

GAS ATTACK

of the
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27th. DIV. V.S.A.

Vol. 1

CAMP WADSWORTH, SPARTANBURG, S. C., February 23, 1918

No. 14



PRICE TEN CENTS

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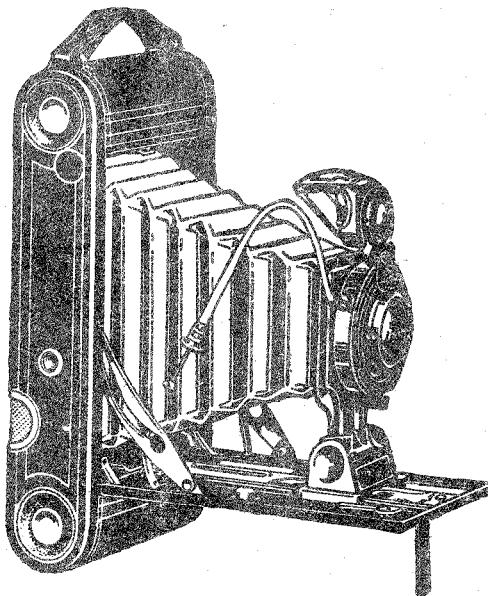
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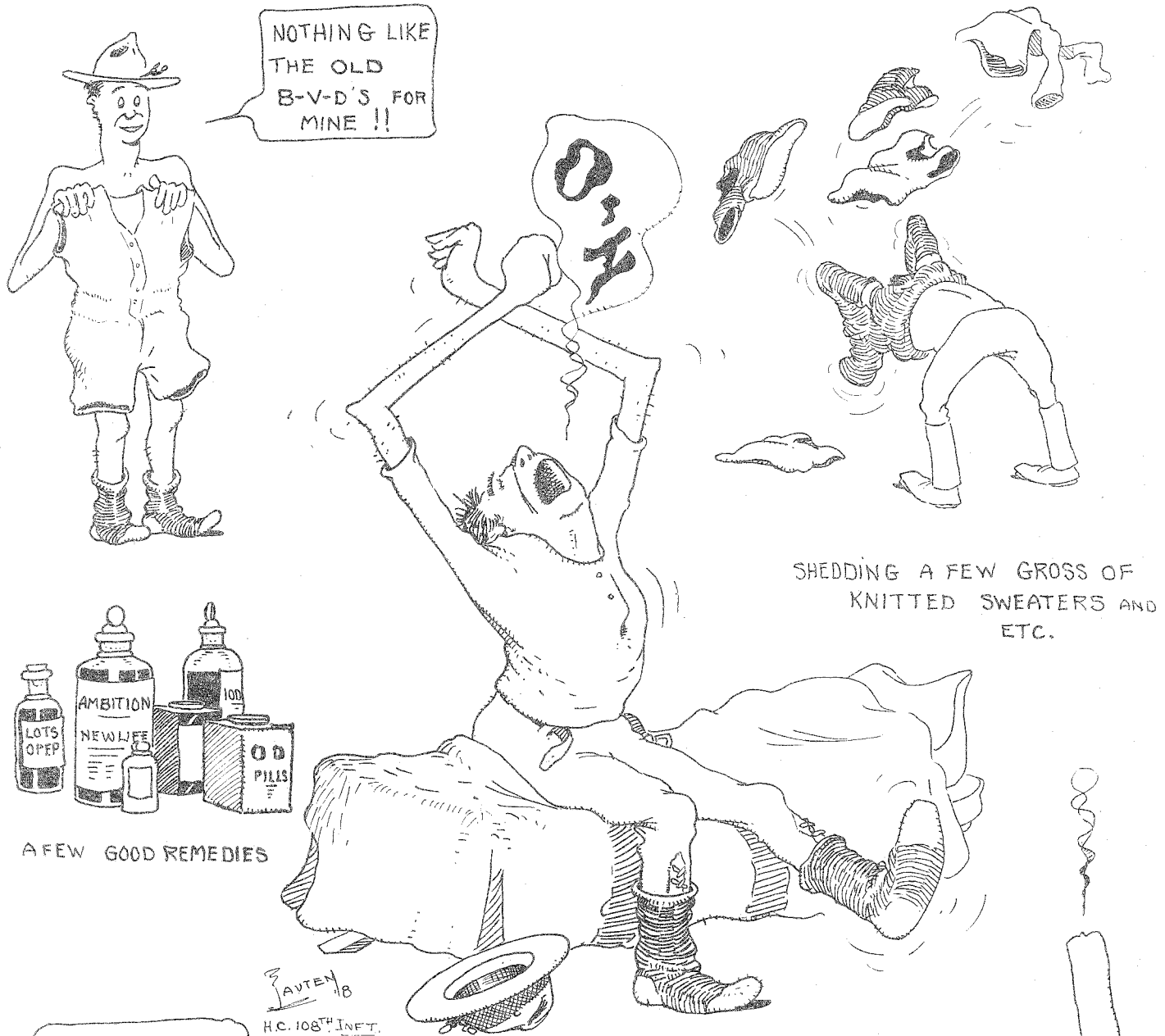
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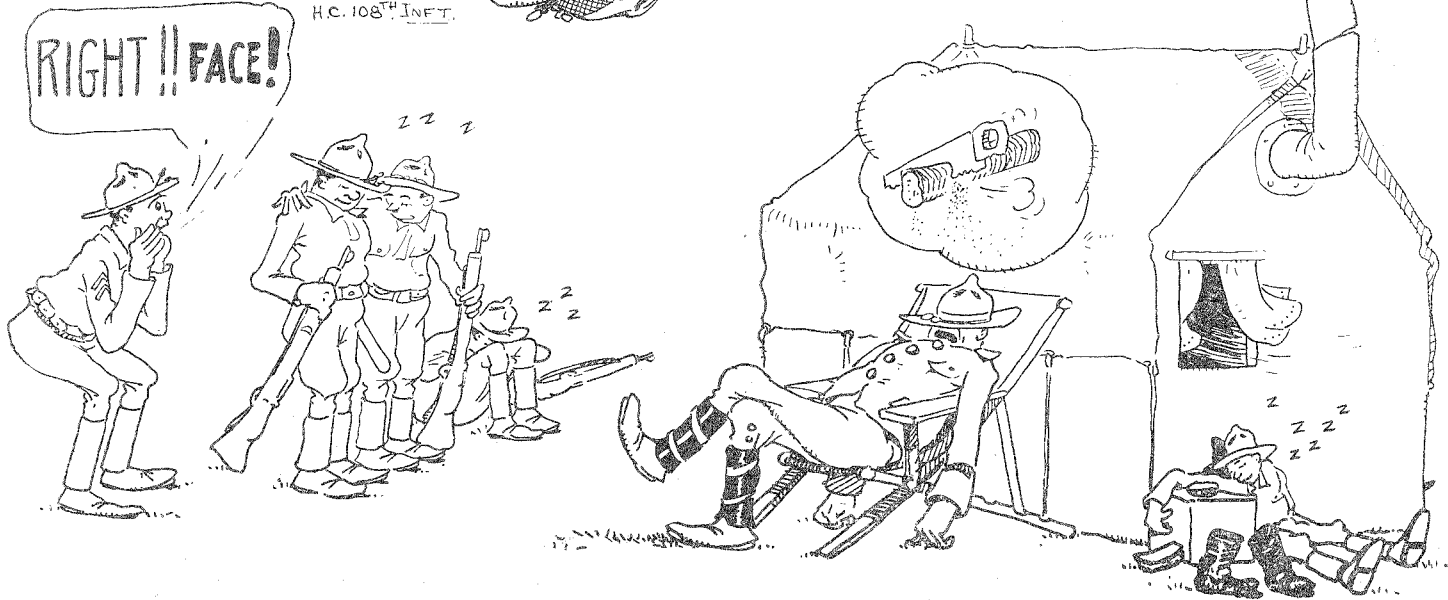
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GAS ATTACK



AVTEN '18
H.C. 108TH INF.



That Strange Fever!

THREE WEEKS IN THE BASE HOSPITAL

The Reassuring Story of One Man Who Got a Close-Up View of the Care of Soldiers Here

(Note:—Billy Leonard, Co. I, 107th Inf., went to the Base Hospital with a real fear of the place, founded on rumors. He tells a straightforward story of his experiences there, in the pneumonia ward. He praises the treatment he got, and he wants the folks back home to know about it.)

When the regimental infirmary orderly told me that I was, perhaps, seriously ill, and that in half an hour I was to be moved to the Base Hospital, the news filled me with something like dismay.

Not because I believed I was seriously ill; on the contrary I felt quite certain that quinine and sleep were all the medicine I needed. But I had a very real fear of the Base Hospital as a place of residence. Statements I had heard in the newspapers, things I had heard in camp, the death of one of my own company mates in the very ward to which I was being taken—Ward 21 for the treatment of pneumonia "cases"—all had conspired to create an unfavorable opinion of the Base Hospital in my mind, an opinion I knew was almost general among the enlisted men, of my own company, certainly.

The Things He Heard.

And so, the brief ride to the hospital in a motor ambulance, which somehow managed to keep going despite the mud threatening to engulf it, my thoughts were anything but joyous. I remembered all I had heard about the Base Hospital: the indifference of doctors and nurses, the lax discipline and methods which exposed practically healthy men to dangerous diseases, the utter lack of that intelligent and sympathetic care which the sick require.

That was nearly three weeks ago. I am still in the Base Hospital, still in Ward 21. In a few days I'll be well enough to go back home on a little furlough to regain the strength I've lost. I'll breathe the rich salt air of Long Island.

It has been an interesting experience in more ways than one; but I value it chiefly because of the close-up view it has given me of how Uncle Sam takes care of his sick soldiers. And because, for the last twelve years, as reporter and editor, I've "written things up." I'm tempted to say some things that I know about the Base Hospital. I've been in but two wards—14, where I spent a day and a night, and 21—and of these two only, can I speak.

It may be that some of the things that are said about the Base Hospital apply to

other wards. I don't know. But I don't believe it. I've talked to men in other wards and I judge from what they tell me that the quality of service throughout the hospital is much the same as in 14 and 21.

No Need For Fear.

If that be so, no man need fear removal to the Base Hospital. Rather, let him be glad in the certainty that everything that can be done for him, will be done; that he will receive the best medical care and the most faithful attention of efficient, conscientious, hard-working and unfailingly cheerful nurses; and the days of his convalescence will be made as comfortable and as pleasant as they can be made.

I don't mean to imply that the Base Hospital is a perfect institution. The man who designed it, as has been said before, evidently inclined to the belief that it was to be located in a semi-tropical climate, which Spartanburg isn't, not by a heluva lot.

The buildings (each ward is a separate building, a runway connecting them) are scarcely more than frame shells, each heated by two stoves of the type made famous by country railroad stations, and burning soft coal. Except on a warm day, ventilation, of course, is inadequate, to put it mildly. The wards also lack running water and other facilities a hospital ought to have. But where the efforts of doctors and nurses, and orderlies, too, can correct these failures and defects, they are corrected.

The big thing is that the medical service is all that it ought to be, if a layman's judgment is worth anything in such matters.

The ward surgeon of 21 is Dr. J. W. Laughlin. Were we his private patients, he could not manifest a deeper interest in our welfare. He is eternally on the job. He knows the name of every man in the ward and he knows all about his condition. He is one of the most patient physicians I have ever known, and one of the most humane. He is the old family doctor glorified, kindly, sympathetic, winning the confidence of his patients and holding it.

A Fine War Service.

The first two weeks I was in bed with nothing much to do but think in a desultory manner, and the thought often occurred to me that here was a bit of war service being quietly performed in a base hospital in America by patriotic doctors and nurses that will probably be shadowed by the light of more sensational things when the history of this war comes to be written.

The patience of the nurses, their cheerfulness under the provocation of the most complaining patient, never ceased to excite my admiration. When I remarked this to one of them, she answered simply:

"That's what we are here for."

THE ROAD TO TOWN.

The road to town is young with Spring,
And brave with new green grasses,
And how my heart goes venturing
With every lad that passes.

For here my lover left so gay,
And on his lips was laughter,
But I—I turned my head away,
I couldn't follow after.

Though, gypsy heart to gypsy heart,
I've shared his every by-way,
His roads and kisses—oh! to part
On such a golden highway!

But now he's gone the road to town—
Oh, God! the lilac's blooming!—
And from the town the ships go down
To where the guns are booming.

The road to town is young with Spring,
And green with new green grasses;
Oh, lad, my heart goes venturing
With each of you that passes.

—Pvt. Charles Divine.

It was all in the day's work, a work undertaken under the impulse of a patriotism as pure and as sound as sent any man to war—and a good deal sweeter.

Then there is an orderly, a night orderly, whom it is a delight to observe. He seems to regard us as his own boys, particularly those who are very sick. No service is too much to ask of him, and he performs many that certainly are not required of him. He will coax the grumblers to eat his oatmeal in the morning, assuring him he will "feel better" if he does; with a tenderness that is almost womanly, he helps the half-delirious patient to drink his egg-nogg. He is constantly busy all the hours of the night and the aggregate of what he does is amazing, when one stops to think of it. Not that the other orderlies do nothing, but it is that patience and sympathy and fatherliness that renders his services so conspicuous.

And now that I've written this, I'm in doubt what to do with it. Only, I feel it ought to be used in some way; that, however incomplete and inadequate, it is a story that ought to be told the men. But above and beyond that consideration, it's a story that ought to be told their folks at home.

—BILLY LEONARD.

Co. I, 107th U. S. Inf.

GAS ATTACK

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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, Y. M. C. A.
Private Walter A. Davenport, O. T. C.
Private Fred J. Ashley, Headquarters Troop.
Private Keppler A. Bisbee, 105th Field Artillery.

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LET THEM HOWL!

Recently some keen investigator tipped Congress off to the fact that Camp Wadsworth is an island completely surrounded by moonshine. He said, as all investigators always say, "something must be done about this." He went still further. He declared that "everything possible must be done to prevent the illicit selling of liquor to soldiers." In his next sentence he stated that corn liquor around Camp Wadsworth brings \$12 a quart.

There is an element of humor in this. A grim jest, in good sooth. Being a soldier ourself, we know how nobly the average private can withstand the temptations of corn liquor at \$12 a quart. (It's vile stuff, anyway; tastes as if a houn' dawg had slept in it).

We feel like enquiring of the astute investigator: "Where doth thou obtain that material?" Or, in issue language, "where do you get that stuff?"

Moonshine isn't common around here. It is as uncommon as sunshine was during most of January and the first part of February.

The truth is, drinking hard stuff is pretty much out of style in this here new Division. There's no fun in sneaking behind a mule-stable and taking a hasty swig of what resembles shellac. There's no percentage in answering reveille with a taste like a picket line and in a visual condition that makes you see three top sergeants. One is enough. We are soldiers now. We want to be good ones. We've got to be, if we are going to lick the Huns, for they are bearcats as soldiers. That's why we agree with Major General O'Ryan that we are much better off on the sprinkling cart.

But this editorial is not a carrie-nation against booze. It simply wants to point out that such an editorial is not necessary down here. We haven't any booze problem.

Oh, yes, occasionally someone smuggles in a quart from New York and there are a few headaches and perhaps a month's fatigue for somebody in that company the next day. Or, perhaps, some connoisseur inoculates himself with some of the dollar a gulp liquid—T. N. T. and howls like a dog outside his captain's tent until he is given a nice, easy job in the kitchen bathing dishes. But how often does that happen in your company?

Investigators, professional Puritans, busybodies, holier-than-thou's-who-take-a-nip-when-the-door-is-closed, and calamity howlers generally, may scream till their pink neckties drop off that we have artesian wells of absinthe and rivers of rum in every company street, but we won't mind. We know, and so does anybody who counts, that we are sober, industrious, and full of fight, and that we aren't apt to go to the canines by the corn licker route, even if they reduce the price to \$10 a quart.

THEIR BIT AND THEIR UTMOST.

Our always charming friends, the patriotesses of Converse College, have adopted as their war-cry the striking shibboleth—"We will do, not our BIT, but our UTMOST!" No doubt they will.

Converse has been a hospitable hostess to us. Under the benevolent censorship of Dean Gee, many of us have been entertained at the college, and its excellent auditorium has been opened to all of us on numerous occasions for company shows, concerts and the like. If it were not against regulations, we would take off our hats to the young ladies, collectively and severally, and thank them (with the Dean's permission, of course) for their kindness to young men far from Smith, Vassar and Wellesley. As it is, we salute them—smartly.

But getting back to their war-cry about doing not their bit but their utmost, as the poetess Miss Doolittle would say, we believe that the young ladies, in their ardor, have been led into error in their interpretation of the word "bit." Much as we admire the young ladies, our fatal passion for the undraped truth compels us to say that their utmost, utterly utter though it may be, must, after all, be only a "bit." This in no way disparages their utmost. It will probably be one of the prettiest and most winning utmoths that was ever utmothed. But none of us, be we generals, privates or Converse College girls, can do more than a bit in this mighty affair.

When a man says he is going to do his "bit," he may mean that he is going to give up his business, his happiness, his fortune and his life. But with millions doing the same thing, his all isn't so much, after all.

We are not reproving the young ladies for interpreting "bit" literally. We are merely pointing out to them, in an extremely friendly spirit, that any man's utmost is an infinitesimally small iota—in other words—a bit.

However, it may very well be that others think that they are doing their bit by suffering some trifling inconvenience, by doing just a little to let the soldiers know they are behind them (3,000 miles). Actors who give patriotic recitations at bazaars, rich men who buy Liberty Bonds (a good, safe 4%), women who cut out beefsteak on meatless days, and have lobster, able-bodied young men who hold down shell-proof jobs on the Commission of Advertising for the Commission to Disseminate Propaganda Advocating a Spatless Monday—all these camouflaged slackers are bit-doers in the wrong sense.

Go ahead, young ladies of Converse, do your utmost and you will be doing a very welcome bit. R. E. C.



A SOLDIER'S LETTER TO HIS SWEETHEART.

Dere Mable:

This is the last time I will ever take my pen in hand for you. All is over among us.

I felt it comin for some time, Mable. Today among some letters that I got from girls was one from a girl what knows you well. She told me all about this fello Broggins. She says you take him round with you everywhere. Thats the kind of a fello I thought he was, Mable, but Im surprised at you. She says your awful fond of him hes so cute. I aint cute and aint never pretended to be. A mans man. Thats me all over, Mable. She says she went up to your house the other night an he was sittin in your lap stickin his tongue out at my picture on the mantlepiece. After that, Mable, theres nothin to say. So I repeat, its all over among us.

Im returnin to-day by parcels post the red sweter an the gloves that has no fingers an the sock that you wear over your head an your picture. Most of the stuff aint been used much. The picture has some mud on it cause I had to keep it in the bottom of my barrak bag an my shoes came next. The socks I cant send back cause I sold em to Joe Gluckos and you wouldnt want em now.

The stuff that you sent me to eat I havnt kept. I guess you wouldnt want that anyway, Mable. The stuff that your mother sent me Im goin to keep. She wasnt my girl an she didnt have to send all that stuff if she didnt want to.

As for all the things I have give you, Mable, keep em. I dont want em no more. I aint even goin to menshun all the money Ive spent on you for movies an sodas an the Lord knows what not. I aint the kind of a fello to throw that up to a fello or even menshun it in no ways. I kept track of it though in a little book. It comes to \$28.27 and some odd sense.

An I aint agoin to hold it up against you that I been savin in the bank for most two years sos to have a little something towards that house with the green blinds. An that I got something like \$87.22 in the bank if you can believe what that eagle beak in the cage writes in your book. All wasted you might say, when you think of the fun I might have had with it in the last two years. Those things we'll just forget. You seem to have already.

An that seasons pass I got for you for the Happyhour sos you could keep in touch with things while I was away. Keep that and take Broggins. Otherwise I got a hunch

you aint goin to the movies as much as you used to.

I guess this will hit your father an mother pretty hard. They got nobody to blame but yourself. On the other hand its goin to please some girls that I know. So its a poor wind that dont blow nobody round as the poets say. I guess you wont here much about the poets any more, Mable. About all youll here is Broggins. I hate a man what talks about himself.

I suppose he has joined the Home Defence. Are you goin to have a military weddin, Mable?

Im kind of sorry for your father. If you have his liver on your hands dont blame me. You know the doctor said any kind of a shock would set him off a mile.

An now, Mable, Im closin for the last time. It wont be no use runin to the door when you here the postman no more cause he wont have nothin but the gas bill. From now on the only way youll here from me is in the papers perhaps when we get over there.

Now Im goin to ask you a favor, Mable, for old times sake. Take the picture I had taken pointin to the American flag an burn it up. You cant have that to show your friends no more an I aint goin to have no flat foot makin faces at it. I may be selfish, Mable, but a girl cant make a cake an eat it too as the old sayin is.

Give my best to your father an mother. Tell em I simpathize with them in there loss. Its no use writin any more cause Im firm as the rock of Gibber Alter. Concrete. Thats me all over, Mable.

as ever
yours no longer

—BILL.
(E. S.)

The stamp window of the Spartanburg post office is kept open until 9 o'clock every night. But then, asks the Columbia Record, who wants to go to Spartanburg at night just to get a stamp?

Maybe somebody has discovered that licking a postage stamp produces a mucilage jag.

Have you taken out a Liberty blonde?

"My mess tin is damp. Guess I forgot to wipe it dry."

"Sh—h-h-h! That's your soup!"

STATEMENT BY PRIVATE ATKINS.

"Wot vos you before you joined the army?"

"Appy!"

OFF TO THE WARS.

A Drama In One Act.

Act I. Scene: The Imperial Palace at Potsdam.

Persons: The Kaiser and Mrs. Hohenzollern.

Kaiser (enters in uniform and his medals; hurriedly): "I am going to war. I leave to-day for the western front."

Mrs. H.: "What, again?" (She weeps frantically.)

K.: "Yes, the nation needs me."

Mrs. H. (Throwing herself on his neck): "Oh, Bill. You'll be killed. (Pulls herself together) But I must be brave. What a noble sacrifice, to give your life up to your country!"

K. (Nodding his head, resignedly): "Even so."

Mrs. H.: "I know what will happen. You'll be put in the front line trenches. There will come a command to go over the top, and you, spirited soldier that you are, will dash across No Man's Land. You will engage a foe in hand-to-hand combat. And if you fall, well—you will do it beautifully."

K. (Picking up his blanket roll and starting for the door): "That's me all over. So long, girlie!"

—C. D.

BLANK VERSE.

(End of Poem).



The Squad Mail Man

It is true that there is something exciting about getting the mail for the squad. But in rough or indelicate weather, as sometimes happens, the exhilaration has its drawbacks. We have here caught Algernon Spoffernagle, inmate of tent No. 26, in the act of "bringing home the bacon," as one might say. The weather is not brilliant, as sometimes happens. There is a perceptible drizzle, and under foot the walking, in spots, is not all that could be desired, as sometimes happens. One might even call the street somewhat muddy. The bystanders who joy in witnessing Algernon's progress, are full of comment, as sometimes happens, for Algernon has just discovered a depression in his path which is causing a disturbance among the packages and letters. Only fear of a censorious pencil keeps the artist from drawing a sequel—with words and ejaculations!

THE IDEAS OF ETHELBURT JELLYBACK, PRIVATE

XII. On a Night at Converse College With the Band Playing and Spring in the Air

Dickie Darling and I always play round together. It was he who suggested that we go to the concert of the division band at Converse College. Acquiescing in this project, I wrapped my spiral leggings about me, though fearful of their propensity for falling off, and together we set out for town, Dickie and I.

It was a glorious evening as we sauntered up Main street towards the college. At that time I had no idea that I would do the unaccountable thing that occurred later in the evening, for I come of a family of great social distinction and formality. Mayhap it was the balminess of the air.

There were hundreds of stars in the sky, winking no less happily than my own eyes. I dare say, as I drank in the intoxicating breezes of the false and premature Spring. You recall those days.

He Warns Against a Poem.

"I imagine, Dickie," I remarked, "that I will probably feel a poem come upon us to-night."

"Damn!" said Dickie, not because of my prophecy, but because he had stubbed his toe.

"You mustn't swear, Dickie. Didn't you read that editorial in *The Gas Attack*? The writer said that men only use profanity because they lack ideas and the vocabulary with which to express those few ideas. I, for one, shall never confess to a paucity of ideas. Accordingly I have drawn up a program of words to be used as a substitute for swear words. These words are not only as expressive as the old ones, but they are more intimately connected with camp life."

"What a wonderful idea, Ethelburt! Only you could think of it. What are the new swear words?"

"In place of hell, you say *reveille*. In place of damn, you say *slumgullion*. In place of the next phrase in the progression of expletives, you say *Sibley Stove*. And in place of a fourth and ultimate oath, you say *kitchen police*!"

"Nothing could be more expressive than that, Ethelburt. I'll try to remember."

Gamboling on the Green.

At length reaching the college campus, Dickie and I skipped lightly off the sidewalk to the greensward, shadowy and velvet under the trees. We frolicked. I exulted:

"I'm a little prairie flower,
Growing wilder every hour. . ."



We Had Hot Words.

Then, dropping on a bench to rest, I drew forth my pencil and flashlight.

"The poem is here," I announced. "Have you a piece of paper I can write it on, Dickie, before it slips my mind?"

Dickie felt through his pockets. I waited, anxiously. The only paper Dickie could find was his pass to town, on the back of which I proposed that I write.

Dickie objected.

"What if the M. P.'s ask to see my pass? What will they think of it with your poem all over it?"

"Fear not, Dickie. They wouldn't understand it."

"All the same, Ethelburt, it's a chance I hate to risk."

"Dickie, are you going to let my suddenly inspired poem go unimmortalized simply for the lack of a paltry piece of paper on which to indite it? How crude of you. You exasperate me."

Ethelburt and Dickie Quarrel.

We had hot words. I even went so far, in my anger, as to call him a *slumgullion* little nuisance!

At that moment I realized I had forgotten the poem. Simultaneously, the concert began. We ran to the building.

When we reached our seats downstairs in the big, brilliantly lighted auditorium, the hall was packed with smart looking officers and well-gowned women. And upstairs, in the balcony at the left, sat the young women students of the college, delicious in their bright dresses and Southern charms. Ah, lackaday! How I sighed. Two or three

hundred of them, and all deftly plying their knitting needles and curious, half-shy glances.

The smart bandmaster rapped his baton on the stand. The two hundred hands burst into music. It was music with a swing and a lilt, with power and yet exquisitely harmonized.

Ethelburt's Ecstasy.

"There is one refreshing feature about a concert like this," I said. "You can sit here and let the delightful music beat into your soul without the necessity of fixing your gaze on the stage. You don't have to look at the actors."

"I understand perfectly, Ethelburt. You can look at the pippins in the balcony."

"Lapfuls of loveliness! But how did you know I was thinking of them?"

"I can read your mind."

"Can you really, Dickie? Fancy that. How quaint!"

The band played "Poor Butterfly," softly, plaintively, languorously. It stirred me to such depths that I felt the need of my new code of profanity.

"Reveille!" I muttered.

Dickie felt even more strongly than I did. "The Sibley Stove!" he cried, reckless in his cursing.

The intermission arrived. Then it was that the strange unaccountable impulse gripped me. For some time I had been observing a bewitching creature in blue chiffon and, needless to say, the left balcony. Now and then she lifted opera glasses to

(Continued on page 32)

Gov. Whitman Wants Guard Relics Saved

General Order to That Effect Has Been Issued by Adj.-General's Office.

General Order No. 4, issued by the Adjutant-General's office of the New York State National Guard, shows Gov. Whitman's deep interest in the old Guard. He wants all records and trophies of the former organizations preserved.

The order follows:

I. On July 15, 1917, the President called into the service of the United States all organizations of the New York National Guard which were not then in Federal service and on August 5, 1917, by reason of draft under the Act of Congress of June 3, 1916, on that date, all officers and enlisted men of the New York National Guard in Federal service were discharged by the War Department from the Militia of the State. This action by the Federal Government left the State of New York without the force of ten thousand armed men which Section 3, Article XI of the New York Constitution requires must always be maintained within this State. To meet this situation a new force, called the New York Guard, now numbering about fifteen thousand men, has been organized, and in it the traditions of all the old units of the New York National Guard have been safeguarded by recruiting for the New York Guard a unit named after every unit of the old National Guard, which new units are commanded in nearly every case by men who received their military training in that unit of the old National Guard.

II. The Federalized officers of the old units have recently given a graceful and practical recognition of their appreciation of how well the officers of the new units are preserving the traditions of the old command. Last month letters were sent from these headquarters to the Federal camps where New York State troops are stationed, requesting that the Federalized National Guard officers transfer to the respective new units the balance of headquarters allowance remaining to their credit, and to this request not a single adverse reply or comment has been received. This generous transfer to the new commands of the headquarters allowance of the old has very greatly facilitated the work of the new officers, and it would seem that some recognition of this generous and loyal act should be made.

Quarters for Veterans.

It is therefore suggested that in every armory throughout the State there be set apart quarters devoted to the veterans of that unit, into which can be gathered for preservation the trophies won by the men of that command, and that the officer in charge and control of every armory, after making such arrangements in his armory, communicate the fact direct to the former

officers of that unit who have passed into the Federal service, so that they and the men of the Federalized unit may clearly understand that when they return to their homes a hearty welcome will always await them in the old armory, and that there will always be a place where, to the old records of the unit, there may constantly be added the new laurels which the men of the New York National Guard organizations will surely win for this State and for their old commands while fighting for our State and Nation abroad.

III. Thus in the old armories there will be preserved at home for the men fighting abroad, the records of their old organizations, regardless of the regrettable loss of their State designations. Even where veteran association rooms have already been provided in armories, it would be well for the officer in charge and control of such armories to remind his colleagues in the Federal service that those quarters exist, and are always ready to receive men at home on leave or men who have returned from the service.

Relief Centres.

IV. These armory quarters for veterans should be used as centers for relief work conducted by friends of the old organizations, who will thus help to add more ties between the old units and the new ones. It is hoped that there will develop many other methods of creating and fostering as close relationship as possible between the men who are perpetuating the old organization numeral and record at home and those who are adding luster to its name abroad.

V. The commanding officer of each regiment, separate battalion or squadron of the New York Guard should take steps at this time looking towards the preservation of all possible data, including photographs, souvenirs, etc., which will form the basis later on for a careful history of the services rendered in this war by the National Guard organization having the same numeral as the new unit succeeding it in the New York Guard. To this end some man, or group of men, should be designated in each command to collect all such material, to solicit copies of letters from men at the front sent home to their families, etc. This home preparation for a full history of New York's part in the war will afford a very practical manner of demonstrating to our fellow New Yorkers in the Federal fighting forces the genuine interest felt by the New York Guard in all that is being done by the Federalized organizations of the New York National Guard.

By command of the Governor:

CHARLES H. SHERRILL,
The Adjutant General.

CONFESSIONS AND CONFIDENCES OF AN ARTILLERYMAN.

NO. II.

Top Sergeants.

Anybody can hate a Top Sergeant. That's easy. How much harder and more original it is to really like one!

Our own Top Sergeant is characterized by an overwhelming sense of humor. He can see the joke in everything. He is always careful to point out the funny side of incinerator tending to the man just sentenced to a month of it. There is something irresistibly humorous to him in the sight of a man scrubbing the floors of the mess hall at 11 p. m. He fairly wabbles with suppressed mirth when a man is kicked out of a stall. It is all very delicious to him. What a wonderful thing it must be to be blessed with such a gift!

Apart from his sense of humor, my Topper is noted for his ability to say cutting things in a voice that rattles the pictures in the Enlisted Men's Club of Spartanburg. He is also endowed with an endless flow of reminiscence, drawn from his many years of service.

At times, I must admit, this habit of his jars on one a bit. It makes a man feel as though he was a pallid rookie with his leggings on backward to hear him tell of what happened to a fellow he knew in the U. S. Cavalry back in '98. The most awful things happened to fellows my Topper knew in the old days when men really soldiered.

One of the boys came back from stables the other day to find his cot and equipment a heap of smouldering ashes. He ran up to the Topper, all out of breath, and related the occurrence with a great wealth of detail. In return he was told how the Topper found a bunkie of his on his bunk one morning with his throat cut from ear to ear by a Malay kris. This must have cheered our poor private up. It shut him up, anyway. It is really marvelous how coolly my Topper takes such accidents.

But I love this big, sun-burned head-soldier of ours, in spite of all his little mannerisms. When we go over yonder, I kind of hope he visits our dugout once in a while, so we can hear that big reassuring voice of his, and soak up some of the confidence that looks out of his kindly eyes.

Not all Top Sergeants can inspire a man with that sort of feeling. I'd like to be able to show you how tightly my Topper fills his blouse, how straight is his back, and what an ideal man he'd make to pose for a recruiting poster.

But it's a ticklish thing to write about one's own Topper—one never knows just how he'll take it.

But at any rate, I know he'll see the humorous side of it, and that's some consolation.

—S. S.
Bat. D, 104th F. A.

108TH OFFICERS OPEN CLUB.

Dinner Marks House Warming of Fine
New Quarters.

One of the most pleasant gatherings of the winter at Camp Wadsworth was held Thursday evening, February 7th, by the officers of the 108th Infantry. They dedicated the new club house.

The officers and their guests, numbering over 100, assembled at the club house at 6:30 o'clock and were given a few moments before finding their seats at the tables, to admire the work of the rebuilding and decorating committee of the club. The rough board interior of what was originally the officers' mess hall had been craftily camouflaged under a layer of heavy beaver board, tinted a yellow tone to match the weathered oak effect of the coarse pine battennings, roof beams, floor and tables. Around the upper part of the side walls ran a stenciled frieze, the main figures of which were crossed rifles and the regimental numerals. The windows were prettily curtained; the electric lights, in frosted globes, were supported from the ceiling by brass chains and a cheerful fire blazed in a large brick fireplace.

A Regular Meal.

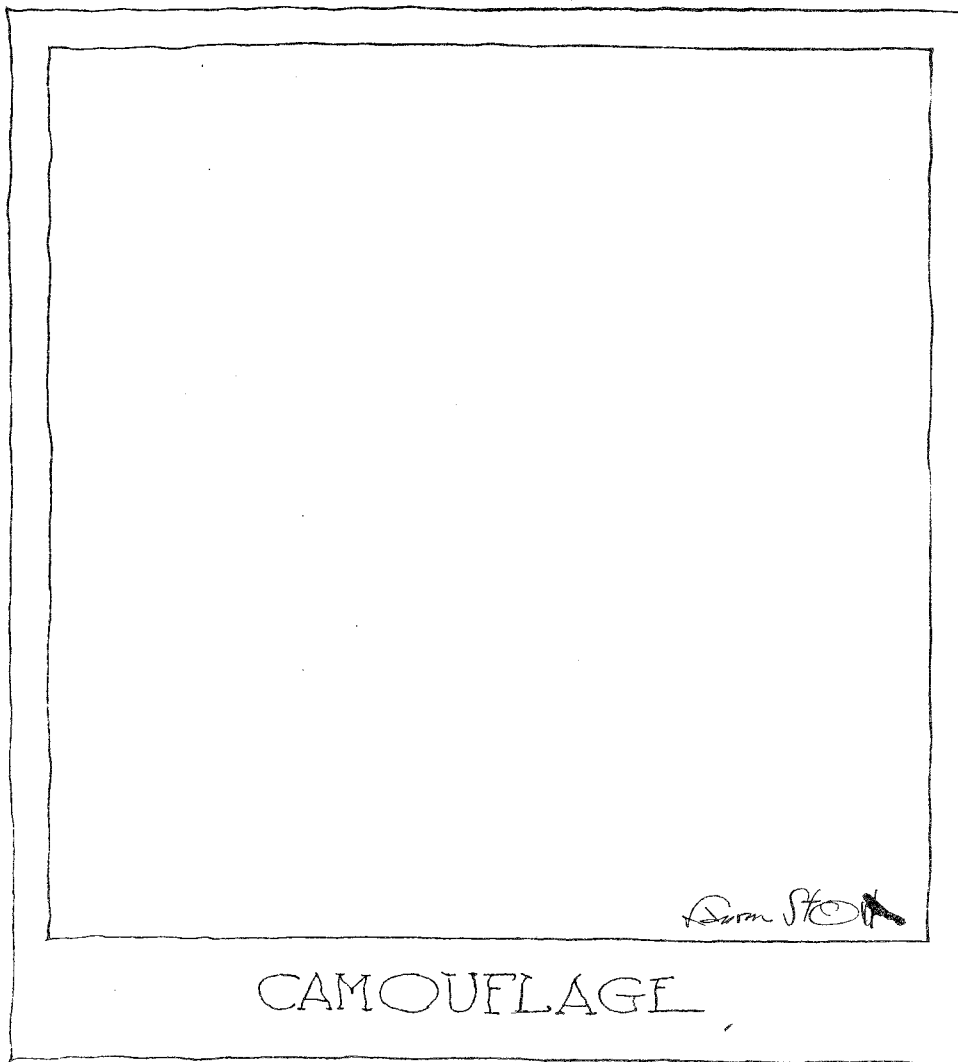
Captain Jaynes, regimental chaplain, invoked the Divine blessing, and then, for a time, the company paid its attention chiefly to a splendid dinner, of which Jan Ridd, of Blackmore fame, would have said: "Made a hungry man thank God for the room there was inside of him." This dinner was prepared by the cooks of the headquarters mess.

Lieutenant Colonel W. A. Taylor presided as toastmaster and spoke feelingly of the friendship which has grown up among the men and officers of the old 3rd N. Y. Infantry and those who have come in from the 74th, 12th, the 47th and the 2nd New York to make up what is now the 108th U. S. Infantry. The other speakers of the evening were Major General John F. O'Ryan and Brigadier General J. W. Lester.

Among the other guests were, Col. Arthur Kemp, of the 55th Pioneers, formerly the 74th N. Y. Infantry; Col. R. L. Foster, of the 54th Pioneers, formerly the 12th N. Y.; Lieut. Col. W. A. McAdam, of the 53rd Pioneers, formerly the 47th N. Y.; Lieut. Col. J. B. Tuck, of the 106th Infantry, formerly Lieutenant Colonel of the 3rd N. Y.; Major Barker, of General Lester's staff and Lieutenant Franchot, aide on the staff of General O'Ryan.

Telegram to Col. Jennings.

A telegram was dispatched to Col. E. S. Jennings, commanding the 108th Infantry, who is at present attending a course of instruction at Fort Sam Houston, Texas, conveying the good wishes of the company and announcing the opening of the new quarters.



CAMOUFLAGE

This picture visualizes in a startling degree the art of camouflage. It is almost a perfect example of it. Hidden in the picture, to the left, is the Twenty-seventh Division marching to billets in France. To the right is a dinner table under the trees, set with wines and all the delicacies of the season around which privates are taking seats to fall to mess. But so well has the artist concealed these important military maneuvers, to prevent the enemy discovering the position of our forces; that the whole presents the appearance of nothing suspicious. Scrutinize the scene as he may, the foe can gain no information of value from it.

The entertainment was concluded by a program of music and vaudeville arranged by Bandmaster Carl Oltz. There were spirited and well rendered selections by the regimental band, songs by Wagoner Kohl, of the Supply Company, feats of magic by Sergeant Troan, of the Headquarters Company, recitations by Private Gribble, of the Medical Department, and songs and monologues by Corporal Morrissey, of Company M, and Private Wadsworth, of the Machine Gun Company.

The committee in charge of the entertainment consisted of Captain John S. Thompson, Co. F.; Captain H. D. Bagnall, Headquarters Co.; Captain O. F. Miller, Co. D, and Captain C. J. Taggart, Co. M, 108th Infantry.

NO BEVERAGES IN BULK.

Hereafter no beverages will be sold in the post exchanges in camp unless they are bottled, and bottled goods will be subjected to the strictest sort of censorship, as heretofore. A camp bulletin states that "the use of bulk syrups, etc., requiring dilution, and of cups or glasses will be discontinued." The object of this regulation is the protection of the health of the men in camp.

NOTICE TO ANYBODY.

Oh, yes, anybody can subscribe for **The Gas Attack**. No pull is required. Just one and a half beans for three months. Civilians and military dollars all look alike to us. Let the folks back in Schenectady, Bay Ridge, Yonkers, Olean and Cohoes know about it.

More About Finding Officers in the Ranks

Private Davenport Writes the Second of His Series of Articles on the O. T. S.

Personally, we have never smoked opium. It has never been our experience to have indulged in hop nor hootch of any sort. All we know about those delicacies comes second-hand—from reading De Quincey's stuff, looking at "Madame X" and "The Man Who Came Back" plays, and snooping around Ward 30 in Bellevue Hospital trying to pry human interest stories out of Dr. Minas Gregory.

The latter activity, by the way, is not the least of our reasons for neglecting to cultivate the dope habit.

However, we are willing to go to the theoretical mat with any enthusiastic addict who contends that drugs have anything on the awakening of Spring in South Carolina.

Understand us!

Having been a resident of these parts for slightly more than five months we are jumping at no conclusions regarding the stability of the weather hereabout. We are quite prepared for snow at any moment. We are willing to bet that the water in our canteen will freeze at least four times between this moment and the hour this issue of *The Gas Attack* appears on the counters of the post exchanges.

That Wonderful Sunday.

But this was written on Sunday, February 10. You may remember the day—full of Spring breezes and fever. Every man in Company B, Officers' Training School, carted his equipment down to the showers and scrubbed as though there was no hereafter for the soiled soldiers.

A story about the Officers' Training School had to be written. And it was written. This is it. There might be more of the O. T. S. about it but here's the explanation. On one side of the writer sits Ethelburt Jellyback writing a stern madrigal about the pink, pink passions of the Poilu. The Spring Song of the Bayonet, he called it. Ethelburt is for substituting Bliss Carman for Major James A. Moss in the soldier library and is writing Secretary Baker about it.

On the other side sits Bill, writing his weekly letter to Mabel. Bill was full of syrupy sentiment. He is assuring Mabel that he is really quite fond of her but hoped she'd understand that anything he might say that sounded as though he were more than merely fond of her, was due entirely to Spring-born sentiment.

The Story is Interrupted.

This story about the O. T. S. sped along briskly until Ethelburt suggested that we all romp over to the Hostess' House that the Y. W. C. A. is conducting. Bill refreshed

his chew and I interpolated a few neat suggestions apropos soldier efficiency, and we went over to the Hostess House.

On the way over we thought of several other things about the school and resolved to come back and incorporate them into this yarn. But Elliott, the advertising manager of *The Gas Attack*, suggested that we eat at Tommy Harrison's. Between Harrison's and *The Gas Attack* office we forgot those several other things.

Therefore, you can readily appreciate just why this story lacks a number of interesting things about the school.

We were for chucking the whole thing and writing something about premature Spring Sundays in New York—you know about the morning parade on Fifth Avenue and the afternoon promenade on Riverside Drive; the little squadrilla of motor boats on the Hudson and the long lines of motor cars speeding out Long Island; the cozy teas that were in progress in Washington Mews and the samovar affairs over on Macdougall street!

Inclinations.

We were rather strong for telling how, of just such a Sunday back home, we would saunter forth without our overcoat and drop in on one of those teas down near Washington Square and simulate an air of complete comprehension whilst some Class Z imitator of Padrac Cullum or Lord Dunsany or R. Tagore or Amy Lowell held forth about the new Renaissance or something.

And we had excellent material for some sort of yarn about walks we used to take along the Palisades with Marie, back in the days before President Wilson laid hold upon the Kaiser's Adam's apple.

As a matter of fact we had half a dozen ideas for very good stories. They were all about Spring and its corollaries, but they were timely and we were in excellent mood for writing them. But they insisted that we write something about the O. T. S. and here you have it.

Chick Divine, who rather sided with me about it, suggested that I write something about the Spring nights we used to walk down Fifth Avenue after midnight. Did you ever do it? Do you remember the queer people you used to meet—little, oldish persons who seemed to be going nowhere at all, and who never did even that, until after everybody else in New York had gone home.

Some Editors Object.

Inasmuch as the other editors wouldn't stand for that story and insisted that we continue writing about the O. T. S., we made an agreement with Chick that the first Sunday night we were together in New York, we'd hire one of those wide-open baruchas and drive up and down the Avenue looking for the queer little folks we used to encounter in our anthropological strolls between

GEN. BANDHOLTZ GOES TO THE TWENTY-NINTH.

Has Been Assigned to Camp McClellan at Anniston, Alabama.

Brig. Gen. H. H. Bandholtz has been assigned to the command of the 28th Infantry Brigade, in the 29th Division, Camp McClellan, at Anniston, Ala. The 29th Division is made up of volunteer troops from New Jersey, Maryland, Virginia and the District of Columbia.

Gen. Bandholtz asked the War Department to have Lieut. M. M. Munsill, of the ammunition train, detailed as his aide, and has been notified that his request has been granted.

The news that Gen. Bandholtz would be sent to another division was received with regret in Camp Wadsworth, where it was hoped he could remain.

SEVIER TROOPS GETTING READY.

The Thirtieth Division at Camp Sevier, Greenville, is getting ready to move, according to recent news dispatches. Following the receipt several days ago of a memorandum list of articles with which each soldier selected for overseas duty should be equipped at his camp before leaving for the port of embarkation, a divisional order was issued here directing that such articles should be issued immediately to all troops of the division. Now another order has appeared, directing that stock of heavy and light woolen underwear, called for in the table, be kept in stock at all times.

Washington Square and Forty-Second Street—always after a bit of refreshment in the Brevoort.

Then we hit upon something really clever. To our cynical associates we pointed out that the very subject—O. T. S.—gave us the literary latitude for which we longed.

"See," we cried, "is it not odd that this subject, O. T. S., may be taken to mean, 'Ode To Spring?' Why can't—"

"Oh, hell!" they cried, "Cut out this nonsense and go ahead with that story about the Officers' Training School."

So we promised to quit dreaming of those wholly inefficient days and buckle down to work. You may notice that we merely gave passing mention to several of the more important phases of the work over in the school. Space makes more complete exposition of those topics quite out of the question this week.

But next week we shall hold forth in greater detail on just those questions.



A Surprise Attack in No Man's Land.

TROOPS GOING TO RANGE.

Last week companies left camp daily from the 53d and 54th infantry brigades for the infantry rifle range at Glassy Rock. A company went from one brigade each alternate day. Each company will get seven days of target practice, and then return to camp for a rest while another company takes its place.

The ammunition train and the supply train have a force of trucks and teams plying between Campobello station, to which point supplies and ammunition are shipped by rail, to the camps within the range. There is more activity around Campobello than the town has ever known before.

The 104th field artillery has gone to the range.

The 105th field artillery was expected last week to return to camp within a few days. This regiment finished its target practice, but remained on the range for several days to do some map work.

The 104th regiment will not get down to real target practice perhaps before the first of this week.

TWO PROMOTIONS.

Second Lieut. Frank G. Henderson, 106th infantry, has been promoted to be first lieutenant, and will remain with that regiment.

First Class Private Henry H. Clyne, headquarters troop, provisional depot, has been appointed battalion sergeant major, and assigned to duty at depot headquarters.

OUR BROADWAY.

There's a creaking sound o' harness,
An' o' mufflers opened wide;
There's a hoarse command o' klaxons
As the wheels begin to guide;
There's a neighing o' the horses,
An' a blinding cloud o' dust,
And a swift despatcher, riding,
Just as tight as he can trust;
There's a grumbling an' a rumbling,
As old "17" goes by;
You can hear the gears a-grinding
As a Dodge drops into high;
There's a thund'ring and a lumb'ring
As a caison creaks along,
Which is followed by the humming
O' some doughboys' jolly song.
From all sides they rattle onward
In the noisy, steady streams,
From early dawn to sunset,
Just as far as sunlight gleams.
'Tis the highroad of Camp Wadsworth,
An' you'll see it every day,
You are standing on the corner—
Forty-second and Broadway!

—Cornelius Vanderbilt, Jr.,
Division Headquarters Troop.

You don't have to be a soldier to subscribe to **The Gas Attack**. All you've got to have is the desire and a dollar and a half for three months' subscription.

BACK IN THE TRENCHES.**Infantrymen Tackle Bigger Schedule of Duty Here.**

The third battalion of the 107th infantry went into the trenches on Tuesday of last week at 8 o'clock for a 72-hour period of duty, the longest stretch that any battalion has yet had.

There was some mud in some of the trenches, but it was out rapidly. The drain trenches had been opened to let the water drain out.

Some new maneuvers are to be worked out, and each battalion going in now will be given new problems. More rigid discipline is to be insisted upon, and close scores will be kept.

There is keen rivalry among the different organizations in camp as to which will make the best record in the trenches, as well as in other things.

P. & N. ON ITS NEW SPUR.

The spur track of the Piedmont and Northern into Camp Wadsworth was completed last week by the contractors, Porter and Boyd. Beginning last Wednesday at 1 o'clock the company hoped to be able to operate a train every hour between the city and the camp. The last train for the camp will leave the station at midnight.

The spur line to Camp Wadsworth has been under construction since last November.



News From Division Units



HEADQUARTERS CO., 108TH INFANTRY.

Sergeant "Louie" Edmonds returned to our midst, after spending much time and little money in Buffalo.

The Non-Coms have formed a club, with Sergeant "Com" Eddie Troan as president, Sergeant "Bruiser" Green secretary, and Corporal "Speedy" Weppner as treasurer. The club got away with a good start and a great deal is expected from it.

A familiar yell heard at intervals of rest and after falling out: "All up to 37th Squad for the crap game."

Since Cooks Tomlinson and Cullen left the kitchen, Mess Sergeant Teall wonders why he don't have to order as much lemon and vanilla extract as formerly. But then Teall's new at the game.

Sergeant "Abe" Reynolds reports that his visit to the Northern climes was somewhat disappointing, owing to the lightless nights. Can it be that the six months nights have worked a foothold in New York?

Lieutenant Page, of the Liaison Section, had his "night marauders" out for practice on acetylene lamp signalling. It was quite chilly, but well worth working overtime. If Lieutenant Page had brought his saxophone along, the evening would have been perfect.

Last Thursday's entertainment, under direction of Sergeants Green and Troan, was far more of a success than we anticipated.

The sinkers and Java made by one W. K. cook locolino were of the "Made by Mother" kind.

You don't have to prove to us that Chief Oltz and his band are the best in the Division. We admit it ourselves.

A conversation heard between Corporals Boechat and Hooper:

Bo: "Gee, Hoop, I wish I had joined the navy."

Hoop: "What for? Arn't you having a good time in the army?"

Bo: "Yes—but in the navy when you get to be a gunner, you get a mate. Oh! dear, why didn't I use judgment when I enlisted?"

H. V.

COMPANY I, 105TH U. S. INFANTRY.

Co. I, Jazz band is on the blink, as Corporal Chick Herbeck has left us to do oversea duty with the 19th Engineers. "Good luck, old top."

At last Thomas J. Hassett has been made a 1st class private. If he serves two more enlistments he may be made a Corporal.

The 13th Squad nearly won the honors for having the best tent for inspection on Saturday last, but the 19th Squad was a little better. Wait till next week, Corp. Lademann.

James Hind the Hawaiian trick boy, is on the way to New York on a furlough.

COMPANY B, 106TH INFANTRY.

Henry Helfrich is now acting as top Sergeant in the absence of Al. Lyons. Lyons is at the Officers' Training School and for the future comfort of the boys we hope he stays there.

Second Lieutenant Petersen returned from his furlough wearing a Billy Sunday smile and a conspicuous waist line. Speaks good for New York.

Corporal Stevens, our camouflage wonder, is devoting most of his time in disguising his disappointment at not receiving his promised furlough. Poor old Steve.

Cook Lutz took a fling at matrimony not long ago, and accompanied by Mess Sergeant Rawley, Cook Marcus, Privates Fogarty and McKenna, journeyed to a little South Carolinian town called Anderson. The adventures that befell them there are too numerous to relate. Suffice it to say that the absent-minded "sky pilot" tied the knot twice, and after the boys (who had borrowed an organ from a kindly neighbor several squares away) had started to play rag time and oriental songs, he remonstrated, pleading the Sunday law. The bride was the main attraction and Cook Lutz is considered a lucky man.

Here is a copy of a "Keep Off" sign, found on one of our tents.

TO THE PUBLIC.

Whereas: We of the "Cootie Club" (incidentally unjustly named) after careful and due deliberation have unanimously agreed that in order to become "cootified" one must necessarily associate and come in contact with persons already "cootified."

That question being definitely decided upon we assume that we are right in our contention that the rest of the company evidently are "loused up."

However, possessing generous natures, we take advantage of this opportunity and cheerfully extend an invitation to all our friends to become thoroughly "cootified."

Upon request, our local representative will be pleased to demonstrate the marvelous biting powers of our assorted "cooties."

To cover the cost of feeding, etc., we are compelled to impose an entrance fee to our show-room, said fee being: One dime, the one tenth part of a dollar, a nickle, four pennies and a cent.

Come one, come all.

Respectfully,

THE COOTIE CLUB.

H. A.

DO US A FAVOR!

All men sending in company notes to **The Gas Attack** are requested to write on one side of the paper only, and in ink, providing you can't get hold of a typewriter.

COMPANY "F," 105TH INFANTRY.

Corporal Maxwell has applied for a job as carrier pigeon tamer. Look out, "Mac," taming pigeons is a tough job. About as bad as taming lions. As a pigeon tamer he would make a better lumber jack. And believe me we need them in this camp.

Patsy La Vichi went to the captain the other day and said: "Say, Boss, I wanta quitta da job; I wanta da discharge." "What for?" asked the captain. "Alla da men call me 'Ginney' and 'Wop' and a sarge, he maka me work alla da time." Well, "Patsy" is still a member of the kitchen force.

Private Tyler has just returned from his vacation in New York City and is now a member of the disciplinary school.

Since returning from his furlough, Sergeant Frank Hughes is using a gold safety razor.

First Sergeant "Pop" Gabel is getting gray hair, making up the daily guard list.

Every time Private "Willie" Adams sees his name on the guard list, he cries out that he wants his discharge. Why cry, "Willie," it's an honor to go on guard.

The company is in a daze. The "grub" is really good, and plenty of it. No wonder, Cooks "Jim" Sullivan and "Jack" Hannon are away on their furlough.

Cook Ash challenges any man in the company in a bare-back horse race. As a bare-back rider, Ash would make a good barker in a side show.

Our Supply "Sergeant" Karker is having his troubles these days, trying to supply the company. "Gee whiz!" he said, "I'm trying to please everybody and working like H—, and only getting the pay of a first-class private." "Cheer up, Karker, some day you'll be a regular sergeant with three stripes."

Corporal Ambrose Patnode is busy these days cutting and shaving the boys for inspection. "Pat" soon expects to buy a regular barber chair.

Ex-Corporal and Insurance Agent Oliver McCauley has, like the lost sheep, just returned to the fold, after his vacation in New York City.

WILLIE.

SURGEONS AT HEADQUARTERS.

The regimental surgeons of the 27th division are being given weekly assignments to duty in the office of the division surgeon, so as to better acquaint them with the work of the health officers throughout camp, from the standpoint of headquarters.

Major Homer H. Oaksford, of the 105th Infantry and Major C. W. Lynn, of the 108th Infantry, have been on recent duty.

COMPANY H, 107TH INFANTRY.

"Squads—East and West" reigns supreme once more, now that we are on our new schedule of training, and the old "Hip! Hip!" is certainly taking the kinks out of our legs, and making the Mess Sergeant hustle to satisfy our appetites. In fact, Private "Jimmy Black" thinks there is something the matter with him, for he claims he can eat for an hour and his appetite won't come.

Privates Halstead and Gosselin have been transferred to the 1st New Hampshire Regiment, and will soon be acting as interpreters for our boys in France. Halstead should prove an instant hit in the "Gay Paree" with that Charlie Chaplin moustache of his. Anyway we hope they make good in their new work.

The company has also lost eleven other boys, who in the capacity of mechanics, cooks, etc., are wanted in France. We wish them all the very best of luck, and although they are beating us "over there," have promised faithfully to save a bit of the Kaiser to beat up.

Big "Lew" Frank, who used to make the folks back up in Endicott sit up and take notice, with his ability at football, says all he wants is "one crack at the German line, and he will plough right through to Berlin for a touchdown."

We miss our old friends who are over attending the Officers' Training School, namely First Sergeant Leonard, Sergeant Phillips, Sergeant Vollbracht, and Corporals Purcell and Parker. We wish them success and expect them all to be Majors, at least.

The company has a grudge against the Officers' Training School, however, as it has taken away from us both Lieutenant McKenna and Lieutenant Baldwin.

Corporal Purcell's fine setting up drills are also missed, and he certainly used to make us hustle, with his "One—two—head erect, three—four—body straight," etc.

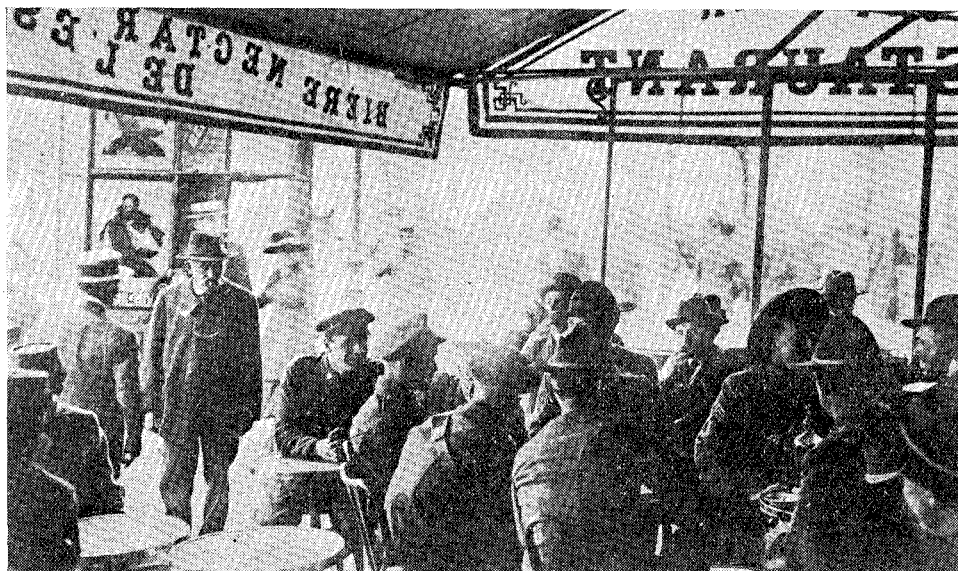
Mrs. W. C. Lamb and Mrs. Clinton May are down in Spartanburg visiting their "hobbies."

All the boys are busy limbering up in order to be prepared for the running and jumping tests. Captain Tompkins goes right at it with the boys, and leather puttees and all, shows how easy it is to hop 14 feet. But why the 100 yard dash try outs? We don't intend to run when we see the Dutchmen! From pictures we see of the trenches in the Western front, it might be a good idea to have practice in swimming!

Sergeant Edward Breusch is our Gas N. C. O., and the Sergeant promises us a few whiffs of gas in the near future.

The company now has its bombing experts, automatic rifle specialists, etc., etc., and there is much rivalry among the boys over which "crew" is the best. Some of the boys say after they get through hurling bombs, there will be nothing more to it, but they only get away with that statement when bombers only are around.

T. B. K.



International Film Service.

PRETTY SOFT!

Americans and Canadians fraternizing in a cafe on one of the French boulevards in Paris.

4TH COMPANY, SUPPLY TRAIN.

Sol Weinberg, the boy hypnotist, who made a hit at the show of the M. P.'s and 105th Infantry at the Harris theater, is not allowed to put any more privates under his influence on account of the new order issued from headquarters. Sol has been working in our canteen and now he has his wife coming down, so you see the graft must be good.

Sergeant John Reilly got back from his furlough, but he says they searched him at Charlotte, N. C.

Red Lyon was asked to put on a "skit" with our hypnotist at the Y. M. tent and he got cold feet.

Harry Pretz, the assistant clerk, just arrived from Rockaway and he says the town has not changed.

SGT. J. S.

COMPANY A, 53D PIONEER INFANTRY.

Did you hear that loud noise Saturday afternoon? That was the privates of the 53rd Pioneer laughing at the non-coms of the same outfit who had to use a pick and shovel.

All hands have voted Captain B. Killian the best ever, and we are back of him to a man.

When asked why "tattoo" is sounded, Sergeant Ashenfeldt supposed it was to close the camp canteens.

Since the exercises are discontinued while Sergeant McArthur is on a furlough, we hope he enjoys himself for a month.

The author of "Rough and Ready" is too busy drawing two to a flush to compose anything new.

Private Adrain wore top Sergeant's stripes on his last furlough. Jim, you should read R. E. C.'s tip in **The Gas Attack**.

A. C.

HEADQUARTERS CO., 104TH FIELD**ARTILLERY.**

"Dizzy" Bair wrote to his uncle for a pair of boots and received a pair of officer's leather boots. Wonder what he would get if he wrote for a rain coat?

Corporal Norman Allis is signing all of the boys up for insurance.

Sergeant Daniel Williams is acting as first Sergeant since our genial top-kick William Spring was made a Second Lieutenant.

"Whaz-zat" Higgins is still making them laugh in the ninth tent. Some boy, is Homer.

"Pink Face" Schoonover has been made Saddler and is living with the mules on the picket line.

Has anybody noticed "Bill" Rehorn's expression when THAT letter doesn't arrive on time?

"Clara" Mostyn is now a corporal. Up the ladder of fame again, eh Montague?

Some soup on Sunday evening, eh boys? Can't expect much when that bunch of K. P.'s, "Apple Knocker" Saxon and "Jew Boy" Kiley are spending their annual vacation in the kitchen.

Wonder if "Fish" Frayer will ever get that furlough? Good things come to those who wait you know.

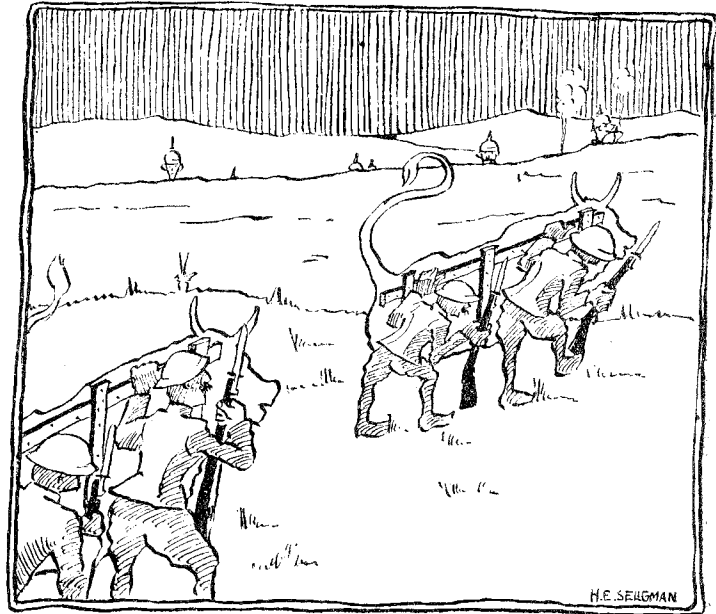
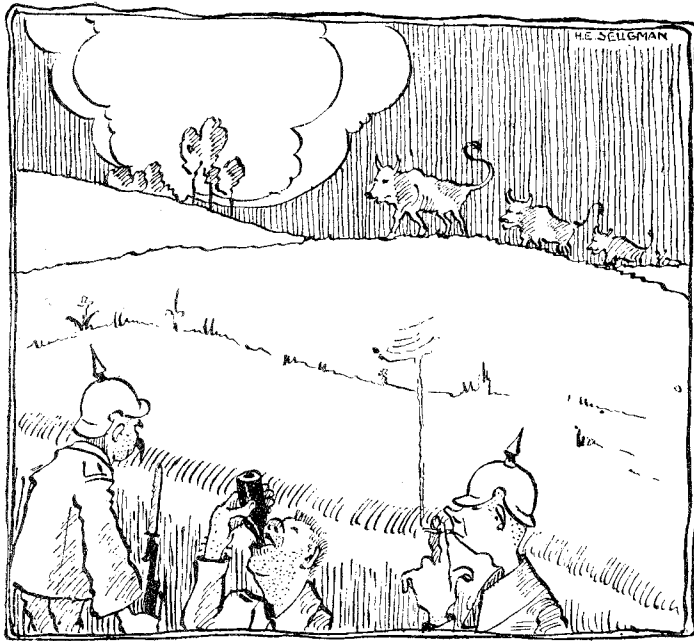
Sergeant Mills, Corporals Rowan and Vreeland and Private Simpson are at the Officers' Training Camp and the boys have our well wishes.

"Ed" Lively looks real scholarly these days with those tortoise shell glasses.

Weir is still doling out pies in the canteen, but has hopes of being a regular baker some day.

"Galloping George" Anger is still putting away heavy eats every meal. What do you do with it all, George?

F. R. F.



CAMOUFLAGE.

In the first picture, to the left, you see a peaceful landscape; the lowing herd winds slowly o'er the lea. In the trench in the foreground three Germans walk their post in their military manner. The one in the middle is especially on the alert. In the sequel, to the right, you see that the lowing herd is not so innocent. You see the man behind the cow. Another victory for Sammee.

AMBULANCE COMPANY NO. 108.

Lieutenant Jones, who has just finished a special course of training in New York, is now on detached service at the Artillery Range.

Carrol Combs, our very efficient motorcycle driver, has successfully taken his machine all apart, cleaned it, and put it together again. He didn't have any screws, nuts or burrs left over, either.

Mrs. Buell, Mrs. Meeker and Mrs. Hooks spent Tuesday with their husbands at camp.

Albert Harris has photos of the renowned "Schermerhorn Sisters." All those wishing to feast their eyes on these old favorites may call at Tent No. 8 any time between reveille and taps.

"Possum" Loudon is getting so preoccupied that of late he has taken to saluting Wofford College Majors. He even shifts bundles from one arm to the other so that he may execute the salute in the prescribed manner.

Last Monday at dinner we were shocked to find our potatoes already peeled for us. We have since learned that the K. P.'s sat up until eleven o'clock the night before preparing them.

Private Boughton has been appointed "Incinerator Specialist." Congratulations.

Corporal Robbins, who has been doing his "bit" at guard duty, complains of mysterious figures sneaking about his post. These marauders, he asserts, threw pieces of coal at his defenseless back. The entire eighth section turned out to help him but to no avail, for the offenders had fled. Sergeant Haucke is holding an investigation.

W. C. R.

HEADQUARTERS CO., 107TH U. S. INFANTRY.

The pioneer platoon is fast becoming expert at ditch digging. Every morning they sally forth with picks and shovels, and are lucky if they get back in time for retreat.

If Sergeant O'Dyer ever sets a pace for us to march by again, we shall think seriously of handing in our resignation from the army.

Privates Conklin and Totman had a novel match the other afternoon. They were attempting to standardize the metric system to the different parts of their anatomy. Totman, with the aid of a box to stand on, was just able to reach a meter mark on a pole, while Conklin had trouble locating the same mark on account of having to bend his back so far.

Private McGovern travels around with an insurance blank in one hand these days. He has certainly persuaded us that we are going to die soon.

Has anyone any extra watts, volts, or meter loops? Privates White and Roy, of Corporal Doneley's squad would certainly appreciate it if the party, or parties who have them, would come out like men and say so. They have spent all their spare time this week going from one sergeant's tent to another trying to locate a few. Let us hope that the reward of perseverance will be theirs soon.

The band is doing fine. They practice so much during the day that they are satisfied to quit after tattoo now. We are satisfied, too.

AN OBSERVER.

HEADQUARTERS 2ND ANTI-AIRCRAFT M. G. BATTALION.

It is nearly time we let the rest of the camp know who, and what we are. The Anti-Aircraft Battalion was formed the 5th of January, picked men being sent from the various regiments. We immediately moved to our new camp site (that of the old 74th) and started to prepare for the arrival of our men. At present we are anxiously waiting their arrival, as we expect this to be one of the crack organizations in camp.

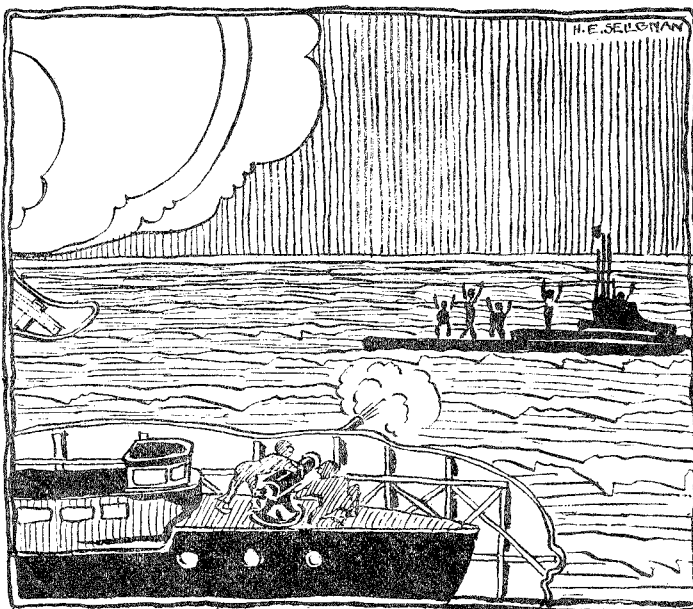
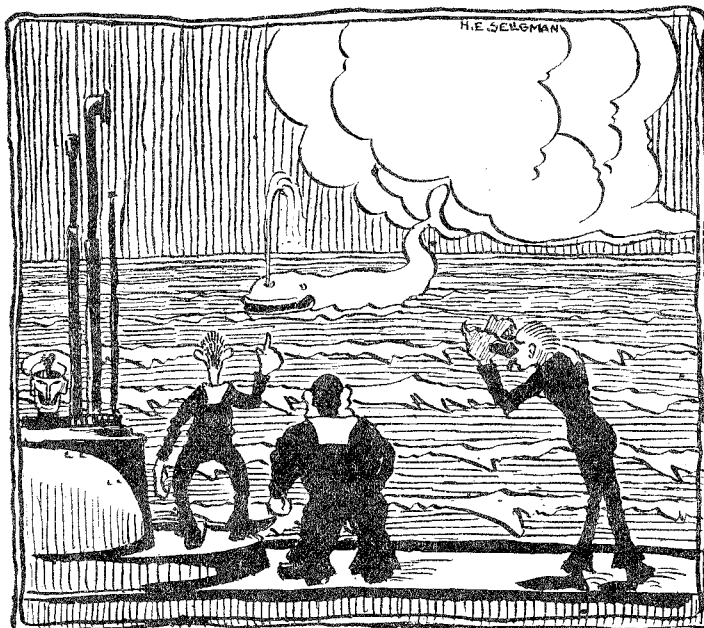
Many well known members of the old New York Guard are with us. Captain W. Simonson, well known to the members of the old 23rd has already earned the respect and affection of his new command.

We also have the genial and merry "Buck Taylor" with us, as 1st Sgt. of A Co. and he has already won the same popularity which was his with the men of the old 12th, 71st, and the 105th. With his all-round athletic ability and coaching we expect to develop some teams which will hold their own with the larger organizations.

The wagoners have their daily battle as to who will go the privilege of driving our thoroughbred mules. Keep it up, Finnegan, you are in the lead. Sgt. Paul, the canteen steward, is having his troubles. Sgt. Rice could not understand why he got peeved when one of the regular patrons roused him from his dreams of New York to purchase tobacco.

While the last outfit to be organized, we are not least.

I. A. F.



MORE CAMOUFLAGE.

See the three daring submariners who have glimpsed the sportive whale in the offing. We guess it's the offing. Note the pose of eager interest in the sailor who observes the whale through his binocles—or is it barnacles? In the sequel, to the right, the trickery is revealed. You get as intimate a view of the whale's interior decorations as Noah did. The luckless submarine! Another victory for Sammee.

COMPANY C, 102D SIGNAL CORPS.

Some one is still wondering why four privates carried an empty incinerator pan down to the brook and made a bluff at emptying it. One on our topper.

Our monthly mess sergeant has taken over his new duties. Keep up your courage, Ben.

One of our Lieutenants had a sweet tooth bothering him. He went to see our company dentist, to see what could be done. "Doc's" motto being "He who hesitates is lost," did not lose any time on said tooth. "Doc" is also very military, so naturally he pulled the tooth out by the numbers, (ending at ten.) Light duty, Lieut., good-day."

Our "rumor kings'ky" claims we are to leave here for Egypt shortly. As he sprung it on a sick man he still lives. All we have to say is, we don't want him to hang on our gates.

The boys of the company are holding a meeting to discuss what kind of flowers we should buy for the fellows who have left for the trenches over there—on the hill.

Arty Gore leaves us this week on a ten-day furlough. He claims he is to be married. One war isn't enough for him.

E. L. R.

TO ALL COMPANY REPORTERS.

Soldiers who are acting as correspondents of *The Gas Attack* in various units in camp are asked to send in their full names and addresses to this office. We want them on our books. Send in the information as soon as possible, please, by postcard or letter.

COMPANY C, 107TH INFANTRY.

Last Thursday when our Company was on detail, McKinlay, Mahan and Washer were back to their old jobs on the picket line. "Nuff sed."

While reconstructing the trenches last week, "Pewee" Merrick and "Buckie" Leonard had a mud battle. "Buckie" came out victorious. Wash your face, "Pewee." When on our way to the trenches the top Sergeant become stranded in the mud and found to his dismay he could not extricate himself. What we wish to know is, who was the "poor fish" who gave him assistance. Must have been a non-com.

Sergeant Green resembles a statute in his "seven league" boots.

"Handsome" Harry Herbert, our Supply Sergeant, speaks only the "Wop" language lately.

Private Boghosian very indignantly denied to Charlie Stoll, that he had on four suits of underwear when questioned by the Major. "Honest, Charlie," he said. (As if Charlie could be honest.) "I only had three suits on."

Tulip threatens Stoll with a painful death if he persists in "roarin" at him.

"Bill" Lang and "Big Tom" O'Connor have been purchasing quite a few "Gas Attacks" lately, the boys must have acquired a few new lady friends.

Wonder what happened to that box of oranges, Maher got from Florida? Ask Harry Herbert, he knows.

"Wallace" the hot water boy.

J. S. M., JR.

106TH REGIMENT FIELD ARTILLERY.

Good morning! Been over to the Hotel Mole yet?

First Sergeant Kever is guarding with great care a precious stone which he unearthed in a hitherto unknown mine in Tucapau.

Soup Sergeant Joe Wiedemer has purchased a half interest in the Hotel Mole. Joe says that the same old standard of efficiency will be maintained under the new joint ownership. For reservations see Captain Curtin.

The new musical comedy,—*"From Mail Boy to Lieutenant,"* in one act, featuring B. F. Shepson in the title role, was a howling success.

Sergeant-Major Besser has returned from his furlough and the regiment has again resumed activities.

A penny-ante game has been scheduled for this evening.—Boy, page Sergeant Kever.

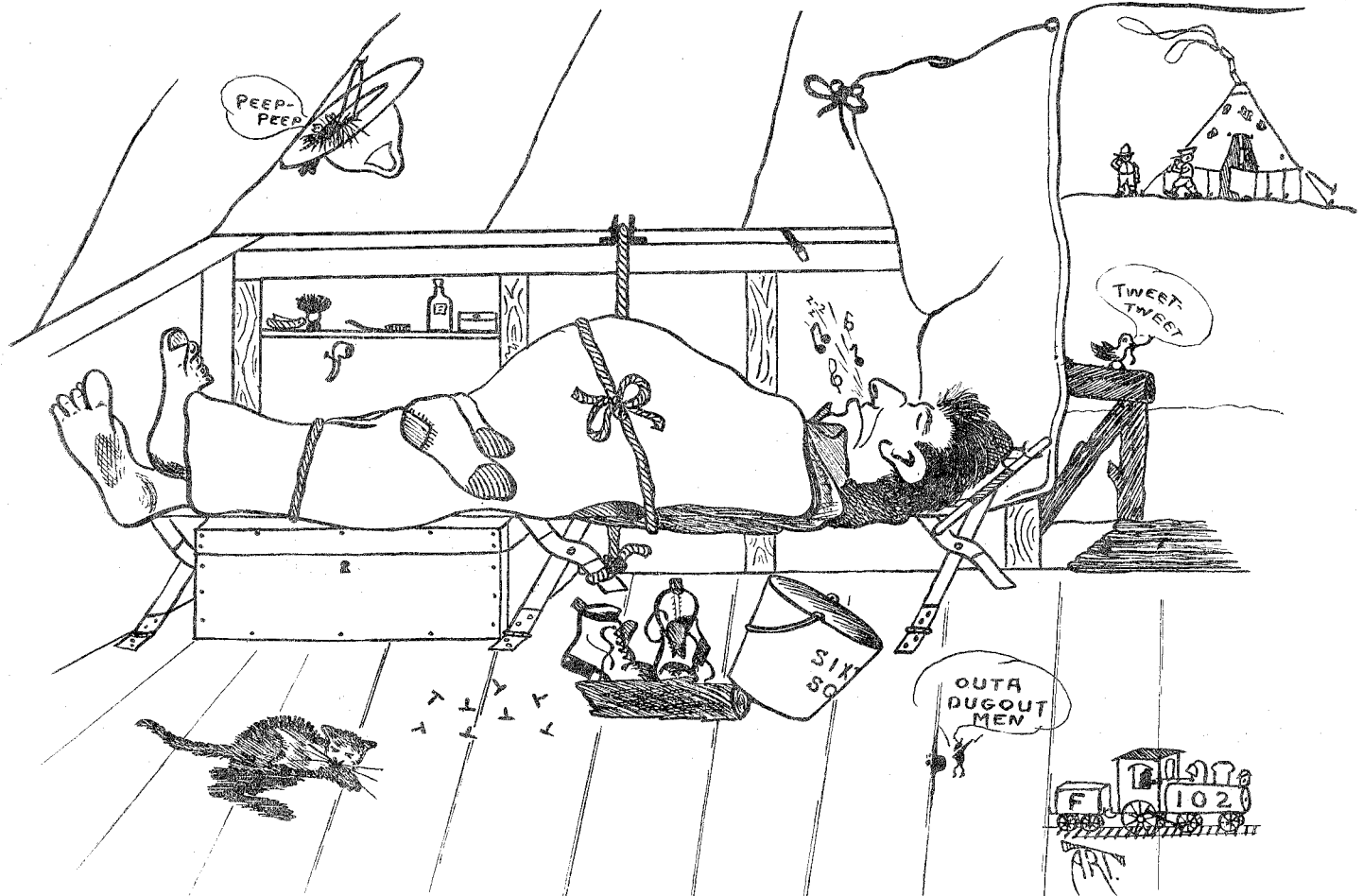
Do you like to read? Visit the Lewis III Library in the Adjutant's office.

A fleet of automobiles has been ordered to carry the orderlies and battery clerks to and from the Adjutant's office, while Sergeant-Major Pagan is making up the morning reports.

"Oh, Harry, I am all yours."

Wanted—A bookkeeper; apply at "Pierp" Morgan's Loan Office.

Corp. L. B.



THE REVELLE COT DUMPER.

**Company F, of the 102nd Engineers,
Makes Another Great
Invention.**

As far as history teaches us, everything is made for something—that's where we got off.

The "Dumper" is a thing of the future; it's needed as bad as Army Stew—without the meat—ask the Mess Sergeant!

Taps.

What does the bugle say? "Lights out, meaning tents, also your headlights!"

3:78 A. M. Same Morning.

The Sergeant in Charge of Quarters is supplied with a wheelbarrow full of No. 3490 tacks with rubber heads; be sure the sun is in the East! He starts walking straight (the only way you can down here) down the company street, and sprays the floor of each tent with aforesaid tacks. (Use a fire extinguisher for this purpose, if there is one handy in the mess shack.) He next proceeds to tilt all water pails in each tent, at an angle of 475 degrees with a log; a silver dollar would be much more sensitive but rather scarce in the Army just now! The pail acts as a face washer when the cot bender hits same. The tacks clear his befogged brain and gets him out on line in time for assembly. Each tent receives the

same treatment by the C. Q. Now all is ready for Reveille!

First Call.

When "Camouflage," the bugler plays the "Lost Chord," the C. Q. simply jerks each rope leading to the cots (from the outside) and your cot bender is out. If he should, however, make poor connections with the pail, etc., he might take the count, but as he then can go on the Sick Book, he need not worry about getting out on time!

Special Notice.

Be sure to install one of our Patent Tack Pullers in each tent. Pull the ropes as often as possible during the day and we guarantee the cot to be clear at all times. Watch your "Skipper" smile, also the "Top."

Material Needed.

Tacks, more tacks, three hinges, screws, a wheel (from one of The Gas Attack nut's head or from some wrist watch), three metres (gas or electric will do) of rope, and a full moon!

The "Dumper" can be installed for the small price of—how much have you got? S. O. S. both sides of the Amazon.

NEXT WEEK:

"THE PRIVATE'S DELIGHT"

or

"SATURDAY MORNING COT INSPECTION."

Co. F, 102d Engineers.

COMPANY D, 102D U. S. ENGINEERS.

Fowler declines 3rd week in kitchen. What's the matter, George? Are your clothes getting too small?

Corporal Oschinsky gets a hair cut. Now I know who found my quarter. It's all right, Corporal, you needed it.

Daly taken off wood detail. Did they get wise to you, Clarence?

A case for Sherlock. Why does Corporal Hackel walk out of the mess hall with his hands in his pockets?

Schetterer expects to be a cook. Do us a favor, Schet, and remember we have folks at home.

Larry Rosenthal is still holding down first place on the mess line. What will you do when you get a furlough, Larry?

Pop Cahill is recruiting for the delinquency list. Is your arm getting sore, Pop?

One of our fellows has a black ring around his neck. I wonder what lodge he belongs to?

Kelleher took a bath. Wonder who notified him?

First sign of spring. Corporal Oschinsky did not put his socks around his neck last night.

Top Sergeant—"Attention to orders!"

Private—"What do you think we are, a bunch of waiters?"

MORE REGIMENTS COMING.

New England Troops at Camp Greene Are Expected To Join the Pioneers Here.

Several skeletonized regiments of New England national guard now stationed at Camp Greene, Charlotte, have been converted into regiments of infantry and placed under command of Brig. Gen. Guy Carleton. It is understood that they will be sent here and expanded as soon as suitable camp sites can be provided for them.

It is said that there are a number of skeletonized regiments of national guard troops at various camps throughout the country which are to be sent here, if satisfactory arrangements can be made for securing additional land for the expansion of Camp Wadsworth.

The Fifth Massachusetts Infantry, now at Camp Greene, becomes the Third Pioneer Infantry; the Sixth Massachusetts Infantry becomes the Fourth Pioneer Infantry, and the Eighth Massachusetts becomes the Fifth Pioneer Infantry, all corps troops.

The First Connecticut Infantry, at Camp Greene, will become the 58th Pioneer Infantry; the First Vermont Infantry is the 57th Pioneer Infantry, and the First Maine Heavy Artillery becomes the 56th Pioneer Infantry. The First New Hampshire Infantry has been designated as the First Army Headquarters Regiment.

All these regiments are now stationed at Camp Greene, Charlotte, and may come here.

HEADQUARTERS DETACHMENT, 102D ENGINEERS.

All the boys are grumbling because Carey, Newman, and Blunkall were appointed helpers to Master Engineer Meade.

Jerry O'Connor and Phil Barry, who share quarters together, agree like two cats.

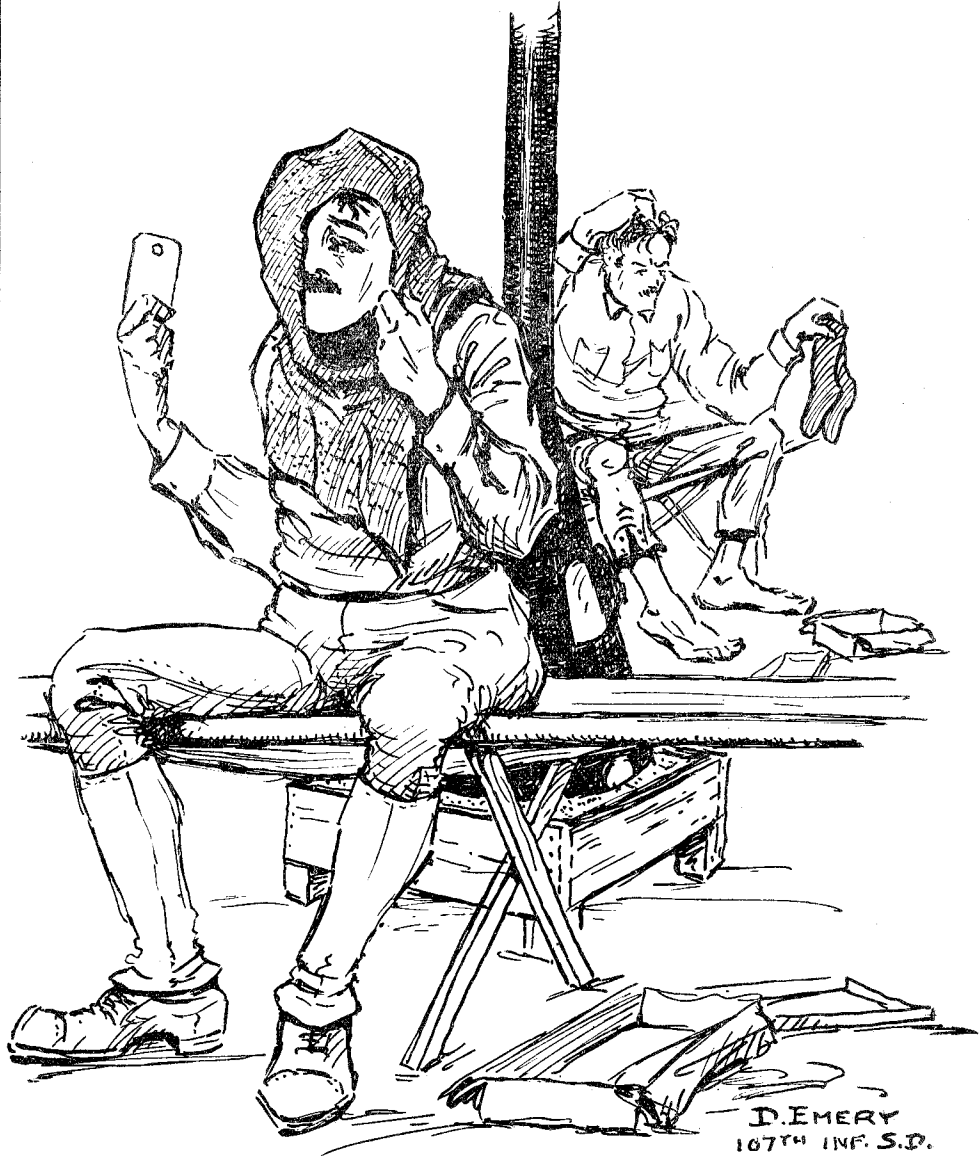
The bucks in Headquarters are making a record for themselves. They will put their record for the number of days in the kitchen up against any in the division.

McGinty is welcomed back in the ranks, just in time to do kitchen police.

Chief Wagoner McGowan wishes to issue a challenge to Joe Flood, better known as Father Flood, for a ten-round bout to be held at the Y. M. C. A. building.

At a meeting of the privates held recently the following was adopted: That laborers be hired to do kitchen police. That Sergeant Rosenberg forget soup and stew. That bunkos fatigues be held more often.

Headquarters has a new band which is composed of a flute, a piccalily, and a Jewish harp. The musicians Corderelli, McGinty, and McGrath, entertain at Corporal Barry's tent every night. J. W.



MAN WITH HELMET: "Red Cross done anything for you?"
MAN WITH SOCKS: "Uh-huh!"

5TH SQUAD, 2ND PLATOON, CO. F, 102ND ENGINEERS.

Corporal Pearce saw an advertisement stating it was possible to learn shorthand in a week. He is on the third week now. Better luck next week, Corporal.

Our little bright eyes McHugh is now a Captain. Not a real one, just a basket-ball skipper.

Hiene Rothmier received a box from home. Dutch was on guard, but he opened it, nevertheless. Not much of the chicken and apple starddle left when our hungry Corporal was finished with it.

Ed. Sweden, our pretty ex-bugler from Brooklyn, is still on the book.

Mike Ericson thinks he has an act in putting the rail around the top Sergeant's tent. Maybe he thinks he can stretch it until the road job is over.

Peters thinks he has the dope. He says it is the 22nd of February, but won't say just what it is. J. E. A.

MACHINE GUN CO., 105TH INFANTRY.

We had quite an entertainment here last Friday night, and we enjoyed it very much.

Charlie Chaplin has nothing on Private Carrol. I can readily see that there is a great resemblance.

Boys, did you hear the new order that came through? Instead of double time hereafter, its going to be triple time. Can you imagine boys, Lieut. Bird giving the command, triple time? Hoo.

Private Walker has been promoted to Sergeant. Congratulations, Sergeant.

J. A. H.

NAMES WANTED.

All members of the Legal Fraternity, Delta Chi, are requested to send their names at once, to the following address:

WALTER R. KUHN,
106th Machine Gun B'n;
Company A,
Camp Wadsworth.



News of the Y. M. C. A.



EDITED BY RAY F. JENNEY.

"SHACK PARTY IN CAMP."

Old "Ninety-seven" still continues to make history despite the fact that the chilling blasts of a Southern winter have apparently ceased to blow and a few warm days have given us the promise of a hot time to come on Artillery Hill.

On January 31st Religious Work Secretary Ford left in the general direction of the North Pole, expecting to get as far as his home town, Cortland, N. Y. His place has been ably filled by Dr. J. B. Thomas, of Sewanee College, Sewanee, Tennessee. His presence has been an inspiration to all who have come to know him.

On Friday, February 3, Mr. Oakes, who has been with the Unit for a considerable time, left to take up work at the Range. The Range Unit No. 100 will profit by his appearance on the scene.

On Saturday, the 9th, David T. Burgh (pronounced Burra), a native of Glasgow, though having lived most of his life in the good old State of Maine, arrived on the scene. Mr. Burgh has been in camp for some little time before being assigned to "Ninety-seven" long enough to establish the fact that he is of the right sort.

The slogan "Hats off and no smokes" has kept a fine clear atmosphere and full view of the Monday and Thursday movies as well as contributing to the comfort of speakers and hearers during religious services. At other times "My Lady Nicotine" holds full sway and the Tobacco Trust would surely be comforted to see the wreaths, garlands and clouds of smoke emanating from the mouths of our Hun hunters.

It was a pleasure to have the company of a goodly number of the nurses from the Base Hospital on Friday the eighth. Bandmaster Southerland gave an interesting and well rendered program with the help of the excellent musicians of the famous 104th Field Artillery Band.

An unexpected "shack party" was held at the building over Monday night on account of the accident on the P. & N. After waiting for power for several hours, Professor Libby, of Wofford College, acting as pilot, conducted a party of nine ladies, two children, and two men to enjoy its well known hospitality. The sleeping quarters of the secretaries were turned over to the use of the ladies and children. A foraging party deployed at about two-thirty a. m., returning with coffee, sugar, milk, butter, bread, cold ham and puffed wheat. Coffee was made in a water pail by Secretary Allen on the big heater which was kept cherry red during the night. Secretary Fitz took charge of billeting the visitors. No regular program being arranged for the small hours of the

DR. STRAYER LEAVING.

Rev. Paul Moore Strayer, D.D., of Rochester N. Y., who for the past three and a half months has been Religious Camp Secretary of Camp Wadsworth, has returned home to resume his duties as pastor of one of the most prominent churches in Rochester, N. Y.

Dr. Strayer has been a fine camp companion and has done a great piece of work here. His sympathy and love for the men, his frank sincerity and his agreeable fellowship have made his sojourn here worthy of cherished memory.

Robert E. Clark, the Y. M. C. A. Camp Music Director, is back in camp now. He has been away for six weeks for special work. He expects to put over a bigger program than ever.

Thirteen new Red Triangle huts to go up in the Southeastern Department were approved January 3rd. With record-breaking cold weather sweeping the South, men on distant rifle and artillery ranges, at remount stations and the like are suffering for the warmth, shelter and good cheer that the Army Y. M. C. A. buildings offer to them. These soldiers will be served like their comrades within the camps.

Of these new "Y" huts, 6 are at ranges, 4 rifle and 2 artillery. Others include: 3 at remount stations, 2 new type officers clubs and 1 hut to serve a hospital. Cost of buildings will approximate \$15,000. Camp Wadsworth, Spartanburg, S. C., is to have 1 artillery range hut.

morning, several of the party including all the secretaries enjoyed an informal round of jokes, mathematical problems, French Conversations, parlor tricks, etc. Battery A, 104th F. A., entertained the company at morning mess. Barring a rather sleepless night the experience will be pleasantly remembered.

The 104th F. A., who are on their way to the Range as this is being written, will be greatly missed both for themselves—for they are a fine bunch of fellows—and for their help in carrying on the work of the Unit.

Since coming into the building the entire staff of "Ninety-seven" has been changed with the exception of the building secretary. This is, of course, a bit confusing to the men of the various military units we are serving, even though it is in line with apparent military tactics.

CHAPLAINS MEET.

There has been no more interesting gathering in Spartanburg than the meeting of the chaplains of Camp Wadsworth with the ministers of Spartanburg in the Episcopal Church on Monday evening, February 11th. Major General O'Ryan was guest of honor for the occasion.

A delightful supper was served by the Tri-Color Tea Room while Mrs. A. G. Blotcky and Miss Marie Epton charmed the clergy with their musical talent.

After supper the following speeches were made: Dr. Gilmour on "The Churches of Spartanburg;" Major McCord on "The Chaplains of Camp Wadsworth;" Chaplain Fornes on "The Religious Life of the Soldier," and Chaplain Edrop on the "Nations at War." Major General O'Ryan concluded the meeting with a graphic picture of what he saw in France. For an hour and a half the General related what he actually saw in Europe while every ear was alert to catch each word. All present agreed that the General gave the best picture of actual warfare they had heard.

CHAPEL AND ALTAR ROOM OPENS AT UNIT 92.

A pleasant little altar or chapel room has been opened at the Y. M. C. A. Unit No. 92, and is now being used for services by all denominations. The room is at the southwest corner of the building and is sufficiently large to accommodate 100 men. It is intended as a quiet corner for small groups to gather for classes or devotions.

The altar in this room has been used by the Catholics, Episcopalians and Congregationalists, but is open to any and all denominations.

The regular Monday night boxing and wrestling evenings are proving a great success. If the interest increases any more, these evening events will have to move out into the open. A capacity house is on hand every evening and they are rewarded by good bouts, both in boxing and wrestling.

The unit is conducting classes in French with the Machine Gun Companies and they are being taken advantage of by a good representation. In addition to these classes a ten-minute lesson is given before the movies on Wednesday and Saturday night by one of the French officers.

On Tuesday night, February 12th, the Engineers held forth in the building with a big show. It proved to be a big success and amazing discoveries were made of a number who have been hiding their lights under a bushel.

COMMON SENSE WAS ONE OF THE ENDOWMENTS THAT MADE LINCOLN, SAYS CHAPLAIN HANSCOM.

During the past week a number of notable programs have taken place at Unit 95, which have been very widely attended by the men, the capacity of the Unit being taxed to its very limits. Monday night boxing bouts are the main drawing card. The bouts are clean, the boxers showing a degree of sportsmanship as well as a keen desire for victory which keeps the spectators on their toes and creates considerable excitement and "pep."

Saturday nights are stunt nights, the boys providing their own amusement. Last Saturday's entertainment was probably one of the best ever given here, the director being Frank H. Wells, of the 105th Infantry. A varied program of music, instrumental and vocal, comic speeches was rendered which would have done credit to any platform. It met with the hearty approval of the men and much credit is due Wells for picking and assembling his talent.

February 12th was commemorable for the birthday of Abraham Lincoln. A special program for this occasion was arranged. Chaplain Hanscom, of the 106th Infantry, delivered an address on America's great President, confining his words to "Lincoln, the Man," from his boyhood to his untimely end and not diverging into the ideals of the man, but treating the story of his life, his accomplishments and his life's work. Chaplain Hanscom stated that in his opinion the four greatest Americans were George Washington, Abraham Lincoln, Theodore Roosevelt and Woodrow Wilson. Among the other helpful things Chaplain Hanscom said were that "the natural endowments that Lincoln possessed that helped him to be the great man he was were, first, a splendid physique; second, common sense, and third, a keen moral discernment."

Dr. Strayer delivered his last address to the boys, a heart to heart appeal to them to live the clean and moral life.

BULLY FOR THE STOCKADE.

At the request of the Judge Advocate and the Major General, some physical training has been put on in the stockade, to keep the men in condition to return to their regiments. Major Sharpe, of the British Army, has selected Corporal A. C. DeNike, of Company L, 107th Infantry, to train the men. Corp. DeNike is one of the best pupils in the British system of physical training. Work is also being done by Camp Physical Director Jenney, of the Y. M. C. A., who has supplied boxing gloves and equipment for baseball. The men in the stockade have selected as a committee to direct athletics, Prvt. Wm. Kelly, Co. A, 107th Infantry, chairman; Prvt. John Corbett, Co. B, 105th Infantry and Prvt. Jack Pritchep, Co. G, 106th Infantry. Judge Anderton, Educational Director of Y. M. C. A. Unit No. 96, is going to give special time, also, to the men in the stockade, under the guidance of Chaplain Keever and the Commanding Officer.



ROBERT J. DRYSDALE.

The Rev. Mr. Drysdale was educated and holds degrees from the Presbyterian College, McGill University, Knox College of Toronto, and Yale University.

He is a member of the Rotary Club of Rochester, also of The Shrine, The Consistory and The Knights Templar, The Grotto, The Scottish Clan, The I. O. O. F. and other fraternal societies.

He claims that his Scotch ancestral tree is the Royal Douglas Clan, but he admits that if some of his ancestors were not hanged for sheep-stealing, that they ought to have been.

The Rev. Mr. Douglas is familiarly known among his friends as "Scotty." He objects very strenuously to being called "Dr." by anyone.

"Scotty" came to Camp Wadsworth at the first of last November and spent the major portion of his time while here in the Y. M. C. A. Unit 95 as religious work director. However, the last month of his stay was spent at Unit 96. He won the favor of all who met him here at Camp Wadsworth by his genial good fellowship, his straight-from-the-shoulder "talks," and his extreme interest in the welfare of all.

BIG WRECK ON THE "PEA AND HEN."

Dynamiters Foiled in Their Attempt.

"Y" secretaries are called upon for a great variety of activities in the course of their work but Sunday night the limit was reached in this regard when a telephone call, with meagre news, was received at Y. M. C. A. Unit 96, telling of a freight wreck and asking for help and a supply of dynamite to blow up part of the train. Four secretaries rushed out of the building, got the Y. M. buss at Headquarters and kicked up a detail of engineers who got the necessary dynamite through their commanding officer. After a rough ride over the now famous ruts of the South Carolinian roads we arrived at the P. and N. station. From there it was merely a matter of a four mile walk down the beach to the wreck. Each man was weighted down on the little jaunt with about enough dynamite to blow up a good sized town. But the sad finis to the story was in the fact that after the perilous trip, there was no one at the wreck with necessary authority to "let fly" the explosive and there was nothing to do but let the fire take its course. Finally, after viewing the wreck a couple of hours, we trudged homeward and arrived there about 2 a. m. One of the party remarked it was a great disappointment to him as he had a few old grudges against the "Pea and Hen," and it would have given him much delight to have applied dynamite to it.

This week has been a regular Government week in this Unit, so often have the military authorities taken over the building for classes, lectures, examinations and educational movies. The week has proven what a close relationship there is between the Army and the Y. M. C. A.

During the week we lost our popular religious work secretary, "Scotty" Drysdale, who went back to his home at Rochester, N. Y. The old saying, "The King is dead; long live the King," is most apropos in regard to the religious workers—we no sooner lose one than another equally able appears on the scene. The Rev. E. B. Welsh, of Oil City, Penn., is the successor of Drysdale, arriving here last week. The Rev. Mr. Welsh graduated from Wooster College, Wooster, Ohio, and from the Princeton Theological Seminary, and later continued his studies abroad. For three years he had charge of a church at Wilmington, Delaware, and for the last seven years he has been pastor of the First Presbyterian Church at Oil City, Pa. On January 1st he resigned from his church to enter "Y. M." work for the duration of the war. Welsh took a month's training at the Springfield Y. M. C. A. College at Springfield, Mass., before coming to Camp Wadsworth.

Among the big events of the week were the band concert and boxing bouts on Saturday night.

WHY EDITORS GO WRONG

The True Story of What Happened in the Editorial Office of The Gas Attack.

The editors of *The Gas Attack* sat in their two-by-four office doing what all great editors do: smoking cigarettes and gossiping about Greenwich Village.

A third man stuck his head in the pill-box and said: "Mail!"

The editor and his associate in Shakespearean research looked at the pile of letters in the outstretched hand. Then they looked at each other and the narrow walls of their editorial confines.

"You get it, Dick," urged the associate. "If we both get up together there'll be too much congestion."

Dick took the mail.

"Say, Chick, here's a poem submitted. You're the poetry editor. Cast a mean eye over it, will you? It's signed by Private Jeremiah Jenkins, Co. Z, 105th Infantry. It sounds pretty good. It begins:

My Tuesdays are meatless,

My Wednesdays are wheatless,

I am getting more eatless each day—"

"Stop! For the love of slumgullion, stop!"

"Why, what seems to be the strange agitation that causes you to bid me desist?" asked Dick, who is always precise in his English. "Ain't it a regular pome? Ain't it got the Parnassian cadence?"

"Oh, the meter's all right, but the poem's not original. It was printed in a New York newspaper yesterday."

And so, the associate editor tossed the stolen contribution into the waste basket.

Two weeks passed.

The editors of *The Gas Attack* sat in their inch-by-inch-and-a-quarter office doing what all great editors do: smoking cigarettes and gossiping about Greenwich Village. Somebody said: "Mail!" The editor held out a manuscript toward his associate in frenzied insanity.

"Say, Chick, here's a poem submitted. You're the poetry editor. Cast a mean eye over it, will you? It's signed by Private Gerald Goofus, Co. R, 105th Machine Gun Battalion. He says he composed it while on guard duty the other night. It sounds pretty good. It begins:

My Tuesdays are meatless,

My Wednesdays are wheatless—"

"Stop! For the love of guard duty on a stormy night, stop!"

"What has gone amiss?" questioned Dick, who is always precise in his English. "Ain't it a poem what you'd want in this here family magazine of ourn? Don't it walk on two feet?"

"Oh, the rhythm's all right, but that only makes the twenty-seventh time this highly original poem has been submitted to us."

And so, the associate editor tossed the contribution into the waste basket, while the editor went on absent-mindedly manicuring his nails with the paste-pot. He was thinking of his furlough. (He's on it now.)

A month passed.

The editors of *The Gas Attack* sat in their office. Somebody said: "Mail!"

Dick held out a manuscript to his companion in vice and crime.

"Say, Chick, here's a poem submitted. Cast a mean eye over it, will you? It sounds good. It begins:

"My Tuesdays are meatless,

My Wednesdays are wheatless—"

"Stop, Dick! For the love of the M. P.'s, stop! I suppose the author of that poem composed it while on guard duty at night watching the stars."

Dick looked surprised.

"Why, yes. That's exactly what he says. How did you know?"

"Oh, I know these poet fellows and their devilish inspirations. Who wrote it this time?"

"Percival Proonjooze, Fifty-second Pioneers."

"That makes the hundred and fortieth poet who has been fired to write it. We ought to keep tabs on that poem, it travels extensively."

Facts Are Facts.

So it was discovered that we had seen the poem printed in the New York Call, the Wall Street Journal, the Poughkeepsie Eagle-News, the Spartanburg Herald, the Police Gazette, the Christian Science Monitor, Town Topics, The Oyster Opener's Trade Journal, Snippy Stories, The Silent Partner, the Staats-Zeitung, Mooseheart Magazine, The Star of Hope, the Syracuse Orange Peel, the Whitney Point Reporter, the Lisle Gleaner, Figaro, the Bronx Home News, the Oyster Bay Guardian, Jim Jam Jems, Blevitch's Tips on the Races, The Mother's Friend, La Vie Parisienne, Grit, The Journal of the Society of Automotive Engineers, New Orleans Picayune, The Lamb, The Pastry Cook's Year-Book, the Belman, the Ladies' Birthday Almanac, John Martin's Book, and fourteen magazines, papers, organs and periodicals published in Danish, Yiddish, Spanish, Swedish, Flemish, Hindooish, Turkish and Brooklynish.

Girls sent it in. Aged men sent it in. Soldiers sent it in. It came by cable, by special delivery, by donkey-back, by carrier pigeon, by orderly, by the P. and N., and it was tossed in through the window tied around a brick.

Old Meatless-Wheatless.

We got to calling it old "Meatless-Wheatless" around the office. Huge sums were wagered on how many "Meatless-Wheatless" the next mail would bring.

We'd open a letter and out it would pop.

"Dear editor"—a letter would start—"I want you to print a poem I just wrote while currying the mules," etc., and sure enough it would be the old "Meatless-Wheatless"

"Dear editor"—on scented paper—"I am just a little girl, only nineteen years old, and I work in the Winter Garden (third from the left), but last night, while having breakfast at Churchill's, I wrote a little poem—" and there would be old Meatless-Wheatless.

Or, "dear editor, I have writ a pome what I want putten in this here new paper, the gast mast, and oblige, hoping you are the same"—and there we'd have old Meatless-Wheatless.

So here we print it, dagnab you. For the love of Tennyson, Swinburne, Harry Kemp, and Chic Divine, lay off us with that poem:

My Tuesdays are meatless,

My Wednesdays are wheatless,

I am getting more eatless each day.

My home, it is heatless,

My bed, it is sheetless,

They're all sent to the Y. M. C. A.

The barrooms are treatless,

My coffee is sweetless,

Each day I get poorer and wiser.

My stockings are feetless,

My trousers are seatless,

Oh boy! How I hate the Kaiser.

FIVE YEARS IN PRISON FOR PRIVATE BEARD.

Private Henry K. Beard, Company A, 108th Infantry, who was the ring-leader of the party of three prisoners who tried to escape from the regimental guard house on the night of January 24, has been tried by a court martial and sentenced to five years in the federal prison at Atlanta, and the sentence has been approved by Major General O'Ryan.

Beard was confined on a minor charge, which would have meant only a few months imprisonment at most, when he took part in the affair in which Prvt. Dickey, of the same company, was shot by a sentry and fatally wounded.

A CHESS DEFI.

Six devotees of the chess board are wanted for a tournament with the team of the Spartanburg Chess Club. The city players have just finished a little decision of their own and now feel themselves able to tackle anything in camp. They are willing to go to extremes to make the match interesting for the soldiers. Mr. E. L. Dashwell, secretary of the club, can be reached by mail at the Clifton Manufacturing Co., Clifton, S. C.

CAMP SPORTS

EDITED BY F. J. ASHLEY

FRANK MORAN A HUMANITARIAN.

Gives Jones, of Camp Sevier, Four Minutes Before He Trots Out Marie Anne.

Frank Moran is a humanitarian. That's the only way to explain the fact that Sailor Jones, the heavyweight pride of Camp Sevier, ever managed to stay in the ring five minutes. It was scheduled to be a ten-round fight, at Greenville last Friday night. Some of the Wadsworth fans, who were present, said Frank only waited to see how good a dancer Jones was, in order to sign him up for the circus he is going to steal from Willard along with his championship.

The boys at Sevier have an auditorium capable of seating five thousand spectators. It was crowded to the rafters when Jones, a sergeant in the 105th Signal Corps, and Moran, boxing instructor at Camp Wadsworth, entered the ring. Moran weighed in at 198 while his rival, from the 30th Division, was 13 pounds lighter. In addition, Frank towered over the Southerner by at least three inches.

In the first round Jones pranced about like a dancer at the Winter Garden. He "peabodied" this way, and hesitated that way, all the while coyly concealing his dainty map.

After two minutes of the entertainment had progressed, Moran, in his somewhat crude way, asked Jones whether he had come for a dancing or a boxing lesson. Failing to receive a reply, he slapped the Sevierite on the wrist, but he failed to make him fight.

Moran grew rougher. He slapped him on the nose with his right and tickled him in the ribs with his left, but it was no use. Jones refused to play. At a loss to know what new move to make, Frank dropped his hands and stood still. This was a cue for the signalman, and, rushing savagely up to the big Pittsburger, he smote him on the chest and was daintily snuggled to his breast as the bell sounded.

Between rounds, Frank was told that there were only twenty minutes left before the train pulled out for Wadsworth. Bang! Frank got rough. He rushed over to Jones and cuffed his ear. He placed him in position for another cuff, but the Camp Sevier battler got mean and moved away. Moran posed him for a good-night kiss again, but Jones grew bashful once more and backed out of range. Moran feared that the P. and N. would be on time so he jabbed Jones in the ribs, patted him on the wind, and introduced him to Marie Anne and two of her sisters in rapid succession. It was too much for Jones, and his friends threw up the sponge.

CAMP WADSWORTH FIVE DEFEATED TWICE.

Goes Down Fighting Before Augusta and Atlanta Teams on Southern Trip.

The Camp Wadsworth basket-ball team, composed of the pick of the 105th Infantry and 51st Pioneers, met a pair of defeats on its trip to Georgia last week. Its first setback was received at the hands of the Augusta Y. M. C. A. quintet, the victory only going to the Red Triangle players in the last few minutes of play. The score was 30 to 26. On Saturday, the New York soldiers travelled over to Atlanta, coming out on the wrong side of a 37 to 24 tally.

Despite their lack of training the Camp Wadsworth court men threw a big scare into the strong Augusta Y. M. C. A. team. It was a nip and tuck affair from start to finish. When the half ended the Association five led 13 to 10.

The last half proved even tighter. Rosenberg starred for the soldiers, while Miller and Rhodes worked well for the victors.

The line-up:

Camp Wadsworth	Y. M. C. A.
Morris, F.....Forward.....	Hester
Rosenberg.....Forward.....	Brodemberg
Duvall.....Center.....	Claussen
Dooley.....Guard.....	Muller
Fritz.....Guard.....	Rhodes

The Saturday game proved a big surprise. The Atlanta Athletic Association team, which rates as the fastest quintet in the South, started a runaway in the first half and seemed to be on its road to a record score when the half time sounded. The Camp Wadsworth players were trailing 20 to 3. In the second half, however, somebody gave the double time signal and while the Georgians were getting 17 points, the Empire Staters amassed 21 but were unable to cut down the big lead enough.

Ortner, who captained the Cornell University team a year ago, was easily the star of the game, accounting for 18 of the 24 New York points.

All the Atlantan superiority dwindled after the first ten minutes. Prior to that they had everything to themselves, scoring the points that gave them the game. Dodge and Strupper were their stars.

The line-up:

A. A. C. (37)	Wadsworth (24)
Dodge, (12).....R. F.....	Ortner, (18)
Strupper, (12).....L. F.....	Morris (2)
Cocke, (6).....C.	Duval, (4)
Dunwoody,.....R. G.....	Fritz,
Bryan, (4).....L. G.....	Dooley

GENERAL O'RYAN KEEN FOR BOXING.

Wants Every Man In the Division Skilled With the Mitts.

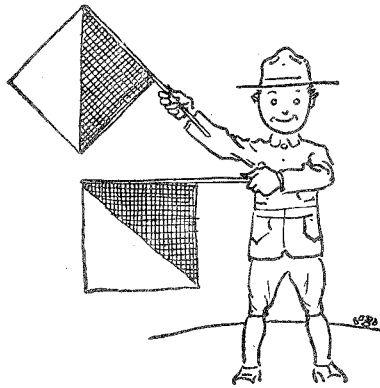
Major-General O'Ryan in a recent interview with Frank Moran, the Camp Boxing Instructor, expressed the wish that every man in the Fighting 27th Division be taught the use of his hands. In his trip to France last Fall, General O'Ryan saw how handy a little ability in ring tactics proved to the average soldier when he was in a tight spot and he wants all his men prepared for such emergencies.

Since coming to Spartanburg, Moran has tried his best to accomplish the big task of making every soldier a White Hope. Since it was impossible to give personal instruction to all, the more experienced boxers were trained in his classes and sent back to their units as instructors. This method bore the required results in some regiments, but others are still to realize the importance of the slugging game.

For the past month, Frank has been marching at least thirty miles every day, getting the men out for drills and matching them for exhibitions. Two companies a day appear before him for boxing lessons. Yet, he has met several disappointments that reflect little credit on the men responsible. Time and again, boxers have promised to appear in exhibitions before those just learning the game, and at the last minute have decided that the fact that they would be on Kitchen Police three or four days later was sufficient excuse for them to back out of their agreements. All this, despite the fact that Moran has given every cent he has made, in his bout with Soldier Jones at Greenville, and his exhibitions here, to the Camp Athletic Fund.

General O'Ryan has authorized the organization of a team of boxers that will represent the 27th Division in the ring against all comers. The winners of the elimination bouts now in progress will form the outfit. A standard ring uniform will be issued and none but those who win it will be able to wear the 27th Division emblem in boxing competition. The bouts will be continued every Tuesday and Friday night.

Substitutions for A. A. C., McMath, Fraser (2); Graves (1), Hamlet, Hartney, Brannen. For Wadsworth, Rosenberg for Dooley. Field goals, Ortner 7, Strupper 6, Dodge 6, Cocke 3, Bryan 2, Duval 2, Morris 1, Hamlet 1. Foul goals, called on A. A. C., 5; on Wadsworth, 2. Fouls pitched, Ortner 4, Graves 1. Referee, Captain George Harrison.



Question! How to signal Rogers Peet Company to send post-haste one of their Camp Toilet Cases.

Answer! Enclose \$3.50 in a letter, or request shipment C. O. D.

CONTAINS: Unbreakable mirror, unbreakable comb, Rubberset shaving brush, shaving soap, aluminum soap box, military brush, wash cloth, tooth paste, tooth brush in sanitary cover. Has room for safety razor (either standard or vest pocket size), also provision for old fashioned razor if preferred. Ample pocket room for extras. Made of double-faced mackintosh cloth.

Compact, Convenient, Durable
Army Officers' Uniforms. All of our own manufacture. Highest Type Tailoring

Everything a Soldier Needs and Wears
Mail Orders Filled

Rogers Peet Company

Broadway at 13th St.	"The Four Corners"	Broadway at 34th St.
Broadway at Warren		Fifth Ave. at 41st St.

New York City

SUPPLY TRAIN WINS AT BASEBALL.

Noses Out a 7 to 6 Victory Over 52nd Pioneers.

The baseball nine of the 102nd Supply Train made its first appearance last Sunday in a hard fought victory over the 52nd Pioneers. Heavy hitting and fast fielding kept every one on the jump. Heerlien and Layman, the Train battery, worked like veterans. Devine, of the vanquished outfit, also did a good day's work on the mound.

Telesca, of the Supply team, uncorked a snappy double play in the fifth inning, stopping two sure runs. The first brace of tallies came in the third, when with a man on first Beattie of the Train tripled and scored on Beattie's double.

LIGHTWEIGHTS ATTENTION!

Sergeant Fred M. Short, of Company E, 52nd Pioneers, is willing to sign up Johnny Lore, of Company C, 105th Infantry, in a finish fight with any 135-pounder in camp. Willie Ritchie, Joe Mandot, Young Shrugue, John Dundee, Phil Brock, Milborn Saylor, Knockout Brown and Young Otto have all tried conclusions with the soldier from the West Side and have failed to stop or even get a popular decision over him. Johnnie is just past 24 years of age. He is especially anxious to arrange some short bouts at the Knights of Columbus or Y. M. C. A. programs.

CAMP SPORTS

HEIDE SCORES SECOND KNOCK-OUT.

Heide, the heavyweight from Headquarters Company, 106th Field Artillery, who reached the top of the local slugging ladder by putting a crimp in the ring history of Fred McDermott, a few weeks ago, won another fight by the ether method last Saturday night at the Knights of Columbus Hall. He accounted for Desmond of the 102nd Supply Train in the second round.

Mykins, of the 102nd Engineers, also made the referee's job easy by putting Tracy of his own regiment into a ten-second trance with a drive to the jaw.

The other two bouts were draws. In the first one Johnnie Lore, Company C, 105th Infantry, and Kiddie Diamond, 52nd Pioneers, put in three furious rounds exchanging shot for shot. They were succeeded by Cairns, Supply Company, 104th Field Artillery, and Hylan of the Engineers, who also failed to come to any decision.

NO SLOUCHERS AT 93.

Every bout was full of pep at Unit 93 last Wednesday night. The welterweights provided the most interesting work in the fourth act of the evening. It was a good slamb-bang affair between Pierson and Rauschkolb, both of Company D, 106th Infantry. Pierson is one of the fastest men on the reservation, but he had all he could handle to win a draw with the gent sporting the Kultured name.

McKeeffey, Company L, 106th Infantry, and Tomasso, Company C, same outfit, met in the opener. Referee Driscoll called the matter a draw after three rounds. Two more of the 106th's battlers then donned the mitts. They were Marron, Company B, and Lavigne, Company I. Their work was pretty tame, Marron getting the decision.

The third bout developed into a battle royal between McGill, Company B, and Collins, Company C, 106th Infantry. Both men were clever. It ended in a draw.

The 106th also furnished one of the wrestlers of the evening. Corporal Frank Berry, Company F, 2nd Pioneers, who has been instructing the rib crushers of the Unit, met Poech, Company K, 106th. Berry had little trouble in getting his two falls in record time.

106TH BUSY ON THE DIAMOND.

The baseball season for the 106th Infantry opened last Sunday. The first team of Company D, scored an 8 to 2 victory over its second aggregation. An inter-company league was formed by the regiment last Thursday night at Unit 93. Mr. Davis of the Y. M. C. A. is in charge of all arrangements.

TWO MAJOR LEAGUE GAMES HERE.

The Famous Boston Braves and New York Yankees and Athletics and Pirates Will Play Here In April.

Spartanburg is to be the scene of two baseball games between major league teams. The Boston Braves, who established the record of winning four games in a world series, and the New York Yankees, who this year have obtained the services of the well-known Miller Huggins to pilot their club, will play on April 8th. On the following Wednesday, April 10th, the Philadelphia Athletics, under the leadership of the world-famous leader Connie Mack, will meet the Pittsburg National league club.

The two games are to be played under the auspices of the war training camp activities and the athletic association of Camp Wadsworth. In both games first string players will participate.

ANOTHER QUARANTINE THREATENED.

Another section of the Division is now threatened with a quarantine from two serious contagious diseases. The part of the camp in danger is around the Sanitary Train, Engineers and Machine Gunners. The nature of the malady is that of socceritis and basket-ballitis. The way these diseases are spreading it looks as though every company will be affected unless something is done at once to check the spread of these two maladies.

At present, at least eight companies in these units have organized basket-ball teams and five have adopted soccer. The Sanitary Train now has a soccer league formed and plans are under way to have a basket-ball league in the Train. The other units are following suit by organizing leagues and keen competition is expected before the season is much farther advanced.

On Saturday the 105th Ambulance Company met and captured Company A, 105th Machine Gun in a well-matched soccer battle. When time was called the Ambulance Company marched off with the honors to the tune of 5 to 1. The next day Captain Hutchinson tried to repeat the victory with the team from the 106th Infantry, but not having time to rehabilitate his lines, the enemy captured his trenches by a score of 8 to 0.

BOXERS AND BOXES.

Frank Moran has received several mysterious packages recently from some one in the North who seems vitally interested in his physical welfare. In fact, he seems to be doing most of his training on their contents.

MACHINE GUNNERS AT IT AGAIN.

The Machine Gun Company, 108th Infantry, continued its fast work in boxing ring last Saturday night. Menditto and Rosseau went four rounds to a draw. Peckins and Schraeder tried the same distance with the former getting a shade. In the welter class Overend and Ernisse both proved equally able.

The main affair was a battle royal from which Quinn emerged the victor.

Rooney, Carroll, McPhee, Olsen and Hollahan all gave a good account of themselves. The final was a whirlwind of six rounds between Young Cuban and Leonard. Both boys are game and improving rapidly.

ENGINEERS TRY WRESTLING.

Several interesting wrestling matches featured the stage of Company F, 102nd Engineers last Saturday night. Corporal Walker used Corporal Mandish as a mop, while Private Trach was put on the Sick Report after a session with Reed. Two boxing exhibitions were staged. Wagoner Hyland and his trainer, Dick Feehan, appeared in the first, while Glynn and Von Sternberg tried to "strafe" each other in the second.

OFFICERS' BASEBALL TEAMS.

Baseball teams have already been formed among the doctors and dentists of the 102nd Sanitary Train. The other units in camp are beginning to mobilize their commissioned staff for a drive on the baseball diamond also. The bonesetters, under the leadership of Captain G. E. Taylor, are due to meet the forcep wielders this week and are planning a big autopsy. On the other hand the dentists are positive that they will crown everything that comes their way. The 102nd Engineers are thinking seriously of putting out a shoulder strapped nine too, and are positive that they are able to blast the hopes of any aggregation set against them. How about a ball team from among the officers of every unit in camp?

KIDDIE DIAMOND AND CONROY DRAW.

Stockins Conroy, Headquarters Company, 105th Infantry, and Kiddie Diamond, 52nd Pioneers, battled to a draw in the feature bout at Unit 95 last Monday night. In the last round of their setto they exchanged blow for blow, standing foot to foot in the center of the ring.

In the first match on the list, Darcher and Muligan, of the 55th Pioneers, were the opponents. They also left their decision in the balance. The roughest work developed in a friendly little argument between Greenwald and Simmons, both of Company B, 105th Infantry. There were no idle moments, each battler going to it with a will. Four other fights were held but no decisions were announced.

COMPLETE EQUIPMENT FOR SOCCER

The Athletic Store

(OPPOSITE THE CLEVELAND HOTEL)

SEVEN BOUTS AT UNIT 96.

The final bout at Unit 96 was the feature of its list last Monday night. Seitz, Company C, 107th Infantry, and Conboy, Company G, 108th Infantry, two 140-pounders, walloped each other all over the ring for four rounds, and at the end no one could find the least shade in favor of either one. In the other bouts, the following battlers occupied the limelight: Albers, Company L, 53rd Pioneers; Harris, Company I, 106th Infantry; Rose, Company I, 106th Infantry; Schreiber, Company C, 53rd Pioneers; McCord, Company D, 53rd Pioneers; Bernhart, Company G, 108th Infantry; Brennan and Edington, both of Headquarters Company, 108th Infantry; Martin, Company D; Cracco, Company B; Lazarus, Company A, and Sussman, Company A, all of the 53rd Pioneers.

HERE'S A CHANCE TO KICK.

The soccer players of the 102nd Supply Train are so satisfied with their ability that they have issued a standing defi to the entire camp. They are leading the Division league and have yet to taste defeat. Practice or regular contests are just the same to them. Send in your challenges to First Sergeant James J. Powers, Company B, 102nd Supply Train.

It doesn't make a bit of difference whether you're in the army or not so far as subscribing to The Gas Attack goes. We're a-going concern.

HARVEY COHN PLAYS SANTA CLAUS.

Harvey Cohn was busy all last week distributing the sporting equipment sent here by the Committee on Training Camp Activities. The local athletes have already been given material worth \$2,500, and Cohn assures us that plenty more of it is on the way.

BOXING AT 92.

Monday was another big night in the history of boxing at "Y" Unit No. 92. Only three battles were pulled off but they well repaid the neutrals for their trouble in coming.

The first scrap was a short hard drive by W. Ballanger, Company E, 102nd Engineers, who by his cross fire sent E. Post of the same company back for reinforcements at the end of the first round.

The second beat was the beat of the evening. Arthur Schultze, Company F, 102 Engineers seemed to be about to capture the first line trenches of J. F. Macklin, Company A, 105 Machine Gun at the end of the first round. Failing to consolidate his lines he not only lost the gain in the next two rounds but Macklin in turn captured his entire fortifications.

The third and final setto was between A. Ocelik, Company B, 105 Machine Gun and E. J. Daley, Company A, 105 Machine Gun. After keeping up a steady fire for three rounds both retired without loss of any territory.

J. L. W.

EVERYTHING NEEDED FOR BOXING

The Athletic Store

(OPPOSITE THE CLEVELAND HOTEL)

World Brevities

Edited by J. S. KINGSLEY

Four U. S. airmen plunged to death in our training camps last week.

A deserter from Camp Dix got 15 years at Atlanta.

Ukraine, the northeastern part of Russia, signed a peace agreement with Germany but Britain held it null, and Wilson infers that it will be abrogated.

Daniels commended two lads for leading fire fighters at Norfolk Navy Yard.

Baker inspected Camp Meade Hospital.

Paris says that there are 2,100,000 Germans on Western front. There are more allies than that to meet them on a drive.

Bolo Pasha, who started a paper in France backed by German capital, has been sentenced to die as a traitor.

Report comes that Peace Congress between Trotzsky and Kaiser ends in row.

German papers fear that Alsace will be lost.

Vernon Castle was killed in an airplane in trying to save a companion.

American National Association of Manufacturers decide not to boycott Germany after the war.

It was an American who bared traitor Bolo's scheme.

German raiding flotilla in Dover Straits sinks eight British craft which were hunting submarines.

Switzerland reports that deep sea bombs are destroying submarines. Submarine crews hard to get.

One hundred and sixty of our boys lost on the Tuscania were buried in Scotland.

During January the allied forces made 31 raids on Germany, raiding the industrial towns especially.

General Pershing has cabled for eight American artists to go to the front to assist in camouflage work, says Charles Dana Gibson.

Abdul Hamid, one time Sultan of Turkey, is dead. He was the butcher of thousands of Armenians. He was deposed in 1909.

If Germany makes peace with Ukraine, Russia would have access to the richest wheat fields and to the greatest wheat grainery of the world.

General Pershing has requested that each regiment have three chaplains instead of one. He feels that there is need of the increase since the regiments are enlarged.

Thomas Hitchcock and W. A. Wellman, two American aviators, have won the war cross in France for bringing down three German machines. One was a lad of 19 and the other had been rejected twice when he tried to enlist before.

At Estill Springs, Tenn., a negro was tortured by hot irons by a mob of 1,000 persons till he confessed to a murder. He was then burned at a stake. This was done not in Prussia but in America.

There will be located at Asheville, N. C., a hospital for soldiers who have tuberculosis. It is to cost \$500,000.

Mayor General Peyton C. March is now acting chief of staff of U. S. A. General Bliss will remain in Europe as America's military representative at the Supreme War Council.

President Wilson in his speech implied that any German settlement with Ukraine would not be recognized.

A new ruling forbids any one leaving U. S. to carry money, or letters or any gift to any one abroad.

Ship carpenters working on the American Merchant Marine have struck, demanding wages equal to those paid on Pacific. They demand a wage of \$6.60 a day instead of \$4.88.

Secretary McAdoo has submitted to Congress a bill proposing a corporation by the Government to buy and sell securities. The corporation is to have \$500,000,000 capital which will be used to furnish money to banks which have loaned money to firms engaged in producing supplies connected with the war. The loans will be in form of interest bearing notes which may be discounted at the Federal Reserve Banks. The chief objection to this plan is the possibility of an inflation in the money market. Germany already has much inflation in her Loan Bureau notes. There would be an excuse for Germany to issue uncertain paper because of her terrific expenses in the war.

This country sowed a million acres more of winter wheat this year than the previous year. Some of this wheat has been winter-killed and will be a failure. The Government asked the farmers to sow 45,000,000 acres of winter wheat. This amount was not reached. Now great stress is being placed upon the importance of sowing spring wheat, 20,000,000 acres are asked. The country has asked conservation in meat because there is a world-shortage of 115,000,000 head of cattle.

The leaven of democracy is working throughout the world. All the surrounding nations now promise Poland her freedom, Germany and Austria promise greater suffrage privileges to the common people, America and England are offering suffrage to women while England is solving the Irish question. Russia has abrogated her regime over Persia by declaring the Anglo-Russian agreement which took away Persian liberty and independence henceforth as null and void.

Russia went into the war to protect her Empire, to gain a port on the Mediterranean, to establish her interests in Asia. She has now quit. She has lost nearly half of her European Empire, she not only did not gain in the Mediterranean port but lost every port she ever had, for Finland took Helsinki and will control Petrograd, the independence of Courland will take away Riga and an independent Ukraine will take away Odessa. The question what will Russia do when the trance of individual independence leaves her and reveals that she has not a port and no organized capitalistic party to develop her industry?

The corn crop of last year was the largest in our history. This will lower the price in corn and in other grains which change in price is necessary to bring about any considerable use of other grains instead of wheat.

A German general, in speaking contemptuously about the American army, said that sewing shoulder straps upon men's shoulders does not make them competent officers and leaders in modern warfare. The German general will find the American soldier will have something more than shoulder straps.

The War Lords of Germany have been becoming very gracious lately. Three years ago protesting laborers were dispersed with sabres while now the laborers who were striking in Berlin were urged and implored to go back to work. The democratic germ begins to work, although feebly now, yet it is coming.

The United States is now using sixteen big German liners to carry American troops to France. When our country entered the war there was an implicit order for all German liners to be so crippled that they would be of no use for the rest of the war. But American engineers took hold of the task, and not only have repaired these ships, but have improved them. These German liners furnish us with 600,000 tons of shipping which is worth more than all the ships we lost thus far in the war.

The U-boat still thrives, although there is no hope of its becoming a determining factor in deciding the outcome of the war. The Allies have foiled the submarine, but they have not eliminated it yet. Allied shipping is being built a little faster than it is being sunk while methods of destroying or of thwarting the submarine are being perfected and placed into use. With double the number of submarines of two years ago Germany is destroying less tonnage now than two years ago, although the amount of tonnage crossing the Atlantic is increased at least thirty per cent., and the number of submarines has at least doubled while the Allies claim that submarines are sunk faster than they are being built.

This country has been called upon to meet a problem in transportation it has never even dreamed of before. The railroads can not even undertake to move the freight which should be moved. The extra coal alone would overtax the roads for it takes one-third of the total capacity of the roads to carry coal alone. Then too, there is added all the extra supplies now being sent to the Allies and to our own army besides the sending of the army itself.

GERMANY'S FOREIGN POLICY UP TO THE TIME OF THE KAISER.

Germany has two epochs in her history, the one is the development of a people who became known throughout the world because of their philosophers, poets, composers and artists. Such men were Lessing, Beethoven, Goethe, Schiller, Hegel, Fichte, Mozart and Haydn. Her people loved equality, justice, freedom; they possessed above most people the love of law and order. They were generous as friends, warm companions and known for their high ideals.

The second epoch, which is not distinctly separated from the first, is distinguished from the former by a change of ideals and of purposes. This second development was the development of Germany as a nation. It was the development of a Germany in which a new and different people were to rule. The philosophy of the individual was abandoned for this philosophy of the State. The State had no heart, no conscience, no moral responsibility and its only ideal was success. This new type, or national type, produced a hard-headed, calculating, cunning, conscienceless but efficient and up-to-date people. The whole national history of Prussian Germany is well expressed by Nietzsche: "The group owes no service to anything beyond itself; or, as creator of good and evil it is subject to its own creation—the members of one group may deceive, rob, kill those of another group without self reproach." Thus the policy of force has always been Germany's policy of the "mailed fist" of iron and blood and has been exceedingly successful in her history and success has justified the end.

Frederick the Great.

The main principal of Frederick the Great's foreign policy was to act with startling rapidity against an unprepared and unsuspecting opponent. In his exposition of the principles of Prussian government which he wrote in 1775 he thus advises his successor: "Constant attention must be paid to hiding as far as possible one's plans and ambitions."

When Frederick ascended the throne he proclaimed that he meant to be a prince of peace and yet within a year with the flimsiest pretext and without a declaration of war he invaded Silesia and wrested it from Austria. In his own words he tells why he did in these words: "Because the act brought prestige and added strength to Prussia."

In another paragraph of the same exposition he said: "If possible the Powers of Europe should be made envious against one another in order to give occasion for a coup when opportunity offers."

Frederick wrote to Voltaire: "The world is governed only by skill and trickery." Following this plan he endeavored to involve Russia and Austria in war with each other in order to reduce both; he determined upon the division of Poland which he could have done himself but he desired to involve other nations in the responsibility so he induced

Austria and Russia to join the spoilation, taking the "lion's share" of Poland for himself. By this division he formed the three nations in a triple alliance of crime and divided the hatred of Poland so she would not vent all her hatred caused by the crime on Germany alone.

Bismarck followed Frederick's same plans when in 1878 he estranged Italy and France whom he feared would unite against him. He gave Tunis to France, then estranged Russia and Austria Hungary by giving Bosnia to Austria, thus arranging all his enemies against one another while he alone was safe. Austria and Italy had to seek Germany's support and thus the Triple Alliance became a necessity.

While Mr. Cobden, Mr. Bright and other distinguished Englishmen advocated disarmament and the German Liberals wished Germany to follow the same plan Bismarck utterly refused to consider these ideals and summed up Germany's policy by the two memorable words "Blood and Iron."

What Bismarck Did.

When Bismarck came into power he doubled the Prussian Army and induced Austria to enter an alliance against Denmark, which was deprived of Schleswig-Holstein with the harbor of Kiel. Bismarck then bribed Napoleon the Third by offering him Belgium if he would only remain neutral while he attacked Austria and humbled her by reducing her to an inferior position in the German confederacy.

Having won Russia's support against France, Bismarck now went against her. Although France had been his friend and had withheld her support from Germany's enemies when such support would have humbled Germany, yet as soon as Bismarck had disposed of Austria he set out to crush France. He altered the Ems telegram completely, changing it so that he made its contents entirely false, thus inciting both France and Germany into war. He thus crushed France and penalized her with the greatest war indemnity in history.

Austria and France now crushed as a reward for their friendship, Bismarck determined to crush Russia, his latest friend. Russia has been an ally in the partitioning of Poland, she had publicly announced that she would aid Germany if any Power should assist in the Franco-Prussian war but as soon as France was crushed Bismarck needed Russian support no longer and wished to so reduce her that he need never fear her power again.

Accordingly Bismarck pushed and incited Russia in every way possible until she made war on Turkey in 1877. This war reduced the power of Russia and by the manipulation of the Congress of Berlin Russia was deprived of all the spoils she had been lead to believe she would get for standing with Germany, even to her own disadvantages. Bismarck in 1876 started on a world policy and conferred with the Bacoers in hope of acquiring a larger part of South Africa. This scheme was not carried out owing to Germany's financial straits at this time.

—J. S. K.

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A BOOK REVIEW.

"Songs the Soldiers and Sailors Sing," published by Leo Feist, Inc., New York City.

The Gas Attack has received a copy (free) of "Songs the Soldiers and Sailors Sing," which, take it from the fly-leaf, is "A collection of favorite songs as sung by the soldiers and sailors 'over here' and 'over there,' including complete choruses, (words and music) of the most popular and most sung 'Newer' songs." The book includes "We'll knock the Heligo—into Heligo Out of Heligoland" and "Give Me a Kiss by the Numbers." It sells for fifteen cents. We don't mention this to boost Mr. Feist, Inc., but because we are interested in having the soldiers sing. Singing soldiers are usually full of spirit, confidence and fight.

102ND ENGINEERS.

Mrs. Robert B. Fields, wife of Lieut. Fields, and sons, former occupants of part of the Cantrell house on the National Highway, have left for their home in Albany, N. Y.

Lieut. C. E. Bregenzer, of Company "C," has been granted a leave of absence, and is spending it in Florida, accompanied by Mrs. Bregenzer.

PROMOTED.

Sergt. Oran S. Baldwin, Company A, 102d Military Police, has been commissioned as second lieutenant, and will remain with that company.

IN DIVISION SOCIETY

MASSED BAND CONCERT GIVEN IN CONVERSE COLLEGE, A NOTABLE MUSICAL EVENT.

The massed band concert given in Converse College by the seven bands of the 27th Division under the direction of Francis W. Sutherland, leader of the 106th Field Artillery Band, attracted the largest attendance of the season. The band consisted of one hundred and fifty instruments and the music rendered was received with great enthusiasm. The solos of Mr. Sutherland on the cornet were especially worthy of the many encores he received. Among the popular band numbers were the National Emblem, Sounds From Scotland and the Hunting Scene—a descriptive piece which seemed to please the soldiers immensely. Wonderful harmony and unison was displayed and those who had heard some of the practice concerts in camp were greatly impressed with the concert.

ENGINEERS DANCE DELIGHTFUL SOCIAL AFFAIR.

Company E of the 102 Engineers had a dance and reception at Rock Cliff. Many of the dancing set and visiting ladies were present. Mrs. Cornelius Vanderbilt and Mrs. F. E. Humphries were honorary patronesses, and Mrs. N. P. Stockwell and Mrs. F. A. Davis, Mrs. Huanth, Mrs. L. R. O'Dell, Mrs. W. S. Montgomery, Mrs. W. K. Pendleton were acting patronesses.

A complimentary luncheon was given at the Cleveland Hotel to Mrs. Charles Phillips and Mrs. Kilpatrick. The guests were Mesdames Starr, Schefflin, Bandholtz, Schoelkopf, Starnes, Banchle, Dodgen and Miss De Peyster.

Lieutenant Robert Henley and Lieutenant Henry S. Pappenburg, who are stationed at Camp Wadsworth spent several days in Asheville.

Mrs. Walter Schoelkopf entertained at a supper party at the Cleveland Hotel. Twenty-four guests were included in the party.

LIEUTENANTS TRANSFERRED.

First Lieut. Francis W. Moore, medical corps, national guard, is transferred from the 53d pioneer infantry to the 1st anti-aircraft machine gun battalion.

First Lieut. Cornelius W. Hagan, medical corps, national guard, is transferred from the 2d pioneer infantry to the 2d anti-aircraft machine gun battalion.

SOCIAL NOTES FROM BROOKLYN.

Monday evening, February 11th, 1918, the 14th Reg. Women's Auxiliary gave a surprise party to their president, Mrs. M. Murray, at her home, No. 23 Howard Place, Brooklyn, N. Y. Among those present were the Misses F. Norris, Gertrude Gleason, Esther Gleason, Mae Muller, Anna Hulse, Ruth Miller, Margaret Doody, Katherine Hertgens, Grace Moore, Katherine Dillon, Mae Dillon, Mae Mullan, Madelyn Golden, Iris Carroll, Murill Carroll, Edna Michael, Agnes Eldredge, Ella Curtis, Alice Hyland, Mary Hyland, Adeline Moran, Emily Moran, Mae Connor, Gussett Young, Leida Shelly, Lydia Shelly, Mae O'Brien, A. E. Bloome, A. Gaarn, Anna Fitzpatrick, Alice Coeran, Josephine O'Donohoe, Eileen O'Donohoe, Katherine O'Donohoe, Mary Hook, Francis Hook, Mae Curtis, M. Piazza, K. Gurrayway, M. Patrone, Lillian Murphey, and Mrs. Matthew J. A. Wilson, Mrs. Jas. F. Curtis, Jr., Mrs. Wm. E. Wheeler, Mrs. Chas. Hertgens, Mrs. J. Connor, Mrs. Leonard, Mrs. Wm. Brough, Mrs. J. Doyle, Mrs. W. Lane, Mrs. Wm. Urbrich, Mrs. Chas. Duryee, Sr., Mrs. Chas. Duryee, Jr., Mrs. M. Earl, Mrs. Wm. McDowell, Mrs. Montrose, Mrs. J. R. Hewlett, Mrs. A. Shelby, Mrs. J. McWilliams, Mrs. J. O'Brien, Mrs. M. A. O'Brien, Mrs. F. W. Baldwin, Mrs. LeRoy Bellows, Mrs. Westerfelt, Mrs. E. Wonderly, Mrs. A. Ball, Mrs. Wm. Davis, Mrs. Herman Metz. Collation was served at midnight. Mrs. Murray was presented with a beautiful cut-glass punch bowl to show appreciation for her work in the Auxiliary.

MRS. J. F. CURTIS, JR.,
Sec. Women's Auxiliary.

WRITING LETTERS FOR SOLDIERS.

C. C. Thurber, of New York, representing the American Red Cross, has arrived here and has taken up the work of sending a daily letter to the family of each soldier in the base hospital, giving a statement as to his condition.

This work was recently authorized by congress, and the war department has turned it over to the Red Cross. The plan is to notify a soldier's family the day that he is sent to the hospital, and to send a daily letter as long as he remains in the hospital, stating his condition.

This, it is thought, will tend to allay anxiety on the part of the relatives of the soldiers, and will be greatly appreciated by the public at large.

TWO PROMOTIONS.

Sergt. Charles C. Crossett, quartermaster corps, on duty with Field Bakery Company 101, is promoted to be quartermaster sergeant, and Private Karl H. Pick, also of the quartermaster corps, and on duty with the bakery company, is promoted to be sergeant.

STAYING PUT.

Major General O'Ryan hit it off when he defined a soldier as, "A man who wants to be where he isn't." And naturally! If a man is not full of energy and pep he doesn't become a uniform. The other kind of a man ought to stick to his swivel chair. An engine with steam up doesn't belong on a siding. All of which is a mixture of similes, but so is a soldier.

And yet to become a good soldier one must learn to stay put. Minervas in full armor do not any more leap from the head of Zeus. It takes time to change a rookie, however valorous, into the kind of fighting man needed to-day. The present science of warfare commandeers all the sciences. It is no longer a simple proposition, depending on the strength and courage of the fighting man. It is an organized, specialized devilish business.

Italy was a whole year getting into the war after she declared war. And Italy had the same laws for military service as Germany and the rest of Europe, and she had recently waged war in Tripoli. Italy was ready for the Tripoli sort of warfare but not for this. The best she could do was to dig in on her Austrian frontier and stay put for a year. This kind of warfare requires mountains of ammunition and forests of guns. And these could not have been gotten together until war was actually declared. So argues Ferrero, the Italian historian. The law-making body could not have voted the immense war credit until the nation was at war, and the people would not have stood for it. The same argument applies to the United States.

The Italian army had to be patient a year. We are getting into the game more quickly, although three thousand miles away and although we are a non-military people. But we must be patient. Soldiering is for the most part a matter of staying put. A battle may be over in a day or week at most, but it takes months to get ready for it and months more to train an army. It is a long process, slow, tedious, monotonous, to make a soldier.

Veterans of the Civil War say it took more courage to stand still under fire than to charge. Camp life is a test of courage, too. It requires patience and steadfastness as well as courage. The man who lacks these must acquire them. Until he does, he is a punk soldier. Ability to stay put is an evidence of power. We are young and restless but we must play the game according to the necessary rules of the game.

So "pack up your troubles," unpack your mind and settle down to it. Your behavior right here these days decides what you will do in the day of battle. A wise Proverb in a wise old Book says, "The eyes of the fool are in the end of the earth." Soldiering is mostly staying put, and doing with all one's might what comes next.

—PAUL MOORE STRAYER.

HOSTESS HOUSE OPEN.

Building at Entrance to Camp Is Now Ready for Soldiers and Their Friends.

A soldier walked into Hostess House the other day. He looked about, awed, at the comfortable big room just inside the door, and the cushioned chairs. He went over and sat down in one. He sank back into the softness of it. Then a radiant smile came over his face.

That was the unofficial opening of Hostess House, erected by the War Work Council of the Y. W. C. A.

The official opening took place a week ago, at which time this spacious structure, standing at the entrance to the reservation and near the 106th Field Artillery camp, was presented to Camp Wadsworth by Mrs. W. G. Lee, chairman of the local advisory board. Major General O'Ryan received the gift in behalf of the 27th Division.

And now the grey wicker rocking chairs and rose-colored cretonne cushions of the lounge, the biggest room in the house, may be sat on informally by the soldiers in camp and their friends and relatives who come to see them. The house makes an attractive and convenient meeting place.

The staff officers, Miss Bertha M. Loheed, director; Mrs. Caroline Brooks, hostess; Miss Bessie R. Kingman, information and emergency; Miss Mary I. Mulford, cafeteria director, and Mrs. John Davidson, business secretary, are constantly in attendance to see that the mothers, sisters, and sweethearts of the soldiers are made comfortable while awaiting the arrival of their men.

"The soldiers are always welcome, whether with relatives or not," said Miss Loheed, the director.

Hostess House was opened before all the work on the building was completed, and last week the women in charge of it took up their quarters there, even before the lights had been installed and when they had to creep around at night with candles and flashlights. Within a short time, they said, the cafeteria would be fitted up and meals served there. The cafeteria, which is to the left of the main hall going into the building, seats about 120, and is brightly furnished in grays and blues and yellows.

More than a hundred porch chairs have been ordered for the wide veranda, which will be screened in so that meals may be served there. A force of a dozen negro servants has been engaged.

Following are the hours during which the building may be used:

For visitors: From 10 a. m. to 8 p. m.

For soldiers: From 10 a. m. to 9 p. m.

The hours for the cafeteria will be 12 m. to 2 p. m., and 4 p. m. to 7:30 p. m.

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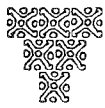
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S. C.

Pioneer Peet and His Gossip

L. B. W., of the First Corps Troops,
Introduces a Friend Full of
News.

I was just about to go into the canteen one night last week when I collided with Pioneer Peet, on the act of emerging.

"Hello, Peet!"

"Howdy, Sarg!"

Peet was one of the fellows who was left over with the skeletonized First Infantry when it was broken up and most of the members transferred to the 107th Infantry. Rumors and rumors of rumor had been floating over to us for some time now, about the First being filled up again. I casually inquired how things were going. Peet opened up on all six cylinders:

"Wal, Sarg, things sure is moving some round the old First these days. You know, it ain't the first Noo York eny more. No, siree, it's the First U. S. Pioneers now. An' the way things hez been movin' for the last couple of weeks shure does keep a buck private from worrin' about when the mess sergeant is goin' to spring the Makcaronie on the gang agin'. It's kinder like what that gink, Dave Harem, sed about the dog thets got so many flees thet hes so busie skrotchin' them thet he doesn't have no time to remember thet hes a dog.

He Longs for the Company.

"Les' see, its bin pretty near three months now sinse we was busted up, ain't it Sarg? And while being skeletonized hez its good pints, such as being on kitchen detale everie other day, an' runnin' in lots of extra square meels, still it ain't bin jest as exactly like soljerin to see those long empty streets with only three or four tents in them an' the First Sargent countin' the men insted of callin' the roll for formashuns. There wuz a time wen, I jest grew to hate the sound of thet first sergeants wistel, but let me tell you Sarg, its going to be a happy day to me agin when I hear it blowing down the street and see all the company piling out of the tents agin."

"When do you expect your men?" I asked.

"Search me. Everythings all ready for them. For the last couple of weeks, allswedone is unload equipment, put up tents, cots and stoves an' now the kitchens are being fixed, an' the mess halls, and the latrines and shower baths.

"You see, Sarg, lots of extra pains is being taken for these drafted men who are coming here, on account of them not being as hard an' tuff as us old vets who have been ruffing it for a year now. Pretty soft, for them, Sarg, but you know how it is. I guess sometimes thet we kinder think thet the people back home, kinder overlook us in their enthusiasm to take care of these drafted men, but I guess thet they figure

that us guys hez bin in the game pritty near long enough now to take care of ourselves, while the new fellows need a little watching yet for awhile. So, while we all wuz a little sore at furst when we heard we wuz to be filled up with draft men, after we hed talked it over a little among ourselves, we figured thet we gess the peple back home wuz right an' thet it was up to us, insted of buckin' the game, to git in an' make soljers of them as soon as possible.

Changes Galore.

"Any changes there, Peet?"

"Changes! Glory alive, everything is all changed, even the spirit of the men. Wen we got the noos thet we wuz to be filled up, every one jest seemed to bubble with energy. I guess some of it thets bin bottled up for the las three months is jest sloppin over. Things is pritty much changed around enyway. A lot of the sargeants hez been transferred to form the skeleton of the First Ante-Air craft Machine Gun Battalion, an' lots of others hez been promoted. The Machine Gun Company hez been all busted up, as there ain't none in a Pioneer Regiment, an' Captain Mersellis has been given I Company. First Sgt. Hunt has gone to A Company. Capt. Marshall is to have the Headquarters bunch and Captain Miller is goin' back to A Company. Such a new bunch of officers as we got, you never saw in your life. From every state in the Union, an' every one of them with a flat stone as soon as he gits here an' sees this red mud of ours. Sergeant Major Keefe hez been made Regimental Sergeant Major and Mess Sergeant Cleveland, of the Headquarters Company, has bin made Battalion Sergeant Major in his place. Hyde, of K Company, is now Sergeant Major of the First Ante-Air Craft and Williams, the old top kicker of M Company, is Sergeant Major at Brigade Headquarters on General Richards' staff. It sure does keep some of those guys busy sewin on new shevrans."

Peet turned to go. "Just what are to be the duties of these Pioneers?" I asked. "Digging trenches?"

"Digging ditches, hell! Say, some sore-head over in the 27th Division must have started thet stuff. Ain't any of you guys ever heard of the Pioneers in the Canadian an' German armies? Look hear, do you know what the First Sargent sed he herd the Captain tell the looey thet he red about them? He sez thet the Pioneer is the most dangerousest branch of the whole service. Those guys go out and clear the way for the others. Rippin' up bob wire or shooting down a forest, or tearing up buildings right in the mouths of enemie's guns ain't nuthing for those guys. Do you know that we're going to hev ante-air craft guns, an tanks and catapults an' all thet stuff? Trench diggin'! Thet stuff makes me sick."

Peet walked away in disgust.

—L. B. W.

WE BREAK RECORDS.**Camp Wadsworth Again in Front in Soldiers' Insurance.**

Major General O'Ryan received a telegram from Washington last week extending congratulations for the amount of insurance taken out in Camp Wadsworth. Lieut. William J. Grange was the officer in charge of the insurance here. His name was mentioned in the telegram, which said:

"Congratulations on insuring ninety-three per cent. of your command for a total of two hundred and forty-two million dollars, again placing Camp Wadsworth in the forefront. Your progress in the last two weeks was record-breaking."

There is still an opportunity for the seven per cent. of uninsured men in camp to apply for government insurance, although the date for automatic insurance closed on February 12th.

BATTERY B, 105TH FIELD ARTILLERY.

B Battery is nearly through with target practice at Hog Back Mountain, and officers and men alike made a splendid showing, for they were instilled with the thought that every shell was aimed at the "Huns."

Great country up here. Nice and muddy, and some hills to climb. Go one step forward, and you slip back six.

Stable Sergeant Churlo weakened and was sent back to Wadsworth to recuperate.

Mess Sergeant Winterling went to Wadsworth also and we ate fine for five days, but he has returned and once again we eat beans or stew.

Single-Foot Fleckles is still single-footing.

First Sergeant Eli A. Tucker, took his annual bath in his shaving mug yesterday, and after removing his undershirt found the vest he lost last summer.

Edwin S. Ray expects to be made Sergeant Bugler shortly, and we hear him gaining wind day and night.

The "Bloster," otherwise known as Bugler Richards, is leading a hard life these days. He's falling away to a ton.

Our able Stable Orderly still raves about his wild days down at Coney Island.

Corporal Pete Schroeder sprained his ankle about two months ago, and after enjoying a fifteen-day leave of absence in the big city still limps, sometimes on one foot and then on the other. Guess Pete's looking for fifteen days more.

Corporal Harry Lerch, the father of the Battery, just finished his twenty-sixth bottle of hair tonic since December and his hair is coming out fine.

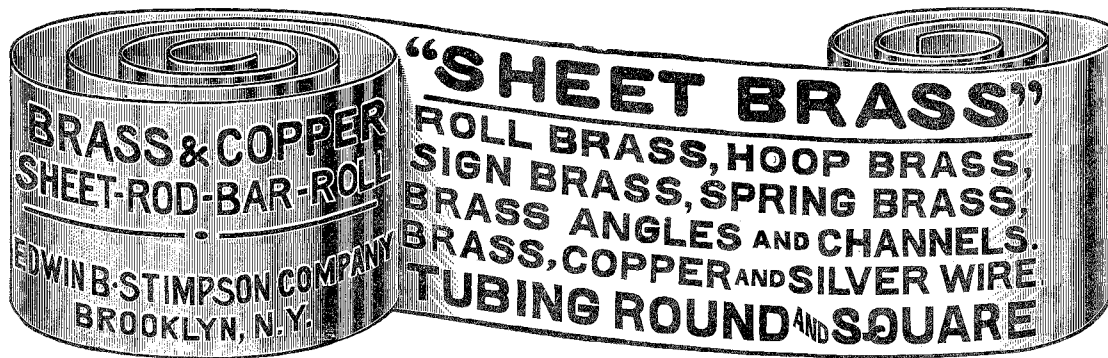
Invitations have been sent to certain members of the First Sergeant's tent, requesting their presence at the ceremony of reveille which takes place every morning at 6:30 in the Battery street.

A. B.

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AMBULANCE COMPANY NO. 105.

Top Sergeant "Neewah" Fish, after a careful diagnosis of several cases of a recent disease, is firm in his belief that the trouble is nothing more serious than Spring fever and his peculiar treatment—extra fatigue duty—invariably results in a complete recovery. The treatment has been such a success with the privates that we heartily recommend a trial on certain noncoms.

Our soccer team has made good use of the favorable weather and constant practice has developed a fast, clever team of which the company may well be proud. Captained by Bede Hutchinson, the lads have won two out of their three games played in the division league. The 107th Ambulance Company was vanquished to the tune of 5 to 0 on February 7; the 105th Machine Gun Battalion lost out on a 5 to 1 score on February 9; and the third game was taken away by the 106th Infantry on Sunday, the 10th, by an 8 to 0 score. The line up of the team is as follows: Goal, H. J. Fish; Backs, Harrington and Smith; Halves, Scammell, Kresga and Ellis; Forward, Hutchinson (Capt.); Left Wings, Collins and Moss; Right Wings, F. D. Henry and Stanton.

Because of his previous railroad experience, Private 1st Class Albert O. Flint has been transferred to the Engineers' Regiment at Camp Merritt, N. J. Private Flint will long be remembered as Professor Alberto Urinosio Flint, whose peculiar talents before the footlights have frequently entertained the members of this company.

First Lieutenant William E. Truex returned on Thursday, February 9, after having spent a month at Bellevue Hospital, New York City, where he received special training in military surgery.

Captain John W. McKemy and Sergeants Plant and Blint have spent most of the last week at the "gas house," receiving special instruction in the use of the gas mask.

First Lieutenant William Alexander, Sanitary Corps, formerly sergeant-instructor of the old 4th New York Ambulance Company, has been detailed for duty at the Base Hospital, and was pleased to find so many of his former comrades still in the company.

FIELD HOSPITAL COMPANY 107 Mourns the Loss of Its Mascot "MIKE."

He "went West" at 10:55 on the night of January 22d, 1918. Immediately after his death, Taps sounded coincidentally throughout the camp.

Mike was born and reared in Oseawanna, N. Y., and served at Peekskill, N. Y., in 1916 with the First Armored Motor Battery of that state.

He was presented to the Fourth New York Field Hospital on November 1st, 1916, and went with this unit to the Mexican border.

During the months of November, 1916, to and including March, 1917, Mike was quite a favorite with the men of the Second Battalion of the 102d Engineers, the First New York Cavalry, the Sixty-ninth Infantry and the "Spigs" at McAllen, Texas.

When the Company returned to its home station on March 17th, 1917, Mike went to Beacon, N. Y., where he stayed until the Unit was sent to Camp Whitman to be drafted into the Army of the United States, on August 5th, 1917.

On September 6th, the Unit left Van Cortland Park, where it had been encamped for two weeks, and arrived in Camp Wadsworth on September 8th, 1917.

Mike served faithfully, responding to all bugle calls and was always with the Company, while hiking, drilling, working and attending lectures.

Place of interment deleted by censor.
MILLON,
F. H. Co. 107.

Sergeant Mert Jennings, "Dutch" Guenther, Bill Fey, Ray Lanning, "Limburger" Schiller, Carroll Muller, and Roscoe Butler yawningly told their tentmates on Monday morning, February 11, that they had one "grand and glorieyous time" during their 10-day furloughs in Syracuse, and Mess Sergeant Bob Hull, Corporal Bern Tucker, and Privates Richardson and "Czar" Zarembo left camp on Wednesday for 10 days.

COMPANY C, 105TH INFANTRY.

As soon as Pvt. Filson learned that Pvt. Broderick had money, he volunteered to teach him how to play the gentle game of stud.

Private Jack Dennin is very busy polishing his shoes, but he always uses some one else's materials.

Since Sergt. Campbell graduated from his bayonet school, he has the boys climbing trees.

When Pvt. "Ninny" Hogan saw the size of Corp. Phillips shoes, he thought our transports had arrived.

Corp. Robbins is taking lessons in automatic repairing. After taking one apart, Sir William had too many parts left over. But he says the gun works, so why should he worry?

Because Sergt. Harris claims everything he sees, he is called Mr. Own-all-the-Army.

Sergt. Johnson has been out in the woods so long that he is commencing to look like them.

Pvt. Appetite Hand says it's better to die eating too fast, than to die waiting for it.

Corp. Flynn has a new pair of radio light chevrons, so he can see them in the dark.

S. G. W.

Letters home are joshing fond mothers about being late in their spring house cleaning. If said mothers could have visited the company street on Friday afternoon they would have received several interesting pointers in that fine art, for every tent floor was being given its weekly bath and the results would have made a dutch housekeeper sit up and take notice.

* * *

Captain McWilliams, to Wood detail from 105th Amb. Co.:

"Where are you lads from?"

Wood Detail: "Ambulance Co., No. 105, sir."

Captain McWilliams, to assistant:

"Quick, Joe! put a guard on the coal pile outside."

ANY MAIL FOR YOU?

Insufficiently addressed mail for the following men will be held at the Camp Wadsworth Post Office for one week. This may be obtained by writing to the "Officer in charge of Post Office," giving complete address (Regiment and Company), or by calling for it in person:

Albert, Bernard; Arntsen, Leonard; Arnt, James M.; Alliers, Samuel; Ahern, Capt. J. J.

Baldwin, H.; Bardon, Lieut. J. B.; Bartlett, Robert; Barbour, Wm.; Burnett, Frank; Beagle, Axford L.; Benedetto, Frank F.; Billings, James O.; Bird, Mr.; Blair, Joe; Boal, Frank K.; Bockheimer, Col.; Bondsman, Louis; Bradley, Oather A.; Brauer, A. C.; Brooker, Mr.; Brown, Lieut. W. A.; Browne, Brewer C.; Brush, Fred D.; Burnett, Frank; Busch, Lieut. Claus.

Cager, Willis; Cahay, Edward; Callaghan, Tom; Camp, Victor E.; Cantrell, C. D.; Carpenter, Herbert; Carticello, Henry; Chapman, Roy M.; Chatting, Thomas W.; Cincunan, George.

Early, Dr. E. A.; Eckholz, Raymond; Edwards, Floyd; Engle, Frank; Eoan, Eric; Epling, Parkis; Evans, Major C. R.; Fairchild, Major John F.; Fairshield, C. W.; Fielder, Wilbur; Fitz, E. S.; Flittner, F. W.; Froyeffort, C. M.

Gillezeau, Conrad F.; Graydon, Louis A.; Guck-enberger, Fred; Groves, George E.; Grey, Robert C.; Geis, Lieut. Carl E.

Hagar, John W.; Hain, Sgt. E. O.; Haines, Sgt.; Haines, Carl; Haner, Frank; Happel, Ralph; Hargesheimer, Thomas; Harr, C. J.; Hasse, C.; Heeley, Wm.; Heft, Capt. W. F.; Henton, C. A.; Hinds, Charlie, Jr.; Hodge, Capt. George M.; Holloran, Lieut. W.; Holart, Lieut. L. J.; Hoover, E. J.; House, Judson; Hovo, J. C.; Hubbard, Sgt. F. E.; Hurst, Fred.

Inman, Edward K.; Ivin, Wm.

Jackson, Wm. H. Major; Jose, Edwin J.

Kanubles, Lieut.; Kattell, F. W.; Kearney, Chester; Kelke, August; Kelly, P. A.; Kelty, Joseph; Keyser, Michael B.; Kichen, Raymond; Kitrosser, Harry; Koerner, Hans; Kohmel, Edward; Krueger, Herman; Kuehlin, Sgt. H. M.

Langelatto, Jos.; Lamson, Frank; Lauck, George W.; Laughlin, J. W., M. D.; Lawrence, J. Harold; Legare, A. E.; Lesse, Joe Cook; Libby, Mrs. A. S.; Lieb, Louis A.; Linehart, Joseph; Little, Fred; Loca, Dick; Low, Dick.

McArlin, B. S.; McAllister, Capt.; McCamie, Chas., Capt.; McDonald, Berton; Meade, Theodore H.; Munroe, Harry; Mellon, Chas. H.; Merwin, Mrs. S.; Millison, Ralph; Methoen, Harry; Mullarky, Lieut. Geo. A.; Mullenky, Lieut. Geo. A. Noel, Dr. R. H.

Oshon, James.

Paine, Henry; Palmiter, Charles R.; Perry, Capt. George; Piontek, Fred; Poitsen, E.; Palito, C.; Proctor, Lieut. David; Proctor, Lieut. Fred; Putman, John.

Raskia, Arthur; Reuhl, Sgt. Gustav; Rodgers, Ralph; Roth, Capt. F. R.

Savolent, Spike; Schneider, Henry, Jr.; Schilling, Lieut. George; Seager, W.; Seeberger, John; Schmidt, D.; Schvembly, Ted; Shelly, Tom; Shysmaw, George; Shehan, H. J.; Skelly, Patrick; Smith, M. E.; Sommersett, Lieut. Peter, Jr.; Spare, V. H.; Stebbin, Monroe; Stekle, Harold; Stiegler, E. L.; Stickells, Pvt.; Stone, Edward S.; Stolbas, John J.; Store, Leon; Seelby, Michael, A.; Suoffer, Clair E.

Tucker, Evan; Taylor, Lieut. Geo. DeBree; Tennent, E. S.; Toolan, James; Toaspern, W. C.; Todd, Lieut. Cochran M.; Texter, Bill.

Van Natten, Ward; Vamansler, Mack; Vanderbilt, Dick; Venturo, Frank.

Walter, Glen; Wright & Walters, H. S.; Warwick, E. L.; Watkins, Lieut. Ralph; Wicker, Carl F.; Wells, Ernest; Westrope, Douglas; Williams, Geo. A.; Williams, O. F.; Wilson, Harold B.; Wilson, Eugene B.; Windhorgst, F. W.; Winne, Dans.; Wiseley, Dr. A. N.; Withers, Lieut. Leonidas B.; Wolcott, Harold; Wright, Chas. C.; Wright, Warn.; Wilkowski, John.

Yelks, Lieut. E. A.

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soap below the
waste line

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BRIGADE HEADQUARTERS, 52D FIELD
ARTILLERY.

Tom Connors, our Stable Sergeant, is going home on a furlough and all the ice cream parlors are stocking up.

Pap Skinner is going on a furlough with the Stable Sergeant, and Pop says he will "spend most of his time at home."

Corporal Newman is always telling Bugler Pyne that he will get back at him. I wonder why? Better ask the Corp. Cook Johnson says the bugler eats a man's meal every day, and is still kicking and the poor "Windjammer" is falling away to a ton. Sergeant Major Eichre has just returned from an adventurous trip on Hog Back Mountain. Pvt. Nixon, our "Ethelbert Jellyback," has been sent to the range. They are going to make a soldier out of him. Our kitchen went out of business today, and we are invited to dine with Bat. "E" 106 F. A. Very kind of the 106th.

Private Bush has been appointed official Horse Clipper, and he made a "Rep" the first day. He is always worrying about his girl, but there are others, ask the Bugler.

W. S.

HEADQUARTERS CO., 104TH FIELD
ARTILLERY.

Who set fire to Serg. Ellengen's tent and tried to burn up the supplies? Private Meyer was the last one to draw any underwear.

Serg. Burk passed the collection plate at church service and collected \$31.00 to help pay for the fireplace in Y. M. C. A. No. 97.

Raymond is now in New York to get his teeth fixed. More power to you, Raymond. Bring some sugar back with you, our coffee tastes like ink but looks like hell.

Private Simpson is now at the training school for officers. We are sorry to lose you, as you were much liked on K. P. by Mess Sergt. Duffeld.

Chaplain Shipman said he got a letter from New York saying that a cornet player deserted his wife. We have nine cornet players in Headquarters Co.

HIGHLY IMPORTANT.

Subscriptions to *The Gas Attack* are not limited to soldiers. Anybody with a dollar and a half can get a three months' subscription.

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This dental cream is ideal for soldiers. It stands highest in tooth cleansing and polishing properties. It is perfectly manufactured. Whether you are sent to Panama or to the Hawaiian tropics, or to the freezing north of the Vosges Mountains, ALBODON will not alter. From 13 below to 130 above, with the cap on or off, it undergoes no change—it never hardens.

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ON DISPLAY AT

CLEVELAND HOTEL

CAMP WADSWORTH—HEALTH RESORT.

We soldiers down here are often surprised when we go home on our furloughs, husky, erect, and full of the joy of life, to find the family doctor and a couple of trained nurses waiting for us. Our parents have given credence to the rumors that the hysterical spread that camp life down here would wreck the constitution of a piano mover. They expect us to be tottering. When they have seen us put away a few square yards of beef steak, and lift the ice-box a few times for exercise, they chase the doctor and the nurses, with a sigh of relief.

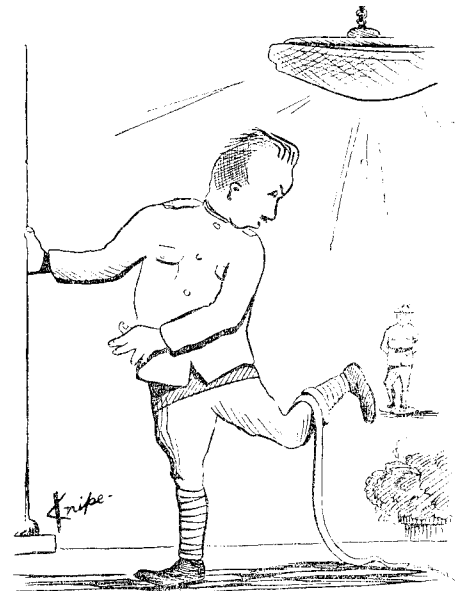
Of course, camp life is healthy. Men who won't take care of themselves get colds and sometimes pneumonia, it is true. But nearly all of us **feel** and **are** immeasurably better than when we were getting our exercise in the Subway jams.

Congressman George L. Lunn of New York has sent the War Department some concrete evidence of the fact that conditions down here are as excellent as energy and experts can make them. He quotes the father of a soldier who died of pneumonia as saying that his son was given the very best possible treatment. He quotes another letter from a soldier who says, "I enjoy my work, have pleasant relations with my superior officers, eat fine, sleep better, and have no colds or other ailments."

As Congressman Lunn points out these letters could be multiplied by the thousand to offset an occasional case of ill-treatment, or what some chronic kicker regards as ill treatment.

So don't worry about our health and appetites, you people up North. We are at one of the best little health resorts in the country, and we are taking the best health treatment any doctor could prescribe—good, plain food, regular hours, and hard work outdoors. Bring on them Huns!

R. E. C.



Something Disastrous Occurred.

ETHELBURT JELLYBACK, PRIVATE.

(Continued from page 7)

her eyes, and it seemed as if they were directed at me. What a transport of delight it would be to sit near her, I thought, and noted eagerly a vacant seat not far from her.

Ethelburt's Impulse.

So, saying not a word to Dickie Darling, who sat looking elsewhere, I slipped out of my seat as the band resumed its program. It wasn't fair to Dickie, of course, but it was impulse.

I made my way to that seat in the balcony. I sat near her. I even heard a friend call her Alice. . . . Alice. . . . What a sweet name. The remainder of the evening passed as in a dream, until the band played the Star Spangled Banner and I leaped to my feet and saluted. Then, seeing that a General was not saluting, I dropped my hand to my side and stood at attention.

As the crowd began to make its way out, I was wild with a desire to attract the attention of the beautiful blue-chiffoned nymph. I stood up smartly and walked to the aisle, directly in front of her! The time had come when we would pass, face to face. My heart bounded.

And at that moment, alas, something disastrous occurred. One of my spiral leggings disintegrated. It came unwrapped. It trailed on the floor. The blue-chiffoned hamadryad saw it and laughed—laughed at my plight. And I, well, I had not only lost my puttee but my dignity. All was lost. I wanted to swear. I wanted to curse as I never had before. So I muttered:

"Reveille to kitchen police, inclusive!"

ETHELBURT JELLYBACK, Private.

(C. D.)

**COMPANY A, 104TH MACHINE GUN
COMPANY.**

Of all the laughs that have come to life in this outfit, the biggest one yet is accredited to One Round McCauley, the Scotch high jumper. While on guard the other day patrolling his beat, the officer of the day approached, and Mac said "Hello," instead of challenging him. The officer said: "Why don't you turn out the guard?" Mac, bright and snappily replies, "Why don't you let me know when you are coming? It's a wise child that knows his own father."

Galloping One-lamp Spencer the little sunbeam of Co. A took a wild swing at the inside job on K. P. last Friday, and missed it a mile. The first one up to the kitchen in the A. M. misses the pots, pans and the cold. Galloping borrowed a big Ben somewhere, and with a big broad smile ambled peacefully up to the Dittmar, Trickler Bock, and Dillon, department store at 5.30 A. M. With the supreme confidence of his kind, he opened up the door to the mess shack, and fell in a faint. Percy Van Holland, the peer of bunny huggers, Ken Hoag, the shoe lace dispenser and Clark Barnum were in the kitchen playing Casino. After Spence recovered he went right at the pots.

Dave Porter, the kid of the outfit, was passing Chester Manendez' tent this morning when someone threw a measles on him. Dave is now missing Reveille at the Base.

Dinny Moore, the William S. Hart of the outfit, threw a saddle on the young mustang "Pedro" this afternoon. Pedro was formerly ridden by Garibaldi Mirra, the iron man of the wind jammers. Pedro is a wild egg when he is full of oats, and Dinny adjusted his spurs to take a short canter through the woods. Micky Moran, an hour later picked Dinny from the limb of the big poplar, in the center of the woods.

The art treasure of the century may be viewed in Corporal Newman's tent.

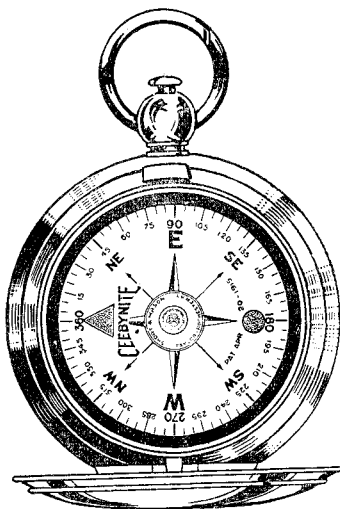
Bill Hall, the prize oil can of Avon, drifted back from his furlough the other day. He told me confidentially that he was just getting used to butter, a washrag, a bathroom and a pillow when he had to come back.

Micky Moran, the stable sergeant, wants to say through these columns that he knows where his canine "Major" is, and he is coming after him. He visited an outfit on Sunday where the dog was cached, to try to recover him. He entered a tent for conversational purposes only, and every one in the tent pulled razors, and none of them needed a shave. Micky is on the warpath.

Tommy Voelker had a tough time in N. Y. He called on the desire of his heart upon his arrival to find the gas frozen. He couldn't get a flicker going, and had to leave. Tommy is a George Washington for truth.

Al Busch's squad is the Young Wild West of the Company. A perfect score greeted their efforts on the machine range to-day. Nice work, eggs.

Under the guiding hand of Lieutenant Adsit, the first platoon of this company hung up a 300 scores, out of a possible 320 on the



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SOLE MANUFACTURERS
Rochester, N. Y.

No. 157

range. This is a bear of a mark, and the platoon is to be congratulated upon their marksmanship. They also grabbed off an "excellent for conduct of fire" and were the best Deadwood Dieks at the landscape target. When the Kaiser he rs about this he ought to quit.

Doc Brickley hung up a high jump record on Sunday. Full of roast pork, corn and apple sauce, Doc got a running start and cleared the bar at 2 ft. 3 inches. Oh Boy, what a mark.

Mike Stegman, the three striped, half moon mulligan buyer of the company is laid up in his hut with a severe attack of lumbago. He says he'll never get well until someone drops Sergeant De Witt's Hawaiian mouth organ in their Sibley.

Will we ever see:

Bill Spencer's eye open.
Sid Marion syncopationless.
France.
Sirloin steak and onions again.
Charley Schoenberg stouter.
Charley Smith refuse oatmeal.
Broadway.
My Kitty.
George McCarroll working.
Harry Voorhees off his bunk.
The Valley.
Lieutenant Andrews with Fatima (The cigarette.)
The sun when we get up.
Boots and Saddles again.
3 Star Hennessy.
George Cosgrove's sweet sweet ———

A mudless road.

The horses.

A Hart, Schaffner and Marx uniform.

Garters again.

Steam heat.

The finish of the battle of Spartanburg.

R. B.

COMPANY F, 102D AMMUNITION TRAIN.

Our hats off to Corporals Ohel, Law, Manbeck and a few others who are following in Sergeant Lander's footsteps.

Top Sergeant Bonner, boys of Company F. In him you have the whitest Top Sergeant in the 27th Division.

Sergeant Brusie is a bear in the regiment giving gas mask drills. Every man he took over to the gas house on the hill went through with flying colors.

Sergeant Landers must have a lady friend. We see he had a number of pictures taken of late. Land, we hope she will like them.

Our Mess Sergeant Thresman has the K. P. washing the pots and pans by the numbers 1-2-3-4, while he sells pillow tops to buy sodas for his new lady friends. Pop, you may be old, but you have young ideas.

PUBLIC SCHOOL NUMBER TWENTY-FIVE.

Graduates from Public School Number Twenty-five, New York City, are requested to send their names and addresses to:

PRIVATE A. FREISER,
Co. I, 105th Infantry, Camp Wadsworth.

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AND
Drug Sundries

Means quick sales and
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GEER DRUG CO.

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**These
Features**

Are partly to blame for
making next week's
Gas Attack so important

Our Almanac

for March. Compiled by
Charles Divine.

On the Jump at the Training School

Walter A. Davenport describes, this time more seriously, the work at the division school for officers.

J. S. Kingsley

writes a timely editorial.

Cartoons of Camp Life

by Elmer Lauten, Ray Van Buren, Lieut. E. C. Dreher, Bill Breck, and others.

Bill's Letter to Mable

Yes, there's another letter, written by Lieut. Streeter. The situation between Bill and Mable wasn't as hopeless as it first appeared.

**Ethelburt Jellyback,
Private**

by C. D. Ethelburt tries to teach French to Jim Mugrums.

On Furloughs, and How to Get Them

by V. R. An illuminating and humorous story.

A Soldier's Diary by the Numbers

by Daniel J. Mahoney.

Echoes of Pay Day

by Russell Brown.

Verses to a Mule**106TH MACHINE GUN BATTALION,
CO. A.**

A Resume and An Introduction from An Outfit in the Old First Cavalry.

It did not take long to learn squads right and left. Morse was a cinch for a crowd full of pep and enthusiasm. We will arrange codes with any of our friends across camp who wish to forward intimately secret and late rumors relative to our next move to Texas, Jacksonville, Paris, Berlin or New York.

Sports are growing to be more of universal interest in camp every week. We did not have a very long football season but it was a snappy one for the 106th Battalion, though we entered late and quit early. Our only defeat was in the game against Lieutenant Andrews' team from the 104th Machine Gun Battalion—and you all know the fame with which the more popularly known "Ham" Andrews played with Princeton. The return game was never played, but we believe that we could beat them to-day.

Now it's basket-ball. I can make no boasts there, except upon games played between the Company's platoons, but we've got some great material and invite challenges from any of you.

Our yellow hat cords are gone, our puttees are gone, almost all of us have enjoyed furloughs—which are hard to forget—and are well settled for business, and are making obvious progress, of which range scores in machine gun practice stand as a credit to the men and a compliment to thorough instruction on the part of our officers, who have completely grasped a work as new to them as it is to any of the men whom it is their duty to command.

We have been heartily enjoying The Gas Attack in the past, and wish now to make ourselves known and keep in touch with our friends through its pages. We'd like to meet new friends and I believe it would be a pleasure mutual to both sides. Drop in the Mess Shack any night about 7 p. m. and hear "Jack" Mahoney at the piano trying to make eight men sing a quartette—four voices from eight, and as sore as the devil if they don't blend as one.

Shake hands with Private Bassett. He will engage you for hours upon his travels abroad, both under and aboard—a great boy, Bassett.

When Mahoney's patience is exhausted—a half hour later than everyone else—see Jack Gallagher dance while "Bert" Hamilton manipulates the ivories. A great lot, all of them, from the cook to the Top.

Enough for an introduction. I've been washing pots in the kitchen all day, and need some sleep. Rotten job, that! Funny life, anyhow. Just as I was in the midst of supper pots, the last and greasiest lot of the day, I was handed a letter from a Brooklyn friend, reminiscing on some of the automobile trips we took together last spring. Kitchen police—Bah—h-h!

PRVT. ALBERT L. NELSON.

New Rules for Amateur Correspondents

War Department Says Everything, Including Letters, Must Be Censored.

A new order from the War Department describes the conditions under which correspondents may write from camp:

1. All persons in the military service are forbidden to act as paid correspondents for or contributors to any newspaper, magazine or other publication, or to receive any payment or reward whatever from any such publication for any letter or item of news written or furnished by them, whether the article in question is sent direct to the paper or periodical, or consists of private correspondence which the writer permits to be published.

2. Except as above prohibited, there is no objection to the writing or letters or the furnishing of news items to newspapers, magazines, etc., from time to time, or to the publication, with the consent of the writer, of personal and private correspondence, provided such activities do not interfere with the proper performance of military duty, and provided also that the following directions are faithfully complied with:

To Censor Letters.

3. All letters containing matter for publication, as above authorized, must be sent through the officer, hereinafter provided for, charged with the duty of censoring letters for publication. No letter designed in whole or in part for publication will be mailed otherwise than through the above mentioned officer, and such letters will be always left unsealed.

4. The commanding officer of every camp, cantonment and training depot or detachment in the United States will detail a suitable officer to perform the duties of censor of all matter intended for publication and written by persons in the military service. This officer will delete all references capable of furnishing important information to the enemy. The commanding officer will also call to the attention of all persons in military service writing for publication, or otherwise, the fact that criticism of superiors and the spreading of false reports which would tend to injure the military service constitute breaches of military discipline.

5. None of the foregoing applies to troops in Europe. The commanding general, American expeditionary forces, will establish such regulations in this respect as the situation may seem to him to require.

The object of this order is to satisfy, as far as is compatible with the protection of military interests, the natural desire of the people to keep in touch with their soldier representatives. It is, therefore, expected that all concerned will comply with both the letter and the spirit of its provisions.

Not Press Staff Reporters.

None of the foregoing applies to press dispatches filed from national army or national guard cantonments or camps by regularly paid newspaper correspondents not in the military service. Their copy will not be censored by military authority, but the camp commander will instruct them that they must rigidly adhere to the requests for secrecy with respect to information of value to the enemy, as defined in the printed card sent out by the committee on public information. On violation of these requests the offending correspondent will be deprived of the privileges of the camp.

421ST ENGINEER DEPOT DETACHMENT, ENGINEER SUB-DEPOT.

The Detachment is on the hunt for an alarm-clock for the use of our Topper Lou Fox. So far there have been no casualties resulting from the lack of one, but even that doesn't dim our hopes.

Our lone buck, George Green, has been relieved of his distinctive position by the arrival of a new member, Pvt. Edwin Buchner who comes to us from Company A, 106th Infantry. So now we have twin bucks.

Corporal Pat Sise is very much missed by his two former tent-mates, Greene and Byer, and as a result they often visit him, much to our Corporal's pleasure and peaceful frame of mind.

Corporal West has invented a Manual of Fuses in six counts, as follows: 1. The fuse blows out; 2. You put in a new fuse; 3. The new fuse blows out; 4. You borrow one from the next tent; 5. That blows out; 6. Not passed by the Censor.

Joe Connors was unfortunate enough to be in on the rush a few nights ago with many others from the Q. M. Corps. If that cook would only forget that he's a newlywed and think more of the meals, Joe would be very thankful, we are sure.

Green and Haug have won all honors at landscape gardening in the past week. They have been decorating the Detachment street with their presences more than gracefully.

We still marvel that Sergeant Harry Eisner lives. He holds the long distance record for heaving around boxes of TNT, XYZ and a few others. A few nights ago, he even tried to take one particularly dubious box for a pillow, but the rest of us failed to see the idea.

E. A. B.

"GUNGA DIN!"

A few nights ago some one sang in the Y. M. C. A. Hut Number 95. The song which reached the hearts of the listeners was a resurrected ballad called: "When You And I Were Young, Maggie." On another occasion he recited: "Gunga Din." A request has been made for the name of the performer. If you sang that song, you had better write to the undersigned. He wants your name.

ARTHUR HOGAN.

Are You Sidestepping Health and Service for a Copper Cent?

1. During the past few weeks when the roads have been impassable, the Dixie Pie Baking Co. was the only concern to give you a daily delivery of pies. Others fell down on the job, they never came anywhere near the camp.
2. We made these deliveries at a financial loss to ourselves, but remember, we did it to uphold our word to you—to give you A. DAILY SERVICE.
3. Dixie Pie Baking Co. maintains this same conscientious integrity in the making of pies and doughnuts.
4. Is it honestly worth while listening to the man who talks "One Cent Cheaper" when the health of your men and the standard of your goods is at stake?

Dixie Pie Baking Company

SPARTANBURG, S. C.

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anticipation*

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*And smile as you work
your jaws.*

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BATTERY A, 104TH FIELD ARTILLERY.

Battery A is now making its first contribution to **The Gas Attack**. Not only in the spirit of pride, being up state "apple knockers," but also in the spirit of reciprocity. Gee, that was a hard one to handle.

Napoleon said that an army travels on its stomach. Evidently Mess Sergeant Smilie has never heard of Napoleon.

"Jingoes," says Bill Shay, as Little Cook Fritzie refuses him thirds on (Canned Bill).

The funniest thing seen here in a long time, was, Saddler "Pop" Stebbings hot footing it with a fire bucket to extinguish the flames that were threatening destruction to the second section drivers domicile. After this exhibition of "Mercurial ability," we have little doubt that "Pop" will have small trouble in qualifying on the hundred yards.

We can not conceive why in this pleasant weather the good Corporal Kenyon should continue his subterfuge regarding W. R. insurance, the stove in the office isn't going. What's the answer, "Agues?"

"Shot Gun" Schneider, our elderly and venerable acting supply Sergeant, apparently believes in conservation of clothing, seeing that he has already supplied various members of the Battery "via" the Christian Science theory. I told you I'd squeal on you, Jake.

Since "Pop Solj" Gursny enrolled in the O. R. C. school, Steve Halton, our old war horse, has been appointed "official whistle blower," and he sure is making good. That compliment ought to keep me from stable detail for a week.

We take this opportunity to express our sympathy with Private Flanagan, on account of his narrow escape from getting a furlough. One might say he just escaped by a "Furlang."

Clerk Hack when he first turned out could use an umbrella case for a suit of clothes, but since the great event of his joining the army, said Hack is beginning to look like one. The cooks must like him. Gallagher (I mean Corporal, not Captain) seems to have it in for the special detail the way he sings at the top of his voice after taps each night. Say, Danny, what did the (S. D.) do to you that you should take revenge in such a manner?

LET THERE BE LIGHT—WHEN NECESSARY.

There is a large waste of electricity in camp because we often allow it to burn when not needed. The favorite time seems to be while breakfasting. A light left burning in each of the thousands of tents, results in a waste of large proportion. Let us all do our bit by saving the juice. —M. L. S.

CAPT. P. V. BALLOU.

Capt. Porter V. Ballou, medical reserve corps, has reported for duty here and has been assigned to the 55th pioneer infantry.

PROMOTIONS.

Privates W. Kay Anderson, Nelson W. Chapman and Leo J. O'Brien, of the depot headquarters troop, have been promoted to the grade of battalion sergeant major.

NEW MEDICAL OFFICERS FOR PIONEER INFANTRY.

First lieutenants of the medical reserve corps have reported to Brig. Gen. Carleton, at the provisional depot for corps and army troops, and have been assigned to duty as follows:

First Pioneer Infantry—First Lieuts. John O. Crist, Eugene S. Gilmer, Joseph M. Gordon and Lewie M. Griffith.

Second Pioneer Infantry—First Lieuts. Seymour H. Rowland, Milfert W. Myers, Nathan Feld, Milton J. Stern and Phillip J. Trentzsch.

Fifty-first Pioneer Infantry—First Lieuts. Eugene F. Thompson, Edgar P. Norfleet and Patrick H. Fleming.

Fifty-second Pioneer Infantry—First Lieuts. Alerick C. Whittington, William E. McGha, Claude E. Godard and Patrick A. Durkin.

Fifty-third Pioneer Infantry—First Lieuts. T. K. Jones, Sidney C. Cousins, Joseph L. Wozniak and Henry T. Corbett.

Sixty-fourth Pioneer Infantry—First Lieuts. Edmond E. O'Donnell, Joe P. Jewwell, William L. Ervin and Johnston Peoples.

Fifty-fifth Pioneer Infantry—First Lieuts. Hyland H. Woodson, Hiram A. Laws, Julius O. Belue, Luther H. Kelley and Herbert G. Garland.

CLUB FOR CATHOLIC SOLDIERS.

Progress is being made on the recreation hall which is being erected by Saint Paul's Catholic Church for the benefit of the soldiers of the Twenty-Seventh Division.

The building will be completed within the next few weeks and will then be handsomely furnished and equipped to take care of the Catholic soldiers at Camp Wadsworth. The building, when completed, will cost approximately \$3,000. The building is located just in the rear of the Catholic Church on North Dean street.

GOOD SICK REPORT.

Health conditions in Camp Wadsworth continue to improve. The weekly sick report, compiled February 11th for the surgeon general's office at Washington, showed a rate of 28.93 non-effectives per thousand, as compared with 29.08 per thousand.

There were no contagious diseases in camp, and there had been no deaths in ten days or more.

L.T. COL. SESSIONS HERE.

Lieut. Col. Alonzo B. Sessions, formerly of the South Dakota national guard, has reported here for duty. He was assigned to the 1st Pioneer Infantry (the old 1st New York), vice Lieut. Col. Cookingham, who has been made adjutant of the 1st Brigade of corps troops.

Col. Sessions has had long experience in the national guard, and came here from Camp Cody, Deming, N. M. He has already created a fine impression in the training depot.

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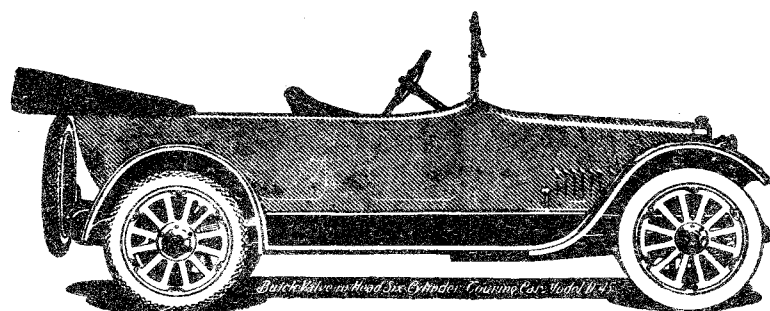
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