

WADSWORTH GAS ATTACK

AND

The Rio Grande Rattler.

Vol. 1

CAMP WADSWORTH, SPARTANBURG, S. C., February 9, 1918

No. 12



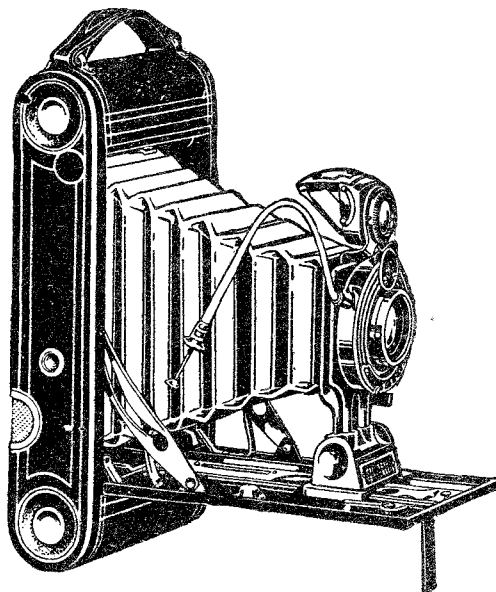
R. VAN BUREN
CO. E 107 INF.

DISCIPLINE

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

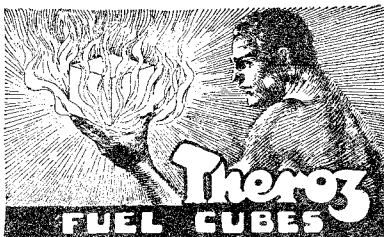
PRESCRIPTION SPECIALISTS AND FIRST CLASS DRUGS
Corner of North Church and Main Streets

A Square Meal and a Clean Shave for the Boys in Khaki

Uncle Sam's problem is to make his boys independent of the "chow" wagon for days at a time. On a hike or in No Man's Land, divorced from the source of supply, his boys must have a substantial emergency ration and the means to heat it.

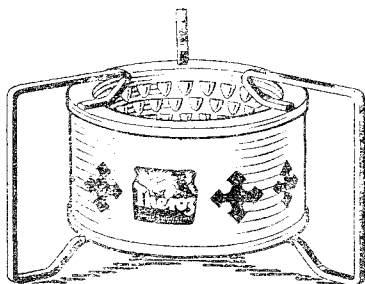
Theroz is "Camouflage"

It burns absolutely without smoke, soot or odor to betray the soldier's presence. Theroz cannot go liquid and spill, cannot explode, cannot be wasted since it is in units of a cube, and adds little weight to the soldier's kit.



What They Will Do:

Fry Small Steak or Fish
Fry Potatoes
Make Pancakes
Heat Can of Soup, Beans, etc.
Cook Cereal and Eggs
Make Tea or Coffee
Fry Ham and Eggs
Heat Shaving Water



THEROZ BLUE FLAME BURNER. 15c.

—used in a Theroz patented burner, gives the quickest and safest fuel known. They are about an inch square. By an absolutely new and patented process a liquid is converted into a solid cube (not a paste). Theroz is the most efficient emergency fuel known. There is no waiting for anything to start. At the scratch of a match you have the full, intense heat of the fuel.

At all post Exchanges, or write us

BASIC PRODUCTS CORPORATION



THEROZ FUEL CUBES, 35c.

WOOLWORTH TOWER

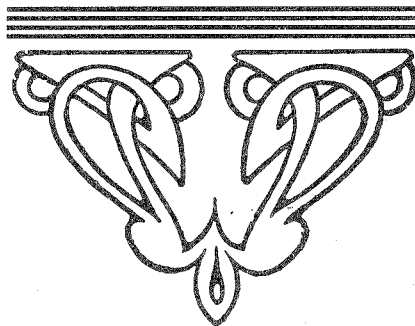
NEW YORK

Table of Contents

	Page
Illustration, Discipline , by Pvt. Ray Van Buren, Co. E, 107th Inf.....	Cover
Illustration, The Devil and the Kaiser , by Lieut. E. C. Dreher, 105th Inf.....	2
Finding Officers in the Ranks , an article by Pvt. Walter A. Davenport, O. T. C..	3
Editorial Page: Southern Hospitality , by Pvt. Richard E. Connell, Co. A, M. P.;	
Profanity , by Dr. Paul Moore Strayer.....	4
The Incinerator: Bill's Letter to Mable , by Lieut. Edward Streeter, 52nd	
Artillery Brigade Headquarters; "Say Ah," by R. E. C.....	5
Uniform Changed to Meet War Conditions	6
Decorations for Service on Border	6
The Ideas of Ethelburt Jellyback, Private: X. On How He Failed to Educate	
that Crude Fellow, Jim Mugrums, by Pvt. Charles Divine, Hdqters.	
Sanitary Squad No. 1.....	7
Taps Time , by Pvt. Arthur Robinson, O. T. C.....	8
Illustration, "Halt!" by Pvt. William Knipe, Co. H, 107th Inf.....	8
Illustration, "Squabs Right!" by Pvt. Ed Neal, Co. M, 106th Inf.....	9
Calling , by Corp. Les Rowland, Co. L, 107th Inf.....	10
Illustration, Four Steps in Place , by Pvt. William Knipe, Co. H, 107th Inf.....	10
Confessions and Confidences of an Artilleryman , by S. S., Battery D, 104th F. A..	11
Illustration, The Statute , by Pvt. Karl Ilava, 102nd M. P.....	11
News from Division Units, beginning on	12
Illustration, "They all Fall for It," by Pvt. William Knipe, Co. H, 107th Inf.....	13
Two Bands. Photographs of the 51st and 2nd Pioneers	15
Y. M. C. A. News	16
A Week in Spartanburg , an article by Dr. Charles E. Jefferson.....	17
Camp Sports , edited by Pvt. Fred J. Ashley, Hdqters Troop.....	18
Illustration, Corporal Blumf , by Pvt. Richard J. Kennedy.....	19
World Brevities , edited by J. S. Kingsley.....	20
Important Special Announcement	21
Smileage Books	28
Eeny, Meeny, Miney, Moe (drawing), by Pvt. R. J. Kennedy.....	28
Them Correspondents , a satire, by V. R.....	30

YOUR TWO DUTIES THIS WEEK.

You have two duties this week. One is to insure yourself with the government. The other is to subscribe for the **Gas Attack**. You'll never regret either step. If you subscribe for the **Gas Attack**, you'd better carry the most insurance you can take out, because we have a few numbers up our sleeves that may make you laugh yourself to death. Up and at 'em, men. Insure and subscribe.





The Devil—Sir, I'd like a commission in your army.

The Kaiser—You can't qualify. Von Hindenburg, write him a warrant as corporal.

FINDING OFFICERS IN THE RANKS

Survival of the Fittest is the Rule at the O. T. C.

By W. A. Davenport, O. T. C., Co. B.

It was back in those weak, piping times of universal peace when the most important news item on the front page of the evening newspapers was the final score at the Polo Grounds. Peace reigned even in Mexico; even in the Balkans.

I forget the Colonel's name. But he was one of the speakers at an impressive affair at the Waldorf. A pre-Hoover dinner had been indulged in. I happened to be there for the same reason several other reporters were.

"The time is approaching," the Colonel said, "when we must number our armies by millions and not by thousands. When that time arrives we shall find the soldiers but not the officers. The task of finding officer material in the ranks is almost an impossible one; that of gathering it in the general field of civilian life quite impossible."

That, in correct substance, is what the Colonel said. He said other things irrelevant. To enter upon argument with the Colonel now would not only be a trifle unfair, a bit impertinent and quite aside from the spirit herein set forth, but the recollection of his pessimism fetches us to the point.

The Fittest of the Fit.

On April 5th, or thereabout, the Twenty-seventh Division Officers' Training Camp, here in Camp Wadsworth, will add its protest to the ever-growing refutation of the Colonel's prediction. General O'Ryan will then be able to tell the War Department whether or not Sergeant Blue is or is not at his zenith as a non-commissioned officer. He will be in position to tell his superior officers that Corporal Black and Private White have or have not those qualifications that must be, necessarily, those of the Heutenant who can lead men to victory through the medium of efficient military training.

In this Officers' Training Camp there are more than 500 men—two companies of infantry and a battery of artillery. With the exception of fewer than a score of retired officers selected from the reserve list and now making splendid efforts to get back into harness, the camp personnel is composed of non-commissioned officers and privates from the ranks of the New York National Guard.

The students were chosen from a likely-looking lot of 5,000 candidates. General O'Ryan, assisted by Lt. Col. William A. Taylor, Commandant of the Training Camp

and other officers, made the selections. To recall the Major General's impressive, God-speed address to the students, there were many men disappointed bitterly; there may have been mistakes in the selections; better men may have failed of selections. But, to quote the Major General further, they were honest and inevitable mistakes—mistakes that will assert themselves. Influence had just as much to do with those selections as the Cuban Navy will have to do with the final result of the war.

It was a clean-cut case of being shown the goal and being turned loose to attain that goal. It was up to the student distinctly and still is. We started flat from the scratch. There were no handicaps. We started right down at the bottom—the school of the soldier.

Then the school of the squad. The progression goes forward in just such regulation succession.

Where Privates Drill Toppers.

It was something for the half-scared private to behold—those first sergeants and sergeant major and platoon, supply and mess sergeants, not to overlook a platoon or so of keen corporals, learning with vast diligence and not infrequent blunder, the jolly business of squads east and west and so on and on.

Even more illuminating it was, albeit hugely disconcerting to the aforesaid private, to see him drilling his erstwhile first sergeant and an ex-regular or so in the manual of arms, and, to enlarge upon the marvel, drilling them "by the numbers."

Remarkable it was to see these embryo officers step forth before the company and become utterly panic-stricken when told by Captain Max Juffe, commanding Co. B, Infantry, to explain left turn or right face or squads right. Men who had drilled rookies from the most hopeless verdancy to an agreeable finish-tone, became tongue-tied and brain-bound when called upon to explain the simplest axioms of the I. D. R. to men of equal rank or, possibly, superior knowledge.

The sometimes forbidding gulf that yawns between the private and the sergeant and corporal, lasted just about one week under the system under which the school is being conducted. For one week and no more there still remained that breach that is often more marked in the relations of the non-com and the private than between the officer and his men. It was wholly unnecessary to build bridges for these chasms. They disappeared as did the meals, with a rapidity that left us quite careless of the fact that they ever existed.

The curriculum is one warranted to make or break. The daily schedule is one calculated to produce results.

A Strenuous Schedule.

Comes reveille at six-thirty, breakfast at seven, first call to drill at seven fifty-five, recall at eleven-thirty, mess at noon and at one o'clock the mill starts grinding again to stop for oil at five. We stand retreat, rush to mess at five-thirty and at seven launch forth upon two hours of study and conference, a period that brings you face to face with the appalling truth concerning your ignorance.

Each day two of the students—one in the morning and one in the afternoon—become company commanders. Every day a new set of lieutenants lead their respective platoons. Each day sees new first sergeants and guides. Every man, be he experienced sergeant with grand assurance or the benighted private with no assurance at all, must get out there and pilot the company hither and yon through the intricacies of close and extended order. Moreover he must explain in good I. D. R., just why each command is given, how it should be executed and when.

One of those things that are not included in the component parts of a day of personal unity, peace and concord, is that business of getting out there and telling 150 quite efficient non-coms just how squads left about should be executed to the satisfaction of the General Staff.

Every Friday night the students are subjected to a comprehensive written examination covering those topics taken up during that current week—field service regulations, musketry, grenades, the bayonet, court martial, the engineering manual and so on and forth.

Inspections fall upon you with an unexpectedness that electrifies. Saturday inspections are rigorous and searching. But nothing is quite so amazing to the student himself as the fact that things are generally ready for inspection. Just where the time came from is one of life's cavernous and abyssmal mysteries. There are amongst us men who came from their companies with reputations of being considerable soldier—snappy, rapid, certain, keen.

Well, one needs to be in the school but a day or so before he recognizes the fact that an entirely new T. N. T. brand of speed and efficiency was injected into the system that prevails there. George Ade figured that the only part of a hog that was wasted in the Chicago stock yards was the squeal. The only portion of a minute that is not utilized in this Officers' Training Camp is the tick.

Inspecting the Thought-Factories.

It was during the second week that we underwent the psychological tests. We were marched into mess shacks, seated four at a table and told by the psychiatrist-lieutenant

(Continued on page 25)

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.
Ernest W. Leslie, 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, Headquarters Sanitary Squad No 1.

Art Editor—

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

Business Manager—

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

Advertising Manager—

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

Editorial Staff—

Lieutenant Edward Streeter, 52d Brigade Headquarters.
Ray F. Jenney.
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, 1918.

“SOUTHERN HOSPITALITY.”

Two soldiers went through a turnip field near camp pulling up turnips as they went. They made excellent hand-grenades to practice with. An old farmer—owner of the field and planter of the turnips—came out of the little house. He was a bent, kindly-faced old man, who had worked hard. He saw with dismay the destruction of his turnips. He saw many dollars—which he needed sorely—being trampled on and pulled up by the thoughtless boys. He was peeved. Who wouldn't be?

“Git outen them turnips”, he cried shrilly. “Git.” They got. But as they went one of them flung over his shoulder, with infinite scorn, “Southern Hospitality!”

The little old man whose turnips were damaged is not the first inhabitant of this part of the occasionally sunny South who has had this stinging rebuke hurled at him. It is the last word in sarcasm. If some hard-working farmer catches some gay young soldier helping himself to his fruit, or milking his cow, or stealing his wood, and has the temerity to protest, he is promptly squelched by two contempt-laden words, “Southern Hospitality”. If some hard-working merchant charges a soldier ten cents for a drink he'd have to pay fifteen for in New York or Buffalo, the soldier mutters “Southern Hospitality”. If some young lady of Spartanburg objects to the advances of some equine-faced masher in khaki, she is accused of that capital sin, “Southern Hospitality”.

The truth is that we have put real Southern hospitality to the hardest sort of test, and it has stood it splendidly. Our relations with our civilian neighbors are in nearly every case most cordial and pleasant. We have been received into their homes, fed, entertained, and made friends of. A quiet little Southern town has taken pretty

good care of 30,000 men, many of them used to big town conveniences. There have been occasional cases where soldiers have been gouged by merchants. Some of this gouging has been done by carpet-bagging profiteers. For the most part the prices have been fair. Remember food-stuffs have increased in cost as much as 101 per cent. during the past year.

One trouble is that some soldiers think that their uniform is an O. D. pass to Heaven. They are always looking for “graft”. They have a bit of German in them. They look upon civilians as prey. They are thoughtless about their rights. They pull up a farmer's turnips or cotton, not thinking that he depends on it for his existence. They expect a town of 25,000 to give them 1918 New York service at 1910 prices. They are the sort of men who kick at army grub, and who in New York snatched hasty and indigestible lunches from arm chairs in white-tiled beaneries. Fortunately there are but a few of them. But a few can do a lot of mischief.

We know of one man near camp whose property has been damaged to the extent of \$800 by thoughtless soldiers. It wasn't fenced in, of course, for by South Carolina law it doesn't have to be. So the soldiers, heedlessly, imposed on the man, to whom \$800 represents many a long and weary day of work.

Most of us are willing to pay our way. We remember that one of the things we hold against the Hun is the way he trampled on the rights of Belgian and French civilians, and we are, accordingly, extremely careful of the rights of our good friends and neighbors who respond to our thoughtfulness with the warm kindness and Southern hospitality in the true sense.

R. E. C.

PROFANITY.

The first thing to say about profanity is that most of it isn't profanity. It is plain vulgarity. The average man who swears isn't wise to the fact that he is swearing. He takes the sacred Name “in vain” without thinking, without even knowing what he is doing. He doesn't mean to be profane any more than his brother who says “Gee!” Cussing isn't wicked, it's low-down.

Most men swear because they lack ideas. And they lack vocabulary to express the few ideas that may float through their under-worked brain. The man who thinks most is apt to talk least. The fellow who doesn't work his brain takes it out in working his jaw. And having nothing to say, he swears.

But to use God's name irreverently is to dull one's spirit of reverence. It happens without one realizing it, but it happens. And the man who talks dirt is inconsistent and ineffective when he uses a tooth brush. It takes more than that to clean up. When I was with the cow-punchers in Montana, the cook one day bawled out a broncho-buster who was unusually vile in the cook's tent. “Say, Bill, your mouth isn't clean enough to put my victuals in.”

One doesn't have to swear. If he hasn't an idea, there's no need to advertise the fact. One doesn't swear before an officer. Nor in polite society. When a man cusses before his mates it implies that they aren't “polite society”. It's a dirty habit. What's the use? It doesn't speak well for your bringing up. If you have anything to say, use Anglo-Saxon. There is a lot of good English going to waste in camp.

It isn't a question of being pious but of being decent. Cussing isn't wicked, it's vulgar.

PAUL MOORE STRAYER.



A SOLDIER'S LETTER TO HIS SWEETHEART.

Dere Mable

I been thinkin of you a lot durin the last week, Mable, havin nothin else to do. I been in the hospital with the Bronxitis. I guess I caught it from Joe Loomis. He comes from there. Id have wrote you in bed but I dropped my fountain pen on the floor and bent it. Im all right now.

I got some news for you, Mable. The cook says we only drew ten days supply of food last time. He says he guesses when we eat that up we'll go to France. Hes an awful smart fello, the cook. Hes got a bet on that if the allys dont buck up an win the germans is comin out ahead. Max Gluckos, a fello in the tent, is refere. We're all eatin as fast as we can. Perhaps we can eat it all in less than ten days. So maybe we'll be gone, Mable, before I write you from here again.

There's a french sargent comes round once in a while an says the war is goin to be over quick. He ought to know cause hes been over there an seen the whole thing. He smokes cigarets something awful an dont say much. That because the poor cus cant talk much English. It must be awful not to talk English. Think of not bein able to say nothin all your life without wavin your arms round and then lookin it up in a dickshunary.

I feel so sorry for these fellos that I'm studin french a lot harder sos theyll have someone to talk to when we get over there. Im readin a book now thats wrote all in french. No English in it anywhere, Mable. A fello told me that was the only way to talk it good. I dont understand it very well so far. The only way I know its french is by the pictures. Some day im goin to find out what the name is. Then Im goin to get the English of it. Those are some pictures. Aint I fierce, Mable, I guess thats why I get on with wimin so well.

I gave up readin it out loud cause the fellos said it made em think they was in Paris so much that they got restless. I cant speak no better yet. I guess that comes all at once at the end of the book.

As soon as we got the hot shouers all fixed the pipes busted. So the other day the Captin walked us all in town to take a bath. I didnt need one much. I used my head more than most of em. Last fall when it was warm I took as many as two a week and got away ahead of the game. I went along, though. More for the walk than anything.

I saw the Captin didnt make no move to take a bath himself. I thought he might be shy. He dont mix very well with the fellos. I felt sorry for him. Everyone else was laffin an throwin things around with him standin off an no one throwin nothin at him. I went up an says "Aint you goin to take a bath this winter to, Captain?" Just jolly, Mable, thats all. I says: "You dont want to mind the bunch. They dont care a bit. There as dirty as you are, anyway. Probably more." An I bet they were, Mable, cause I aint seen the Captin do a stroke of work since we come here. Just stands round givin orders.

I says, "If no one won't lend you a towel you can use mine. I was just goin' to have it washed anyway." He got awful red and embarased, Mable. I thought he was goin to choke. Hes awful queer.

Just like the other mornin he calls me over an says, "Smith, my orderlies sick. You can shine my boots this mornin." He said it like Id been beggin him to for a month. An then he says "Smith you can lite the fire in my stove." He had me thinkin he was doing me favors. He said I might put some oil on his boots if I wished. I says that would be a great treat an I wished he wouldnt be so kind or the fellos would think he was playin favorites. I guess he didnt hear me Mable cause hed just gone out. I said it anyway. I didnt care if he wasnt there. Spunky. Thats me all over.

I couldnt find no oil for his boots anywhere, Mable, so I poured some out of his lamp. And then I dont think that suited him. Queer fello, the Captin.

I keep herein more about this fello Brogins. I suppose he belongs to the Home Gards an wares his uniform round in the evenin. An I suppose he has an American flag on his writin paper. It dont mean nothin in my life, though. I aint goin to put up no arguments or get nasty like most fellos would. Dignity. Thats me all over, Mable. Let me tell you though if I ever come home and find him shinin his elbows on the top of your baby grand Ill kick him down the front steps if I only have one leg to do it.

Im writin this in the YMCA in the afternoon cause Im goin on guard tonite. I dont see why they dont make it a permanent detail and be done with it. Someone said the top sargents a man of one idea. I guess Im the idea. I didnt go out to drill this afternoon. I didnt say nothin to the sargent though cause sargents have an idea that if they dont get a lot of fellos

to go out to drill with them they dont look poplar. I got to go now sos to get in my tent before they come from drill.

as ever

on guard,
BILL.
(E. S.)

SAY, "AH!"

Sad Story of a Private With a Sore Throat.

My throat felt as if I had swallowed a spiney cactus. My voice sounded like a sea-lion. I spoke to my captain. He threw me a fish. So I spelled out, with dots and dashes, that I wanted to go on sick report. O. K. said the K. O.

I went to the company M.D. He pushed an electric light bulb down my throat. He followed it with a mean eye.

"Say 'Ah,'" he said.

I said "Gwussssh." It was all I could say.

"Sore throat," he said, after deliberating five or fifteen minutes. He gave me two O. D. golusses. Also a scrap of paper. "Paint with iodine," it said.

I went to the lair of the hospital corps to be painted. Hospital corps men are always cheerful. The fat one who painted me was chuckling gleefully as he tied up the thumb of a man who had been too intimate with a mule.

He also said, "Say 'Ah.'" I said 'Ah.' I repeated "Ah." I prolonged the note. The mules in the distance took up the refrain. I thought he was admiring my voice. I was wrong. Just as I brought "Ah" up to high C, he stuffed a bale of cotton soaked in iodine (or was it shellac?) down my throat, and began to clean me as if I were a rifle barrel. When he had presumably removed all the smoke rings, he turned me loose.

I went back to my company street marked for "Light Duty." Visions of blissful bunk fatigue took my thoughts from my painted throat, which tasted like an incinerator smells.

My top sergeant fixed me with a glittering eye. "Light duty? Humph!" he said. "That means you exercise two horses instead of four."

R. E. C.

Don't worry if you miss your daily newspaper. The Gas Attack covers the live news in its "World Brevities."

Uniform Changed to Meet War Conditions

With the American Expeditionary Army, France.—Sammy will never look the same as he did when he carried his punch to France.

First off the sergeants-chauffeurs gave up their campaign hats on the road and wore instead the little khaki fore-and-aft Belgian cap, cut just like the French soldier's cap which is blue. Of course it was against regulations to wear an ununiform cap, but the regulations never considered the flopping of a hatbrim against a chauffeur's eyes at forty miles an hour.

So at headquarters they winked at the violation.

When the first battalions went into the trenches the slouchy campaign hat was the most awkward piece of equipment in Sammy's whole kit. He tried slinging the hat at his side, but it fell into the mud and was trampled on and lost. Never having worn their steel helmets for any considerable time before the troops didn't know until they were in the trenches that the space between the band and the head permits the wind to blow through. This is fine in summer. But winter was only a week or two away.

Some of the fellows discovered that you could use the chauffeur's type of Belgian cap for a head-warmer under the helmet. It also serves as a pad, taking up some of the pressure of the steel hat. And it is small enough to fit into the pocket when you're not using it.

New Cap Adopted.

The quartermaster of the first contingent got busy on the doughboy's tip and ordered a French factory to turn out enough fore-and-aft caps of a special design to equip the whole outfit.

Later the new cap was adopted for the whole army. Officers wear their insignia pinned to the front peak and the enlisted man's branch of the service is indicated by the color of a little braid sewed along the edges.

The old familiar American leggins are about to go the way of the unwieldy campaign hat. In the mud of the fighting front our troops found that the leggins let in mud between the bottom of the leggins and the shoe-tops and this mud seeps down into the shoes. Hereafter troops on the front will wear the spiral cloth puttees of the British. They get muddy, too, but they wind over the shoe-tops so as to prevent the mud from getting inside the shoes.

Sleeveless leather coats are another article of clothing which will make Sammy look like a different soldier. They will be issued to all branches on the fighting front and they are considered even better than the fur coats dealt to the British troops.

Engineer units are receiving overall water-proof oil suits, especially adapted for bridge construction, where men are often

compelled to stand in water of shoulder depths to do their work.

The old-style American boot remains. Though it has a rough exterior finish and looks like the dickens even when new, this boot, when properly oiled, is as near water-proof as any leather boot of any army, according to the quartermaster. But for extremely muddy weather each man will have rubber thigh-boots which is something the old Boche would like to issue to his men, but he can't issue because our blockade has killed off his rubber supply.

DECORATIONS FOR MEN WHO SERVED ON THE BORDER.

It Will Be a Service Badge With Ribbon, Authorized by Secretary of War.

Officers and enlisted men who participated in the Vera Cruz Expedition, the Punitive Expedition, and the Mexican border patrol, under certain conditions will be eligible for a service badge with ribbon, authorized by the Secretary of War with the approval of the President. The following general order has been prepared:

G. O.—, DEC. —, 1917,
WAR DEPT.

1. By authority of the President, a service badge with ribbon, to be known as the Mexican Service Badge, will be issued to all officers and enlisted men who are now, or may hereafter be, in the military service of the United States and whose service has been under the following conditions:

(a) In Mexico, afloat or ashore, as members of the Vera Cruz Expedition, between April 24, 1914, and November 26, 1914.

(b) In Mexico as members of the Punitive or other authorized expeditions between March 14, 1916, and February 7, 1917.

(c) Those who were actually present and participated in an engagement against Mexicans between April 12, 1911, and February 7, 1917, in which there were casualties on the side of the United States troops.

(d) Those who were present as members of the Mexican Border Patrol, between April 12, 1911, and February 7, 1917, in proximity to an engagement between Mexicans which resulted in casualties among their own company, troop, battery, or detachment.

2. The distribution of this badge will be governed by the provisions of Article VIII, Compilation of General Orders, Circulars and Bulletins, War Department, 1881-1915. No individual will be entitled to more than one Mexican Service Badge.

3. Persons not now in the Army of the United States, who, if they had remained in the Service would be entitled to this badge, and whose separation from the Service has been honorable, may apply to the

KIND WORDS FROM A WORTHY CONTEMPORARY.

We reprint, blushing, the following little boost from the Spartanburg Herald. In passing we might remark that the Herald deserves much credit for the capable and thorough manner in which it covers camp news. Mr. Carpenter, who covers the camp for the Herald, has won the friendship and respect of officers and men. His camp stories have completeness and accuracy. Here's the boost:

"The current issue of the GAS ATTACK, the weekly paper published as the official organ of the 27th Division, is called the Nut Number, but it is anything else. It gives evidence from first page to last of the brightest and most intelligent work. Each issue of the paper is a better one than those preceding, and there is always a big demand for it. The circulation is now 20,000 copies a week. Some of the largest advertisers in the country have contracted for space in its pages for future issues.

"Maj. Gen. O'Ryan is so well pleased with the GAS ATTACK that he has directed that copies be sent each week to the President, the Secretary of War, and to Miss Margaret Wilson, whose recent visit to camp was so much appreciated."—Spartanburg Herald, January 29, 1918.

FOUND, A WALRUS BAG.

Lt. H. F. Nimphius has found a black walrus travelling bag at the Spartanburg station. If it is yours you can get it from him at the 102d Ammunition Train.

Adjutant General of the Army for authority to purchase and wear the Mexican Service Badge.

By order of the Secretary of War:
JOHN BIDDLE,
Maj. Gen., Acting Chief of Staff.

A description of the new badge is found in Par. 160 1-4 to be added to Special Regulations No. 42, reading as follows:

160¼. Mexican Service Badge,
1911-1917.

(a) Badge.—To be of bronze, 1 1-4 inches diameter. On the obverse side is the Mexican yucca plant in flower with mountains in the background as suggestive of Mexico. Above the yucca plant are the words "Mexican Service," in the upper half and in the lower half "1911-1917," arranged in a circle. The reverse side is the same as that on the Indian War badge. The badge is suspended from a brass bar (3-16 inches long by 1 5-16 inches wide) by a silken ribbon (1 3-8 inches in length) of the same description and width as prescribed below:

(b) Ribbon.—To be of silk and composed as follows: A green stripe (1-8 inch), a band of yellow (3-8 inch), a band of blue (3-8 inch), a green stripe (1-8 inch). The whole to be 1 3-8 inches wide and 3-8 inch long.

THE IDEAS OF ETHELBURT JELLYBACK, PRIVATE

X. On How He Failed to Educate That Crude Fellow, Jim Mugrums

I came into my tent the other evening and discovered Jim Mugrums building a fire in the stove.

Jim Mugrums, that crude fellow who never appreciates my efforts to uplift him socially, is now my corporal. Can you imagine it? I, Ethelburt Jellyback, Private, of the well-known Jellyback family, compelled to obey strictly and execute promptly all lawful orders of a smudgy-faced little soldier like Mugrums whose mind and morals I have tried in vain to improve!

As I say, I found Jim Mugrums building a fire in the stove. He was using my military hair-brushes for kindling.

Immediately my anger leapt up. I denounced Mugrums.

"Don't you realize that those articles are indispensable to keeping my hair smooth? Otherwise my head might present a dishevelled appearance."

"You said it!" exclaimed Mugrums, who still went on building the fire.

"I said it? Of course it was I who gave utterance to that protest. Who else could it have been?"

"What you need on your head ain't hair-brushes," said Mugrums, whose grammar invariably annoys me. "No, what you need to keep your head polished is a little bone ami."

Mugrum's French Lessons.

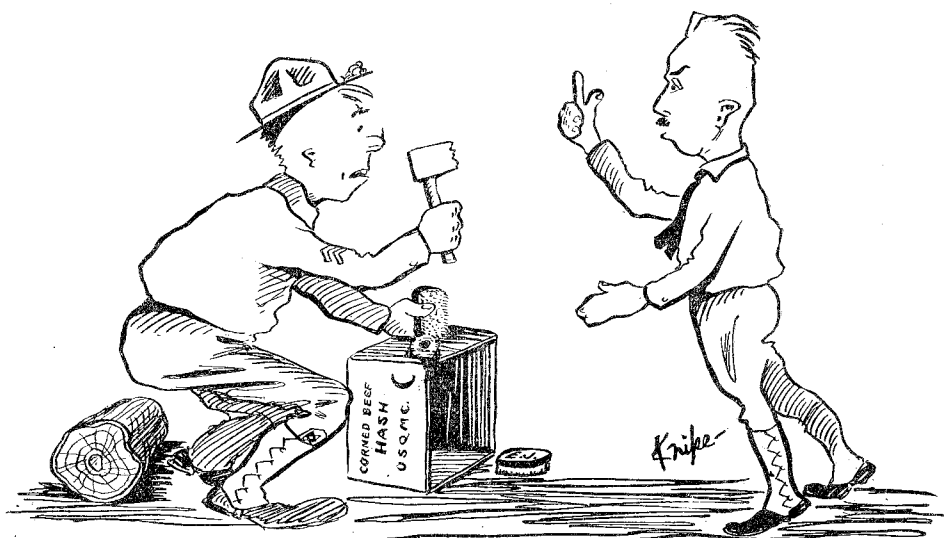
Mugrums laughed. He didn't realize, evidently, that he had mispronounced the French phrase. Of course, he should have said "bon ami." But then, he's somewhat crude, you know.

I have tried my best to educate Mugrums. I attempted to teach him to speak French. But he made little progress. The first day he learned to say "oui." The second lesson, he learned to say "oui, oui." And I suppose, had I persevered with the fellow, after the third lesson he would have mastered "oui, oui, oui."

Lying down on my cot for some much-needed rest, my leisure was broken into by Mugrums singing as he tended the fire. His singing always grates on my nerves, both words and music. His voice has a shivery quality. It shook like the gelatin we sometimes get for dessert, when we don't get it in our laps.

"I know a girl named Lulu,
She was a fairy queen—"

Needless to say, I was forced to interrupt him. I told him, in my frank manner, that I was unaccustomed to such outbursts,



He was using my military hair-brushes for kindling.

that in the fashionable circles of society in which I moved at home, such lyrics were unheard of. They never fell from the lips of the debutantes.

Mugrums Makes a Kick.

Mugrums, to my surprise, turned on me in revolt.

"Now look here, Ethelburt, you quit riding me like that. Every time I say anything, you give me a wicked look. Every time I take off my shoes at night, you shy at my socks. Every time I take a chew of tobacco, you gotta jump on me. It's gettin' so's the only place I can spit in my own tent is on the stove, and then it makes a hiss'n' noise for five minutes and you look around to see who the roughneck is."

Mugrums grew more and more rebellious.

"You gotta quit pickin' on me, Ethelburt. I ain't strong enough to stand it. I don't want to be educated up to your Fifth Avenue parlor tricks. I'm only a soldier. I can get away with this here bunk fatigue in the army, but I wasn't cut out for no lounge lizard. So quit pestering me or the first thing you know I'll bounce something off'n your bean that's more military than hair-brushes, and you'll have a bump on the side of your noodle so big you'll have to go to the supply sergeant and get a hat that'll fit."

The Strange Supply Sergeant.

"The supply sergeant and I are not friends," I retorted. "He doesn't understand me. On every occasion when it has been necessary for me to go to him for a garment, he has always said: 'What size do you wear, thirty-two? Well, here's a forty. Just your size!'"

The remainder of the evening passed in comparative tranquility. I awoke next morning considerably refreshed, and went

(Continued on page 27)

WANTED — A COVEY OF LION TAMERS!

Or Some Astronomers! We Can Supply Them Anyhow.

The 27th Division has plenty of talent, and a variety of it. Not so long ago a large number of men who could speak French was wanted. The 27th Division was called on to furnish a sizeable quota. Within a short time it had packed up and sent off to another camp a first-rate assortment of capable Parleyvoovers.

Then came a call for 500 expert mechanics. The qualification cards were given a quick thumbing and in a short time old man Twenty-Seventh Division produced a collection of skilled mechanics. A lot of them hated to part with their old bunkies, of course, and the officers didn't like to lose them, for they were good men. But they were needed more somewhere else, so they went like good soldiers.

No doubt if a hurried call was sent for a passel of astronomers, a covey of lion-tamers, four and twenty buck-and-wing dancers, a score of deep-sea divers or a few hypnotists, the qualification cards would be given a few flips and in a day the necessary men would be supplied. The 27th Division is right there with the goods—whatever those goods need be. That's us, all over.

Everybody says **The Gas Attack** is the best camp magazine published. You can keep it in front by supporting it—and by patronizing its advertisers.

TAPS TIME.

As My Friend, Mr. Damon Runyon, Might Write It.

By Arthur Robinson, Co. B, Officers' Training School.

Scene: The interior of a tent. A corporal and seven privates are grouped around a Sibley stove. The corporal is nearest the fire. "Call to quarters" is due to sound in a few minutes and will, undoubtedly, sound at the scheduled time.

First Private (who is furthest away from the fire, rather obstreperously): "Whud I wanna know is a guy what's a corporal entitled to all the fire in this army? 'At's whud I wanna know."

Corporal (somewhat indignantly): "Whud I know is that there's some guys in this army whud don't know their places—at's whud I know, I'll tell the world."

First Private (brusquely): "Are you talkin' about anybuddy in 'ticular? If you are, why don't you say so?"

Corporal (indifferently): "I ain't talking about nobody, I ain't. If I wuz I'd say so."

First Private: "It's a mighty good thing you're not."

Corporal (with a violent show of defiance and authority): "Whud's a mighty good thing?"

First Private (startled, but resolutely): "Whud I said."

Corporal (aggressively and authoritatively): "Whud you say?"

Second Private (in a bored manner): "Oh, for th' love o' Mike, can 'at chatter."

Third, Fourth, Fifth, Sixth, Seventh and Eighth Privates (in chorus): "Yeh, can 'at chatter."

(The belligerents scowl and stare into the fire. A brief silence follows).

Second Private (breaking the silence, quietly): "Say, did you guys ever hear 'at story about the—"

Third Private (flaring up): "Great Scott! Ain't anybody in this army got no rights a-tall? Mus' he listen to stories all the time? Ain't there no peace in this world, any place?"

Second Private (peevish): "Oh, well, if thass the way you feel about it 'sall right. But this story's a corker. This is a bear, this one is."

Third Private (sarcastically): "Yeh, they all are. But les' save it. Jes, you save 'at lil' story. Save it for another time."

First Private (edging his way closer to the fire, as though to himself): "I can't understand how some corporals get 'at way, I can't."

Corporal (inquiringly): "Whuzat? Whuzat? Who's saying things about corporals? Who's saying things about corporals?"

First Private (ignoring corporal): "I get the wood, chop it and build the fire, and the closest I get to 'at there lil' blaze o' mine is ziss. I'll be blowed!"



"Halt! Who is there?"

"Friend with two pies."

"Advance, one to be recognized."

Second Private (cautiously): "At story I wuz gonna tell you's a pip—"

Fourth Private (proudly): "Talkin' of pips. Say, did I show you birds the picture of my gal I got to-day? There is a real pip for you."

Sixth Private (sarcastically): "Yeh, tell us something about 'at girl o' yourn for a change."

Seventh Private (excitedly): "If I have to listen to any more hoy about 'at gal I'll desert, sure as we go on K. P."

Second, Third and Fourth Privates (sitting up): "Who's going on K. P.?"

Seventh Private (apologetically): "I wuz jes' saying. Nobody's goin' on K. P. whud I know of. I wuz jes' saying."

Third Private (relieved): "Don't say no more things like 'at. I gotta a weak heart."

Second Private (insinuating): "Yeh, don't you get to saying things like 'at. 'S a bad habit. 'S liable to get you in trouble."

(Call to quarters sounds.)

Fifth Private (grumbling): "Seems to me I don't hear nothin' but bugles and whistles. I don't like whistles, I'll tell the world. The guy whud invented whistles must o' been sore at the world, sure."

(One by one they begin to get ready to go to sleep. One by one they tumble into their cots. Only the First Private remains at the fire. The light is out, and the door of the stove is open. The flames cast their shadow on the front of the tent. Taps sounds. The corporal and privates are strangely silent and attentive. The last note of the bugle dies on the air.)

Third Private (peeking up from beneath his blankets): "Fellows, there's real music for you—that there Taps. It jes' soothes the soul and makes you love the world."

Fourth Private (quietly): "I'll be darned if it don't."

Sixth Private (rolling over): "Wish I could fall to sleep. I'm havin' lots o' trouble fallin' to sleep, lately."

Eighth Private (ironically): "My trouble is getting up. It seems I no sooner get to sleep than I hear 'at darn whistle again."

(A few of the men doze off.)

First Private (staring into the fire): "Wish I had a glass o' beer."

Corporal (sitting up in his cot): "Whuzat? Who's got 'at beer? I want a swig."

First Private (laughingly): "'Sall right, corpie, ol' boy. Don't you get excited. I wuz jes' sayin' as how I'd like to have a glass o' beer."

Corporal (sinking back in his cot): "You wanna be more careful about sayin' things like 'at. 'S a bad habit."

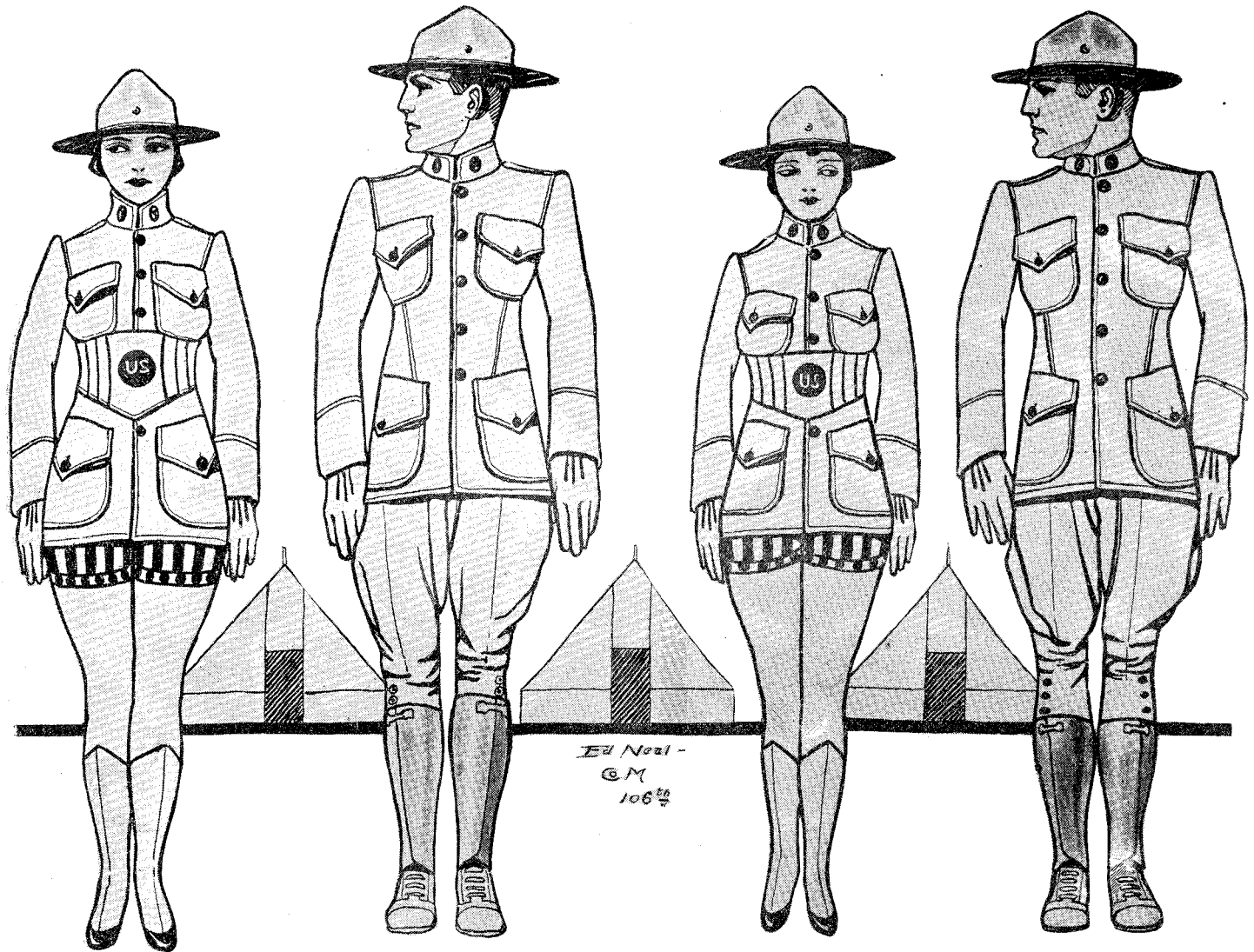
(The First Private tumbles into his cot. The men are quiet for a minute or two.)

Second Private (desperately): "I'm goin' to tell you birds 'at story if I have to go to Luna Park for it."

(No answer or rebuke.)

Second Private (encouraged): "It wuz like this: 'Sis rookie wuz standing his first inspection. He didn't know much about inspections, and had quite a beard. The major comes in front o' him, puts his hands on his hips, and shakes his head and stares at the beard. 'Ha, ha!' says the major, 'no shave.' 'He, he!' says the rookie, 'no razor.'"

(The Second Private sits up in his cot, continuing): "Say, don't you birds ever laugh at a good story? Ain't you birds got no sense o' humor?" (He pauses, stares about in the darkness.) "Well, I'll be darned. THEY'RE SLEEPING!"



"SQUABS RIGHT!"

We have co-education in our colleges; why not in our training camps?
(N. B. How a mixed squad stands at attention. From new I. D. R.).

INNOVATION IN CAMP WADSWORTH.

The nurses have fewer resources than any group in the army. None do better work for the army, none are more highly appreciated. Camp Wadsworth has the best there are.

The suggestion came from Chaplain Edrop, 53d Pioneer Y. M. C. A. Headquarters quickly saw the point and the crowd at Building No. 96, one night, were asked if the nurses and officers oughtn't to have the use of the building once in a while. Being the right sort they said "Yes," and the next evening, Wednesday the 23d, a party and dance was given in the building.

The officers of the 53d were hosts and served refreshments. Brig. Gens. O'Neil and Carleton were present. Many officers brought their wives. The 53d Regiment and Jazz Bands furnished the music. Everybody enjoyed it, even to the men who stood outside looking in, like the Peri outside the gates of Paradise. It is the kind of thing that is worth repeating.

P. M. S.

ALL WOOL, BUT ONE MISSING.

One of the editors of the *Gas Attack* is thinking of taking a trip home to show his friends that his association with the *Gas Attack* had not made him too proud to ask for a furlough. His various friends have contributed from their small store all the necessary paraphernalia to spruce him up in order to cut the necessary editorial dash. The day dreams of the editor had been fraught with pictures of his lower extremities enclosed in wrap leggins, and he had been rapping Santa Claus for not remembering him in that respect.

A few days ago he was using the telephone to reject a poem submitted by a captain (long distance being the better part of editorial valor) and he was greatly pleased to see that Santa Claus had half remembered him, by proxy, anyway. Some absent-minded chap had answered the call to retreat in a hurry, and left behind one

(count 'em) wrap leggin. At the present time one is absolutely useless. The editor still has two legs. Upon his return from France, perhaps one leggin will be sufficient, but two legs will carry him away on his furlough. The editor thinks that as a reward for finding the leggin he should receive the mate. If the rightful owner thinks otherwise he can call for it. The editor believes that honesty is the best policy when only one leggin is concerned.

K. A. B.

A Second Book by Gerard.

Ex-Ambassador Gerard, the American Minister to Germany, is said to be about to publish a second book which will contain many startling secrets of Germany and of the Germans. He brought back many secrets to this government which he was not able to reveal when his book, "My Four Years in Germany", was published.

CALLING.

By Corporal Les Rowland, Co. L, 107th U. S. Infantry.

I'm not brazen enough to classify myself as an erstwhile lounge lizard. I'm not built for the part.

But I owned a cane until the well-known scrap over in Europe compelled me to supplant that piece of furniture with a U. S. rifle. Oh, my, yes, I had evening clothes, white tie, studs, spats and everything. My collection of moth-balls was equal to that of any farmer's wife who ever packed a closet for the winter months.

No, the avenue lights didn't blink when I strode forth for an evening of gayety, but I used to sort of hope my presence was adding to the brilliance of the thoroughfare.

Those were the days when I carved my fingernails occasionally, insisted upon topping off each meal with a demi-tasse and finger bowl, and enjoyed riding in taxicabs.

It was a dull, drab existence I suffered during the initial weeks of our stay in this arctic region. Fortune didn't favor me even to the extent of ushering a good looking girl across my path. Fellow warriors became devout churchmen, thereby making the acquaintance of the smartest belles on Main street.

Opportunity knocked so hard for some of the men in our outfit that it pushed their respective front doors back into their kitchens.

But I continued to get nowhere fast.

Beauties that would impair the sight of the best pair of orbs in the army flocked to camp in great droves to see the boys. Roads were blocked with Southern loveliness; traffic was completely tied up; guards were stricken blind; silken frocks could be heard above the din of bands and kitchen crews.

The petted Dixie darlings swarmed to the tented city to bring food, felicitations and million-dollar smiles to the favored few. Truly, for every buck private who was lonely there apparently was a lassie lonely, too.

In my corner of the tent there was weeping and wailing and gnashing of teeth.

Every time I mused around the lobby of Spartanburg's most fashionable hostelry feminine fantasies of every description greeted my eyes. Some of the rarest class who affixed the beloved letters, "N. Y.," to their names on the register, sauntered to and fro across the mud-besmirched tile floor. Others who brag they were never north of the Mason and Dixon line, added gobs of color to the bewitching picture. What a joy to hold down the plush furniture, ostensibly to devour the contents of the dailies, when the fairest of the fair parade before you.

Day after day I was tormented. I wanted to meet one of Carolina's stunners. I



FOUR STEPS IN PLACE.

Par. 72. If marching in double time, turn to the right about, taking four steps in place, keeping the cadence, and then step off with the left foot. I. D. R.

wanted a pretty creature to talk to—someone who would exchange lies with me.

Would it pay to advertise in this case?

Would it profit me anything to primp to the limit and plant myself on the public highways with a "Help" expression upon my already furrowed visage?

These things I asked myself. But I could not concoct a satisfactory reply.

My day came, however. A close friend who sympathized with me threw me a line.

He was in heavy with a bevy of divinities in the village. He thought nothing of eating Sunday dinner in one home, taking tea in another and spending the evening in still another. He had entree to the best circles in the county.

It was a gala evening when I prepared to burst into the Spartanburg social maelstrom. Never had I spent more time twisting my "wraps," never had I shaved so closely, never had my hair been made so sleek. I was going to make the plunge of my career—a mad leap in the Southern social abyss.

"Lead on," I commanded my chum, as the last notes of Retreat were floating over the camp.

Into a delightful home he led me. A charming mother directed us to comfortable chairs in the attractive living room of her home. With her permission I began the evening by tossing a pail full of coal into the fireplace. I was about to remove my shoes when I was interrupted.

There was no blaring of trumpets, nor roll of drums, nor shouting of the multitudes, but there was a soft tap, tap, tap upon the stairs a melodious, entrancing

swish of silk, and suddenly a little wonder stood before us.

I tipped over a few chairs, kicked a leg off the piano, jerked a few pictures off the walls, shattered a row of imported vases, took a hop, skip and jump, landing upon my neck at the feet of the prettiest thing that had slipped into my vision since I was dragged away from Broadway.

Fearful that I would drop dead before I could turn the trick I made a date, and then bowed in humble obeisance and assured the vampire I was tickled silly to know her.

A night was chosen for the date and my lady friend emphasized the fact that she would save the date for me alone. I was to arrive shortly after dinner, and I did.

I found myself gasping for wind when I turned my toes toward her home on the appointed evening.

"Ha, ha," I chuckled to myself. "I win to-night. Out of 30,000 soldiers I alone am privileged to call upon this little dream. It's going to be a wonderful evening—like old times—just we two."

I was having a good time with myself.

It was she who opened the door and welcomed me. Visions of two huge chairs drawn together before the snapping, sputtering fire flooded my bewildered mind.

I threw my hat and coat on the floor, patted down my hair, glanced from the corners of my eyes into the hall mirror to make certain I was intact, rubbed my hands and smiled.

"Just we two," I muttered.

(Continued on page 25)

Confessions and Confidences of An Artilleryman

No. 1. Horses.

I never used to bother much about horses. There was a riding school near my home in New York, and on bright Sunday mornings, I was often awakened from my gentle reverie on Tony's shoe-polishing throne in front of the corner cafe by a clatter of hoofs extraordinarily like the sound the drummer makes in the movies to herald the approach of the saviours of Three-Star Ranch.

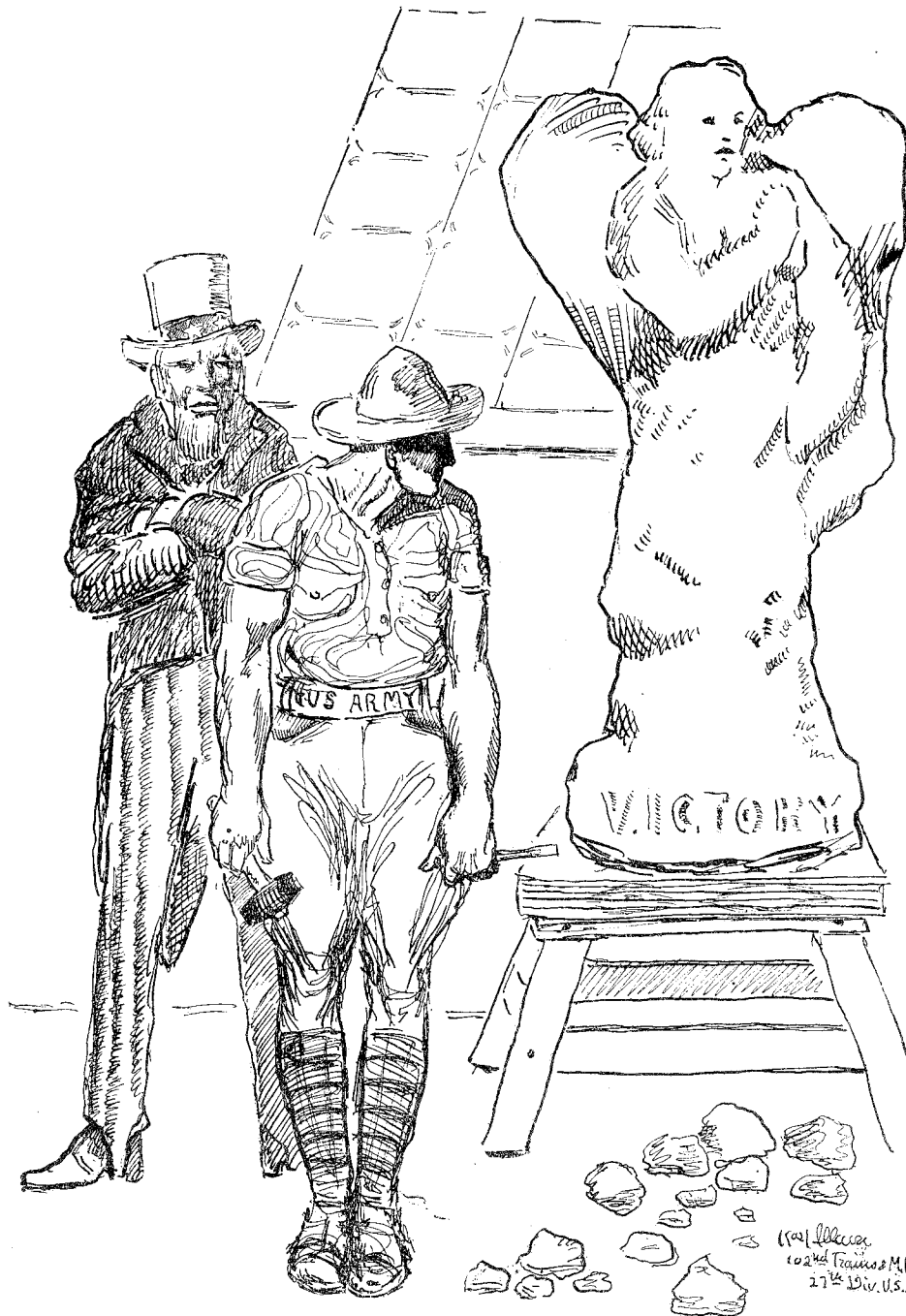
A flock of horses would canter by on their way to the drive, fine beasts many of them, no doubt, though to be honest, I was more interested in their riders. Particularly those dashing young ladies in the square derby hats and doe-skin breeches—how gracefully they rose and fell in their saddles, I thought, and what strong breeches they wore. In the artillery, my gentle doughboy readers, this regular rise and fall is known as "showing daylight," and usually produces an exciting effect on the mess-pan line at the incinerator. But I wasn't in the artillery then, and didn't think that some day the question of breeches (not the doe-skin kind) would become one of the vital issues of the day. There's a joke concealed somewhere in that sentence, though it wasn't intentional.

Nowadays, on some particularly snappy Southern morning, while engaged in massaging the serried stomach of a jug-headed gowel in the stables, I often think with some sadness on my blissful ignorance of equines in those days, and how much more important it used to be that Tony used the red cream on my shoes and not that infernal yellow. My shoes are not very shiny these days; just now they are covered with lumpy red clay—and how the Battery Commander hates that kind of shoe, especially at Retreat. He makes pointed remarks about them, and no doubt wallows in satisfaction, snug in the consciousness of his own glittering boots.

But to return to horses—

My own off horse has a cast-iron mouth and a red eye, with which he often regards me from the depths of his stall. I am firmly convinced that this animal has stored up a lot of bitter resentment against me, ever since the night at West Albany when I spilled half the grain out of his nose-bag, at feeding time.

He often stands on my foot at the watering trough, and no amount of gentle compulsion will encourage him to remove it, or even to shift his weight. My friends tell me that my feet are very large and flat, and that a dumb animal can hardly be expected to distinguish them from ordinary South Carolina landscape. But I refuse any longer to excuse that beast on the grounds of dumbness. Our 2nd Lieutenant disapproves of the use of loud profanity with horses, but I must



Uncle Sam, Art Patron: "Keep at it, son. The material is hard but when you finish, you will have a masterpiece."

confess that I have often taken that off-horse's head to my bosom and whispered a long and comforting stream of mule-skinnersisms in his ear.

Why can't he be like my near horse, that gentle creature who so often falls into a peaceful slumber between the traces, and can be relied upon to lumber regularly along, though the very carriages fall to pieces and the Lieutenant break his chin strap.

If I ever return safely to civilian life, I will never pass a stable without a shudder, and promise to destroy any copies of "Black Beauty" that may still exist. I am still a lover of animals, but refuse to enjoy playing nurse and chambermaid to any of them. I expect to retain a faint horsey smell to the grave. Even hot showers fail to remove that

reminiscent fragrance, and I have come to the conclusion that it is ingrained, and will haunt me forever.

Water call will blow soon, and we'll leave our comfortable bunks and march down through the mud and drag up those monstrous creatures four at a time—only to see them refuse to have anything to do with the stuff, and try to push us into it to show their disapproval!

Oh, Rosa Bonheur, how could you?

S. S., Battery D, 104th F. A.

Several of the artists who draw for *The Gas Attack* made more than \$10,000 a year in civil life. Watch for their work in your camp magazine.



News From Division Units



COMPANY M, 106TH INFANTRY.

Private Leon Rosenburn is now convinced that there is something the matter with his feet. To-day he lost control of them while trying to jump on the other side of a brooklet, resulting in an unwelcome bath of cold water and mud. This is the second time his feet has carried him astray.

Privates A. Schmit, Rosemyer and Shea could not explain how they happened to be found on a very dark night in front of the mess shack of the S. D., 105th U. S. Infantry, with a piece of firewood on their shoulders. Now they are in the guard-house thinking it over, until the high courts take action.

Our new Mess Sergeant Scharf has initiated a series of reforms by having an up-to-date range built in the kitchen. We congratulate Sergeant Scharf and hope that his principal idea is to see everybody wearing a smile of satisfaction after every meal.

Now that Sergeant Thomson is attending the camouflage school, he ought to be able to transform the shape of his head so it will look human.

T. A. F.

BATTERY F, 106TH FIELD ARTILLERY.

Private Woodcock took his annual bath last week Thursday. We think he had a grudge against the fish that we have every Friday.

Private Jack Malley has just returned from a visit to Buffalo and he related an incident while there. He says that he was walking down Pine street and overheard a young lady say, as she pointed to a dark alley: "There's where I kissed my Prince good-bye."

Maybe Johnny Mac of the 108th Machine Gun Company can explain this young lady's strange actions.

Captain Schohl has gone to Fort Sill, Oklahoma, to visit the School of Fire. Maybe we won't have fire call so often when he comes back.

Lieut. M. M. Marcus, Jr., is now in charge of the Battery.

Private Voit to Officer of the Day: "Sneak away from here or I'll shoot."

Overheard at mounted drill:

Corporal: "Piece forward, Caisson wait a minute."

Corporal Raymond P. Rugg has been promoted to Sergeant. Congratulations, sergeant.

Last Saturday morning the 5th Squad couldn't wake up Sergeant Ertel; he was frozen to his bunk after the rain.

Bill Schuteker has gone home on a French leave. We hope he has a good time while it lasts.

Our noted Mess Sergeant is in the Base Hospital. The rest of us will be there soon if he doesn't hurry back.

COMPANY A, 105TH INFANTRY.

Private W. P. Kane, otherwise known as the "Flower-pot," blooms once again. He just returned from the "Big City," and his tales outrival the "Arabian Nights."

"Gravedigger" Madson has found a new way to increase his business. He is now attending cooking school.

"Pepper" Carrol and his famous "Dizzy Squad" are again on the warpath.

Our mutual friend, "Bellhop" Byrnes, is pestering the life out of the Second Squad with his tales of his wonderful Reubie from Culpepper. Why don't you marry the girl, "Bellhop?"

We would rather watch the antics of a fellow coming down our company street on a wet day than attend a regular New York burlesque show.

Private H. Kent, otherwise "Skinny," is also attending cooking school. We predict a big rush for "O. D." pills.

No, that wasn't a machine gun. That was only a friendly argument between our two Dutch friends, Chris and N. J. Schmidt. So far we have been unable to find out who started it or who had the best of it.

The "Singing" Sixth Squad can be found any night gathered around the Sibley stove listening to "Sailor" Hill's tales of the briny deep.

M. M. B.

1ST COMPANY, 102ND SUPPLY TRAIN.

Leon Price, late of the Remington Hotel, has just returned from his furlough.

Sergeant Landwake has gained fame as a story teller in the first company. His stories are best appreciated and valued by the Reisenwebers squad, where his stories are oft retold with much laughter.

Charlie Hyslop, our deep-voiced Mess Sergeant, has been humorous to the extreme, playing all sorts of jokes on his fellow tent-mates, especially when he says, "Put out that — — — light."

Acting Cor. Laddane has just returned from his furlough and thinks he has cheated the railroad, as he has 80 miles left in his mileage book. What about the five-day extension, Ray?

Several of the privates are being transferred to the sanitary unit, as they would rather be sanitary than soldiers. This comes as a complete surprise to their many friends; although they were unsanitary they were soldiers.

Dizzy Boylan, the six-day letter writer, who thinks the pen is mightier than the sword, has been made a corporal. Don't forget, Joe, the chevrons go on with the point upwards.

I. C. U.

104TH MACHINE GUN BATTALION.

Sh! fellows, this is almost a machine gun battalion. Only a few more months and we will bear the proud title of "machine gunners". It is rumored that we are soon to go to the machine gun range. After months of weary waiting we think it is about time that something is being done to relieve the monotony. This is one of the reasons that so many of our men are seeking transfers. The secret of satisfaction and content in an organization is more work and better and faster work will follow. If we follow these steps nothing on earth can keep us down.

Rumors.

Mounted on elephants, the 104th Machine Gun Battalion will be seen on the firing line inside of two months. The authority for this statement is Corporal Murphy and Private Thompson. So there can be no doubt of its authenticity.

Collapsible boats are now being issued, one to each squad, for travel through "C" Company street, and ice skates for early morning. The Top Sergeant says that no skates will be worn on any formations.

What did Sherman say about war when his qualification card was taken away from him? Ask Pop, he knows.

Private Vincent is now spending a brief sojourn with friends in Drillfield. On his return home he will take up a new line of business in the culinary department.

The Box Hounds held a meeting last evening in the absence of Private ————. The party was a great success and a good time was had by all.

The regular meeting of the Merry Makers will be held on the regular evening. Same time, same place.

BATTERY E, 104TH FIELD ARTILLERY.

Charlie Chaplin is a ham compared to our famous comedian, Phil Klein. He's awfully funny (when he looks natural).

We all sympathize with our old Sergeant Pete Kelly. The poor fellow is in his second childhood.

I wonder if Sergeant Corbett will ever recover? Since an order came through that no one was to go outside of camp limits for ten long days, Corbett has been a different man.

Privates Libby, McCormack, Kropp and Bonsang (that's me) are making a splendid showing in the Signal Detail of the Battery. We're good and we know it, but wouldn't think of advertising it.

Private Sexton has been appointed corporal.

BUD.

Don't be a goop. Buy a Gas Attack and the war won't be a failure as far as you are concerned.

BATTERY E, 106TH FIELD ARTILLERY.

We haven't got it right as yet, but Corporal Brad Hammond says he's going to some kind of school around camp and we all have the hopes of it being a soup school where he can get a hand-out, because he has a very bad habit of the gimmes, and we think the only cure for it is getting an education at that school. Go to it, Ham, we all know it will better our conditions, and we all bid you a hearty farewell and wish you lots of luck, old boy.

Talking about Edisons in our division, our sergeant of the first section is not only busy on the new hot water boiler for the shower baths, but the latest thing he has invented is to stop Private Morris from giving him a shower bath when he is holding a conversation with him.

Since the sixth tent, commonly known as the Gimme Squad, got split up, they are making the best of it by coming in to see "Crying Charlie Buckley," as he is the most prosperous of the bunch. The wind-jammers have to hide their horns, so when they have their daily concerts they will not find them stuffed with paper or something of that kind. B. B. McC.

COMPANY E, 102ND AMMUNITION TRAIN.

Two days of rain has given the "Ambition Train" an opportunity to do considerable bunk fatigue.

The rain was especially welcomed by our 22-karat gold-brick, Private Hefferan and he admits it, too. He and his bunkie, Hopkins, are now running a close race for the honor of champion gold-brick.

Private Al Mason, alias Cy Perkins, is responsible for rumor 999 that the 27th is to leave soon for France.

Privates Colligan and Blacknik are doing ten days K. P. and have applied for a ten-day extension. But they haven't anything on our champion, O. D. King, who can make stew with mule meat, harness attached, without the boys detecting it.

Acting Corporal Hart is still acting, but has now been appointed Insurance Clerk for the company. To date he has answered only 9,999 questions on the subject. Nevertheless, he has been feeling unusually happy of late. Where and how do you get it? Put us hep, won't you!

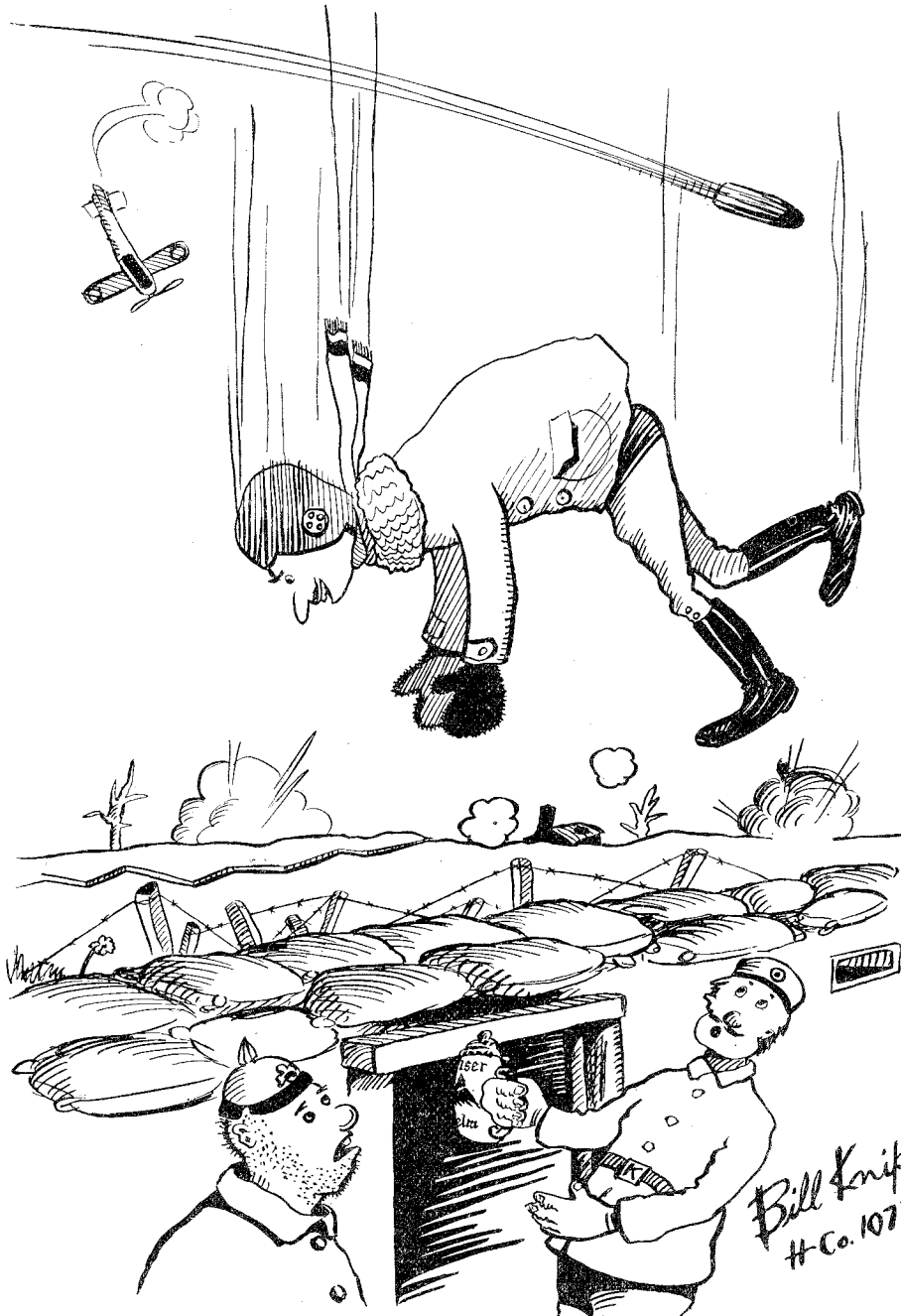
Dizzy Lane and Pop Glennon have returned, after spending ten days on lightless Broadway.

Privates Joe Clayton and Vic Loggerbaur are our latest Benedicts. Good luck, boys! X. Y. Z.

READ, AND WRITE.

Drop a line to Mr. A. Greenberg, ye old bunch of Public School No. 10 of New York City. Inclose name of regiment and company. Do this and you will be surprised at the results.

C. F.
102 Eng., Hdqtrs. Co.



They All Fall For It.

EIGHTH SQUAD, COMPANY C, 102ND ENGINEERS.

Stroke Scales, the M. E. of the Eighth Squad, has resigned from squad detail in order to accept the honored position as janitor for showers used by B and C company.

Never mind, Stroke, you are getting fat at the job. Give us a cigar, will you?

J. J. I.

SCHOOL FOR TEAMSTERS.

The mule skinnners have to go to school. Capt. Richard B. Wainwright, of the remount depot is the teacher. It is not known if Applied Profanity will be one of the courses.

TO REFORM OUR COOKS.

Capt. Borth Attempts Huge Task With Slum-Chemists.

Capt. Daniel Borth, chief supervisor of cooking and baking of the United States army, has been sent to Camp Wadsworth and will be here for several months. He will conduct a general school of cooking and baking and all the mess officers and cooks and their assistants in camp will be his pupils.

CAPT. JAECKEL, SENIOR AIDE.

Capt. H. Francis Jaeckel has been designated as senior aide to Major General John F. O'Ryan, succeeding Capt. E. W. Moore, who has become a major in the New York National Guard.

CO. G, 106TH INFANTRY.

After the hike through the mud Thursday afternoon, we had plenty of Spartanburg real estate in our company street.

They tell us the 14th men buried the "Gimme's" down at Sheepshead Bay, but Corporal Mattson was not at the services.

They say Private George Weber, now assigned to the 106th Canteen, went and got "tied up" while in New York recently, but by the way he hustles you'd never know it. Maybe it didn't hurt.

Captain Hardy, who commands us, is one officer who is "always on the job" looking to better our interests. He is around so much we often wonder if he don't peek into our tents about 3 a. m. to see if we sleep well. A Chinese laundryman never quits working, but he has nothing on our captain.

Five of our best non-coms, Sergeants Cohen, Dinnsen, Campbell and Tornabene, and Corporal Shea are now over at the Officers' Training School. They were all popular men here, and we're all hoping they land their commissions. There is some speculation as to who will land the the sergeant's places.

Sergeants Miller and A. Morrison would make a great vaudeville team. They are two of the wittiest men this side of the Jordan.

There are some games of chance that are well-paying. For particulars see Corporal Anderson.

About ten non-coms had to police the street one day recently. If the privates ever did it the way the non-coms did they would be on heavy detail for months.

We'll say the 2nd Platoon leads in everything except when it comes to getting "issue" wood. Then the first platoon is always first and the second platoon out-of-luck.

Private John Lewis, our jovial company barber, and a good soldier, too, is over at the Base Hospital having an operation performed on his nose. No man was unshaved for Saturday inspection, but an awful lot of blood was spilled without bringing peace any nearer.

Things sure are quiet around the company streets, and particularly the 1st sergeant's tent, since Sergeant Morris Cohen left for the Officers' Training School. He was the salesman of the company and his breezy manner made his presence always desirable, even if he did stick you on something or other. There are a lot of the men trying to take his place here, but the Lord only made one Morris Cohen and then destroyed the mould.

While we all regret being confined to camp and feel sorry for some of the business people of Spartanburg who have been treating us right, yet we cannot find any sympathy for the gip artists who operate the autos into camp. We almost take a delight in knowing that some of these people will have to wait a little longer to lift the mortgage off the farm, or stop buying cotton-fields or real estate. They have been

taking every advantage of the men coming into camp for quite some time past, and have been the cause of many an innocent man getting into trouble with his officers. Therefore, the order confining us to camp has one little ray of sunshine in it, and that is that these "within-the-law" profiteers will have to lay up their machines and get down to hard work.

Corporal Jim McDonough has just been appointed Company Clerk.

Ask Top Sergeant MacNaughton and Supply Sergeant Crager how they like to drill. But duck when you do.

Corporal Frank Daly, our Company Clerk that was, has been transferred to the Medical Corps of our Infantry, where he will be assistant to the chiropodist. He was always "looking things" up here, but he'll be kept "looking down" over there.

If the Germans ever saw Private Quigley throw hand grenades, they would cry quits right now. John is some thrower but of the right stuff.

Strange things will happen. For instance, Private David Margulis is in the same tent with Privates Hogan, Kane, Kenny, Ivers, Logue and Mathewson. Yet he goes on very well, thank you.

Some of the men think Corporal Wardell is a good poet, but he can't get the Gas Attack to agree with them.

We never knew why it was so easy to get a kitchen detail when Cook Wheeler was on the job, but after tasting some of his pie yesterday, we're wise.

A part of Long Island is called the "Garden spot of the world". Mechanic Horn must have been searching for it by the way he over-stayed his furlough. We know it isn't in Northport, Benix.

Some fellows are going to be awfully dissatisfied with New York when they don't get a Sunday delivery of mail.

CORPORAL W.

FIELD HOSPITAL COMPANY, 106TH.

Captain Taylor, formerly of the 74th Infantry, has been transferred to this company.

Privates McDermott and Alger, of this organization, seem to be on the warpath for the last few days in hopes to round up the newsboy who has been selling old Albany papers as papers with current events.

"Hiram" Joe Lambert, who is now Captain Hacker's orderly, has made request for a pair of orderly's chevrons to the Quartermaster Sergeant of this company. The private feels that some distinction should be made.

"Sport" Frank Walsh, formerly in Tent No. 2, of this company, has been transferred to Tent No. 4 for some unknown reason. Perhaps the private can let us know why.

"Stumbler" Raymond Burgess seems to have acquired the art of making fires in the early morning, but has yet to overcome stumbling over things, awakening his tent-mates. The private hopes to stumble over a furlough very soon.

There seems to be an epidemic of a new disease in camp technically known as

"Sleepiritis". Our friend, Elbert McCollum, has a severe attack of it.

Lieutenant William T. Nealon, of this command, is on detached service at the Bellevue Hospital in New York City.

Bugler Prescott (Snuffy) seems to have something breaking out on his upper lip. The men are in hopes that "Snuffy" accomplishes what he is trying to raise there soon, but fear that he will get discouraged.

"Snowshoes" Jackson, the Staten Island Rosebud, is deserving of much credit as a wood chopper. The private is so accomplished that, no doubt, the detail will be made lengthy for him.

Captain George W. Papen, Jr., of this outfit, is on detached service with a detail of ten men at the Officers' Training Camp, of this Division.

"Barney Oldfield" Fred Jeram, is the Motorcycle King of the camp. Fred says that the deeper the mud is the more gasoline he can use and the faster the car can travel.

"Nig" Tom Morrissey, who has been detailed to the canteen, for the past few weeks, has accomplished the art of salesmanship, and, no doubt, will find it a very easy matter to obtain a job in the Bon Marché in Albany, or perhaps F. W. Woolworth could place him in a suitable position.

"Deacon" Hobe Bender is of the opinion that this organization will see duty on the Fiji Islands, due to the fact that the natives of that place are getting boisterous. You do not think that there is a possible chance of soldiering at the Thousand Islands, do you, Hobe?

The men all wish Mechanic "Katey" Malone the best of luck in his undertakings, as mechanic of this organization, "Katey" having been appointed very recently.

Sergeant Crook is anxiously awaiting some sort of news from New York. The nature of this news is unknown to everyone, but is of much importance to Joe, it seems. This all has happened while the Sergeant was on his furlough.

Sergeant Schinnerer is much indebted to the inventor of the trench mirror. Everyone knows, especially the Sergeant, that this mirror can be carried in your pocket and it will not break.

"Lightning" Henry Alger says that he will compete with Georgie Cohen, the well-known star, when he makes his arrival back home. The private is now taking up the art of soft-shoe dancing and getting his vocal chords in trim. Vorheesville will get the benefit of this coming tragedienne.

"Constie" Waugh says that the motorized bunk is a wonderful invention in his opinion, the private having had good experience in this line. Therefore, it goes without saying, experience is the best teacher.

Fourth-assistant-third-cook "Happy" La Vigne has made request for the fork-form chevron to the Quartermaster Sergeant. The private now is attending cooking school and, no doubt, will be a help to his mother in the household when he returns.

J. V. B.

Two Wadsworth Bands—The 51st Pioneers and the 2nd Pioneers





News of the Y. M. C. A.

EDITED BY ERNEST W. LESLIE.



Dr. Marvin J. Thompson, in charge of religious work, Unit 95.

L. R. LEWIS.

Mr. L. R. Lewis, Building Secretary of Y. M. C. A. Unit No. 95 was born in Gilboa, New York. He was educated in the public and high schools of New York State, later entering Union College, where he graduated in 1906 with honors in history and science. He later entered the Albany Law School, working in a law office at the same time he was attending law school, and also acted as Secretary of the Albany Student Y. M. C. A. Upon graduation he was admitted to the New York State bar. He began the practice of law at Prattsville, N. Y., later moving to Hudson Falls, where he formed the partnership of Fisk and Lewis, attorneys-at-law, continuing to the time of his entering the Army Y. M. C. A. work, November last.

Mr. Lewis has always been active in church and social service matters as well as in agricultural lines in which he is intensely interested.

Mr. Lewis came to Camp Wadsworth as a general assistant, later being promoted to the position of Building Secretary, which appointment he now holds.

That the Army and Navy Y. M. C. A. will keep up its intensive program in serving the soldiers overseas as in the training camps here, is emphasized by the statement made by Dr. W. W. Alexander, of the Personnel Bureau, Southeastern Department, that 695 Red Triangle Secretaries sailed to France, Italy and Russia during the month of December, 53 of whom were recruited

from this department. Word comes from New York National Headquarters that the sailing of 112 more "Y" men is pending, 13 of whom are from the South.

UNIT NO. 93.

Rev. Wm. Carter, D.D., of Brooklyn, addressed a large crowd Monday night with a splendid talk.

The vaudeville skits presented on Wednesday evening, were something new and the boys deserve credit for their cleverness. Carney O'Donnell and Sam Ellis, of Co. H, 196th, in "Her and Me," was great. Carney played the blackface while Sam, in beautiful dress, played the lady. Eddie Crawford, Co. H, 106th, the impersonator of Sophia Barnard and Anna Held, clad in an evening dress, sang "Poor Butterfly" in falsetto, which made a big hit. Sidney Green, Co. C, 106th, also made a hit with his monologue and song. The 106th Jazz band, with L. P. Ransome director, furnished music for the occasion, and was in no ways the least item of the program. We congratulate Mr. Frank A. Rice for working up such a good program.

Thursday we had the pleasure of listening to Dr. D. E. Camac, of the Textile Institute, Spartanburg, on the subject of "Industrial Life of the South," after which the 106th Infantry band rendered a concert.

Our unit is having the privilege of serving the newcomers in the 14th Pioneer Infantry. Some are from Massachusetts, Connecticut, and others from Florida.

UNIT NO. 271.

Sunday evening, after a good sing, it was our privilege to hear Chaplain Kever, of the 102d Ammunition Train, who delivered an earnest message on "The Work of the Bible."

From the beginning of our movie nights, interest has been increased by having the pictures played by Dexter L. Nash, of the Ordnance Department. This, when well done, is an art by itself, and we are fortunate in having the services of Mr. Nash, a professional piano-player in motion-picture theatres for several years. Private Marquart has ably supported Nash with violin selections.

We are claiming credit for introducing a feature which is admittedly unusual. We are the first unit in Camp Wadsworth, if not in the entire country, to meet a demand for music lessons, and already an interested class has been started. Secretary Foote, who has had several years' teaching experience, is looking after this service, and he will be kept busy if the many who have expressed their desire to take this work, follow up their intentions. Practice being quite impossible, an advantage is found in the half-hour with the teacher, each day.

The Brady feature picture drew a big crowd and several officers from the Q. M. C. were present to enjoy the scenes of "The Man Who Forgot," Major Grinstead, Captain Cline and Lieutenant Carter among the number. A fine concert was rendered at the conclusion of the picture by the 102d Ammunition Train's Band, Sergeant Wm. A. Roche, Bandmaster.

Friday evening, an entertainment was offered by Spartanburg talent, consisting of vocal selections. The singing of Miss Dean was especially appreciated.

The concert presented Saturday night by the 102d Ammunition Train Orchestra, was a pleasing deviation from the band music, and was well received by the men, again paying tribute to the ability of Sergeant Roche, Director.

UNIT NO. 95.

Thursday night an entertainment was booked from Spartanburg, consisting of some musical talent of the city. The party started on time, but owing to the bad condition of the roads, could not make the trip and were forced to return to the city. A large crowd had gathered and so not to disappoint the boys some education films were put on.

Friday night was movie night. Robert Warwick starred in "The Man Who Forgot."

For two solid hours "Van" Lawson, of the 51st Pioneers and company, entertained Saturday night with a bill of vaudeville. Each man had his specialty; all were good and greatly appreciated by the large crowd.

"Van" Lawson is contemplating staging a play at Unit 95, and possibly in Spartanburg. All men desiring a try-out are requested to leave their names with any of the secretaries.

On Sunday Dr. Thompson preached at both morning and evening services and besides in the afternoon had over two score men in the Bible class, where the study of Joseph was taken up.

Boxing made its debut Monday night. From now on it will be a regular feature of the weekly program.

Fred B. Smith addressed the boys Tuesday night. His talk went straight to them; held them. The good accomplished by Mr. Smith's talk was very apparent.

We get hundreds of letters from women all over these U. S. saying how much they like the Gas Attack. That girl you know would like it, too. One buck fifty for three months.

UNIT NO. 96.

Considerable impetus was given the activities in this unit toward the close of the week, when the quarantine was lifted from the 108th Infantry, and it seemed good to welcome back the friends of the unit from the 108th.

Wednesday the building was turned over to Chaplain Edrop, of the 53d Infantry, for the benefit of the officers, an informal dance and band concert being given, the 53rd Pioneer Infantry band furnishing the music.

On Thursday Colonel Delameter, the new colonel of the 53d Infantry, gave a heart-to-heart talk to his men. His remarks were greatly appreciated and brought forth an enthusiastic applause.

Friday night is now featured by two events weekly: First, the regular movies and secondly, the Bible classes of Chaplain Edrop, which are held weekly in the educational rooms.

Saturday night was an open night, and this unit has found that the men appreciate occasionally an open night. It gives them a whole evening in which to write letters or engage in games. Large groups are able to get around the piano for songs, while other groups are enjoying the open fire.

Sunday, Chaplain Edrop, assisted by Rev. Mr. Drysdale, conducted both services.

The 53rd Infantry Band played at the morning service, and in the evening a "sing" of the old songs was held before the regular service.

Monday the quarantine of the 108th was lifted and the building was crowded. The first place the men of the 108th seemed to want to go was to the Y. M. C. A.

Tuesday evening there was the largest crowd at this unit in months. A regular "holiday spirit" seemed to be on every side. Many men were not able to get into the building. The regular movies were preceded by views of foreign countries, with remarks of explanation by J. L. Kingsley, of the Y. M. C. A. Headquarters. The Jazz band of the Headquarters company, 53rd Infantry, played during the movies. Between reels Prof. Lilly, of Wofford College, gave his second lesson in French to the men.

UNIT NO. 97.

Last Sunday night was certainly a gala night in 97. A goodly crowd gathered for the sing at 6:45, which was led by Secretary Allen. During the course of the sing, Dr. Woolsey, Camp Musical Director came with Miss Woolsey and he took charge of things. Miss Woolsey favored the boys with two beautiful solos and she and Dr. Woolsey sang a duet. The musical numbers were both very much enjoyed and appreciated.

Following a short service conducted by Secretary Ford, Dr. R. J. Drysdale gave a wonderful talk, taking as his subject a message from "Dad" Garry, who gave his life in the service of his fellowmen a few weeks

"A WEEK IN SPARTANBURG"

Dr. Jefferson, of New York, Came, Saw and Was Conquered by the 27th Division's Camp.

Editor's Note.—We reprint in part the story of "A Week in Spartanburg," an article written by Dr. Charles E. Jefferson, of New York City, for "The Christian Work." It gives us a chance to see what visitors think of us.

Spartanburg is in South Carolina. You would not think it if you saw it in December. In December it looks for all the world like a town in Northern Maine. The snow is just like the New England snow, and the wind has teeth which bite. There is no doubt there is a Sunny South, but I advise Northerners not to look for it in December. When I went to bed the first night I had premonitions, and consequently spread my overcoat over the blanket. At midnight the cold had gotten as far as my bones. At

ago. Dr. Drysdale told how, while making a last call on this wonderful old man as he lay upon his death bed, asking him if he had any message for the boys, "Dad" replied: "Tell them to keep looking up." The talk was listened to with great interest and close attention.

Chaplain Edrop, of the 53d Pioneer Infantry, was the speaker last Wednesday night. He certainly made a great hit with everyone, as he told the simple story of the power of Jesus, using a story from the book of the Acts. The usual reel of movies following his address was enjoyed as much as usual.

New classes in various subjects are constantly being formed by Mr. Pafford, Educational Secretary. A class in stenography is in process of organization, as well as classes in telegraphy and mechanics and mathematics.

The 104th F. A. Band will hereafter give a concert each Friday night, instead of Monday night, as heretofore. The concert last Friday night was up to the usual standard.

The quarantine against the enlisted men in Spartanburg has increased attendance at the building somewhat. The number of books circulated has taken a most decided jump. This is probably due to the fact that Oakes and Pafford have gotten them moved into their new quarters in the front of the building, west of the counter. New books are being catalogued and put into circulation daily, and the library, when finished, will consist of about seven hundred volumes.

Mr. Fitz, our efficient desk secretary, was the chairman of the committee on banking appointed by the Camp Secretary. Mr. Fitz made several visits to nearby camps investigating this phase of activity.

four o'clock in the morning it had reached the marrow. The South Carolinian coldness is a colder sort of coldness for its size than any coldness I have ever known. When at the breakfast table I was told that the mercury had reached only eight degrees above zero I promptly put the thermometer in the Ananias Club.

Spartanburg is a city of 25,000 people. I was a long time finding it out. The Southerners are not strong in figures. They take little interest in such matters. Everybody I asked gave me a different guess. The lowest was 16,000, and the highest was 35,000. I then appealed to a prominent pastor, and he assured me the correct figure is 25,000.

An Upset City.

It is the most upset city in America, at least so far as my knowledge goes. It has been upset by Camp Wadsworth, a new city of 35,000 inhabitants only four miles away. This new city overflows into the old city. Twice a week there is a genuine inundation. I arrived on Saturday, and at first I was not certain whether I was in the camp or in the city. Soldiers were everywhere. The streets were full. The hotels were crowded. The stores were overflowing. When I gazed on this mighty host the overthrow of the Kaiser seemed certain. In the meantime it is only the barbers, and store keepers, and hotel managers who are overthrown. They can not meet the demand. There is never enough of anything. The grocers can not lay in stocks which are sufficient. Thirty-five thousand soldiers on pay-day have a little town of 25,000 completely at their mercy. But of course the townspeople are not altogether helpless. My first Malaga grapes cost me forty cents a pound. A camp is a bonanza—to everybody who has anything to sell. With a pay roll of over one million dollars a month in Camp Wadsworth, it is needless to say that the inhabitants of Spartanburg are convinced that we were justified in entering the war.

But it is not business enterprises alone which are demoralized by the camp. It is the social life of the city, and the church life also. It is not a propitious season for satisfactory church work. Everything is disarranged. So many officers and their wives live in town, and such a multitude of Spartanburgers are kept busy in an effort to make them comfortable, that church attendance is not what it used to be. But because Spartanburg is considerably upset, do not imagine that Spartanburg is not happy. Men are seldom happier in this world than when they are tearing down their old barns to make room for larger ones.

Bumping the Bumps.

The road from the city to the camp is worthy of mention. Indeed there are several roads, all of them equally bad. The one which seemed the worst was always the

(Continued on page 24)

CAMP SPORTS

EDITED BY F. J. ASHLEY

THEY'RE SETTING 'EM UP NOW.

107th Infantry Bowlers in First Game.

Now that they have built a new bowling alley in the city, the ten-pin artists have been able to get in a few innings. In the first contest last Wednesday, the players of Company C, 107th Infantry, defeated the team of Company D, same regiment, by a 35-pin lead.

Although most of the players showed lack of practice the games were all nip and tuck affairs. Crosbie, of the winning outfit, showed up strong in all the three contests which made up the program.

The Box Score.

	1st Game	2d Game	3d Game
Company C			
Crosbie	200	141	161
Maher (Capt.) ..	131	159	149
Bettes	140	120	157
McKinlay	155	132	150
	626	552	614
Company D			
Tingle (Capt.) ..	168	133	150
Fairbridge	131	144	135
Shafer	123	143	173
Henry	144	154	137
	566	574	595

Total Score: Company C, 1792; Company D, 1735.

ATHLETIC MATERIAL COMING.

Mr. Ray Jenney, physical director of all the Y. M. C. A. units, has made arrangements to secure plenty of sporting goods for the different activities now on the calendar. He has already distributed over \$5,000 worth, including baseball, soccer, football and wrestling equipment. A standard monthly supply of apparatus will be sent here to accommodate future needs.

NICK WINS AT THE MILLROSE GAMES.

Nick Gianacopolus, the flying hospital man from the 106 Infantry, won the special half mile full equipment race at the Millrose Games in Madison Square Garden last week. The race was closed to men from this camp. The sturdy Greek with his gun flying behind him and in heavy marching order rapidly drew away from the rest of the field crossing the line half a lap ahead of his closest pursuer. His time was 2.20 2-5, showing far superior to any yet made in military circles. The other men from the 27th Division who made the trip to New York, found the indoor track a little strange after six months in the open and failed to place in the finals.

NO LOVE GAMES FOR NURSES.

In keeping with the recent order bidding the nurses over at the Base Hospital to beware of the naughty soldiers, the fair damsels have decided, themselves, that they want nothing of love games. Don't give up hope yet, brave soldier, for their aversion is not all for you! Rather they are adverse to love affairs on the tennis court.

Instead of losing all their skill at the net game by lack of practice, they have arranged to play right in the shadows of their own Nurses' Home, and tennis courts are to be constructed there for their exclusive use. It has not been decided as yet whether walls will be built around the grounds to prevent their enlisted admirers from viewing the performances, but for fear that some of the boys will bring their scouting ability into play, Mrs. Byers, the head nurse, will be on hand to maintain discipline. Mr. Jenney, of the Y. M. C. A., is also planning to introduce other forms of athletic activity for the benefit of the Red Cross angels. Prospective coaches would do well to address the Gas Attack.

MORAN BACK AT WORK.

Frank Moran, the camp pugilistic instructor, is with us again. The big Pittsburger has been on a little trip to New York City, and to his home in the Smoky City for the past fortnight, recovering from a severe cold. Arrangements have not yet been completed for his fight with Fred Fulton, which has been tentatively scheduled for Washington's Birthday at New Orleans.

HANDBALL COURT ERECTED.

A new handball court has been prepared at Y. M. C. A. Unit 93. The playing will take place behind the large stage. Efforts are also being made to locate some courts outdoors to the rear of the building. Work on them will be started this week.

BASKET-BALL PRACTICE IN CAMP NOW.

Basket-ball courts have been erected at Units 92, 93 and 95. They are too small for games and are to be used for practice only. The men, who have been playing in the games at the Spartanburg Y. M. C. A. gym have all shown lack of daily drills, and with the hardest part of their schedules still in the future, it was decided to give them all a chance to keep in trim by work here during their spare time.

WRESTLING INTEREST ON THE RISE.

Mat Tournaments Started at Several Y. M. C. A. Units.

Wrestling is rapidly gaining favor with the local athletes. Tournaments have been started at all the Y. M. C. A. units. The weekly programs now include every opportunity for the mat men to get in as much work as the boxers. The best work so far has been shown at Units 92 and 93.

At 92 the wrestlers display their wares every Monday night. Plans are now under way there to arrange wrestling and boxing tournaments between the company representatives of the 102nd Engineers, the Sanitary Train and the three Machine Gun Battalions. Each company will be allowed two men in each weight.

Corporal Frank Beny, Company F, 2nd Pioneers, is boosting the catch-as-catch-can game at 93. He is well qualified for the task having learned all the tricks of the science at one of the largest Y. M. C. A. gyms in Brooklyn. To date, he has enrolled 35 men in his classes, and as these are all that he can accommodate at once, a large waiting list has been started. Beny is a son of Major Beny, 106th Infantry.

OPENER AT 95 A HUMMER.

Unit 95 staged its first set of bouts last Monday evening. If the work shown is any criterion of the interest and ability, the men of that part of camp have in the manly art, some lively scraps are expected during the near future. Three battles were on the opening list.

In the first setto, Kiddie Diamond, 52nd Pioneers, who claims the lightweight championship of Camp Wadsworth, went three fast rounds with Johnny Lore, a Brooklyn youngster who has met the best of them all over the country. Red Mack and Trixie Kelly, both of the 51st Pioneers, battled all over in the second. Neither man had the usual style expected in the ring, but when it came to giving and taking, they were right there. Stockings Conroy and Kid McQuade starred in the closing act of the night.

More Fights Coming.

Bouts will be held at 95 every Monday night. A new ring has been built by Mr. Ortner, the physical director. It measures 18 by 16 feet. Harry Methin, 51st Pioneers, has been named permanent referee. Those who want to train for the scraps can use the boxing room which has been built in the rear of the building.

BASKET-BALL TEAM WILL PLAY AT AUGUSTA.

The Camp Wadsworth basket-ball team will leave for Augusta next Friday for two hard games. The first one will bring it into contact with the strong five of the Augusta Y. M. C. A., while on Saturday it is scheduled to meet the Camp Hancock quintet. The local players have been recruited from among the best men on the company teams now appearing in the league started by the 51st Pioneers and the 105th Infantry.

The game which had been arranged with the Charleston Navy Yard for two weeks ago and which was postponed because of a quarantine at the enemy's quarters, will be staged at the Spartanburg Y. M. C. A. within the next few weeks.

Mr. Ortner, of Y. M. C. A. Unit 95 is also looking for some games in camp for his All-Stars. Regimental managers would do well to get in touch with him.

LIVELY NIGHT AT 92.

Three smashing boxing bouts and a real live wrestling match featured in last Monday night's program at Unit 92. The fistic affairs were no loving parties, and there was all the action desired from bell to bell. One of them ended in a knockout while both the others were well-fought draws.

The first boxing contest lasted just long enough for Myklns, Company D, 102d Engineers, to get warmed up. Then it was the poison needle for Hart, 107th Ambulance. The setto was all over in a minute and a half.

Another stretcher slinger from the same ambulance company opposed Costello, Company C, 105th Machine Gun Battalion in the second bout. He was A. Kellerman, who formerly had pugilistic ambitions back in Albany. Both men were game and mixed it up all through the three rounds. It was a draw.

The third affair also went unsettled after three merry rounds of good snapping, slamming by Carey, Company B, 104th Machine Gun Battalion and Darcey, Company D, 102d Engineers.

ZUALE SHOWS CLASS.

The wrestling match went to Zuale, Company I, 107th Infantry, in two straight falls. Bylon, Company G, 107th Infantry, who opposed him, put up a good defense in the first grapple. He was only counted out in 10.32. The second found him considerably weakened and after 5.40, it also went to Zuale.

THE WEATHERMAN WINS AGAIN.

The soccer schedule has been postponed once again because of the continued poor weather. This time the committee will endeavor to get the first round completed by next Saturday. One game has been played in the few clear days during the past month. It proved a walkaway for the Supply Train. Two more contests are still due in the opening bracket.



"Corporal Blumf, I'm going to reduce you."
 "It's no use, Captain. I have taken two Turkish baths and a lot of exercise and I haven't lost a pound."

SHANNON GETS A BOOST.

The friends of Al Shannon, the scrappy little featherweight of the 51st Pioneers, are anxious to see him in the ring again. The following letter to the Sporting Editor has been brought to the attention of Frank Moran, the division boxing instructor:

"Dear Sir: We note that the boxing news in the Gas Attack is almost entirely devoted to the heavyweight situation, but just a few lines to remind you that we have with us a willing little battler in the featherweight division. He is Al Shannon, formerly of the Machine Gun Co., 47th N. Y. Inf., but at present a member of Headquarters Co., 53d Pioneer Inf.

"Al has performed on several occasions for the entertainment of the boxing enthusiasts, and judging by his performances, it can be stated that he is one of the strongest contenders for the 125-pound championship of the camp.

"He is eighteen and a half years of age, and although he has been boxing for about a year and a half, he stands ready to give an account of himself for the benefit of the boys, at any time, against anyone at his weight.

"Yours very truly,
 "SERGT. FRANK TISCHBEIN,
 "Hdqtrs. Co., 53d Pioneer Inf."

MACHINE GUNNERS ACTIVE.

Several snappy bouts featured the initial athletic night of the 108th Infantry's Machine Gun Company. Eddie Lowy, of the East Side, who knocked out Frankie Fitzpatrick a few weeks ago, put on an exhibition of four rounds with another New York lightweight, Patsy Leonard. There was also a wrestling match in which Leonty Boratka and Walt Heyden, the Supply Sergeant's dog-robber, figured.

Leonty used to wrestle with a bear before he joined the army. And he still is in good shape. Walt, however, is there with the "know-how," so the bout went for fifteen minutes without any other result than to have the crowd still guessing as to which is the better man. These two plan to settle the dispute at the next racket of the Machine Gun Company.

Leo Booth and George Hagan, middleweights, boxed four fairly fast rounds. In another bout Carl Whiffen proved that he is not in the SCD class by holding his end up against Donald Flack, who was one of the coming heavyweights of Rochester, N. Y., before he moved to Spartanburg, S. C. "Weasel" Pratt surprised every one and forced the fighting when he met Charles Lee Rousseau in four rounds at 125 pounds.

(More Sports on page 21.)



World Brevities



Edited by J. S. KINGSLEY

YOU CAN'T FOOL TROTZKY.

Trotzky now exposes the German deceit in offering peace to Russia. Germany would not release the Russian territory which she now holds although she had promised to make it independent.

THE ENEMY INSIDE OUR GATES.

More of the work of German spies is coming to light daily. The latest is the arrest, trial and confession of several Pro-Germans who made bombs and placed them in the holds of ships sailing to allied countries when we were neutral. One of these men confesses that he made a bomb and placed it in the Lusitania, but it did not explode, therefore he was angry, because he wished the honor of sinking this ship. It was also proven that at least one of these defendants received a large check for his services.

RUMBLINGS IN AUSTRIA.

It is reported that over a million Austro-Hungarian workmen and women struck because they demanded and were refused more food, especially cereals, and besides they demanded cheaper food. They also demanded that cereals be kept in Austria instead of being shipped into Germany. These laborers were workers in munition plants. Later reports state that they are returning to work, having formed an agreement with the government.

OUR OWN WAR.

Unfortunately many first had the idea that this was primarily on our part a war to make the world safe for democracy. They realize now that that was only an incident and that it is our very own war, for our very lives and our own democracy.—R. F. Harris, Illinois Council of National Defense.

TROTSKY ON VENTILATION.

The Russian revolution was the first great event to bring a fresh whiff into the stale atmosphere of Europe in the thirty-four years since the Paris Commune.—Leon Trotzky.

WHAT WE WANT.

President Wilson has declared on behalf of the common people of the whole world the terms which the common people want. This statement has now been agreed to by every allied government, including the Russian Bolsheviks.—President Purdy, British Labor Leader.

COME ON, YOU HUNS!

Reports have repeatedly reached the allies that Germany expected to make one of the greatest and a final drive about February 1st. Every movement of the Germans

detected by the aviators and Russian reports seem to verify such a possibility. It is expected that main drive will be along the coast toward Calais and against the French on the eastern sector. The allies have been preparing for this drive and report that they are prepared for it.

PERSHING'S "GAS ATTACK."

Pershing has given permission to his men to publish a weekly newspaper for the American troops in France to be called "The Stars and Stripes."

LEFT FLAT BY TURKS.

General Von Falkenbayn, the German general in Turkey, was organizing an army of 300,000 to take the offensive against the British in Palestine, but the Turks refused to be organized and disbanded, leaving the general stranded. He then returned to Constantinople.

SUBMARINES' TASK IS HOPELESS!

One is amazed when he considers that the German submarine has already destroyed 10,000,000 tonnage thus far in the war, but when he learns that the increase of exports from America the past year has increased \$746,000,000 over the year before and \$267,000,000 over that of two years ago he can see how utterly hopeless is Germany's hope of destroying the shipping of England and of the United States.

A MILLION AN HOUR!

Our country is now spending a million dollars an hour on the war. Our expenses up to next July are estimated at \$19,000,000,000. Europe has already expended \$112,000,000,000 on the war. Property amounting to \$1,000,000,000 has been destroyed, 10,000,000 lives have been lost, 4,000,000 prisoners have been taken and 10,000,000 tons of shipping have been destroyed. This argues strongly for the League to Enforce Peace after the war. Even at this terrific cost, the results will be worth the cost if there is organized after the war a league that will reduce the size of armies and compel nations to arbitrate their differences. It will be worth while if men of Kaiser William's type be impossible.

CANDY FOR SOLDIERS AND CHILDREN.

The Food Administration had decreed a stoppage of manufacture of chocolates but on recommendation the decree has been changed and chocolate makers may continue the manufacture of sweet chocolates because chocolate is regarded essential to the soldier and to children.

HUNS CONCENTRATING ON WESTERN FRONT.

For weeks the Allies have known that thousands of Germans have been moving from the Eastern to the Western front. The Allies have known this from frequent reports and from scouting and have accordingly been defending the whole Western line in anticipation of as great a drive as Germany can make. Conditions in Turkey and in Austria demand some encouraging news for the Central powers.

TWO TURKISH CRUISERS SUNK.

On January 20 there occurred a naval battle at the entrance of the Dardanelles, in which two Turkish cruisers were sunk. One was the former Breslau of the German navy, the other was the former Goeben also of the German navy. The battle occurred Sunday morning in the narrows of the straits. Two small British monitors were also sunk. These two German cruisers escaped through the Allied lines in the Mediterranean at the outbreak of the war. Turkey was not yet in the war and promised to intern them but after Turkey entered the war she took them, gave them Turkish names and used them in her naval activities.

AUSTRIA WEAKENING.

Persistent reports speak of growing discontent in Germany, caused by shortage of food. A report now comes that a strike of 100,000 men in Vienna threatens Austria's effectiveness in the war. A growing desire in Austria to make peace with Russia and a growing dissatisfaction of being under Prussian control is seen everywhere.

LINCOLN'S BIRTHDAY.

For the first time in its history South Carolina is going to honor the memory of Abraham Lincoln on his birthday on the twelfth of this month. The meetings which will mark the day are not official, but they will be held generally throughout the state. In this time of world war, Lincoln's devotion to his ideals of liberty serve as an inspiration to soldiers who have pledged themselves to a task for which Lincoln would gladly have given his service and his life. Were Lincoln alive to-day—if he were a young man you may be sure that he would be just where we are—getting ready to do a man's work in this great conflict. If he were an older man—in the president's chair—we can imagine that he would say "A world can not endure half free and half Kaiser-ridden."

CHANGES ON SPORT COMMITTEES

During the past week two changes were announced on the division athletic staff. Lieutenant Demarest, of the 102d Supply Train has been elected to succeed Lieut. L. H. DeBaun, 102nd Signal Corps, as chairman of the Soccer Committee, while Captain Jaeckel, chief aide to Major General O'Ryan, has taken up the leadership of the Executive Committee. His predecessor, Captain Moore, who recently resigned to accept a major's commission in the New York National Guard, was one of the foremost advocates of military athletics in the camp, and proved of invaluable aid in getting things started here.

**MILLROSE A. A. WELL REPRESENTED
HERE.**

The Millrose Athletic Association recently unfurled its service flag. At the same time it made known the men whose absence will prove its biggest loss on the cinder path this season. Of the number all but two are members of the 27th Division.

The honor roll announced by the famous club consists of:

Sergeant Matthew T. Geis, Spartanburg, South Carolina.

Cook Nick Giannakopoulos, Spartanburg, South Carolina.

Corporal Joseph Best, Spartanburg, South Carolina.

Corporal Ted Ellertson, Spartanburg, South Carolina.

Corporal Joseph Roure, Spartanburg, South Carolina.

Corporal Joseph Scaralata, Camp Upton, New York.

Corporal Joseph Soukup, Spartanburg, South Carolina.

Private Winant P. Gough, Spartanburg, South Carolina.

Private John Greenewald, Spartanburg, South Carolina.

Private Harold Gunn, Spartanburg, South Carolina.

Private Edward Hussey, Somewhere in France.

Geis, who heads the list, was formerly captain of the Millrose flyers. In addition he was physical instructor of the John Wanamaker Commercial Institute, which takes care of the athletic activities of the younger employees of the big New York establishment. A year ago he ran a set of games which saw over a thousand youngsters in action. They were reviewed by General O'Ryan. The meet will be held this winter at Madison Square Garden on Wednesday evening, March 20th.

Plot To Destroy Ship-Yards.

Warning was given the government of a plot to burn and destroy the Submarine Boat Corporation ship-yard valued at \$5,000,000. Adjoining this yard is the Quartermasters Department, which will cost \$7,000,000. Resulting from the notice a large guard is placed around these two plants.

OPENING ANNOUNCEMENT

OF

The Athletic Store



(OPPOSITE THE CLEVELAND HOTEL)

With a \$25,000 Stock of
the Thos. E. Wilson &
Co. Athletic Goods.
The Only Unconditional
Guarantee Line of Sport-
ing Goods Manufactur-
ed. : : : : : :

My Prices Are Right

L. P. WOLSIEFFER

COMPANY F, 102ND ENGINEERS.

Private Fiaud does his utmost to uphold his reputation for being the first one into the mess hall at every meal; even at the expense of a few bruises.

Everyone says that Private Noyes loves chocolate; he is "some" tar heel.

About the only call the boys respond to with any joy is "Kumangett," all except Private Murtaugh; he delights in being late.

At last Private Eversman thought of something he might be good at; he has decided to be a wheelwright.

Egg and Mull hold all records for washing dishes and eating hamburgers.

Private Fitzpatrick forgot his act one day and came around minus the bandage on his arm.

They are breaking Joe Allen in for a cook's job; wonder if he knows anything about cooking Italian tape; hope not.

Sergeant Fowler is an expert on kitchen stoves.

No wonder Private Callahan's feet get sore. Look at the weight they have to carry.

Pete Jung may think he can swing an axe, but he sure failed to supply enough wood for the cooks his first day in the kitchen. Now he's scrubbing pots.

All the "Lime juicers" meet in Corporal Olton's tent. Harry G. Smith, please note.

What a difference hot water makes. Ever since the company showers have been heated there are many strange faces and necks in the company street.

Sergeant Brady receives chewing tobacco and Private Murtaugh chews it.

Private Kupper claimed he was a cook so Herzog asked him to help prepare some soup by straining off the stock from bones which had been boiling. Kupper strained it O. K. but instead of throwing away the bones he threw away the stock and saved the bones. Herzog is still looking for him.

The boys lived high at Whitney for it was a simple matter to get at the ice box. Even an uncooked turkey disappeared, not to mention steaks and eggs.

WARNS OF BOGUS SOLDIERS.

Major-Gen. William A. Mann, commanding the Eastern Department, has said:

"There have been called to the attention of the military authorities a few cases of imposition by men in uniform who seek by false representations to obtain money or other assistance from patriotic citizens.

"It is suggested to persons approached by soldiers that before giving relief they secure proper identification of the applicant. A soldier should have at all times in his possession such means of identification—for example, a pass. It is believed that by following this suggestion the number of offenses will be reduced."

A pictorial section of *The Gas Attack* is in the making. Don't miss it. One dime, ten cents.

105TH FIELD ARTILLERY—REMARKS FROM DARK CORNERS.

When one looks at the heading of this, one is apt to think there are no bright spots to brighten our stay here. There is one, however, run by the Y. M. C. A. That tent has been the one to attract the boys, and has lent a touch of cheerfulness to our duties at Dark Corners. There we find magazines aplenty, writing paper galore, and a helping hand to those who have ceased to stand at attention when hearing the word of God. Too much praise can not be given to these men who are devoting their time making things pleasant for the soldiers.

The conditions here are indeed a test for one's good nature. Mud and rain predominate, but through it all the men remain in a cheerful mood. The soldiers also have stood the test in like manner, never betraying by word or deed the inconveniences to which they are subjected. A number have never been in the service before, yet have proven themselves good soldiers in every sense of the word. These men of the 105th Field Artillery gave up all they had to join the colors, and help carry the flag to victory. In defense of the sacred principles upon which this republic was founded they unselfishly offered themselves to fight for a victorious peace. The officers of the 105th Field Artillery appreciate the calibre of the men under their command, and feel that a great name is in store for them, should they be called upon to prove their mettle.

W. B. L.

COMPANY A, 106TH INFANTRY.

Sergeant "Charlie" McChesney, the walking dictionary of our company, was asked by one of the "Bucks" last week: "What is a Myth?" The answer was: "A Half Holiday in the 106th."

The bunch who are attending automatic Rifle School finds the course of instruction very interesting and are fast mastering the intricacies of the machine, which is of French make. Corporal Bat Taylor was asked after the third day instruction what he knew about the rifle. Bob's answer was: "I surmise a lot; but there is one thing I am sure of, and that is, it certainly can stand the cold." Come to think of it, the class room is pretty frigid.

Corporals Conley, Naylor, Englin, Long, Classen, and Privates Hindenburg, Stagarick and Duffy are once more showing their smiling faces in the company street, having returned from furloughs.

Corporal C. W. Kappleman, our veteran company clerk, and proud possessor of a mustache a la "Charley Chaplin," has deserted our "mess" and is now in the Finance Department of the camp quartermaster.

CORP. R. A. McG.

HEADQUARTERS COMPANY, 108TH INFANTRY.

Last Thursday evening Headquarters Company of the 108th put on one of the best entertainments that has taken place since the old 74th was amalgamated with the 3rd Regiment. To supply adequate entertainment for the company the best talent of the regiment was secured for the occasion and every number on the program was received with hearty applause.

A large audience crowded the mess hall to enjoy such mandolin artists as Green, of "B" Company, and Hagerdorn, of "K" Company. Private Gribble who is already well known to the 27th Division recited several selections, among them "Christmas in the Trenches", with wonderful pathos and earnestness.

During the evening the 108th Band, under the leadership of Mr. Oltz, livened up the entertainment and following the refreshments, the officers of the company gave good, snappy get-together talks. After a few more numbers the program was reluctantly brought to a close.

These semi-occasional entertainments, in charge of toast-master Sergeant Alfred Green, promise to be an important feature in the life of the men in camp, and to aid in a closer understanding between the officers and men. Already some of the best talent of the 108th has appeared on Headquarters Company's program.

It is requested that all men of the 108th who have any talent for entertaining to get in touch with Headquarters Company, and co-operate to the best of their ability in making each successive program better than the last.

102ND ENGINEER TRAIN.

The Train put in use its new cooking range and hot water system on the 24th for the first time and celebrated with a beef steak dinner prepared by Sergeant Dormer and Chef Easson, ably assisted by Cook Kent.

The guests were: Colonel Charles I. De Bevoise, Commander of Trains and Military Police; Lieutenant-Colonel William A. Taylor, 108th Infantry; Major Harry Garrison, 102nd Engineers; Major Frederick M. Waterbury, Ordnance Depot; Major Emanuel Goldstein, Medical Department; Captain Charles J. Dieges, 102nd Engineers; Captain Howard M. Cowperthwait, Adjutant Trains and Military Police; Captain William E. Lane, Jr., and Captain Augustus M. Palmer, 102nd Engineers; Lieutenant Robert D. Williamson, Aide to General Lester, 54th Infantry Brigade; Lieutenants Charles E. Bregenzer, Charles D. Bles, Andrew Lamb, Robert B. Field and Robert McDougall of the 102nd Regiment of Engineers.

Colonel Vanderbilt was unable to attend on account of illness. Lieutenant William F. S. Root, the new Commander of the Engineer Train is proud of the new range and hot water system, which was installed through the efforts of his men and extends an invitation to any interested to inspect the same.

TWO THINGS EVERY SOLDIER MUST DO

1. Get Insured.
2. Read the Gas Attack.

The Government is offering you the biggest insurance bargain you ever heard of. For six or seven dollars a month you can carry \$10,000 in insurance. You can do it without the least bother. The premium is taken out of your salary automatically.

Get in on this NOW—TODAY

There's a man in your company who can tell you all about it and sign you up while you smoke one Mecca (or any other brand). It is as easy as bunk fatigue.

There isn't much time left. The big final drive is on. For many in this division the insurance gates close February 12th. Don't be left out in the cold. Get the dope and sign up NOW.

When you have signed up for your insurance, send one buck fifty to the Gas Attack for a three months' subscription to the best camp paper in the country. Have it sent home. It is the best souvenir you could possibly buy. Get every number from your canteen or nearest Y. M. C. A. Unit. Don't miss a single number.

INSURE TODAY—You'll Fight Better If You Do.



"Oh, Boys!"

Hot Soup
From Home

Steck's One Minute Bouillon Cubes

Stimulating and Invigorating
Just Add Hot Water

Send for a Box To-Day

24 Cubes 50c 50 Cubes \$1.00

Impervious to Heat or Moisture

USE THIS COUPON

Steck & Steck,
Tuckahoe, N. Y.

Please send ^{50c} Box One Minute
\$1.00

Bouillon Cubes prepaid to

(w)

A CLEAN-CUT ISSUE.

In few wars, if in any, have the aims of the war been so clearly set forth as in the present one. The Allies, through Lloyd George and President Wilson, have made clear their cause and demands. This is, indeed, very fortunate, since it assures the peoples of all the countries that no juggling will be done in the final settlement.

In most previous wars the spoils have been divided in such a way as to satisfy all the larger contending nations. Such was the case at the end of the thirty years' war and such a settlement has Germany been seeking. She would gladly bespoil all the smaller nations in order to protect herself. She would divide the spoils with the warring nations. In other words she would sell small and helpless countries in order to pay her own bills.

President Wilson has foiled any such an attempt by guaranteeing protection to all small countries by demanding damages for the ruins of Belgium and of Northern France and by refusing to deal with the Prussian government as long as it breaks treaties and every law of humanity.

THEY'LL HAVE SHIPS ANYHOW.

There is one respect in which Germany will be a very material gainer at the end of the war and that is in her supply of ships. She has kept safe her fine navy and all of her merchant ships not confiscated in unfriendly ports. Many reports tell of considerable activity in merchant marine building in Germany.



"Orders Telegraphed to Any Part of The Country"

My representative at the Cleveland Hotel, will accept orders for Valentine Day deliveries in Spartanburg or any part of the country.

CHARLES A. MOSS, Florist
SPARTANBURG, S. C.

Member Florists Telegraph Delivery Association PHONE 728.

"A WEEK IN SPARTANBURG."

(Continued from page 17)

one which I took the last. Somebody told me about these roads before I had been in town an hour. I was tempted to buy a ticket at once for New York. At the breakfast table Sunday morning a man from North Carolina, not knowing I was to conduct a communion service in the camp that morning, related a tale which made my hair stand up. He explained that the road was winding, and quite convex, and very slippery, and that I would see the wrecks of ruined automobiles all along the way. He urged me never to use a jitney, but to go in a street car. Feeling that a preacher to soldiers ought not, at least on his first appearance, show the white feather, I proceeded to the camp in an automobile. I am happy to say that the debris of wrecked cars had all been cleared away, and the ride to the camp was about as thrilling and perilous as one through Central Park. I will say nothing, however, about the ruts and the bumps. Uncle Sam can not do everything. When he gets his breath he will probably fix up the road from Spartanburg to Camp Wadsworth.

I shall make no effort to describe the camp. It is immense, about ten miles round the four sides of it, and when one bears in mind that this is only one of thirty-two similar camps, one begins to apprehend something of the length and the breadth of this huge undertaking to which our govern-

ment is bending its mind. One involuntarily begins to calculate the expense, and before he has gone far his head grows dizzy and he gives it up. I presume there are a lot of things lacking in Camp Wadsworth, and a lot of other things all wrong, but I did not visit the camp on an investigating mission. Congress is equal to all such enterprises, and I prefer to dwell upon the things which are lovely and of good report.

Plenty of Food.

Whatever else may be lacking in Camp Wadsworth, it is not food. Food is abundant. The name of Hoover is unknown. There are no meatless days and no wheatless days, and plenty of sugar. All days are days of plenty. After two meals in the camp I confined myself to the menu of the hotel in the city. I did not want to die of dyspepsia at the very beginning of my trip. The food is abundant, and it is number one in quality and it is well cooked. It no doubt becomes monotonous in time, but no soldiers in the world are better fed than the soldiers of Uncle Sam. One of the reasons why our men look so well is because they are so splendidly nourished. Parents need have no fear that their sons will be starved—unless they fall into German prison camps.

Not a Single Drunk.

The moral condition of the camp is excellent. It is not perfect. This is not a perfect world. A perfect camp in an imperfect world would be disconcerting. Not a little

of the moral standing of Camp Wadsworth is due to the strength and convictions of General O'Ryan. He is a Roman Catholic and I am a Protestant, and I want to put a laurel wreath upon his head. He is the sworn enemy of drunkenness and lust, and everybody knows it. If all the generals in our Army and all the admirals in our Navy were like General O'Ryan in their conceptions of morality, we would make a shining record in this war. Drunkenness is practically banished from Camp Wadsworth. I was in Spartanburg a week, and kept my eyes open all the time. I saw thousands and thousands of soldiers in various parts of the city, but never did I see a soldier under the influence of drink. I asked those who had been there longer than I had been, and they told me they had never seen a soldier drunk. This is a record of which the Empire State has reason to be proud. The percentage of venereal diseases is low. When the camp started a horde of harlots marched promptly into town, but thanks to the efficiency of the city officials and the military police, these unwelcome visitors promptly marched out again. It is generally assumed that camp life increases sexual immorality. It is safe to say that there is less immorality among the 35,000 soldiers now at Camp Wadsworth than there would be if those men were scattered through the various cities of their home state. The military officers, and the city officials, and the Fosdick Commission workers, and the Y. M. C. A. secretaries can, when working together, do many mighty works. One of their best pieces of work has been done at Camp Wadsworth.

Submarine Assassins.

Three ships with over seven hundred lives were lost, being sunk by a submarine. Two of them were sunk in the Mediterranean and one in the mouth of the Mersey River near Liverpool.

Doctors Needed.

In Great Britain there are 23,002 surgeons, 12,000 of whom are in service. Of 143,000 doctors in America only 15,000 have volunteered for service. There is need of many more in the American Army and an effort is being made to encourage the same.

\$37,000,000 A Day.

England is spending \$37,000,000 daily to carry on her share of the war. Financially England has borne the brunt of the war, nevertheless she has had no trouble in getting the money and has no intentions of conscripting wealth.

Speed the Coal.

Director General of Railroads McAdoo has placed an embargo on freight to relieve the coal situation. He has barred all freight except for fuel, food and war supplies from the Pennsylvania R. R. east of Pittsburgh, the Baltimore and Ohio east of the Ohio River, and all of the lines of the Philadelphia and Reading. It is a temporary embargo and it is hoped that it will last but a few days.

FINDING OFFICERS IN THE RANKS.

(Continued from page 3)

in charge that the test would show clearly just where each man fitted in the army. It was one of those appalling combinations of the basic ideas of Freud, Munsterberg and other embarrassing psycho-analysts so modified in one direction and developed in another as to fetch forth the chief characteristics of the individual mind. All this may sound vague and uncertain but so was I during the tests.

Wholly aside from any personal convictions that the individual student may have regarding his own fitness for command, the great fact is that this Officers' Training Camp asks nothing of the student but that which he should not only be willing but eager to give—all his energies, his entire strength of will and body, the ultimate of his enthusiasm, the last atom of his mentality.

Come to think of it, a commission purchased at such a price is one of those rare bargains that are offered about once in a lifetime. As a matter of fact, if you didn't use all these attributes back in civil life and still held your job, your boss was either off his job or a poor business man. And if you didn't employ them back in your company you were a shirker.

So here's our chance. It's up to us.

CALLING.

(Continued from page 10)

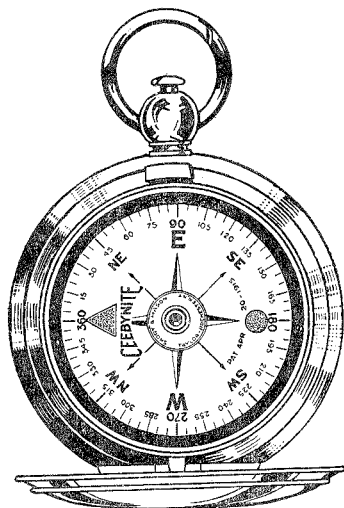
As we turned into the door of the living room my eyes fell upon enough uniforms to equip the division. To accommodate the throng every piece of furniture I had kicked over on a previous evening had been removed from the room. We had to cut our way through the smoke. So many men answered the roll-call that the pretty hostess contracted a violent case of writer's cramp. Woffordettes were mixed with soldiers—in other words the goats with the sheep. In due time I had met enough soldiers to win the war.

Each had a date with my girl.

"Just we two," I stuttered as a tin vehicle bounced me back to hear "Taps."

A NEW CANTEEN.

The 105th Machine Gun Battalion has opened a first rate canteen. Private Alfred E. Riley, formerly steward of the Squadron A Club, New York, is in charge. He is one of the best concocters of fancy drinks in captivity. What he can do with Lemon Snip, and Gooseberryola remains to be seen. The old squadron men have hopes, however.



*A Dependable Guide
In Daylight or Darkness*

**The
Ceebynite
Compass**

The very last word in Compass construction.

Thin model; white metal hunting case, strongly hinged; jewelled, floating aluminum dial; cap automatically lifted off point when

case is closed, eliminating unnecessary wear *The north and south points treated with luminous radium material, enabling points to be read at night: does not have to be exposed to light to become phosphorescent as do other compounds.*

**\$3.50 AT DEALERS OR PREPAID
GOLD FILLED CASE \$6.50**

Go to your local dealer first. If he cannot supply or will not order for you, don't be swerved, remit direct to us, the sole manufacturers. One will be promptly forwarded, safe delivery guaranteed.

Taylor Instrument Companies

SOLE MANUFACTURERS
Rochester, N. Y.

No. 157

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

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.

M. ROTH

(OF NEW YORK CITY)

107 1/2 EAST MAIN STREET

*Designer and Maker
of*

**Army Officers' Uniforms
and Breeches**

INVITES

*the officers of Camp Wadsworth
to inspect a choice assortment
of*

*Uniforms, Breeches and
Overcoats*

**Fit and Workmanship
Absolutely Guaranteed**

Alterations and Repairs Promptly and
Skillfully Executed.

M. ROTH

107 1/2 East Main St.

One Flight Up

Frenzied Figures Prove the War is Over

**This Statement, by a Golf Instructor,
Should Have Been Printed in the
Nut Number.**

John Forman, an instructor in the Far East Garden golf course at the Vanderbilt Hotel in New York, gave out a statement recently showing that the war would be over in February. He proves it by figures which have come up during the war, and comparisons and citations, as follows:

"The Kaiser is the man who started the war; Serbia is the country where the war started: There are six letters in each of these words, mark you, and if written together and divided in halves, these two halves will also spell 'Kaiser' and 'Serbia,' thus:

Kai : ser
Ser : bia

"The greatest man in France is Joffre, Commander of the French Army. Apply the same rule as above, and we have:

Jof : fre
Fre : nch

"Germany claims to be the most cultivated nation in the world. This super-culture is termed Kultur. Turkey has the least Kultur. Apply the same rule:

Kul : tur
Tur : key

"The Kaiser's Number.—If the word Kaiser is written with each letter followed by the number of its place in the alphabet, and after these numbers is placed the significant number 6, we have:

K—116
A— 16
I— 96
S—196
E— 56
R—186

666—The Kaiser's number.
 $6 \times 6 = 36 + 6 = 42$ months.

"Also note that when the Kaiser started the war he was aged 55 years and 6 months, (666 months,) which again fixes the Kaiser's number. Having established this fact, you will be interested in reading from the thirteenth chapter of Revelations, the fourth, fifth and eighteenth verses:

"And they worshipped the dragon which gave power unto the beast; and they worshipped the beast, saying—Who is like unto the beast? Who is able to make war with him?

"And there was given unto him a mouth speaking great things and blasphemies; and power was given unto him to continue forty and two months.

"Here is wisdom. Let him that hath understanding count the number of the beast; for it is the number of a man; and his number is six hundred and three score and six (666)."

"War started in August, 1914; plus 42 months makes February, 1918."

The
Largest Book Store
in
South Carolina

Private Peat

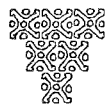
Over the Top

*Rhymes of a Red Cross
Man*



The DuPre Book Store
Spartanburg, S. C.

**Hardware
Mill Supplies
and
Machinery**



Montgomery & Crawford

**Spartanburg,
S. C.**

Fielder & Brown

WHOLESALE GROCERS
FULL LINE OF GROCERIES

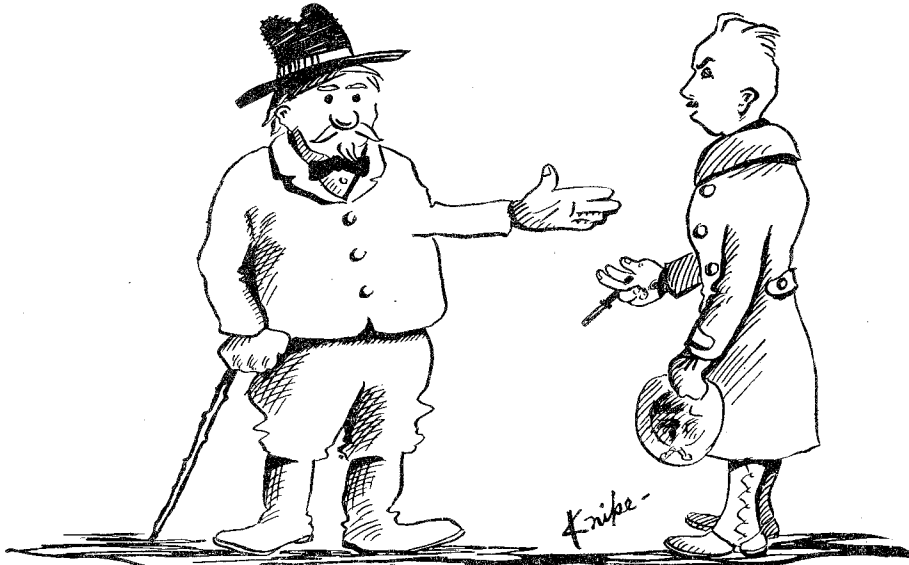
Candies and Cakes

A SPECIALTY

Corner EZELL & CHOICE STS.
PHONE 161

The Ideas of Ethelburt Jellyback, Private

(Continued from page 7)



"I never thought Lee had oughta surrendered."

to the captain for a furlough. It isn't the first time I have done so. Again he denied me. He said that there had been no death in my family.

"But I can't help that, sir," I replied. "I can't instruct the butler to put poison in the food of any of my relatives. I am made of sterner stuff."

The captain dismissed me gruffly.

Ethelburt's Revenge.

Officers continually treat me in that fashion. But I shall be revenged upon them when I do get a furlough. I shall go home to New York and get into civilian clothes. And whenever I chance to sit opposite a captain or a major in a restaurant I shall ask: "I say, sergeant, will you please pass the salt?"

If all officers in camp insist on treating me with the scant consideration for my talents which they display at present, their war will be a failure. Their lack of vision reminds me of the old Southern gentleman I met downtown the other night. I asked him what he thought of the war.

"Waal," he replied, after much pondering, "I never thought Lee had ought-a surrendered."

But, despite the distressing lack of recognition of who I am, I have hit upon a new idea, one that I may eventually put into execution in case my own captain fails to see the light. It is this:

I shall get myself transferred to the Headquarters Troop, at Division Headquarters, so I can be near the General!

ETHELBURT JELLYBACK, PRIVATE.

(C. D.)

FIRST INSURANCE PAID.

Mrs. Bettie Ingram, of Pratt City, Ala., Is the Beneficiary.

Washington.—The first payment by the United States Government under the Military and Naval Insurance Act to the dependent of a soldier or sailor killed in action was made to Mrs. Bettie Ingram, 504 Third street, Pratt City, Ala., widowed mother of Gunner's Mate Osmond Kelly Ingram, killed October 15, 1917, when the U. S. S. Cassin was attacked by a German submarine.

Two checks, one for \$40, covering compensation payments for the two months up to December 15th and one for \$50, representing automatic insurance payments for the same two months, were sent to Mrs. Ingram by the Military and Naval Division of the Bureau of War-Risk Insurance, Secretary McAdoo announced to-day.

The death of Gunner's Mate Ingram was the first to occur in the navy during an actual engagement with the enemy in the present war.

Under the terms of the Military and Naval Insurance Act, Mrs. Ingram, being a widowed mother, dependent upon her son for support, is entitled to compensation at the rate of \$20 per month as long as she lives, unless she remarries. Inasmuch as her son did not apply for government insurance, she is also entitled to payments under the automatic insurance provision at the rate of \$25 per month for 240 months. She will, therefore, receive a total of \$45 per month from the United States Government.



BRAND WHITLOCK is writing the story of the sack of Belgium.

As our Minister and as Director of the American Relief, he was eye witness to that cruel and stupendous crime.

Brand Whitlock is able, forceful, a trained observer—a rarely gifted writer. He starts like a thoroughbred, tense with reserve power.

With hardly a hint of tragedy he begins by showing us little Belgium, as he found it, happy—simple—kind-hearted.

And yet as the story grows, the sense of what is impending grips one by the throat.

Without these opening chapters no reader will fully realize the pathos, the exquisite literary charm, or the contrast of his crashing climaxes.

Those with appreciation will recognize that the tragedy has wrought upon him until the result is such literature as may never again come out of the War,—such history as America must know to stand united.

PERSHING. The French Government sent its official painter Boucher, to paint Pershing. Everybody's prints it in color—you who have men over there will frame it.

RAOUL LUFBERY, "ACE," tells of one of his daredevil air raids. Look for it over in the advertising.

SAMUEL HOPKINS ADAMS wakes up America this month for fair.

"TAM 'O THE SCOTTS"—There's another battle story of this dauntless little Scot.

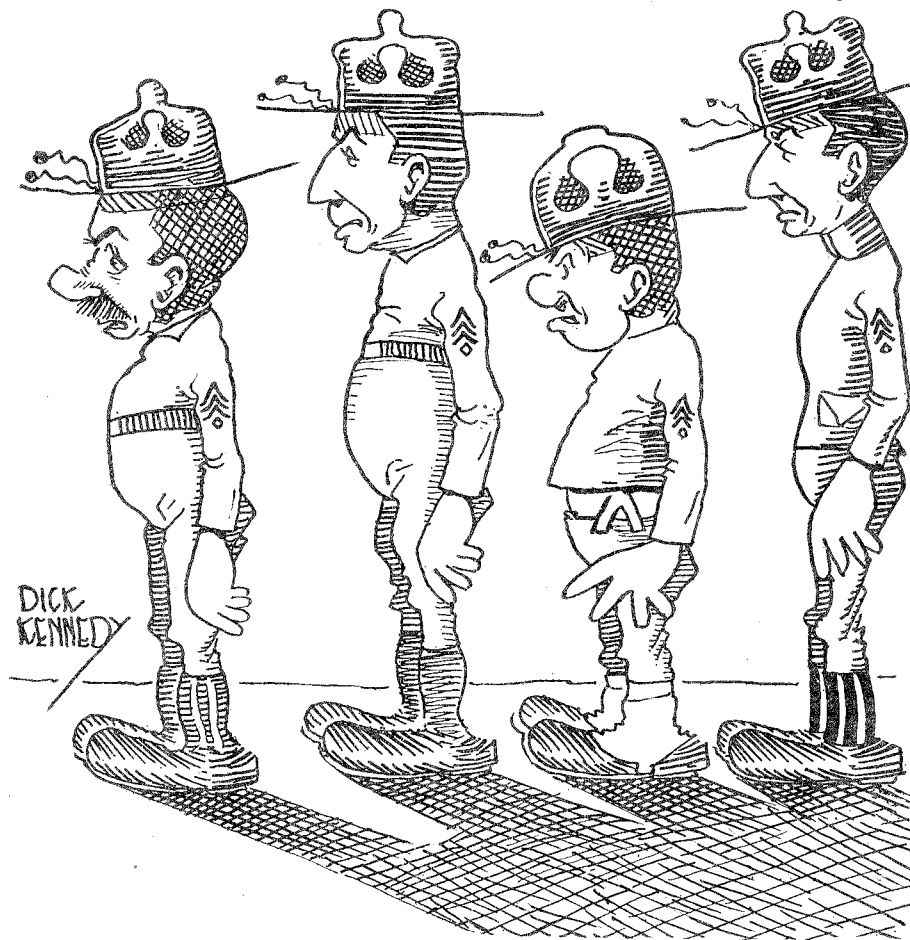
Including February, the Whitlock articles will run through at least ten issues. No more magazines than necessary will be printed on account of the price of paper.

To make sure of getting every copy you should leave a standing order with your newsdealer.

**Everybody's
MAGAZINE**

For February

15 Cents a Copy \$1.50 a Year



Eeny, Meeny, Miney, Moe,
Four Top-Sergeants standing in a row;
Each one tries to do his best,
To learn Squads East, North, South and West.
It fills a private's soul with glee,
To see them drilled at the O. T. C.

WHY SMILEAGE BOOKS FOR SOLDIERS' ENTERTAINMENTS?

The War Department's Answer to a Most Important Question.

An army recruited by draft includes the best young men of the nation. The off hours of these young men are the loneliest hours of their camp life. If those hours are to be pleasantly and healthfully filled there must be provided not only places to write and read, but performances of the grade to which the men are accustomed at home and opportunities for them to develop and exhibit their own skill.

Accordingly, the Council will present at the Camp theatres—

Broadway companies in the best theatrical successes of the season.

The best musical and vaudeville programs obtainable.

Lectures of the highest excellence.

Amateur performances by the men themselves.

Low Cost to Soldiers.

Ordinarily the cost of booking such attractions would be prohibitive. But as the government built the theatres and supplies the

light, heat and manager, the overhead expenses have been reduced to a minimum. As a result, the cost of these performances will range from ten cents to twenty-five cents a seat.

Yet many soldiers will not be able to attend many performances at these prices. Thousands of them are sending home practically all their pay.

On the other hand, practically every soldier has those at home who strongly desire to contribute into his army life something of wholesome and cheerful entertainment.

Therefore this council originated a type of book of tickets that members of the soldier's family and his friends may send to him at the front. They are called Smileage Books and will be made up of coupons somewhat like the mileage books of the railroads.

Two Sizes of Books.

In books of one size 20 coupons will be sold for a dollar. In books of another size 100 will be sold for five dollars. These coupons will be good for payment for seats at any performance in any camp theatre under the direction of the Commission on Training Camp Activities.

As gifts these Smileage Books will have

251-POUND SOLDIER.

Draft Board of Appeals Sends Him Back to Camp Upton.

The Draft Board of Appeals in New York has sentenced Henry Gemuth, of Richmond Hill, to go back to Camp Upton, even though he does weight 251 pounds. Gemuth was selected in the first draft call, but after three days at Upton was sent back because of his weight. Now he has been recertified in Class A-1.

"I'm optimistic," said Henry when he heard the verdict. "I figure that if they give me enough trips back and forth it will reduce me down to true fighting weight. But, gee," he added sadly, "it looks as if even the government doesn't love a fat man."

In variance with Gemuth, who wants to fight, was Leland P. Mounts, who doesn't. He is private secretary to Sergt. Arthur Guy Empey, a real scrapper, and incidentally an author. He pleaded to Meier Steinbrink of the board to be exempted, as he was very busy "stimulating patriotic enthusiasm."

"By the way, your boss wrote a book, didn't he?" asked Mr. Steinbrink, of Mounts.

"Yes."

"What was it called?"

"Over the Top."

"Well," said Mr. Steinbrink, "you'd better read it, because that's where you're going."

rather a distinctive character. Each time the soldier tears coupons from his book he will renew his sense of attention from the sender. Every book will constitute a current of interest between the man at the front and the folks back home. Often, of course, one soldier will receive many books; and then he will do the thing which is characteristic of the American soldier throughout our history—he will share his abundance with his mates.

The result will be to change a danger period in the life of the soldier into a period of healthful relaxation and refreshment.

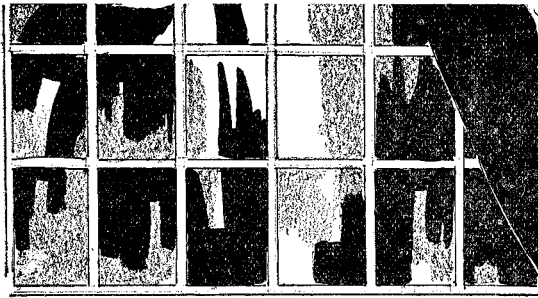
Smileage Solves Problem.

The problem has been two-sided—to get programs for the theatres and to get tickets into the hands of the soldiers at prices which will meet the operating expense.

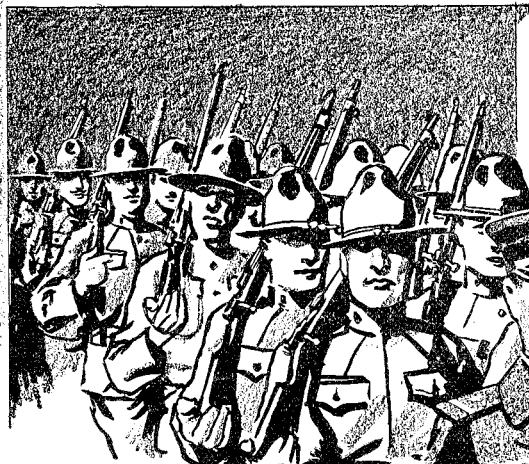
The operating expense is borne by the tickets in the Smileage Books, paid for by the families, the employers, the company of friends of the men back home.

As soon as it can be arranged, this circuit may be widened to include the smaller army camps and the navy training stations. Beyond all this, though America has not yet been required to realize it, lies the prospect of an entirely separate circuit in France and Belgium, larger perhaps than all of these at home.

The Smileage Books are your means of making this possible for your men.



DURHAM - DUPLEX



33 Stars in the Durham-Duplex Flag

They have marched away from us—one captain, two lieutenants, four ensigns, two sergeants, one corporal and twenty-four enlisted men. They are a source of pride to us—these boys who have accepted service in the National Army and the Navy. Their stars on our Service Flag, their names on our Roll of Honor, their positions awaiting them—only faintly evidence our appreciation of their sacrifice.

So large a percentage of commissioned and enlisted men in the Government service demonstrates the ability of Durham-Duplex workers to make good in any sphere. Courage and devotion like theirs are convincing indications of the character of the organization they represent and the efficiency of its workmanship. We gladly testify that neither finest materials nor modern equipment could make the Durham-Duplex Razor what it is today without the loyal co-operation of such men as these.

We have been proud to call the Durham-Duplex "America's Perfected Shaving Instrument." Durham-Duplex Blades are indisputably the longest, strongest, keenest blades on earth. Users will also agree that these deliver the 100 per cent shave for no better reason than that they are made by 100 per cent men.

DURHAM-DUPLEX RAZOR CO.
190 Baldwin Avenue, Jersey City, N. J.

CANADA	ENGLAND	FRANCE
43 Victoria St.	27 Church St.	56 Rue de Paradis
Toronto	Sheffield	Paris



Uncle Sam Soldier Kit

Regular Durham-Duplex Domino Razor with safety guard, stropping attachment, package of three Durham-Duplex blades, in rubberized khaki cloth kit, with extra pockets for other toilet articles—fits the pocket. At dealers, or enclosed price to us, \$1.00.

SOLDIERS!**TEETH!**

Any old thing in the way of a dentifrice will not do for a soldier. He needs the best because he needs good teeth.

Albodon

Albodon Dental Cream is considered by dentists and the public the best tooth cleanser and polisher on the market. Ask your own dentist about it. Easier to use than pastes; more convenient and more economical than powders. The ideal Dental Cream for a soldier's kit. *Never hardens in the Kit.*

PRICE 25c A TUBE. FOR SALE AT

Ligon's Drug Store and K-W-N Pharmacy,
152 W. Main St., Spartanburg.
Ask Your Post Exchange.

**NOW OPEN****ROLLER SKATING****GOOD MUSIC****NEW PRINCESS RINK****One Block West of Cleveland Hotel****Busses Stop at Door**

AMBULANCE CO. 106 STAGE NOVEL ENTERTAINMENT IN HONOR OF BOBBY BURNS.

If one had any misgivings as to whether Bobby Burns' anniversary was fittingly observed, he would have felt that this was not justified, had he attended the all-star performance staged in the grill room of Ambulance Co. 106th, on Friday evening, January 25.

To Rev. Drysdale, of Rochester, goes the credit of originating the idea and it was through his untiring efforts and the co-operation of Sergeant Stewart Brown that the evening proved a success.

Sergeant Brown, who has a reputation for mustering talent of this sort, proved himself most capable in enlisting only those with a record of success behind them. Sergeant Evans proved a worthy assistant in the role of stage manager. The result was a well balanced bill.

Nothing was lacking in the form of wholesome music. An orchestra composed of Bugler Melville, at the piano; Private Dunn, violin; Bugler Bentley, cornet; Private Weiser and Sergeant Fowle, traps and drums, furnished it with appropriate selections. Sergeant Fowle was enthusiastically received and applauded for his masterful rendition of Tosti's "Good-bye" on the bass drum.

After a short speech of welcome by Lieutenant Cassebeer, to the former members of Troops H and M, who inadvertently wandered into our midst in search of their lost horses and yellow hat cords, the musical numbers were staged in order.

To set the audience in good humor "Mac" MacGowan garbed in uniform of the Yorkshire Scotch Highlanders, rendered some clever impersonations of Harry Lauder. Every one voted his act a real hit. Close on the heels of MacGowan, Sergeant Brown appeared in his "Impressions of Harry Lauder's Impersonator," and cleverly handled the role.

For those who had never been afforded the treat, as well as those who had, Private Fred Banker, formerly of the San Carlos Grand Opera Company, made himself "solid" the moment he sang the first note of "Forgotten," which seemed to be peculiarly adapted to his sweet tenor voice. For his encore he offered "Because" and "Mother Machree."

Bugler Rockwell, who is always greeted with a warm welcome, proved a distinct treat with his offerings on the Hawaiian guitar. After the last plaintive note had subsided Mr. Schutt, of the Y. M. C. A. gave a pleasing talk on "Fellowship."

If theater patrons of New York could have been present they would have been surprised to see Private Marshall Holton, a former member of the Manhattan Players, and well

known as an impersonator. Private Holton held his auditors spellbound during the many scenes through which he took them in his impersonation of "Pedro." He was forced to acknowledge many encores and proved himself the clever actor he is reputed to be.

Those who were familiar with the Remount station during its infancy, will remember "Indiana" Allen, a former range rider, who, attired in his weather-beaten sombrero and woolen chaps, capably acquitted himself when he recited "The Shooting of Dan McGrew." In answer to his well-deserved encores he mystified the audience with some of his favorite "Feats of Magic."

The audience was brought from its serious mood into gales of laughter when it caught sight of "Jack" Layden who "just blew in." "Jack," as he is familiarly known by members of the command, was, before his enlistment, one of the chief dispensers of mirth with the Ringling Bros. circus. His clever make-up was enough to stamp him a favorite the minute he stepped before the footlights, but this was augmented by his clever antics which showed him to be a past master in the art of pantomime. To say that "Jack" registered "big" is putting it mildly.

After the merriment had subsided Rev. Paul Moore Strayer, of Rochester, was called upon for a few remarks. Despite the crowd's expectations for remarks of a serious nature, Dr. Strayer entertained them and demonstrated the fact that the clergy are not as serious as they are depicted, but on the contrary usually have something in reserve of an entertaining nature.

Bugler Melville (the meanest man in the company at 6:30 a. m.), firmly established himself for a while in the hearts of his comrades when he played some of his own compositions on the piano.

If the parishioners of Mt. Hor Presbyterian church, Rochester, N. Y., could have witnessed this affair they would have been convinced that Dr. Drysdale is equally as capable as a Thespian as he is a clergyman.

Mr. Bareham, of the Y. M. C. A. staff, formerly of Palmyra, N. Y., and later a director of music at Mercersburg Academy, cleverly sang some songs which were warmly received. In response to the constant applause, he and Private Banker did themselves credit when they sang "The Sunshine of Your Smile."

After two clever boxing bouts by Privates Casarette and Crapsey, Camardo and Turner, a wholesome lunch was served under the skillful supervision of Mess Sergeant Flannery, and prepared by Cook Knowlton, the chief delicacy being Knowlton's famous pies. A distinctive novelty was the fact that enough pies were provided in order that everyone might partake of a second helping.

C. F. C.
J. T. H.

THEM CORRESPONDENTS!**Adventures in Procuring the Latest
and Official Dope from
Headquarters.**

Those funny looking fellows with a sort of college arm-bands and cordless service hats of the officer variety, are really not a bad sort.

Because of my profession, I have been thrown with these men—correspondents, newspaper, war—rather intimately. Some have gone so far as to cash checks for me while, at least, one has let me take his hotel bathroom for an entire afternoon.

I know what I am writing about; at heart they are really a good sort.

Of course, they have their faults like all of us and then they are terribly handicapped by atmosphere. Like their stories, a newspaper correspondent is no good unless he reeks in atmosphere. And a nice atmosphere is the hardest thing in the world to obtain and hold.

For an example, a rumor springs into existence to the effect that the 27th Division, U. S. A., is about to entrain for Alaska. Immediately, each man at camp rushes to the nearest O. D. clad gentleman wearing a Cornell arm-band and demands that the rumor be corroborated.

The correspondent, not having heard the rumor, is, quite naturally, taken a bit in surprise. He has had no time to procure the necessary atmosphere for this particular occasion, and yet, should he confess to his ignorance and want, all men would lose faith in his superhuman knowledge which they believe is his by Divine right.

So what can the poor war writer do?

There is only one thing. He must always have on hand an emergency atmosphere that he can wrap around himself for just such a case.

This emergency atmosphere is the very thing that puts him at a disadvantage.

The other day I was sitting in the cosy and comfortably crowded sitting, living, reading room, lounge—or whatever you please to call it—at the Hotel Finch, waiting for my turn in the tub, when a fine-looking war correspondent bustled through the door as if trying to escape his shadow.

No sooner had he made his entrance than six awfully handsome soldier boys surrounded him.

"Have you heard the latest dope about the 107th?" they asked in the same breath.

Like a flash the correspondent threw out his clutch and put on the emergency.

"Sh!" he murmured, in a low voice, looking around him like a New York "Headquarters" man, "Not so loud!"

"Direct from the Division Staff," continued the tallest and handsomest soldier boy in a greatly subdued voice, trembling with excitement. "The regiment entrains within a week for Egypt. Is that straight?"

"Sh!" atmosphered the correspondent. "I'm not supposed to tell you a thing, but

"Krispograms"**No. 2***To Canteens***The Biggest Profits are in the Most Consistent Seller****PEANUT KRISP****Is Always a Counter Attraction***We Are Jobbers of*MACKENZIE'S CANDIES
CAWTAWBA BRANDHERSHEY'S
BORDEN'S

SPORTMAN'S CHOCOLATE BRACER

AND

OTHER WELL KNOWN BRANDS

**Georgia Carolina
Candy company Spartanburg, S. C.****Phone 198****ELECTRICAL APPLIANCES****GAS
AND
ELECTRICITY
FOR ALL PURPOSES**South Carolina Light, Power & Railways Co.
SPARTANBURG, S. C.**The Asheville
Laundries**Offer Four Days' Service and
First Class Work*Leave Your Package at
The Following Places*

Sanitary Train Canteen

108th Infantry

Post Exchange

Austin Nichols

and Company Store

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

A FORTIFICATION

If you catch colds easily,
If troubled with Catarrh,
If subject to Headaches,
Nervousness or Listlessness,
By all means start to-day to
Build your strength with

SCOTT'S EMULSION

Which is a concentrated medicinal food and building tonic to put power in the blood, strengthen the life forces and tone up the appetite.

No Alcohol In SCOTT'S



The Norwegian Cod Liver Oil used in SCOTT'S EMULSION is now refined in our own American laboratories which guarantees it free from impurities.

SCOTT & BOWNE, Bloomfield, N. J.

**THOROUGHLY
DRY KLEANED
AND PRESSED
FOR \$1.50**

Your Uniform made to look as smart as the day it came from your tailor.

**Leave Your Uniform
at the
Sanitary Trains Canteen**

Delivery in 5 days, or as soon as traffic conditions will permit.

Alterations of All Kinds

**THE RIGHTWAY KLOTHES
KLEANING CO.**

GEO. J. MANN

109 N. Church St.

Spartanburg, S. C.

just put this under your hat and forget I told you."

He made an impressive pause, during which the handsome soldier boys—all soldier boys are handsome to me—excitedly shifted their various weights over to their other feet and whispered: "We won't say a word," "Let her shoot," and "You can trust us."

"This is nothing official, you understand," continues the correspondent, surveying the room and leaning forward confidentially, "but I have just come from Division Headquarters"—war correspondents invariably just come from Division Headquarters or are directly on their way to see "the General," what general nobody ever knows—"and it is my private opinion that the 107th is going to leave very soon. Maybe not this week, but very soon. And, let me tell you boys, that the 107th is not going to Egypt."

"Sorry I can't tell you more," he concluded, "but I must dash off right away to see the General."

With that he dashed.

The handsome soldiers also dashed, and when I reached camp I found that every one on the reservation had received tremendous dope straight from the General through "one of those newspaper men."

Of course, the Regiment did not sail within a week or even within two weeks and the handsome soldiers began slowly to realize that the correspondent had handed them a portion of that stuff which made a well-known tobacco famous.

Still, I hold that war correspondents are all right. Just give them a chance.

It really is not fair to corner a war correspondent and ask him point blank when we leave or when the war will end.

It's not right that you should demand an exposé of the conditions in the Fourth Squad of the Third Platoon of the Tenth Company of the Blank Regiment in which three out of the eight men have colds and one froze his left big toe while in the trenches, when no mention has been made in the papers of the loss of my first finger, which I cut off with a perfectly rotten axe while cutting wood for the kitchen. The axe should never have been issued in the first place and, in the second place, I should never have been allowed to chop wood.

V. R., Co. K, 107th Inf.

IRREGULAR.

"Fine pair of spurs you have there, Colonel."

"Yes."

"I suppose you won them on some battlefield."

"No," said the Colonel, with some embarrassment. "The fact is, I won these spurs at a raffle."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

CHARACTERISTIC.

"American as you are, don't you think you would really be awed by the presence of a king?"

"Not if I held an ace."—Baltimore American.

Quarantined

WITH THE CROWD



The New Rex Theatre

Smells of fresh paint and good soap and water just now.

When we open our doors for business, we will look like a new silver dollar starting on its travels around the world.



C. L. HENRY, Manager

COMPLETELY

RENOVATED, DISINFECTED

and

STERILIZED FOR

Your Comfort and Good Health

When We Re-Open

OUR THEATRES WILL BE
THE MOST SANITARY
THEATRES IN SOUTH
CAROLINA.

**BIJOU
RIALTO
STRAND
HARRIS**

"Major, That New Uniform of Yours is a Corker"

"Who Built it For You?"

"Why, Captain, that fellow at the Cleveland Hotel, W. F. Porter, turned this out for me. He has the knack of tailoring a suit, so that it doesn't show a wrinkle."

"He straightens up some of us chaps that are inclined to be a bit fat above the belt."

"Look him up, his prices are reasonable, and he takes a personal interest in every uniform he makes."

The Above is Founded on Fact:

W. F. PORTER

CLEVELAND HOTEL

SPARTANBURG, S. C.

Banking Logic

If the number of soldiers coming into our Bank, daily, is an indication of satisfied customers, we must be giving "Service Plus."

*Place your account
with the*

**CENTRAL
NATIONAL BANK**
SPARTANBURG, S. C.



The families and friends of officers and enlisted men now at Spartanburg will find perfect accommodations amid most delightful surroundings at

The Manor

Albemarle Park, Asheville, N.C.

In America -- An English Inn

"In the Land of the Sky"

Only three and one half hours from Spartanburg through enchanting country.

Spend your furloughs at this world-famous resort rather than in travelling to your distant homes.



ADLER-ROCHESTER
UNIFORMS

&

OUR designers are putting
into uniforms those qualities
of long life and smart appear-
ance that make
ADLER-ROCHESTER Clothes
the first choice
of the well-dressed civilian.

ADLER-ROCHESTER
uniforms are ready to put on.

L. ADLER, BROS. & CO.

ROCHESTER
NEW YORK