

WADSWORTH GAS ATTACK AND The Rio Grande Rattler.

Vol. 1

CAMP WADSWORTH S. C., January 26, 1918

No. 10

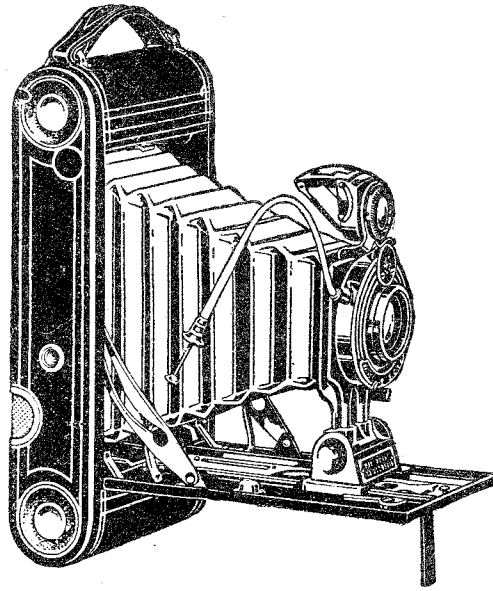


NUT NUMBER

PRICE TEN CENTS

First Aid To The Soldiers

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



TOILET ARTICLES

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

SAFETY RAZORS

Gillette
Gem
Ever-Ready
Auto Strap
Enders and Penn

LIGON'S

PRESCRIPTION SPECIALISTS AND FIRST CLASS DRUGS

Corner of North Church and Main Streets

What Every Soldier Knows.

Every soldier knows what is printed in *The Gas Attack*.

He knows what advertisers announce their products.

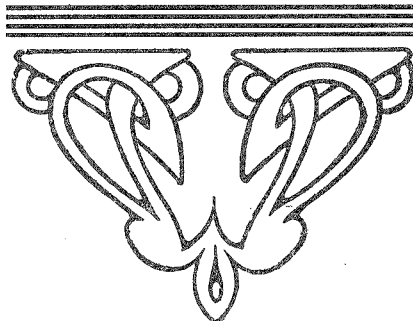
The best way to reach the soldiers is by *The Gas Attack*.

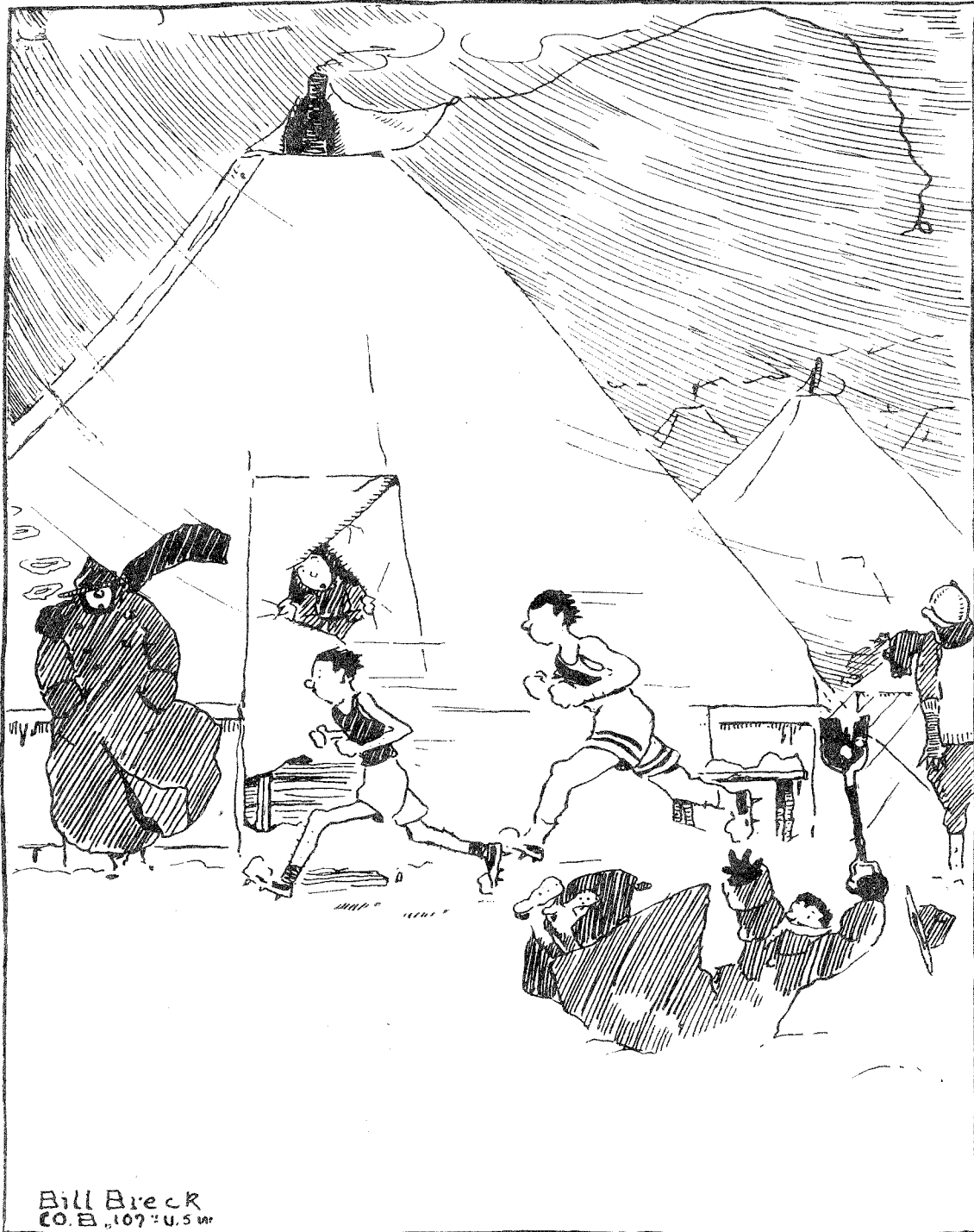
Through the soldiers you reach thousands of other people — families, sweethearts, and friends — in New York and all over the country.

Table of Contents

	Page
Illustration, The Ath-a-letes, by Pvt. William Breck, Co. B, 107th Inf.....	2
The Horrible After-Effects of Army Life, a heart-rending story, by Pvt. Charles Divine, Ambulance Co. 108	3
Editorial Page: Vice in Spartanburg, a daring exposé, by Pvt. Richard E. Connell, Co. A, 102nd M. P.....	4
The Incinerator: A Soldier's Letter to His Sweetheart, by Lieut. Edward Streeter, 52nd Field Artillery Brigade.....	5
Nuts Will Be Nuts, a wierd story, by Pvt. Arthur Robinson, O. T. C.....	6
Eight Little Soldiers, a poem, by A. F. Smith, Med. Det. Base Hospital.....	6
The Ideas of Ethelburt Jellyback, Private: VIII. On the Night of His Wild Adventure in Paris, by Pvt. Charles Divine, Ambulance Co. 108.....	7
Illustration by Pvt. Dick J. Kennedy, 102nd Supply Train.....	7
The Dream of the Editors, of the "Pipe" variety, by C. D.....	8
Wadsworth Fables: The Boy Who Parted His Hair in the Middle, by Pvt. Howard A. Herty, Co. A, M. P.....	8
Illustration, The Prize Nut, by Pvt. Don Emery, 107th Inf.....	9
The Ballad of My Departed Moustache, a poem, by A. F. Smith, Base Hospital.	10
Illustration, Miss Brazil and Private Pecan, by Pvt. Ed. Neal, Co. M, 106th Inf.	10
Illustration, Some Nuts We Will Have to Crack, by Pvt. William Knipe, 107th Inf.	11
To Be or Nut to Be, a poem, by C. V. P., Co. B, 104th M. G. Batt.....	11
The Nut Who Believed Every Rumor, a poem, by C. P. W., 105th Inf.....	12
Illustration, What Are You in Civil Life, by Pvt. Dick J. Kennedy, 102nd Supply Train	12
Breaking the Heart of a Cootie, notes from Co. G, of the 53rd Pioneers.....	13
Illustration, South Carolina, by Pvt. Ed. Neal, Co. M, 106th Inf.....	13
News from Division Units—Beginning on.....	14
Illustration, Why Sam Didn't Enlist, by Pvt. Dick J. Kennedy, 102nd Sup. Train.	15
I'd Feel at Home if They'd Let Me Join the Army, a poem, by Pvt. M. Chernin, Co. B, 105th Inf.....	16
Illustration, Physical Torture, by Pvt. Dick J. Kennedy.....	17
The World at War.....	18
When We Will Leave for France, a real announcement.....	18
Illustration, The Name of the Horse, by Pvt. Dick J. Kennedy.....	19
News of the Y. M. C. A.	20
Illustration, by Dick J. Kennedy.....	21
Camp Sports, edited by Pvt. Fred J. Ashley, Headquarters Troop.....	23
Two Men Who Came Back, an account of Mercer and Farmer, by C. H. L. F....	25
World Brevities, edited by J. S. Kingsley.....	30
Announcement. The Gas Attacks That Are Coming.....	34

Be Sure to Read the Announcement on the Back Page of This Issue.





THE ATH-A-LETES.

Oh, see the pretty Ath-a-letes a-running thru the snow. Where ARE they going in their B. V. D.'s? They may be headed for Ward 15, in the Base Hospital, where hey take squirrel-bitten gentlemen. German propagandists have spread the malicious report that the American cuckoo crop is exhausted, but any one who has lamped a covey of camp Marathoners operating their ambitious ankles in the snow 'drifts knows that we have plenty of cuckoos right here in camp.

The Horrible After-Effects of Army Life

How the Dire Results of the Routine and Discipline Almost Wrecked the Home of Private McBuggs

I.

Private McBuggs swung off the train with his suitcase in his hand. Stealthily he looked up and down the platform.

It was late at night.

Private McBuggs hadn't notified his family of his home-coming. The effects of army life were still so deep in his soul that he at once began to plan to slip into the house without being seen.

He sneaked up a side street.

"Can I get by the guards?" he asked himself.

He went up the little lane through the back way, past the barn. He remembered the barn all right. That was the spot where his father first applied home discipline to him, although, to be sure, the barn itself wasn't the exact physiological spot of the application.

In Through a Window.

Climbing through a window, Private McBuggs found nobody astir in the house. He forgot that the house was only an old residence in which lived his mother, father, sister, brother, and Aunt Myra, a maiden lady much given to music and mustard plasters.

He crept upstairs. "I musn't let the corporal get anything on me."

In his bedroom he found a big white bed. It was just as he had left it. He stared at it curiously. "I wonder what that's for!"

He prepared to bunk on it for the night anyway. A moment later he must have thought he was a sergeant, for he took his pocket flashlight and started along the corridor of bedrooms.

"I gotta take check roll-call," he muttered, opening the door to Aunt Myra's room.

He bent over the bed and took hold of the covers. "All present or accounted for?"

His flashlight revealed a struggle beneath the sheets and Aunt Myra's face sticking up, horror-stricken.

"Help!" she screamed. "Burglars! Help! Police! Murder!"

Private McBuggs fled back to his room. He heard sounds of the household moving about excitedly and his father at the telephone waking police headquarters out of a sound sleep.

"Gee!" McBuggs dived into bed. "I'd better lie low. They're calling out the guard."

II.

Private McBuggs woke early the next morning—at six o'clock, to be exact. He fancied that he heard dying out the last notes of reveille. He jumped out of bed and, tightening his belt, ran out to the street, still gray before dawn.

In front of his house he fell into alignment with the street car tracks and stood at attention. Strange! He saw no other soldier out yet, except the captain, who as a matter of fact was the cop on the beat, looking at him queerly.

"Yez can't be after takin' a car on this line, can yez?"

McBuggs saluted him.

"Sir, the company is formed."

"Go on, ye h'athen, the company wint into bankruptcy last August."

McBuggs saluted again and went back to his room. He washed in a tumbler of water he found in the hall and wiped his face on the bedstead. Then he went to mess. In the dining room he found the other members of the family.

He Meets His Family.

They stared at him dumbfounded, and then pounced upon him. He received their greetings as in a daze. "Well, sonnie," said his father finally, "let's sit down and eat breakfast." His father and mother started forward to their chairs, but Private McBuggs stopped them with a shout.

"Hey! Get back there! The mess line forms behind me. Whaddya trying to do—slip somethin' over me?"

The family looked at him aghast. They managed to get through breakfast, however. Then Private McBuggs took up his dishes and started for the kitchen.

"Where in hell's the hot water? Who's on kitchen to-day?"

Nora, the cook, dropped a plate in the excitement.

"Come on, you rummies!" cried McBuggs. "Let's go back and get the place ready for inspection."

He went to his room and began laying out everything on the bed. His sister came to the door, amazed.

"Go out and police the street," he told her. "Get all those cigarette butts in front of the door, and hurry up. Shake a leg!"

III.

The family was assembled in the parlor, discussing the strange case of their soldier boy.

"Jim says such irrational things," complained his mother. "Do you suppose his mind has become unsettled from camp life? He just passed my door as I was lying down, and he told me to 'cut out that bunk fatigue.' What in the world does it all mean?"

"I give it up," replied Mr. McBuggs, pacing the floor anxiously. "He told me to go out and get busy on the Incinerator. He must have forgotten that our car is a Ford."

"Well, I guess we'd better—s-s-s'h, here comes Jim now!"

He Seems to Get Worse.

Private McBuggs stood in the doorway. His voice was loud and firm.

"This squad's going on guard to-night, and I don't want any o' you boobs reporting for guard mount with dirty guns or equipment. Don't you know how to stand at attention yet?" This to his father who was fidgetting from one foot to the other. "Keep those hands at your side. Quit scratching your nose! You'll poke your eye out."

He turned around and strode out. A death-like silence fell upon the group. Aunt Myra began to weep. Nobody moved. Only the fuzzy little dog, Hortense, the pride of Mrs. McBuggs' heart, seemed not to realize the awful crisis that hung over the household. Hortense wagged her tail as usual.

IV.

Later in the afternoon Private McBuggs blew a blast on his whistle and summoned the family to assembly on the veranda.

"Comp'nee, a-ten . . . shun!"

As he gave the order his mother and father and aunt and sister stood up as erect as they could; yet they were seized with fear and trembling.

"I have decided," announced Private McBuggs, "to pitch pup tents on the tennis court."

Mrs. McBuggs let out a scream. She made a lunge and gathered up the fuzzy little dog, Hortense, into her arms. She murmured to it hysterically: "No, no, Hortense! He shan't harm you."

"Why, what's the matter?" asked Mr. McBuggs.

"Matter? Didn't you hear what Jim said. He said he'd 'pitch pup 'Tense on the tennis court.' Oh, what a brute my son has become!"

V.

It was not until evening that peace settled over the household. And that was only brought about by Mr. McBuggs commanding his son to go to sleep in the bath-tub full of water. Then Private McBuggs felt perfectly at home! —C. D.

HAVE YOU GOT THEM?

We will gladly pay ten cents per copy for the last three issues of the "Wadsworth Gas Attack."

Bring them to

J. S. KINGSLEY,
Y. M. C. A. Headquarters.

Wadsworth Gas Attack and Rio Grande Rattler

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

Honorary Editors—

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

Publication Committee—

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

Editor—

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

Associate Editor—

Pvt. Charles Divine, Ambulance Co. 108.

Art Editor—

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

Business Manager—

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

Advertising Manager—

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

Editorial Staff—

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

PRICE, TEN CENTS FOR THIS ISSUE.

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

Subscription terms, \$1.50 for 3 months.

Contents of this Magazine Copyrighted.

VICE IN SPARTANBURG.

The time has come to tell the truth about vice in Spartanburg. The truth has been suppressed long enough. The people back home have a right to know. Congress has a right to know. The editors of this paper may be sent to Fort Leavenworth for telling it. But if they can shock the world into a realization of what conditions really are here, they will undergo the martyrdom willingly.

Vice stalks abroad in Spartanburg. It leers at one on East Main street. It raises its hideous head in the very shadow of Converse College. It peers evilly from doorways in Magnolia street.

We will be specific. We will take up vice in Spartanburg, vice by vice, and vice versa.

First, perhaps the most insidious vice the soldier has to guard against is the round hair-cut, also known as the neck-shave. It is undoubtedly a part of the German propaganda. Half the barbers in Spartanburg are in league with the Kaiser to denude the necks of the 27th Division of the foliage nature meant to grow there. Unless you take your hair-cut, in a military manner, keeping always on the alert, some Carolina Bobo will operate a mean razor and expose five inches of your red neck to the chill breezes.

Gas Attack spies have discovered that by this method some 54,755 square inches of military neck have been

laid bare to the gaze of all Spartanburg. This, of course, necessitates a great expenditure of soap and water. The hand of the wily Hun is apparent.

Second, the gilded cafes (pronounced to rhyme with "safes") lure the soldier from the straight and narrow path, to wit, East Main street. In these cafes the baneful nut sundae claims victim after victim. And there are worse things. Many a young man has come pure from his home in Flatbush only to be corrupted by "Pineapple Temptations," "Marshmallow Delights" and "Loganberry Liasions"? Many a young man, coming straight from the rarefied atmosphere of Avenue A, has dallied on the primrose path of waffles and wheat cakes, until he was befuddled. The deadly waffle (pronounced—"waw-full") is one of the curses of modern civilization, especially when it is underdone. Yet waffles are served openly and shamelessly to our soldiers! Should this state of affairs not bring a blush to the cheek of every Carolina Bobo?

What can the young soldier do? He comes into town flush with wealth, weighed down with his salary (three silver dollars). He wants to have his fling. If he comes in on one of the jitneys he probably gets it. If he comes in on the P. & N. he probably gets to town in time to start back.

But if he does get there, the bright lights of East Main street get him. A few rounds of wawfulls, a nut sundae or two and he reels out into the gay-lamped boulevards, so overcome that he salutes half a dozen Wofford majors and a hotel bellhop, before he winds up in the movies. Yes, there are movies, too. Think of it! And the authorities seem powerless to do anything. The night life of Spartanburg gets its grip on the young soldier. At least once a month he debouches on the town to debauch. Money flows like water. **The Gas Attack** spies have figured out that the average wild night on the gay black and white way of Spartanburg, costs as follows:

Taxi to town, \$.25; liniment for bruises, \$0.10; washes hands at Cleveland, \$.00; tips Wofford Major by mistake, \$.05; waffle, \$.20; one Parisian Pineapple Flirtation Sundae, consisting of one small lump of pallid ice-cream, one chunk of pineapple, two dabs of whipped cream, some mysterious fluid, probably molasses, or the stuff they put on fly-paper, and a few ground up nuts (including the shells), \$.15; another waffle, \$.20; three souvenir post-cards (Moonlight in Morgan Square, darkies eating watermelon, and scene in cotton fields), \$.05; another waffle, \$.20; movies, \$.22; another waffle, \$.20; bottle of Pluto water, \$.15; home on the P. & N. by 9:33, \$.10. Grand total, \$1.87.

This is where the soldier's money is going. This isn't an occasional occurrence, either. It happens as often as twice a month, with some of our weaker brethren. Something must be done about it!

—R. E. C.



A SOLDIER'S LETTER TO HIS SWEETHEART.

Pom de mon oie:

You say that like oie yoy in Yiddish. It means apple of my eye. I never saw an apple in nobodys eye, Mable, but I guess that's some French custom.

Great news, Mable. A fello whats got a friend in the audience department in Washington just told me the wars going to end about the 15th of Feb. Dont say nothin to nobody about it. It might look as if I was gettin mixed up in politiks. I put in for a furlow on the 5th tho. Then I wont have to come back, eh Mable? Ill bet your glad. Its great to think of gettin into a place where you cant see through the walls and there aint three inches of mud on the floor. An think of not havin to tie the doors together when you come in or crawl underneath em on your hans and nees and not havin to put everything you own in the world under the bed. But I guess you dont care as much about these things as I will.

This would be a good training camp for artik explorers. I bet the fellow that picks out the camps either owns a cold storage plant in civil life or else they do it by mail order. It got so cold the other night the silver in the thermometer disappeared. It aint been seen since.

We got a comical guy in the tent. Bill Broggins. Me an hims a pair. Keep everybody laffin all the time. Bill likes things hot about as well as me. Every nite he fills the Sibly stove so full of wood that he has to hammer the last piece in. It gets so hot that it jumps up and down like a mad monkey. Thats the way Siblys do when they get awful hot. Were not bothered by that much though.

We got another guy thats a fresh air feend. His name is Angus McKenzie. Hes Scotch. Hes so close himself that he has to have lots of air or hed smother. Every night he puls up the side of the tent by his bed. No one likes fresh air in its place better than me, Mable, but when its as fresh as this air is its place is outside.

I wake up in the night rolled into a ball like a porkypine. Theys things in the middle of my back like his stickers. If I dont move I get cramps. If I do, I freeze. All around the place where Im lyin is as warm as a park bench in winter. Sometimes I forget and push my feet down. Thats awful.

One night I thought I heard the horn and stuck my head out of the blankets. It was

Angus with his head and one arm outside snorin. Can you beat that. I bet he swims in the ice all winter home and has his picture in the Sunday paper. I froze my ear before I could get my head back. That the kind of a fello he is.

Its awful cold in the mornin. They blow three calls. The first is just for the slow guys. I can make it nice from the march if I dont take too many cloze off. Thats no temtashun. One guy jumps up just before assembly and makes a lot of fuss like hes gettin dressed. He dont fool nobody. The only thing he takes off at night is his hat. Some says that falls off when he gets into bed.

Angus gets up every mornin in his BVDs. I think his skin is furlined. You can hear him smashin the ice in the pail with a hair brush outside. Then you can tell hes washin by the noise he makes like a busted steam pipe. Then he comes smashin into the tent leavin the door open and wipes the ice offen his face with somebody elses towel an say gosh that great. I hate that kind of a fello.

Bill Broggins cleaned the stove with his towel last week sos everything would be neet for inspection. Angus got hold of it in the dark next mornin. Gee, youd haft laft, Mable.

I got the little tin morrow you sent, Mable. Its unbreakable all right. Bill Broggins got so mad at it he tried to break it and couldnt. The first time I looked in it I got an awful start. I thought I was starvin. I looked like one of them pictures of hungry Indins that the mishunaries show you just before they pass the plate. Bill Broggins swiped it later and says why didnt somebody tell him he was gettin so fat cause he couldnt go home on a furlo like that. He didnt eat nothin for three meals and then he looked at himself with the mirrow turned the other way. Its like one of those Coney Island places where a fello can go in and laf at himself for a dime. Next time send me one that will break.

I got to quit now and buy a couple of pies before I go to bed. I dont sleep good less I have a little somethin on my stummick. Dont say nothin about what I told you in the beginning.

Until the 15th Feb. then

yours faithfully

BILL.

THE HEATHEN CHINESE IS PECULIAR.

I walked into a Chinese laundry. It seemed to be the easiest way of getting in. He stood behind a little cage, evidently a protection against violence. He was scratching both elbows at the same time. I summoned up my best Chinese. "Very dirty washee. How longee takee. Two weekee?" He stopped scratching long enough to stare at me. "I will endeavor to have it for you then, sir, but you know that the shortage of colored labor hampers our efficiency considerably." Whereupon he handed me the cover of a package of firecrackers and I left the shop.

We are now waiting for the spring to dry up the roads so that we can sweep up the Fords.

Dear Ma:

Pipes all froze again. Never mind sending that soap. Send down a couple of good erasers instead.

Yours,
Willie.

"That's me all over," said Bill as the shell hit him.

Half the world are squirrels and the other half are—soldiers.

Hoover has set the style with his WHEATLESS DAYS and his MEATLESS DAYS. And in South Carolina they have HEATLESS DAYS. Also, in the army we have SHEETLESS DAYS. Why not a few DRILL-LESS DAYS? Or FATIGUELESS DAYS? Or NON-COMLESS DAYS?

Said the mess orderly at the headquarters officers' mess, "Say, cook, this plate of beans is O. K."

"Howzat?" asked the cook, testing the cocoa's warmth with his thumb.

"Because it was just passed by the censor!"

(N. B.—Pity the poor GAS ATTACK editors. They get jokes like this every day. If they don't run them, the author, who is usually a six foot-two top sergeant, comes around and wants to know why.)

NUTS WILL BE NUTS

By Arthur Robinson, O. T. C.

"We're getting out a Nut Number," said the editor of THE GAS ATTACK, "and it's about time you wrote something for us."

"Oh, yes!" I said, with sarcastic significance. Not even an editor can fool me.

A moment or two of thought and silence followed.

"But what shall I write?" I asked.

"Oh! Anything at all will do, so long as it's nutty," he answered.

"I got you, Kernel," I replied, just like that—and straightway I sat down to a typewriter.

I placed my fingers upon the keyboard and simulated thought. No ideas erupted.

"Something," I said, "is the matter with this typewriter. It won't work. A nut is loose, or something."

"So I have noticed," said the editor.

But I said nothing, and continued to think. Finally I hit it. I recalled a true nut story about three soldiers who had been bayoneted by Lucifer J. Cupid and had, consequently, gone out of their minds. My friend, Frank, told me the story last Summer at Brighton Beach.

Women to Blame.

Frank had made the statement that women are the cause of most of the trouble in this little old world, and a little lady in the party resented it.

"At ease," said Frank, "give me your attention."

"A few years ago," he began, "I had occasion to inspect an insane asylum with a famous alienist. In the course of my inspection I encountered an inmate who spoke rationally, thought logically and, altogether, conducted himself in a military manner. Despite this I thought he was sane and told Dr. Whoozis so.

"Ask him a question," said the doctor. And I did. I asked him how long he had been in the National Guard. He told me. There was nothing in this to indicate that his service in the N. G. had affected his mind, even though he had been made a corporal several months before he was confined to the asylum.

"Have you ever written sports for a New York paper?" I asked him. He answered in the negative.

"Have you ever had any sudden sorrow—a sorrow which might affect your mind?"

"No, never," he replied. "I'm sane."

"I asked him if he had ever suffered an overwhelming financial reversal; I asked him

a number of other questions, and to each of these he answered logically.

"Here," I thought, "is a bird who really is sane." I could think of but one more question and I put it to him.

"Have you ever been in love?" I asked. "WOW! WOW! WOOF! WOOF! And the inmate rose on his haunches and barked like a mad dog.

"I walked away, satisfied that Dr. Whoozis was right.

"We paused before another padded cell, further on. In it was an old private of the regular army who had seen service in the Philippines.

"There," said Dr. Whoozis, "is a sad case. That man was engaged to a girl whom he had known since childhood. On the day set for their marriage the girl eloped and married a supply sergeant."

"There was something appealing and pathetic in the man's helplessness. It was hard to look upon him, so we walked away.

"We came to another cell, at the end of the tier. In it was another army man. He lay flat on his back, on a mattress in the center of the cell. Steel chains were tied to his ankles and wrists so that he could not move in any direction. His face was livid with madness and the muscles of his neck bulged.

"What," I asked Dr. Whoozis, "is the story attached to that man?"

"Oh, that man?—THAT MAN IS THE SUPPLY SERGEANT WHO MARRIED THE GIRL THE FELLOW DOWN THE LINE WAS TO HAVE MARRIED."

BLAZE IN BLIGHTY VILLA.

"Blighty Villa," in the lair of the Headquarters Troop, where the British N. C. O.'s reside, was the scene of a brisk blaze last week. The Britishers had been under fire, before, however, so they were not much flustered. Sergeant-Major Tector roared out an alarm. Sergeant Gray, in lieu of water, hurled buckets of snow on the blaze. The fire was finally extinguished with the aid of Private Thornhill's silk pajamas, which were damaged in the operation.

CAPTAIN STOCKBRIDGE LOSES PETE.

The Pioneers have lost Pete. Rather, Capt. Morton Stockbridge, adjutant of the 53d Pioneer Infantry, has lost him. Pete was a 54-inch bull snake, captured by the Pioneers in the wilds of Virginia, when they were on guard up there. The Carolina climate was too much for Pete. He contracted a bad case of eppizooty, which tied him in bow-knots. Capt. Stockbridge found Pete bent into a pretzel-shape, and quite defunct. Pete was buried with military honors.

EIGHT LITTLE SOLDIERS.

Eight little soldiers
Living in a tent;
They all went away from here,
And this is how they went:

Eight little soldiers,
Good enough for Heaven.
One sassed the captain,
And that left seven.

Seven little soldiers,
Very nicely fixed.
One got some liquor,
And that left six.

Six little soldiers,
Very much alive.
One slept at reveille,
And that left five.

Five little soldiers,
Made the Sibley roar.
One of 'em froze to death,
And that left four.

Four little soldiers,
Out upon a spree.
The M. P.'s got one,
And that left three.

Three little soldiers,
Feeling very blue.
One went to ward 15,
And that left two.

Two little soldiers,
Wishing for some fun.
One took seconds on the stew,
And that left one.

One little soldier,
Living all alone.
He took the P. and N.—
And that left none.

A. F. SMITH,
Med. Det. Base Hospital.

DISTINGUISHED VISITORS HERE.

Assistant Secretary of War and Chief of Staff of U. S. Army at Camp Wadsworth.

Camp Wadsworth was honored by a visit from Hon. Benedict Crowell, Assistant Secretary of War, and Major General John Biddle, acting chief of staff of the United States Army, January 16th. They were shown about the camp by Major General John F. O'Ryan. In the morning they reviewed the 107th Infantry, which made a splendid showing.

THE IDEAS OF ETHELBURT JELLYBACK, PRIVATE

VIII. On the Night of His Wild Adventure in Paris After the War

TO THE EDITOR:

I have an idea that my stay in Paris will be a pleasant one. I shall be disappointed if it isn't. I said as much the other evening, sitting in my tent talking with Jim Mugrums. But he, alas, can't appreciate these things, uncouth soldier that he is. He has never had the benefits of a society bringing-up.

"Are you going to be a nut *all* your life?" he cried.

I took no notice of this uncultured remark. I went ahead, enlarging on my idea of the part I shall play in the great war—I, Ethelburt Jellyback, Private, the scion of a great family.

Ethelburt's Dress Parade.

I will reach France, that pretty land of romance, just as the war ends. Of course, my regiment will be with me. We will arrive, fortunately, too late to enter the trenches under fire. We will walk through them, as a matter of curiosity and to gather souvenirs of our service abroad.

We will be in time, however, to engage in a triumphal pursuit of the Germans, fleeing towards Berlin with confusion and the Kaiser. Then, turning about with victory on our banners, we will march back to Paris on parade. I have an especial, neatly-pressed uniform in my trunk in readiness for it. I hope it doesn't get spotted.

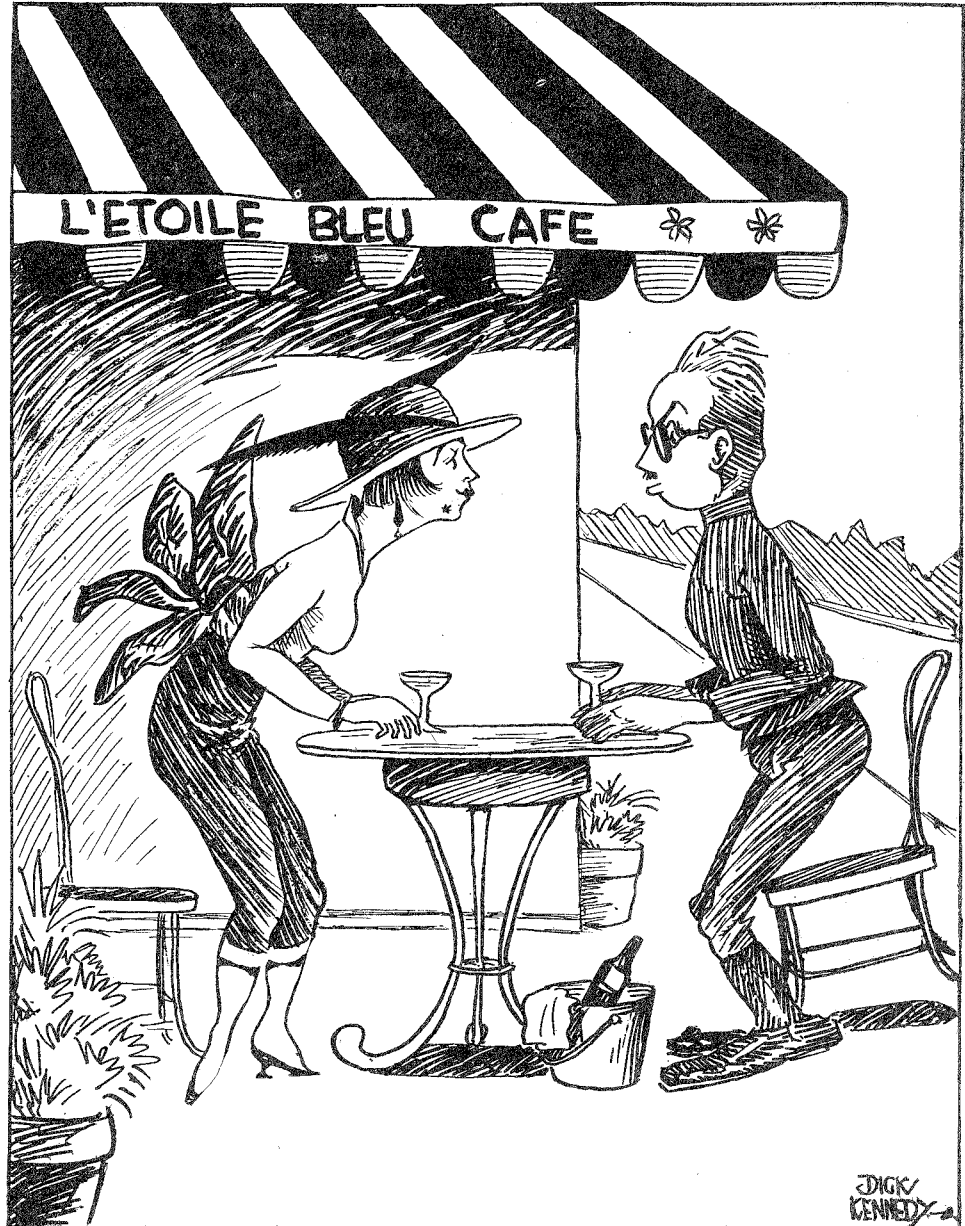
From curb and window and house-top the French people cheer us; the women will throw us garlands, and in our path the children will strew flowers. I prefer daffodils. They're so full of sunshine.

Ethelburt on Detached Service.

My Captain will say to me: "Private Jellyback, the war is over. To-day our regiment returns to the United States. You have asked me for permission to remain behind, to look around a bit. I know you for a cosmopolite, a man of the world. Hence I readily grant you this permission, and assign you to detached service in Paris."

"Private Jellyback thanks you, sir," I will answer. "It has been a matter of honor to do my bit."

And that evening, while all Paris is gay with victory and the bands are playing in the Tuileries, I shall stroll down the brilliantly-lighted Avenue de l'Opera—or, mayhap, the Champs Elysses—in search of ad-



"She will lift her curving lips close to mine."

venture. Ah, adventure! How my heart bounds at the sound of the word. (I have always harbored within me a reckless, devil-may-care spirit. *Debonair*, the French would call me.)

Along the Boulevard He Will Go.

Twirling my cane and the glistening ends of my mustache, I shall make my way through the passing crowds to one of those delightful little sidewalk cafes. People will turn and stare at me, at once recognizing me as one of Uncle Sam's gallant warriors. Into a chair under the striped awning, where the lights of the happy-lanterned boulevard dance on the marble table tops, I shall drop, and with a carefree gesture summon a waiter. The waiter, walking his post on the alert, observing every tip that takes

place within sight or reach, will hurry to my side.

"A bottle of wine, *s'il vous plait, garcon!*"

"*Certainnement, monsieur le Capitaine; toute de suite.*" (Of course, I may not be a captain then, but the waiter will probably think I am.)

Enter, the Woman!

As the waiter sets the wine before me, I will catch from nearby tables admiring remarks directed at me. Just as I lift the sparkling wine-glass to my lips, a charming young woman will take a seat at the table opposite. She will be lustrous-eyed, and as graceful as a flower.

She will catch sight of me. Exultation will blaze in her eyes.

(Continued on page 22)

THE DREAM OF THE EDITORS

We, the editors, came walking past Division Headquarters towards the building in which THE GAS ATTACK has its editorial sanctum. We saw a long line of officers waiting outside. They were all commissioned officers.

"What's the excitement?" we asked a bystander. "Are they giving away promotions?"

"No. The officers are waiting their turn to get into THE GAS ATTACK office to see the editors. They've all got contributions they want to submit."

"Well, well," we murmured casually. "They'll have to wait their turn."

We went into our office, rolled up our sleeves, and shouted to the waiting line.

First, a Lieutenant.

"Now you can come in. Who's first? Oh, it's you, is it, Lieutenant? Let's see, you have here an article on trenches for us. H'm. It's neatly typed, and fairly well written, but you lack the punch. More short sentences, straight to the point. And you don't seem to have handled your subject as well as we've been accustomed to having these things done. Now here's an article by Private Jones. Look at that as a contrast. It's better in every way. If you officers could only learn to write as well as some of these privates do, we would print more of your stuff. Sorry, Lieutenant, but we can't use this article of yours. However, we thank you for submitting it. Try us again, won't you? Just pass out around to the right, please. Who's next?"

Then, A Captain.

"Good afternoon, Captain! You don't mind standing, do you? There's only room for one of us to sit at a time. Just let me glance over your contribution and I'll tell you in a moment whether or not we can use it. It seems to deal with the relation of artillery and infantry. That's a good subject, and we'd like to print more articles on topics of that nature. But, Captain, you've gone at it entirely wrong. You begin with a long-winded introduction that takes up most of your article, and you don't get anywhere until near the end. Just take up one of the copies of our magazine for last month and examine that article we printed on page ninety-seven. It's by Private Smith. It'll show you how these articles should be written. Now, after you've studied this other article, look at yours again. Now re-write it so it's fit to print—if you can. Then come back and we'll give it the once-over again. You've just got to keep at these things. That's all the criticism we have time to give you to-day. Good-bye, Captain. Don't get discouraged.

And a Major, Too!

"Come in, Major. What are you holding in your hand? A poem, eh? Stand at ease a minute, Major, and I'll look it over. H'm. That rhyme in the fourth line is atrocious! And here in the second stanza your meter goes all to pieces. Now, Major it's my un-

THE GIRL FROM YOUR OLD HOME TOWN.

I was born somewhere in Heaven,
On a street that they call Broadway,
But the wisest fall for the bugle's call—
So I signed my life away.
It made me mighty sorry, Bud,
To leave my I'll old home,
For you're wise to the sighs and the terrible
cries
Of a New Yorker that has to roam.

But when they said you'll spend the Winter
In the balmy, Sunny South,
I thought of Irving Berlin and his barrels
of tin,
And his songs in everyone's mouth.
I thought of his hundreds of lyrics,
Of wonderful, dear Dixie,
And I wasn't so sad, in fact I was glad
For it looked like a Palm Beach spree.

A-living in a refrigerator,
A-singing a snow bird's song,
What's that? Magnolias and cotton?—Von
Tilzer you're rotten,
And Irving Berlin—you're all wrong;
If you really had to write something,
If you had to put choruses down,
Why not sing of the one good thing:
The girl from my own home town.

She's made the same old camp-fire
Look like the lights of Broadway,
And her New York pep and her big town
step
Just brushes all the South away;
For she made the drab-colored gloomy tent
Seem just like a cabaret,
And the crackling sound of the frost on
the ground
Was a tune a jazz band might play.

So Buddy, take this message
From a boy who is far away,
To the man who rhymes about foreign
climes—
Oh, don't forget Broadway!

PVT. IRA D. BRALL,
CO. D, 102d Engs.

pleasant duty to tell you that you'll never get on as a poet. We've got no less than forty-seven privates who are turning out better verse than this every day. In fact, we get more verse than we can use. What we want is prose. Try some of that and see if you can't turn out something worth while. Good-bye, Major."

We got up and went to the door, from which the long line of officers still stretched a quarter of a mile away.

"Sorry, but we can't see any more of you to-day. Call to-morrow, or send in your stuff by mail. We've got to put our feet on the desk and sleep the rest of the afternoon."

C. D.

WADSWORTH FABLES

Fable of the Boy Who Parted His Hair in the Middle.

(With apologies to Geo. Ade.)

By Private Howard A. Herty, Co. A, Military Police, Camp Wadsworth, Spartanburg, S. C.

Artemus Perwinkle was a Goof. In other Words he wore Tortoise-shelled Specs and liked the Smell of Sachet. He also wore a Size thirteen Collar. His favorite Head-piece was a Yellow and Black Half-Hat and to Match his Buster Brown collar, he sported a Screaming red Bow-tie resembling a Nosebleed.

Long after he acquired the right to wear garters on his biceps, Nursie would safely lead him by the Hand across the Tracks to School.

After school was over, he'd Sit on Teacher's lap, and they'd eat the Fruit he brought in the morning. When he brought his Teacher an Apple, she Kissed him. He never brought Watermelons.

Artie grew up to be a Cicero Hound. When the Low Brows of the Community would be Strangling themselves in a Playful game of Football, our Gentle Hero would be cultivating Callouses on his Inverted nose, reading "The Development of Art During the Renaissance."

As a Mixer, Artie was a Flivver, but as a Patrician, he was There to the Steenth Power.

As he grew up he became Worse. He hated Girls but was very fond of Old Ladies and Embroidery. To ask Artie about Fulton's chances against Willard or Joe Jackson's best batting Average would be a Wasten Waste of Breath. As a Human Being, he Sinned and Fell short, but to hear him Strum a Ukulele or discuss "The Nothingness of Zero" was an Education.

His idea of Extreme Dissipation would be to leave the House without Rubbers or carry a Forbidden box of Matches.

Most of the Regular Guys about Town were undecided as to whether to embrace him or Kick him. He was queer and almost as Unpopular as a Top Sergeant.

* * *

They had him in Khaki, Somewhere in France. The door had been left open and Artie had been Caught in the Draft. The Hun had been Operating a Mean Stampede over Helpless Belgium when Uncle Sam peeled off his Coat. Uncle Sammie thoroughly spanked the Boches and among those to Return Home was Artie.

He had so many Bravery Medals sprinkled over his Chest that he was actually Round-Shouldered. Now he lies on his Back at Night and Rocks himself to Sleep.

MORAL: Even a Pomeranian will growl if you step on his toes.



THE PRIZE NUT.

The Corporal—What happened to you, Bill?
Bill—Aw! I tried to take up a collection for the cook!

THE BALLAD OF MY DEPARTED MOUSTACHE.

I had a little moustache once,
 No longer than your arm,
 I guarded it most carefully
 To keep it safe from harm.

I combed it and I brushed it,
 And I curled it nice and tight,
 And I tied it to the bed-post
 When I went to bed at night.

I powdered it and braided it
 And trimmed it with my shears;
 I wrapped it with a yellow string
 And hung it around my ears.

It flourished most famously;
 It never ceased to grow.
 The people came to see, and said,
 'Twas better than a show!

One Winter's night I went to bed
 'Neath blankets three or four.
 My moustache hung out o'er the bunk,
 And down upon the floor.

When reveille sent out its call
 Upon the morning air,
 I woke to find my moustache bold,
 Was frozen, every hair!

I thawed it out most carefully,
 With alcohol I tried,
 To restore my stricken moustache,
 But it sickened, drooped and died.

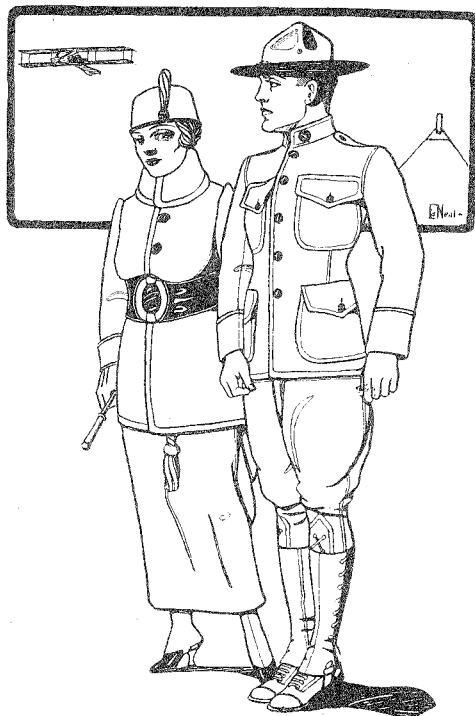
I took my shears and cut it off,
 And solemnly I swore,
 I never would attempt to raise
 A moustache, any more.
 * * * * *

The moral of this story is:
 Don't decorate your mouth.
 You can not raise a moustache
 When you're camping in the South.
 A. F. SMITH,
 Base Hospital.

THE NAVY GIRLS ENTERTAIN AND ARE ENTERTAINED.

The Navy Girls—(Oh, why don't we join the Navy, if they are like that?)—held forth in the Liberty Tent the week of January 6-13, and captivated many a khaki-clad heart. They have a charming musical act.

A party was given in their honor by Capt. Morton Stockbridge, of the 53d Pioneer Infantry, in "Shanley's," which is the pet name of the old 47th Mess Hall. The Navy girls present were Kathryn Hodge Geis, Inez Smith, Helen Stein, Marjorie Webster, Mildred Chadwick, Corrine Schroeder and Lucille Schroeder. Other guests were Majors Reagan, Muran and Corwin, Captains Chase, Wilson, Clark, Lieutenants Frizel and Loeser and Messrs. Harold J. Geis, Willard Mof-fett and E. B. Schumaker.



Miss Brazil—"Oh, see the aviators fly!"
 Private Pecan—"They'll do it every time, too."

FIVE ENLISTED MEN WIN COMMISSIONS.

Five enlisted men in Camp Wadsworth have won commissions as the result of an examination held some time ago.

Sergt. Major Arthur W. Nelson, 1st N. Y. Infantry, has been appointed second lieutenant, as the result of a recent examination, and is assigned to the 1st Pioneer Infantry.

Private Gordon V. Parker, 102d Trains and Military Police, has been appointed second lieutenant as the result of a recent examination, and is assigned to his old organization.

Private Raymond McLeer, Headquarters Company, 104th Machine Gun Battalion, has been appointed second lieutenant as the result of a recent examination, and is assigned to that battalion.

Sergt. Harold L. Downey, 105th Machine Gun Battalion, has been appointed second lieutenant, as the result of a recent examination, and is assigned to that battalion.

Sergt. George Matthews, Jr., Company B, 105th Machine Gun Battalion, is appointed second lieutenant, as the result of a recent examination, and assigned to that battalion.

Major Mitchell Now.

Ex-Mayor Mitchell, formerly mayor of New York, has been offered and has accepted a commission of major in the aviation corps. He will probably go to an aviation school at San Diego.

COUNTRY BOYS NOT PHYSICALLY SUPERIOR TO CITY COUSINS.

The Provost Marshal General's office authorizes the following:

The common belief that the average of physical soundness is higher among country boys than among the city bred is not supported by the records of the selective draft.

Tests Made in Ten States.

For the purpose of comparison, selection was made of a typical set of cities of 40,000 to 500,000 population, with no large immigrant element, and distributed over ten different States (Alabama, Arkansas, California, Colorado, Kansas, Montana, Nebraska, New York, and South Carolina), and a corresponding set of counties of the same total size located in the same States and containing no city of 30,000 population. The total number of registrants in the two sets of areas was 315,000.

Results of Comparison.

The comparison resulted as follows: Of 35,017 registrants in urban areas, 9,969 were rejected. Of 44,462 registrants in rural areas, 12,432 were rejected. In other words, 28.47 per cent. of the city boys were rejected as against 27.96 per cent. of the country boys.

It will be seen that the result is virtually a tie. The country lad, accustomed to hard physical labor, may be more muscular than his city cousin, but he is not superior in the possession of the degree of physical soundness essential to his acceptance as a soldier.

WHAT ATTRACTED THEM THITHER?

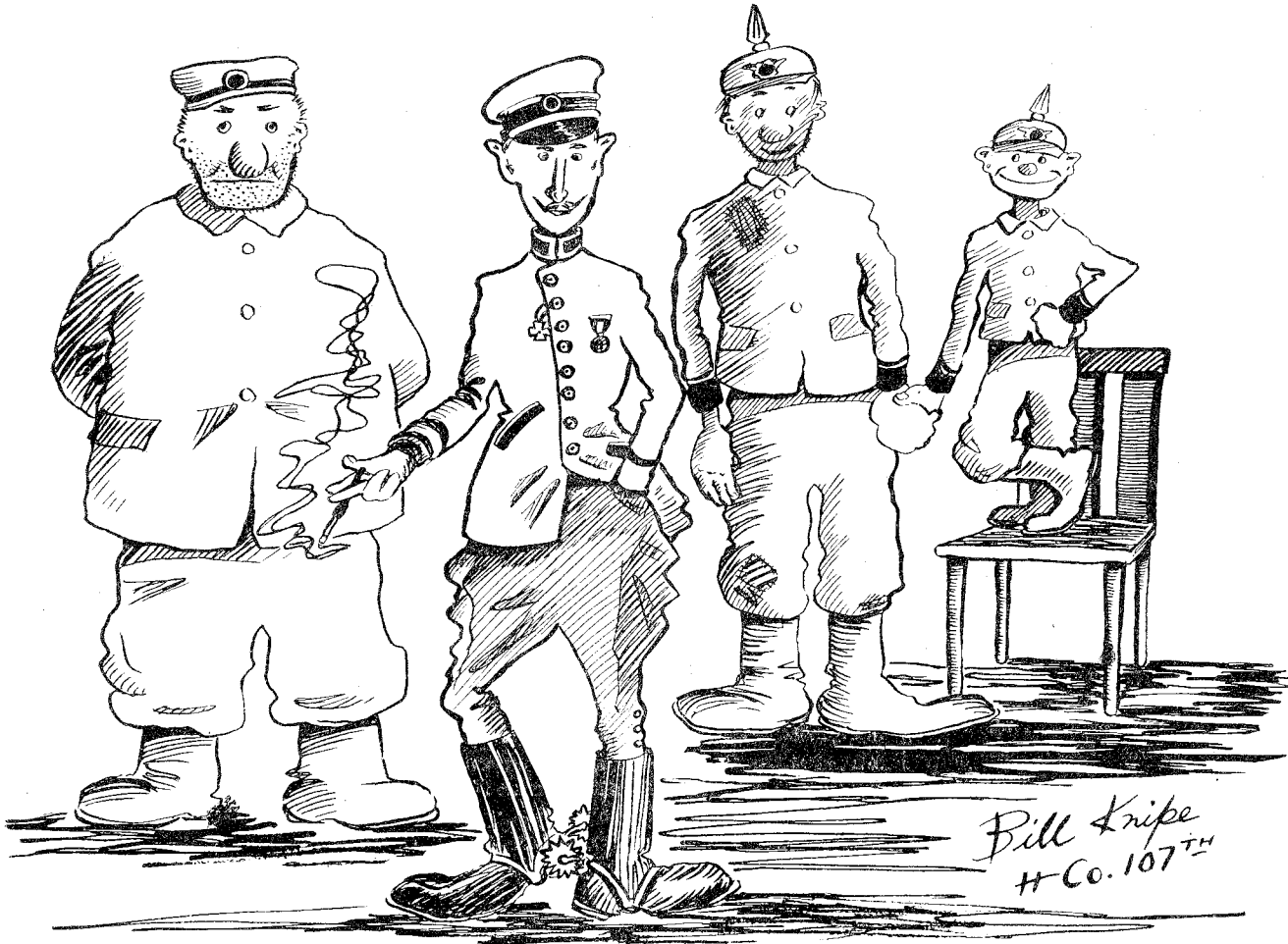
Here is a real squirrel story for the nut number. During a storm last week a dozen squirrels invaded the bungalow-tent of Major Allan Reagen and Captain George Chase of the 53d Pioneer Infantry, ate up everything in sight, and were only dispersed when the guard was called out. Several members of the regiment are now suffering from severe squirrel-bites.

TO THE SIBLEY STOVE.

Were I the inventor who patented you,
 You never could boast of my name,
 I'd hope my dark secret would never get
 through,
 You wretched purveyor of flame.
 H. A. FULD,
 Co. A, M. P.

TO CORNELL MEN!

The Secretary of Cornell University wants to get a register of all Cornell men in camp. Send your name and company address to L. C. Bareham, care of the Army Y. M. C. A.



SOME NUTS WE WILL HAVE TO CRACK.

The Clown Prince and his Staff, posed specially for the Gas Attack. They are wearing the famous uniform of the Bonehead Hussars. Reading from left to right they are Count Meout, His Imperial Stupidity, Baron of Ideas, and Count Coco Von Nutz. Reading from right to left they are Count Coco Von Nutz, Baron of Ideas, His Imperial Stupidity and Count Meout.

AN ACCOMPLISHED PAIR.

A private of a well-known regiment, who was always wanting leave on some excuse or other, applied at the orderly room and asked his commanding officer if he might have a few days' leave, as his wife was ill, and had sent him a letter asking him to come at once.

But his commanding officer, getting tired of him always wanting leave, said: "This is strange, Private Cheek, as only this morning I received a letter from your wife saying she did not want you to see her any more, so hoped I would not grant you leave."

Private Cheek—"Then I suppose I can't have leave, sir?"

Commanding Officer—"No, you can not."

Private Cheek (turns as he gets to the door)—"Sir, may I compliment you?"

Commanding Officer—"Yes, certainly; on what?"

Private Cheek—"On having two such lovely liars in the regiment, because I'm not married at all."

TO BE OR NUT TO BE!

When you've bats in your belfry that flut,
And your comprenez-vous rope is cut,
When there's nobody home,
In the top of your dome,
Then your head's not a head—it's a nut.

(Chorus)

There are belfries whose bats are so flutty,
With walls built so largely of putty,
Where the gloom is so dense,
And the void so immense—
Well, in that case you're not even nutty!

Note.—The above poem was sent to us by a nut from Co. B, 104th M. G. Batt., whose initials are C. V. P. We are certain he is a nut because he admitted that the poem was from Anthony Euwer's Limeratology, instead of claiming credit for it himself.

NEW CHAPLAIN HERE.

Chaplain George A. Crimmon, National Guard, (first Lieutenant) appointed from civil life, is attached to the new training depot for temporary duty.

We Aren't So Badly Off, At That.

The government pays her fighters \$100,000,000 a month. The pay of the navy per month is \$17,000,000. No nation pays the soldiers as liberally as does our government and Canada. Our government furnishes the most liberal insurance plan that has ever been offered. No private company has ever offered rates lower than eight times the cost of war insurance issued to our soldiers and sailors.

Carolina Weather in France.

France is experiencing a severe Winter. Recently a severe blizzard covered the Western front and nearly stopped all military activities. Besides the snow storm the roads have been so icy that transportation was greatly hindered.



DICK
KENNEDY

"What are you in civil life?"

"Oh, I'm a public accountant!"

"I see. You make your living by the numbers."

106TH ARTILLERY.

Corp. Bruehn and his helpers in the canteen are still living up to their motto: "The cash register shall not ring tonight."

Chaplain Fornes has got a new Ford. His chauffeur, Pat Flynn, has succeeded in running it ten feet on two different occasions.

Sergeant Major Pagan lost 23 cents in a penny ante game the other night and has not been seen since.

How will the band get along without Larry Binkhardt? And the audience answers "Fine."

—H. H. D.

Freight Jam Broken.

During the past week the great freight jam has been broken and most of the cars are on their way. There were over 41,000 cars of freight congested at the seaboard ports. These had to be emptied and moved. Congested centers throughout the country had to be cleared. As a result more than half a million cars have been set in motion.

Liberty Motor Best.

The Liberty motor has proven itself to be the best motor made. It possesses over 400 horse power and will turn the propeller 1,600 times per minute. It weighs 800 pounds and can be used on any type of airplane. Europe will ask for many of them.

THE NUT WHO BELIEVED EVERY RUMOR.

I.

I'm in the "cuckoo" ward at last; I'm over at the "Base,"
I'm nutty as a squirrel and a smile is on my face,
The many reasons that I'm bugs, although I have no wife,
To pester me, yet I have had its equal, "Army Life."
I left the lights of old Broadway for Sunny South, I thought
Where you could catch the sunbeams, but a cold was all I caught.
I learned that Spartanburg was dry, which is an awful state
For any city to be in, but I know more of late.

II.

I've been here through the Winter, and I'm willing now to bet,
That you will all agree with me that Spartanburg is wet.
And when the weather grew quite cold is when I learned to cuss;
They promised stoves but all they brought were Sibleys 'round to us,
Another thing that helped to put me where I am to-day,
Is building beautiful canteen, then taking all our pay,
I believed most every rumor, but my head was made of bone,
I made some up and got them mixed, and then believed my own.

III.

I then believed the rumor that top sergeants were no more,
And thought the clerks took canteen checks, down town at any store.
I also saw the rifle range, this helped to drive me nuts,
I saw no cigarettes and yet the fellows called them butts.
I've often watched the donkeys, they're alike, both big and small,
They always make themselves to home 'cause all they do is stall.
Well, now, I am plumb crazy and I'm over at the "Base,"
But, looney as I am, the Kaiser ought to have my place.

—C. P. W.

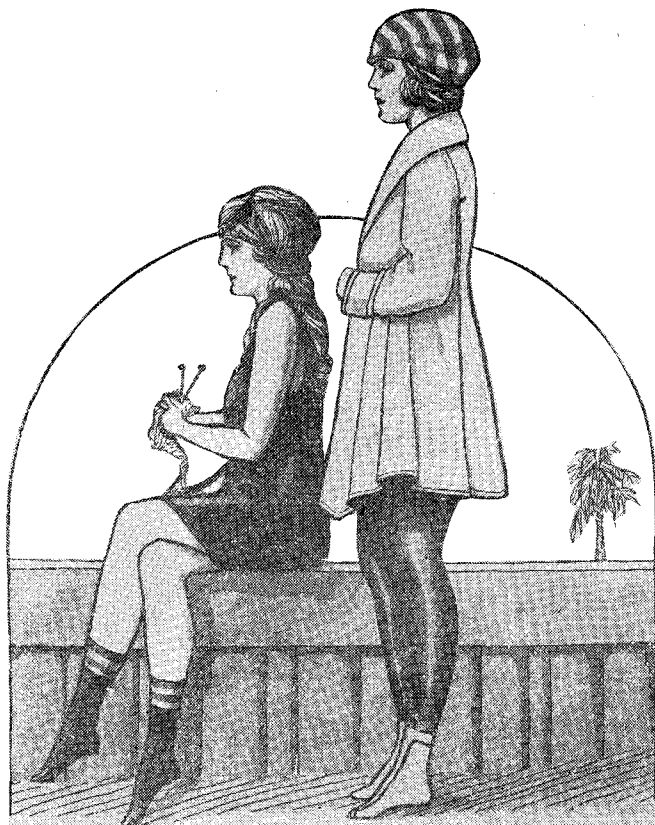
Co. G, 105th U. S. Inf.

A JEST FROM CO. G, 105TH INFANTRY.

The following was sent in from Company "G" of the 105th Inf. One of the officers had a colored maid who seemed to be satisfied with her position, and was apparently well pleased with her employers. One day she approached her mistress, saying she "was 'bout to leave."

"Why?" she was asked.

"Cause," she replied, "Ah can't stan' being drummed to bed every night, and den shot out of it in the morning."



South Carolina—As We Expected It and As We Found It

BREAKING THE HEART OF A COOTIE.

Company G, 53rd Pioneers, Has a New Way to Kill 'Em Off.

"One of our first endeavors," write the non-coms of Co. G, 53rd Pioneers, "will be to contribute articles to *The Gas Attack*, of which we think highly." And Co. G, which was formerly Co. G, of the 47th N. Y. Infantry, makes its first endeavor with an account that has to do with cooties, those inelegant little creatures which now and then attach themselves to a soldier in the field.

While in a local hardware store, begin the company's notes, Sergeant McKenna was shown a new type of machine for sterilizing clothing, and of course eliminating "pests." He was obviously quite unimpressed. The salesman asked him whether he did not think the machine a fine one.

"Well enough, perhaps," said he, "but I've got a dodge of my own that is better."

"What's that?"

"Well, wear my shirt two days one way, then they are all inside, see? Turn it inside out, and wear it that way, then they're all outside, aren't they? By the time they've got inside again, I turn it back again, and so I go on and on and at last the marching and countermarching breaks the little devil's hearts and they die."

Cook Loughlin recently blew in from his furlough six days over-due, and when asked for an explanation by Capt. Stockbridge, he remarked: "I was just taking my next furlough on the installment plan."

Sgt. Corboy has ceased to worry about his coming S. C. D. for flat feet, as Cook Loughlin has assured him of a job on a L. I. Duck-farm, teaching little ducks how to walk. We are afraid you'll fail Jim, as you have to know more than a duck to teach him anything.

As the result of something going wrong Supply Sergeant Melloh let out some of his well known profanity, just as one of the Reserve Officers, who was boarding with us for a short time, stepped into his tent. "Sergeant," exclaimed the officer, "cease swearing in this tent, especially while I'm here." Sergeant Melloh, still up in the air, curtly replied, "Sorry, sir, but one of us will have to step outside."

Mechanic Stelling was rejected in our recent examination for a "tin ear." We believe he is faking it, because Sgt. Boldt recently whispered in his ear, "Want a loan of a dollar?" and the result was magnetic.

We would like to have a little more information on the reported elopement of Corp. Funk, our Company "Cluck," and a fair damselle in Spartanburg answering to the name of Helen. Private Cox seems to have the key to the situation, but being naturally dumb no dope can be obtained. What is she doing Charlie, trying to get your allotment? Maybe you made her your beneficiary for that \$10,000.00 insurance.

Does anybody know where Sergeant McKenna goes with that mysterious bundle every morning?

While down on furlough, Corp. Murphy met a few of the fellows recently discharged and found them enjoying the following high-salaried positions:

Ex-Corp. A. C. Schery, distributing pills for Moe Levy;

Ex-Pvt. Dieneman, First-broom in Hitchcock's beanery;

Ex-Pvt. "Dumb-bell" Gunn, polishing ash-cans for the D. S. C.;

Ex-Pvt. "T. B." Loehner, tending bar in Judges;

Ex-Corp. Leitz, exhibiting boy-scout suits in A. S.'s;

Ex-Pvt. Skinner, posing for animal crackers for the Nat. Bis. Co.



News From Division Units



CO. H, 105TH INFANTRY.

Private Ed Conrad, better known in the company as "Dar-Ed" went to town New Year's night, and had his picture taken. The camera hasn't worked since.

Private Englehardt has taken over the job as "dog robber" for the officers.

We have such a swell street that the fellows at the end enjoy skating down very much, especially after a rain.

First Lieut. Dodds is certainly proud of the fourth platoon, and why shouldn't he be?

Why is it that Private Mullins dislikes guard duty?

Sergeant Kerr is right there when it comes to shaking things up.

Bugler Carboneli is getting to be some wind jammer. Ask McGahan.

Cook Kruger knows we all love soup, we only get it about twice a day.

Private Smith enjoyed his furlough to such an extent that he almost forgot to come back.

—A. L. T.

CO. A, 106TH INFANTRY.

Private Sidney Marks, who is taking an active part in the society circles of Spartanburg, was compelled to disappoint a few of Spartanburg's "fairest" Tuesday in absenting himself from a weekly social, owing to the fact that he acted as host for a few out-of-town visitors, who called on him rather unexpectedly, and are now his guests.

An impromptu entertainment was staged in our Mess Shack Monday night under the auspices of the "Mattawaen" Dramatic Society, composed of the following members: Privts. O'Berly, Cantor, Lewis, and Cronin, under the supervision of Director Hasmah Hall. The offering was a Farce entitled, "Wymb's Beef Stew." It proved to be a "big hit," and was enthusiastically received by the audience.

Sergeants Egan, Burdett, Cole, Langhurst, Wheeler and Burr, represent "A" company at the officers training school. They left with the sincere well wishes of the boys, and we know that at the finish "They'll be there"—with shoulder straps.

Private "Pop" Kelly and his son, Private "Bill" Kelly of the 21st Squad, seem to feel sore everytime they peruse the "Gas Attack," and fail to find their names. Well, let this time be an exception, and I believe that "Pop" and his handsome son will go to bed tonight all smiles.

Corporals Ed Conley, Percy Naylor, and Frank Augline, are at present away from our midst enjoying furloughs.

—R. M. G.

CO. H, 106TH INFANTRY.

Corporal Matt Murphy has left for the Golden City for 10 days. He looked sad when he left.

Pvt. Cornell says they never miss him when it comes to Guard Duty. Never mind, Fred, you know it's an honor.

Line Sergeant Pearson is now acting as 1st Sergeant, and he's making good, and the boys are right behind him.

Because Walter always was a good skate. Can I have a loan of 2 bits, Walter?

We hate to see the "Hun" that will battle against Our 1st Lieut. Brennen in bayonet combat. I'll bet there will be music at the Huns funeral but he won't hear it.

Lieut. Brennen is the bayonet instructor who put up the winning team on New Year's day against the 107th.

Private Woods, the Ex-Cop, had an argument with Pvt. McCarthy last Thursday evening and wanted to "lock McCarthy up." Wake up Woods, "you're in the army now."

Lieut. Doyle has returned from a leave of absence and says he is glad to get back, as the weather is much warmer down here.

—C.

CO. D, 104TH MACHINE GUN BATTALION

The training camp took seven sure-to-be-officers from our midst. We hated to lose them, but our loss is somebody else's gain. The men picked were: Sergeants R. Fowler, Donald Armstrong, Howard Carpenter, Carl Warmuth, Leonard G. Dallas, Corporal Paul H. Davis and Private Henry B. Highton.

Bugler "Horine" Austin got balled up, thinking of what we used to be, and blew stables for "Soopy, Soopy, Soopy." After slanting "Hutch's" noonday offering we concluded "Harvie" was'n't very wrong at that.

"Back to the Carolina You Love" for ten cents. This cold weather makes us wonder where some of those gushing sheet music composers were brought up.

"Moose" Guilfoyle is spending the weekend in Atlanta with friends. No remarks, fellows, "Gillie" met her first.

Private Wayne Cassidy, of Broome County, N. Y., 'lowed as how this weather made him suspicious of those there city folks who go South for the winter. Never mind, Wayne, milk's gone up to eighteen cents.

—M.

PUBLIC SCHOOL NO. 87.

Former members of Public School No. 87 will please forward their names and addresses to. Sergeant J. J. Hoffman, Co. "B" Officer's Training Camp, Camp Wadsworth.

CO. C, 107TH INFANTRY.

On Jan. 11, 1918, we departed from the company street in a grand shower of mud, to embark once more upon the great adventure of "Regimental Guard." Missing was that inspiring tune of the music that we always have at formal "guard mount." We marched through that slick, slimy mud up to our ankles, which clung to our shoes like the tentacles of a monstrous fish. It was without a doubt the most miserable night that we have ever encountered, for guard duty.

Sergeants Prindle, Kerr, Lathrop and Von Bernuth, have left us to report at the Officers' Training School. We are indeed sorry to lose them, but we hope they will return as officers.

In a very short time there will be a "checker" tournament on, if we can secure enough entries. There will be a few very good prizes and it would be advisable to send in your name to Pvt. McLaughlin at the earliest opportunity.

Delehunt's one ambition has been to inveigle the writer into a boxing match with him; he succeeded beyond his fondest imagination, trimming him to the queen's taste.

Duane's saluting has improved wonderfully of late; practice makes perfect.

"Bill" Garvin and "Ginger" Madill, the "Waldorf Astoria" chefs, deserve great credit for the dinner they prepared for New Year's Eve.

Capt. Raecke swings the axe like an old-time woodsman.

"Artillery" Mains has been very busy lately; he is sure now that he can not be caught when questioned on the rifle.

Our old friend, Bettes, when asked what part of the rifle the chamber was, gazed soulfully into the sergeant's eyes and answered, "the container." Guess again, Roy.

"Buckie" Leonard has at last qualified as a first-class barber. If you are a bit doubtful take a look at Bingham's head.

Bugler Smith is back from the hospital, says its pretty nice over there. Guess he likes the nurses.

With due respect to Pvt. Bettes, we suggest that he learn the difference between "call to quarters" and "reveille."

"Sam" Crosby is taking lessons from "Bob" Benedict in the art of cutting wood.

The following conversation was overheard at inspection last week:

Major: "How many suits of underwear have you?"

Boghosian: "Five, sir."

Major: "Where are they?"

Boghosian: "One in the wash and four on me, sir."

—J. S. M., Jr.

BATTERY F, 105TH FIELD ARTILLERY.

We are all still alive although most of us feel half dead out here in these Blue Ridge Mountains.

We still have our old friend, Bill Longheed, who can peddle the Bull Durham faster than you can smoke it, but when it comes to rattling the bones he sure is there.

Jack Weir got frozen feet in bed one night and now he goes to bed with his spurs on to keep them warm. (Editor's Note: We didn't know that spurs ever kicked at the cold).

Sgt. Reinecke is all smiles because he managed to get his horse to trot.

Troop Sgt. Major Bolger is still wondering when reveille is going to be at ten o'clock, and has made up a new little ditty which he lives up to.

The work is hard,
The pay is small,
Cop a nap and "fool" them all.

Now that the holidays are over and all the packages are gone, that old disease has returned which is called the "gimmies" and Joe Fitzpatrick is very ill with it, but we all hope he comes out O. K.

Who said horseshoers don't shoe horses at nights? Jack Timlin "shoos" them in his sleep. What say you, Johnny?

Corp. Van Cura is now known as Tent Marshal, because he directed the movement of troops from under the covers.

Sgt. Kelly is now acting as Top Sgt. Good luck, Joe, we are all with you.

—"One of Us."

AMBULANCE CO. 108.

Corporal Robbins is again in our midst after spending a ten-day furlough in the Empire State. While home he played the title role in that screaming farce—"A Modern Romeo."

"Possum" Louden, a regular Beau Brummell up in Masonville, by gosh, has lately acquired a most deplorable habit of appearing at reveille without his hair neatly combed and brushed. Naughty, naughty.

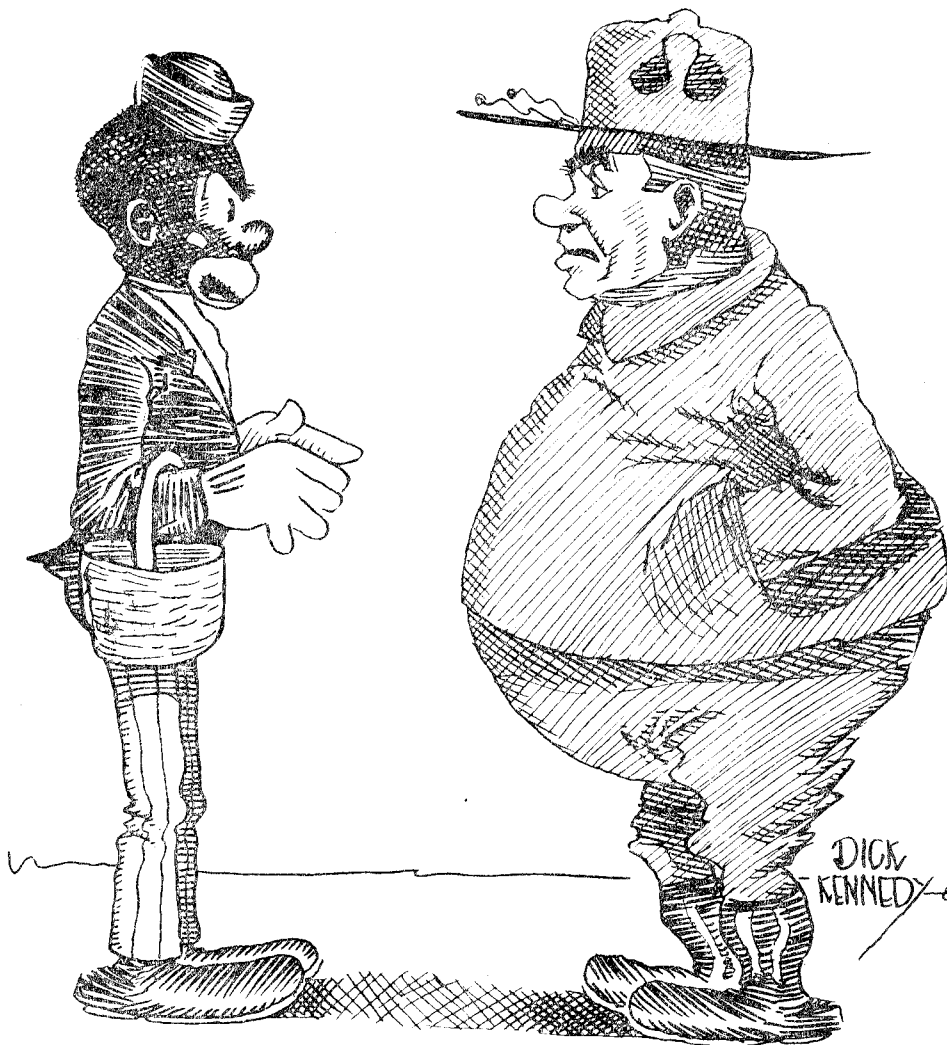
Joe Desmond wanted his name in the paper. We don't know what to say about him, except that he's a cook. We can't go much further than that.

The S. H. quartette wishes to thank Farrier Dacey for his discovery of that touching ballad, "Bob White."

All of our ambulances have been confiscated by the quartermaster. This means, of course, that we will be sent across immediately—company rumor No. 343.

Two of our sergeants who are in the officers training school spent Sunday with us, wearing their new red, white and blue hat cords. At mess one of the bright and shining lights of the third section asked: "Say, barber, can I get a hair-cut to-day?"

Tom Cartledge, our expert ambulance driver, took his turn at bare-back riding the other morning. After doing a regular Paul Revere past the Field Hospital companies, he alighted slowly and gracefully among the



"Sam, why don't you enlist?"

"Captain, I'd like to, 'deed I would. But then they might make me wear spiral puttees and I'd ketch the disease."

"What disease?"

"Spiral meningitis!"

mules on the engineers' picket line. His technique was perfect.

Lieutenants Buell and Bagley are with us again, after being laid up a few days with Southern colds.

Privates Goodenough, Keefe, Ling and Divine have been assigned to Sanitary Squad No. 1.

—W. C. R.

CO. M, 105TH INFANTRY.

There is a rumor going about that the R. R. fare to N. Y. is to be only \$8. Far be it from us to spread false reports, but we sure do hope it comes true, as we are due to go home next month.

Pvt. Joe Whalen goes to the canteen daily to eat pancakes and acquire flat feet.

"Battling" Hickey and Kid Morgan had a short bout the other evening. It was short to the extent of one swat from "Batt" to the "Kid's" jaw.

The 15th squad daily prays that "Goo Goo" Hlyviak, the flat foot wonder, will cease borrowing Corp. Matson's boots, soon.

Pvt. Walter Fox, the camouflage artist, is preparing a series of lectures for the Company. Walt has the remarkable ability to take a rake, shovel or pick and completely disguise himself as work.

Special Announcement—Pvt. Bill Nies has been appointed hydrant inspector.

It is said that Corp. Anson has a disappearing squad. Anyway, we know he spends most of his time looking them up for details.

Yes! Yes! If you don't believe Brock Hughes has a new line of "Gas," ask the cooks.

And at last the miracle has come to pass—Corp. Patsy O'Connor, the boy with the ambition, was actually seen pushing a wheelbarrow yesterday. We wouldn't believe it, only we saw it happen.

—F. B. R. JR.

I'D FEEL AT HOME IF THEY'D LET ME JOIN THE ARMY.

They will have to force the single men to go to war, I fear;
The married men all want to go; they always volunteer,
It takes the bravest of the brave to bear the battles' brunt,
That's why they always find the married men out in the front.

Oh, give me a gun and away I'll run to fight the foreign foe,
The sound of rifle fire would not alarm me,
For since my wife had twins, you see, each night I lead the infantry,
And I'd feel at home if they'd let me join the Army.

Since I got married my wife charges everything to me,
But I'd reverse the charge, and charge the enemy,
I'm always on the firing line, of that there is no doubt;
When she invites her company, I'm always mustered out.

Oh, give me a gun and away I'll run to fight the foreign foe,
A trip up in an aeroplane would charm me,
Since I've got married, I declare, I've always been up in the air,
And I'd feel at home if they'd let me join the Army.

My house is a recruiting station for her family,
They're first in war, and first in peace and first for lunch and tea;
Now I treat them to everything and anything I get,
But like a gallant Army, they have not retreated yet.

Oh, give me a gun and away I'll run to fight the foreign foe,
The life out in the trenches wouldn't harm me,
They're small but I'm used to that; I'm living in a Harlem flat,
And I'd feel at home if they'd let me join the Army.

PRIVATE M. CHERNIN,
Co. B, 105th Infantry.

BATTERY F, 104TH F. A.

Here's one Charley pulled:

R. O.: "Did your mother ever speak to you when you were home?"

Wop: "Shoe."

R. O.: "Well, she must have had a strong stomach."

"Major" Freeman, the most popular man in the 27th Division, has charge of a tent and he has the men under him bulldozed. Those under his control are: Frank Meyer, Joseph Lee, Herman Barre, John Manfredi (the spaghetti juggler), Wilhelm Frederick Muller (the Canteen soldier), and Richard Seddon. Every night a Russian Revolution takes place in this tent, and after falling back to his last line trenches, the Major makes a hurried retreat to the Y. M. C. A.

George Kenney, the Gas Mask Specialist, has his troubles checking up the men getting instruction and I guess he wishes real gas would come when the men haven't got any masks on, so he wouldn't have to check up any more lists.

By the way, "F" Battery was supplied with canal boats, beg pardon; dogs—I mean brogans; yes, that's the name; no it isn't, either, ah, trench shoes; they're fine to dance in; well we all got them the other day and right afterwards had gas mask instruction. Double time with those dogs on is no cinch and when one fellow's brogans came down gently on another fellow's he didn't wait to say "excuse me." That's all, thank you.

—S.

HEADQUARTERS CO., 105TH INFANTRY.

Lieut. Conant recently returned from a ten-days' leave spent at his home in Troy, N. Y.

First Lieut. Condert spent his leave in N. Y. City.

Lieut. Gore has returned from a fifteen-day sick leave. He recuperated in Chicago.

Lieut. Handy left on Saturday for his home in Troy.

Headquarters Co. has been signally honored in having Capt. Clinton, the company commander, selected as infantry instructor at the Divisional Officers' Training School. First Lieut. Condert is in command.

Lieut. George has returned from his home in New York where he was on leave of absence.

Pvt. Baldwin breezed in the other day from a ten-day furlough.

Stan Beattie, Headquarters' illustrious poet and man of letters, has been crystal gazing in Troy.

Stockings Conroy won his fight in Albany by out-pointing Kid Black, who substituted for Goodman.

Tommy Burke, the fair haired child of the intelligence department, is on the job.

Pete Shaibles' moustache is not a disturbance, it's a riot.

Tommy Morrissey, an Albany boy with the 2nd Field Hospital, was looking up old pals in the 105th last week.

—W.

**FIELD HOSPITAL CO. NO. 107, 102ND
SANITARY TRAIN.**

Mess Sergeant Burger had received inside information to the effect that "the Homer Ramsdell of the Central Hudson Line is in Dry-Dock at present being converted into a transport." The "Shinnecock," (according to Burger) is also undergoing reconstruction and is having twelve-inch guns mounted "fore and aft." This famous vessel will undoubtedly act as escort to the U. S. S. Homer Ramsdell. Evidently the "Sirus" of the Iron Steamboat Company will enter the Government service in the dreadnought class.

After listening to "Kalamity Karl" Kilian's views on the subject of our early departure for "somewhere in Europe," his tent-mates are now considering the practicability of building a log cabin or a bungalow for occupation during the winter of 1918 and 1919.

Sid. Berger, who sometime ago hung a pitcher of milk in the ice box, while on duty in the kitchen; and was awarded the "booby prize" has relinquished his "honors" in favor of Kluefer, who hung a hot griddle iron in the aforementioned refrigerator.

After some months of rigid training in Camp Wadsworth, Stanwise indulged in a "sob party" with his tent-mates, which ended in his applying for a furlough. This furlough being granted he registered with the Southern Railroad and stamped to New York City. There he pulled "the blushing bride and bridegroom stunt." He is again among us "mortals" and having cast aside matrimonial cares he is considering life in a lighter vein—"service abroad."

Society Notes.

Having in mind the axiom—"Misery loves company," the fellows whose fair friends have given them the "Good-Bye" have organized a "Raspberry Club." The following "Rasberrians" have been accepted as charter members: Becker, Brophy, Burns, Byrnes, Cahill, Combs, Czepla, Cuddihy, Fraser, Hawthorne, Roy Hitzelberger, Howroyd, Malcolm, Millon, Montgomery, Murphy, O'Connor, Patterson, Phillips, Pierce, Read, Smith, Schill, Williams, and Woska.

At the initial meeting the "Committee on Ways and Means" reported "lots of ways but no means." The topic for discussion was "Did Eve hand Adam an Apple or a Raspberry?" There was little discrepancy of opinion among the members and the following resolution was adopted: "Resolved: That the person who witnessed the 'presentation act' in the Garden of Eden was nearsighted."

N. B. A few prospective members are awaiting developments before applying for admission into this exclusive society.

—M.

NO SUCH WORD IN OUR VOCAB.

Speaking of bum signs, there is one over a near-and-yet-so-far-beer emporium on East Main street which reads, "The Soldiers' Retreat." Whaddayamean, "retreat?"

DIVISION HEADQUARTERS TROOP.

Five members of the troop are now attending the officers school. They are Sergeants Maurice Loeb and Gordon Barr, Lance-corporal Brownson King, and Privates Bob McKay and Hampton Anderson. The entire quintet is specializing in artillery. First Lieutenant Douglas Cameron has been detailed as Adjutant of the school.

Sergeant Linwood P. Ames has been appointed camouflage instructor of the Division. He will proceed to Washington in the near future for final instructions. "Pop" is one of the most prominent artists in New York City. In addition to his work in his Fifth Avenue Studio, he has had extensive experience in photography, movie directing and aviation. Since his arrival in Spartanburg he has been in charge of all decorative construction.

Ernest Painter was added to the list of Benedicts while home on furlough. He was married to Miss Adeline Freer at the North Presbyterian Church, New York City.

The troop will present another play on the night of Lincoln's birthday. It will be a farce. The Entertainment Committee has been reorganized and now consists of Hugh Stange, director; John Garvey, assistant director; Rexford Swain, scenic director; Ernest Painter, stage manager; Corporal Percy Davies, property master; Ted Gemp, electrician, and Fred J. Ashley, business manager.

A stage will be constructed in the troop garage and efforts are now being made to secure a considerable quantity of scenery. Monthly entertainments are scheduled which will be attended by the entire Division. Tryouts for the farce will be held this week.

Hugh Stange who is preparing the play, has gone to New York on furlough to attend the opening of his drama "Seventeen" at the Booth Theater. The comedy adapted from Booth Tarkington's novel has had a successful tour through the West.

Corporal Jean Chanut, and Privates George Sturm and Raymond Dupont have been transferred to Camp Greene at Charlotte for intensive training. All three men are masters of the Gallic tongue and will be sent to France ahead of the Division to act as interpreters.

It is reported that George Sternberger will open up a stock brokerage concern after he returns to New York. Sternberger's one day on K. P. will probably influence him to turn the establishment into a bucketshop.

Corporal Bruenig and Private Tom Ahearn have been detached from the troop and are now battalion sergeant-majors at Headquarters.

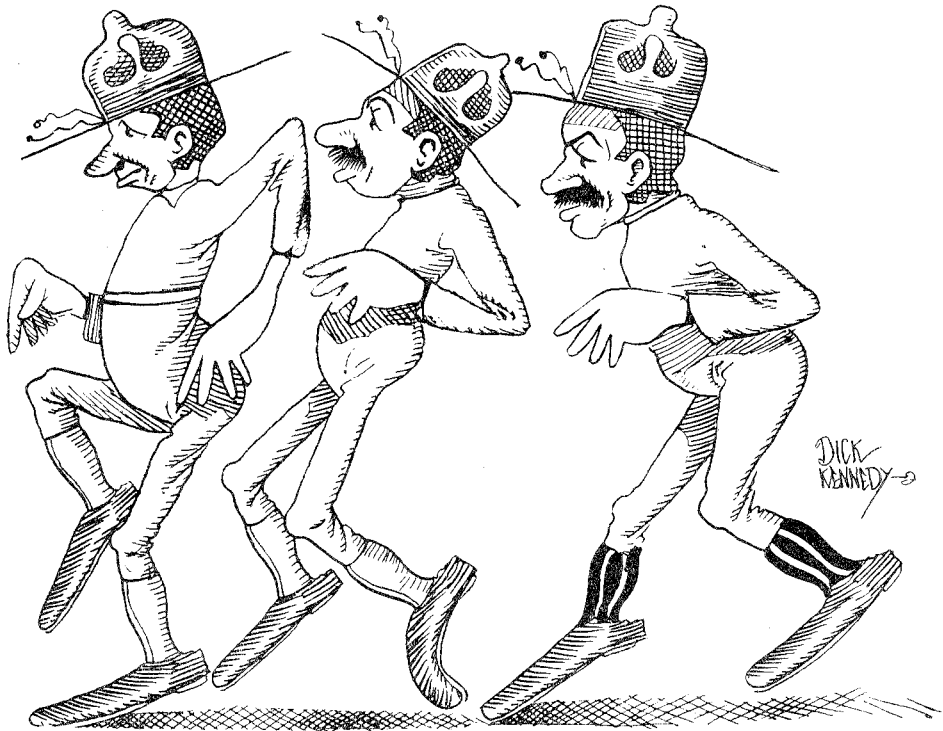
WHERE, NOT WHEN.

One Rookie to another at one of the new cantonments:

"Where do you bathe?"

"In the Spring."

"I didn't ask you when, I asked you where!"



PHYSICAL TORTURE.

One, two, three, four (Oh, my poor back!). One, two, three, four (Why don't they inoculate us against setting-up exercises?). One, two, three, four (Damn that Kaiser!). One, two, three, four (Will he ever stop?). One, two, three, four (There go my new O. D. pants.). One, two, three, four (I'll make the Boches pay for this.). One, two, three, four (I enlisted to be a soldier not a Paul Swan.). One, two, three, four, HALT! (Oh, boy!)

MACHINE GUN CO., 106TH INFANTRY.

We are looking forward to sunshine as 1st Class Pvt. Cox is losing ambition.

Our beloved Bugler Fleming was reduced to private. He said himself it wasn't his fault.

Interest is taken by Pvt. Jackson in the line of cooking, as he always spends his Sundays in the kitchen.

The 106th is getting wooden floors. I really think we need them as we can use them for rafts if the rain keeps up.

It is easier to say those who "ain't" on furlough as those who are.

Our world-wide-known Corp. Pivorvar is on a wood detail. They sure did need men bad.

A wood shortage has been known. This sure is no reason why individuals should pick on the shower bath.

Bolos form an important part in tent wood chopping.

To prove the ambition of the M. G. boys why, on the wood detail they brought so much that the cooks burnt the oatmeal.

The 16th squad has an orchestra. Pvt. Fleming plays a fiddle, and Corp. Pivorvar plays the same fiddle at another time.

When Pvt. Gehring left on a furlough the weather got cool. Perhaps he took all the hot air with him.

—C. B.

BATTERY E, 106TH F. A.

The Sixth Tent consists of six or seven full-fledged harmonicas.

Private J. Buckley, otherwise known as Alias Crying Charley, is having a hard time keeping warm these cold nights, due to the fact that his tears freeze up.

Private M. Blumenfeld, otherwise known as Bad Bookey Bee, is the only real imitation of Joan of Arc on a horse.

Private W. Andrews is known to all the boys as Headzie, on account of the large hat he wears.

Private H. Foster, a former member, was promoted to Battery Clerk for complying with orders, such as going to bed in full marching order including spurs to keep the blankets over his No. 12 EE shoes.

Corporal P. Kunz, who has replaced our former Corporal Sharman, has just recovered from a serious attack of the Gimmies.

Last but not least comes our Buffalo Private Max Goldman, who's only worries are the extra war taxes on the old push cart back in Buffalo.

—W. J. A.

WHEN WE WILL LEAVE FOR FRENCH FRONT

The Gas Attack Publishes For
the First Time Date and
Full Details About
Division's Departure

The 27th Division will leave for

NINE-TENTHS OF WORLD NOW AT WAR.

Nine-tenths of the population of the world is now at war. More than half the governments of the earth are engaged in the struggle to preserve civilization or have broken off relations with Germany and her co-partners. Little more than one-third remain neutral, and most of these are the small states who are prevented by their position from engaging in the conflict or whose influence would be without effect. It is the world against barbarism! These facts are stupendous, yet they are borne out by figures, as the following tables will show:

THE ALLIES

Nineteen countries have entered the war against the modern barbarians. The following are their names, date of entry and population, including that of their colonial possessions:

	1914.	
Serbia, July 28.....	4,547,000	
Russia, August 1.....	175,137,000	
France August 3.....	87,429,000	
Belgium, August 4.....	22,571,000	
British Emp., Aug. 4.....	439,959,000	
Montenegro, Aug. 7.....	516,000	
Japan, August 23.....	73,807,000	
	1915.	
Italy, May 23.....	37,398,000	
San Marino, June 2.....	12,000	
	1916.	
Portugal, March 10.....	15,208,000	
Roumania, Aug. 27.....	7,508,000	
	1917.	
United States, April 6.....	113,168,000	
Cuba, April 8.....	2,500,000	
Panama, April 9.....	427,000	
Greece, July 16.....	4,821,000	
Siam, July 22.....	8,149,000	
Liberia, August 7.....	1,800,000	
China, August 14.....	350,650,000	
Brazil, October 26.....	24,618,000	
Total, 19 States.....	1,370,225,000	

RELATIONS BROKEN.

The following nations, all of North or South America and all during the present year, have broken off relations with Germany:

Bolivia, April 14.....	2,890,000
Guatemala, April 27.....	2,119,000
Honduras, May 18.....	600,000
Nicaragua, May 19.....	600,000
Santo Domingo, June 8.....	710,000
Hayti, June 17.....	2,000,000
Chili, June 29.....	5,000,000
Costa Rica, Sept. 21.....	431,000
Peru, October 6.....	4,620,000
Uruguay, October 7.....	1,400,000
Ecuador, December 8.....	1,500,000
Total, 11 States.....	21,870,000

THE CENTRAL POWERS.

Austria began the conflict at the instigation of Germany by declaring war on Serbia. Four days later Germany entered. Turkey began hostilities three months later without a declaration, and Bulgaria dallied with both sides eleven months longer before joining the Teutonic combination. Following are the dates and the population of each country, including colonial possessions:

Austria, July 28, 1914.....	49,882,000
Germany, Aug. 1, 1914.....	80,631,000
Turkey, Nov. 3, 1914.....	21,274,000
Bulgaria, Oct. 4, 1915.....	4,755,000
Total, 4 States.....	156,572,000

The following governments have remained neutral in the great struggle between right and wrong:

In EUROPE—Andorra, 6,000; Denmark, and colonies, 2,872,000; Holland and colonies, 43,667,000; Luxemburg, 268,000; Monaco, 20,000; Norway, 2,459,000; Spain and colonies, 21,350,000; Sweden, 5,680,000; Switzerland, 3,742,000. Nine states, population, 80,064,000.

In ASIA—Afghanistan, 6,000,000; Persia, 9,000,000. Two states, population, 15,000,000.

In AFRICA—Abyssinia, 8,000,000; Morocco, 6,500,000. Two states, population, 14,500,000.

In NORTH AMERICA—Mexico, 15,063,000; Salvador, 1,254,000. Two states, population, 16,317,000.

In SOUTH AMERICA—Argentina, 9,000,000; Colombia, 5,500,000; Paraguay, 800,000; Venezuela, 2,780,000. Four states, population, 18,080,000.

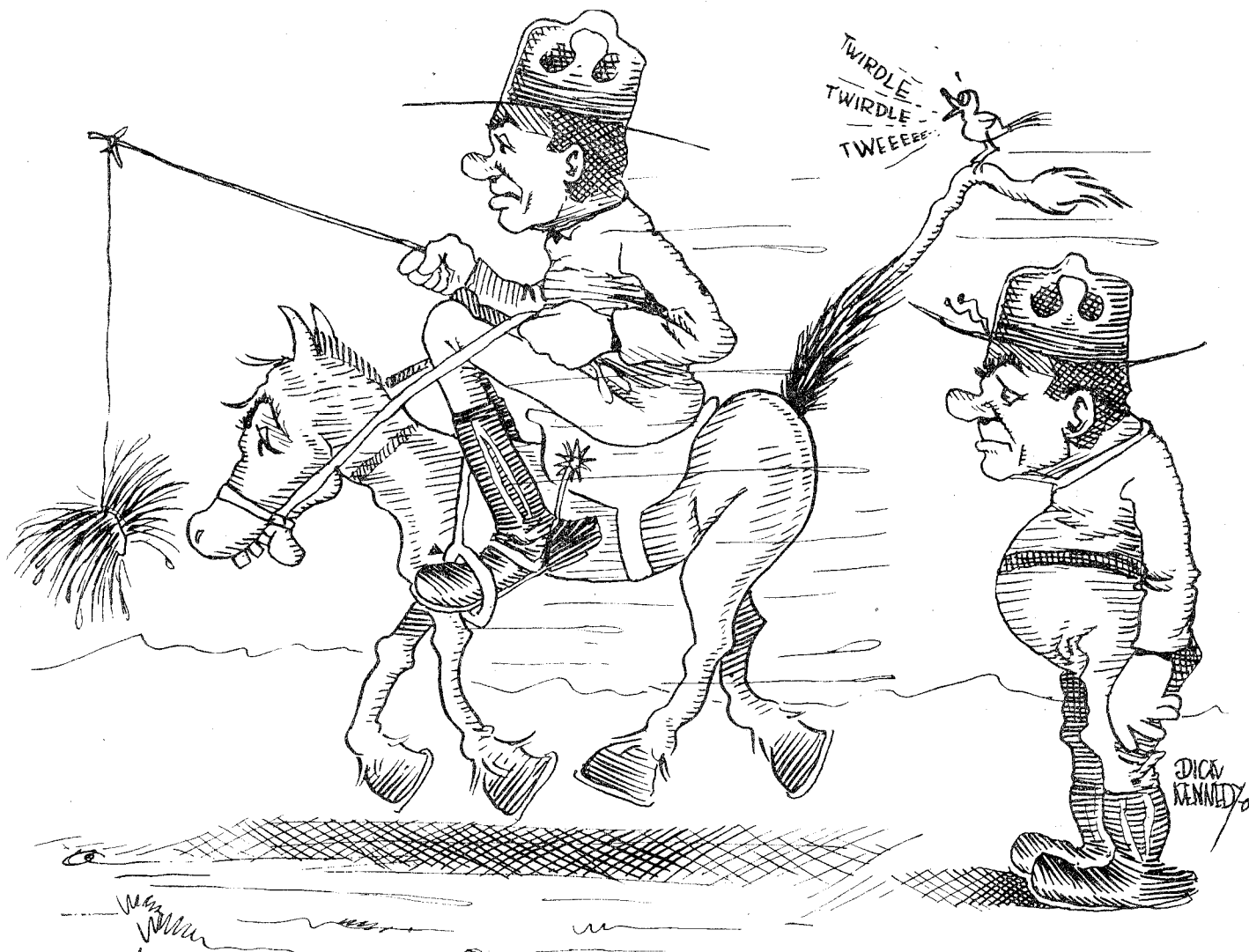
Total neutral population, 143,961,000.

RECAPITULATION.

At war, 19 States.....	1,370,225,000
Relations broken, 11 States	21,870,000
Anti-German, 30 States....	1,392,095,000
Germanic Allies, 4 States....	156,572,000
Neutrals, 19 States.....	143,961,000
World's population, 53	
States.....	1,692,628,000

Six quasi governments are not mentioned above. They are: St. John of Jerusalem (Malta), whose temporal power lapsed in 1834; the Papacy, whose temporal power lapsed in 1870; Oman and Albania, which are practically Turkish; Lichtenstein, which is with Austria, and Nepal, which, with the other state of India, has sided with the British empire.

DELETED



Private Butternut—What's your horse's name?
 Private Hickory—Vesuvius!
 Private Butternut—Why? Because he is so fiery?
 Private Hickory—Naw—because he is covered with eruptions. Giddap, Vesuvius.

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

When Private "Foggy" Maynard, distinguished among the "mixed nuts" of tent squad No. 1, left the company street shortly after retreat on Tuesday, January 15, he was at peace with all the world and thoughts of home and wifey in Spartanburg lightened his steps as he ploughed through the deep, sticky Carolina mud on the way to the notorious P. & N. Spartanburg local.

Finally clambering on board he managed to squeeze himself into half of one of the seats and soon found himself in conversation with his seatmate who proved to be an artilleryman. Several interesting bits of camp gossip changed hands and the talk finally swung into a heated discussion as to the method used in wiring the electric lights which illuminated the car, Private Maynard confidently asserting that the removal of any one of the bulbs would throw the car into semi-darkness.

To settle all doubts in the mind of the artilleryman he stood up and loosened the

bulb nearest him and as the interior of the car darkened, a chorus of indignant protests arose from the other passengers in the car. In the resulting confusion the bulb slipped from the grasp of the flustered private and burst with a loud report as it hit the floor.

Unluckily for Maynard, the commander of the Military Police happened to be one of the passengers and despite the frenzied protests of the unfortunate benedict, he ordered the culprit to be put under arrest and now friend "Foggy" is listed for no one knows what. "Hard luck, old top! A little knowledge is sometimes a dangerous thing, isn't it?"

During the past week the members of this company have been favored with several very interesting lectures on the care of the teeth and most of the audience are now sadder but wiser men.

Lack of canvas with which to patch the holes that had been burned in some of the tents made the occupants of several of the tents very uncomfortable during the steady

downpour of hail and rain that visited us on January 12. Those in squad No. 5 suffered the most as lack of extra tentage had prevented them from replacing the one ruined by their New Years' fire, and they were forced to move bag and baggage to adjoining tents where men were absent on furlough. New tents arrived last Sunday and No. 5 squad is once more together.

Two big bunches of enlisted men, accompanied by Pvt 1st Class "Cuckoo" Gomon, and Privates Short, Parkhurst, "Tonsorial" Dessert, and the Bunch Brothers started for Syracuse Wednesday on 10-day furloughs and "Hank" Snyder, "King George" Collins, "Rosy" Phelps, Cook Nickels, Ernie Littlewood, and Walt Kurtz found time to reassure their tentmates that the Salt City still stands, that Snell's Academy is running full blast (Oh, Boy!) and on a hundred and one other questions.

Private 1st Class Jack Layden announces the completion of the program for our second entertainment which will take place

(Continued on page 24)



News of the Y. M. C. A.

EDITED BY ERNEST W. LESLIE.



JAMES A. G. MOORE, BUILDING SECRETARY UNIT NO. 93.

Mr. James A. G. Moore, Building Secretary, Unit No. 93, was born in Geneva, N. Y., received his preliminary education in Geneva, later going to Trinity College, Hartford, from which he graduated in 1914. While in college Mr. Moore was prominent in athletics, playing on the college football and basket-ball teams the entire four years of his college career, making the track team two of the years in college. He later went to Rochester Theological Seminary, where he graduated with honors last May.

Mr. Moore has always been active in Y. M. C. A. work and while at Trinity College was instrumental in establishing a branch of the College Y. M. C. A. at that college. While at Rochester Theological Seminary Mr. Moore was also active in local Y. M. C. A. work, being especially interested in the Boys' Department. Before coming to Spartanburg he had charge of the Boys' Farm Cadet Camp near Rochester, which is run under the supervision of the New York State Food Supply Commission. Mr. Moore came to Spartanburg in August as a Building Religious Work Director and has lately been made Building Secretary of Unit No. 93.

UNIT 93.

Last Thursday night at 12 o'clock the Corps in Unit 93 were compelled to answer knock at the door. Were they callers? No, they were shelter-seekers. The wind had just blown down tents occupied by the guards of 106 Inf. These men had been out in the cold wind for some time and were looking for a place that would give comfort. The men here did what we could to give it. Unit 93 is always ready to serve the boys their best.

Wednesday night the boys had a real musical treat, Mme. Grace Hall Riheldaffer, grand opera soprano singer, and E. Edwin Crierie, composer, accompanist, both of much note, rendered a most enjoyable program. We were fortunate in having these people with us, they both made a hit among the boys.

Sunday morning, Jan. 6, Chaplain Hauscomb, of 106th Inf., held an impressive Communion Service. There was a large number of soldiers present to partake of the Lord's table.

Sunday night, Jan. 13, the Rev. M. J. Thompson, D.D., of Rochester, N. Y., delivered a stirring sermon. The boys enjoyed it. We are anxiously awaiting his return.

UNIT 95.

Bob Drysdale, the jolly Scot, our Religious Work Director, has gone to Unit No. 96, where he is closer to the fellows from his home-town, Rochester. Two large crowds filled the building when he gave his last talks on January 6 and 8. In his place has come Dr. Marvin J. Thompson, also of Rochester, N. Y. We were mighty sorry to lose Mr. Drysdale but we are glad Dr. Thompson is his successor.

On Thursday, Jan. 10, we were delightfully entertained by Mrs. Blotkey and her company from Spartanburg.

The movies on Wednesday and Friday evenings would not be complete without the 10th Inf. Jazz Orchestra: Chauncey Sears, violin; Frederick Alwaise, piano; Harry Silman, mandolin-banjo; Paul Klopf, banjo-ukelele. The movie operators are Pvts. Anthony Guido, Co. H, 10th Inf, and Alfred Shackler, Co D, 10th Inf. Col. Andrews, of the 105th Inf., has kindly loaned us the regiment's new Powers 6 B machine.

On Monday and Saturday of last week the building was packed to the doors. Most seats were taken when the secretaries returned from mess. Men occupied every available space, even the rafters, to gain a foot hold. On Saturday we had the added company of the prisoners and guards of the

105th Inf. who had been washed and blown out of their tents during the storm on the previous day. The attraction was the entertainment of Private Sydney Greene, of Co. C, 105th Inf., his company of eight star performers and Silverstein's Orchestra of the 51st Pioneer Inf., one of the best musical organizations in camp. Their comedy sketch, "Fun in a Schoolroom," made a great hit. The company is available for other units. Ask Mr. Jenny.

Sunday, Jan. 13, Chaplain Tucker conducted services in the morning and the Rev. Dr. Jordon, of Spartanburg, spoke in the evening.

Secretaries Jordan and Ortnier are confined to the base hospital. We hope for an early return in vigorous health. The latest addition to our staff is the new office secretary, Clayton C. Codrington, of DeLand, Florida.

UNIT 96.

During the week of January 9-16 this unit has had the usual varied activities. The unit has missed very much the men of the 108th Infantry, but the attendance has fallen off very little.

On Wednesday, January 9th, there was an informal sing led by Lucian Bareham. On Thursday night a spirited meeting was held with addresses by Dr. Thompson and Dr. Strayer, followed by singing and movies. Friday night drew an unusually large crowd for the movies. Sunday, January, 13th, there were two splendid religious meetings. In the morning at 10:30 Chaplain Edrop, of the 53rd Pioneer Infantry, conducted a regimental service and gave an impressive sermon. In the evening Rev. Robert J. Drysdale, the new Religious Secretary of this unit, conducted the meeting—"Scotty" Drysdale made a great hit with the men and proved by his first talk that he will be a great asset to this unit. Mr. Drysdale was formerly at Unit No. 95, but it is especially fortunate for this Unit to obtain him as he is well known by the many Rochester men who come here.

Tuesday night, January 15th, we had one of the best movies of the Winter with Ty Cobb as the star.

During the week we lost George K. Warren, Religious Secretary, since the Unit was opened. Rev. Warren will be much missed, not only in this Unit but in the camp in general. He has returned to his church at Syracuse, N. Y., but hopes in time to return to Y. M. C. A. work.

UNIT 97.

One of the finest concerts ever heard in the unit was given last Tuesday night by Madame Grace Hall Riheldaffer, accompanied by E. Edward Crierie. Madame Riheldaffer has given up a promising career temporarily to sing in the various army camps and contonments and her concert at 97 was great. She had the boys with her from the start and carried them with her all the way through her program.

She gave arias from various operas, including Les Hugenots, Madam Butterfly, and others of note. Before singing each aria, she told the story of the opera in such a way as to connect the aria with it so that the piece would not be over the heads of her audience. After these numbers, she sang Les Marsailles in French and English and then lead the boys in singing various songs which they knew, including "There's a Long, Long Trail," "Over There," and "A Long, Long Time," to all of which she improvised a tenor obligato. The fact that Madam Riheldaffer's son is in France at present with the U. S. Engineers gave added interest to her concert. The evening was one of the most enjoyable which the boys have spent since coming into the building and the kindness of Madam Riheldaffer was thoroughly appreciated and will not be forgotten right away.

A large and enthusiastic audience greeted Rev. E. E. Ryden, of Jamestown, last Wednesday night. Dr. Ryden comes to Spartanburg to work in the interests of the men, under the auspices of the Lutheran Church, and this was the first time that he had spoken in camp. The sing before the talk and the movies afterward were both good and much enjoyed.

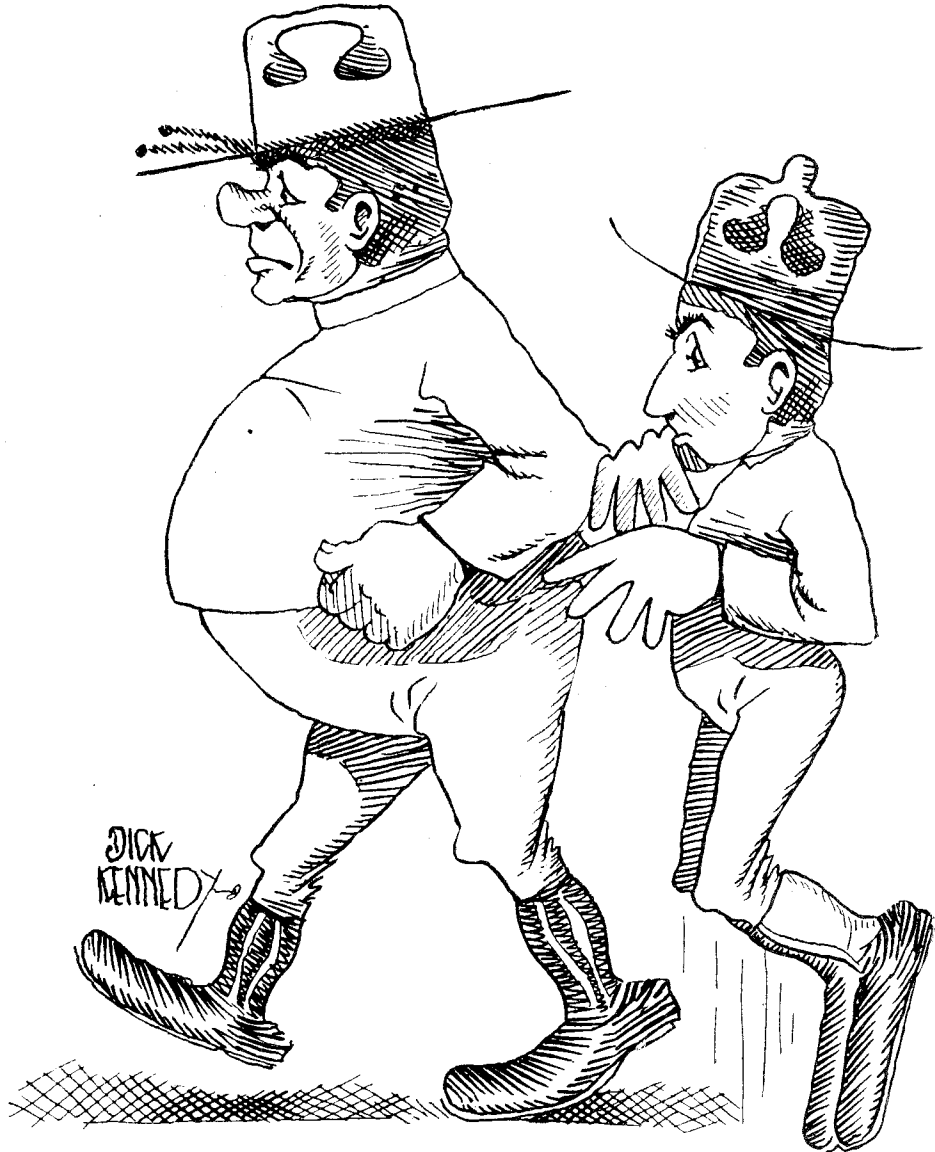
M. E. Oakes, our popular social secretary, was drafted into "active" service last week, when he was sent to Atlanta to drive the new Ford truck to Camp Wadsworth. The trip was full of hard work, delightful scenery, rotten roads and interesting happenings, after all of which "Oakesy" returned to us smiling and serene as ever. The new truck is a dandy and drives finely.

During Oakes' absence, Mr. Robert L. Milam helped out. Mr. Milam is a gospel singer of note throughout the South and comes to us from Atlanta to help wherever and however he can.

The French classes under the direction of Mr. Pafford are all doing business and a good business, too. New classes are in process of formation in Mathematics and English for foreigners.

After a big sing last Sunday night, led by Mr. Allen, Building Secretary, and a short service conducted by Mr. Ford, Religious Work Secretary, Dr. Strayer gave a wonderful talk, which resulted in many men signing the War Roll and asking for Testaments.

The 104th Field Artillery Band gave another of its fine concerts following the movies Monday night. The program was



(DELETED).

varied as usual, but the cornet solo by Mr. Sutherland, the "Miserere" from "Il Trovatore" was especially beautiful.

In the absence of Chaplain Shipman of the 104th Field Artillery, Mr. Ford, Religious Work Secretary, conducted the regimental service last Sunday morning.

UNIT 271.

Capt. Anthony Fiala, 102nd Ammunition Train, gave his feature address on his Polar Expeditions. A good crowd of men was present to hear Capt. Fiala relate intimate details of his own experiences in the frozen North.

We also had a splendid concert from the 102nd Train Band, under the able direction of Sergeant Roach. Come again!

Sunday night after a big "sing," a stirring talk was given to the men by Mr. Ford, Religious Work Secretary from Unit 97. Mr. Ford made a strong appeal to "living men," and at the close of his discourse many men volunteered to sign the War Roll. Special

music was furnished by T. H. Gibson, R. M. C., whose singing was much appreciated.

"Movie night," which hereafter will be an established part of our week's program on Monday and Thursday nights was initiated Jan. 14 by an unprecedented crowd that cramped even standing room. Following the screen plays, Tom Farmer and Ted Mercer gave their life-stories, which deeply impressed every man present. To those who have heard these two men, comment is unnecessary.

The library has an ever-increasing circulation, and a call for more books has been sent in. A full week's program will be scheduled and from the talent that has already been discovered among the men, there will be no lack of big doings. "Our keys are in the river" and Secretaries Bonk and Foote will welcome visitors at any time. Come over and see us.

ETHELBERT JELLYBACK, PRIVATE

(Continued from page 7)

She will spring to her feet, and in a pretty flurry of spirits and skirts she will fling herself to my table.

"Ah, the brave Americaine!" she will cry. "It is to you I owe my dear France."

"No, no," I will protest, while her white hand lies fluttering on my arm, "not to me alone."

"Ah yes—oui, oui, oui. It is you who have saved us. You and your daring."

"Well, Mademoiselle, if you put it that way. . . ." I wave my hand at the waiter. "Garçon, bring two bottles of wine. Will you join me, Mademoiselle?"

Murmuring her pleasure, she will sit with me. She will tell me how much she admires the sort of American of which I am the prototype. I will tell her she is *tres jolie, tres charmant*, and other deft compliments of which my familiarity with society has made me the master. After I have paid her a particularly delicious tribute, to her beauty and her femininity, she will bend across the table with tip-tilted face. She will lift her curving lips close to mine.

Ethelbert Will Palpitate.

I shall tremble on the edge of my chair, involuntarily. I know I shall, because I have ever been a bit nervous and a creature of impulse.

And then, returning her gaze, full into those laughter-loving eyes, I shall—I shall—

Why Jim Mugrums should have thrown his shoe at me, at this point of my narrative, I could never understand. Why, just as I had reached the climax in telling of the wild adventure I am to have in Paris, he should have hit me in the abdomen with a number nine hob-nailed boot, will ever remain a mystery to me.

The blow made me violently ill. It brought on a form of nausea. I tossed on my cot in pain.

"The next time you get nutty again," he warned, "I'll throw the axe."

"Oh," I moaned in reply. "Look what you've done. You've hurt me. You've ruined sixteen weeks of intensive training!"

—ETHELBERT JELLYBACK, Pvt.
(C. D.)

JACK DRISCOLL TO GIVE BOXING LESSONS.

Mr. Dan M. Davis, physical director in Unit 93 has secured the services of Jack Driscoll, of the 14th Inf., of N. Y., to serve as boxing instructor. Mr. Davis will have certain days aside for this work and asks all parties who are interested in boxing to have an interview with him or Mr. Driscoll, as they are anxious to start work.

Mr. Driscoll is a heavyweight of much note and is in every way capable of handling this work.

SELF-PORTRAIT.



COHN FORMS BIG "3."

Harvey Cohn, Division Physical Instructor, has succeeded in forming an athletic league which in addition to Camp Wadsworth will include Camp Jackson and Camp Sevier. Considering the material in the three training centers, the new league will rival the famous intercollegiate triumvirate of Yale, Harvard and Princeton. Jimmy Driscoll who teaches the sporting hosts at Jackson, and Bender, the mentor of Sevier, are co-operating with the local athletic authorities.

Basket-ball will be the first activity attempted by the three rivals. Before the end of February the camps will play six games, meeting once on their own courts and one on each of their opponents. Each Division will be represented by the stars developed in its inter-regimental contests. Cohn is now making arrangements to have the two games scheduled to be played here, decided within the camp limits.

At the same time a triangular track meet has been arranged. It will be staged on the local parade grounds. Harvey Cohn has now over a hundred cinder path artists training for the big event.

Sevier and Jackson will also meet the 27th Division in all the other branches of sport, including baseball, soccer and tennis.

"Mel" Shepperd, the famous middle distance man of the Irish-Americans who is Physical Director at Hattiesburg, Mississippi has issued a challenge to the boxers of Camp Wadsworth. In a recent letter to Cohn he states his willingness to bring his "pugs" here for a little soiree.

REMOUNT DEPOT NO. 307.

"The Melting Pot of the Branches"—doughboy, artillery, cavalry, engineer and M. P., forgetting past prejudice and united in the work of supplying live stock to the Division.

We cheerfully acknowledge the non-de plume and defy anyone to show us a happier bunch of men than those at Remount Depot No. 307.

Capt. Walter B. Palmer, formerly of the Remount Depot at Camp Sherman, Ohio, has been transferred to Remount Depot 307, Camp Wadsworth. Capt. Palmer is known to horsemen throughout America as one of the most prominent breeders, owners and drivers of horses. He has also written some of the poetical classics of the turf and is known as the James Whitcomb Riley of the horse world.

First Lieut. Brod has arrived to fill the post of Chief Veterinarian. Lieut. Brod is thoroughly familiar with remount work, having served in the same capacity at the Remount Depot in Camp Hancock, Augusta, Ga.

Mrs. Maud McKay was one of the guests at Christmas dinner in Remount Depot in this camp. Mrs. McKay is the wife of Quartermaster Sergeant Senior Grade John T. McKay, who is superintendent of Remount Depot and formerly Sergeant Major of Military Police.

Somebody claims that there is no other man in Camp Wadsworth holding the same rank as "Mac." "Mac" modestly admits that it is quite a distinction, and in fact hinted that the first time he meets a man of his own rank, he will celebrate the occasion by a dinner in the "Cleveland."

Quartermaster Sergeant Smith is our property sergeant and we all know it too, what he can not get in the way of property is not worth getting—he's some G E T T E R. He seems very happy now that his favorite mount, "Polly," has recovered and is again in harness.

Q. M. Sergt. Smith is a regular army man transferred to Remount Depot from Truck No. 17. (Note: Clothing will be issued on Fridays only.)

Quartermaster Sergeant William J. Copeland, formerly of 2nd Field Artillery, is now our chief clerk and he sports a chevron as big as a house. Billy was for a number of years Battery Clerk in the old 2nd Field Artillery, and has a reputation throughout the Division for speed and accuracy which he has lived up to in this organization.

A Jewish State.

There is being raised the first million of one hundred million dollars desired to establish the Jewish state in the Holy Land. This movement has long been considered and now that Jerusalem has fallen into allied hands it is possible. The Turk has been eliminated from rule and the home of the Jew may again become his center of influence.



CAMP SPORTS



EDITED BY F. J. ASHLEY

SPORT OFFICIALS IN BASE HOSPITAL.

All Schedules Will Be Played, Weather Permitting.

Probably the nuttiest people in camp just now are the officials who are responsible for the sporting schedules. Instead of getting out their teams and playing off the games they had arranged in football, soccer, basketball, and the other sports which are usually associated with athletes in the Sunny South at this time of the year, they are now working overtime on a hockey and bobsled arrangement. The latter will be more in keeping with the local climate. Most of the skating stars have had plenty of opportunity recently to get in plenty of practice in their shower houses, while the skiers and sled manipulators have found the tent and mess hall roofs just to their liking. It is hoped that the dates will be announced before any of the competitors go North on their summer vacations.

The authorities over at the Base Hospital were at a loss to diagnose the symptoms of some of the new arrivals at the Nut Ward recently. Instead of capering in the usual manner ascribed to squirrel food, their guests went about consulting sporting guides and blowing their whistles. It was only after a visit by Harvey Cohn that the mystery was solved. He announced that all the bunk fatiguers on Ward 16 were scheduled to officiate at the opening of the soccer, basket-ball and football schedules a few months ago. Up to the date of their trip in the bug wagon they had been receiving daily letters from the Physical Director announcing the positive opening of their season "next Saturday—WEATHER PERMITTING."

CLARK GRIFFITH—PHILANTHROPIST.

Clark Griffith, manager of the Washington Nationals, played the fairy god-father to the baseball players of the camp this week. He sent several cases of athletic material to Harvey Cohn for distribution among the various units. In addition to diamond utensils, the boxes contained balls, footballs, and other apparatus.

Mr. Griffith has been one of the foremost advocates of athletics among the soldiers and has been instrumental in keeping the men in France well equipped with sporting material. The baseball fans of the 27th extend to their friend Clark, and his team, the best wishes for the coming season.

PARLEZ-VOUS BASEBALL?

The Clark C. Griffith Ball and Bat Fund has sent more than two thousand baseball outfits to the American soldiers "Over There." The boys in khaki have introduced our national pastime in many parts of France. Here is the attempt of a French sporting editor to describe a baseball game:

"The theque is the ancient game of ball to the field modified and regulated. One can play to ten, but to well play the theque it is necessary to be eighteen players. The dimension of the ground is illimitable, all the same she ought not to have less than 300 square meters. One traces a polygon, of which each side can have from five to ten meters. The bases are indicated by blocks of wood. The first chamber (home plate) or base is ordinarily a square of two meters of side. The post of emplacement of the lancer (pitcher) ought to find itself at four meters from the first base. The lancer ought not to eject the ball, but lance her in such fashion that she arrived between the shoulder and the knee of the beater (batter). The role of beater is of to beat the ball—as soon as she is served—in the direction which he desires (but all the same before his field) and far enough for to permit him of to run at least just to the second base and thus soon again just to the base of return. The play of the opposed field is to send back the ball the most rapidly possible to prevent the beater from to make his run around."

GOOD CARD AT UNIT 97.

Several spirited boxing bouts, a concert by the 104th Field Artillery Band, and songs by A. A. Jarrett, featured the entertainment at Y. M. C. A. No. 97 last Monday night. This program followed the usual moving picture show, and was enjoyed by a capacity crowd.

Snowshoes Jackson, of the 106th Field Hospital, and Young Greenfell, of the same company, put up three smashing rounds with honors about even. Jackson refuted the statement that his jaw is made of glass. Concrete is nearer to it. Callahan, of the artillery sparred three rounds with Corporal Dupree. The other matches brought together Harding and Carroll, of Battery F, and Joe Murphy and Buck O'Neill, of the 104th Field Artillery. Fred McDermott refereed.

THE NUT THAT CAN'T BE BROKEN.

Abe Bernard, Owner of the Hardest Shelled Dome in Camp, Will Baffle Science at the Bouts Again To-Night.

Speaking of nuts—have you been down the bouts yet? Frank Moran certainly has an assorted collection and it would be well worth your trouble to go down to the Big Tent to-night and see a few of them cracked. The party starts at eight o'clock and every one of any consequence at all is planning to be there to join in the picking.

The hardest nut of the Division belongs, without doubt, to Private Abe Bernard, of G Company, 108th Infantry. Time and again in his brief ring history the local ring experts have done their darndest to break it but alas! all they could do was to break or hammering mitts on its shaven and polished surface.

He Is a Game Filburt—Is Abe!

Frank Moran is going to try to have another operation performed on Bernard's mysterious dome to-night and it will be worth while to attend the autopsy. It is rumored that Coco (A) of Battery D, 106th Artillery, will be there with his celebrated crown piece also. Shell out and join the boxing enthusiasts at the Red Triangle Tent to-night.

Frank McDermott, the best nut cracker of the Division will appear in the heavyweight affair while some nuts of smaller denominations will be offered for inspection in the other nine battles.

CHARLESTON NAVY YARD TEAM PLAYS HERE TO-NIGHT.

The basket-ball team of the Charleston Navy Yard will meet the Camp Wadsworth five at the Spartanburg Y. M. C. A. this evening. It is the second game of the season for the two outfits, the Division representatives winning the first contest at the Tars court two weeks ago. The score then was 28 to 13 in favor of the players of the 105th Infantry and 51st Pioneer Regiments, from which the camp five is recruited.

The sailors have been training since the last game in their new \$50,000 gym at Charleston and the court should prove the scene of a real interesting fray to-night. The Navy players have been put under the care of Ketcham, who starred for Annapolis a few years ago and it is expected that he will be in their lineup. A preliminary game has been scheduled between the five of the 102nd Engineers and a team selected from the men here who formerly starred in the Hudson River League.

Officers and Soldiers Invited to Visit

ASHEVILLE, N. C.

"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 one mile high. 18 hole all turf golf links, finest course South.

Send Your Families to Asheville

Where they will have safety and comfort, can visit back and forth and telephone at will. The ideal place to spend the winter, or to come and 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, ASHEVILLE, N. C.
N. BUCKNER, Secretary

Attention, Soldiers!

GO TO

*Spartanburg's
Leading
Barber Shop*

**Five First Class Barbers
First Class Manicuring**

**We solicit your
patronage**

**Cleveland
Barber Shop**

T. H. MULLINAX, Proprietor

AMBULANCE COMPANY 105.

(Concluded from page 19)

soon, and boasts that it will be bigger, better, and more finished than the first.

Foot trouble and rheumatism were responsible for the disability discharge of Private Leroy V. Beers, formerly of this company. He is a good friend and a splendid soldier and we are sorry to lose him.

When a load of coal was left near the mess hall on January 11, the men gathered around the pile and examined the chunks curiously for it was the first that we had seen since our arrival at this camp. It was finally decided that each tent squad should have seventy-five pounds and under the watchful eye of Supply Sergt. Art Gwynn, the coal dwindled to a memory. Two days later, when the same amount was again issued, several of the men fainted from the shock and upon their recovery were assigned to Ward 32 in the Base Hospital.

Private 1st Class William J. "Chief" Costello, candidate for a commission at the officers' training school at this camp, visited his old comrades last Sunday and in reply to eager questions, stated that things were "coming along fine." He made his quarters for the day with his old squad in No. 5 tent and promises to be up every Sunday. "Ataboy, 'Chief.'"

Corpl. Walter Schindler hopes to resume

E. B. T. SCHUMACKER IN CAMP

Old "Vet" Here to Boost Entertainment Service.

E. B. T. Schumacker, Field Director of the Military Entertainment Service, arrived in camp during the past week to get some social activities started for the men of the Division. He is a veteran of the 4th Ohio Infantry and saw action in both the Philippines and Porto Rico. He has just completed a tour of the Western and Southern camps and cantonments, his last stop being in Alabama.

"Schu the Y Builder," as he is known in the West, hails from Detroit, where he has been engaged in the real estate business since he returned from the Far East twenty years ago. During that period he has been actively associated with the Y. M. C. A. and because of his ability was drafted by the commission to occupy his present position. He saw service with Billy Sunday during the latter's campaign in Detroit and also promoted several shows for the soldiers in Porto Rico in '98.

Mr. Schumacker has been sent here to broaden the Entertainment Service Commission's work. He is arranging to build another circus top at the Western end of the camp for the units which are too distant from the Red Triangle Tent. Three shows a week will be given under each canvass, the program including the latest movie 'hits,' plenty of good clean vaudeville stunts and original work by the talent in the Division. On the nights the tents are not used in this way they will be turned over to the Y. M. C. A., the Knights of Columbus, and the Physical Director for boxing or other athletic events.

She was an admirable person and never lost an opportunity of pointing a moral to her small nephews and nieces. She took them to the museum for a treat.

"This," said the guide, "is Nelson's vest, worn at the battle of Trafalgar, and this is the hole where the fatal bullet went thru."

"There, children," said their aunt. "You remember what I said about a stitch in time saving nine. If that hole had been mended the bullet wouldn't have gone thru." Then she capped it by adding, "And Nelson might have been living yet."—New York World.

his studies at the College of Medicine at Syracuse University. His application has already been sent to Headquarters.

Private Earl W. Bristol is considered the luckiest man in camp. He has a real "steady" in Spartanburg. He is certainly living up to his boast that he can get a girl wherever he goes. "How do you do it, Earl?"

—A. K. M.

TWO MEN WHO CAME BACK.

Tom Farmer and Ted Mercer Put
Across a Message With a Punch.

"It's hell to get on your feet again when you're a rummy and a down-and-outer."

"You can't trust the men of the world. I know because I've tried it."

"Men ask me if I believe in a hell. Why wouldn't I? I've been there two or three times."

"There's no use trying to preach Christianity to a man who is hungry and cold. Feed and clothe him, stake him until he gets his first pay. Then preach to him."

With such remarks as these, culled from their own bitter experience, Ted Mercer, ex-drunk and bum, and Tom Farmer, ex-bank robber, have been gripping the hearts of the men in camp during the past week in a series of meetings which have packed the Y. M. C. A. units.

Mercer and Farmer represent the two opposites of the social scale. The former was born and brought up in the lap of luxury, a nephew of Ex-President Arthur and given of the best that life affords. He forsook his relatives and friends and became a good-for-nothing, sinking to the lowest of bums and finally, as he says, by the grace of God, lifting up his head again, while on the verge of suicide. Farmer, on the other hand was the son of a New York saloon-keeper and politician, brought up in a life of crime, taught to steal as soon as he was old enough to learn anything and becoming in the course of time one of the most noted robbers in the criminal world. Eighteen of the best years of his life were spent behind prison bars and he now faces the world broken in health because of a solitary confinement of eighteen months. As he says also, he was pulled back to being a real man again, by but one thing, the grace and power of God alone.

Now they stand together on the same plane doing the same work. Mercer, polished and refined in speech, college bred, looking and acting the part of an educated gentleman; Farmer, uncouth in grammar and action, the typical man of the underworld, but with a wealth of earnestness and power which comes from the courage of a strong conviction.

Their Christianity is of the most vital and practical sort. Not the kind that harps on the small things, but the kind that takes life and makes something of it, which pulls men out of their old habits and puts them on the right plane; not the kind that works on Sunday only and puts on all sorts of fancy work, but the kind that works everyday in the week and is simple in the extreme. The both believe in the practicality of religion and are not backward in saying that it is their conviction that it is really Christianity which is going to whip the mad dog of Germany. To them a spade is a spade and nothing can ever make it different and it is in this fact that their strength

with men lies. They are not men who attempt to heroize themselves because of their rather seamy history, which has been unlike that which comes in the life of the normal man but they see and draw lessons from an unpleasant past which, in the lives of most of us, is not a pleasant thing to think about.

With this message these two men are now putting the matter of living straight up to the soldiers of our country. Their appeal can not be resisted, their brand of religion can not be denied, because the appeal is based on personal experience and the religion is of the most practical and usable sort.

—C. H. L. F.

THIRD TRUCK CO. 102ND AMMUNITION
TRAIN.

Where is Grover, N. C.? Ask the boys of the Third Truck. They know.

Missing—Jake's face in the ticket box of the Pastime Theatre at Kings Mt.

Private Dawson, since returning from Grover, is singing "Peg" of my Heart.

Why does Cook Isi go to Gastonia? We all saw you, Isi.

Private Weir is now our Mess Sergt. Best of luck to you, Freddie.

Poor Buck DeRue, how he does miss Harry's little Ford.

Our company barber is now buying lemon extract by the wholesale. (OH, Flip.)

A new song for Tent 5, "When Private Johnson Met 'North' in the South."

A familiar question heard around the camp at Grover: "Is there a truck going to Kings Mt. tonight?"

Sergt. Rogers and Schwab are both going to school (officers') again.

Who stole the turkeys at Grover Xmas day?

Private Mendell walked right up to the Paymaster "An drew" nothing.

Private Vallant was seen gathering "Moss" at Kings Mt. and they say it was a very pretty gathering.

Sergt. Kerr went hunting last week, but with a Ford.

Pop got a letter from Kate to-day. Which one was it Pop?

Sergt. Doyle thinks the "Hills" of North Carolina very beautiful. What Hill is that?

—X. W. Z.

You can unscrew the last ½ inch

And stick it on a new stick

Save below the waste line

(Save 50 shaves right in the metal Grip)

SMALL and regular economies make thrift. Colgate's "Handy Grip" lets you use *all* your shaving soap. And there's economy in other ways with Colgate's—it's a big stick, and a little of it gives you a plentiful lather.

The most economical form of shaving soap is the stick—we make Shaving Stick, Powder, and Cream, so we are in a position to give this disinterested advice to use

COLGATE'S
"HANDY GRIP"
PATENTED 1917

POST EXCHANGES**ATTENTION****POST CARD****Views**

of

Camp Wadsworth

and

Surroundings**ALL LIVE STUFF**

Place Your Order Now



Burschardt's
108 Kennedy Pl.

ELECTRICAL APPLIANCES

GAS
AND
ELECTRICITY
FOR ALL PURPOSES

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

ROLLER SKATING

GOOD MUSIC

NEW PRINCESS RINK

ONE BLOCK WEST OF CLEVELAND HOTEL

Busses Stop at Door

EACH BRANCH OF ARMY HAS OWN LINGO.

The American poilu is not going overseas unprovided with his own lingo, according to a writer in "Everybody's Magazine."

"He calls himself, by the way, a 'dough-boy,' or 'crusher,' which is fairly American-sounding. Cavalrymen he calls 'bow-legs,' a soldier who shares his shelter is his 'bunkie,' the company barber is 'butcher,' a soldier who works for an officer is a 'dog robber,' the commanding officer is alluded to as 'K. O.'; a junior officer is called a 'goat'; a teamster is a 'mule skinner'; an old officer is called 'old file'; the drum-major is the 'regimental monkey'; the doctor is 'saw-bones,' a new second lieutenant is a 'shave-tail'; field artillerymen are 'wagon soldiers'; and a trumpeter or bandsman is a 'wind-jammer.'

"And our doughboys are like Tommy and poilu in that they never 'bellyache' or complain when the 'slum,' i. e., the meat or vegetable stew, or the 'sow-belly,' as the bacon is called, are bad. It's all in the game—the game is 'Kan the Kaiser'—which is the only American equivalent thus far of any of the French war slogans like 'Ils ne passeront pas,' or 'On les aura.' 'We'll get them.' 'They shall not pass.'"

Aviators Terms.

The air service, like most special branches, has its own vocabulary.

"An officer of flying starts, but who for some reason does not fly, is called a 'penguin.' This name is also applied to a type of trailing machine which does not rise from the ground. An officer in the flying service without flying status is called a 'kiwi,' after an Australian bird.

"A pilot is generally called a 'quirk.' A flight is called a 'flip,' and if it is a distinguished failure it is called a 'washout.' An airplane is usually called a 'bus.' The great hope of the airmen is to 'spike-bozzle' or bring down a 'Zep,' or one of the smaller non-rigid dirigibles they call 'blimps.'

"The airman's pest is the 'onion,' or large flaming anti-aircraft shell, which 'Archie'

sends up as a sort of bouquet—with sometimes an unpleasant smell. 'Archie' is the general name for the anti-aircraft gun."

Origin of "Boche."

"'Boche' is an abbreviation of 'caboche,' a hobnail, with a hard, rough and square head. It was applied long ago, because of corresponding mental qualities, to the Germans as well as to all resembling them. Similarly, the Tommies call the big German guns 'Berthas' in honor of the eldest daughter of Herr Krupp, the great German munitions maker.

"The 'big stuff' means the various kinds of large German shells. The high explosive ones are 'crumps,' the big ones that give out a lot of black smoke, 'Jack Johnsons' or 'coal-boxes.' The poilus generally call the 'big stuff' 'marmites' or 'stewpots.'

"Any misfortunes that the 'big stuff' may bring are spoken of lightly in the trenches. Being killed, and so requiring the services of 'Holy Joe,' the chaplain, is referred to delicately as being 'huffed' or as having 'clicked it,' or 'gone West.' Anyway, after it is all over and, if you are lucky, you are buried—'sewed in a blanket,' as it is called—and are thereafter alluded to as 'pushing up the daisies.'"

Poilu's Slang.

"The poilu calls his bayonet by various pet names: 'Rosalie' (especially for the new style bayonet, which makes a wound like a cross); 'a knitting needle,' 'a roasting spit,' 'a Josephine,' 'a fork,' and the old-style bayonet 'a cabbage cutter,' 'a cork-screw.'

"A motorcycle is a 'teuf-teuf.' His machine gun is a 'coffee mill' or an 'unsewing machine.' Small bombshells are called 'sparrows,' and bullets are 'prunes' or 'chestnuts.'

"The poilu's knapsack is his 'crystal closet.' The famous .75 field piece is called 'the little Frenchman' or 'Charlotte.' 'Un cou-cou' is a small bombshell and a large bombshell is called 'un colis a domicile,' literally a C. O. D."

104TH FIELD ARTILLERY.

With the departure of Col. Smith and Lt. Col. Delaney for the instruction school we welcome back Major Seymour. The Major left us while we were in Plattsburg, to attend the School of Fire at Fort Sill, and has returned to find himself in command of the regiment. We thank the Major for his good work in getting the shower baths working, thus giving many men a much-needed opportunity for taking a bath.

Speaking of shower baths, "Mickey" Clune, the popular Irish comedian who acts in the capacity of mechanic for the Supply Co. has received a haircut (the first since his arrival in Spartanburg) and he was also one of the first to take advantage of the showers opened on Saturday night. Clune took a bath, and in the process it is rumored that he discovered several suits of underwear which he had thought lost.

"Doc" Cray, of the Medical Detachment, has become tired of dishing out O. D. pills and iodine, and has been selected to attend the Training School for officers that is being held in the division. "Doc" is going to learn to be a regular artilleryman, and while we hate to lose his cheery face when we visit the hospital, everyone extends his heartiest congratulations with best wishes for "Doc" in his new undertaking.

Saturday night at "Taps" everyone who was still awake in camp was rewarded by hearing Taps blown in a manner seldom equalled and never excelled. Band Leader Sutherland of our excellent band thought he would demonstrate to the Wind Jammers just how he thought Taps should sound and believe me the way it sounded when blown by him on his cornet was a treat.

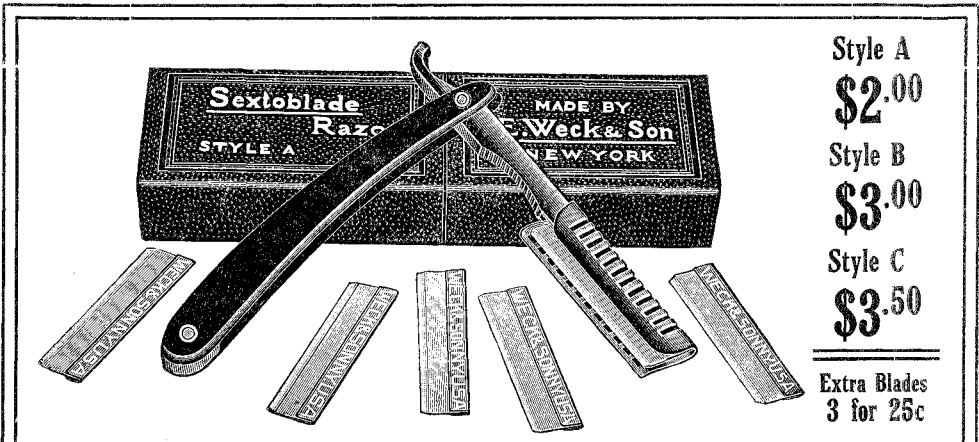
Lieut. Farr is acknowledged to be one of the best officers in the regiment but his efficiency is low in the matter of burning his tent. During the past week the Lieut. has had several fires in his tent but as yet has not burned it to the ground. He has several holes for ventilation, however, and if given time will probably succeed in doing a good job.

"Donkey" Doyle, the acting top sergeant of the "Mule Chauffeurs" not only looks like his nickname, but according to members of the company, makes a noise like one, especially around first call in the morning when he invites the men in the company to "Get out of them tents."

We regret the loss of "F" battery, probably the most efficient battery in the regiment, but we hope that their stay at the Training School will not in any way interfere with their future connections with this regiment and that after the school closes Capt. Gibbons and his battery will return.

In the past we have had many occasions for being thankful to Chaplain Shipman and glad he is attached to the 104th, and now we again wish to thank him for his work in procuring for us the wonderful comfort kits, which he distributed last week.

—J. B. C.



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.

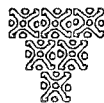
Made by

Edward Weck & Son, New York

For sale in Spartanburg by

SPARTAN HARDWARE CO.

**Hardware
Mill Supplies
and
Machinery**



Montgomery & Crawford

**Spartanburg,
S. C.**

TODD DRUG CO.

S. W. Corner Church and Main Sts.

ANSCO CAMERAS

FLASHLIGHTS

POCKET KNIVES

Candies

Stationery

Fountain Pens

Cigars

and

Tobaccos

Uniforms

Tailored by

The House of Kuppenheimer



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

James A. Bannister

Genuine Cordovan

Puttees : \$16.50

PRICE'S

116 E. MAIN ST.

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.

HDQTS. 54TH INF. BRIG. 27TH DIVISION.

The school for the instruction of the Automatic Arms Section of the Rifle Companies of the Brigade is being organized under the direction of Captain Charles Veyssieres of the French Army.

Sergeant McEnery Edmonds, Company D, 52d U. S. Infantry has been detailed to the 54th Infantry Brigade for duty as Assistant Instructor in the Brigade Course of Automatic Rifles.

The Commanding General of the Brigade notes with pleasure that in the report of 309 violations in the camp of G. O. 1, 1917, Headquarters, Camp Wadsworth, for the period from November 30 to December 30, 1917, the record of the Headquarters Detachment of this Brigade is clear and congratulates himself as well as the Detachment upon this fact. He hopes that in the New Year this good record may continue and trusts each man to do his part in this respect.

1st Lieutenant R. D. Williamson, Aide to General Lester, has been granted a leave of absence for ten days.

Ushers at the Y. M. C. A. are now being furnished by the 54th Infantry Brigade each alternate week.

Sergeant John T. E. Davis, of the Hdqrs. Detachment, has returned from several days vacation spent at the Base Hospital. He looks well and has entirely recuperated and is now ready for all duties.

Captain Charles J. Taggart, 108th Infantry, has been appointed Fire Marshal of District No. 1, vice 1st Lieutenant Edward M. McCabe, 108th Infantry, who is relieved as such.

Privates Manning, McEnaney and Robetor have returned from an eight-day furlough spent in Albany, Troy and vicinity. Each report having had a very enjoyable trip, the only incidents or mishaps being that Manning got all mixed up in the colored waiting room at Spartanburg and but for the prompt action of Mike Robetor he would be minus his pocketbook, having left it lying on the counter in the baggage room. Manning has carried a jinx with him since his enlistment, his identification number on clothing and equipment being number "13." Robetor was in terrible shape for the lack of sleep when he met us at the Penn Station in New York City, and began saluting the uniformed colored porters or baggage smashers. We heard a rumor in Albany that Doyle and Flanagan were held up by a Traffic Cop in Albany and were forced to acknowledge that they were from Spartanburg and that they had permission to visit Albany with all their hair shaved off.

Captain Albert W. Towner, V. C., N. A., has been assigned to duty with the 54th Infantry Brigade. The following enlisted men of the Veterinary Corps are also attached: Privates, 1st Class, Edward T. Cavanaugh, Patrick St. John, Privates Daniel Bruen, Joseph T. Kehoe and Thomas A. Smith.

1st Lieutenant R. J. Easton has been detailed to attend the Division Gas Defense School.

2d Lieutenant R. P. Buell and Corporal George DeMear have been detailed to the School of Liaison.

1st Lieutenant R. J. Easton, 1st Lieutenant R. D. Williamson and 2d Lieutenant R. P. Buell, Aides, will also attend the Division Intelligence School.

The following enlisted men of the Headquarters Detachment have been detailed to attend School of Signaling: Privates, 1st Class, Robetor and Privates Butler, Doyle, Manning and Pinney. Sergeant John T. E. Davis is attending the School of Equitation. Private "Pigeon" Doyle has also been examined and qualified for the Pigeon Section of the Division.

Private Kimball caught the daily train out of Hempstead, L. I., and returned to camp from furlough. Privates Earl and John Bryce have returned from Mt. Vernon, where they have been enjoying an eight-day furlough.

Our "Dandy Dan" Private Charles Doane Allen is attending the Officers' Training Camp and from the latest reports is making rapid progress. I have been told that he has already been to Spartanburg and inquired the price of gold bars and ready-made uniforms. When Charles first dons his brand new Sears-Roebuck, well ironed out O. D. serge, he will still have memories of his last day on duty in the Headquarters Detachment, as our most energetic Sergeant Major detailed him to the kitchen and he there spent the day in juggling pots and pans and other miscellaneous duties directed by the Cook.

Regimental Sergeant Major Laidlaw has been out exercising his "Kibolyo" through the wide and muddy drill grounds of the Brigade. His horse is a wonder just so long as he keeps him away from within sight of a picket line, but the minute he sees a picket line the fun begins. The horse runs along like a corn fed nigger, filled up with hops and stops for nothing, not even the guy ropes on the office tent.

—T. J. McE., Jr.

Mrs. Skinner keeps a boarding-house where it is whispered the guests are by no means too well fed. One of her neighbors attempted to point out to the lady the errors of her ways.

"I should think," began the neighbor, "you'd do well to feed your boarders a little better. You can't expect them to say a good word for you when they leave."

"Oh, but they do," was the quick reply. "Almost every one of them has a grudge against some friend or other, and he invariably recommends my house to him. I get lots of new boarders that way."—New Idea.

JACK BACK.

Corp. Jack A. Roberts, of Co. H, 105th U. S. Inf., has returned to Camp Wadsworth after spending a ten-day furlough as the guest of his sister, Mrs. Wm. Callahan, of New York City, and Helen Hennessey, of Hudson, N. Y.

CO. F, 102ND ENGINEERS AT WHITNEY.

For several weeks we had waited, with some misgivings, for the order to proceed to Whitney. It was certain we were bound to go, for every company in the regiment, with the exception of "F," had been there for training in building pontoon bridges. Finally, on January 1st we were told to pack up and leave the following morning. This caused considerable gloom on account of the extreme cold weather, for we hated to leave behind the board floors and sides, which made our tents so comfortable.

Wednesday came, cold and cloudy; before we reached Whitney it had started to snow, but we heeded it not and proceeded to make camp. Before noon everything was set and a casual observer would easily have been convinced that we had been camping at that particular place for a long time.

Of course, the first thing the boys wanted to see was the lake on which we were to build our pontoon bridges. To our surprise this so-called lake was entirely frozen over. According to the natives, it was frozen over for the first time in eighteen years. If anyone had an idea that this condition would permit them to get plenty of bunk fatigue, such ideas were expelled the following morning when our officers marched us over to the pontoon wagons and showed us how easily we could put the bridges together on land. The work is mighty interesting and the experience will stand us in good stead when we really need it. All our time is not devoted to this work, however; we go out on hikes, have different manouvers, bayonet exercises and many other interesting things, so that time will not hang heavy.

The Lord had a few scraps left over after he finished with Spartanburg, so he tossed them to the winds; they landed four miles north; now the place is called Whitney.

Corp. Pearce is going to ask for permanent kitchen detail; he only gained 12 lbs. the week he was on duty there.

Cook Herzog baked a most delicious pie one day for the Captain. He set it one side to cool and went out of the kitchen; upon his return said pie had disappeared; the only evidence as to who might be responsible was the discovery of the empty pie plate in Corp. McGinty's tent. How about it, Mac?

It was rumored on the Company Street that Sergt. Brady arose one morning before nine a. m.; upon investigation, however, it was found to be untrue—he had moved his cot to another place.

Sergt. Kemp was sponsor for a little entertainment the boys put on in the mess hall New Year's Eve, but what we want to know is who is responsible for the stories told by one of the talent.

Evidently Private Murtaugh is losing his eye-sight, or else he had never taken advantage of the Y. M. C. A. showers, for he walked into the Y. M. C. A. last week and inquired as to where he could take a bath.

Some of the boys regret having to go to Whitney because they have to stand on line

102ND TRENCH MORTAR BATTERY.

We are now lucky enough to have one of our men able to pass the rigid requirements of the Signal Corps, Aviation Section, and be chosen for that branch of service. He happens to be Clarke F. Davis, and if you want to hear a good story, listen to him tell how a colonel and a major pulled him over the rear end of a train on his way to Atlanta. He called the colonel "some fella" with a turkey-buzzard on his shoulder. Anyway we wish him the best of luck in his new job.

Quite a few of our officers and non-coms have been detailed to different departments of the Division School of the Line. First Lieutenant Dilks was detailed to the Transportation Dept., Second Lieutenant Cloak to the Intelligence Dept., Sgt. Hudson, Camouflage, Sgt. Towle, Gas Defense, students. First Lieutenant Roy has been detailed as a Trench Mortar Instructor, along with Sgt. Hanlon, Corporals Adams, and Stapleton. Sgt. Balch goes as an assistant instructor in Bayonet Training. Corp. Petit has been assigned to the Liason Dept, Buzzer work.

Corporal Louis Trapp was transferred recently to the Sanitary Squad No. 2 and all our best wishes go with him in the new organization.

Sgt. Geraghty's pictures taken of him while in the English regalia and gas-mask are now on sale at the canteen. Orders must be placed a week ahead of time.

Bugler Raymond received instructions at the School of Line, Bugler's Section, to take his squad of Buglers in the woods and teach them the new methods of bugling. His squad generally sees him first and camouflages himself as a blanket or a mattress.

No more will Sgt. Towle be able to get a detail of men. On account of his attending the gas-school they will be sufficiently warned in time to drop into their little wood holes, and pull the wood in after them.

Sgt. Balch has an unearthly habit of trying to get us all up before Reveille every morning. Too bad he can't wait until it blows, and give us the joy of rushing out in time to get in line before assembly blows.

(Continued on page 31)

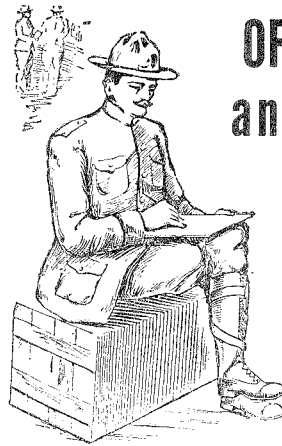
with Mess kits; this makes it impossible for them to grab the meals of the men at their table who happen to be on guard or out on details.

Corp. Gill and his squad did such excellent work the week they were on K. P. that Cook Herzog invited them down to his house in town for big eats. Didn't he, Gill?

Wagoner Schwartz was ordered to "hitch up" and report at once with his wagon. An hour went by and still no wagon in sight, so Sergt. Donnelly went forth to investigate. He found Schwartz down in the corral asleep, with half an onion sandwich in his hand and Louis is still trying to convince us that the onion was so strong the fumes put him to sleep.

—H. I. B.

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



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

SHOULD NOT OVERLOOK THE MARKING OF ALL THEIR CLOTHING WITH

Cash's Woven Names

They give a perfect means of identification and make mistakes impossible. Sold by all leading men's furnishing and army and navy co-operative stores.

PRICES:

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

STYLE SHEET ON APPLICATION

J. & J. CASH, Ltd.

29 Chestnut St., SO. NORWALK, CONN.

*Young & Germany
Company
Groceries
Fruit and
Produce*

Officers and enlisted men are particularly welcome in our establishment. We want them to feel that our office is their headquarters while they are in town.

Immediate Attention Given to Verbal and Telephone Orders

Cor. Ezell and Choice Sts.

Telephone 1351



World Brevities

Edited by J. S. KINGSLEY



More New Republics.

The present time seems ripe for the springing up of republics. The latest one is that of Don Cossack, a region a half larger than the State of New York, situated in Southern Russia. The Cossacks are said to have organized a republic with General Kaledine, the former Cossack general in the Russian army, as president and prime minister. The new president says that he has no desire to fight Russia or the Russian people but will protect his own country and its rights for independence.

Who is Trotsky?

The man who is Minister of Foreign Affairs in Russia bears the name Leon Trotsky, which has been known for some time to be an assumed name. Trotsky was a correspondent on East Side of New York and became acquainted with many Americans among whom was the editor of the Masses who says that Trotsky's real name is Bronstein, that in 1905 he was president of the Workmen's Council and was arrested at Petrograd and exiled to Siberia for life. His appearance was much like that of his jailer by name of Troszky, whom he studied and imitated for two years, when with a forged passport he made his way across and out of Russia. At the outbreak of the Russian revolution he returned to Russia and became prominent in the new regime.

Outlaws.

On January 4th in the Bristol Channel, a British hospital ship on way from Gibraltar to England, was torpedoed by a German U-boat. No warning was given to the hospital ship, which had all lights burning and was plainly marked with the red cross. Nor was the ship within the war zone.

Submarine Pest Not Wiped Out Yet.

During the first ten days of January the number of British ships sunk by submarines was much larger than it has been for several weeks. Over thirty ships were sunk within that time. The loss of thirty vessels in ten days is a loss which must be met by more destroyers or by building more ships than can be sunk. Of course thirty ships although a large number to lose, yet not a large number when compared with the two thousand ships which arrived and 2250 ships which sailed from England in a single week.

Private Stewpid—"Say, why can't we wear spiral puttees?"

Corporal Bonedome—"Cause you'll catch the new disease if you do."

Private Stewpid—"What new disease?"

Corporal Bonedome—"Spiral meningitis, you boob!"

The Last Word.

President Wilson's address to Congress is said to be the last word of the Allies before the world and to Germany explaining what the allied nations hope to accomplish in this war. The President is an idealist and yet he has always proven himself an able manipulator in making circumstances work out ideal creeds. The President intends to win this war and to settle it in such a way that a similar war in the future will be impossible. He assumes a league of nations bound together to establish and to insure world peace. Armaments must be reduced and the chief business of nations must not be dedicated to war. Civilization demands some humane means of settling disputes among nations. And why not? Peaceful means of settling personal disputes long ago was found in law and justice. Law settles disputes of families, of communities, of corporations and why not of nations? The growth of law was from the individual to the world. We are ready for the last step. We need a world league of nations. We need a reduction of armament. We need equality among nations. We need freedom of the seas. We need destruction of national economic wars and of economic barriers. We need national conscience and honor in dealing with sister nations. We must make impossible all secret treaties and intrigues. We must seek the equality and the brotherhood of man. President Wilson stands for these principles. The war will bring these conditions about. War is doomed because economies has doomed it. The growing brotherhood of man has doomed it, the evolution of law has doomed it, the hope of the world has doomed it and above all, Christianity has doomed it. This war promises to be the last great war and the dawning of a new and better era. The soldiers of to-day will become the world patriots of ages to come.

22,000,000 Red Cross Members.

America has now 22,000,000 members of the Red Cross. There has been raised \$93,000,000 of which \$30,000,000 have already been spent. The government recently decided that not more than \$800,000 a month can be sent abroad from this country for charity.

Deported 300,000 Belgians.

It has been estimated that Germany deported at least 300,000 Belgians. Germany has told the world that she has returned these but a prominent correspondent asserts that less than one-third of the deported Belgians have been returned.

President Favors Woman Suffrage.

President Wilson has been converted to federal woman suffrage. He advised members of Congress to vote for the amendment. The vote in the House of Representatives was sufficient to pass that House. A constitutional amendment requires a two-thirds vote to pass Congress and then it must be ratified by three-fourths of the States.

Making All Women People.

World acceptance of woman suffrage is inevitable. The ability of woman to share with man the solution of national and world problems is most logical. The practical working of universal suffrage is not ideal nor can it be until the individual constituents of the body politic is ideal. But aristocracy or oligarchy or monarchy are not ideal nor are they as ideal as is a system which allows each one to represent his own interest in the universal voice of the people. Woman suffrage will not change the nature of women, it will not pervert women. If it has a perverting influence it would pervert men. If men are thus perverted then politics should be kept from as many men as possible. In such a case autocracy is the best form of government.

Worse Than Atilla.

The Germans have a new 14-inch traction gun, which has a very long range. The *Matin*, a prominent paper in Rome, says that the Germans have leveled at least 130 villages behind the Western front. The suggested reason given was to obtain a better opportunity for a better defense of the German lines. This may be true but it is also true that whenever the German army retreats only destruction marks the path. The Germans destroyed when it was unnecessary. They destroy only to express their own rule or ruin disposition.

More Hun Highhandedness.

The railroad raids in Lithuania, Courland and Poland are laid to accommodate German rolling-stock. The Russian rails are much wider than the German rails. Germany now threatens to withhold all transportation on these roads if these countries insist on their own independence. If this threat were carried out Germany could cause tremendous suffering in these countries and possibly they would prefer to give up independence rather than existence.

Houses for Ship-Builders.

The government will expend over a million dollars to build housing accommodations for ship-builders at the various government ship-yards. The chief quarters will be at Newport News.

THE LANGREN HOTEL

ASHEVILLE, N. C.

Summer and Winter Resort

Every room steam heated with hot and cold running water.

Spend week-ends and furloughs with us.

RATES: \$1.50 to \$2.50 European Plan

The largest hotel in the Carolinas

GUY S. LAVENDER, Manager

COMPANY "E," 102ND AMMUNITION TRAIN.

What's in a name? Who of us hasn't heard this celebrated interrogative? It is a known fact that roses smell just as sweet under any name, which proves our statement that we are just as good an outfit as we were sometime ago, even though we have acquired two "John Henry's." We are now on the books as "Company E." Whether this stands for "efficiency" or "excellence," we can't say, but we intend to uphold that "E" at any cost.

Almost on the heels of our christening, comes the appointment of some two-stripe non-coms, who were deserving of this military boost, to say the least.

Corporal Eckes, better known as "X," which adds to our alphabetical fame, was so sure of his promotion, that he could spell "corporal" in three different languages, long before any of the "bucks" took him into consideration.

Corporal Black, our "djer kiss" non-com, is as sweet as a nut. Even his recent rise to fame and charge of quarters has not affected his disposition a particle. Unless he has a run in with Sergt. DeGrasse, who knows but what he may be given another stripe? Nobody. Being in a position to collect all information, dope and data, I ask and answer all questions without the slightest hesitation. Before I leave off with the "newly appointed," mention must be made of Gibbard Wolff, which is not a nick name though it sounds funny, unless you are used to it; he came by it honestly and responds very quickly when you call him "Gib." His surname is very appropriate, as he growls very frequently when the fatigue squad fails to execute his orders. Why he should growl is not for me to say, but as a buck said to me the other day: "Does he think that he can scare me with that noise! I remember him when the only two stripes he had were over his eye. So as for me, I can't see those on his sleeve, even if he stuck an arrow over them." Never mind, "Gib," popularity is based upon the number of enemies one has—which makes you unanimous!

To avoid any ill-feeling and to show no partiality, I will tell a few secrets about some of our privates:

"Al" Mason claims all medals for non-goldbricking. "Al" imagines if he gets stable guard once in awhile he's doing more than his share! Brace up "Al," the Kaiser can't live forever—and you're still in your infancy. We're all going "blighty" (sometime) "Al," but not to-nightie.

Our company holds the undisputed record for perforated tents. Chalmers Knitting Company has nothing on us for holes. The holes in our tents range anywhere from the size of a pinhead, to the size of a hat. We also have some odd sizes. Speaking of odd sizes reminds me of the recent result of "spontaneous combustion" of Sergt. Rear-don's tent. According to his alibi, the fire in his Sibley tried to take the air, but miscalculated on the door. Now Serg. has had to move his entrance somewhat to the rear.

—M. I.

102ND TRENCH MORTAR BATTERY.

(Concluded from page 29)

We thought New York State had awful mud when at its worst but South Carolina mud—give us N. Y. every time.

Those new red, white, and blue hat cords look very cute. The lucky ones to wear them are Sgt. Murphy, Corporals Mooney and Anderson, Pvts. Mead and Corcoran. We hope some day that we may be able to salute them (as you were).

If Harry Mills could only find more ovens to make fires in he would be a good engineer.

If anybody doesn't believe Red Gunning is a corporal, ask him and he will show you his papers.

Bugler Kennedy is better known as Gas Attack Joe.

If Barlow could only have a table of his own in the mess hall, he would not have to fill his pockets with toast.

If bugler Kennedy got more mail from his girl in R. V. C. the boys think he could blow better.

If Peter, the mail boy, would only get the mail on time, the boys would think more of him.

We hear that First Class Private Dick refuses to do T. O. on Saturdays, now that he is made a clerk.

HALT!

Poole's Barber Shop



A REAL BARBER SHOP
WITH REAL SERVICE.



TEN FIRST CLASS BARBERS
NO WAITING.



TOOLS AND TOWELS STERILIZED.



BATHS—HOT OR COLD.



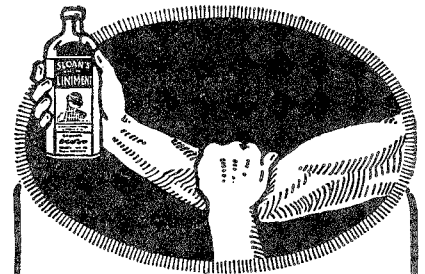
YOUR PATRONAGE APPRECIATED.



WELCOME VISITORS.



127 NORTH CHURCH ST.



Ah! That's the Spot

Sloan's Liniment goes right to it. Have you a rheumatic ache or a dull throbbing neuralgic pain? You can find a quick and effective relief in Sloan's Liniment. Thousands of homes have this remedy handy for all external pains because time and time again it has proven the quickest relief.

So clean and easy to apply, too. No rubbing, no stain, no inconvenience as is the case with plasters or ointments. If you once use Sloan's Liniment, you will never be without it.
Generous sized bottles, at all druggists, 25c., 50c., \$1.00.

**Sloan's
Liniment**
KILLS PAIN

CAPTAIN TRAINS SPARROWS TO SUPPLANT CARRIER PIGEONS.

By Feeding Birds on Edam Cheese He Increases Speed—A Startling Discovery.

Every man in the 27th Division will have a sparrow issued to him to-day to act as a messenger. The use of sparrows for this purpose was discovered by Captain

EDITORS OF GAS ATTACK WIN COMMISSIONS.

Magazine Pronounced More Deadly Than German Gas, and Its Authors Are Promoted.

By General Order 54545454545454545, all the editors of the **Gas Attack** were yesterday commissioned Majors.

"Your service against the enemy has been invaluable," the General Order reads; "You have invented a weapon more deadly than Germany gas or liquid fire. When you hurl a few volumes of the **Gas Attack** at the Hindenburg line, there can be no doubt about the result."

The following men assume the rank of Major under this order:

PLAN TO SERVE MESS TO MEN IN THEIR TENTS.

Officers Working on Scheme to Save Soldiers Extra Steps.

High officers of Camp Wadsworth are now working on a plan by which all meals will be served to the men in their own tents. The serving will be done by waiters, not members of the company, and individual tables will be set in each tent, four tables to a tent. Victrolas will furnish music.

The officers who are promoting the plan say that their only desire is to save the men the trouble of having to walk up to the mess hall three times a day to get their meals. **The Gas Attack** announces the details of the plan as follows:

DELETED

DELETED

DELETED

The Asheville Laundries

Offer Four Days' Service and
First Class Work

*Leave Your Package at
The Following Places*

Ambulance and Field
Hospital Post

108th Infantry
Post Exchange

Austin Nichols
and Company Store

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

Your Deposits AND Our Bank

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

CENTRAL
NATIONAL BANK
SPARTANBURG, S. C.

*We Know How
To Thoroughly Dry-Klean
and Dye Ladies' and
Gentlemen's Garments*

KLEANING ALTERING

AND
Repairing of Uniforms
at very reasonable
prices

Laundry office in connection

The Rightway Klothes
Kleaning Co.

GEO. J. MANN
109 N. Church St. Spartanburg, S. C.

Attention Soldiers

GO TO THE

BIJOU

AND

RIALTO

FOR

Red Blooded Thrilling
AND
Classy Motion Pictures

AND TO THE

STRAND

For Musical Comedy

TO THE

HARRIS

FOR

Keith Vaudeville

Burnett's Cigar Store

Upon inspection was passed

Remember, Soldiers, you are
all welcome

Nothing served here but the
best

Everything in eats, drinks
and smokes

Tell your friends, they will
tell others

Thank you all kindly. Call
again

Store open day and night

New Rex Theatre

COMING

Monday and Tuesday
Jan. 28th and 29th,

Mary Garden

in

"Thais"

A supreme revelation to
the Motion Picture
patron

Try To Get In

The Gas Attacks That Are Coming!

FOR the next issue, and others to follow, The Gas Attack announces an extensive program of features.

There will be a **new series of articles on interesting personalities** in camp—men who are either doing things in the division or else are fascinating factors in themselves. This series will be called "**Note-worthy Men in Camp.**" Watch for it.

There will appear in the next number an **unusual article by a well-known commissioned officer** of camp. "Foolish Fashions—in the Army and Elsewhere," is the title of the article. It is the sort of story you don't read every day.

There will also appear, in the issues to follow, a **more varied array of news** from division units.

There will be more pictures. Some of the artists have already made their mark in the world outside the reservation. All of them can draw distinctive illustrations. We take pleasure in announcing them:

Pvt. Ray Van Buren, Co. E, 107th Inf.
Pvt. William Breck, Co. B, 107th Inf.
Pvt. Lauren Stout, Co. E, 107th Inf.
Pvt. Donald Emery, Sanitary Detachment, 107th Inf.
Pvt. Karl Illava, 102nd M. P.
Pvt. William Knipe, 107th Inf.
Pvt. Ed Neal, Co. M, 106th.
Pvt. Dick J. Kennedy, 102nd Supply Train.
Pvt. Lauten. H. C., 108th Inf.

The **Incinerator** Page will burn more briskly than ever. Lieut. Edward Streeter, of the 52nd F. A. Bridage, will continue the series of **A Soldier's Letter to His Sweetheart**, which have scored a smashing hit. Bill's phrase, "That's me all over, Mable," has already travelled to the four corners of the United States, and Hoboken, too.

Ethelburt Jellyback, Private, will continue to write, in his inimitable style, the stirring events that befall him. You can't keep Ethelburt from having ideas! And he will forward them to The Gas Attack through Pvt. Charles Divine, our associate editor. From time to time Pvt. Divine will also contribute poems and sketches.

The editorials will be written, largely, by the editor, who signs himself "R. E. C.," and who will now and then dash off one of those intensely solemn stories which, despite all he can do, make some people snicker right in front of the Captain! Such a story as "On the Good Old Pea and Hen," which appeared in No. 7.

We hope to be able to maintain in our magazine, sketches and articles from the vivid pencil of Pvt. Walter A. Davenport, who was of Co. M, 107th Inf., until he was forced to go to the Officer's Training School.

That's a general survey of what you're going to get from our leading artists and contributors. But there will be other contributors, too. We want to add new ones to our list from week to week. The more, the merrier.

The next number of The Gas Attack will be No. 11. It's a lucky number, you know. But it'll be unlucky for you if you fail to get one.

Considering the array of talent (and the high cost of paper, ink and labor) we believe that our new price—ten cents a copy—is a bargain. We do not believe that any dime you spend in camp will bring you more than the dime you pay for your weekly Gas Attack.