fellow won't do to get home."

Joe Carey's hopes for a sergeancy were shattered to-day when his name was put on the bulletin for kitchen police.

Headquarters has quite a few cave men. Among them are the following wagoners: Babe Hanson, who puts his hat on in the morning and is dressed. Herbert Frederick Lightning Deitch, the boy with the baby shoes, size 12, and Chrystal, a former butcher boy.

Headquarters is now elected as the Fire Department of the regiment. In case of fire the kitchen detail at work or in bed rush for the hose. Second Cooks Hummel and McGinty run for the nozzle of the hose, and play the water on the fire. Cooks Goldberg and Dietz grab the first line and Sergeant Rosenberg, of the New York Fire Department, acts as chief. We've been praying for a fire for some time.

Abe Levin nearly lost his life when he entered the tent with a rumor that the Engineers will be out of Spartanburg within a month.

Willie Merk put in for a transfer back to the Boy Scouts.

NEW CLASSES FOR GAS DEFENSE COURSE.

The first course in gas defense having completed its work, a series of courses was established by the school of the line, comprising successive periods of four mornings and four afternoons, respectively, beginning Monday, January 28.

The courses will continue in following weeks from Monday to Thursday, inclusive, until each officer of the division and as many non-commissioned officers as possible, not already qualified as instructors in gas defense, shall have completed a course of four half-days' special instructions in this subject.

There will be separate details for the morning and afternoon courses. Unit commanders will detail students for each course as follows:

Two officers and non-commissioned officers from each battalion of each regiment of infantry, of field artillery and of the 102d engineers, two officers and two non-commissioned officers from the 102d field signal battalion; one officer from each infantry brigade headquarters and from artillery brigade headquarters.

COMPANY C, 107TH REGIMENT.

For the last week we have been kept real busy receiving instructions on the gas masks and bombs. Lieutenant Waldradt has been instructing us in the uses of the different bombs and grenades, and has certainly proved himself very capable in that capacity.

Hats off to Corporal Little and his squad. They know how to camouflage themselves with talcum powder better than any squad in the company. One of our lieutenants took particular notice of them one night last week at retreat.

If we don't get back home pretty soon Corporal Franklin will have no single lady friends at all. But, cheer up Frank, there are just as good fish in the sea as ever were caught.

The sporty dozen gather nightly in our mess hall, led by Cook Garvin. Apparently they enjoy themselves very much. (Five aces, Bill.)

Bill Munroe is quite frequently heard to say, "Call at my office in the Cleveland Hotel."

Better take that stogie out of your mouth, Bettes.

Private Horr's mind is once again at ease because Tulip firmly asserted the other day that the war would be over by June the nineteenth. (Tulip's birthday.)

Private Tait is the Gas Attack agent in our company. See him at the fifth tent for our copies.

Company C's bowling team, consisting of Maher, McAdie, McKinley and Bettes, are now ready for all engagements. They play Company D of this regiment, on Wednesday night, next, at the Bowling alley opposite the Cleveland Hotel.

Gas masks have at last been issued to the men. Too bad the fellows in the second squad were not supplied with masks the night that brick of cheese arrived for Curtis. Private Lyons could not eat a thing for two days afterwards.

"Freddie" Schliescher now has a pipe like a stove. If he cares to live to ever see home again, we would not advise him to ask anyone for a pipeful of tobacco.

The latest slang expression in camp is, "Tight as a Gas Mask."

The Y. M. C. A. Building opposite the 102d Engineers, was the center of amusement on Monday night, January 21st. Among other events, Maher and Delehunt appeared in a three-round bout. Maher got the decision, although it really was a draw.

The many friends of Private Roshia will be sorry to hear of his sudden illness. On Saturday evening he was taken to the hospital and early Sunday afternoon he underwent an operation for appendicitis. We are pleased to state, however, that he is improving and his condition promises a safe and speedy recovery.

Private Peirano seemed unusually happy and active on Sunday, January 20. Must have received that long-looked-for letter from his home or sweetheart.

"Krispograms"

No. 1

A Nickel Spent at Your Kanteen
for
Peanut Krisp
Means One Cent and a Half
Put in Your Company Fund

**Ask for Peanut Krisp and
Join the Krisp Krowd**

**Georgia Carolina
andy Spartanburg, S. C.**

Phone 198

105TH INFANTRY.

The 105th Infantry has maintained its reputation for "getting over the top" in the lead—this time socially.

On Saturday evening, January 19th, the new Officers' Club, One Hundred and Fifth Infantry, was formally opened by an entertainment and dance. Skillful mechanics and decorators had transformed the officers' mess-hall into a club room, and had smoothed the rough pine floor to a satin finish, fit for any beauty to dance on. Trimming of bark and panelled paper covered the walls and bare joists; the beams, window sashes and all wooden surfaces, were toned to a soft brown, while strings of small electric globes produced a soft glow, and when the multi-colored dresses, pretty faces, bright smiles of the officers' wives, sweethearts, sisters and friends (and most of the latter were at least promised sisters) were added on the gala night, the horrors of war and hardships of camp life were vanquished at least for the night.

The entertainment consisted of dancing, supper and then more dancing, with a short entertainment at supper time until the coming of Sunday brought it to a close. The entertainment features were: Piano recital, Lt. Higbee; Monologue, Lt. Armstrong; Chorus, The Booming Class; Chalk Talk, Lt. Dreher.

Among military guests present were: Major General and Mrs. John F. O'Ryan, Brigadier General and Mrs. R. E. L. Michie,

Brigadier General and Mrs. Bandholtz, Major George R. Roosevelt, Captain and Mrs. Battenburg, Captain F. Langer, Lt. and Mrs. J. L. Seligman, Lt. Colgate Hoyt, Jr., and Lt. W. A. Morris. Other guests were: Mrs. Reed, Mrs. Kemp, Misses Rachael McCauley, Francis Erwin, Curtis Cannon, Loris Dean, Grace DuPre, Dorothy Reel, Anna Ashe, Mary Erwin, Mary Black, Sarah Moore, Elvis Peterson, Anna L. Peterson, Margaret Sims; Mrs. Everett K. Pateman, Mrs. J. Scott Button, Mrs. Jacob S. Clinton, Mrs. Howard Bird, Mrs. Lester G. Higbee, Mrs. Lewis H. Gibbs, Mrs. and Miss Harry Merz, Mrs. Henry Haslin, Mrs. Stephen H. Fifield, Mrs. Marvin L. Atkins, Mrs. Eben P. Armstrong, Mrs. William H. Curtiss, Mrs. James M. Dunn.

The committee in charge of the entertainment was Lieut. Col. M. N. Liebmann, Capt. Harry E. Greene, Adjutant, and Lieut. Royal K. Tucker, Chaplain. The officers of the club are: President, Major Everett E. Pateman; Vice-President, Captain Slossom; Secretary, Lieut. Howard Bird; Treasurer, Lieut. Harry Merz.

WOULD HELP.

First Flatdweller—"I would like to move my daughter's piano, but I can't find anybody to help me. Would you assist?"

Second Flatdweller—"Yes; if you are going to move it far enough."—Judge.

"BREAK UP THAT COLD"

STEARNS' WHITE PINE AND TAR (Mentholated)
 CHLOROFORM THROAT LOZENGES
 DIKE'S COLD TABLETS
 AND ALL STANDARD REMEDIES

TODD DRUG CO.
 S. W. Corner Main and Church Sts.

ETHELBURT JELLYBACK.

(Continued from page 7.)

but the driver, instead of starting for camp at once, began to drive aimlessly though swiftly around Morgan Square. Wondering, we questioned him. He said he didn't want to start until he got another passenger—an additional emolument of twenty-five cents.

The driver kept going. In and out of streets we flashed, until the excitement mounted to our cheeks, and what with that and the ginger-ales we had imbibed earlier, we grew wildly hilarious.

"A fig for the M. P.'s!" I shouted, bravely.

We darted into Magnolia street, we jumped to North Church street, we careened back into Main street, we skipped on two wheels into Morgan Square again.

"Oh, see the statue of the Colonel!" cried Dickie.

"That's not a statue, Dickie. Those are icicles on the fountain."

And so it went, until the driver started back to camp, after having expended a dollar and fifteen cents' worth of gasoline looking for a twenty-five cents passenger.

—ETHELBURT JELLYBACK, Private.
 (C.D.)

CAMP QUARTERMASTER DETACHMENT.

Everybody had a good time at the entertainment given by the Quartermaster Corps men at the Enlisted Men's Club in Spartanburg. Much talent in the Corps was exhibited. Master of Ceremonies, Tom Dorsey, is to be congratulated on his success as a promoter of entertainments. Bob Jewell was "there" when it came to the singing, and Lyman Williamson was very much in evidence with his cornet. Major Kilpatrick kept the house in a roar with his address, and the "Jazz Quartet" gave some real "jazz" music. Mr. Garvin stated that this was the first affair of its kind to be held in the Enlisted Men's Club and he was pleasantly surprised at its success. This affair promises to be the forerunner of others of the same kind to be held by other organizations at the Club. Among those present were Major Farrell, Captain Miller and Captain Evans.

Sergeant Paris and Private J. Hyland Kuhns are now sojourning at the Officers' Training Camp. They were seen in town last week looking over some samples of second lieutenant's gold bars. Go to it, fellows, the boys of the Camp Quartermaster Detachment wish you both lots of luck.

Corporal Earl Scheuer almost missed getting a dance last Saturday night. He wandered about dejectedly until a fair damsel had compassion on him and the corporal got his dance. He was happy for the rest of the evening.

Big "Charlie" Steinmetz drives a cute little fivver in the performance of his duty. He thinks so much of the little machine that he has tied some baby ribbon to each side of the windshield. The fivver has been behaving splendidly since.

"Herbie" Rosenbaum would thoroughly enjoy army life if they would only eliminate getting up in the morning. The Top Sergeant, however, can't see it, so "Rosie" has to get up. He has threatened, however, to write to Congress to see if something could not be done toward doing away with obnoxious reveille.

The congestion of mail in the post office must be due to the fact that Private Brushaber has been receiving four letters and a package every day since his arrival in our midst. One of the letters comes in a dainty-colored envelope addressed in a very pretty handwriting. This is the letter he treasures most. We wonder why?

Private Louis Stephens is all "up in the air" since he passed the examination for the Aviation Corps. He threatens to leave us soon to become a real aviator. We will all look up to you when you do, Stephens.

Privates Victor Cohn and Harry Gilliland, former M. P.'s, decided to mend their ways and turn over a new leaf so they now belong to the Q. M. C.

THE LIMIT.

"The Colonel is very polite."

"His politeness was hard put to it to-day, however."

"How was that?"

"He tried to hold a revolving door open."

—Kansas City Journal.

COMPANY "F," 102ND ENGINEERS.

Private McAuliffe's parents owe a vote of thanks to some fair young lady in Spartanburg for taking their beloved son to church every Sunday.

Privates Leonard and Mahoney, formerly of the Keith Circuit, have teamed together and the boys have enjoyed many a pleasant evening watching them go through their fancy steps in heel and toe dancing.

Sergeant Feinhout is glad that our O. D. dog, "Sullivan," has decided to camp in his tent for now Granny Moore has someone to fuss over.

Private Glynn must certainly have some influence in the company, for he managed to go on guard the day he returned from his furlough.

We often wondered why they called Wagoner Nevins "Balky," but after watching him and the mules we understand.

Cook Farrell is not over the effects of his recent furlough; he evidently thinks he is still on his honeymoon, judging from the way he sweetens the coffee, etc.

Our original cave-man, O. Allen, certainly tries to live up to his old custom of cave dwelling, for he even forgets to remove his shoes when he retires.

Maggie Gill put on a clean white collar and hiked all the way to town Sunday, but he evidently missed his date for he was back in line at mess call.

Private Spareribs Blatchley has asked for the mess orderly's job; he evidently has been watching Private Terrell grow fat on the job.

Corporal Newman has a great act; he talks so fast and varies his conversation so much that a person can't even think when listening to him. No wonder he never gets an argument.

Who stole the hamburger steaks—Mullhall? Who helped you get away with them, Mull?

105TH INFANTRY.

"Abe" Perkarky, the corporal with a general's ideas, has his chariot hitched to a star, and we note he now O. K.'s passes as acting sergeant.

Private Frank Simmons, the boiler man, sits up after taps figuring how he can supply hot water to bathe the 1st battalion on the 90-pound company coal allowance. We hate to see Frank worried. He may lose his "frail" appetite. Other companies please note, and keep Simmons supplied with coal.

We congratulate Sergeant Kemp. For what, we don't know. He has a little hat with a "red and white" cord. Hope you can get it to fit, old chap.

The non-coms in "A" Co. are now watching the vacant cots at taps, for "A. W. O. L.'s." Cheer up, non-coms, there will soon be more privates.

Company "A" grenadiers are so used to doing everything "O'Grady" says that they won't get up at reveille unless "O'Grady" says so.

A. E. A.

CO. B, 102D M. P.

First Sergeant Daly is extremely happy of late, the cause being the purchase of a new pair of hip boots. Although we have no positive proof of it, we are convinced that he wears them to bed with him.

Sergeant Arthur Calnan, our esteemed Color Sergeant, though not inclined to be pessimistic, does not believe he shall see "Gay Paree," where they say there are "Spirits" in abundance, and you know Cal is a "Spiritualist."

We are all glad to have "Big Bill" Ringle with us again, after having undergone a successful operation at the Base Hospital, and sincerely hope his recovery is rapid, so as to enable him to take his place in the ranks once more.

Col. Sam Johnson has just returned from the Base Hospital after a week's "bunk fatigue," and he is wondering how he can get back again. He thinks camp life is just horrible.

"Wild Bill" Arnold had a picture taken recently in cowboy costume and sent it to his home paper for publication, and instead of seeing his photograph in the paper, as he had expected, he received a letter from the editor, asking him if he thought his paper was interested in wild animals, and suggested that he try the Burnett Park Zoo.

"Peekskill" Jaeschker has written a new song, entitled "Oh me, Oh my, It's Terrible," very appropriate for people to warble when they have a toothache. Jaeschker is awaiting a transfer to the Pigeon Squad, a branch of the Aviation Service, and we hope he doesn't get kicked by one of those ferocious animals.

Our mutual friend, Jack Kaul, the office Beau Brummel, is not related in any way to first "kaul" in the morning, as was supposed, but he is very intimate with mess call, as we all know.

Lady J. J. O'Brien has been transferred to the 5th Squad, and is spoiling the evenings for this noisy crew by his plaintive calls for his Ivy. Last Wednesday, "Sur-cingle" George, of the noisy 5th, was overcome from his exertions while performing his duties as tent orderly, and had to be put to bed.

Corporal Millis, of the notorious 13th, is suspected of stuffing his ears with cotton prior to the recent physical examination, expecting to get a S. C. D., but the physician proved to be on the alert and Red passed, much to his discomfiture. Now the boys are contemplating the purchase of an ear trumpet to enable him to hear reveille.

Corporal Eggleton, of the industrious (?) 5th refuses to give his reasons for using so much peppermint of late. We can easily guess the reason—(88.5%) alcohol. Eggleton has tried to show his engineering ability quite a number of times, but his efforts seem to be futile, for when he endeavors to put up shelves or build chests, there is always one of the squad sure to misunderstand their true meaning and use them for fuel for the Sibley.

Sergeant Dahl has been trying to wrench Joe Hooker's laurels from him as a bronco buster, and endeavoring to ride every buckner in the place, and as we all think a lot of Dahl and his ability as a rider we sincerely hope he will leave this work to Joe Hooker as we would hate to see him severed from his \$38 per month.

Col. Elmer Ross is commanding quite a bit of attention with his efforts to become an elocutionist, and he should make good, for he has an able teacher in Jack Slattery, the Co. B Elman, who can recite a bit or two himself.

Wag. Sloudy, our famous "mule skinner," holds the record for backward broad jumping, at which he made 40 feet. We have not the slightest doubt but that this record will remain the same for some time to come. He now has his trained mules so that they will do a column right or left with more precision and less argument than the men in the ranks. Let us imitate the mules.

We have often wondered why Whitman visits the mules so late at night. From all indication Whitman made good in his efforts, but he is still with the company and we would suggest that he try and pursue different methods in his efforts to return home to his progeny and dear wife in Brooklyn.

We are somewhat puzzled over the title Saddler given to Joe Lynch, and from all indication we believe he should have been associated with Omar the Tent Maker. There is pretty keen competition between our two famous, globe-trotting horseshoers, namely, Dooling and Ryer, in that they receive about the same number of love letters each week, but Ryer has taken the lead for he is soon to leave on his furlough, the result being that Dooling is somewhat downhearted. But cheer up, Ed, we will be here long enough for you to get a furlough.

Douglas Fairbanks has a very ardent admirer in Kid Baxter, the whirlwind New York featherweight, who after seeing one of his idol's latest productions, came back and tried to imitate the feats he had seen, the result being that cots were overturned in his efforts to do a hop, step, and a jump and land on his left ear, and the only way we can overcome this is to let him tire himself out. EGGLETON.

PARTY FOR 2D PIONEERS.

The 2d Pioneer Infantry, famous as the 14th New York, had a theatre party at the Harris Theatre January 25th, as a reward for the fine spirit they have shown during their Southern training trip.

NEW OFFICERS HERE.

Many new officers are arriving for duty with the Provisional Training Depot. One train pulled into Spartanburg January 23d with 240 second lieutenants aboard. They were transferred from Camp Jackson, Columbia, S. C.

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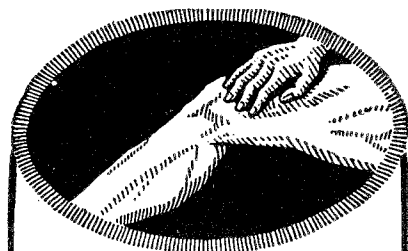
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MACHINE GUN CO., 106TH INFANTRY.

Private Milton E. Tully still retains the Sibley Coal Belt after a hard hand-to-hand struggle with Private Emerling.

Life's deep mysteries: Where did Private Frank Barnett get his new hat?

We wonder if Private "Nick" Graney will ever do away with his parlor habits, such as eating an orange with a spoon and a banana with a fork?

The company slogan at present is: Don't waste anything; give it to Emerling.

Wonder where Private Lethen keeps himself every night? Will he ever get enough sleep?

Private Wier offers to any person in camp \$25 who can procure a medicine that will relieve him of his severe cold.

Will Private Rae ever keep on his own side of the tent and not go parading around disturbing everybody else's cot and trunk?

We all envy Private Harry E. Schlemourtz since he was excused from all night duties. Will he ever take those goggles off? Seems as if he is in pretty soft with the Y. M. C. A.

Private Tully, our esteemed fireman, overslept himself a few days in succession, but we all sincerely hope that he will again be back on the job and awake at 4 a. m. and start the fire.

Private Barnett, the pie fiend, has sworn not to eat more than a half dozen pies a day. Hope he will live up to it.

Seems as if Privates Graney and Schlinourtz are the wood-men for the squad.

When is Private Barnett's transfer to Non-Flying Corps coming through? When is Private Tully getting his furlough?

Private Schlemourtz is wishing that he could be transferred to the Signal School at Silver Lake, N. J. F. B.

COMPANY I, 106TH INFANTRY.

Sergeant Jack Kingsley received a thirty-day furlough for his excellent showing in the bayonet combat on New Year's day, in which the 106th Infantry defeated the 107th Infantry.

Sergeant C. E. Godley, who was also "there" in the bayonet combat, is going to the Officers' School to try for a commission.

Private Ben Wilson is working on a scheme so that Sergeant Horn can blow his whistle with the gas-mask on.

Has anyone seen Jane?

Private Ed Platkin's pet phrase: "Did I show you Rose's picture?"

Sergeant Sam De Blasie will have the whole company talking Italian in two weeks.

Supply Sergeant Vette is going to issue O. D. sleighs to the first platoon so that they can coast down to the "Larry."

I wonder why Privates Mason and Platkin can't go to bed before "Call to Quarters?"

Lieut. Ira I. Hodes was transferred from this company to Company K, of this same regiment, and Lieut. L. E. Stoffragen, formerly of K Company, of this Regiment, is now on duty with Company 1. E. A. P.

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