

WADSWORTH GAS ATTACK

AND

The Rio Grande Rattler.

Vol. 1

CAMP WADSWORTH, SPARTANBURG, S. C., February 16, 1918

No. 13



Same Old Bill!

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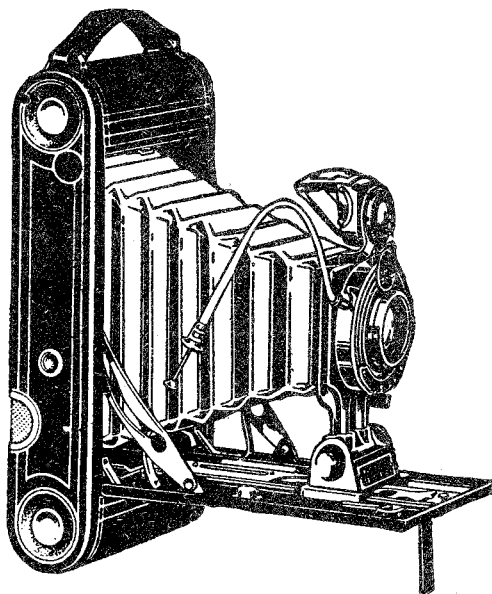
W. F. PORTER

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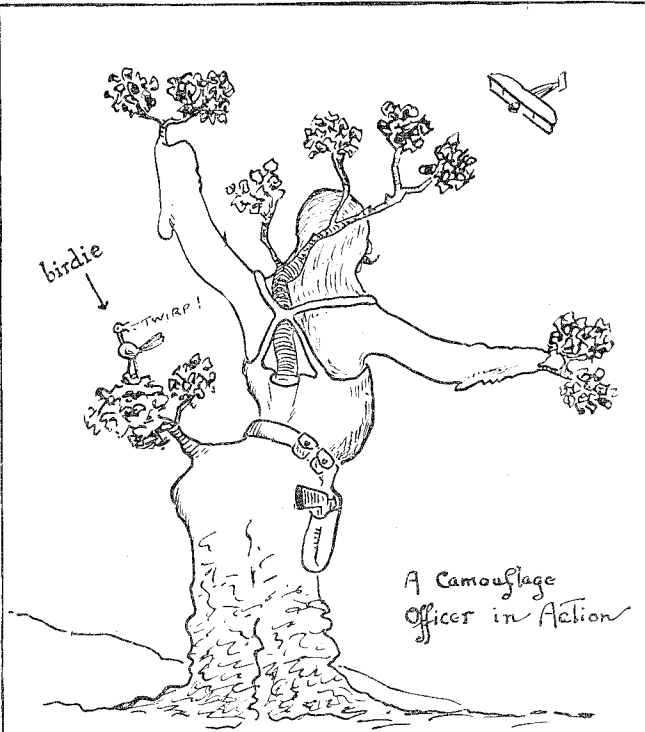
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ANNOUNCEMENT!

The Gas Attack promises some unusual features in both text and picture for the next number. The magazine has been enlarged by the addition of four new pages. Every page is going to be as zippy as the editors and contributors can make it. All hands are getting up an hour before reveille to cogitate on topics that will make you throttle your tent-mate if he interrupts your perusal of The Gas Attack.



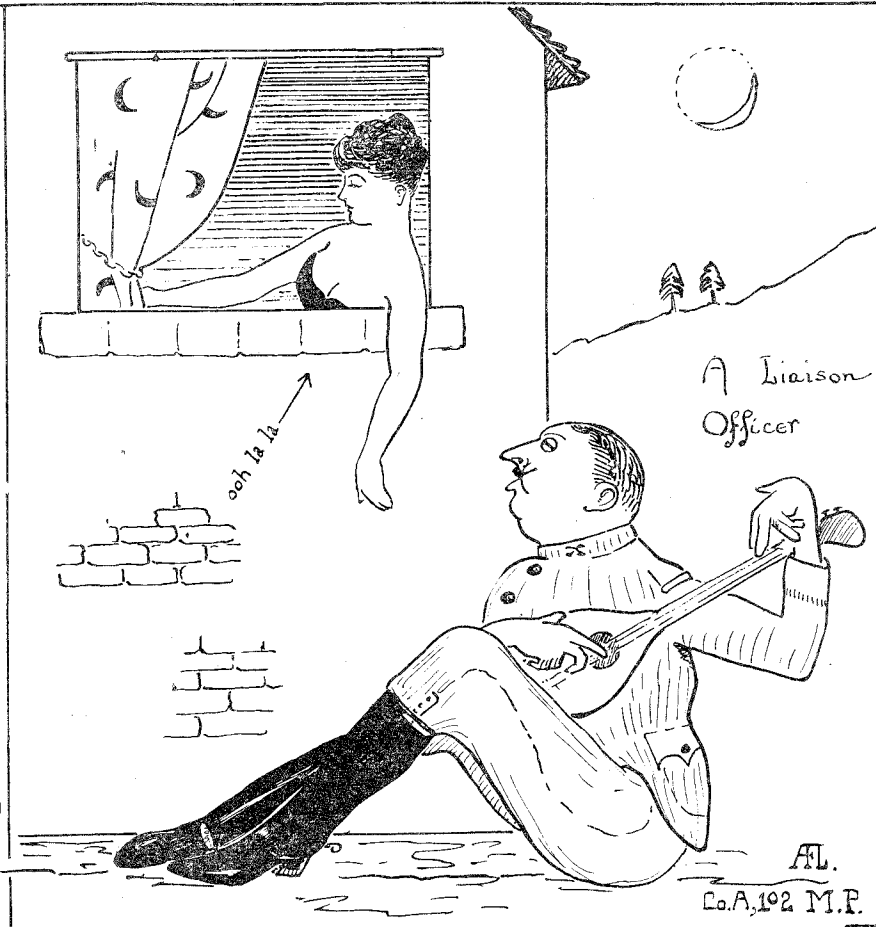
The Intelligence Officer



A Camouflage Officer in Action



The Pioneer Officer



A Liaison Officer

AL.
Co.A., 102 M.F.

WHAT THE FOLKS BACK HOME THINK THEY ARE.

A NURSE TELLS OF THE GREAT WAR

Base Hospital Nurse Recounts Stories of Heroism From Her Experiences Over There

Note—Here is a story, fresh from the theatre of war, told by one of the nurses in the Base Hospital who came from France not long ago. She is not seeking worldly fame, this nurse; she spoke of her work with reluctance, and she refused to allow her name to be used. She must be known to the **Gas Attack** readers simply as E. D.

Every available building of any size at all in France has been converted into hospitals to care for their beloved blessés, and I can see before me an old abandoned monastery, now being used to house those who are heroically spending their splendid manhood, in order to secure the peace for which they fight, that they who come after may enjoy the fruits of their sacrifice. This building had been fashioned into shape by a number of Red Cross nurses, and several American, English, and French men and women, professional nurses, and others who volunteered their services to reconstruct and make comfortable, this old building that had been dedicated for the cure of souls, and was now about to be utilized for a purpose well worthy of its past associations.

The building, built on three sides of a square, was taken over in mid-winter, lacking heat of any kind, and with an eight-years' accumulation of dirt and dust, and with absolutely no sanitary arrangements. The only water supply was an old well in the court, and the only way to obtain it was to carry it up three flights of stairs.

What these pioneers accomplished was little short of marvelous. Soon as the doors were unlocked, the wounded were brought in, and the first seventy patients were cared for on pallets of straw, laid on the floor of the oak-paneled refectory! When we arrived, four months later, the place was in excellent condition, with the exception of the town water supply that had been installed, which had the habit of going on a strike quite often, necessitating a call for volunteers to man the "bucket brigade."

The Sanitary Arab.

When it cost so much to obtain the precious fluid, we didn't encourage our Arabian patients to indulge in one of their religious customs of washing their feet in it three times a day!

Those Arabians! Splendid fighters that they have proven themselves to be, and remarkably brave in the face of real danger, their native caution, combined with their fanatic ideas of our Christian customs, was a source of much amusement, and no little concern on our part.

If anything happened to be missing in the ward, in the shape of tooth-brushes, towels, soap or the like, we would usually find them carefully tucked away in some remote corner, as they had a habit of hiding most everything. At one time I found six tooth-brushes under the mattress of an Arabian patient, not one of which had been used, as they did not believe in them.

Their name for us was always "Madmoselle Mees," and one young fellow became so impressed with the efficiency of the Americans that he announced one day that "Apres la guerre" he would cross over to America and buy a "Madmoselle Mees" for himself.

Abdullah Objects.

One day Abdullah was carried in on a stretcher, a big, raw-boned man six foot two, looking as though he was worrying more about what would happen to him than what had already occurred. His right forearm being badly broken he was subjected to an operation at once. He could speak neither French nor English, but his actions showed how much trust he placed in us, as the necessary preparations were being made. With many a strange grimace he allowed us to administer the ether. Later, when he awakened in the hospital cot, the properly tucked in sheets appeared like some new form of restraint to him. He looked around in a startled manner, and with a sweeping glance he cast suspicious eyes upon all of us. With a wild yell, and uttering the most unearthly sounds he leaped from the cot, pushing aside those in his way, made a wild dash through the swinging doors into the next ward, followed by orderlies, doctors, and a number of convalescents, who volunteered to catch the swift-moving, quick-dodging son of the desert. After a lively chase down three flights of stairs he was finally captured in front of one of the saints, stationed in the court. He surrendered, but gone was the trustful look in his eyes, gone was that child-like confidence in his "Madmoselle Mees." Protestingly he was led back, but not to his bed of linen chains. Failing several attempts to "tuck him in again" and finding it impossible to convince him that the bed was not a prison of some sort, we were obliged to allow him to have his own way, which was to sit in a corner of the ward for three days, nursing his splintered arm, and his broken faith in his "Madmoselle Mees." He would accept nothing from us, his drinking water he drew himself, and to make sure it was fit to drink, he always

washed in it first! Later he became more tractable, and one of his chief enjoyments was to follow me around the ward while I changed dressings, his face being an index of the amount of pain inflicted on the patient. If borne well, he gave me a grin of approval, and occasionally a tap on the shoulder with his long fore-finger. Often his expression was very savage, but at the time it concerned me very little; later, however, I found out that before enlisting he had murdered his wife!

Unconquerable Courage.

One day while a number of wounded were being brought in, a request was made by one of the orderlies for two adjoining cots. Those I arranged and placed in them two comrades who had enlisted, fought, and been wounded together. One of the lads had his left limb off, and the other had lost his right foot. One answered my look of sympathy by saying: "We are fixed fine now, nurse. One pair of shoes will do for both of us." Delirious nights and wild dreams of pursuing Boches troubled the weaker lad, and night after night his comrade remained awake and comforted his chum with words of cheer. Later, it was my pleasure to see them both decorated by a French officer with the Croix de la Guerre.

* * *

Another year, but still "somewhere in France." A military hospital, one of many in the section of "Eatables," as the Tommy called it. Twenty thousand beds in the vicinity.

Twenty-four hours after going over the top the dear lads were with us, some not so badly hurt, but ever ready with the question: "Got a fag?" followed by: "Sister, do you think I have a Blighty?"

* * *

Nestling in a small valley is a quiet spot, sheltered by beautiful pines, and facing the English Channel, where many soldiers are resting in God's acre. Evenly laid out, each grave has an aluminum marker, recording the soldier's name, rank, and regiment, when known. Here also are laid the unknown heroes, those who have left no earthly record of their brave deeds, but whose names are on a scroll more durable! The women of this section have pledged themselves to keep forever green these graves of sweet and sacred memory. Shortly before leaving I visited this peaceful valley, and looking upon the graves of my brothers I heard the rumble of distant guns: visioning the scene of battle I thought of the comforting words of Saint Paul: "To die is gain."

Wadsworth Gas Attack and Rio Grande Rattler

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A NEW NAME.

The **Gas Attack**—whose full baptismal name was **The Wadsworth Gas Attack and Rio Grande Rattler**—is to have a new name. After this issue it will be officially known as

THE GAS ATTACK
of the
New York Division
(27th Div. U. S. A.)

Major General O'Ryan has given the assurance that the **Gas Attack** will continue to be published when we are over there. He has at all times shown a most friendly and helpful interest in the Division paper and has been kind enough to say that it is an important factor in the dissemination of valuable news to the men in the Division and in sustaining the Division's morale.

Of course, as long as there is a military camp here, there will undoubtedly be a camp paper. But the **Gas Attack** is the paper of the New York Division—and will go with that Division wherever it may go. For that reason "Wadsworth" has been dropped from the title. "Rio Grande Rattler" was retained for some time because the **Gas Attack** was an outgrowth of the Rattler that so many men of the Division remember on the Border. We feel that we have grown away from the old Rattler, which did such valiant service in the land of the cactus and which is surely entitled to a particularly bright spot in the journalistic happy hunting ground.

We take this opportunity to say that the men of the Division have supported their camp paper most loyally. Our circulation has grown; our subscription list has grown. We now distribute 20,000 **Gas Attacks** a week,

to all parts of the United States. All this growth has come in spite of the fact that labor and material conditions made it necessary to increase our price from five cents to ten.

The **Gas Attack** is not a war-profiting business. No one makes a cent out of it. The editors give their time free. The contributors, including some of the best professional artists and writers in the country, send in their stuff for the sake of the Division and the love of the game. What surplus is made goes into making the paper a better, brighter sheet. For example, we are going to add four pages to the present size—making a 36-page paper—the largest printed by any Division. We are going to add a rotogravure section, with some good photos of camp life and other things of interest. This magazine is edited for the soldiers by soldiers, and as long as that condition exists it will never be made an encyclopedia, a tract, a class paper or a highbrow sheet.

We welcome suggestions, criticisms, contributions. Send them in. Come in yourself. We have an office in Y. M. C. A. Headquarters, opposite Division Headquarters. Also—just to get in a little business while we are at it—buy every number yourself and send a couple of numbers up North.

R. E. C.

A NEW EDITOR.

It gives us great pleasure to announce that, beginning with this issue, Mr. Ray F. Jenney, the Camp Physical Director of Camp Wadsworth, becomes the Y. M. C. A. Editor for the **Gas Attack**.

Mr. E. W. Leslie has been elected to the highest position the Association has to offer, that of Camp Secretary. He finds himself too busy, and has resigned in favor of Mr. Jenney, the next best man, in our judgment, to continue the fine work of Mr. Leslie.

J. S. KINGSLEY.

WHAT NO REAL SOLDIER WOULD DO.

The other evening three **Gas Attack** editors were surrounding hot cakes in Tommy Harrison's eating place. Three men from a famous infantry regiment had just put away a steak at a nearby table. They watched until Tommy's back was turned and then slipped out quietly. As Tommy put it, "they took a run out powder on me." He was an angry man, was Tommy.

He said that an occurrence of that kind didn't happen very often. But it shouldn't happen at all.

The merchants downtown say that they have given credit to a lot of soldiers who are extremely slow to pay up. This is a bad habit to get into. No real soldier would beat a civilian out of a cent to which that civilian is honestly entitled. Our job is to protect the civilians, not cheat them. Of course, this is another instance where a few men do what they shouldn't and we all suffer. But why can't those few brace up and be real soldiers, too?

R. E. C.

BRIGADIER GENERAL BANDHOLTZ.

The **Gas Attack**—for the Division—salutes Brigadier General Bandholtz and congratulates him heartily on his promotion. As Colonel Bandholtz, chief of staff of the 27th Division, he made a splendid record and won the admiration and respect of officers and men alike. He proved himself an able soldier and a capable executive. The brigade which gets Brigadier General Bandholtz as its leader will be indeed fortunate.

R. E. C.



Incinerator.

A SOLDIER'S LETTER TO HIS SWEETHEART.

Dere Mable:

I would have wrote sooner but I had such a cold I couldn't say nothin for most a week.

Well, Mable, we ate all the food like the cook said but we ain't in France yet. I guess he aint got as many brains as he said he had. Everyone is sore at him cause we didnt kick at none of his food for more than a week thinkin that when wed ate it all wed go away. He thinks its funny an says "Do youse guys think this war is a Cooks tour?" I hate fellos what tries to get out of things by bein smart.

Everythings covered with mud includin me. I seem to attract mud like I was a maggot, Mable. Yesterday I spent all the afternoon shinin up for guard sos to be the Kernels orderly. Then I step out of the tent and flui. The sargent says "Smith dont you know enuff not to go on guard lookin like that?"

I even got mud in my hair. Max Glucos says when he combs his its like rakin out a garden. From what I seen of him though I dont see how he found out.

Its pourin rain an awful cold. Its so cold that the tooth paste rolls right offen your brush in the morning. The Captin has a cold in his nose. He says he wont take the men out in such bad wether as today. Taint nuthin gainst him Mable but I hope he has a cold all winter.

Theres a hole in the tent over my cot where the water comes through on me. I put a slicker over me last nite. The water made puddles in it. Then when I turned over they spilt out into my shoes. This had me guessin Mabel till finally I put Max Glucoses shoes there instead of mine. Angus MacKenzie had so many holes over his cot that it looked like one of those safety fire sprinklers. He got up last nite and rigged his shelter half sos the water hit it an run onto the next cot. He a brite fello, Angus, even if he is a forener.

The other day he had some medecine for a cold. It says on the bottle that it was 17 per cent. alcohol. He drank the whole thing right down sos nobody couldnt get hold of it. It made him awful sick but he says thats because he isnt used to it for such a long time. Me and him going down next week to put in a stock of tonics.

Its awful hard to rite letters, Mable. Somebodys always fallin over your feet or draggin something wet over the paper if youve got a cot near the door like mine is. An when you get goin finally at about the

fourth try some sargent always comes in with a list and makes you check up something.

Sometimes I go over to the YMCA, Mable. But as soon as you get writin a bald headed fello jumps up an says "Now fellos weel all sing." All the fellos whats writin looks up an says "Aw one thing and another." I dont know who the bald headed fello is. They got one in every YMCA. They all look about alike. I guess there a regular issue. Theys always a bunch of fellos what dont seem to know why they came. They all start singin. Then I cant write no more or do nothin. So I come home an go to bed. Independent. Thats me all over, Mable.

Most of the taxis is swallowed up in the mud. Theys only two or three runnin now. Only the big strong fellos can get to town. The cook says its the old theory of the arrival of the fittest. But I guess you dont know nothin about sience, Mable. When I go to town I wrap my blouze in a newspaper. If they know your goin they give you a list of things to get that looks like a Chinese Message to Congress. By the time you go to come home you got so many bundles you look like one of those fellos in the Funny Papers. Everyone stands in the square lookin like a hat rack waitin for the three taxis to come along. When they see one they rush it like they do in the movies when the milunares car runs over the poor fellos kid. If goin over the top is any worse than gettin under the top of one of them things with fifty bundles and as many fellos then Sherman didnt know many swear words, eh Mable? But thats history. I guess you wouldnt understand.

An then when you get home without a bath or a hair cut or the movies or nothin, an you forget to get that shavin soap for yourself an spent all your money they say "Thanks Bill. Put it over there. Can you change a ten dollar bill?" There ought to be a law against makin money in such big numbers.

Im glad you taken up singin lessons again. You ought to take a lot of em. I got a favor to ask. I dont do that often. Proud. Thats me all over. But if that fello Brogins keeps buttin round sing for him Mable. It aint askin much with me down here defendin you. Although I dont see why I had to come down here to do it.

yours internally

Bill.
(E. S.)

Some people's idea of roughing it is to drink champagne out of tin cups.

STUCK!

Tramp! Tramp! Tramp! The soldiers on parade.

How smart they swung along the road in checkered sun and shade:

The gleaming guns, the shining boots, the lively steps, the neat salutes—

Tramp! Tramp! Tramp! The soldiers on parade.

Squash! Squash! Squash! The roads are full of mud.

How smart the soldiers stagger where they once were wont to thud,

To music made of slushy ooze, as suction grips the plastered shoes—

Squash! Squash! Squash! The soldiers in the mud.

Mud, mud, mud,

O undelicious brew of earth and sky.

Mud, mud, mud,

Part coffee, pudding, stew, and pie.

Served to Carolina hills.

So adhesive are you, mud of camp.

That even this poem has at last become mired.

It limps, a prisoner in your glucose grip.

Its feet are stuck,

Nor all the King's horses,

Nor all the General's mule skinnners

Can pull them back again.

Soldiers wallow to the knees, wagons sink to the hubs;

O mud, it is with thou that

The River Styx must flow!

Mud in the company street, mud in the tent, Mud in the mess tins, and mud on your

blankets,

Mud in the wash basin,

Which you hang up on the stove to dry by night,

In order that you may brush it out

In the morning with a whiskbroom.

After you, O mud, the fields of France

Will seem Arcadian.

O mud, sixteen weeks of intensive mud.

One can not think of you long

Without cussing,

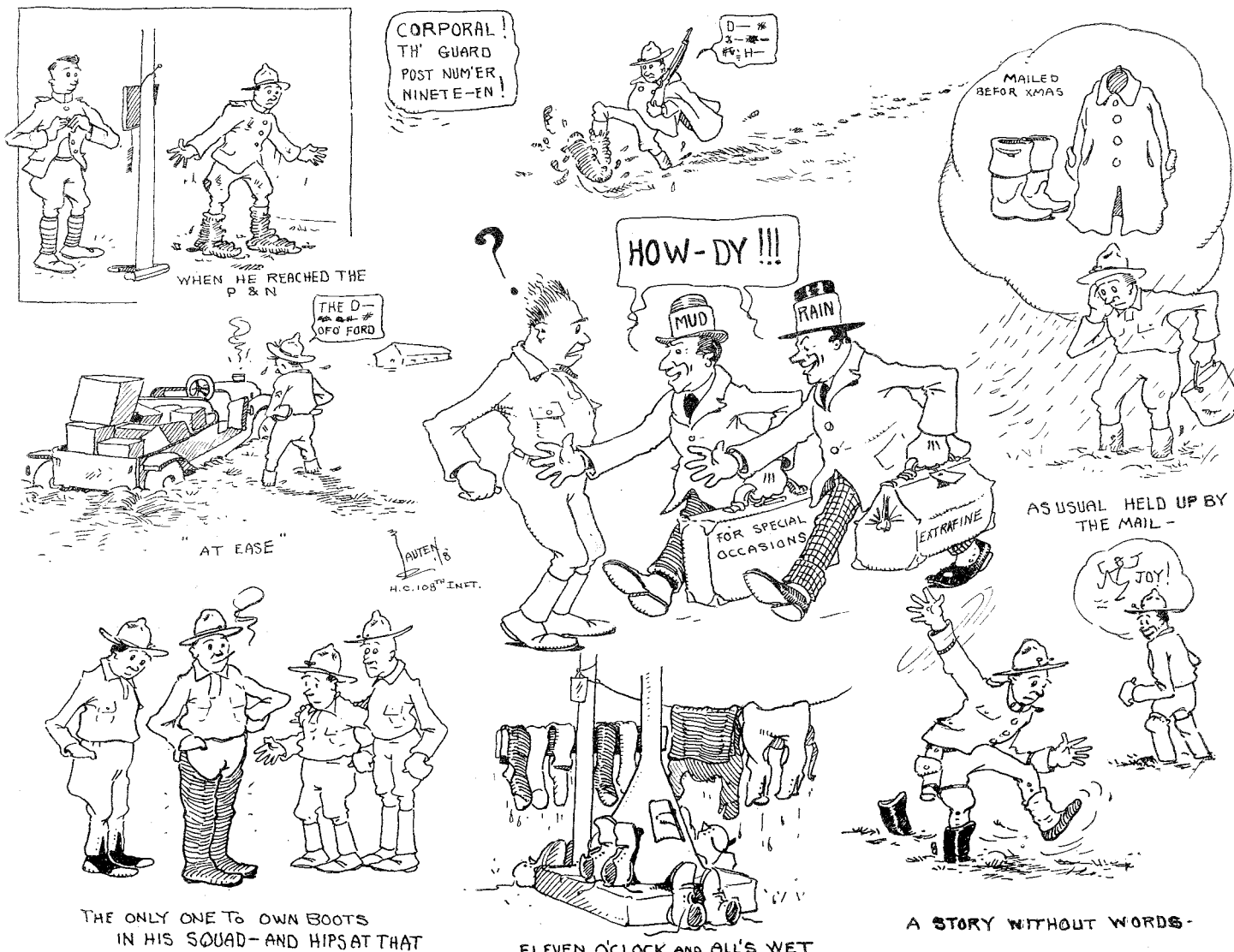
O mud,

Mud,

MUD.

—C. D.

It is reported on good authority that the doctors at the Base Hospital are working on a new serum with which they can inoculate us against mule-bite.



GUM-BOOT TIME IN CAROLINE.

GENERAL O'RYAN KICKED BY HORSE.

Major-General O'Ryan was hurt by the kick of his horse while on a recent visit to the artillery range at Glassy Rock. He has long since recovered.

The General was leading his horse up a mountainside to inspect a gun position. The horse became frightened, wheeled and kicked him in the stomach with both feet. The General was unconscious for ten minutes. Later he made his way down the hill to Brigadier-General Phillips's tent, where he spent the night.

THANKS, JOHN D.

The Rockefeller Foundation has given \$150,000 to be used for "camp welfare work under the War Department's Commission on Training Camp Activities." Camp Wadsworth is going to use its share to buy deep sea diving uniforms for the men and mud guards for the mules.

BAND MAKES A HIT.

Two Hundred Pieces in the Division Unit in Concert at Converse.

The division band gave a concert in Converse College on the evening of February 12th, and it was a great success.

There were 200 pieces in the consolidated band, conducted by Band Leader Sutherland, of the 104th Field Artillery. The program was varied and interesting.

Special trains over the P. & N. railway took many soldiers to the city and back to attend the concert.

A SCHOOL FOR ADJUTANTS.

Lt. Col. Franklin W. Ward, division adjutant, is conducting a school for regimental adjutants. Later, he may conduct a school for battalion adjutants.

There will be an unusually large number of snappy cartoons and illustrations in next week's Gas Attack. Don't miss it!

CHEERO!

You'll never repent,
You slept in a tent;
Or the blanket you lent
When the tent-pole bent,
Or the O. D.'s vent,
Or the Sibley's dent,
Or you paid no rent
Like a decent gent,
In Ypres and Ghent;
For you'll know it meant:
Just went not sent!

Cornelius Vanderbilt, Jr.,
Division Headquarters Troop.

Sergeant Tompkins, the Ammunition Train mule charmer, calls the salmon to which some mess sergeants are addicted, "submarine chicken."

They say that discipline is so strict at the O. T. C. that the men have to sleep at attention and snore by the numbers.

THE IDEAS OF ETHELBURT JELLYBACK, PRIVATE

XI. On a Night at the Boxing Bouts and the Great Inspiration That Came to Him There

The other morning when I entered the breakfast pavilion, which soldiers less cultured than I call the mess shack, I carried with me, as is my custom, my individual package of cornflakes. The top-sergeant, who seldom says anything pleasant to me, called to the cook:

"Be sure to give dearie another spoonful of milk."

I resented the remark. Turning to the top-sergeant, I retorted:

"You had better exercise caution if you venture out of doors. There are many buzzards in the air today."

Saying which, I sat down to eat beside the sporting editor of *The Gas Attack*, a rather decent chap despite the fact that he is somewhat crude.

"Never mind the topper," he consoled. "I'll be nice to you. I'll take you to the bouts tonight."

That was how, with my curiosity aroused, and not realizing to the full just what "the bouts" were, I accompanied the sporting editor that evening into a big wooden building. Around four sides of it, and packed close to a roped-off arena, was a vast crowd of soldiers. The air was full of smoke and delightful jazz-band music played by the 106th Field Hospital.

Frank Moran in Rubber Boots.

The sporting editor and I sat down at the ringside, next to a row of captains and majors. They did not nod to me. But then I gave them no encouragement.

A big, brawny fellow stepped into the ring and made an announcement. The sporting editor told me it was no less a person than Frank Moran, the prize fighter, "whose picture is so familiar to readers of *The Police Gazette* and other family publications."

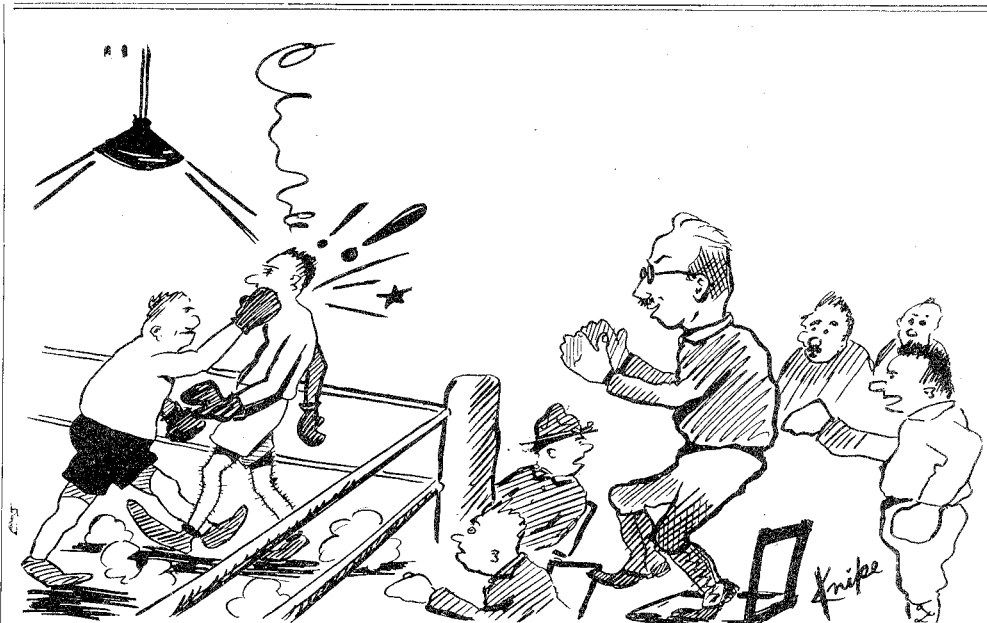
Frank's hair was tousled—not a bit neat—and he wore rubber boots. I questioned the sporting editor about this unconventional costume.

"Shhhh," he whispered. "Frank has to wear boots so he can wade through the pools of blood after the fights get started."

"Oh, how brutal! Why didn't you tell me that before? I'm going!" I leaped to my feet.

"Sit down, you big boob," shouted a soldier back of me. "Who do you think your father was—a glass blower?"

"I know perfectly well who my paternal parent was," I replied, turning on the fellow hotly. "My father was Ethelburt Jellyback, Sr., the founder of the great fortune



"I, too, was infected with the excitement."

and family of that name. He never engaged in any project so commercial as the glass industry."

The sporting editor pulled me back into my chair, saying that the first bout was going to begin. What was my astonishment to see that two opponents faced each other almost nude. All they wore was the better half of a pair of Bee Vee Dees. But on their hands were giant mittens, which the sporting editor spoke of carelessly as gloves. The boxers danced around each other, darting forward every now and then and bringing one of their gloved hands crashing onto the other's head. I thought their skulls would be shattered.

Ethelburt Is Alarmed.

"Break!" commanded Frank Moran, who was the referee. "Break!"

"Oh! How horrible!" I cried. "That brute encouraging them to break each other's bones."

Slap! Smack! Crack! went the blows, one after another. I watched, fascinated, in spite of my qualms. Gradually I began to discern that the sound of the compact came more from glove meeting glove than from any direct attack upon the body of either pugilist. That considerably lessened my feeling of horror at the spectacle. I also began to see the sly way in which each boxer protected himself with his shifting hands, and the equally sly methods each adopted to slip a blow past the other's camouflage. Speaking of camouflage, as everybody is, have you heard the latest definition of the word? It is: mussing up the other twin bed. Cute idea, isn't it?

But about the bout, all of a sudden the boxers boxed more furiously. The soldiers got excited.

"Lot o' pep!" they cried. "This is war. . . Slam him in the stummick."

The round ended. While the protagonists, resting in their corners, were being fanned by their solicitous attendants, Frank Moran held up his hand for silence.

"Now, remember, the General said not to shout during the rounds. Don't spoil a good fight. Save your noise 'til the round is over and then give the boys your applause."

The Fatal Round.

When Major Somebody-or-other blew his whistle, the two boxers leaped forward again.

"There's blood in their eye," said the sporting editor. But I couldn't see any there. It seemed to be chiefly all over one fellow's nose.

The slimmer of the two fighters began to deliver dexterous blows with lightning speed. But the other, as sturdy and stocky as a County Courthouse, hammered back at him. Faster and faster went the blows. Soldiers forgot and shouted.

Suddenly the slimmer fighter, called "Mack," went down, bang! It occurred in the corner where I was sitting. But I never flinched. Mack struggled to his feet and again faced the other gladiator. The other drove in another terrific blow. Bang! Mack went down again.

"One, two, three," counted Moran, standing over the fallen man. At the count of four Mack got up and continued the fight. He went down again. That happened at least six or seven times, until I marvelled at the fellow's pluck in coming back to such tremendous punishment each time.

"One, two, three, four, five," counted Moran, while Mack lifted himself half dazed to his knees. "Six, seven, eight." Mack rested one knee prepared to rise before the count of ten should declare him defeated. "Nine—"

(Continued on page 30)

PRAISED BY THE GENERAL.**Privates Laird and McCarthy Are Com-
mended for Preventing Escape
of Prisoners.**

Privates Laird and McCarthy, of the 108th Infantry, kept three prisoners from escaping recently. One of the prisoners was shot and killed. More recently Major-General John F. O'Ryan sent for Laird and McCarthy and told them:

"It does you credit. All of us regret, of course, that the incident resulted in the death of one of the prisoners. But every officer and every man in the division knows that you were acting in the line of duty, and not only that, you were quick and efficient, all that a soldier ought to be. You have nothing to regret, but a great deal to be proud of. Your action has been officially approved by a board of officers which investigated the case, and I want to commend you personally. You not only discharged your duty in the most creditable manner to yourself, but you have furnished an example that all others ought to follow, if, unfortunately, a similar circumstance should arise. The commendation of your commanding general has been placed in the official record of this case, and I wanted to have the satisfaction of commending you personally, but your greatest satisfaction will come from the knowledge of having discharged your duty. That is the greatest reward any of us can have."

MOVIES OF CAMP.

Lieuts. Meyer S. Lentz, Lawrence J. Dammour and Joseph P. Annin, from the office of the chief signal officer of the army, recently have visited Camp Wadsworth for the purpose of making official still and motion pictures of the life and training work here and at the target range, both for historical and propaganda purposes. Some of the pictures will be used in the recruiting campaigns.

Have you seen the automobiles with "O. D." painted on them? O. D. means *Ordinance* Department. Get that straight. It isn't Ordinance, nor yet Audience. The other night a buck private, wending his way homeward over the corrugated road, stopped an O. D. car and demanded a ride. The driver demurred a bit. But the buck hopped on, anyhow. After they had jogged and jotted along for about a mile, the buck, just to make conversation, inquired, "What have you got in the back of the car?"

"Oh," said the O. D. driver, as he dexterously avoided a cavity in the road, "just a few cans of T. N. T."

You are not treating that girl back home right unless you send her **The Gas Attack** every week.

"PIONEER INFANTRY."

From the Army and Navy Journal,
February 2d, 1918.

We have received requests for a definition of Pioneer Infantry, now being organized at Camp Wadsworth, S. C., under Brig. Gen. Guy Carleton. At present the general answer to an inquiry for a definition, even among high officers of the army, is: "Damned if I know."

The Field Service Regulations provide for Auxiliary troops to be attached to Army and Corps Headquarters; this used to include Heavy Brigade Trains, Heavy Siege Artillery, some Infantry and Cavalry. The Infantry to be attached to Army and Corps Headquarters are now to be called "Pioneer Infantry." There are to be included also Anti-Aircraft Machine Gun Battalions, and some Signal troops.

A Pioneer Infantry regiment appears to be a cross between an Infantry regiment and an Engineer regiment, doing the work of both; the organization is the same as that of Infantry, except that it has no Machine Gun company, and there are but 142 men in the Headquarters company. How they are to be divided into brigades we believe is as yet problematical. It would appear that the regiments from 1 to 50 are to be Corps troops and from 50 to 100 Army troops.

The collar device has not yet been announced. The general impression is that it will be crossed rifles with a castle underneath. It is presumed that the work of the Pioneer troops is to be mainly guarding depots, railroads, supplies, and engineering work of different kinds.

LIDD OFF AGAIN.

The town of Spartanburg was quarantined from January 26th until February 11th because of a few cases of spinal meningitis in town. Now the lights along East Main street burn brightly again and the soldiers sip their loganberryola in the gild cafes and surround the festive wawfull.

A FRATERNITY-SORORITY.

A fraternity-sorority, composed of equal parts of soldiers and fair maidens of Spartanburg, has just been formed with the avowed intention of holding fortnightly dances. It is called the Eta Beta Pi. The members are Misses Nellie Scriven, Sarah Montgomery, Natalie Green, Betty Carrington, Roxie Brown and the Misses Sims, and Sergeant Donald Mitchell, Hdqts. Co., 106th F. A.; Sergt. Reginald Hudson, 102d Trench Mortar Battery; Corp. Robert Adams, 102d Trench Mortar Battery; Corp. John Bochet, Hdqts. Co., 55th Pioneers; Prvt. Frank Helfert, Hdqts. Co., 106th F. A.; Prvt. David Hughes, Co. B, 106th M. G. Battery; Prvt. Porter, 102d Ammunition Train.

ONE OF DAN CARROLL'S POEMS.

Dan Carroll, staff correspondent for the New York Herald with the Twenty-seventh Division, wrote a column of prose and poetry in The Spartanburg Herald while the city was under quarantine. One of his works follows, depicting the effect on the Cleveland Hotel of the soldiers' absence.

The chairs in the lobby are vacant;
The crowd isn't jammed to the wall.

We don't have to wait
An hour for a plate;
There's a few in the big dining hall.
The waiters stand around idle;
They miss your tips, large and small.
The guests are all blue,
They miss you, only you;
But the baths miss you most of all.

LUGGAGE FOR LONDON.

The following announcement from the adjutant-general of the army will be of interest to all who may be thinking of traveling through England soon:

"Due to limited transportation for troops traveling through England, officers accompanying such troops will limit their personal baggage to one trunk locker, one bedding roll and hand baggage. Additional baggage authorized under existing regulations will be shipped direct to France."

IS THIS THE RECORD?

Mrs. Ralph Erwin, of Bartlesville, Okla., knit a man's sweater in eight hours and forty minutes. She has knitted fifteen sweaters in twelve days. The first one was completed in eighteen hours and the next in fourteen.

UNCLAIMED MAIL.

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 mailing address (Regiment and Company), or by calling for it in person:

Abbots, James H.; Aliesky, Robert; Amedt, Frank; Bern, Joseph Mallon; Black, Bugler Joe; Broomhall, Corp. Geo. H.; Buonafete, Salvatore; Burgh, D. T.; Butanki, Pvt. Ludwig; Clark, Lieut. R. G.; Clee, Frank; Cobb, A. E.; Cochran, Wm. B.; Crehan, Lieut. John P.; Cripps, A. H.; Crumme, Pvt. Wm. G.; Finley, Sgt. V. dePaul; Dougherty, Sgt. R. G.; Drury, George; Egidio, Gilardi; Flack, Edwin; Gempp, Theo; Gillet, R. H.; Greenfield, I.; Hobart, Lieut. Marcus H.; Jensen, Corp. Wm. E.; Kler, Sgt. John E.; Knobel, E.; Komeyer, Mike; Krasner, Morris; LeRoy, Theodore; Martin, Lieut. Alvah H. Jr.; McKemy, Capt. J.; McNally, Corp. Francis; McPhail, Lt. Graham; Melhaster, James; Miller, C. Blackburn; Mantell, Lt. Egbert; O'Conner, Wm.; Miss Patten; Peabody, Sgt. Wm. T.; Perrott, Thos. A.; Robbins, Capt. F. C.; Welles, Sgt. Maj. Jerry.

OUR MOVIE PAGE



O. U. HELLER.

O. U. Heller, the hero of so many five-part pictures, risks his life time and time again that movies may be made for his country at a salary of \$200,000 a year. He has a beautiful country home, Heller Paradise, where he does his bit every third Thursday in summer digging, in superb white flannels, in the quaint Italian garden back of his pergola. His favorite portrait is the one above, showing him debonair in his sport shirt.



GERALD X. KNOCKWOOD.

Gerald X. Knockwood is a great favorite with the matinee girls. He can't help it. There is nothing he doesn't dare do—in the movies. He throws the villain over his shoulder, he heaves his chest at least twice every reel, he brushes his hair in Byronic waves, and puts down tyrants wherever he sees them—on this side of the water. His favorite portrait is the one above, showing him debonair in his sport shirt.



MELVILLE MANLY.

Melville Manly, who leads triumphant armies across the battlefields of Movexico, has just signed a contract for next season for \$175,000. In every picture you see him in, he goes over the top (of a cliff) or uses a gun with great dexterity and blank cartridges. Mr. Manly has organized a Violet Milo cigarette fund for American soldiers in France. His favorite portrait is the one above, showing him debonair in his sport shirt.

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS FOR MOVIE MAD MUTS.

Behind the Screens With Your Favorites.

Bertie E.—Yes, Francis X. Caveman will send you his photo if you will send him one dollar and stamps. Green umbrellas.

Ruff Necque—No, she doesn't.

Aloysious P.—Grain Pilfer played the Captain in "The Daughter of the Dug-out." Yes, he was exempted; feet; flat and cold.

Chaplain—Take juice of one orange, a dash of brandy, an inch of rum, two soft boiled eggs, and some cracked ice. Shake well together and allow to cool. Add a soupcon of absinthe, and serve warm.

Admirer of Charles Hay—He is 25. No. Perhaps he doesn't know there is a war. Movie stars seldom read the papers. It is too much of a strain on their intellects. Two Lancies, a Fiat and a Bugatti.

Miss Converse—Wallie Greed does look well in uniform, doesn't he? No, he hasn't tried to enlist. He fears that he has lived in an apartment so long he has flat feet.

Miss Happ—Dusty Barnum prefers nighties to pajamas. He wears a size 10 hat. He ob-

jects to army life because you have to get up before noon. Who can blame him? His favorite cheese is Pimento.

The Girl with the Freckled Nose—Gayton Pail—yes, he's 27, has been married twice (not simultaneously, however) and is an expert skee-ball player—plays military roles to perfection. His salute is in the poetry of motion. He gives it equally well with either hand. He can not join the army until his seven-year contract at \$133,000 per, with Louis J. Messhack Film Corp. expires.

The Belle of Gaffney—The Infamous Players have a farm where all the stars hoe hominy on fair Fridays. This brings them under the head of necessary farm laborers and so they are free to persue their art while the extras register Squads East and West in some camp.

REEL MEN.

Intimate Glimpses of Heroes of the Screen.

Douglas Fairbanks gets \$25,000 a year for grinning and vaulting over fences. He is 34 years old. He receives \$3,571 a day. He makes more in ONE DAY than Nine Privates make in ONE YEAR.

Harold St. Elmo, who played the dashing lieutenant in the patriotic film success, "My Country 'Tis of Thee," has joined the colors.

He has enlisted in the Hashky Home Guards, and will stand guard over the studio somewhere in Southern California, between 4 and 5 p. m. on alternate Tuesdays, in a specially designed uniform. He will pose for photos before, after and during his guard trick. Admirers who want to secure his autograph will please not clutter up his post.

Montgomery Flute, the virile star of the Sox Film Corporation, who scored a triumph as Captain Leffingwell, in "the star-spangled photoplay, The Terror of the Trenches," has been granted exemption from military service by the local board of Follywood, Calif., on the grounds that he has a dependent wife and child. Mr. Flute has just renewed a seven year contract with the Sox Corporation, calling for \$125,000 a year. His wife, known to millions of film fans as Betty Beautiful has also renewed her contract, and will be starred in a series of patriotic photoplays. Their talented daughter, Baby Cutie Flute (aged 7) has signed with the Goldfish Film Co. at what is believed to be the largest salary ever paid a child vampire.

Jack Nickleford, the brilliant young star of the Catamount Pictures, celebrated his 21st birthday recently by doing his bit. He bought \$25,000 worth of Liberty Bonds. Jack has just signed a 20-year contract which will mean \$150,000 a year to the young star, or twice what the President of the United States gets.



News From Division Units



BATTERY E, 104TH FIELD ARTILLERY.

Prvts. First Class Frank Owens, Charles Plath and Arthur B. Wood were promoted corporals this week. These appointments will add to the efficiency of Sergt. Corbett's crack special detail.

Our old friend, Sergt. Major Breen, received his commission this week. The members of the battery extend hearty congratulations and wish Lt. Breen luck in his new rank.

Sergt. Kelly and Prvt. Matthews are doing well under Barber Martin's treatment. Kelly can boast of a "fuzzy top," while Matthews' bean resembles a ballroom floor.

Table Waiter Yates would like to know why the boxing gloves were not strained out Mike Donoho's tea.

First Sergt. Crane says, "Where there's smoke there's fire," and where there's fire there are "goldbricks."

Corp. Keenan's future title will be "Battery Tailor." Expert work done on blouses and chevrons, underwear a specialty, open all night, too.

From all appearances our next notes will be from "Dark Corners." The regiment is scheduled for range practice. The roads are bad, the weather cool, but—let's go.

It's a cold morning for Klan & McBeath when the order comes "open those tent flaps."

The good news has reached camp that Corporal Regan Finney is doing great work at the Divisional Officers' Training School. Finney has all the qualities necessary to make an officer and should pass the "grind" easily.

"Drip" Subers has proven himself a scientist. By using a clothes line and an ax in the hands of Corp. Raleigh, he cured Jack of a spell of insomnia.

—J. S. K.

COMPANY I, 53RD PIONEER INFANTRY.

Top Sergeant Alexander, of Company I, has ceased to be a man who can still call his soul, corn plasters, shaving brushes, or anything else, his own.

He applied for a furlough during January. He went home to see his girl. First, he questioned the Pop, and then he popped the question. He volunteered to sacrifice his future peace of mind and signed up for an enlistment for life, being persuaded to do so by the greatest of recruiting agents—Cupid. On the twenty-second of the month, he took the fatal dive in the sea of matrimony, with no thought of ever being rescued. Good luck, Sergeant. We trust the bark of love which you boarded will never strike a raft of trouble.

DIVISION HEADQUARTERS TROOP.

A troop glee club has been formed. Among the players enrolled so far are Corporal Rost, Ted Gemp, Dick Giles, Bob White, Field Clerk Kehoe.

A daily news bulletin is also being issued. Frank Geifer and Ted Gemp have built a wireless receiving apparatus on the garage roof and every night reports are received from the national station at Arlington and published on the roster board in the morning.

Sergeant Crawford has relieved the men of the blues which have been troubling them for the past month and a half. Within ten minutes after the news had been received that Division Headquarters Troop had been given back its cavalry insignia by the War Department, he had put every mother's son back in his yellow cord.

Sergeant Jim Townsend has found a scheme to remind him of his job even when he sleeps. He has made a collection of wooden horses and enclosed them in a coral above the head of his bunk.

Several of the men who have applied for commissions have taken time by the forelock and notified their friends of the news ahead of time. If we can believe the incoming mail, the ranks include Lieutenants Jake Wagner, Jack Taggart and Neil Vanderbilt.

Civil war is being waged in the Judge Advocate's department. Ever since two of Neil Vanderbilt's poems appeared in *The Gas Attack*, Tom Ahearn, his boss, has been staying in nights studying rhythm and meter. He now announces a recital of some of his own work at one of the Spartanburg clubs.

A NEW VERSION OF THE GOLDEN RULE.

Captain Walter Palmer, of the Remount, insists first, last, and all the time, upon kindness to the animals under his charge. The following timely verse is posted on the bulletin board at the Wagon Company and Pack Train:

Would you have a gentle Mule

Then apply the Golden Rule;

If he's full of pep and vim

He'll do to you as you do to him;

Cuss him less and curry more,

He'll repay a hundred score;

Pet him more and pound him less,

He'll return each fond caress;

But kick him—and His Muleship waits

To land you through the Pearly Gates.

—W. B. P.

You have heard of spark arresters and shock absorbers. *The Gas Attack* is even more unique. It is a gloom dispeller.

MACHINE GUN COMPANY, 108TH INF.

"Blow your whistle, Davy!" the crowd yelled. Just then Band Leader Oltz and his orchestra broke into the stirring strains of Chopin's Funeral March. Davy Cohen blew his whistle and the Battle Royal, the feature of the "Racket" the Machine Gunners of the 108th Infantry, held last Saturday night in their mess shack was on. But the dead march wasn't necessary. They didn't have to drag anybody out.

Funny? Why even Sergeant Jack Butler, said to be the most even-tempered man in the division, had to depart from his usual pose and smile at the figure which Wee Willie Nasoff made when he missed a swing and bumped into his own partner. Nobody knows yet how the melee ended up, but it is a safe bet that no bout on record ever furnished so much amusement to a crowd as that which the four smallest men of the third platoon put on. They called it the "Battle Royal." It was.

Corporal Ben Flynn and Herbert Ernisse sang for the crowd between bouts. "Mule-skinners" Quinn came up from the picket line long enough to help the Racket along with a couple of solos. Andy Carroll was the announcer. He struck the high spots when he came into the glare and told what the Irish think of the American national pastime.

Eddie Troan, beg pardon, Sergeant Troan it is now, left his signal platoon in Headquarters Company long enough to come over to watch the festivities and he ended up by stepping forth and putting on a couple of melodramas with the assistance of Ernisse and his "Veiled Lady."

After the evening's entertainment was over the ropes were pulled down, the canvas was taken up from the ring, more tables were pushed back and with "Weasel" Pratt acting in the capacity of orchestra, they staged an impromptu dance. Cookie Kassel and his K. P.'s were right in their glory then. Then poured out cocoa all around and then topped that with a chocolate pie confection that Kassel knows how to make.

Corporal Ferry, of the M. P.'s, was sent to town on official business. Not being in a hurry he decided to take the P. and N. The conductor came through the car, dime hunting.

"I'm on official business," said Corporal Ferry, "You'll have to pass me."

"Son," said the venerable conductor, sadly, "I'm sorry, but we can't. The trains on this road are so darn slow we can't pass anybody."

(More Camp News on page 12)



KAISER: "Poosh! Poosh! Vy don't he chump?"
VON HINDENBERG: "Maybe ve must both get off."

MACHINE GUN COMPANY, 108TH INF.

We are again taking up our daily schedule of training which was somewhat broken during our quarantine. We have four American Model Lewis Machine Guns and three Automatic Colts which were assigned to us recently. We have in addition eight English model Lewis Guns. The men are all studying and rapidly becoming familiar with the operation and nomenclature of the newer guns. The men are working under the direction of their platoon leaders, Lieuts. McKay, Summers and Butterfield.

We have lost nine of our best men, who were chosen for the Motor Mechanics' Regiment. They left on Tuesday, January 29, 'mid the cheers and best wishes of the company. Many more are expected to leave in the near future.

Our company is most ably represented at the Officers' Training School by Sergeants Golden, Sommer, Bates and Diffen.

Sergt. Don Lindsey was chosen to take a course at the School for camouflage.

Sergt. "Bill" Crumlish, one of our most popular non-coms. has been promoted to acting 1st Sergt.

Private "Roge" Parley is at present filling the duties of mess-sergeant in the absence of Mess-Sergt. Tom Sykes, who is enjoying a furlough.

The "Secret Seven" are still holding their nightly meetings of a mysterious nature.

"Huck" Quinn, the corral comedian, is trying his jokes on the mules. You ought to see them laugh.

Corp. "Chris" Reddan challenges any professional cribbage players to a series of games. See Mgr. Rooney.

Wanted—Eight good gags for the 13th squad. To be applied after taps.

Privates Glands, Bremner, and Overend have returned from the 107th M. G. Co., where they were most pleasantly entertained and drilled during our quarantine.

Ex-Sergt. Wakefield has his ups and downs. He is a first class private again. Going up or down next, "Slivers?"

"Herb" Ernisee bought a ukulele and someone must have smeared glue on it, for we can not separate Herb from it. We have tried several ways but have failed.

Sergt. Butler expects to transfer to the Motor Mechanics.

Mechanic Harry Miller has been made a corporal. He wished to get into active service. He did. He now has charge of the "fighting twelfth" squad.

Private Wadsworth: You all know "Clayt." of Al. Fields Minstrels, has been very quiet lately. We all wonder if he is lonesome for the footlights and his old part in Uncle Tom's Cabin.

Our friend W. J. McKenzie has been promoted to corporal. Go to it Walter John, you have our heartiest wishes.

Seven Modern Wonders:

"Whiffen" not on sick report.

Peace in the 13th squad.

"Slivers" Wakefield forgetting the "border."

A GAS MASK.

It is a spittoon, shaped like a pig's snout, containing disease germs, a nipple, a clothes-pin, a pair of goggles, a rain-coat, a hose (rubber), with a tin can full of drug stores on the end, contained in a sack, and lacking only three balls to be a fully-equipped hock-shop.

Its purposes are many, chiefly—to see how many different persons can use the same mouthpiece without wearing it out; to find out how long one can hold his breath; to prove the necessity of bib issue; to be worn by cooks when slinging hash; to be worn when the captain or top-sergeant promises you promotion; at masquerades; to prevent tobacco chewing.

J. A. ELASER,
Co. B, 102d Am. Tr.

"Parley" learning to cook.

"Shine Rooney" not in quarters.

"Barbona" with money.

"Sup. Sergt. Cohn" with supplies.

H. W. O.
Machine Gun Co.

BATTERY D, 106TH REGT. FIELD ARTILLERY.

Lady Briggs has been after a transfer to the Wofford College. What is the trouble, dear, too much mud at camp?

First Lieut. Parlour expects to be transferred to the Aviation Corps soon. Good luck to you.

Bugler Blasso was seen washing his face yesterday.

The Battery flat car pulled into the siding yesterday. Ord Black and Shelter-Half Weisner, step up and get our hats.

They are now carrying the food to the tables in hods, since Bricklayer Judd is acting Mess Sergeant.

Corp. Davidhazy and Corp. Wood have been complaining that their names have not been in *The Gas Attack*, so here they are.

Rather amusing to hear the S. H. Quartet, composed of First Sergt. Priester, Corp. Jackson, Corp. McMurray and Bologne Keethe, sing "They Go Wild, Simply Wild Over Me." They have refused several flattering offers from the Metropolitan Opera Co.

—S. W. J.

WESTERN RESERVE UNIVERSITY.

Men in Camp Wadsworth who have attended, or graduated from the Western Reserve University, are asked to communicate with T. W. Garvin, Director Spartanburg War Camp Community Service, Spartanburg, S. C.

A COBBLER'S PAY.

According to a camp bulletin issued recently, the grade and pay of cobblers is that of mechanics, except that the grade of a cobbler for organizations of the signal corps is that of a corporal.

COMPANY M, 105TH INFANTRY.

It is whispered among our officers that one of their number is going to apply for a Lance Corporal's job, now that he has gone back to the "boil" stage.

"Tippy" Smythe has gone into the pigeon business for a pastime. The peculiar thing about "Tips" pigeons is, they are all black and go "Caw-Caw."

Corp. Rosebrook met with a sad, sad experience last week. Some one borrowed his sox and trousers while in bathing at the Y. M. and poor "Rosie" had to come home in the world-famous barrel.

Jack Fidelo, the stone inventor, has at last departed from our midst. We hope to hear from Jack soon, somewhere in, etc., etc.

The boys of the 12th Squad report, that Tom White, the diving Venus, is eagerly awaiting his long overdue discharge.

Joe Squazzo has lost his old title, "The Pride of Battery Park" and has annexed a new one to the tune of "The Soldier Oil King."

CORP. F. B. R., JR.

106TH INFANTRY.

Current comment up and down D street, or rather, passing the time of day with First Sergeant Lichtenstein:

"Well, 'Sarge,' have you reduced anyone today?"

To our now complete library of musical classics, we announce the addition of the following, which may be procured at the office, any time between "Taps" and "Reveille," for the thin sma' dime.

"There's a Broken Corporal for Every Light in D St."

The following embryo "half-looies" are in attendance at the Officers Training school from this company: Sergeant D. R. Adamson, Sergeant Herman Garnjost, Jr., and Supply Sergeant Gustave C. Fenn. The best wishes of the entire company to you, men, and more power to you.

Commercial candor in a recent *Gas Attack*: "If you want the best fit you ever had in your life, see me.—W. F. Porter, Cleveland Hotel."—And still more of it, Over the door of Woolworth's in Spartanburg: N. Y. prices for N. Y. Boys.

Bill Bockmeyer finally got away with it. What? Yep, he's on his furlough. He was pretty sober about it before he left, but we refuse to vouch for his present condition.

Our contribs are coming thru!

And now for a good last line.

Out of confinement by Christmas.

H. D. T.

COMPANY L, 105TH INFANTRY.

Joe Gadden, the boy who got out on account of his flat feet, is now a dancing instructor in Grand Central Palace, N. Y.

Co. L and Co. B are going to have a squad relay just as soon as the weather permits.

L Company will have their old coach Frank Thornton; so Matt Geis, watch yourself.

J. M. Mc.

COMPANY A, 102ND SUPPLY TRAIN.

It seems a pity how true art is denied. "Vernon" Mullane, a dancer just flowing over with grace and charm, in fact, an artist of rare talent, has had little or no chance to show his wonderful ability in the Sunny South. Never mind, "Vernon," you may have a chance to do a little "hoofing" on the Rue de l'Opera.

Sergt. Hyslop, the word-famous aviator, is flying to cooking school every morning. Learning how to make angel cake, Charlie?

Corporal Jack Kehoe superintended the manicuring of our company street last week. Now, if New York ever wants a good street commissioner—oh, well, have patience, Jack.

Joe White is trying to impress on Mike Devaney the large profits that is in the livery stable business. Be careful Mike.

Corporal Liddane's new secretary made a terrible mistake the other day. Put the wrong paper in the right envelope. Any harm done, Ray?

Corporal Price, hope you have renewed your subscription to "Snappy Stories." That was a good one about the Remington.

Corporal Frazer don't find much time to "talk to the bones" lately; he is quite busy learning the art of cooking.

Sergt. Smith is going to have a family reunion in the near future.

C. J.

MACHINE GUN COMPANY, 106TH INF.

Our evenings are somewhat livened since Private Rostrom entered our tent. His harmonica playing is simply exquisite.

We wonder if Private Graney will ever get enough sleep. He is known as the "Sleeping Beauty" of our tent. How do you get that way Nick, is it natural or just a habit?

Private Schlimowitz is saving the Government money, by wearing his O. D. boots these days. Hasn't worn his shoes in three weeks. Whatcha trying for Harry, a commission?

Private "King" Brady has been unanimously elected chief fireman, since the departure of Private Milton Tully, to the Mechanics' Regiment. Go to it strong, "King," and have that Sibley roaring when we get up in the morning.

Private Durham, our new tent mate, seems to be full of pep and ambition. Hope he doesn't lose his ambition too soon. Welcome to our happy family, "Bull Durham."

The boys have a new definition for Liaison: They think it is a new word for labor.

We welcome the arrival of Sergt. Raleigh to our company, after being on detached service for four months. Make yourself at home "Sarg."
H. E. S.

M. P.'S AT RANGES.

Two officers and forty men from the 102d Military Police are doing duty at Campobello, Landrum and Tryon, the artillery and infantry range towns.



IN THE GAS ATTACK OFFICE.

"Is the editor in?"
"Yes, all in!"
"Do you turn many poets out here?"
"Yes, we can't turn 'em out fast enough."

MACHINE GUN COMPANY, 106TH INF.

Private Zimmerman is feeling very blue since his old friend Tarmargo has been transferred to Augusta, Ga. They were as friendly as a one-armed man is with the hives. Zimmie, however, has not lost his wonderful voice. Most talking machines are made, but he was born.

Private Zeese, the only man in the company who is honored by wearing a size 14½ shoe, would like to know when they are going to issue O. D. rowboats.
H. H.

WHO LIVES IN WESTCHESTER COUNTY?

If you do, send in your name at once to the Westchester County Commission of General Safety, Court House, White Plains, N. Y., and have your name inscribed on your county's roll of honor. Tell your rank, organization and home address.

NEW 71ST N. Y. INFANTRY CARRIES ON.

Men of the old 71st N. Y. Infantry (now the 54th Pioneers) will be interested to know that the new 71st is carrying on. The new 71st of the New York National Guard now has a total strength of 762. At a recent inspection it was highly praised, and Colonel Wells was commended for his work in getting his regiment into such good shape.

Needless to say the new 71st has the warmest interest in the old 71st. Men are encouraged to get into active federal service as soon as possible and everything is done to facilitate their transfer, so the new 71st is really serving as a prep school for the old 71st and other outfits in active service.

A provisional company from the new 71st of 80 officers and men is now doing duty on the N. Y. aqueduct.

Everybody is doing it! Doing what? keeping a file of copies of *The Gas Attack*. Be sure and get next week's.

Letters That Choke the Editor's Mail

Communications from Readers, Gentle and Otherwise

TO THE EDITOR:

Have you ever had that tatoo feeling? I mean that feeling of emptiness that hits you at nine p. m.? No matter how much good slum you pack away at 5:30, that hollow feeling comes a-stealing o'er your tummy, and you borrow two bits from a tent-mate and head for the canteen, where you assuage the feeling with pie, pop, popcorn and peanut bars. But on a Carolina night, when there is a nip in the air but not in you, pie, pop, etc., often doesn't hit that spot that so badly needs hitting.

You yearn for something sizzling, something soothing, warm, substantial—yes, you get me—hot cakes and coffee. Oh, yes—you can go to Spartanburg, you reply. But that costs half a buck for transportation alone, and is a trip comparable to ascending the Matterhorn in these days of mud.

Now, my point is this—why can't the canteens sell hot cakes and coffee? A sanitary kitchen can be put up quite easily. And I am sure that the old simile "sell like hot cakes" would be found to work remarkably well. Why, a man down in the 105th tells me that when the canteen down there sold hot cakes and coffee, the number of hot cake inhalers averaged around 2,500 a day—which is pretty good proof that the boys want them. Sure, our regular issue grub is good—and we get a lot of it. But it's no sin to have a little extra appetite, is it? Can't you tip off your friends in the canteens so that we hot cake fans can enjoy life?

Yours, with maple syrup,
A HUNGRY SOLDIER.

ON SCENTED PAPER, TOO!

Dearest Editor:

Just to tell you how much I enjoy your paper—"Gas Attack"—sent to me by my "sweetheart" there with you boys—Camp Wadsworth.

I love people with brains, and most of the boys writing on aforesaid paper are brainy.

I read to a "knitting club" all the clever articles; and these young ladies (peaches every one) join me in this "pat on the back" I use this means to give you.

Private W. A. Davenport's article in January 19th issue, "Doing Our Bit at \$1.50 per" is absolutely my, I should say, our, sentiments, exactly.

Again telling you how I love and look forward to your paper; because it seems to bring me nearer to the one, and ones, most in my heart—I love them all, including my brother. I remain,

An ardent admirer,

C. L. P.

February 5, 1918.

Editor's Note—We bow!

Editor Gas Attack:

Your last edition of The Gas Attack contained an article that has caused me to take a lot of kidding from the boys in the company, not that I mind their jokes but they won't listen to my version of the affair, it would be quite an ordeal for me to explain to each and every member of the company so I thought you could assist me by placing the facts where everyone could read them, here goes:

I frankly admit having taken one pan containing thirty Hamburger steaks the week I was on K. P. and hiding same under the mess shack but this act was inspired by Cook Hugo Herzog, he explained to me that Corp. Lewis' squad was always hungry and he wanted to slip him something on the quiet. I never did trust that cook, but he had such an innocent look and I felt so sorry for the hungry squad, I followed Herzog's suggestion. Little did I know there would not be enough steaks left to feed the company or that Hugo would double-cross me, so when I discovered the meat was gone my conscience bothered me and I promptly brought in the hidden pan. Of course, everyone saw me do it, but I relied on Herzog to square things. He did not, but accused me of hiding them to satisfy my own appetite. Such a terrible thing to say when everyone who knows me will vouch for it that I am the poorest eater in the company.

This explanation, I am sure, will set me right with the boys and I thank you sincerely for giving me the chance of placing the matter before them in its true light.

Sincerely yours,
PRIVATE MULLHALL,
Co. F, 102nd Engineers.

THE GIRLS DENY IT.

From New York City and Richmond Hill Come Answers to Herty's Poem.

EDITOR GAS ATTACK,

Camp Wadsworth, Spartanburg, S. C.

Dear Sir:

A copy of THE GAS ATTACK happened to wander up this way, and in it we found a little poem written by Private Howard A. Herty, entitled "My Sweetheart."

We have attempted to reply to the contents of said poem. You will find enclosed two attempts, one by Miss Lamb, and one by the writer. Perhaps you would like to insert these in the next issue of THE GAS ATTACK. If you do, may we each have a copy of the magazine? Let us know what the charge will be, and we will forward the cost of both copies.

Yours truly,
CHARLOTTE E. KNOWLES,
Richmond Hill, Long Island, N. Y.

HER SIDE OF THE STORY.

(An Answer to "My Sweetheart.")

You left a true girl when you hurried away
To answer Democracy's call.
Tears still dim her eyes, as she worries and sighs,
And prays for her boy above all.

She no longer dances, jumps, skips or prances,
Or takes in any good show,
For the men left behind are not very fine,
Being types which you probably know.

So have not a fear, for your girl is sincere,
Just as she vowed she would be;
And the same cozy sofa awaits her fond loafer,
'Tis true—you can take this from me.
JESSIE LAMB.
New York City, N. Y.

* * *

SHE OUGHT TO KNOW.

He says that he thinks and he knows very well
That the sweetheart that once was so true,
Now loves some one else in the same fervent way,
But I think he's quite wrong, don't you?

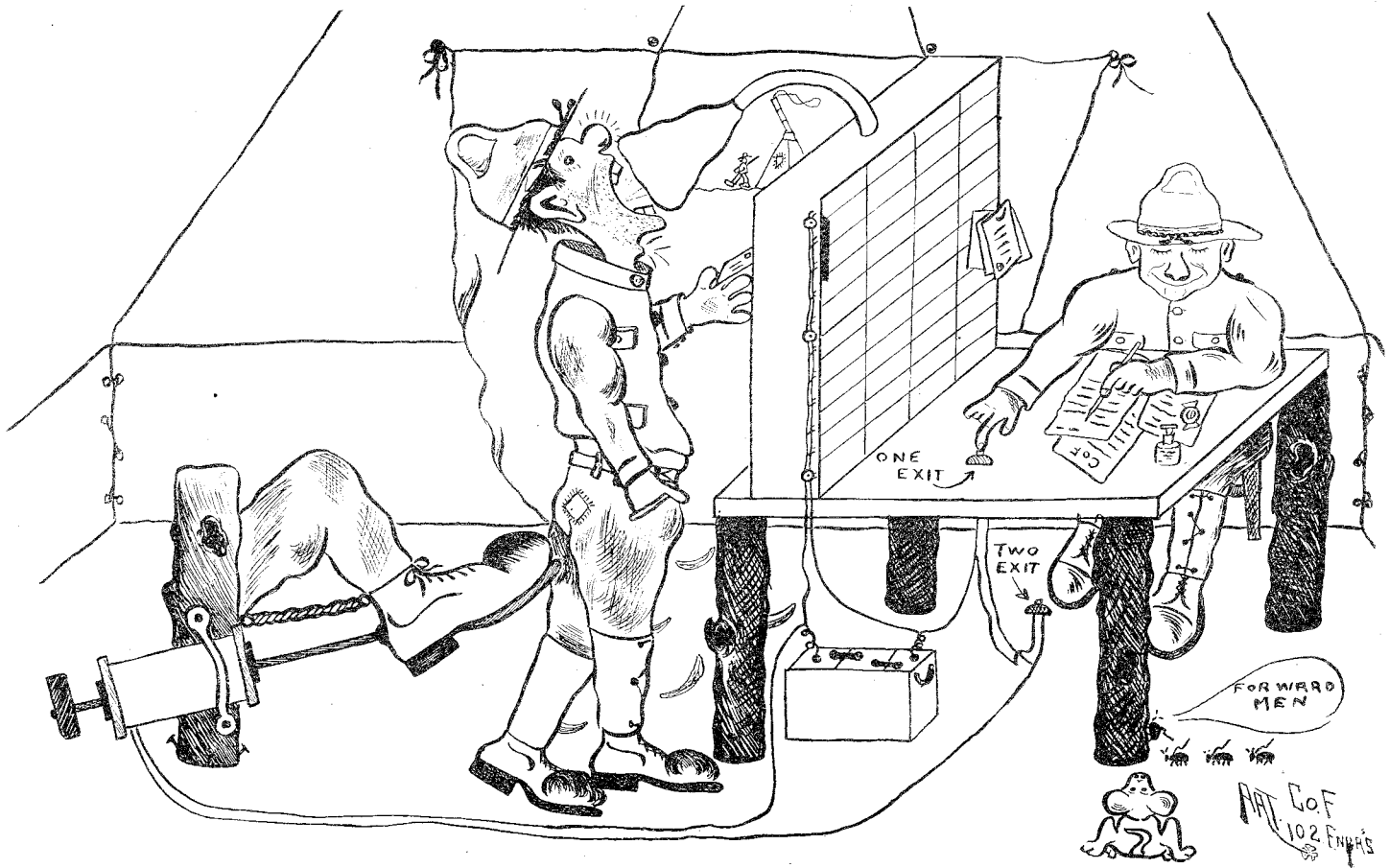
Now we are the folks left behind in New York,
And we see what goes on ev'ry day—
What is more, I am one of the "Sweethearts of Mine,"
And from my experience say.

If the girl who said "Dearie, let's go to the show"
To the boy now fighting somewhere,
Was to wish for a Sweetie on the old parlor couch
To replace the beau Over There.

'Twould be no small puzzle to find that 'er man,
E'en though our great city is big,
Ev'ry man that we meet is old, bald and gray
Or is wearing an opera wig.

And if our large city is so much reduced,
I wonder about the small villas!
Oh, no! Ye fair soldiers, fret not your brave hearts,
The couch bears nought else but the "pilla's."

—CHARLOTTE KNOWLES,
Richmond Hill, Long Island.



“AUTOMATIC MAIL CHUTE”
 or the
“FIRST SERGEANT’S DELIGHT”
 Invented by
“THE NATIONAL COT-BENDERS’
SYNDICATE”

An Organization formed for the purpose of improving the conditions surrounding a Soldier’s Life in Camp.
 Improvement No. 3,764,92¼. Dated Jelly 4th, 1492. Patent Pending.

STAFF:

- 1st Cl. Pvt. Arthur Buese...Artist & Inventor
- 1st Cl. Pvt. George Devlin.....Patent Agent
- 1st Cl. Pvt. Paul Murtaugh.....Attorney
- A. Buese Deck Hand
- G. Devlin Scene Shifter
- P. Murtaugh Property Man
- Mr. Vera BueseElectrician
- Mr. G. Washington DevlinMusician
- Mr. Paul Bera MurtaughPhysician

Description of “Automatic Mail Chute”:
 The vibration of soldier’s voice, shouting his name into the horn, causes an electrical tuning fork to open his individual mail box and deliver the mush from the Wild Women of the North (or Spartanburg). As this mush often affects the Mailee, it is sometimes necessary to assist him out of the First Sergeant’s Tent with the aid of a “Pusher” operated from button by man in Charge of Quarters. The installation price of this Masterpiece is only \$4.97¾. F. O. B. Morgan Square, Spartanburg, via P. & N. Railroad between the hours of 4:30. Repair parts can be gotten from any Supply Sergeant (if he has the size) or Combat Wagon. If the Pusher does not work effectively, a few empty bananas working in collaboration with a set of rollers at entrance, will prove of great assistance to Mailees having heavy admirers.

COMPANY C, 105TH MACHINE GUN BATTALION.

Prvt. Sprague is sporting a black and red hat cord now and doesn’t have to drill nor do anything except keep Old Sibley on the job. Why don’t you join the Army, Sprague?

George Messenger’s moustache is getting pretty dry and wilted. I’d advise you to water it, George.

Corporal “Jack” Sullivan and the “fat boy” of No. 3 Tent, had a little duet the other night, but they were a bit out of gear as they were both dreaming different things, and they were entirely too loud for the comfort of the other fellows who were doing their best to sleep. “Billie,” you better take care fare to bed with you.

Lill Maud Adams is getting awful rough lately. Who are you going around with, Griffith?

Sergt. Rust lost his third tent through fire this month. It must cost quite a bit of money to indulge. Did you have to hunt through the ashes for your meerchaum pipe again, Charley?

—L. H.

Now is the time when a sunshiny day appears—now and then. Camp sports are looking up. Get next week’s *Gas Attack* and read the well edited sport pages.

COMPANY C, 108TH INFANTRY.

Sergeant “Bill” Egloff strongly protests in being called “Hon,” by the men. Seeing that “Bill” tips the scales close to 225 pounds he should be called “Ton” or “Babe,” both more appropriate.

Our Bugler Ainslie, known as “Goldy,” is now sporting a gold tooth. So that everybody would notice it, he had it placed in the front row. Now it looks like a golden smile every time he opens his mouth.

The way Corporal Jack Meyer tries to sell War Risk Insurance one would think he was working on a commission basis. His main argument is the use of his hands.

“Charge O’ Quarters” proved such an UNinteresting job that Corporal Michels applied for admittance to the Camouflage school. When he invented that excuse he made a good start in the right direction. Ole Reliable “Bill” Hogan inherits the job.

We have a new blonde stenographer. Now, don’t get excited. It’s a he. Private Dillon has taken the job—and say—he’s good, too. Yep. He took the school course of Hunt & Peck.

Corporal Carl Brown was presented with a daughter. He immediately left for home to get acquainted with his family.

Private Pfeiffer had aspirations to become a boxer until Joe Trouski handed him a trimming. Pfeiffer came from the 47th with a “rep.” That’s all he had. Now he hasn’t even that.

—CORP. J. M.

HEADQUARTERS SANITARY SQUAD

NO. 1.

Five new men were transferred to this unit last week: Privates Robert E. King, of Field Hospital 107; John S. Maher, F. H. 107; Edward L. Fleming, F. H. 106; Wilbur D. Vair, Med. Dept. 108th Inf.; Raymond W. Metzger, Med. Dept. 108th Inf., and Victor C. Deprez, Med. Dept. 108th Inf.

Jimmy Ehrman is the quartermaster sergeant of this recently organized unit. Private Ted Thibau is the clerk.

Sergeants Crandall and Goldsmith are attending his school.

Private Heaney has his troubles building the fire in tent No. 2 of a morning. His tentmates have theirs trying to sleep during the process. Private Ed. Shields, of the same tent, finds his troubles revolving chiefly around the lending of his broom. Ed. is the electrician.

Private Deprez joined the unit with a mysterious black box—a Victrola. He brought two and a half records. He's waiting for somebody to donate the other half.

Private Metzger only mentions Fort Benjamin Harrison occasionally. The ailment is not a serious one.

Private Vair, who went home on a furlough, came back married. Moral—oh, make it up yourself!

There will be no comment on Sergeant McKenna in this issue because he has threatened to give three days fatigue to the correspondent if anything he doesn't like is printed about him. Thus is the freedom of the press hedged about.

The quartette which used to rehearse in the street of Ambulance Co. 108, now holds its occasional practice with the sanitary squad: Privates Roberts and Berthof, A. C. 108, and Goodnough and Divine of this unit. There, we feared all along our name would creep into this!

BATTERY E, 106TH FIELD ARTILLERY.

The buglers of this Battery have been issued one horse apiece. From the remarks heard while trying to mount their new acquisitions, no seconds will be called for, and the Supply Sergeant can rest easy on that score. It is a well-known fact that these modern Knights in O. D. ride their horses—off and on.

Bugler McCormick has been given the title of Rough-Rider, because he shows such bravery with his lightning steed, who answers to the name of Buster. Buster has rather a cute way of doing things. For instance; if tired of having McCormick on his back, he simply lays down on the job, allowing the rider to roll off to finish his trip on foot.

The Lieutenant has decided to place the buglers in a class by themselves. The name has not been accepted yet, but those witnessing the past performances of the musical jockeys insist upon calling them the "Rising Doughboys."

J. W.



Q. M. C. DETACHMENT.

Pvt. H. B. Treiste is back from his fifteen-day furlough, looking very good after some hard nights in the big city, and is again driving his little Dodge, dodging all the M. P.'s in camp.

Corporal Hugh Mulligan has gone to spend his furlough in the hard coal regions in a small town called Hableton, somewhere in Pennsylvania.

Pvt. McIlravy announced to the detachment that Big Charlie Steinmetz finally has parted with ten cents and bought himself a pack of Sweet Caporal cigarettes.

Julius Chester, the cook of this detachment, married a real queen from Saxon on Wednesday, February 6th. The boys all wish him luck, but hope we get something to eat hereafter.

Pvt. Charles Benedict Duffy, who has taken examination for second lieutenant, must expect to get his commission, as he has been seen around the officers' quarters, looking up some of the real officers' cast off clothing, bars and hat cords.

The camp quartermaster's orderly is worried because the commanding officer can not give him an easier assignment than sitting down reading Gas Attacks all day.

—C. J. S.

LUTHERAN COMMUNION SERVICE.

The Lutheran Communion Service to be held in Y. M. C. A. Unit 96 Sunday, February 17th, will begin at 9 a. m. instead of 10 a. m., as stated in a previous issue of THE GAS ATTACK. The service will be conducted by Chaplain E. F. Keever, of the 102d Trains and Military Police, assisted by Camp Pastor E. E. Ryden. All Lutheran men in Camp Wadsworth are urged to attend.

AMBULANCE CO. NO. 105.

There was great rejoicing among the "Rough Riders of the GMC's" a few days ago when they received official notification of their promotion to wagoners, and the following day Len Grabosky sported a brand new pair of chevrons on his sweater. They looked fine, even though he sewed them on upside down. Privates 1st Class, Glenn Benson, Jack Bunch, Carl DeLano, George Doust, David Earl, Len Grabosky, Art Hollis, and Privates Charles Brown, "Goosie" Ferguson, Leon Hooper, "Zob" LaValle and Les Scammell are the lucky boys. Mechanic Jake Miller has been placed in charge of all repairs.

Though recent inclement weather has caused the temporary cessation of athletics in camp, Sergeant Chaskel's boxing classes are still very popular. Corporal Bernard Tucker and Private Victor Paetznick, nicknamed "Nip" and "Tuck," go at it hammer and tongs, and even Sergeant Klink makes good use of that peculiar shuffle that he adopts when he dons the gloves.

At noon mess January 24, Corporal Walter B. Schindler was given a rousing send-off as he ate his farewell meal with the company. He will resume his studies at the College of Medicine at Syracuse University. A veteran of the Mexican border troubles a year ago, he was a popular and valuable member of this organization and both officers and men regret his departure.

Sergeant Clayton Crandall, Privates 1st Class Frank Crandall and John A. Halloran, who were recently transferred from this company to Sanitary Squad No. 1, appear very well satisfied with their new quarters near the 106th Field Hospital.

Private 1st Class Ray Johnson and Private Ted Swift have been detailed for duty in the operating room at the Base Hospital for special instruction.

Privates 1st Class Jack Bunch, "Cuckoo" Gomon, and Privates "Hoddy" Jones, "Mose" Vedder, Mike Michaels, "Hungry" Bushnell, "Lydia" Parkhurst, "Tonsorial" Dessert, Harold Short, and P. S. Bunch, recently returned from a ten day furlough spent in Syracuse.

By feigning sickness, "Mose" Vedder managed to secure permission to share an upper berth with "Hoddy" Jones, though he declares that he had to sleep in the hammock. In the morning "Hoddy" discovered that one of his socks was missing and after a search, he discovered it in a lower berth which happened to be occupied by a Major. Being too bashful to address the Major, "Hoddy" had to sit in bed and wait for the Major to get up, a target for the laughter and witticisms of his comrades. Finally an obliging porter rescued the sock and "Hoddy" finished his dressing in peace.

If anyone should hear Carl Rea heave a heavy sigh and then smile reminiscently, let him remember that recent week-end trip to Spencer with George Doust.

A. K. M.

COMPANY H, 105TH INFANTRY.

Company H won the honors for kitchen cleanliness in the regiment for the week ending February 2nd, coming home a winner with ease and plenty of margin to spare. The winning of this flag was due to the efforts and hard work of Pvts. Red McGahan and Yaller Kaufman, who did the painting and interior decoration of same.

Corporal Jack Level, alias "Ambie," has left on a furlough for his home on the Coast. He will be there and back before he knows it, but we all hope he will enjoy the trip anyway.

Private Augustus Lucius Tootell is still complaining of his flat feet, and will accept a furlough if some Samaritan will furnish him the necessary funds. Hard luck, I'll say Gus.

Private Lefty Brayman claims he was born to be an officer and a leader of men.

Private William Foster Mackin wants it to be known that HE, Willie F., was corporal of the guard. That's it, Willie, keep it up, Bill, you may become a colonel some day.

During the quarantine First Sgt. Frank DeConca was much upset over his trips to the Cleveland Hotel, namely, to have his nails manicured. Where do you get that stuff, Sergeant?

Private Hughes, one of the most prominent football artists in the company, goes to bed kicking and gets up the same way. Wise up Johnnie, you're in the Army now.

Private Jimmie Burns was seen in the 5 and 10 cent store buying a pants hanger. What's the big idea, Jimmie? Is it to keep your pants in shape to go Girling with Corporal Farrel?

Corporal Callahan is now on a furlough, and we trust he won't join the long list of "Benedicts." Hudson is a pretty little town, but Cupid seems to be working strong up there with some of the boys.

Private Jake Alexander is still holding the title of "Mayor of Troy," and back at his old game of gimme.

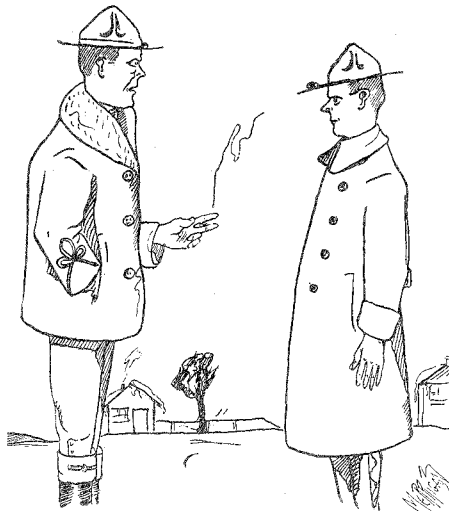
Sergeant Barkhuff, our well known Supply Sergeant, or better known as balloon, is studying for the exams of 2nd lieutenant in the slackers retreat. How about trying for some C&GE?

—Pvt. T. J. D., Jr.

BATTERY E, 106TH FIELD ARTILLERY.

Are You John Rogers?

John F. Rogers has been the recipient of a number of letters addressed to him. Among them were bills, requests for donations to help the stricken pork packers, love notes from interesting damsels, and orders to pay back alimony. John F. is rather tired of being considered the only Rogers in the Division. And, besides that, he would like to get some mail belonging to him. All other Rogers are requested to submit their addresses to him, and he will forward the various letters mentioned.



Captain Capps: "Why didn't you have that sentry relieved?"

Corporal Mitts (who has just won his chevrons): "He was doing so well I thought I'd let him stay on the job!"

COMPANY I, 2ND PIONEER INFANTRY.

The first note of spring heard in this neck o' woods was caught by Corp. J. Alexander Laut to-day, while relaxing a few moments after mess. A flock of crows in heavy flying order from some Southern point, broke up the long winter with a lilting Mendelssohn.

Cook Walsh, former associate editor of Snappy Stories, is silent and morose over the incarceration of Mess Sergeant M. Rae in the Base Hospital. They were inseparable chums. Mike has a flat wheel, but expects to be on the job for the selectmen or whatever is coming to us.

Srgt. Lieneck, the milk-fed Adonis of Flatbush, has been made insurance clerk for this company. "Sh—h-h-h!" "What?" "They made me." "Made you what?" "Made me work."

The theater party at the Harris, given by Colonel Howlett to "his boys," was appreciated by those with "mud horse" abilities to mush in over the "Flanders" road to town.

Co. I's hairless sergeant offers to lay money, marbles or chalk, he can stand off any armed platoon with four bandoleers of trench shoes.

Roaring Bill, while North on furlough, had his larynx relined to meet the requirements of a longer street. Bill is there in the improvements.

Mess Sergeant Brown, formerly first class corporal with this company, is making good in his new rank.

A shrinking Violet in the adjoining tent asks to know whether the Gas Attack will allow an impartial sunny dispositioned supply sergeant's name to appear in it. Has command of elementary and ethical profanity and a smattering of English.

—N. M. J.

COMPANY K, 107TH INFANTRY.

That black braid on the arms of Lieutenant Daniell has been the pleasantest sight we have seen in some time. Company K, newcomers and those who know him of old, and especially the Third Platoon, will affirm the Lieutenant is the most popular officer in the regiment and unite in their congratulations over the well-earned reward.

The 21st Squad have been resting on their laurels lately, since Buck Private V. S. Mills developed the measles. Wish someone would martyr himself in our squad.

I wonder why Private Duffy has been stoking the incinerator so faithfully for the last week? There's a secret, isn't there, Duff?

First Class Private Judson Wylie Card is trying his talents on the sale of Chewy Chewies and Smack Smacks at the canteen lately. If your artist business fails you, Jud, it will be a comfort to have another trade on which to fall back. The management put in cash registers the second day Card was on the job.

I guess Robby (former Mess Sergeant Robinson) sort of slipped one over on you, didn't he, Melville?

I wonder how Private Dymock manages to get along for cigarettes these days.

One of the most popular of all the Tenth Company is Cook "Art" Gero formerly of the First. His pleasant smile and unflinching good humor even take all the sting out of a refusal for seconds!

Private Buck has been detailed to the Headquarters Troop to act as a waiter at the Headquarters mess. We expect to get some first-class rumors now.

What is the matter with "L" Company these nights? Can't you sleep, "L?"

Corporal Vedder has been appointed mess sergeant and it must be admitted that he knows his job. But what is the idea of keeping the boys waiting out in the rain for the grub line, Nick?

It didn't take the 25th Squad long to discover that the old sergeants quarters at 24 make a fine back yard in which to dry their clothes.

The measles detail and a few other stragglers held an excursion to the gas chamber Friday afternoon. What did Connor say to the Lieutenant though while demonstrating tear gas for us? You should stand at attention while speaking to an officer, too, Merv.

Bugler Ham Schuyler says one reason he dislikes blowing reveille is that he has to get up too early to sound it. C.

Your name and the names of your friends appear in nearly every issue of *The Gas Attack*. Read the news from division units. Next week there will be a vast batch of them.

News of the Y. M. C. A.

EDITED BY RAY F. JENNEY.

ERNEST W. LESLIE BECOMES NEW GENERAL SECRETARY FOR THE ARMY Y. M. C. A. AT CAMP WADSWORTH.



Ernest W. Leslie, Camp General Secretary.

E. W. Leslie, who has been connected with the Y. M. C. A. work in Camp Wadsworth since it started, has been appointed general camp secretary, succeeding W. J. Davison, who has returned to his home at Albany, and will have general charge of all the Y. M. C. A. work in camp.

This will be pleasing to all Mr. Leslie's friends, and to all the Y. M. C. A. workers, and to the officers and men in camp as well. Mr. Leslie is a popular and capable man, and has had long experience in this work.

Mr. Leslie is a Buffalo man. He was educated in the Buffalo public schools, after graduation was for seven years salesman for the Dupont Powder Co., leaving their employ at a financial sacrifice in order to take up Y. M. C. A. work. He was stationed in Buffalo at the Central Y. M. C. A. When he left this Association for the Army Y. M. C. A. work, it had reached its highest point in membership in the history of the organization, this was due largely to the untiring efforts of Mr. Leslie, who was Membership Secretary. He went with the New York Division to the border as a Y. M. C. A. Secretary and there gained valuable experience, while rendering wonderful service, and winning hundreds of life-long friends.

Mr. Leslie is an old National Guardsman, having served as Sergeant for several years in Co. B of the old 74th Infantry. He was forced to leave the company because of the

pressing demands on his time. Since leaving his company he has been offered a Lieutenant. He is a 32nd degree Mason, and is a vestryman of the Episcopalian Church, the assistant commission by them if he would return. He is also superintendent of the Sunday School, and one of the leaders of the Brotherhood of St. Andrew.

Mr. Leslie is always accessible in his office at the Y. M. C. A. Headquarters building, and there is hardly a moment in the day in which some officer, enlisted man or Y. M. C. A. worker is not in consultation with him. Although the "Chief" of the Army Y. M. C. A. at Camp Wadsworth has a big job, Mr. Leslie, because of his tireless efforts, his systematic way of doing things, and his ability to secure "team-play" among all the "Y" workers, is putting it over in big league style. He is able to do so because of his long experience in business affairs and in Y. M. C. A. work, coupled with his energy, his ability, his tact and a pleasing personality. These qualities make him an ideal man to be in charge of the Y. M. C. A. work at Camp Wadsworth.

Y. M. C. A. NOTES.

The lecturers who come to camp are giving a post-graduate course in general education. A deep impression was made by Dr. Winfield Scott Hall, who is one of the best authorities in the country on the sex functions. He is on the medical faculty of the Northwestern University and has been released for a year for the same kind of work in the camps that he does in colleges and universities. He spoke in the afternoon in the Base Hospital and in the evenings at Y. M. C. A. buildings. With utter frankness and delicacy he gave the latest information possessed by medical science as to those organs which have immediate relation to one's own welfare, to the efficiency of the army, and to the well-being of generations yet unborn.

Rev. James Bishop Thomas, Ph.D., of the University of the South, at Sewanee, Tenn., has been acting as Religious Director at Unit 97 in place of Mr. Ford, who is away for a two weeks' furlough. He is author of "Religion, It's True Prophets and False," a book being published by McMillan's, which is sure to make a stir. Dr. Thomas is an older-brother sort of chap and the men took to him at once. On the other hand, he is struck by the moral earnestness and fineness of the men of the New York Division.

Fred. B. Smith is a power on the platform. He can get an audience of men to stand on their heads if he asks them to. On two evenings last week he spoke four times, and the impact of his appeal was like a sixteen-inch gun. He made the crowds who heard him feel the bigness and

splendor of the job we have to do in this war, and gave a mighty tug at their hearts to live a clean, manly life.

Another particularly good speaker is Mr. Chas. S. Crossman, of Philadelphia, Pa., who has been in camp this past week giving a lecture on "The Making of a Magazine," which was illustrated by several reels of films and beautiful slides. Mr. Crossman has made a "hit" at every Y. M. C. A. building where he has appeared.

UNIT NO. 271.

Chaplain Shipman, 108th Field Artillery, addressed us at the Sunday evening hour, and left a real message with us. At the close of his remarks, many of the boys enjoyed an intimate, personal chat with the Chaplain, whose kindly interest and advice are much sought.

The class in piano instruction is progressing famously, and additional men are taking up the work.

Secretaries Bonk and Foote entertained Dr. M. J. Thompson, of Rochester, N. Y., at Officers' Mess, Wednesday night. Dr. Thompson was the speaker of the Mid-Week service, and delivered a forceful appeal on "doing what one can," no matter how little it may seem, toward helping the "other fellow."

W. R. Gross, Q. M. C., is helping out in the office, as librarian, and his ready adaptability to all-around work is greatly appreciated by all.

Unit 271 is indebted to the officers of the Q. M. C. for the manifestation of an interest in promoting the work of the Association.

We were at last fortunate in securing Capt. Fiala, 102nd Am. Train, to deliver his thrilling lecture on his own expeditions to the North pole, illustrated with slides and movies, the first of the kind ever taken in the frozen North. The close attention, and the reception accorded Capt. Fiala, merely demonstrated again the popularity of speaker and subject.

Arrangements have been made with Bandmaster Roche, 102nd Am. Train, to present a band concert after the movie feature every Thursday evening.

Our first "soldier-talent" night, presented on Saturday, was a splendid success. Following is the program: Vocal solo, L. W. Grant, Q. M. C.; Eccentric jiggling, C. Laubendorfer, Field Bakery; Boxing bout, Jones and Schubring, Field Bakery; Vocal solo, M. Fogarty, Supply Train; Violin solo, N. Marquart, Remount; Vocal solo, Harry Sharp, Military Police.

UNIT NO. 96.

Among the events of the week was the talk of Dr. Geo. Douglas, of Rochester, who brought to the men a splendid gospel message.

The usual movies took place on Friday night and were followed by Chaplain Edrop's Bible class, which was held in the main auditorium, as the Educational Rooms are at present being used as a dormitory for many of the new officers of the 53rd Pioneers.

(The six boxing bouts of Saturday night are written up elsewhere).

Speaking of Chaplains, Sunday, February 3, was a regular Chaplains' Day at this unit. At the 8:30 a. m. services Chaplain Edrop, 53rd Pioneers, was in charge. At the Regimental Services at 10:30 a. m., Chaplain Jaines, 108th U. S. Infantry, was in charge, while at the regular evening services at 7:30 p. m., Chaplain Shipman, 106th Field Artillery, delivered a stirring address to the largest crowd that ever attended a religious meeting in this building.

During the week H. L. Anderton, new educational secretary, organized five classes in grammar, arithmetic, spelling and penmanship, and reading. Algebra and geometry classes will be formed immediately. Three French classes are already in operation and are doing excellent work with Prof. Libby, of Wofford College, as instructor. Boxing classes numbering 35 and 40 men are meeting on Tuesday and Friday every week after the movies. Competent instructors, composed of the "greats and near-greats," have been secured to do the instructing.

UNIT NO. 92.

Monday night several good boxing bouts were staged and one wrestling match. This is a comparatively new entertainment at this unit and the men are interested in the bouts.

Tuesday evening Dr. Woolsey and Miss Woolsey, assisted by Private McDonald, of the 105th M. G. Br., gave an excellent musical program. Fred B. Smith came over Wednesday evening in spite of the mud and gave a good talk before the movies.

The building was used Saturday for the regimental funeral services of Private Reel, Co. D, 106th Inf.

Unit No. 92 has just formed the first organized Bible Class. This class meets every Sunday morning at 10:30 in the Chapel room. It has twenty-five charter members and the following officers: President, Albert N. Ellender, Co. A, 102nd Eng.; Vice-President, D. L. Bridgman, Co. B, 106th M. G.; Secretary, O. C. Smith, Co. D, 104th M. G.; Teacher, Mr. F. A. Cunningham.

LITTLE THOUGHTS OF LITTLE MEN.

"It may seem harsh to many who are studying German as a step toward higher education, but we want no German kultur in our country, so stamp it out before it reaches a dangerous stage."—Commissioner P. P. O'Brien.

WHY LEAVE DAD OUT?

We have Mother's Day and are asked to wear a white carnation in her memory; but we have no father's day. We have songs to mother like "Mother Machree," which grip the heart; but none to the man she chose for her husband, except those on the order of "Everybody Works But Father." Every man who goes to a Y. M. C. A. building is reminded to "Write to Mother." All real fellows do, if they are so blessed as to have a mother living.

But what about dad? Many of us have written more letters since we came to camp than we did in all our lives before, but how many letters have gone to the man we honor before all others? Letter-writing is the soldier's most popular diversion and it is a good one, but where does dad come in? Usually at the end of a letter home, one says "Remember me to Father" or "Tell dad so and so" or "Thank Pater for the check he sent." That is about the limit, unless a chap and his dad are pals.

Mothers are the greatest institution on earth but fathers are in the same class. I owe a lot to my father and so do you. I owe it to him to tell him how much I love him. He enjoys a little attention now and then. It warms his heart. He is more lonely without his son than he is apt to say.

So on Sunday, the 10th, the Y. M. C. A. urged every man to write to his sire. On the Thursday following a father-and-son program was put on in every unit. This tickler is for the fellows who did not get around, and did not get off the letter. Write to dad such a letter as you never wrote before. He may grunt and snort but he will like it.

P. M. S.

COMPANY H, 105TH U. S. INFANTRY.

She—Will you be happy when you start for France?

He—Happy? We will be in transports.

"Hump." Brennan of the Ninth Squad qualified as a "bum" thrower when he was following his occupation as a "bouncer" in the big city.

Sergeant Whoozis—I would take you to the Vaudeville at the Harris, but I know you would be uncomfortable.

Miss Converse—How is that?

Sergeant W.—You know the Government now puts tax on the seats.

Private Covey claims that next to the Saints the prettiest name in the world is "Carrie."

It seems very quiet in the company street since "Lottie" O'Dell has been transferred to Colonel Wainwright's office.

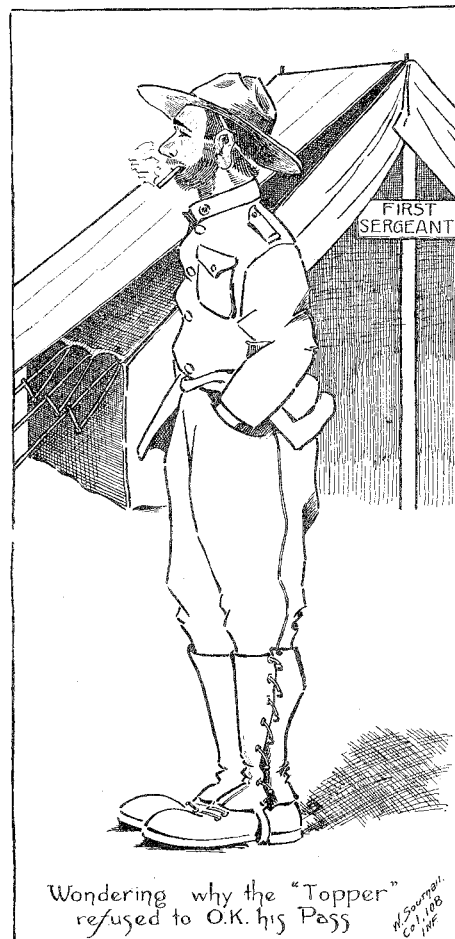
We are getting three meals a day. Indian meal; oatmeal and corn meal.

Private S.—Do you know why the Kaiser is like a man from the North of Iceland?

Corporal H.—Search me!

Private S.—Well, one comes from Belfast and the other's going to Hellfast.

A. G. A.



108TH AMBULANCE COMPANY.

Captain Frank W. Sears is acting Director of Ambulance Companies during the absence of Major Cranston.

Lieutenant Jones, who has been on detached service at the Bellevue Hospital in New York, has returned to take up his duties here again. While in New York he was married to Miss Eliza Cady. The bride accompanied her husband South.

Ed. Howard has been trying to drive his mules without the customary bits in their mouths. That may work with the circus variety, Ed., but it won't with these army mules.

All those not saving tin foil for Horse-shoer Raggs are requested to do so. Raggs wants to make a little spending money on the side.

Among our five officers, all but one are married men. Bets are being placed as to how long Lieutenant Bagley will remain immune.

Mechanic O'Neil, inspired by the activity of the rest of the Pine Knob bunch, has become so industrious that he arises every morning at five o'clock in order to take time by the forelock. This is very commendable except for the fact that it awakens the others from their slumbers.

Larry Truesdell, who heads the list of our kitchen force, has been appointed Instructing Cook for the Sanitary Train. Congratulations, Larry.

CAMP SPORTS

EDITED BY F. J. ASHLEY

FRED McDERMOTT MEETS WATERLOO.

Takes Count in Third Round of Bout With Heide. Will Meet Again.

Fred McDermott, the lanky heavyweight from the 106th Field Hospital, met his first defeat since coming to camp, last Friday night, in the bouts at Knights of Columbus Hall. His setback proved a big surprise as Mac had been walking away with everything he met formerly, having three consecutive knockouts to his credit. On the other hand, Heide, who now stands out as leader of the local heavyweights, was an unknown, whose only asset appears to be the slamming power of a Chicago ox-feller.

Heide a Steam Roller.

Heide is a short, stocky fellow with abnormally long arms and muscles that stick out in every direction. He lacks all ring generalship but is a bear for punishment, and took everything McDermott served in the first two rounds, without a quiver. His superior strength came in mighty handy. After the first few seconds he gave all his attention to pushing the favorite back to the ropes where he proceeded to cut off his wind and bruise up his muscles. Had the ring been of regulation size, Mac would probably added another win to his list, but he found the task of getting out of the narrow corners too much for him, and was never able to put his science to any use.

The winner, who hails from the Headquarters Company, 106th Field Artillery, broke into the Hall of Fame in the third round after he had made Mac take the count seven times. The telling punch was a straight right to the jaw. The medical boy was game but all through the third round he was groggy and reeled about without any defense at all. His courage was all that pulled him off the floor so often. As Moran said, when it was all over, "Uncle Sam will have nothing to worry about, if all of us show the same spirit of comeback as the boy from Albany."

First Round Even.

The first round went even. McDermott had the advantage of height but Heide equalled this with his extra weight. The artilleryman disregarded the stomach right from the start and went after the big fellow's jaw. He kept piling in, sending shot after shot straight up from the shoulder. Each time they went too high. Mac was content to show a strong defense, putting over short jabs to the ear.

First blood fell to McDermott in the second round. A straight right to Heide's

nose was responsible. Right there, the Albany scrapper made his mistake. Instead of following up his advantage he dropped his guard and it was all over. The artilleryman grabbed the chance. Rushing, he sent him back over the ropes with a shot on the neck. On its way back Mac's head struck a wooden rail behind the hemp boundaries, and to this, perhaps, Mac's grogginess was due. The blow dazed the medical man and robbed him of all his judgment. Instead of taking time enough to clear his wits he attempted to get up immediately and went down again. Twice he followed the same course before the session ended and each time he paid for it by a free pass to the floor.

The clean-up came less than a minute after the third round started. Heide came out of his corner confident and strong and with Mac barely able to rise from his seat, the result of the battle was clear to all. Three straight shots to the jaw sent the youngster down for the fourth time. He beat the clock again by a bare second but to no avail. The count came in handy thrice more, but the eighth trip was the last. Mac stayed down in slumberland after Heide had attempted to help him enter four times in the round. His face and nose were badly battered.

Immediately after the bout Moran announced that the two men would be matched again during the present month over a ten-round bout. Most of the Sanitary Train fans are confident that with a regulation sized ring, lacking wooden rails, a different result will be reached.

Haines Much Improved.

The first bout went to Rex Haines, Company L, 108th Infantry. He was matched with Hegartes, Headquarters, 106th Field Artillery. Haines appeared a thousand per cent improved over his first showing in the ring a month ago. In the first round he took his time landing a few hard ones to Hegartes' waist. His opponent started strong enough but began to think he had a cinch. Instead of continuing the good boxing that won him the initial round he was content to lose the other pair by too much stalling. Haines did all the first work in the last part of the match.

Shannon and Mykens Draw.

Shannon, 53rd Pioneers, and Mykens were principals in the second act. It was a fast draw with the midget battler from the 102nd Engineers, getting whatever little shade there might be allowed. Shannon was the better boxer, but a bad knuckle prevented him from getting in as many telling wallops as his rival. The second and fourth rounds were even, with the other pair split between the scrappers. Shannon

SUPPLY KICKERS IN ANOTHER WALKAWAY.

Shut Out Signal Corps, 8 to 0, in Second Round of Tournament.

The 102nd Supply Train's soccer team found another easy mark Wednesday in their second appearance in the Division tournament. This time the Signal Corps furnished the entertainment for the Buff cord players. Pitman continued his fast work accounting for half of the afternoon's total.

Neither team was able to score during the first ten minutes. The Supply outfit got its machine working after that, Pitman driving over the first tally. A few seconds later Ford followed with another. The field was covered with mud and several other straight shots stopped dead in front of the goal. When the half time whistle blew, the Signal Corps was fighting a six point handicap.

The communication men tightened up in the second half. It took ten minutes before Dermody found himself near enough to add another point.

Walker and Thomas did most of the work for the Signal Corps while T. Whalen and Ford aided Pitman operate the Supply adding machine. Sergeant Jim Poell, manager of the Supply Train kickers has instituted daily practice for his team.

The line-up:

102d Supply Train.	102nd Signal Corps
Allen	Goal..... Thomas
T. Cowan	Right Back..... Happe
M. Whalen	Left Back..... Lutesenger
Dermody	Right Half..... Adams
Keating	Center Half..... Donbler
Colley	Left Half..... Day
Warren	Outside Right..... Stokes
T. Whalen	Inside Right..... Crawford
Pitman	Outside Left..... McPartland
Ford	Inside Left..... Walker
Ayton	Center Forward..... Daly

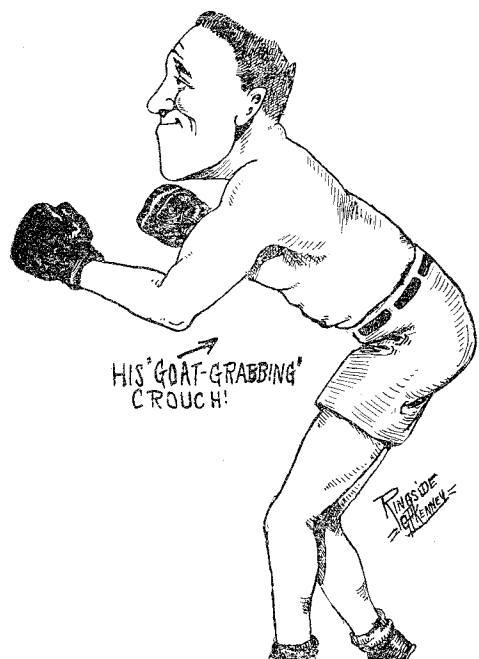
Referee—Sergeant John Rooney.

Goals—Pitman, 4; T. Whalen, 2; Ford and Dermody.

Halves—40 minutes each.

is one of the neatest boxers seen in these parts.

Sam LeWinter, 53rd Pioneers, was well on his way to a victory over Delehanty, Company C, 107th Infantry, in the curtain bout when he decided to quit in the middle of the third frame. Up to that time he had been landing five blows to every one by the man with the fighting name. A bad hand seemed of more value to him than the decision. Result—another tally for the "Old Seventh."



Bernhard in Action.

MEDICINE MEN SOME BATTLERS.

Maher and Kingsley of the 108th Field Hospital Settle a Few Scores.

The most interesting bout on the Knights of Columbus program last Tuesday night was the setto between Kingsley and Maher, of the 108th Field Hospital. Although they both hailed from the same outfit, they lost no time in showing the two thousand spectators who hung to the rafters, crowded the roof, and sat on the windows of the big building, that they were not there for any brotherly love affair.

Maher might have been a little surer in his drives but Kingsley offset this advantage by a gameness which won the approval of every one in the hall. Although out-reached, and subjected to a continual battering about the head from an opponent who towered at least four inches above him and who was equally superior in weight, the youngster showed a grin all the time. He bored right in to Maher's wind, sending him back to the ropes several times. In the last round the coolness of his smaller enemy got on the big fellow's nerve and instead of continuing his assault he went wild, sending his blows all over the atmosphere. Kingsley used this chance to pay back a few of the fistic gifts he had been receiving and proceeded to paint the Red Cross insignia all over Maher's nose.

Good Heavyweights Scarce.

The heavyweight question proved too big. McElgott, of Company B, 102nd Engineers, came to prove his place among the leaders of the local Big Fellows, but nobody was there to meet him. Frank Moran called for volunteers and two of the crowd were game enough to take a chance. In each case they showed lack of condition and the referee refused to let the fight go on. McElgott is a real mixer and showed the well known

Irish trait of wanting to tear in and settle everything up all at once.

Gorman, Company E, 108th Infantry, was the first spectator who volunteered to meet the Wild Harp. McElgott had him in both reach and condition. Hostilities were called off in the middle of the second frame. Spot Kadi, another 108th man, from C Company, also attempted to appease the fighting ambitions of the scrappy engineer, but he, too, was forced to give up the job after a round. Kadi was fully twenty pounds lighter than McElgott and had just been let out of the hospital. He is no slouch. He decorated Mac's nose in their one session acquaintance and showed himself a better boxer. In his own weight he should prove a leader.

Lightweights There A-Plenty.

Three other bouts finished the night's work. In the 145-pound class Martin, 53rd Pioneers, outpointed Masuco, Battery C, 106th Field Artillery. The big gun man starred in the mop act, twice during the last few rounds. In the fourth bout, Schultz, Company F, 102nd Engineers, proved too strong for Phelan, Company D, 107th Infantry. He accounted for three rounds, the other going even.

Baby Bernard, Company G, 108th Infantry, the hero of the unbreakable nut, made his first appearance since coming out of quarantine, in an argument with Eberle, Battery D, 106th Field Artillery. The dough-boy whose training is carried on along Happy Hooligan lines, again proved a winner. He took the first and third rounds with the other pair in the balance. Eberle's stomach proved his weak spot and the Baby played for it right from the start. Eberle landed a few good ones to the face but usually Bernard was too fast with the getaway.

LOCAL HEAVYWEIGHT TO FIGHT AT HATTIESBURG.

The best of the heavyweights developed in the elimination contests now under way will represent the 27th Division against the best 185 pounder of the 81st Division at Camp Shelby at Hattiesburg, Mississippi, on Washington's Birthday. Melvin Shepperd, the Physical Director at the Southern camp, has issued a challenge to the bigger scrappers of the Empire State division in behalf of his man. The local representative will be selected by Frank Moran and will have all his expenses paid, together with those of his trainer.

BOXING CLASSES AT 93.

There will be boxing classes at Unit 93 every Tuesday, Wednesday and Saturday night from seven to nine. Jack Driscoll is handling the men, while Beny of the 2nd Pioneers is teaching the wrestling applicants. Most of the men now taking the course are featherweights. Among the most promising are Levine and Ward of Company I, 106th Infantry, Howard and Cosgrove of H Company, 106th Infantry, Jim Stewart of the Headquarters Company and Jack Collins of the Machine Gun Company, same regiment.

106TH INFANTRY WINS AT SOCCER.

The soccer team of the 106th Infantry had an easy time in its first game, last Sunday, trouncing the players of Company A, 105th Machine Gun Battalion 11 to 0. The former cavalry men found the pace of the dough boys too fast for them and were on the defensive all the time.

Leeson of the 106th scored three goals in the first half, and another in the last. McGuire also counted with three tallies, Waite with two, and Burhenne and Maxwell with one apiece. McGuire starred in every branch of the game.

TENNIS EQUIPMENT COMING.

The National Lawn Tennis Association has offered to equip a team organized by the men of the 27th Division. Harvey Cohn will issue a call for candidates for the net men this week. An officers' team will also be organized. Games are pending with several of the camps and colleges.

SIX BOUTS AT 96.

Six bouts were on the calendar at Unit 96 last Saturday night. The star affair of the evening was that between Bernhard, Company G, 108th Infantry, and Johnson, Company K, 53rd Pioneers. Jack Alber, Company C, 106th Infantry, held a little family affair with his brother from Company L, 53rd Pioneers, in the opener.

Scitz, Company C, 107th Infantry, met Gallagher of Company E, same regiment. Private Tepper, Battery F, 104th Field Artillery, opposed Whelan, Headquarters Company, 107th Infantry; Conboy, Company G, 108th, mixed it up with Fox, Company A, 53rd Pioneers, in the lightweight class; and Private Hickie, Company F, 108th Infantry, tried to settle a few scores with his corporal, Sherrod.

95 UNCORKS SOME SLAMMERS, TOO.

Swatt Muligan, of the 105th Infantry, failed to live up to his name when he met McLaughlin of his own regiment, in the ring last Monday night. All the swatting was done by the latter. Another pair, Burbs and Tucker, from the 105th, were put in the ring for the lightweight event, but seemed a little more friendly than the crowd desired.

Loyche and Clarence of Headquarters Company, 105th, went at each other tooth and nail. Clarence, whose onslaught can not be camouflaged by his name, uncorked a series of solid raps that had Loyche completely dazed.

The best affair of the evening was the fourth bout. Both Stockins Conroy, Headquarters Company, 105th Infantry and Red Mack, 51st Pioneers, are old timers at the slam and hit game and their work displayed cleverness and speed.

Bailey of the 105th was completely out-classed by Turkey Kelly, 51st Pioneers, in the last bout. He was game, but found the going too fast for him.

(More Sports on page 27)

In Division Society

Mrs. Charles P. Loeser, Editor.

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

OFFICERS OF SECOND PIONEER INFANTRY HAVE A GET-TOGETHER DINNER.

The Officers of the Second Pioneer Infantry, the old 14th New York Infantry, had a get-together dinner at the Finch Hotel. There were many new officers present from the reserve corps and different states now assigned to the regiment. The dinner was given in their honor, affording them an opportunity to meet the old officers of the "Fighting Fourteenth," who gave them a cordial reception. Among the officers present were: Col. James R. Howlett, Lieut. Col. Timothy F. Donovan, Majors William D. Baird, William R. Jackson, Gabriel G. Hollander, Captain John W. Bostick, regimental adjutant; First Lieutenants Edmund F. Mulholland, William C. Wyle, Samuel W. Bondurant, battalion adjutants; First Lieut. Emil S. Harper, chaplain, and the company officers.

CHENEY-DESPARD.

The wedding of Miss Sarah Cheney, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. George L. Cheney, to Capt. Douglas C. Despard, took place on the afternoon of February 6th, in Grace Church, Broadway and Tenth Streets, New York City. Capt. Despard is regimental adjutant of the 107th Infantry, and is stationed at Camp Wadsworth.

FORMER OFFICERS OF 12TH NEW YORK INFANTRY HAVE REUNION DINNER.

The officers of the old 12th New York Infantry had a re-union dinner at the Finch Hotel, which was a delightful affair. The guests of honor were Col. R. L. Foster, 52d Pioneer Infantry; Major W. R. Wright, 105th Machine Gun Battalion, and Major M. G. Anderson, of the 52d Pioneer Infantry.

COMPANY B, 102D ENGINEERS ENTERTAIN.

Company B, 102d Engineers, gave a very enjoyable entertainment in their mess hall. Many of the performers were professional entertainers and have appeared in vaudeville and musical comedy. The 102d Engineers jazz band furnished the music.

Lieut. Fred H. Cavaliere is among the guests at the Cleveland, registering from Rome, Italy.

Lieut. A. A. Morse and Lieut. Littleton Hambly were among week-end visitors in Asheville.

Lieut. and Mrs. J. N. Dunn are visiting in Charleston for several days. Lieut. Dunn is with the 105th Infantry.

GENERAL ORDERS IN RHYME.

1.
With General Order Number ONE
I take charge of my post
And Government property in view—
Two hours each trick at most.
2.
"To walk my Post" is number TWO
Observing and awake.
"Report Violations" number THREE
Of orders that they break.
3.
"Repeat all Calls" reads number FOUR
"Leave not my Post" says FIVE
"Receive, Obey, Pass On" reads SIX
All orders that arrive.
4.
"Talk to no one" is SEVEN'S command
"Give the alarm" says EIGHT
"In case of Fire;" and says NINE
"No nuisance near me, mate."
5.
TEN says "Call Corporal of the Guard"
When no instructions are given,
"Salute all Officers and Flags,"
Reads General Order ELEVEN.
6.
TWELVE ends the list of orders,
And it warns you watchful be—
And if you can't remember now,
Don't lay the blame on me.
—PVT. ALFRED R. TOMLINSON,
Co. D, 102nd Engineers.

ANSWERED.

The Legal Professor—"Now, will some member of the class please give me three examples of common property?"

The Smark Aleck—"Yes, sir—cigarettes, matches, and umbrellas."—Richmond Times-Dispatch.

Lieut. Harold Smith, of the 105th Infantry, and Miss Grace Gurnsey Hallam, both of New York, were married by Rev. R. E. Roe, rector of Holy Trinity.

Col. and Mrs. Guy Deming and son, of Ohio, are recent arrivals in Spartanburg, and are stopping with Mrs. Vaughn, on Alabama Avenue.

Lieut. and Mrs. Blanvelt, of New York, have taken apartments on Hampton Avenue.

Mrs. E. L. Sweetser, wife of General Sweetser, of the Pioneer Brigade, who is stopping at the Finch Hotel, has gone to Pinehurst for a fortnight.

Mrs. W. A. Ely, wife of Capt. Ely, of the 105th Infantry, has returned from a trip North and is a guest at the Finch Hotel.

FOOD FOR THOUGHT.

More than half a million books have been sent by the American Library Association to American soldiers and sailors in training camps. Thirty-four library buildings have been, or are being, erected in the main camps. Trained and experienced librarians have been put in charge at these camps to organize and conduct the library service. The smaller camps, posts and forts, and the naval stations and vessels are being supplied with books and magazines through their chaplains, Y. M. C. A. and Knights of Columbus Secretaries. Plans have been made for the supplying of books to the men on board transports and for the shipment of books to France.

Of the more than half million books sent by the Association to the soldiers and sailors up to date, one hundred thousand were purchased out of the fund collected. The rest are gifts. Books on engineering and other technical subjects, books on the war, and books on military training—many of them duplicated to a large extent—have comprised the major portion of the book purchases. This is because the demand, next to fiction, is for books of this character. The gift books which have been sent to the camps and elsewhere are not mere heaps of books. Every book is carefully scrutinized by a librarian before it is sent to a camp, and there are several large dispatch offices in which the larger collection of gift books are sorted and prepared for use.

The thirty-four buildings erected were made possible by a grant of \$320,000 from the Carnegie Corporation. They are forty feet wide and vary in length from ninety-three to 120 feet. They will accommodate from 10,000 to 15,000 volumes, and from one hundred and fifty to two hundred and fifty readers. The buildings are simple in design and construction, but are rather more attractive, both inside and out, than the other camp buildings. They are equipped with comfortable chairs—not benches like most camp buildings—and provide a quiet, restful place for reading and study.

The library building houses the central or main library. Every Y. M. C. A. and K. C. building, every Y. W. C. A. hostess house and every base hospital reading room in all these camps is a branch of the A. L. A. Camp Library.

This Camp Library is the church in the center of the camp. A new building is being constructed. Call in and use the library. Mr. Champlin, the librarian, will do all in his power to serve the fellows with books they need or wish.



MAX LEICHTMAN.

Field Representative of the Jewish Board of Welfare Work at Camp Wadsworth.

Max Leichtman has come to Camp Wadsworth as the field representative of the Jewish Board of Welfare Work here. He is planning an extensive program, and has already had very gratifying co-operation from the Jewish soldiers of the 27th Division.

Mr. Leichtman is a New Yorker. He was graduated from P. S. 110, Brooklyn, and from Rayen School, Youngstown, O. He received his A. B. degree from the College of the City of New York. He then became a student at the Teachers' Institute of the Jewish Theological Seminary, and he also studied law at New York University.

He was director of the Boys' Department of the 92d St. Young Men's Hebrew Association. Mr. Leichtman is a forceful speaker and has preached for the past three and a half years, first at the Cong. Beth Bnai Israel and then at the Cong. Derech Amunah.

He will be very glad to get in touch with all men in camp who are interested in his work. His office for the present is in the Y. M. C. A. Headquarters Building, opposite Division Headquarters.

BENJAMIN S. GROSS HERE.

Associated with Mr. Leichtman in his work here is Benjamin S. Gross, who for six months did similar work at Camp Sevier, Greenville, S. C. Mr. Gross comes from Birmingham, Ala. He has done newspaper work there and in New Orleans. He has been admitted to the bar and was practicing law when he went into war work. At Camp Sevier, Mr. Gross was editor of Trench and Camp.

CAMP WADSWORTH MACCABEE UNIT.

Next Jewish Holiday is Purim (February 26, 1918).

The men of Jewish faith in Camp Wadsworth have just completed the organization of an association which hopes and intends co-operating with the representatives of the Jewish Board for welfare work to arrange for the spiritual welfare of the Jewish men in camp. The organization provides for regimental and company key men with whom all can keep in touch and from whom information can be obtained at all times. Every enlisted man may join and can do so by getting around to one of the Jewish Welfare Workers, Pvt. S. Cohen, of the Base Hospital; Sergeant Lunine, Supply Co., 105th Infantry, or Pvt. S. S. Marks, Co. A, 106th Infantry. The names of the key men will appear in the next issue of GAS ATTACK.

If there is any special service which the men wish to hold, let us know by mail or personal interview with one of the men mentioned above, and after next week with your key man. Remember that this Unit is here to serve the men, and is always ready to receive suggestions and criticisms from the men.

At present we are planning to hold services on Friday evening, both in the camp and in the synagogue in Spartanburg (N. Dean and Union Sts.), which the people of the city have kindly thrown open to the soldiers. Throughout, the Unit will co-operate to the fullest extent with the J. B. W. W. and all other agencies authorized by the government to work for the welfare of the enlisted men.

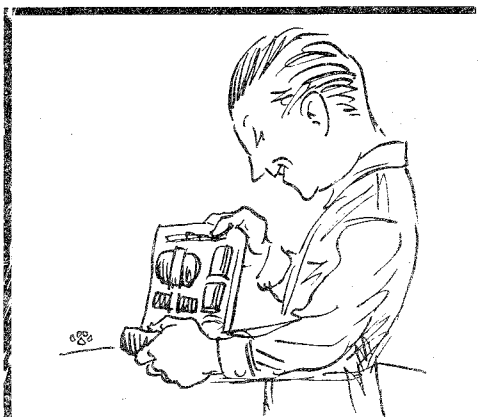
MAX LEICHTMAN.

"THE Y. M. C. A. AT THE RANGE."

The statement that "the Y. M. C. A. is the last evidence that anyone cares," has become an accepted fact as it is used in regard to the situation "over there." It would apply equally well to those boys of the Empire State who came South for the winter and got it, by spending the greater part of their time at the Range at Glass Mountain.

Since the very first soldiers went to Glass Mountain the "Y" men have been there on the job. In spite of winds that blew down tents and tore them to shreds, in spite of cold weather that would have done Iceland due credit, they have provided what good cheer and comfort they could for the men who have been stationed there.

The needs at the Range have become so great that arrangements are now pending to provide for the erection of two "Y huts;" one for the men at the Artillery Range, and the other for the men at the Infantry Range. This means that there will be a staff of "Y" workers at each place. This will be good news for those who anticipate spending their "spring" in the "land of the sky," at that noted health resort, "The Range," Glass Mountain, S. C.



INSPECTION! CAMP CASES!

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World Brevities

Edited by J. S. KINGSLEY



FRENCH TO SUPPLY ARTILLERY.

On February 7th was celebrated throughout the Northern cities of the United States the anniversary of the treaty between France and the American colonies in 1778. At one of these celebrations held in the city of New York there was in attendance as guests of honor the French Ambassador, Jules J. Jusserand and the French High Commissioner to this country, M. Tardieu. The latter, in a speech, said that the military effort of America is wonderful and a surprise to the Allies and to the enemy. He said that France would furnish artillery to the Americans for twenty divisions before July 1st.

BROWNING AND LEWIS MACHINE GUNS.

Much criticism has been directed at our government for allowing France to manufacture our artillery guns. The critics assert that we have no right to allow France, who is in a life and death struggle to furnish us with equipment. It now comes to light that Joffre suggested it when he was in this country saying that it would be better both for our country and France to furnish France with raw materials which she could not otherwise easily get and to furnish her with food and transportation for the same. By allowing France to make the artillery France could best gain her supplies while we could best furnish foods and raw materials. Then too, artillery would take up much valuable room on the boats on the way to France. It is claimed that no army in Europe has a better equipment of artillery than the American army. It is also claimed by our army experts that the Browning machine gun is much superior to the Lewis gun, while the Lewis gun could have been supplied quicker yet the Browning gun is already in the hands of the American soldier in France in larger quantities than is any machine gun in any other army.

ARGENTINA BREAKS WITH HUNS.

Argentina has finally broken off diplomatic relations with Germany. Long has the break been contemplated by Argentina but a great German propaganda delayed the action. Finally, one of Argentina's ships, the Ministro Tuendo, was sunk by a U-boat. The first complication arose when the United States intercepted some papers sent by the German Ambassador to Germany in which he advised that Argentina ships be sunk without leaving a trace. At this same time Germany professed most sincere affection for Argentina.

SHIP SHORTAGE FELT.

The shortage of ships is felt more now by all the Allies than will be felt in the future. Now there are three great objects to accomplish, first, to transport our troops, thousands of whom are ready and awaiting transportation; second, ships to carry supplies to the American army now and after a million men have been transported, and third, ships to carry supplies to the civilians of England, France, Italy, Belgium, Holland and Sweden. Our country now has four million of tonnage and expects to build during the coming year at least as much more and probably six millions more. Already plans are completed for cutting off much of the importation from the Orient and from South America.

COL. ROOSEVELT RECOVERING.

Colonel Theodore Roosevelt has been seriously ill for nearly ten days. During the Spanish-American war he contracted a fever which has intermittently caused him much trouble. When he was on his Brazilian trip he had a relapse which took a malignant form. Lately, an abscess was formed in his head. He was operated on by a staff surgeon of St. Luke's Hospital and is recovering.

PUNISH PLOTTERS.

Eleven German plotters were tried and found guilty of plotting against this country before the United States entered the war. One of the plans was to blow up the trans-Atlantic steamer Kirk Oswald. The sentence was 18 months and a fine of \$2,000. Since the crime was committed a new law, called the espionage law, has been passed which would make the penalty much more severe.

AMERICANS ACTIVE AT FRONT.

Since the Americans have come into action on the battle line in France they have been very active. By their heavy artillery fire they caved-in the German first line of trenches so that the Germans could not use them. The Germans built new ones in the rear. The Germans planned to make a "silent attack" against the Americans but within fifteen minutes of the time set by the Germans for making the attack the Americans laid down so heavy a barrage that it delayed the attack and probably caused a considerable fatality among the Germans.

The Germans have been trying out gas on our troops in the form of shells. The boys were alert and frustrated the gas attack.

GERMAN STRIKE A FIZZLE.

The big strike by workmen in Austria and in Germany seems to have failed. In Austria the government made concessions which are acceptable to the strikers for the present. In Berlin the military forces compelled the strikers to cease but a bitterness among the strikers was created which may be incited into action in the future.

ENGLISH MAY TRAIN U. S. TROOPS.

The Supreme War Council which met in France last week considered the proposition of having 150,000 Americans trained under British direction and placed in Flanders. The reason is said to be the congestion of troops and supplies in France at the point of disembarkation.

APRIL FOOL, VON!

General Von Hindenburg in answer to the inquiry of forty German editors, said that he would reach Paris before April first. While this seems entirely improbable yet there is but little doubt that Germany has been preparing for some time to make a supreme and possibly a last attack on the Western line in order to satisfy the German public, who begin to see that Germany is losing out, and to make one more supreme effort to break the Allied lines before the American forces can reach France. It is also true that the Germans are making a supreme effort with her submarines while the Americans are trying to get forces across the Atlantic. Although the Germans probably have about 200 submarines she is doing far less damage now than she did one year ago with about half the number.

UNDER-SEA FORDS.

Henry Ford has undertaken to furnish a substantial quantity of submarine destroyers. He will build one boat a day at Detroit. The boat will be built in a manner similar to the way Ford cars are made. The boats will be 200 feet long and will have a 500 tonnage. These boats will then be taken from Detroit to the Atlantic by way of the Great Lakes. These boats will watch for the submarine which is compelled to come to the surface to get a new supply of air and to recharge the batteries. The submarine remains on the surface several hours before the process is completed. At this time the destroyer gets in its work. The U-boat can not sink the destroyer since a torpedo has to be launched 15 feet below the surface if it is to keep a straight line. Since the destroyer does not extend to that depth the torpedo is harmless.

17-YEAR OLD FLIER BAGS BOCHES.

Thomas Hitchcock, Jr., a seventeen-year-old flier from Westbury, L. I., having been refused by the Americans, went to France and joined the French fliers. He has won the cross for downing two German planes and word has come that he has downed the third.

AMERICANS ON RHINE.

The Americans in France have been assigned the Lorraine sector, the one nearest the Rhine and also nearest the German territory. This is near the Rhine and is regarded as one of the hardest sectors. The reason for placing the Americans here was determined by transportation facilities.

HUNS HAVE 100 AMERICAN PRISONERS.

Germany now has about 100 American prisoners. A Y. M. C. A. worker coming from Denmark reports that the boys are fed on small rations, one-half pound of bread a day and some thin soup. They are placed under most rigid discipline and compelled to work hard, yet the Y. M. C. A. man reports that not a complaint is heard.

U-BOAT SINKS TUSCANIA.

The German U-boat at last has succeeded in sinking an American transport having over 2,500 on board. The Tuscania was bound for a Northern port, possibly, Glasgow, where she was attacked by probably a single submarine which had slipped under the advanced guard of destroyers and used a deep sea bomb on the Tuscania. The particulars at this time are not known beyond the fact that the transport was between Ireland and Scotland and that one hundred and one were lost. An attack made on the submarine probably destroyed it. The list of those lost has not yet been made but can be made later. One mistake was made, however, in allowing men to cross the ocean without identification marks on their discs. Such identification numbers were not on these tags because in many instances it was not known to what unit the men would be assigned. As a result of this several of the bodies could not be identified.

COAL FAMINE.

Who is responsible for the coal famine? The operators claim that it is the government's fault for fixing the price so low that coal could not be produced in sufficient quantities. The mine owners claim the fault is due to the railroads for allowing private interests to take precedence over the public interest. Thus the railroads have not based their organization and methods on service but rather upon profit. They do not have cars enough; they do not have coal terminals large enough, they do not see that cars are unloaded promptly; they do not make the best connections in joint systems. The railroads claim that the distributors do not have convenient terminals and do not pay wages enough to get labor enough to keep the terminals clear. Well, who is at fault?

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500,000 MORE ENGLISH RECRUITS.

England is about to recruit another half-million men, taking the younger men from industries in which women can be substituted. It is estimated that England and her colonies now have in land and sea service seven and a half million men. At the same rate we would have to place twelve million men in service.

BELGIANS CARRY ON.

We hear little of the Belgian army now, although no one can forget what it did in the early days of the war.

The Belgian army is still three times the size it was after the battle of Ypres. It still holds a front line of 21 miles against the Germans. It has performed almost incredible feats in engineering, such as constructing trenches, telegraphs, telephones, etc.

MORE SHIPS.

Last year America produced nearly a million tons of shipping, double the amount she produced the year before and half the production of the world in 1916. And yet last year double as much tonnage was sunk by submarines as was built by the Allied coun-

tries. This emphasizes the necessity of haste in ship building. Forty-one ships will be completed by March 1, and 30 more will be transferred from the Great Lakes to the Atlantic.

OUR WAR MACHINE.

Major Palmer, former war correspondent, now attached to General Pershing's Intelligence Section, says, "Our war machine in Europe can now handle 1,000,000 men and can be expanded to take care of 2,000,000 men." He says that the message which our army sends home from France is a plea for transports.

THE INDISPENSABLE MOTOR TRUCK.

The motor truck is doing much to carry on transportation in this country and in Europe. It has become an absolute necessity behind the lines of battle. It has taken the place of the steam roads in hauling freight and express short distances. More passengers are riding in autos than in passenger trains. The new Liberty Truck is a new name for the 10,000 army trucks which will run from the Central West to the Eastern seaboard.

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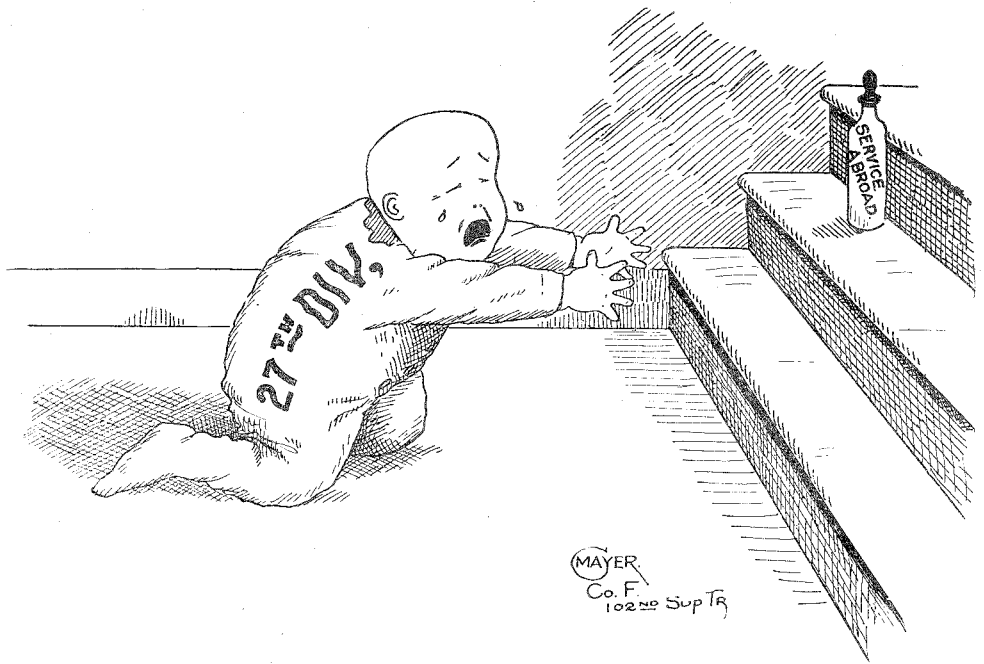
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THE SECRET SEVEN.

There are six of us, sitting here tonight
Alone in the old squad tent.
We're all a-wondering where our pal
Called "Bluey Haley" went.
No matter where old "Bluey's" gone,
He'll in our thoughts remain,
And when we go to the other side,
We'll meet our pal again.
They say the Secret Seven,
Is composed of Seven Courses,
I'll introduce them all to you,
In the following few verses:

First comes "Podgie" Farley,
A cook he's going to be;
But I wish he'd try his cooking
On someone else than me.
You should see him in the kitchen,
Shouting at his men;
We'll admit he'll make a cook,
But damned if we know when.

Next there's "Slivers" Wakefield,
Just five foot four is he,
A soldier from the border
By his story, you will see.
He tells us all about the sands
And of the cactus, too,
About the stunts he did
And things we never knew.
He had the whole of Mexico
A-started on the run
When they caught sight of him
With his automatic gun.

Now comes "Shine" Rooney,
Our light duty man.
Who ducks all the details,
He possibly can.
He goes to the stables
And hides in a stall
And patiently waits
For that blessed Recall.

Then there's "Dutch" Lebert
A comical cuss
Who's always mixed up
In some kind of a muss
He was granted a furlough
On which he tarried,
And when he got back
The Dutchman was married!

There was "Bluey" Haley—say!
He used to feed our gentle mules
Their daily oats and hay.
He used to lead them off to drink
And make their bed at night,
And when you say we miss our pal,
My friend, you struck it right.

Now, to you, dear readers
Our last member's name I'll send
He's known here among us
As just "Nig" Overend.
He ought to be a soldier,
But he's wasted all his time
Trying to write some poetry
And make the damn stuff rhyme.

Now those who read the above few lines,
I hope won't judge us bad,
For we're just seven old comrades
All in khaki clad.
And if we should fall on the battlefield,
I'm sure we'll get to Heaven,
And St. Peter will open the portals wide,
And say, "Enter—Secret Seven."

—HARRY W. OVEREND,
108th Inf., M. G. Co.

The Gas Attack has only one "don't." It is this: "Don't let's be gloomy."

MORAN MEETS FULTON FRIDAY NIGHT.

Bout to Decide Who Will Meet Willard.

Frank Moran, the Division Boxing Instructor, will go back into action, at New Orleans, next Friday night, when he opposes Fred Fulton. The match will practically decide who will oppose Willard in his first battle to defend the heavyweight title. There is not a man in Camp Wadsworth who doubts the result. It's up to you, Frank, to carry out their expectations!

Frank has been training ever since he came to camp. Men on the early morning guard reliefs have probably wondered who the big civilian was who ran about the local roads, but the secret is out. Marie Ann's papa has been getting into shape and Harvey Cohn testifies that Fulton is up against a real fight at last.

Several of the officers from the Division have arranged their leaves so they can make the trip South to see the battle. A full account of the fray will appear in these columns next week.

92 SETTING THE PACE.

Another big night for the boxing and wrestling fans was staged at the Y. M. C. A. Unit 92 last Monday. There were three lively bouts and two wrestling matches. All the men in the fistic encounters were well matched, every decision going to a draw.

In the first skirmish, Lang, Company D, 102nd Engineers mixed it up with a tentmate named Soraeki. It took four rounds of good, hard fighting before they were satisfied that they were more valuable as engineers than as guests at the Base Hospital.

Shaw, Company B, 104th Machine Gun Battalion and Schultz, Company F, 102nd Engineers, met in the second bout, while the third was between Buckley and Vackner, both of Company C, 102nd Engineers.

ZUALE WINS AGAIN ON THE MAT.

Two of the bone setters from the 107th Field Hospital did their best to dissect each other in the first wrestling match. Putman uncorked his ether in 25 seconds and had Swartz resting comfortably on his back. He used a double bar lock to hold him there. In the second examination of Swartz's anatomy he decided to make a more extensive examination and it was 4 minutes and 10 seconds before Putman pronounced the coroner's verdict.

Zuale, Company I, 107th Infantry, and Reed, Company F, 102nd Engineers, decided to settle their match along professional lines. The doughboy got his first fall by a body scissors and head in 4 minutes and 10 seconds. A crotch and half-Nelson won the second for him also in 16 minutes and 20 seconds.

Keppler, the former University of Pennsylvania heavyweight, refereed. As soon as some of the bigger mat men can be found the former inter-collegiate star will be seen in action.

NOTES OF THE RING.

Robert Gleason, of the Depot Quartermaster Corps, is on his way home to New York City. On the way he will be matched in four battles, two as a middleweight and another pair as a featherweight.

Joe Johnson, Headquarters Company, 102nd Engineers, is matched with Joe Tarrantino of the 104th Field Artillery for a ten round battle. The pick and shovel expert is getting into good shape and judging from past performances Tarrantino has picked a hard job. He is no mean battler himself, having won the amateur heavyweight title of New York State a few years back.

McElgott of B Company, 102nd Engineers, has a lot of opponents waiting around his doorstep, these days. Joe Johnson claims his biggest ambition is to attend Mac's wake, while Heide, the new leader of the big men, also wants to add the ex-cow-puncher to his list.

Fred McDermott, 106th Field Hospital is far from a has-been. The game Irishman from Albany is putting in at least three hours a day getting ready for the 10-round battle he has arranged with Heide, the 106th Artilleryman, who sent him to the cleaners two weeks ago. In a regulation sized ring McDermott has more than a good chance to win back the local crown. Madden, of Company B, 106th Infantry, will meet the winner in another ten session mix-up.

FRANK MORAN TO LECTURE.

The Community Motion Picture Bureau has presented the camp with a set of reels covering boxing and bayonet drills. They were sent at the request of the Commission on Training Camp Activities. Frank Moran has been selected to lecture on the various aspects of each activity.

BASEBALL ON BIG SCALE HERE.

The Baseball Committee is hard at work preparing a very pretentious schedule for the Empire Division. In addition to a list of games which will bring every unit in camp out on the diamond, a program is now in the making for the nine which will represent the entire camp. Games are pending with Charleston Navy Yard, two of the best college teams in South Carolina, and several camps. Efforts are being made to get Georgetown, Virginia and several of the stronger universities to play on the local parade grounds.

OFFICERS TO FORM BASKETBALL TEAM.

A basketball team is to be formed by the officers of the 51st Pioneer and the 105th Infantry Regiments. They are coached by Mr. Ortner, Physical Director at Unit 95. Two games are now pending with the officers' quintet of Camp Jackson.

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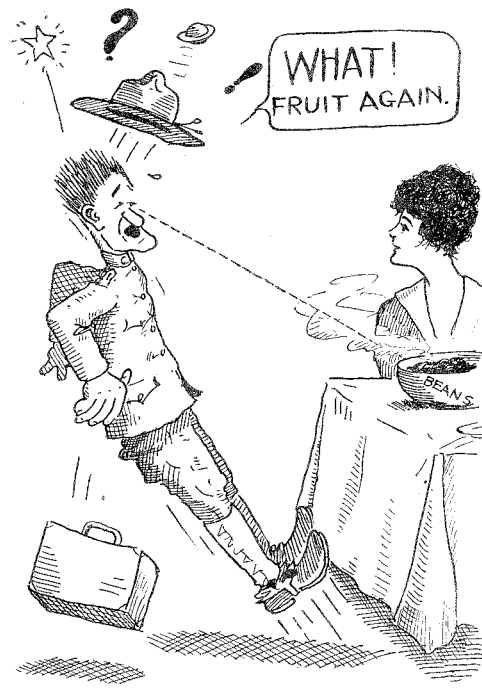
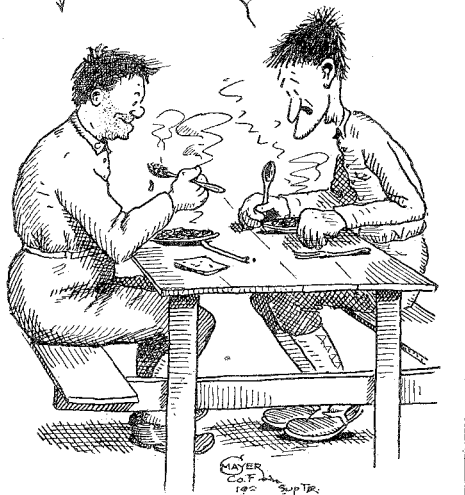
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"THE HUMAN BEAN."



COMPANY C, 108TH INFANTRY.

The third squad has been officially designated the "Chorus Girl" squad on account of that name being painted on the door by Frenchie Tanghe.

Private Hamm (and eggs) of the third squad is talking of sending home for his commercial law book. Probably he is trying to learn of a safe way to dispose of his cotton uniforms.

Private "Spot" Cady, an old time champion, is to receive boxing lessons of Frank Moran. Probably Private Raymond Krick ("Rapid Rudolph") of this squad could give "Spot" several pointers in boxing as he is so frequently occupied in boxing up stuff to send to his girl.

Corporal Adams is on furlough. Art. Tanghe says he is glad of it because he gets more to eat now, there being one person less at the table.

Isaac Coan ("Weary Willie") occupies his spare time in telling how much more booze he can stand than the other fellow. (Corp. Jack Meyer is a close rival.)

"Silly" Hall and "Foolish" Turner (the Company songsters and comedians) have recently been appointed corporals, much to the relief of their fellow tentmates, because the new corporals are kept busy now and the men can sleep nights.

Sergeants Mulvey, Gaskin and McKay are attending the school for officers.

Dick Gleason has returned from his furlough with flying colors. P. O. O.

COMPANY G, 53RD PIONEER INFANTRY.

One of the mules, driven by Jim Kiernan of the supply company, fell in the mud. Can you imagine "Baa Baa," as the bunch call him, standing over the dumb animal and yelling, "Get up and don't make a damn fool of yourself?" Why didn't you lay

along side of the mule, Jim? The road-bed was nice and soft.

We take this occasion to welcome into our company: First Lieutenants Rogers, Rugen and Hasselbring, and Second Lieutenants Maxey and Regar. The boys wish them the best of luck and success in their new undertaking.

Lieutenant Rugen, who comes from Camp Lee, a draft army cantonment where they have an outfit of Southern darkies, tells the following story. A newly-made corporal was teaching his squad the school of the soldier and was bawling his men out for not executing "right dress" properly. He wound up by saying: "When ah gives you niggers right dress, ah wants you to roll yoh eyes to de right with a snap, so that ah can hear yoh eye-balls click."

One of our sergeants (we won't mention his name) went to town via the P. & N., and when he decided to return found that he had forgotten where the depot was located. Nothing left to do, he walked up to an M. P. and inquired if he would tell him where the M. P. was located. The M. P. looking bewildered, replied, "What's that?" "The M. P.," said the sergeant. The M. P. was just in the act of calling the wagon to remove the above to the observation ward, when the sergeant remarked: "I want the M. P. railroad station." "You mean the P. & N. don't you, sergeant," asked the M. P. "Certainly," replied the sergeant, who was under the impression that he had been saying P. & N. all the while. The M. P., who could not help laughing, cancelled the order for the wagon and directed the sergeant to the station without further comment.

EDITORIAL BOMBS.

A young officer was recently placed under arrest for talking too much. Quite innocently, he told some relative the name of the ship on which he was to sail for France. The War Department heard about it, and now the officer won't sail for a while. Moral: If you must talk, talk about the mud or the P. and N.

In denying a transfer, recently, an officer said "the needs of the nation must supersede those of individuals." This is the best answer to the chronic transferer. Of course, a man should go where he can do the most effective work. But he ought to make up his mind where that is and then stay put.

Speaking of transfers, here is a conundrum: How much better than a plain, out-and-out slacker is the man who goes in for some bomb-proof job or swivel-chair commission, when he is healthy and husky enough to do his share in the line? R. E. C.

GERARD ANSWERS QUESTIONS THAT PUZZLE AMERICANS

Q.—How about the foodstuffs in Germany?

A.—At the time I left Germany the nation was on an allowance. The men in the first line of trenches were given a fairly good allowance; the men in the second line of trenches not quite as much as the men in the first line, and those in the third line of trenches not nearly as much as those in the second. A large number of the German people, numbering between 25,000,000 and 30,000,000, receive a small piece of black bread every day, about as much butter fat or margarine each week as you have at one meal, a small piece of meat, bone and gristle once a week. No one over six years of age can have milk except on a physician's prescription. Each one is given an egg once every two weeks. According to diplomats from South America whom I met in New York upon their return from Germany recently, the food situation is worse in Germany now than when I left. However, I believe that the food supply of the nation will last another year at least.

Q.—What is Germany's condition with regard to ammunition?

A.—Germany has all the ammunition it needs. It has iron and copper mines in Germany, in Belgium, in Serbia, in Northern Poland. It manufactures nitrate from the air. It has found a practical substitute for cotton in its explosives. It has all the coal necessary to maintain its war industries.

Q.—What have been Germany's casualties?

A.—Germany had lost 1,700,000 men killed up to the time I left the country, last February. It had approximately 500,000 men in allied prison camps. It had an average number wounded of 500,000 all the time. Of this number, approximately 75 or 80 per cent. were being made fit to re-enter the service. It had approximately 600,000 men permanently wounded.

Q.—Why do not the German people revolt?

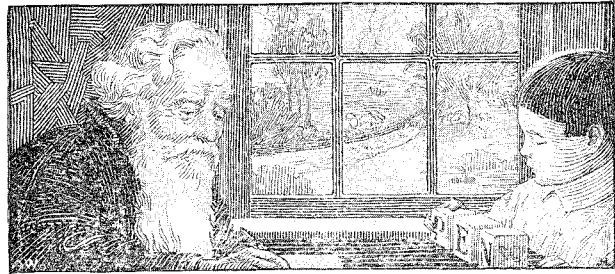
A.—Because those at home are too weak to cope with the powers of authority. Because the soldiers are entirely dominated by their officers. Because, in Berlin, when the government learned of a meeting of men in any supposedly dangerous cause, the city was promptly divided into districts by cordons of police, so that persons might not cross from one district to another, and so that, while 300 men might hold a meeting of protest, no great demonstration could be organized.

Q.—What is the condition in the Reichstag?

A.—The Reichstag has no power. Further, it is not representative of the German people, though its members are elected by man-suffrage, over 25 years old. Its organization is unchanged since 1872. Properly districted, the Reichstag would be made up chiefly of social democrats. Berlin alone, which now has four representatives, would have 24, all social democrats. Over the Reichstag is the bundesrath, made up of the representatives of the ruling princes of the German empire, with Prussia given 18 votes and other principalities eight, four and one votes. No law can be made unless approved by the bundesrath.

Q.—Will Germany become a democracy?

A.—I believe that the German revolution will come with the end of the war. Should a peace be made to the disadvantage of Germany, I believe the soldiers who have been in the trenches, living in the mud, murdered, driven into battle with machine guns and revolvers, by their non-commissioned officers, will come back to Germany, and will say: "You told us you were an efficient government. We did not even have anything to say about the beginning of the war. You promised us that it would soon be over; that we would have to pay little. But you have failed, and we are going to kick you out."—Pittsburgh Post.



*"For Men May Come
And Men May Go
But I Go On Forever"*

—Tennyson

1883 February 12, 1918

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and Breeches**

INVITES

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

of

*Uniforms, Breeches and
Overcoats*

**Fit and Workmanship
Absolutely Guaranteed**

Alterations and Repairs Promptly and
Skillfully Executed.

M. ROTH

107 1/2 East Main St.

One Flight Up

JENSEN TO LEAD ENGINEER TRACK TEAM.

Harry Jensen, veteran distance runner of the Mohawk A. C. of New York City, has been elected captain of the 102nd Engineers' track team. He has now over fifty men training on the roads and expects to turn out the best all around cinder path outfit in camp. Harvey Cohn is supervising the practices.

Among his best men are Flynn Caldwell and Davey of the McCoombs A. C., Hare and Blankenburg of the Bronx Church House, Naylor, Crook and Meehan of the Mohawks, Sonntag of the Bellwood A. C., Swartz of the Walkers Club, Shiffman of the New York A. C., Powell of the Pastimes, McLoy of the Hollywood A. C., Koppel of the City A. C. and Fisher of Morris High School.

COMPANY M, 53RD PIONEERS.

Very solemn is the street of Company M. Gloomy indeed is the street of Company M. Our First Sergeant, Aaron A. Klein, better known as the "terrible top", has left us, to seek his fortune and military honors elsewhere, having been promoted to Color Sergeant of the 53rd Pioneers.

Good luck and the best of wishes to you, the best old topper the old 47th ever turned out.

A. B.

The
Largest Book Store
in
South Carolina

Private Peat

Over the Top

*Rhymes of a Red Cross
Man*



The DuPre Book Store
Spartanburg, S. C.

ETHELBERT JELLYBACK, PRIVATE.

(Continued from page 7)

Ethelbert Gets Excited.

On his feet again was Mack, but he wobbled. Bang! He went down again. This time he was counted out and the fight was over.

Frank Moran made a speech a few moments later. I hung eagerly on his words.

"You have just witnessed a fine example of gameness. You saw how Mack was knocked down and how he came back every time. That's the spirit that will take you over the top. And just to show you that these two boys who fought tonight are still alive and little the worse for wear, I've asked them to come back to the ring."

The two fighters came down from the dressing room, fully clad, and stood bashfully at ease.

"These boys will be matched again in a ten round bout."

A great cheer went up. I, too, was infected with the excitement. I fear that I lent my voice to the commingled enthusiasm. I have ever been a creature of impulse. Leaving my chair with great suddenness, I dashed through the ropes.

I grabbed Mack by the arm.

"Oh, sir," I cried. "You were splendid. I ask only one thing of you. Will you put on the gloves with my top-sergeant?"

ETHELBERT JELLYBACK, PRIVATE.

(C. D.)

**Hardware
Mill Supplies
and
Machinery**



Montgomery & Crawford

Spartanburg,

S. C.

Fielder & Brown

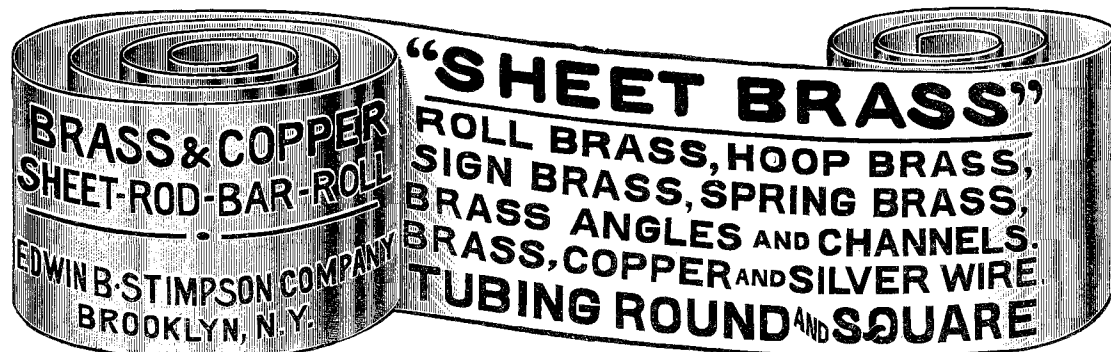
**WHOLESALE GROCERS
FULL LINE OF GROCERIES**

Candies and Cakes

A SPECIALTY

Corner EZELL & CHOICE STS.

PHONE 161



AMBULANCE CO. 106, 102ND SANITARY TRAIN.

He's gone—but only for ten days. Through the medium of the ten day furlough clause our command is now without the services of its "High Finance Non-Com." Those members of the command who find themselves in the "short of funds" column will, for ten days at least, be forced to throw themselves at the mercy of the various banks, where low rates of interest still prevail. This noticeable saving will be put in trust until the amount has assumed such proportions as would erect a suitable monument to the memory of one who was always wont "to do something for the boys"—at the rate of ten per cent.

Louis Israel, the "millionaire private," is confined to the company street owing to a severe attack of what is termed in Bohemian life, "Social Inactivity." This condition was first perceived when the recent stringent rules were laid down, denying him the privilege of visiting the society centers of Spartanburg. But the mail service is having its good effect upon him and his complete recovery is expected momentarily.

We note with interest, in recent issues of three prominent Rochester papers under the heading of "Amusements," a splendid "likeness" of Sergeant Louis G. Kelly. It is surprising to note also that despite the retrogravure improvements to these already faultless publications, single copies sold for the same low price of one cent. Yaphank papers please copy.

Private Frederick David (get the David) Scandling arrived in camp Thursday afternoon armed with the most artistic pair of tortoise shells we've yet seen in camp. We are told their chief function is to aid the corporal of the guard to find him in the dark. Fred must have heard of the newly installed fuel saving device back of the Top-Sergeant's tent.

Wednesday evening the Mystic Club held a luncheon in Tent No. 1. Covers were laid for eight and at the close of the dainty repast measures were adopted to form an association for the protection of young moles.

Stating as his excuse, "*Exceptional Reasons*," Lieutenant J. P. Henry dashed out of

camp last week on a ten-day furlough. Investigation develops the fact that his reasons were "Exceptional," for we understand his trip took him via the "path which leads to better or worse." Here are our very best wishes, Lieutenant, and we hope it will not be long before Camp Wadsworth can play host to the "Exceptional Reason."

Mrs. E. G. Tuttle, of Canandaigua, N. Y., has sent to Private Hobbins, 14 sweaters, 3 sleeping caps, 6 scarfs, 6 neck muffs and 3 helmets, to be distributed among Canandaigua members of the command, and others who were in need of these knitted articles. Those who received them are indeed thankful to Mrs. Tuttle for her generosity.

—J. F. H.
C. F. C.

BATTERY B, 104TH FIELD ARTILLERY.

Did you ever throw a bucket of water over a poor little cat and note the result? I don't suppose you'll admit it, but that is beside the point. The fact remains that this bunch of safe crackers, etc., resembles such a cat as a result of our Flying Topper being away. He's a !?!?! or a @@@*!!\$\$\$ when he is here, for some of the elite who find themselves billed on the daily detail for K. P., and the graceful bunk drapers who find a spell of Stable Police staring them in the face, insist that he is responsible. But now that he is away these same gents find that their names continue to bob up on these unwelcomed details. Generally heard in Building No. 23-9 L—"He isn't such a bad skate at that."

"Moustache Pete," the guy that hands out the things he isn't saving for the Belgians, seems to have discovered a new scheme to keep us close to earth. He must have some microscopic instrument in his laboratory with which he determines whether the shoes which you drew down at the Border and which you have been taking good care of till they wore out "through fair wear and tear," were burned by being set within a radius of six feet of a Sibley. He apparently is not aware of the fact that a reward is outstanding for a Sibley which will throw enough heat to melt butter.

Don't leave boys! Just a moment! Jack has left on furlo'. He said that he was go-

ing to get a good sleep. It is not to be wondered at, considering how his conscience must hurt. But though he is away his spirit lives on. He left one of his famous menus behind to cover the interim. We really believe that he went home for a square meal. Well, efficiency experts do have a hard time of it.

Our own Little Kaiser Wilhelm has a new rocking horse with a leg on three corners and a crutch on the fourth.

"Scorp" has gotten over his old familiar remark, "Cheese it, fellers, here comes the Lieutenant." He's got the "Hickeys" now.

Likewise has Mr. Brody forgotten his "What I care for the Lieutenant? He can't do me nothing."

Dizzy Gatley and John the Gargler, slipped South one night last week along with Eaglebeak Treadwell.

Our Horatio has now become a "leader of men." He is first waiter at the Regimental Mess.

Moustache Pete's bookkeeper, Lightning Lynam, is taking up French. We think he has his lamps trimmed for some French dame. But he certainly does enjoy letters from a certain lady in Rutherford, N. J., whom he has never met.

Next time the Bold Michael Higgins salutes an officer he may remember to button up his overcoat and take the Mecca out of his face. It has been rumored that he was discovered under the showers recently, but the fact has since been disproved. He stated that fifteen years ago he used a piece of Anybody's soap and hasn't used any other since. We don't doubt it, Mike.

There's one guy who's going to wake up in the watering trough some morning unless he mends his ways. That's the new dog-robbor for the Supply Sergeant. He's starting too soon with the familiar remark "What do you want? Haven't got! Get out!"

THE POISON PEN.

MISUNDERSTOOD.

Brown said: "I changed from low to high."

Said Jones: "That you've a car is news."

Brown said: "The deuce a car have I; I'm speaking not of gears, but shoes."—Boston Transcript.

A HYMN OF HATE

or

The Liverish Lieutenant's Lament.

(Written by Staff-Surgeon Cyril V. Griffiths,
H. M. S. "Shannon," and forwarded to
The Gas Attack by a friend.)

We hate those damned hostilities,
That brings us to this place;
We hate the entire area,
But most of all MY BASE;
We hate the gun, both large and small,
That makes a nasty din,
We hate this constant coaling,
We hate it all like sin.

We hate the rain, we hate the wind,
We hate the mist and snow,
And every kind of weather
We get at "Halifax."
We hate the cursed censoring,
We hate decoding, too,
We hate our four-hour watches,
We loathe the General "Q."

We hate our other messmates,
We hate them short and tall,
Both those that talk, and those that don't,
We hate them one and all.
We hate our early morning tub,
And those that bathe with sons,
Both those that splash in little baths,
And those that sleep in long.

We hate the daily breakfast,
With a far-surpassing hate,
The "Bright and Early" messmate,
When we ourselves are late.
We hate the wardroom servants,
The kippers and the toast,
We hate the usual battered eggs,
But we hate the coffee most.

We hate the scrapping in the mess,
We hate each broken chair,
We hate the larger table,
It drives us to despair.
We hate the man who takes to bed
A Wardroom magazine,
And those who argue half the night,
And don't say what they mean.

We hate the evening running around,
We hate the medicine ball,
We hate the hockey on the deck,
That shows up people's gall.
We hate to hear the bugler
A-mutilating calls,
We'd like to get him quietly
And—tell him what we think of him.

We hate the Berlin puzzle,
That savours of the war;
We hate the crowd who plot it,
We hate their language more.
We hate the newer version,
The Pubs from East to West,
That bring back recollections
Of days of gin-full rest.



Nathan Tomcat Hale: "I regret that I have only nine lives to give
for my country." (Blub).

We hate the supper-gluttons,
Who with stout and oysters stuff;
We also hate the glutton club,
When there is not enough.
We hate this cutting for our gin,
We always seem to lose,
We hate those monthly wine bills,
They tell of swallowed booze.

We hate the after-dinner bridge,
We hate the cards we hold;
We hate our partners for their play,
And declarations bold.
We hate the pianola
That grinds out tunes in jerks,
And wish the man who plays it
Were scruppered by the Turks.

We hate the spotting table,
That spoils our midday sleep;
And all this damned patrolling,
It fairly makes us weep.
We hate the incinerator,
Belching forth bones and rags,
We hate the lack of cabins,
With its everlasting cage.

We hate the days in harbour,
We hate the days at sea;
In fact we're hating everything,
The whole damned A. B. C.
We hate ten dozen other things,
We hate them in their twelves;
But most of all the things we hate,
WE HATE OUR MOULDY SELVES!

INSTRUCTION IN USE OF HEAVY MACHINE GUNS.

A heavy machine gun school has been established for the instruction of officers in camp. Following is the detail for the school:

Commandant, Maj. Edward McLeer, Jr.,
104th machine gun battalion.

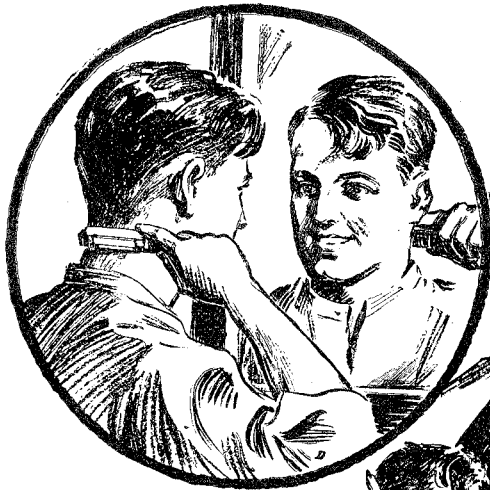
Executive officer, Capt. Kenneth Gardner,
107th infantry.

Supply officer, First Lieut. George L.
Schelling, 106th machine gun battalion.

Instructors, Capt. Albert W. Putnam, 105th
machine gun battalion; First Lieut. Robert
R. Molyneux, 104th machine gun battalion;
Second Lieut. Walter C. Andrews, 104th
machine gun battalion.

The commanding officers of the 105th and
106th machine gun battalions, all company
officers of the 104th, 105th and 106th
machine gun battalions, and of the machine
gun companies of infantry regiments will
attend as students.

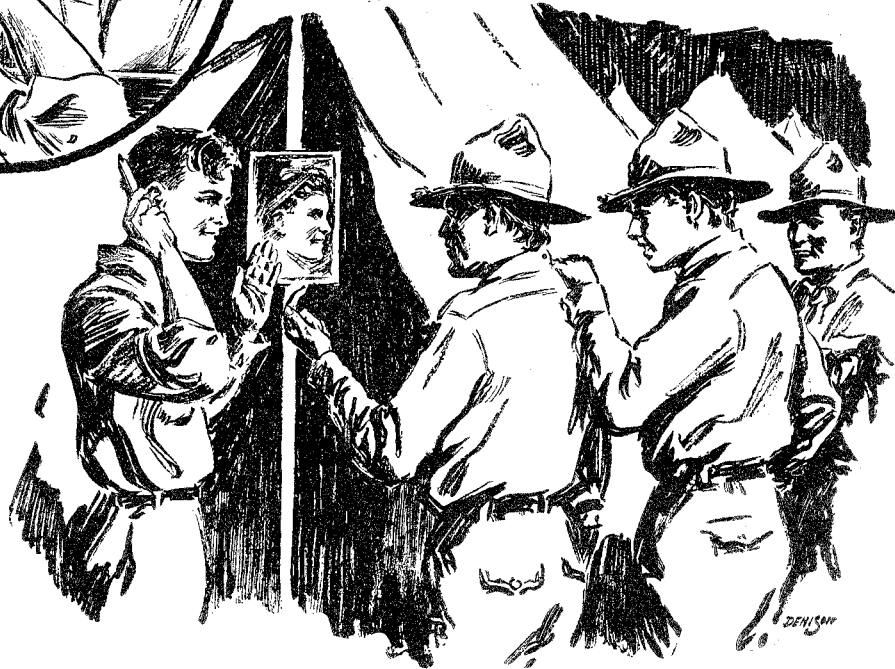
Classes will be held at such times and
places as may be directed by the command-
ant, who is authorized to prescribe regula-
tions and govern the work of instructors
and students.



Cut your own hair with a Ucan!

Do it in Five Minutes and as neatly as a professional barber could. Besides, you'll have your hair trimmed *right*—just as you want it: not too long, too short, or cut wrong on the bias.

“Why Don't You Boys get a Ucan of your own?”



Here's the soldier's kit in compact Khaki case—weight only two ounces—complete with cutter, comb, and six extra blades.

UCAN Safety Hair Cutter

It's as Easy as Combing!

You don't need practice or skill. The keen, specially tempered blades cut the hair clean and uniformly—without pulling. Any man who can comb his hair can use a UCAN. “Combing” is the only motion you employ.

You wouldn't believe how easily you can cut your own hair—until you get hold of a UCAN.

There are no awkward adjustments or springs or screws to work loose. Every UCAN is “fool proof”—can't get out of order. The six blades will last you a long time and your supply can easily be renewed.

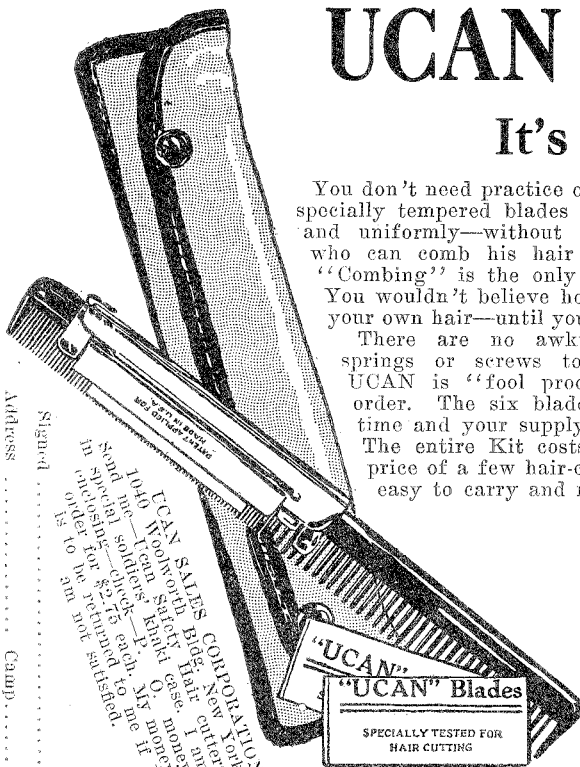
The entire Kit costs you no more than the price of a few hair-cuts. It is light, compact, easy to carry and mighty handy to use. Re-

member, this Safety Hair Cutter is no experiment. Thousands are using it successfully. The boys at the camps are using them all over the country.

UCAN is something you honestly need. Send for one to-day. If it doesn't satisfy you, in every way, return it and we will give you your money back.

Mail us \$2.75 (P. O. or express money order, or check) and the UCAN special soldiers' Khaki Kit Outfit will be sent you promptly.

UCAN SALES CORPORATION,
1040 Woolworth Bldg., New York City



Address.....
Signed.....
Camp.....

UCAN SALES CORPORATION,
1040 Woolworth Bldg., New York
Send no money back. I am
in special soldiers' Khaki Kit Outfit
order for \$2.75 each. My money
is to be returned to me.

“UCAN”
“UCAN” Blades
SPECIALLY TESTED FOR
HAIR CUTTING

Price Goes Up Soon

Order Now— \$2.75
Send Coupon

"LOOK UP FOR THE SIGN"

**A TEA GARDEN
FOR LADIES AND GENTLEMEN**

CHOP SUEY

Chinese Foods of All Kinds

C. M. WING

128½-130½ Morgan Square,

SPARTANBURG, S. C.

AMBULANCE COMPANY 105.

When the members of the 105th rolled out of their warm bunks at first call on Monday, February 4, the unusually frigid temperature caused them to break all previous records for speedy dressing. The sudden freeze has solidified the "River of Doubt" which had flowed muddily past our tents since the beginning of the warm weather and though it seemed good not to sink to one's knees while lined up for roll call, certain lovers of "bunk" fatigue have had good cause to regret the change in the weather for "Topper," Henry A. Fish ("Neewah" for short) has kept the company on the jump ever since.

The men got a good running start on Sergt. "Smoke" Zion's woodland hike on Monday morning and Sloan's Liniment has been very much in demand because of the endless round of drills and hikes.

Capt. McKemy and First Lieutenant Ballantyne have been placed in charge of the athletic training for the men and Monday afternoon found the entire company trying to attain the standard required by headquarters in the different events.

Having mastered the semaphore code, the men are now attempting to solve the intricacies of the Morse code. Topper "Neewah" Fish has been demonstrating the numerous methods of visual signaling in which this code may be used and telegraphic connection has been established between several of the tents, thus enabling the men to be-

come quite proficient at handling the key.

On Wednesday afternoon Sergeant Jennings, Privates 1st Class Guenther, Fey, Lanning, and Privates Schiller, Butler, and Muller joyfully shook the mud of Camp Wadsworth from their shoes as they boarded the P. & N. for Spartanburg with 10-day furloughs in their pockets.

Thursday morning found Privates 1st Class "Doc" Peck, "Raphael" Hammond, Harrington, and Privates Henry, Bullion, and our assistant cook, Jack Ellis, back with the company wearing that "morning after the night before" expression that invariably follows the furloughs to the old home town.

Privates 1st Class Jim Webster and Privates Art Hook and "Porky" Coling have received disability discharges and have left for home. Three more popular men could not be found, and we tender them our best wishes for all time.

None of the fellows will ever have to worry about not being able to find "work" when they return home, for all have had plenty of practice with the pick and shovel. The recent adventure of transplanting a building proved so successful that many of the fellows are considering entering the business when they return home.

The sad news of deaths at home sent Private 1st Class Jack Layden and Private Charles E. Parkhurst speeding northward to attend the last rites to loved ones there.

Mess Sergeant Bob Hull has gladly con-

**COMPANY D, 104TH MACHINE GUN
BATTALION.**

Bill Ebbets, our erstwhile Top, got a discharge.

J. Barrett is now our head office boy. Simultaneously with this we hear that he was the party of the second part in an engagement notice published in a Syracuse paper. All the world loves a lubber, Patsy.

Cooks Orlick, Wheeler and Cronk, those world famous tragedians, are having a successful run in their side-splitting comedy, entitled "The Spoilers," or "Don't Give These Guys No Seconds, the Swill Pail Ain't Half Full."

"Calvary" Blakemore, our rollicking, frolicking young quartermaster, has departed Syracuse-ward on furlough.

"Connie" Hutchinson, of Phoenix, N. Y., and McElveney, the human Victrola, are chafing at the inaction of this machine gun stuff. So, thirsting for blood and gore, they are taking exams for the Quartermaster Corps. I guess everybody hopes you get your commissions, boys.

Acting Corporal Creager's squad gave their tent floor a bath the other night. Why stop there, Jack?

N. C. (not non-com.) Brown is still walking with a limp, resulting from an injured thumb.

Corporal Rodewald, the Staten Island cottillion leader, and Corporal Champ, the Geneseo man-about-town, are acting sergeants. All their acting experience was evidently in burlesque.

Where is our wandering boy tonight? Dennis Francis, please write and let your worried brothers know your whereabouts.

"Shamrock" Kelly, who is attending cooking school, has an appetizing concoction he calls "Jungle Stew." He puts everything in it, including his fingers.

"Wallie" Morrissey, our newest wind jammer, can blow more calls at once than any bugler in the camp. Even "Flatfoot," our Carolina dog, hasn't the heart to raspberry him.

"Snuffy" Curran, our Mount Morris scholar, claims his squad is most didactic on machine gun work. We hope they won't be quarantined again for getting that way.

Corporal Amrein, leader of the far-famed Amrein dumbbells, and also our camouflageur, did a little practical work with his machine gun the other day. He made his target look like a sieve.

O'Hara claims that Lauten of the 108th must have used him as model in the cartoon frightening the Kaiser to death in the February 2nd issue.

sented to take charge of a class in French and the first lesson was held in the mess hall last Monday evening. The fellows all showed an earnest desire to familiarize themselves with the subject.

Private 1st Class Louis B. Peck, and Privates Jack Ellis, Jack Kresga, and Bville Frawley have been detailed for instruction in the school for mess sergeants and cooks.

A. K. M.

**MILITARY POST OFFICE AND HOTEL
KNICKERBOCKER.**

The employees of the Military Post Office are certainly a hard working bunch. Without their persistent endeavors to get the mail sorted and ready for distribution the average soldier who depends upon the literary feasts sent by Her back home would be going around with hungry looks upon his face. All soldiers know the alphabet, but are usually very anxious about one letter.

The register of the Hotel Knickerbocker contains a list of names that will go down in history. A glance at the register reveals the following names:

Puttill from Buffalo—a good scout who always finds a way to help his fellow workers.

Oishei from Buffalo—who has a few musical notes in his system.

Sullivan from Boston—who should have been a movie actor because he has to “register” mail.

Minton from Boston—every time a wide-awake argument starts he lulls it to sleep.

Allen from the Keystone State—who usually goes around with his brow knitted with the thread of thought.

Larkin from Binghamton—he is not the soap king, but they say he is a regular fellow.

Capron from (Rahway)—every time a rabbit sees him it runs to cover.

Martin from (deleted)—a first-class entertainer with second-class humor.

Dore from Buffalo—who believes in taking ten days off when there is nothing else to take.

Reiser of Buffalo—who dresses well.

Kilduff from Boston—a regular wit. Another good man gone wrong.

Schworm from Boston—he looks after lost parcels, and attempts to keep packages from straying away.

Patrine from (———)—he plays a mouth organ—and musical instruments.

Wales from Buffalo—a good fellow who can tell a whale of a story.

Judge from Boston—judge not, lest ye be judged.

Brine from Boston—he handles the cash, and expects to be rich when he cashes in.

Jost from Reading—he has just returned from a vacation. Is now working to get rested up.

Gilbert from Reading—see above.

Roth from Boston—he knows all about canoes, and now wants a mud scow.

Dugan from Boston—has charge of the night crew. When he falls asleep his friends wrap him in slumber.

McCarthy from Batavia—the best walker in the bunch. When tired of walking he always runs.

Kenney from Boston—A regular talking machine with plenty of good records.

Gray from Binghamton—our mess sergeant, who is as genial as the day is long.

“Krispograms”

No. 3

To Canteens

A Satisfied Customer Returns to Trade Again

PEANUT KRISP

KEEPS THE BUYERS COMING BACK

A Carload Each

of

Hungerford-Smith’s “ROYAL PURPLE” Grape Juice and “GOLDEN” Orangeade have been shipped to us. Place your order in advance, that you may receive immediate deliveries when the shipment arrives.

Georgia Carolina
andy
ompany **Spartanburg, S. C.**
Phone 198

ELECTRICAL APPLIANCES

GAS

AND

ELECTRICITY

FOR ALL PURPOSES

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

The Asheville Laundries

Offer Four Days' Service and
First Class Work

Leave Your Package at
The Following Places

Sanitary Train Canteen

108th Infantry

Post Exchange

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



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

The Manor

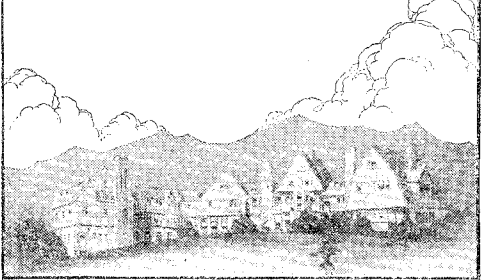
Albemarle Park
Asheville, N.C.

"In the Land of the Sky"—

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

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

In America -- An English Inn --



Banking Logic

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

Place your account
with the

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

COMPANY F, 105TH INFANTRY.

Corporal "Pop" Jones, the old war horse, has left for dear old New York. He will be away ten days and it is expected he will be back on time.

The other day while attending the bombing school in the mess hall, the following conversation was overhead between Privates Patsy, Levecchia and Vincent Margiotta: "Watta isa da bomb", asked Patsy? "Oh", said Margiotta, "da bomb isa high explosive. You taka da bomb, you hitta something and that something isa nothing."

One day while on the drill field, Corporal "Jack" Gregory was explaining to his squad how to fix the sight leaf and windage while shooting with the wind blowing. The squad was paying close attention, while Corporal Gregory went on saying, "You see if you are shooting at twelve o'clock with the wind blowing at three o'clock, what windage would you put on?" At this point he was interrupted by a roar of laughter from Private "Willie" Adams. Turning around in rage he asked, "What are you laughing at, you dizzy son-of-a-gun?" "Why", said Private Adams, "how can you shoot at twelve o'clock with the wind blowing at three o'clock at ten o'clock in the morning?"

The ninth squad is the champion sleeping squad in the company. Corporal Ambrose Patnode, who, by the way, was married while on his furlough, never can hear reveille call in the morning. The whole squad seems to be in a trance while reveille blows, and the only thing that brings them out of it is the next call, which is mess.

The tenth squad is the musical squad of the company. Besides Corporal "Ted" Nier's music box, Private Ed Driscoll has a snare drum, and Private Charley Johnson has a bass drum. They are going to round up the rest of the talent in the company and organize a jazz band. Good luck boys, we need music in the company.

Company hikes seem to be all the rage, and when old "Sol" turns his rays on the frozen ground, and it thaws and the ice melts the boys wish they had rowboats, instead of packs and rifles.

COMPANY M, 106TH INFANTRY.

Speaking of showers, it has been made public that the bath-house in L. Co. is in full swing, with running hot and cold water. It may be used free of charge by any man of Co. M. All those who did not care to take a trip down town for the last few weeks, please take notice.

Sure, that's the point! As long as we can use L. Co.'s showers for bathing, why not use our own for something else? Efficiency is the main thing in the army.

They started to issue us board floors for the tents. Let us hope the sides will follow before long, so before we leave everything will be in perfect readiness for whoever comes after us.

COMPANY C, 108TH INFANTRY.

The First Sergt. and Supply Sergt. have moved into their "dugout" under the mess shack. After this all business will be transacted under ground, away from eaves droppers. It took two months and the help of the entire company to build the so-called "Office."

Men returning from furlough, show that a visit home must be worth while. They all come back "busted." Mess Sergt. Krause found a way to make expenses when he started the curse of distributing "chance punch boards." The man who invented "work" is much sought after and a close second is the guy who invented these boards.

The boys of Co. C were mighty glad to see Lieut. McCabe made a First Lieut. But they hate the idea of loosing him. Lieut. McCabe has been a part of Co. C for a good many enlistments, and most of the men feel indebted to him for the knowledge they possess of the military game. He was well liked, both on and off the drill field. We take this opportunity to wish him success, and hope some day to salute him and address him as: "Captain, Sir!"

Corporal "Ed" Gallagher is getting our men ready for "over there," by putting on war paint for them who can afford it. Eddie is chief tattoo artist.

CORP. J. M.

102ND SUPPLY TRAIN.

"Villie Prinlinger," the flying Dutchman, has been appointed Truck Master of the new supply train which is composed of eight wheelbarrows and eight bucks, to guide them on their way. Villie hopes to make chauffeurs out of them. Good luck, old boy; go to it.

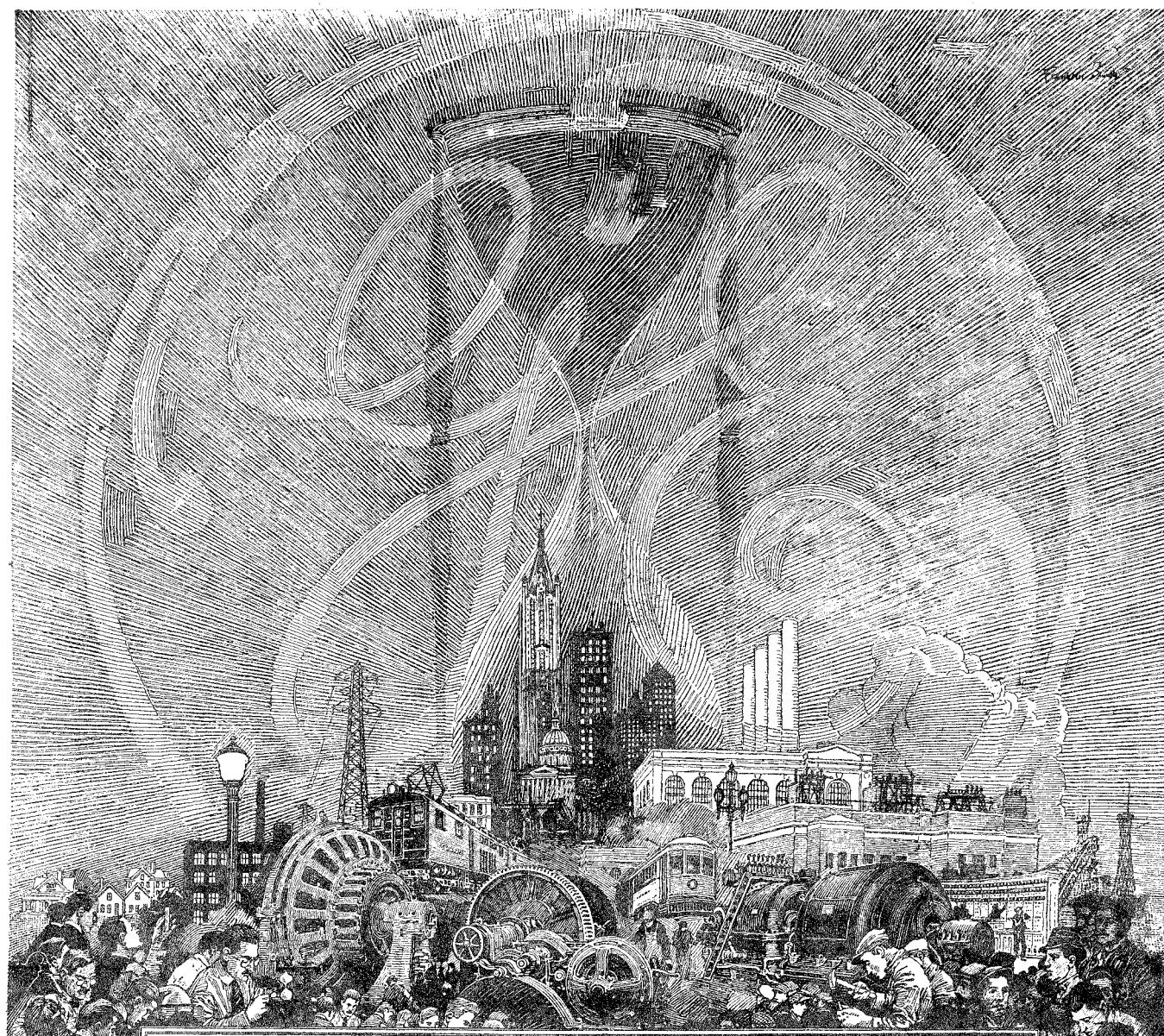
The old saying that too many cooks spoil the broth does not hold good in the 3rd Company, which has four cooks, and as many assistants. Since this system has been put in force, the food has increased, both in quantity and quality, twenty-five per cent., and I think we owe these hard-working men a vote of thanks, and if they should put salt in the coffee, or burn the pudding once in a while, forgive them boys, for they know not what they do.

"Nigger" Noll, who has taken the place of the Mess Sergeant, has proven to the boys he is just what they thought of him, a man made for the place. "Nig" says "There will be mess shacks when he's dead and gone." Anybody want seconds? Da ta boy. "Nig," go to it. We are all with you.

F. W. S.

Privates Catterson and Abramovitz deserve credit for their ability to deliver the piece of wood they carried from the Q. M. to their own respective tents, although the odds stood 99 to 1 against them. If our officers would follow Napoleon's principles, Catterson and Abramovitz should be wearing bars pretty soon.

T. A. F.



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Throughout this period the General Electric Company has held the great responsibilities and high ideals of leadership.

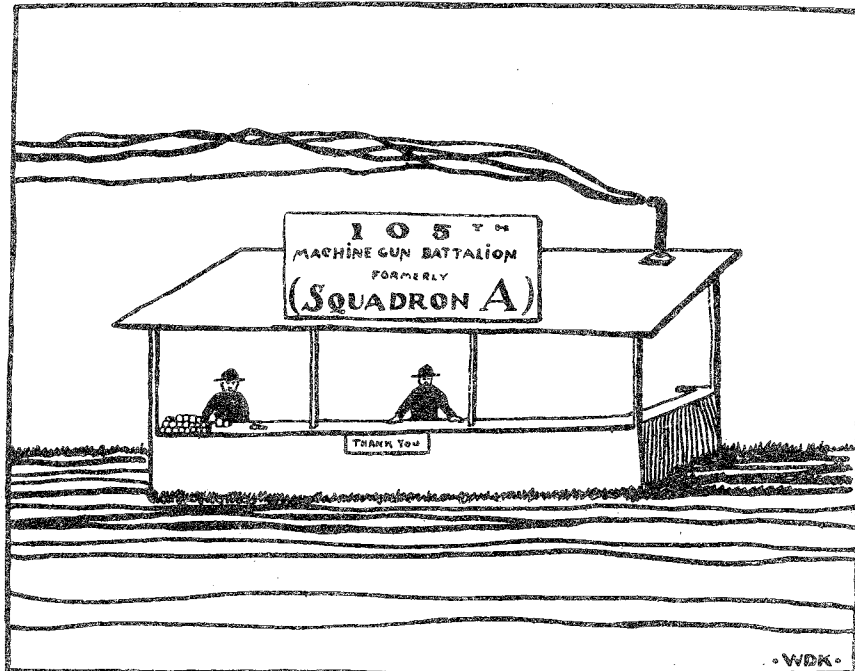
It has set free the spirit of research. It has given tangible form to invention, in apparatus of infinite precision and gigantic power.

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By the achievements which this company has already recorded may best be judged the greater ends its future shall attain, the deeper mysteries it yet shall solve in electrifying more and more of the world's work.

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