

# GAS ATTACK

*of the*  
NEW YORK DIVISION  
27th. DIV. V. S.A.

Vol. 1

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

No. 15



He'll Lick Lollypops or Germans!

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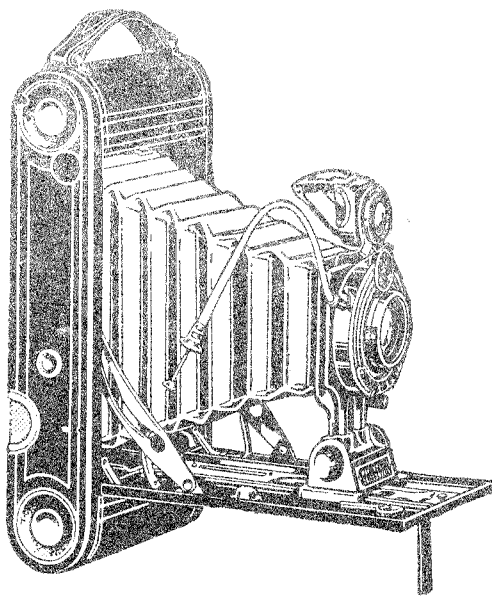
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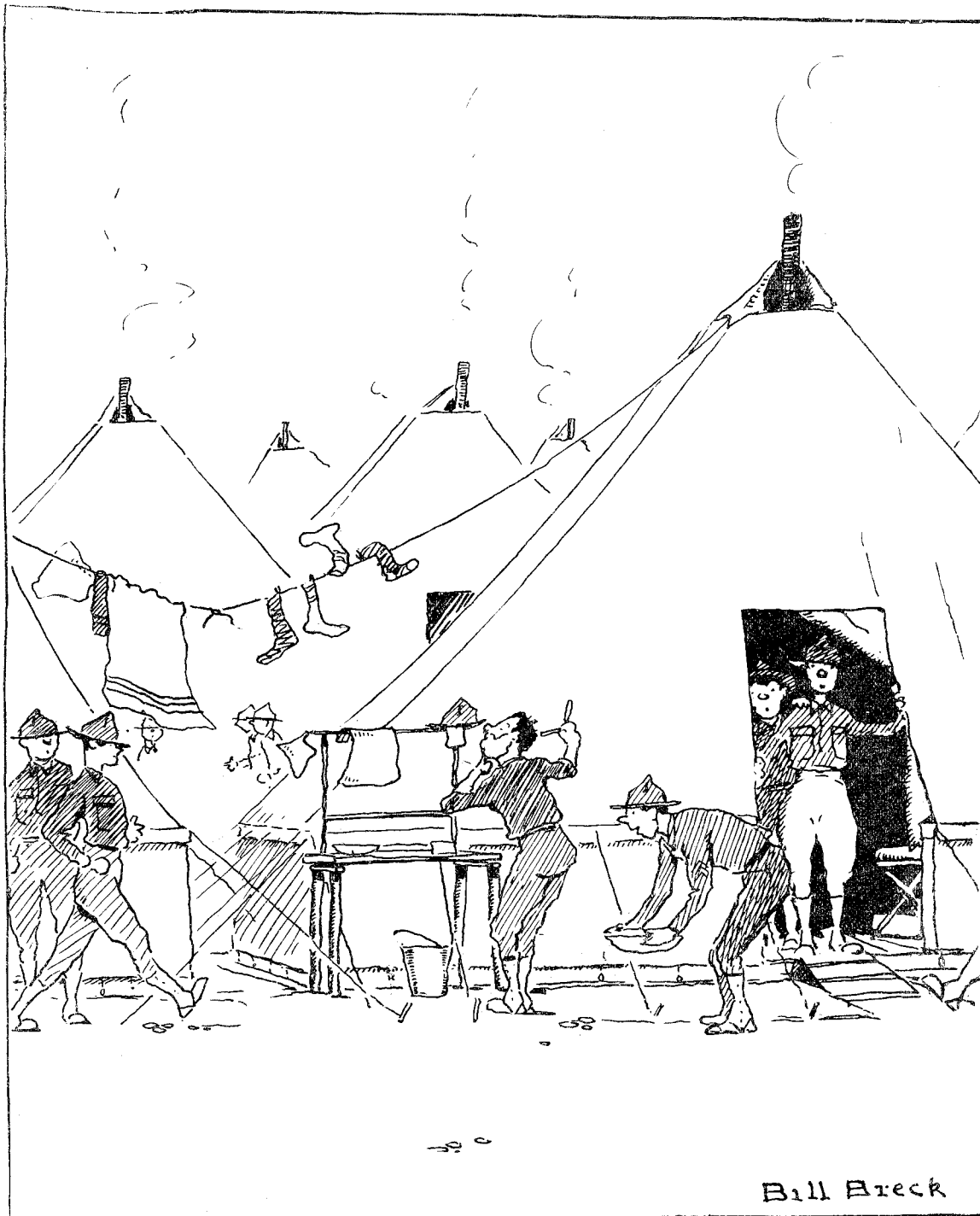
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### SIGNS OF SPRING.

Again the street comes into its own as a parlor for shaving and other niceties of the toilette. There is unlimited light and company. Clothes can be hung out on the line to dry without fear of their freezing solid. For the soldier who is wielding a razor there is unlimited advice shouted to him by his friends, together with hints on the gentle art of pulling the recalcitrant hair from one's haughty chin.

# ON THE JUMP AT THE TRAINING SCHOOL

## How the O. T. S. Students Are Struggling With Maps and Methods.

Just how many times since your enlistment have you decided that your officers were Neroesque martinets concerned chiefly in making life a jolly old Hades for privates?

You needn't answer. It's Charlie Schwab's income against mine that we've all indulged in this merry pastime with more or less frequency.

And how many times did you recall Jim Blank or George Waffus, both lieutenants now, as privates just like you are? And how many times did you decide that it was all wrong, all wrong. Wherein did Jim have anything on you as a soldier? And who could deny that George was about as punk a rookie as ever made a shambles of squads right about?

Well, the next time your old platoon sergeant comes over to the company to argue the supply sergeant out of a new pair of shoes or to get his mail or something, ask him about it. This, of course, taking it for granted that your old platoon sergeant is a student in the Officers' Training School here in Camp Wadsworth.

I have no desire to make this an autobiography. Far be it from me to inflict upon any reader of *The Gas Attack* my personal experiences. But it is quite fair to assume that there is no profession warranted to make one more familiar with the business of seeing two sides to every story than that of newspaper reporting. And I have chased elusive facts all over this glorious land of ours and beyond.

### Course is Half Over.

But you are all wrong about that officer business!

The course in the O. T. S. is about half completed. Already some of the students have come to the conclusion that they lack a meter or so of the reach necessary to the grabbing of a commission. Some came upon the conclusion without outside assistance. Others became acquainted with the fact second-hand.

But you may make permanent note of the fact that about the easiest job that Uncle Sam does out to his able bodied nephews is that of private—buck or first class—under an efficient disciplinarian. Of course, you can call this all didactic bunk and say a few more uncomplimentary things about it but try to take it from me; the chap who gets his commission in this school that Major General O'Ryan is supervising has accumulated something besides avoirdupois.

In no sense because we are ultra proficient therein but rather because there are so many

additional things on the schedule, we have passed the stage of daily allopathic doses of close order drill.

### Struggling With Maps.

We are now struggling with military maps, combat exercises, and correlated subjects. We have learned with no small struggle the difference between enfilade and defilade; between traverse and contour; between vertical interval and slope; between cover and security.

And we have discovered that there is just one job that is more discouraging than learning these absorbingly interesting facts. I refer to the two-fisted job of imparting said facts. No, you are all wrong about that officer business. If those students in this O. T. S. who receive commissions are entirely honest with themselves they are going to fare forth uttering prayers for more fertile cerebrums on which to work than those they presented to the officer-instructors in Camp Wadsworth.

We have reached that stage in the training when each man should be able to think in a military manner. With quite logical reasoning, the instructors have decided that if we can not, by this time, work out our own military problems on the foundation of I. D. R. and F. S. R. they have built beneath us, we never will.

The instructors have virtually stepped aside. Upon us rests our own salvation.

### Enemy Holds Spartanburg.

We are told that the conditions are thus and so—that the enemy, for instance, is in possession of Greenville or Spartanburg and that it is up to us to rescue the captured towns and destroy the invaders.

Student Whoozis is given command of the company. The enemy, either stimulated or represented, has his outposts flung across the hills adjacent to and bordering upon the National Highway in the direction of the town he is looting. It is Student Whoozis' business to so deploy and otherwise manipulate his forces that the enemy's outposts will be unable to perform their functions of security and our army will be in position to occupy those heights and natural strong points that command the captured town.

It is then accepted as reasonable that our army may drive the impudent invader back and into the sea or wherever it may be convenient to place him.

This may or may not be interesting to those folks who have no part in the game. But certainly it is fascinating to those participating. And it goes to demonstrate just what the students are doing. It makes no difference whether, in this or any other war, these tactics are employed. It is wholly out of place to argue meticulously that this is a war in trenches and that open field and above ground manoeuvres play no part therein.

A problem is a problem. The man who shows no promise of mastering the simple problems given him in the O. T. S. exhibits little aptitude for a successful mastery of the prodigious tasks that will fall to his lot in France.

### More Tests for Students.

Within the past two weeks we have been subjected to a second mental research and been compelled to demonstrate that we are entirely sound of wind, arm and leg. We have been called before another psychiatrist and asked numerous personal questions all of which tended to wring from us possible secrets regarding our mental cohesion. What was the extent of our academic education? Were we nervous? Excitable? Irritable? What sort of work produced our meals and cigarettes before we enlisted? Had insanity occupied a prominent place in our family history?

Most of us left the neurologist quite convinced that we had manifested a sufficient number of mental aberrations to warrant our immediate transfer to the Matteawan home guards. Personally, I assured the doctor that I was not abnormally nervous. At the same time I gnawed off a finger nail.

We were then informed that each student must execute a running broad jump of fourteen feet, a high jump of four feet, a standing jump of seven feet six inches, the hundred yards dash in fourteen seconds and a heave of the hand grenade of thirty-five yards.

### In Hobnailed Brogans!

Did you ever try to jump fourteen feet in hobnailed brogans and tight O. D. breeches? The rest of the efforts seemed easy enough. The writer of this story was never considered seriously for a place on the Olympic teams. I never had just cause for annoyance therefor. By Herculean effort I cleared the bar four feet from the ground. In a totally unprecedented effort I hurled myself seven feet six inches through the air from a standing position. But the fourteen feet were hard to negotiate.

There seemed to be something wrong. I recall making a furious dive and landing in a fearsome heap far, far away. The marker announced with a fine display of scorn that my wild flight amounted to ten feet two inches.

Just previous to this Titanic effort, Student Burrell had cleared seventeen or twenty feet without taking off his coat nor removing his hat. He called me aside and told me that my legs were all wrong; that I should fold them up beneath me and then, when I felt myself descending, to shoot them out in advance of my body.

I rehearsed the formula a few times and had another go at the fourteen feet. I made it. I leaped as though bound for the horizon. I passed trees and many tents in my flight east. My impressions, upon landing,

(Continued on page 29)

## GAS ATTACK

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### CARRY ON! SMARTLY!

Quit knocking the division because we haven't got to France yet. Quit complaining because we aren't already on the briny going through life-boat drill and casting suspicious glances to the offing. Quit pestering your lot with futile ejaculations because you aren't doing stand-to this minute in a field in Flanders.

The time will come when it's good and ready. Meanwhile, be decent about it.

Don't be so unimaginative and foolish as the soldier we heard the other day.

"Aw, we'll never get anywhere," he said.

That soldier doesn't know quite as much about running this war and this division as some of the men who are looking after it. He isn't in a position, undoubtedly, to know all the little details that are locked up in the card indices and minds of the war chiefs at Washington. Most probably there are a few items that don't come to his knowledge but which the American leaders at the front entertain with some gravity.

It is even reasonable to suppose that he isn't as wise in these matters as President Wilson, Secretary Baker, General Pershing and some others who have followed the war rather closely since the United States went in. It is not a wild flight of fancy to imagine that this particular soldier hasn't at his fingertips all the intricate data on the shipping and ships that will carry us across, and similar necessary arrangements.

The desire to get to the other side is the proper longing by which to be animated. It's all over camp, we hope, as ubiquitous as the mud. We'd be a poor lot of Americans if we didn't feel that way about it.

But here's the point: events are being shaped by wiser men. Just as soon as the time is ripe for us to go over, we'll get the word to pack up our kits and our sweetheart's picture, and we'll go, singing!

Meanwhile, we're here. While we're here, the thing to do is to be a good soldier where we are. This is our period of trial. The way to meet it is by plugging ahead with our training with just as much snap as if we knew we were going to entrain tomorrow.

As a matter of fact, we are in a pleasant place, here at Camp Wadsworth. And even though we would rather be in an unpleasant place over there, and be there, instead of here, yet the fact remains that where we are, there is more or less warm sunshine, there are tree-clad hills, winding tranquil roads, a charming city—many things to enjoy. So, let's take it as it comes!

You're no better, that you should be already somewhere in France getting a medal pinned on you by the essembled entente generals, than any of the rest of us. We've got a chest of sufficient expanse to support a medal, too.

Our time will come.

—C. D.

### WHAT WE WANT.

We don't know how others may feel about it, but for ourselves we are getting tired of "cheer up" letters. We are growing infinitely weary of receiving letters in which the writers say: "Cheer up, laddies. The war will soon be over and you'll come marching back."

We don't want to be cheered up that way. We don't want the war to end until the Kaiser has been knocked out, and a gigantic wrench flung into the German military machinery, and the world made a habitable place for democratic folk to make merry in.

To distract attention from the all-important necessity of putting through these wholesome reforms, is a harmful act. To tell us to cheer up, the war will soon be over, is not only a piece of false philosophy but it is bad business! Nothing should be allowed to vitiate our efforts in that great outdoor sport, in which all good nations are participating, called: walloping the Kaiser.

And so, as we said, we don't want to be cheered up that way. We don't need it. It won't do any good to try to cheer us up, because we are cheered up. We have suffered no real hardships in camp. The people back home have been bending beneath the burdens of heatless, wheatless, meatless, lightless, nightless careers, but we, here in camp, have thus far not been touched by the cruelties of war. Kitchen police, forsooth, is not a form of entertainment, but it never wiped out a company of soldiers yet. As a matter of fact, if we felt any more chipper we'd be spending our evenings fox-trotting across the drill grounds singing "This is the life!"

Hell is paved with good intentions. But we aren't taking that road to-day. Undoubtedly the folks who insist upon cheering us up with promises of an early ending of the war are well intentioned. But their vision could be improved.

—C. D.



### A SOLDIER'S LETTER TO HIS SWEETHEART.

Dere Mable:

How was I to know that Broggins was a dog?

It takes a woman, Mable, to get things all balled up. I aint agoin to say much about this though cause the joke was mostly on you. I forgive you and I wont hold nothin against you. You can tell your father and mother right away sos they wont worry any more. I hope they wont blame you too much for makin all this trouble. An that it hasnt thrown off your fathers liver. Hes bad enough already.

So now when the wars over we can get married again just like we was goin to. Ill have more time then. I guess thats all I will have but we dont need much money cause I dont care much for luxuries anyways. Simple, thats me all over, Mable.

You can send back all your stuff that I returned an you can make me more if you want to. I wont have much use for them now with the hot weather comin on but it might be a comfort to you to make em. An you can put the picture of me pointin to the flag back on the mantle piece. I guess you didnt burn it up like I told you to, eh Mable?

Well, Mable, what do you think Ive done now. Ive gone back into the artillery. The Captain hated to let me go. He said the artillery Colonel was a friend of his. I guess thats why he finally said all right. It wasnt that I was scared of the infantry. I guess you know that I aint scared of anything that walks on two legs except the measles. The artillerys really more dangerous than the infantry cause you stand in one place so they can get a good line on you while in the infantry your running round all the time.

Seein the Captain was so jealous of me I thought a fello with brains would have more chance over here. I tried to transfer as an officer but the Captain said I better go over as a private and as soon as they saw what kind of a fello I was theyd fix me all right. He seemed to wake up a little when he saw I was goin. Im goin to put in my application for an officer as soon as I get a chance.

I didnt go back to the same battery I was in before cause youll remember that the Captain and I didnt get along very well. Couldnt seem to agree on nothin. I thought it would be pleasanter for me an him to if I went to another battery.

It almost seemed like they was waitin for me cause the day after I came over they hitched up the horses and drove the cannons out to the range. Its kind of hard to explain to a girl like you what a range is. The only

way I can explain it is that it aint nothin like a range. There aint nothin here but mountains and mountain ears. We can fire all we want without hittin nothin but the mountains and once in a while maybe one of the mountain ears. But they say there so tough they dont mind it a bit. Thats a funny thing about artillery, Mable. The object seems to be not to hit nothin. The day we got out here I heard the Captain say "Well Im glad were way out in a place like this where we dont run no danger of hittin nothin." All I said was "I like to see a fello careful Captain, but if thats all your worryin about you needent have taken so much trouble." The longer I know Captains the less I understand them.

This is the rainy seson. The south is a wonderful country for wether cause everything is divided off so well. There is three seasons. The cold seson, the hot seson and the rainy seson. Thats what makes the place so good. A fello gets a change once in a while. It would be awful tiresome if you was always freezin to death, or always soaked or always bakin. Now you get four months of each. It makes a change for a fello.

Theyve put me on the special detail. The special detail, Mable, is a bunch of fellos what knows more than any one else in the camp. I sit on a hill all day with a little telephone in a lunch box and take messages. They got an awful system of sending messages in the artillery. Ill be sittin there thinkin of you an waitin for lunch and somebody says "Hello" an I says "Hello" just like a regular fone. And then they say "Heres a message from mmmmmmmmmmm." Its always the same fello. I dont know who he is. And then they say "Tell Captain mmmmmmmmm to mmmmmmmmm at once. Please repeat." And then I repeat and whoever it is says "No, no" and you dont here any more. I guess its some kind of a code they have. I dont believe the Captain is on to it cause you ought to have heard what he said the other day. I guess he was talkin about the fello on the other end. I never heard your father do better.

Its awful dangerous work cause where I sit aint more than half a mile from the shells. If they ever put a curve on one of them its good night Willie. I aint scared of course. I just menshuned it sos you wouldnt worry. Ill tell you more about the telephone next time. I may know more about it then myself.

Yours till they curve one

BILL.  
(E. S.)

Newspaper headline: "The Germans Have Crossed the Dvina."  
And double-crossed the Russians!

"What's the first thing that turns green in the Spring?"

"Christmas jewelry."

"Ella Wheeler Wilcox Goes to the French Front"—newspaper headline.

Get ready, boys, for another batch of poems.

The motto on the stationery of the Cleveland Hotel is: "Sleep in Safety."

How about a bed?

### APPLICATIONS OF WELL-KNOWN PLAYS.

The Snake Road—The Gypsy Trail.  
Spartanburg Rents—Going Up.  
Cleveland Hotel—Bought and Paid For.  
Converse College—Oh, Boy!  
Going to the Captain without the first sergeant's permission—Over the Top.

### ESSAY ON THE JOY AND BEAUTY OF REVEILLE.

#### Chapter I.

#### Chapter II.

#### Chapter III.

End of Essay.

# NO MEXICAN MEDALS FOR N. Y. GUARD

## Veteran of the Border Service Points Out the Injustice of the Awarding—Letters to the Editor

Editor Gas Attack:

The most welcome news to the soldiers of this division that has appeared in the columns of the *Gas Attack* since its initial issue, was that heralded by the headlines of the article on page six of the last number, which read, "Decoration for men who served on the border." All over this camp veterans of the division who went through the trying months of tropical heat, hurricanes, sand storms and cold northers along the Rio Grande, settled down on their cots to read the details of the news thus heralded and to commend the War Department in finally recognizing this service.

Imagine the disappointment and disgust of your readers, however, when they found, upon reading the article, that it in no way justified the headlines.

A superficial reading of the article containing the War Department order showed that its camouflaged verbiage apparently made provision for all those entitled to recognition, but closer analysis showed that the decoration is NOT to be awarded to guard troops. This conclusion is based upon the phraseology of the four sub-divisions of the first paragraph of the order quoted, which define the conditions to be met before the decorations can be awarded. These sub-paragraphs are as follows:

"(A) In Mexico, afloat or ashore, as members of the Vera Cruz Expedition, between April 24, 1916, and February 7, 1917."

This means regulars only, as no guard troops participated in the Vera Cruz Expedition.

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

This means the same thing for the same reason.

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

It is not known what units or detachments this lets in. Undoubtedly it recognizes and rewards the defenders of Columbus, N. M. On the other hand, it is generally known that when our division arrived at McAllen, Texas, and that vicinity, relations between the Texans and the Mexicans in our sector were strained to the limit. To have started "an engagement in which there were casualties on the side of the United States troops" would have been a "cinch," except for the fact that the division commander,

unfortunately for us, evidently construed his orders in such a way to carry out their spirit and avoided armed contact and casualties among his own men. Therefore, hand in hand with the most rigorous training, including a hundred mile practice march and other divisional exercises, there were established such relations with the Constitutional forces opposite us that the Mexican forces became friendly to such an extent that they would line the bank to admire our soldiers in maneuvers, and they even returned cattle that had been stolen six months before as a delicate mark of their confidence and good will. Accordingly, it would seem that because we had not let loose at them and in return suffered useless casualties, we are barred under the provisions of this paragraph "C" from receiving the decoration for our service.

An interesting sidelight affecting the application of this paragraph "C" is that if our division commander had found it necessary and justifiable to have engaged a detachment of the Mexican forces opposing us and had done the job in so effective a manner that the opposing force was wiped out completely, without a casualty on our own side, even then we would be barred from the decoration under the language of paragraph "C," because our general had not been sufficiently astute to have had one or more of his own men killed or wounded.

The last sub-paragraph, namely "D," provides for "those who were present as members of the Mexican Border Patrol, between April 12, 1911, and February 7, 1917, in proximity to an engagement between Mexicans which resulted in casualties among their own company, troop, battery or detachment." It is not known what forces or detachments this paragraph covers. Taken in connection with the preceding sub-paragraph which rewards those who had casualties whether they were due to neglect or not, it will be seen that sub-paragraph "D" provides for the onlookers. For example, if two detachments of our own troops had been stationed to prevent contesting Mexican forces from trespassing or firing upon our territory under orders to take cover and avoid unnecessary casualties while performing such duty, and one detachment had obeyed its orders and had no casualties, while the other permitted their curiosity to see the scrap to get the better of their discipline, the former would not be entitled to the decoration while the lack of discipline of the latter would have won the decoration for it.

Very respectfully,

A VETERAN OF THE MEXICAN SERVICE.

The fact is that in June, 1916, the conditions along the Mexican Border were completely out of hand. Our border was continuously raided by Mexican banditti. Columbus and other places had been raided, Americans killed and property destroyed, in spite of the troops on hand to prevent such outrages.

It was under these circumstances that the guard troops of the country were rushed to the border, and from the date of their arrival until the date of their departure quietness and peace prevailed along the border from one end to the other. It should be remembered that it was then the announced policy of our government to avoid conflict with Mexico. It would have been very easy for troops to have committed overt acts which would have brought on war, if they had lacked discipline and loyalty to their government's policy. The guard troops measured up in handsome fashion to this responsibility and it is to be remembered that this responsibility was fulfilled by troops that were straining at the leash to cross the border and pacify the unruly elements of our neighboring country on the South.

The real, big accomplishment to be recognized and rewarded in connection with the Mexican disturbance was the readiness and efficiency with which the guard troops responded to the nation's call; not the sporadic bush rows on either side of the river, requiring special definition and verbiage to classify.

And this has been the policy of other governments and of our own government in the past. For example: the Civil War Campaign Badge is awarded by the government "for service in the regular or volunteer army or in the militia in the service of the United States during the Civil War between April 15, 1861 and April 19, 1865." Many of the soldiers who won and wore the Civil War Campaign Badge were soldiers for but 30 days, and received little or no training and had never fired a shot, even in practice.

The guard troops, on the other hand, who served on the Mexican border, had been transported, in most cases, from very distant stations and had patrolled and hiked and had been trained for many weary months amid cactus and desert land of the Rio Grande Valley. This was really campaigning, campaigning that resulted in the death of a number of the men of this and other divisions of guard troops. Again, a service badge with ribbon is issued to officers and enlisted men of the regular army who visited Cuba with the Army of Cuban Pacification between October, 1906, and April, 1909, during which period there was no fighting. Who would not have preferred life in Havana or other Cuban cities to the desolate wastes and terrific heat of the Rio Grande?

(Continued on page 34)



# THE IDEAS OF ETHELBURT JELLYBACK, PRIVATE

## XIII. On Taking Jim Mugrums to Dinner and a French Lesson, Too

On my classification card, for occupation I wrote "leader of the younger society set of New York." For salary, crude question that it was, I set down this answer: "I have an independent income."

But, despite these evidences of a superior position in my ante-bellum days, no call has yet come for me to direct important work in camp except the tending of the incinerator. Consequently, I have fallen back on my own devices. One of them, begun in a spirit of altruism, has been to try to improve the mind and manners of Jim Mugrums, that somewhat crude fellow who used to be my corporal until he got reduced because he carried me and my cot out into the street one bitter cold night.

I forgave him. In view of my mission to uplift the uncouth and smudgy-faced fellow, I tried to put aside all personal inconveniences.

"Mugrums," I said the other evening, "I am going to invite you to take dinner with me to-night."

"Go ahead. Invite me. See if I care."

### They Start for Dinner.

So I invited him to walk over to the Hostess House, at the edge of camp. I told him that he should make his appearance as neat as it was possible to influence such vague uncertainties.

"Hostess House," I explained, as we walked along, "is a building erected as a meeting place for soldiers and their mothers and sweethearts who come to camp to see them. It is a delightful place; you should enjoy this evening immensely. Wait a minute, Mugrums! Don't forget to wipe the mud off your shoes. Take off your hat, Mugrums. And now your coat. Hang it here. Now follow me."

I led the way into the eating room, with a counter from which you select the food, and many tables and chairs, painted in a delicious blue.

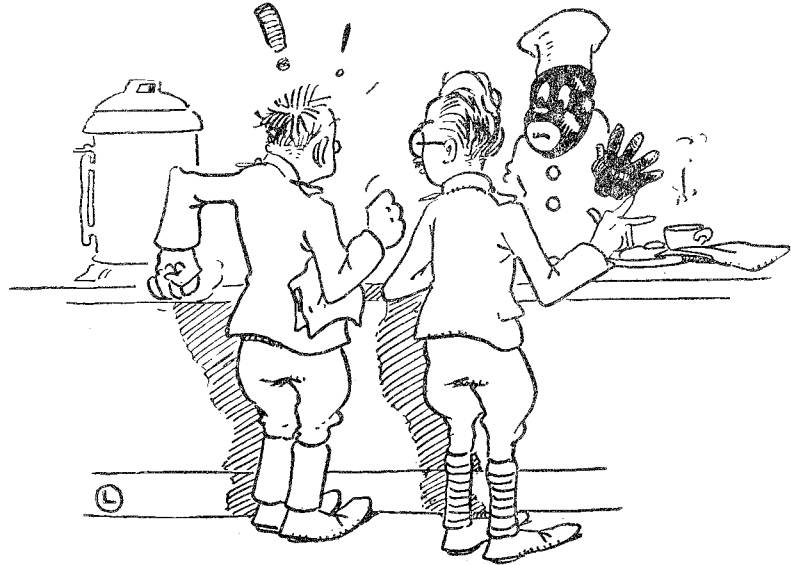
"This is the cafeteria," I explained. "Take one of these trays and follow me to the counter. The negro will hand you whatever food you select. Mugrums, you forgot a napkin. Take one, there!"

Looking a bit bewildered, Mugrums did as I said.

### They Order Eatables.

"I will have a bowl of soup and two cheese sandwiches," I told the negro behind the counter.

"Gimme two o' them barrels o' soup," said Mugrums, "and about four o' them there sandwiches what Ethelburt's got his meat-hooks into."



"Yas, suh, boss! Don't strike me. I'se hurryin'."

"Steady, Mugrums. Your language is becoming slipshod again. There are other things to eat besides soup and sandwiches."

"Yes, but I ain't takin' any chances. An' say, Bones, put the rollers under a couple o' pieces of that pie an' slip 'em to me quick. Them is pies, ain't they? Don't go to sleep on post, either. Shake a leg, or I'll bounce this trayful o' eats off'n your dome."

"Yas, suh, boss! Don't strike me, I'se a hurryin'."

"Mugrums," I protested, "where are your manners? This is not a building used to stable mules in. Follow me at once."

He did as I bade, carrying on his tray enough edibles to feed a regiment in barracks.

"Let us sit at this table by the window, near the pretty cretonne curtains."

"You can't eat the curtains."

"And now, Mugrums, while we are dining, I will take the opportunity to give you another French lesson."

"Don't bother on my account."

"No trouble at all, Mugrums. French is spoken in three ways: with the tongue, with the eyes, and with the shoulders."

"I getcha. Right shoulder—French!"

### Mugrums and His Soup.

"No, no, Mugrums. Don't interrupt me. And please don't make so much noise with your soup. You are attracting attention. French is spoken in three ways, as I have pointed out. But in this lesson we will only take up the first method: by the tongue. The others are for mademoiselles over seventeen. Remove the spoon from out your coffee cup. It should always recline in the saucer when not in active service."

"Aw, what is this, inspection morning?"

"The word in French that stands for 'I' is 'je.' It is pronounced like 'ju' in jug, only without the 'g.' As in the phrase, the little brown jug."

"They don't use 'em any more, 'cept in Kentucky."

"The word for you is 'vous.' It is pronounced 'voo.' Don't put your knife in your mouth, Mugrums. That isn't being done."

"But I just done it. Fooled you, Ethelburt, that time."

"The word 'to love' in French is 'aimer,' but this is the infinitive form of the verb and is not half so important as the present indicative, first person singular."

"I didn't get none o' that on my tray."

### More Food and French.

"In the first person singular of the present indicative, you say 'j'aime' when you want to say 'I love.'"

"How d'ya say: 'I wanta 'nother piece o' pie?'"

"In case you should want to specify the particular thing or person you love, as sometimes happens, you place the word for that person or thing between the pronoun and the verb. Such a sentence would be construed as—Mugrums! you've knocked over the water. How could you be so clumsy?"

"That comes from eatin' at the officers' mess so much. I'll be more careful, Ethelburt."

(Continued on page 36)

### WHAT JONES HAD DONE.

Presiding Genius: What is the charge against Private Jones?

Sergeant—If yer plaze, 'e's been drunk, an' 'e's been breakin' things, an' 'e won't obey no orders. In fact, 'e's been behavin' gin'rally as though 'e wuz the bloomin' colonel himself!—Southern Woman's Magazine.

### FORCE OF HABIT.

Corp. Levi: Halt! Who goes there?

Voice in the dark—Ordnance officer.

Corp.: Advance and give the discount!—Medical Pickwick.

# Our Almanac

Compiled by C. D.



## March

### EXPLANATIONS:

The year 1918 comprises the year 1337 of the Mohamadan era, when the first harem was established at Constantinople. The year of this era begins at sunset on October 6, 1918, so if you're late at sunset you can't get in on the new year. Eclipses for 1918: A total eclipse of the Sun, June 8, at 3h. 32 m., the path of the eclipse passing over Camp Wadsworth just about the time for Guard Mount. Remember the date. No need to clean your gun that day. On June 23rd there will be an eclipse of the Moon, visible only in South America. Therefore it will not be visible in North America.

**Medical Note:** When you get up in the morning with a headache, go back to bed. For a cough, cough up a dollar for our remedy. For a bad cough, cough up two dollars.

**Testimony:** "Dear Dr.—  
"For seven long years my wife suffered from nineteen various ailments, until I heard of your wonderful remedy. She suffers no more. God bless you!  
"Yours truly,  
"O. U. Gowan."

### MOON'S PHASES.

Eastern		Central		Mountain		Pacific	
G	H M	D	H M	D	H M	D	H M
5	7 44 A	5	6 44 A	5	5 44 A	5	4 44 A
12	2 52 A	12	1 52 A	12	0 52 A	12	11 52 M
19	8 30 M	19	7 30 M	19	6 30 M	19	5 30 M
27	10 33 M	27	9 33 M	27	8 33 M	27	7 33 M

### WEATHER FORECAST.

**1st to 3rd, Mild Period**—Fair days and fresh, very fresh!

**4th to 9th, Variable Period**—Sudden changes in weather: sunny, cloudy, fair, rainy, windy, calm, sleety, rotten.

**10th to 19th, Variable Period**—Sudden changes in weather. Sudden changes in underwear. Both uncomfortable.

**19th to 31st**—Epidemic in camp of strange disease, dangerous because physicians are unable to isolate the germs. There are so many of them that physicians can't get one alone for a minute. Disease indicated by following symptoms: tired feeling, irritation of the imagination, loss of ambition, distress while working, enlarged desire to lie down and dream.

**Note**—Last month the compiler of this almanac predicted blizzards and snow. The weather was warm and pleasant. The compiler takes credit for this, for if he had prophesied pleasant weather, there would have been blizzards and snow. The compiler knows how to manage these things.

### USEFUL INFORMATION.

Turnips should be planted in rich soil, 2 to 6 lbs. per acre.

French is the national language of the French people.

For a broken leg, walk to the nearest drug store and phone for a doctor.

A pawnbroker is one who lends money at interest on security of goods deposited.

Violets bloom in the spring, tra, la.

In 1890 the population of Tangipahoa, La., was 12,655.

Romeo was the lover of Juliet, in a play by the late Mr. Shakespeare.

Poison Ivy is not a popular flower.

Champagne is a light sparkling and effervescent wine.

M---Morning D---Days		H---Hours		A---Afternoon M---Minutes		Use Our O. D. Pills for All Ills					
Day of Month	Day of Week	History of Important Events		Motto: A rolling stone gathers no moss on a muddy road		Calendar N. States Lat. 42°--			Calendar S. States Lat. 33°--		
						Sun Rises H M	Sun Sets H M	Moon Rises H M	Sun Rises H M	Sun Sets H M	Moon Rises H M
1	F	St. David's Day. Inspection next morning just the same.				6 37	5 50	9 53	6 29	5 57	9 34
2	S	Germans again batter at Verdun, 1916. 1918 German batter sour.				6 36	5 50	10 56	6 28	5 57	10 32
3	S	3rd Sunday in Lent. 4,004 B. C. Adam puts away his heavies.				6 34	5 51	11 57	6 27	5 58	11 29
4	M	W. Wilson inaug. 1913. W. Hohenzollern in dumps, 1918.				6 33	5 52	morn	6 26	5 59	morn
5	T	1st Spring poem written, 3,109 B. C. Rejected by editor Jerusalem Gazette—"overstocked."				6 31	5 53	0 58	6 25	6 0	0 28
6	W	Soldier at Camp Wadsworth protests against having Wednesday afternoon off.				6 29	5 55	1 56	6 24	6 1	1 25
7	T	Same soldier in Base Hospital. Spartanburg undertakers wrangling.				6 28	5 56	2 49	6 23	6 1	2 20
8	F	Germany declares war on Portugal, '16. '18, Kaiser humiliated, no country left to declare war on.				6 26	5 57	3 36	6 22	6 2	3 8
9	S	St. Louis clubhouse fire, 1914. Our liver remedy would have saved it.				6 25	5 59	4 15	6 21	6 3	3 53
10	S	4th Sunday in Lent. Not observed by Kitchen Police.				6 23	6 0	4 50	6 20	6 3	4 34
11	M	1st London Daily, 1702. Incinerator invented, 1842.				6 21	6 1	5 21	6 19	6 4	5 11
12	T	Gustavus dethroned, 1809. Tammany in. All night licenses granted.				6 19	6 2	5 48	6 17	6 5	5 46
13	W	Inventor of incinerator asphyxiated by smoke, 1842. Populace makes merry.				6 17	6 3	sets	6 16	6 6	sets
14	T	Corsica sold to France, 1733. To-day's proverb: Isaiah 2:17.				6 16	6 4	8 53	6 15	6 6	8 46
15	F	The Ides of March. Julius Caesar killed leaving the Senate, 44 B. C.				6 14	6 5	10 11	6 13	6 7	9 48
16	S	Congress still debating cause of Caesar's death, 1918. Jewish fast day.				6 12	6 7	11 24	6 12	6 8	10 56
17	S	Not a Jewish holiday. Saloons closed. Straight lines in parade.				6 10	6 8	morn	6 10	6 9	11 59
18	M	Nero takes up violin lessons, 91 A. D. Roman merchants take out insurance.				6 9	6 9	0 30	6 9	6 10	morn
19	T	Cardinal Gotti died, 1916.				6 7	6 10	1 29	6 8	6 11	0 59
20	W	Naples capitulated, 1821. Tut, tut!				6 5	6 11	2 15	6 6	6 11	1 49
21	T	Spring begins. Woolen uniforms reach camp. (See wea. forecast 19th to 31st).				6 3	6 12	2 58	6 5	6 12	2 33
22	F	Student officers look up data on cost of uniforms.				6 2	6 13	3 31	6 3	6 13	3 10
23	S	Battleship Oklahoma launched, N. J., 1916. Let this be a lesson to you!				6 0	6 15	4 0	6 2	6 14	3 44
24	S	Palm Sunday. Proverb: Job 1:14.				5 59	6 16	4 23	6 1	6 15	4 14
25	M	1732, begin tearing up Broadway, New York.				5 57	6 17	4 44	5 59	6 15	4 40
26	T	1917, still tearing up Broadway.				5 55	6 18	5 8	5 58	6 16	5 8
27	W	Chilapa, Mexico, destroyed by earthquake, 1908. Shocking catastrophe.				5 53	6 20	rises	5 58	6 17	rises
28	T	Gen. Hull tried, 1814. He tried our remedies, and look what happened.				5 52	6 21	7 45	5 55	6 17	7 28
29	F	Good Friday. Good morning, good afternoon, good night.				5 50	6 22	8 47	5 54	6 18	8 26
30	S	Quiet day in camp. Only 2,137 new rumors reported.				5 48	6 23	9 49	5 53	6 19	9 23
31	S	Easter Sunday. All day long!				5 46	6 24	10 50	5 52	6 19	10 22

# WITH THE CAMOUFLEURS OF CAMP

## For Five Weeks Students at the School Have Been Disguising the Landscape.

(By Pvt. Bill Breck, Co. B, 107th Infantry.)

This very modern war has been made intricate and complicated by inventive minds and ingenious contrivances. The spying aeroplane and ever-attendant camera have made the slightest movement of troops, the disposal of the minutest particles of earth, the locating of every gun, a problem of perpetual concealment.

From trench warfare has been born the modern listening and snipers' posts, with their respective problems. Everywhere—in "no man's land," in the trenches themselves, and especially in the territory "to the rear"—there is a perpetual struggle to conceal and hide from the enemy all operations and activities. In fact, this business has taken on such gigantic proportions that it has become necessary to train men especially for this work, and for every division to have men skilled in the art of concealment and camouflage.

Hence the camouflage companies and battalions.

### Been Schooling for Five Weeks.

For the past five weeks there has been a school of camouflage at Wadsworth, where seventy or eighty men of the 27th Division have been getting practical experience in their latest branch of "fine" endeavor.



Dead Horse for Sniper's Post.

Under the formal direction of Capt. A. W. Palmer, 102d Engineers, the class from the beginning has wasted no time on theory and theoretical camouflage. After a brief preliminary talk on color and photography (of which more later), Capt. Palmer intimated that the men "get busy and do something."

And "doing something" in this case meant designing and executing listening posts and

snipers' shields, and placing the same in practical positions by our well-known trenches.

One of the earliest models was the stump. Those built of wood and wire and plaster with real bark on the outside, were hollow and just large enough for a man's head and shoulders. The rest of him reposing in a rough "dug-out" below ground. In actual warfare the camouflage stump would be substituted at night for a real one as nearly like it as possible, and morning would find the patient watcher in his precarious shelter near enough to the enemy's lines to catch a word now and then, or stray bits of information which, when night came he could convey back to his lines.

### They Fooled the Observers.

A hollow stone, built of wire and paper, or a plaster horse, made to look as dead as only a dead horse can look, might be the shelter selected. The men of the school have made these things and others of a similar nature. Also they have camouflaged the blatant black openings into the machine gun emplacements, and they have camouflaged them so well that "observers," moving about the trenches, have put their feet through burlap and wire. Whether their remarks were complimentary or not to the students and their work, is not on record. They have built field pieces from stovepipe and beaver board and camouflaged the splendid models so well that they defy detection until you stumble and bump your nose on their sharp edges.

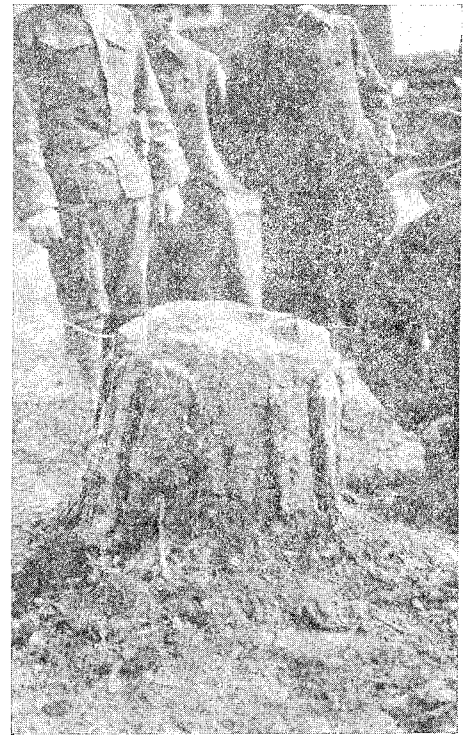
In Sergeant L. P. Ames, Capt. Palmer has had an invaluable assistant. With a splendid collection of pictures and prints pertaining to camouflage and a thorough knowledge of its technique, the sergeant has engineered the building and camouflaging of these field pieces and the building and camouflaging of a "life size tank." Also, it's unfortunate that the 27th Division doesn't boast of an aeroplane, for though the "tank" is strictly invisible at a short distance away it would be a satisfaction to find out how successfully it camouflaged to escape detection from an "enemy camera" when snapped from above.

### Building Kites for Cameras.

However, at the present writing camera-bearing kites are being constructed at the school which, by an ingenious clock-work arrangement, will be able to take aerial photographs, and thus the men will be able to obtain pictures similar to those taken from a plane.

And it is against this aerial photography that the camouflage men are working continually. The aerial camera is provided with special ray filters that eliminate certain colors, leaving on the negative brilliant telltale spots of white or black as the case may be.

One screen may eliminate blue, and should the roof of the camouflaged tank, for instance, have a predominance of this color, the negative will show a suspicious spot of white where the luminosity screen has extracted all blue. Other screens take



There's a Man in the Tree Trunk.

out the reds, others the yellows. Therefore it can be plainly seen that where colors have been used in indiscrete proportions, the result will be unfortunate, for the enemy's camera will register light or dark spots where no spots should be and the inquisitive camera will probe the territory with disastrous results.

A fieldpiece or ammunition wagon, which to the eye has been "painted out" of the landscape most successfully, can often be "picked up" by the camera man above and its location passed on to the enemy with unhappy results to the piece or train. Should the first negative have a suspicious spot on its surface the enemy will be back in an incredibly short time for another "snap" at the questioned spot—another plane with other cameras fitted with screens which will eliminate other colors and locate fresh portions.

So always it is the endeavor of the camouflage man to so paint that which he has to shield that no large, suspicious spots may appear on the negatives. It can easily be seen that there are depths and intricacies to the game that call out a man's most

(Continued on page 35)

# SEVENTY-TWO HOURS IN THE TRENCHES

## Thunder and Lightning and Rain For the Third Battalion of the 107th.

To the man who writes what we read every morning over our library paste and coffee, the number "30" means quitting time—press club time. To the man in the third battalion of the 107th Infantry whose name was not on the sick report the morning of Lincoln's birthday, the number "72" means a lot of things no nice publication would print.

For the third battalion shivered, shuddered and shrieked through 72 weary hours in the trenches—yep, three long, long days and three long, long nights. And the elements foregathered and decided to give the boys a generous taste of a busy day anywhere in Flanders.

It was glorious.

What with patrolling, standing guard and "standing to," the young men had quite enough to keep them busy; little to do but keep trained English officers from clipping barbed-wire entanglements and rushing into the trenches, preventing heavy eyes from closing, bringing up food for gaping mouths, gouging out muck from grimy bolts and barrels, widening defiles, lowering parapets, picking and shovelling out dugouts, repairing damage caused by rain, keeping heads below the top of the trenches, locating places to sleep, adjusting masks for fake gas attacks, stumbling through No Man's land for reasons unknown to the men, and squelching grumblers.

During the night the men worked like Trojans, certain that the theoretical enemy would be unable to observe what improvements and alterations were being made. During the day the men were privileged to sleep, but preferred to amble from bay to bay to exchange yarns. The only time the men fell asleep was when someone attempted to prove the value of such training.

### The Setting-Up Exercises.

Setting up exercises consisted of adjusting and removing gas masks at times which seemed most inappropriate. Asleep or awake, idle or busy, men momentarily expected the gongs and cries which meant alleged gas was on its way over the fields.

One clever youth, stretched along a fire step, his head covered with a blanket, paid no heed to the gas alarm. When his corporal inquired why he had not put on his mask the soldier replied:

"I cover my head wit' de blanket—same t'ing, same t'ing."

It was like Sunday on the farm until Thursday evening, when a half a dozen violent electrical storms were blown up from as many directions to a point in the heavens directly over the heads of the warring forces. It seemed an eternity, did the duration of that aerial siege.

Whang!

Whang! went a clap of thunder. Then came to a small force of soldiers-in-the-making the realization of what the inauguration of a European conflict is like. Lightning flashed, snapped, sputtered and zipped across those hills, exposing to both our troops and the enemy the deplorable conditions of the fields and trenches.

Huddled in those barren slits in the earth, already transformed into roaring streams, were forms that resembled men. Oceans of cold rain fell upon and rolled off their water-logged hats and their ponchos. Not a man dared move a muscle lest he should permit the rain to get beneath his rubber protection.

All about them huge rocks slipped from their sockets in the earth and crunched down into the trenches. Walls, fire pits, and ammunition niches, unable to withstand the torrents, crumbled and fell. Drainage ditches overflowed, allowing vast quantities of water to cut new paths over the ground and tumble over the tops of the walls into the bays occupied by the men. Dugouts were made untenable.

B-z-z-z-z-z—zip! came a flash from the ominous sky.

Somebody became about as popular as war by attempting to tell a funny story.

Clang! Clang! Clang!

Clang, clang, clang,—and the men knew a gas attack had been launched. It was unanimously decided that that was no time for a gas attack. But every mask was slipped on in 5 flat. And it was observed that those masks were in a number of cases put on over smiling faces. Nose clips were in some instances slipped into mouths, but that mattered not—the masks were on.

The storm increased in ferocity. There was nothing to do but stand and think—no use quoting thoughts; this is for publication. Then the storm abated.

And a body of men who must have had umbrellas began to imitate the storm by opening fire from a trench across the brook, which by this time had qualified as one of the Great Lakes.

Pam, pam, pam, and the battle was on. Forces in the front line returned the fire with a click, click, click. Reinforcements from the reserve trenches donned their water wings and swam into the aid of the first line. Of course, the third battalion triumphed. (Editor's Note: The Intelligence Officer tells us, however, that the Third Battalion was most decidedly outmanoeuvred by the opposition.)

A busy night was Thursday night. But at dawn the sky cleared and the sun came forth in all its glory to heal the ills of a miserable lot of men.

CORPORAL LES ROWLAND,  
Co. L, 107th Inf.

## VERSES TO A MULE.

I'd like to sing the virtues of a mule, brown,  
black, or gray;  
To paint his personality in quite a pleasing  
way,  
But Jim declares a mule's beneath such elo-  
quent respect,  
And, saying which, his diction's more em-  
phatic than correct.

A mule-skinner is Jim, and oh! you ought  
to see him drive:  
The wheelers balk and, statue-like, they  
scarcely seem alive;  
The leaders semi-circle 'til they prance at  
Jimmy's feet,  
And Jimmy leaps politely up to tender them  
his seat.

A mule is nothing beautiful; no hymn or  
work of art.  
It's Jim's belief he's only ears and hoofs,  
without a heart,  
Unkempt, a shaggy animal, who shies at  
every shack,  
Who always waits his chance and kicks you  
just below the back.

Now, only beasts can sweat, they say, for  
gentlemen perspire,  
But bless the tugging mules that pull your  
auto from the mire.  
'Tis true, by conscience they object to back-  
ing where they stand—  
That's not a vicious habit in a military  
land.

Oh, he's the brute who lugs your heavy ra-  
tions to the door,  
The brute who labors, hauling, from the  
quartermaster's store,  
The one who stumbles through the mud and  
always finds his feet,  
With loads of hay and wood and coal and  
clothing, bread, and meat.

He looks at you as if his soul lay sleeping  
in his eyes,  
He plods the roads as if the world for him  
held no surprise,  
He pulls the combat wagons over ruts as  
high as trees,  
He wallows where the others shrink and  
dirties up his knees.

So talk to him more gently, Jim, this homely  
beast of toil,  
For he's the only one can swim through  
Carolina soil;  
And tuck him safe in bed at night and kiss  
him on the cheek—  
And maybe, then, he'll never kick you more  
than once a week.

PVT. CHARLES DIVINE.

## A SOLDIER'S DIARY BY THE NUMBERS.

### Astonishing Statistics Revealed In This Interesting and Intimate Record.

On March 25, 1918, we will be in the service 31,536,000 seconds, during which time we have wandered so far that we are now 1,631,817 steps in quick time, from New York, and 1,359,848 steps in double time.

While on furloughs I have spent in train fare \$69.42, and in street car fare, \$1.75, besides a nickel which they overlooked.

I received exactly 421 epistles, containing 46,310 words, and in these words 277,863 letters, while I have sent out 763 letters containing 231,892 words making 1,855,136 letters, using eleven bottles of ink or 7,712 drops.

I received from the tobacco club 61 packs of Bull Durham. Each pack containing more or less, 90,031 particles of tobacco, thereby receiving 5,491,891 particles in all, of which I wasted 3,263,432 grains by rolling my own, also blistering my fingers in the process.

I have listened to 450,863 notes from bugle calls, of which, 321,632 were unnecessary, being either drill, fatigue or first calls.

Have used up 43,206 beans of coffee in consuming 1,081 cups, enough to fill a tank 54 inches in perimeter shaped like an irregular icosahedronparallelopipeddodecahedromazate-rainorthodizaxtrous, and pretty deep.

The ashes from my pipe for like period, if used on Ash Wednesday, would cover a spot about the size of 50 mils at 15 inches, on 256,843 foreheads.

Have covered 72 miles walking back and forth to the showers and to other nearby points.

Helped carry from the trains 3,600 black iron cots which should have been painted white, so as to be lighter.

Have spread no rumors, but hear that the war is not going to end this week.

Have seen myself in the mirror 2,421 times, enough to craze an ordinary observer.

Never turned down an offer to be a lieutenant.

Brushing my clothes, I have worn two inches from a whistbroom containing 321 straws, thereby consuming 624 inches of straw, not counting the 84 inches used to clean my pipe nor the twelve inches from my tooth brush.

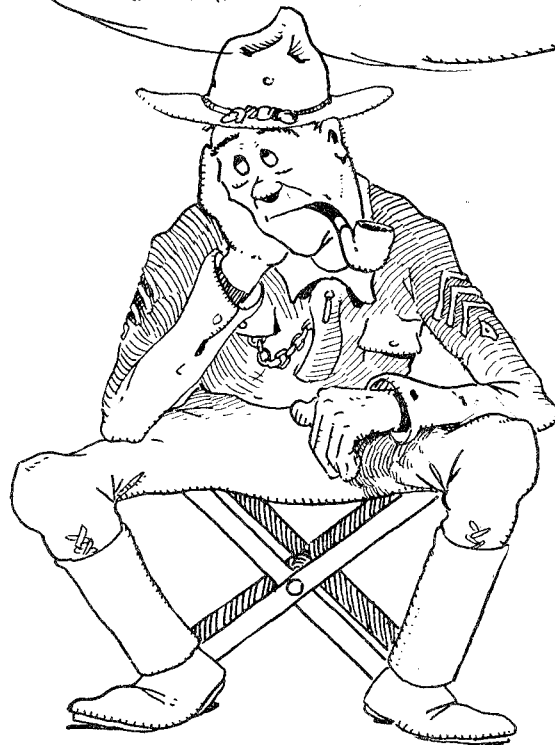
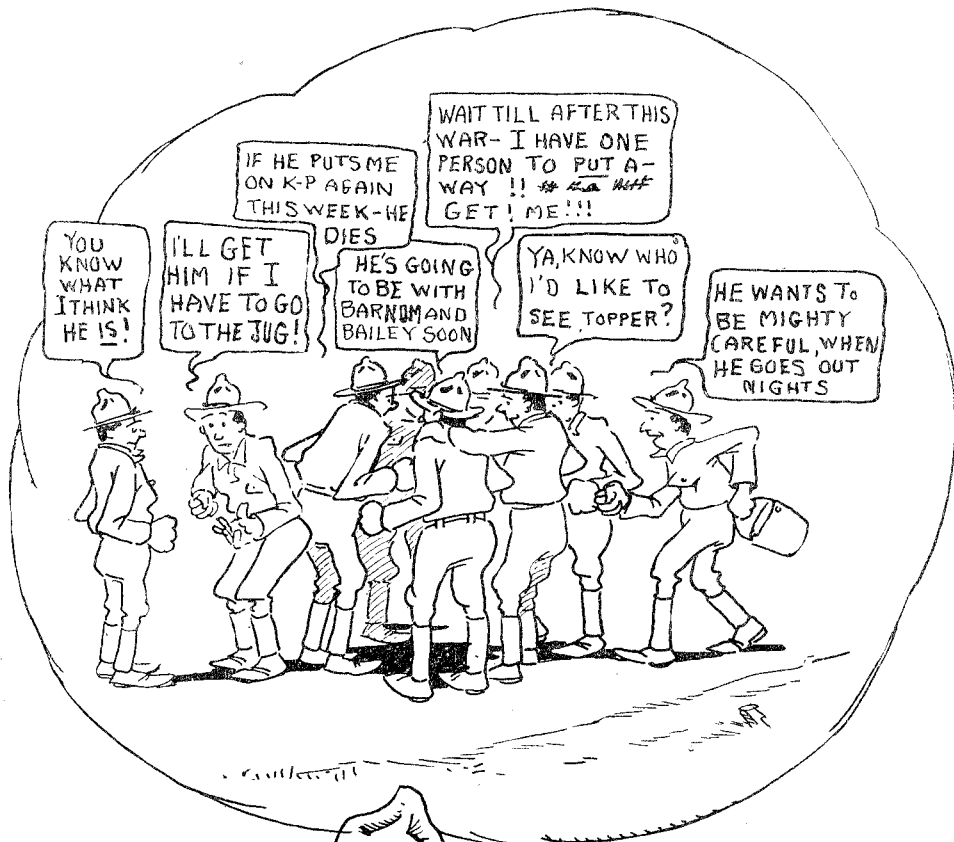
Have eaten eight dollars' worth of eggs, for breakfast, about thirty eggs in all.

I have often tried to count the stars while on guard, but before I ever got to 400, the disturbing relief came around.

Have seven sweethearts and passed the sanity test twice.

Listened to "Call to Quarters" now for the 212th time, and will fall asleep. Perhaps in the morning I will let you in on the secret of how many atoms of air, fresh and foul, that I breathe during my slumber.

Yours in waste,  
DANIEL J. MAHONEY.



OVER THE TOP.

### IT TAKES SO LITTLE.

It takes so little to make us glad,  
Just a cheering clasp of a friendly hand,  
Just a word from one who can understand;  
And we finish the task we long had planned,  
And we lose the doubt, and the fear we had—  
So little it takes to make us glad.

—Cornelius Vanderbilt, Jr.,  
Division Headquarters Troop.

# On Furloughs and How to Get Them

## An Exegesis By An Expert, Who Reveals the Secret Technique.

Why are so many men grumbling over their hard luck in not getting furloughs? Just as though furloughs were impossible things to obtain! Only yesterday four men came up to me at different times and each said practically the same thing.

"What do you know about that?"

"About what?" I asked politely each time.

"Why, Tom, Dick and Harry went off last night on ten-day furloughs! I'm willing to bet one pie and a bag of doughnuts that none of them had a respectable excuse. Ye guns and little pistols! I wish I had the nerve those fellows had. Why, if I don't deserve a furlough more than that whole bunch put together, I'll eat my issued undershirt!"

Poor fellows. It is for their benefit and the benefit of all men like them that I write this article.

### Easy—When You Know How.

The simplest thing in the world is to get a furlough. There are a hundred and one reasons why you should, and ought, to have a furlough; it is just a question of deciding which reason you want to give and then knowing how to give it.

Sick parents and dying wives are a bit drastic and should be held in reserve but how about this if you are a bachelor?:

Camp Wadsworth, S. C.  
February 23rd, 1918.

From: Pvt. Kan I. Beatit.

To: C. O. Co. X, 1048th U. S. Inf.

Subject: Application for Furlough.

1. I request a ten-day furlough from Jan. 1st, 1920, (always apply well in advance in order to allow the Adjutant and Colonel plenty of time in which to make out and sign your papers) to Jan. 9th, 1920, both days inclusive, to visit New York.

2. My reasons for making this request is to enable me to make a hit with an aged grandmother about to make her last will and testament.

3. My aunt lives in Harlem, poor thing!

4. I am serving in my first, and I hope, last enlistment.

5. My aunt is passionately fond of onion and cheese salad.

6. I have sufficient funds to enable me to reach New York, where I know some one who will lend me enough to get back on.

7. Anything I can do for you in the Big City?

KAN I. BEATIT.

Make out this application in triplicate and hand it to your Top Sergeant. Then prepare for a hasty departure.

### Form for Married Men.

For married men I would suggest the following, fourteen copies of which should be made out and passed around to the Colonel and his staff:

Camp Wadsworth, S. C.  
February 23rd, 1918.

From: Cpl. Will U. Komacross.

To: C. O. Co. G, 1048 U. S. Inf.

Subject: Furlough.

1. I request a ten-day furlough from June 11th to June 20th, both days inclusive, with permission to visit the Hotel Manhattan, Jack's, Churchill's and Reisenweber's.

2. My reasons for making this request is to enable me to transact exceedingly important business with my wife's father, who is too old to make the trip South.

3. Mary is a perfect queen. She used to be third from the end in "Miss 1948."

4. I hope to bring Mary back with me and will introduce you to her then—if you will lend me fifty dollars.

5. I have never asked you for money before.

6. Mary writes that she thinks you must be a perfect dear.

Hoping that you are, I am,

WILL U. KOMACROSS.

It is all very simple, isn't it?

There is, however, another quite different way of obtaining a furlough, but it necessitates considerable technique and should be used sparingly.

Here is the story of what happened the first time I saw it worked.

### The Fox Bitten Dummy.

There was a man in our company who had a cold. One day he became suddenly speechless. He reported at Sick Call and was rushed to the infirmary. Here he was examined but the doctors could find nothing wrong with his throat or speaking apparatus. The following day the man was still speechless.

Six doctors took the matter up in a serious way. They made another examination, filed 43 reports of 26 pages each with the Surgeon General and recommended that the man paint his feet with iodine. Still there appeared no change in the man's condition.

The next day ten doctors at the Base Hospital held a consultation, made out 51 1-2 reports in triplicate and recommended O. D. pills.

Even all of this was of no help. The man could not be made to speak. He became worried. He looked scared. The following day, while being examined by another board, he snatched a piece of paper, nervously took a pencil and wrote this pathetic appeal: "For God's sake, send me to a specialist."

### The Doctors Gasped.

The medicine men gasped. They looked at each other in amazement. And then in a chorus they answered:

"We never thought of that. The very thing."

So they issued the man a thirty-day furlough to go to New York and be treated by a specialist.

I went as far as the Spartanburg station with the poor fellow to get his ticket for him and see him safely on the train.

Just before he got on the train, a young and charming girl stepped into the car he was to occupy.

He nudged me, jumped onto the platform and just as the train was pulling out of the station, looked back and distinctly stated:

"Gee! What a peach!"

—V. R.

Co. K, 107th Inf.

## FOR THE WELFARE OF NEW YORKERS.

### Gov. Whitman Appoints Board of Officers to Help Men in Service.

Gov. Whitman has appointed a board of officers consisting of Lt. Col. C. J. Ahern, Lt. Col. G. W. Burleigh, Major J. N. Connolly, Captain Robert Saunders, Captain Gerald Stratton, Major Edwin W. Moore, officer in charge, for the purpose of doing everything possible for the welfare of the men from the State of New York in Federal military service.

Through the courtesy of Colonel J. Hollis Wells, commanding Seventy-first Regiment, N. Y. G., this board has secured quarters in the 71st Regiment Armory, 33d street and Park avenue, and will be accorded every assistance by brigade and regimental officers at that post. The board is desirous of having it known to all soldiers of the 27th Division that whenever they are in New York City they will be welcomed at the board's headquarters at the above address and any assistance or help which may be required will be furnished upon application.

It is the purpose of this board to do everything within its power to further the best interests of the officers and men of the 27th Division, and it is hoped that its services may be of use and benefit to them.

The board is anxious to receive suggestions as to anything that can be done for the welfare of those at Camp Wadsworth.

### GOING UP!

Editor Gas Attack:

Kindly print the following:

Corporal John J. Waters, Co. E, 102d Engs., will pay fifteen cents each for one copy each of No. 8 and No. 9 issue.

Thanking you in advance, I remain,

CORP. JOHN J. WATERS.

## WHAT THE SIGNAL BATTALION HAS BEEN DOING.

### Telephone Operator Sticks to His Post In Trenches With Water Up to His Waist—Other Signal Events Chronicled by Lieut. Ireland.

#### 102nd Field Signal Battalion.

Our history has been moving rapidly in the last six weeks. Capt. Herbert L. Watson was detailed on January 4th as student in Technical Liaison at the Signal School at Camp Samuel F. B. Morse, Leon Springs, Texas, and having finished the course, returned on February 4th, to leave at once for the ten days which he declared was customary after every school. We heard little of Liaison from him, but much about the pleasant arrangement as to leave. Although a bachelor, he remarks in the telegram requesting the usual five days' extension.

"More family in two new apartments." We are awaiting further news and his return with unusual anxiety. Should the Telegraph Co. tell us "more" should be "move," and "two" read "to," we will be startled.

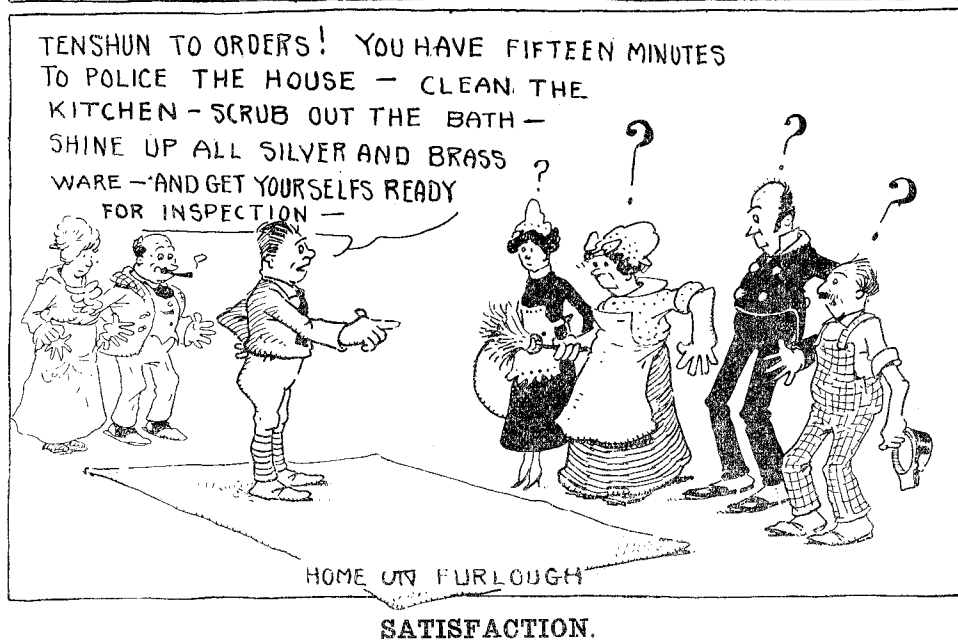
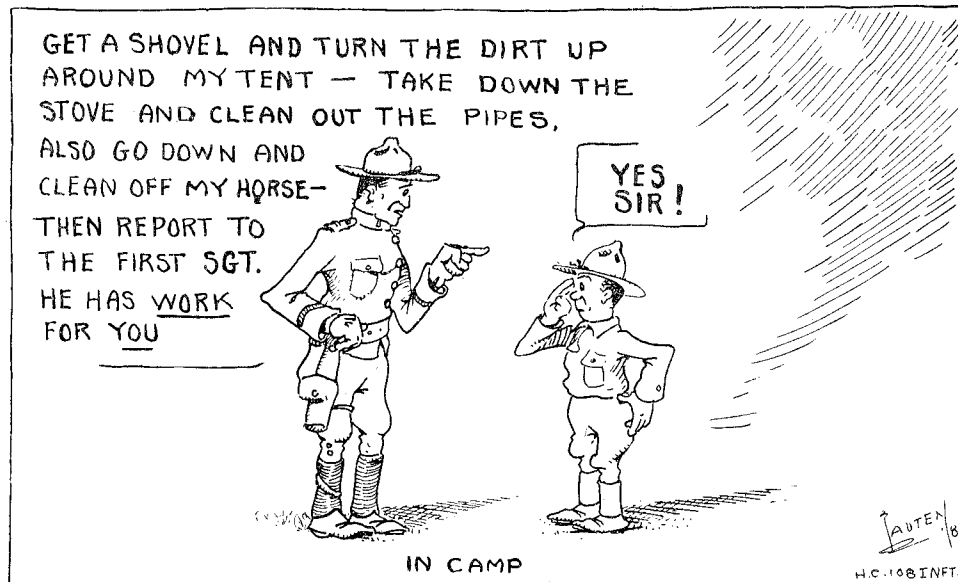
On January 6th, 1st Lieuts. Jerome D. Sullivan, Lewis H. DeBaun and Frederick M. Steeves left for Hoboken under orders to be prepared for "prolonged field service." A telegram announcing mother's death on Tuesday and signed Sudes is the only word we have had of them since; but that shows the good results of code and cipher work in our own midst.

#### At Training School.

M. S. E. Ronald, S. Wishart and 1st Class Sergeants Wilbur D. Andrews, Vernon G. Clute, John B. Fowler, Otto C. Hall, William B. Terry, Clarence Tuna and Charles H. Wilshusen were detailed to the Signal Officers' Training Camp at Leon Springs, and after several weeks work write that the hours are long, food same as everywhere, and weather reminiscent of November, 1916. We wish them, as well as our 27th Division O. T. C. detail, silver bars at least. This last group consisted of 1st Class Sergeants Paul Z. Burrell, E. E. DeWolf, Sergeant George L. Eagle, Corporals Charles E. Lanchantin and William J. Thompson. Since they changed their hat cords they've not been around even for pay day; which would seem to suggest some little activity beneath their snowy canvas.

They all chose the Artillery, out of compliment to our neighbors to the westward—and frequently windward—in our present location. M. S. E. Frank C. Davern sent to learn more about radio at Camp Meade, and Corporal Cecil H. Johnson learning photography (by way of K. P. when last heard from) at Ft. Sill, Oklahoma, complete our Detached Service list, for the moment.

2nd Lieut. Sherman A. Geer, promoted on January 17th, 1918, from Sergeant in this



Battalion, has happily been assigned to us for duty. He is the first of his rank the Battalion has ever had; and we like the sample, as much since his step up as before.

#### Radio Service in Artillery.

The Battalion since February 6th has maintained radio service for the Artillery by three stations at the Target Range, Campobello and this Camp; and despite occasional inquiries for some one's leave or goat or what not, and not too infrequent jammings by the well-meant but misdirected efforts of the radio students of our Liaison Schools, recently turned loose on the unsuspecting air, communication has been extremely satisfactory and serviceable. As in Texas, the old wireless does come in handy when roads, trains and wires all fail.

Mess Sergeant Albert B. Brushaber and Private Stanley E. Hubbard have been transferred as Privates to the Q. M. Corps, National Army; and are, we hope, realizing all the good they anticipated, for themselves and the service. Pvt. William Collins was

transferred on February 10th to the Supplies Division, Army Transport Service, and left at once for New York, "on the Govt.," as ordered. He seemed pretty much at sea as to his new duties, but undertook the first journey with commendable resignation.

The Second Session of the Liaison Department, 27th Division School of the Line, closed on February 15th, and the betting is even on a third session, or some attention to our own much neglected companies. Ten Signal Classes, under the instruction of our first graduates, but with schedules weekly from the Director, Liaison School, were organized under G. O. No. 6, January 10, 1918, and have been visited by Lieut. Smith, F. A. M., Sgt. Grand, F. A. M., and Battalion Officers, so that they are progressing most earnestly. Recent Sunday newspaper pictures and little items in the daily war news tend to bring more and more into common knowledge the importance of the absolutely unbreakable signalling ability which the

(Continued on page 33)



# News From Division Units



## DIVISION HEADQUARTERS TROOP.

Three promotions were announced during the past week. Corporal Eddie Cobb is now Supply Sergeant in place of Tom Crawford, who has been transferred to the 40th Engineers; Ernest Painter has been appointed corporal and put in charge of the automobile men, while Bob White received his two stripes and is now acting as troop bayonet instructor.

Private Cruger is still advising the boys just where they will be next week. His merits have been noted and he is now a charter member of the Stable Police Riding Club.

Howard Stark is acting corporal of his tent. With Matthew Pivorotto, one of our latest rivals on one side, and George Sternberger on the other, he is well supplied with all the essentials of a perfect toilet. Ah, there, Howard! Watch your step.

Augie Scarborough, one of "Daring Dispatch Riders," is keeping the mail orderly busy these days with missives from Rosebank, Staten Island. The personnel office will kindly secure a good secretary for him.

Private Meyer was amazed to hear from Charlie Ward that John Bunny is now with Barnum and Bailey. Wake up, Meyer, or they will be including you in their party, too.

Lester Hunt has been rehearsing in his tent his part in the division show. He is expected to make a big hit as the Sleeping Beauty.

Walter Bettker has joined the ranks of the compulsory alloters. Mayor Hylan played the nasty trick on him in a short but dangerous little ceremony while our Walter was North on furlough. Is it true, Walter, that she believed you was a great big, strong fireman?

## OFFICERS' DUTIES.

First Lieut. Charles P. Loeser, 107th Infantry, has been detailed to duty in connection with securing a lease of land for a camp site for a company in infantry, near Gowansville.

Private Rollin C. Wilcox, Company B, 105th Machine Gun Battalion, is detailed to special duty in connection with the construction of a building for trench mortar instruction.

Majors L. F. Sherry and Walter L. Bell, 102nd Ammunition Train, are relieved from duty in the office of the division inspector.

In addition to their other duties, Lieut. Col. James C. McLeer and Capt. James C. Maclin, 102nd Ammunition Train, are detailed to duty in the office of the division inspector, and will be designated to inspect property having in view its condemnation.

## HDQRTS CO. 105TH FIELD ARTILLERY.

Having battled with hostile elements for two months at the artillery range, up in Dark Corners, we returned to Camp Wadsworth for a period of rest.

Some of us left for the hills early last November, and the changes in the camp rather confounded us. We viewed with not a little apprehension, such comforts as electric lights, tent floors, walls, and, most welcome of all, hot water shower baths.

Fletcher, self-confessed ex-jockey, persists in denying that he was thrown by a horse that was standing perfectly still at the time.

Frank Davis wails, "Who ever heard of Headquarters Company doing Regimental Guard?" Poor Frank has had two tours in five days, and hopelessly views the unpromising prospects of more soon to follow.

Red-thatched Jack Franke is acting Topper while Ray Millar is sojourning at the O. T. C.

Avel Silverman, alias Hogan, has been the recipient of a series of telegrams. What is it, Mac, another furlough?

Wonder if Max Sticker's girl, Jean, still uses Y. M. C. A. paper to convey to Max her endearing phrases?

Two Mazda lamps failed to answer roll call in Eddie O'Brien's tent the other night. Having notched them for identification, the doughty Edward felt quite confident that he could recover the bulbs. He finally did succeed in making the Sergeants disgorge one. Oby is sure that they are concealing the other one. What would you give, Eddie, for our knowledge on the subject?

Our ball tossers are practicing every day. They challenge any company, or regimental team to cross bats with them.

All hail to our band. Once the bane of our existence, we now point to them with pride.

Corporal S. E. Chasin.

## SPRING GARDENING.

The 102d Engineers have spaded and raked the parkway between the officers' tents and the regimental street. The regimental gardener has sown oats in the space. He says they will make a pretty spring lawn, and after the grain is cut the land may be sown in regular lawn grass.

Officers of the hospital train, between the engineers' camp and the base hospital, sowed oats in front of their tents last fall, and it is showing up very pretty now.

The engineers and the hospital officers led in landscape gardening last summer and fall, and they are taking an early start for this year.

## COMPANY A, 102ND SUPPLY TRAIN.

It is believed by all that "Humpty-Dumpty" Longlay has got to rid himself of the rheumatism before he can consider himself capable of beating "Old Man" MacGowan in the 100 yards.

Our handsome Sgt. Major "Cupie," formerly of this company, was at Converse College Tuesday evening, and not knowing what to do with his hat, while the Star Spangled Banner was being played, he hung it on his hip. Longlay, who was there, too, was in the same fix, so he put his in his pocket, and stood at attention.

Our Sgt., "Baby Hippo" Smith, has returned from furlough, rather weak in the knees, but still game, after visiting New York, Connecticut, and last but not least, Danville, Pa. He claims that the Delay, Linger and Wait R. R., is a disappointing line, as the conductor took up all his mileage ticket, maintaining he took up two seats. Better reduce or give up traveling, Jim.

Corp. Tom Sharkey, after visiting Long Island Camps, decided to be transferred to the National Army, as a Major. We think that the new stripes and the cute little design has demented him. If the boss is to give you any money, Tom, and you can't use it all, just call on the squad De Luxe, they are good.

Engineer O'Brien, while at drill the other morning, got his arm caught around his neck (the command was right shoulder arms) and it is said that he would have choked to death were it not for the timely arrival of "Humpty-Dumpty" Longlay.

Corp. Peters, who had to go on guard, was sent to the kitchen to chop wood for the cook. He said that they didn't do it that way down on the Border.

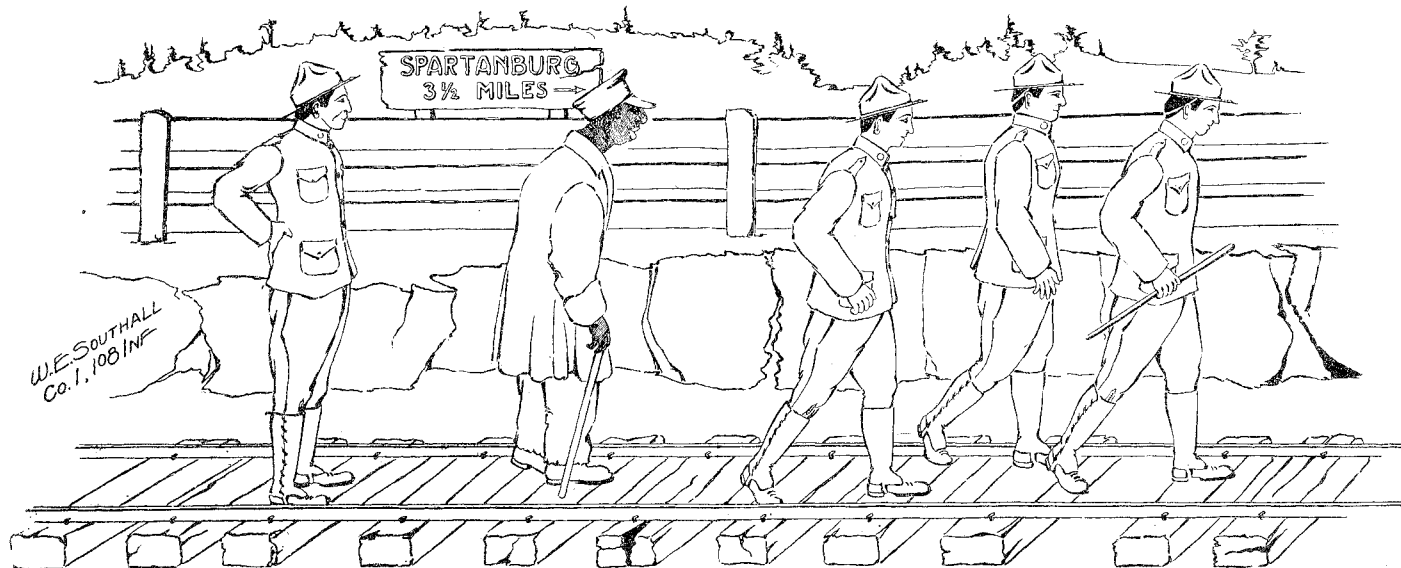
"Benny" Niesloss, our aspirant young officer, has decided that a commission in the ground forces would not give enough chance to rise, so he expects to try for the Signal Corps, as an aviator. Go easy, Benny, you must walk before you can fly.

## CAVALRYMEN AGAIN.

Capt. Graham Youngs, of the 105th Machine Gun Battalion; Capt. Howard Cowperthwaite, adjutant of the trains and military police, and Capt. Ridgeley Nicholas, of Co. B, military police, have been transferred to a new national army regiment of cavalry that is being organized at Douglas, Ariz. They left camp last week.

These captains were formerly officers in old Squadron A, New York cavalry, and they are delighted to get back into that branch of the service, although they regretted very much to be separated from their many friends here.





A BUSY DAY ON THE P. &amp; N.

**105TH FIELD ARTILLERY.****Battery "A."**

There is a disease (or affliction) in our ranks, known as "Reveille feet." How about this, Billie B.? Shall we get you a rolling chair or crutches? Or, do you need both?

Corporal Cadduo believes in "rest for the weary," and if anyone were to ask us, he is some "cot punisher." He is also particular as to who makes use of same in his absence. Did someone say the Corporal was exempt from guard duty?

Private Diack was recently on K. P., and we understand he ate his way out of the kitchen, and received his diploma as a dispenser of army food. Congratulations, Diack.

**Battery "B."**

Mess Sgt. Winterling, otherwise known as the Bean and Hominy king, is still on the job. We hope beans and hominy are soon scratched off the list.

The gun crews of B Battery, as usual, have equaled their high standard of efficiency, at the recent practice at the range. These boys are to be congratulated on their splendid showing.

The greatest delight that our mechanic Kustner gets, is taking our "tin lizzie" apart. But, we must hand it to you, George, you are there. If you don't believe it, ask the Captain.

**Battery "C."**

The boys are glad to get down into the Torrid zone once more, after being in "cold storage" for so long. Don't blame you, fellows, as we all feel that way about it.

Private Edward Hunt, popularly known as "Miss," is on a ten-day furlough to "little old New York." Have a good time, "Miss," but don't make any "miss" steps.

Private George Edwards is once more back with the "bunch," after being in the Base Hospital for a month. We are indeed

glad to have you with us again, George, as we have missed your smiling countenance.

Private Mebus is confined to quarters with a fractured ankle. We wish him a speedy recovery, as he is expected to play a big part in capturing the Kaiser. Snap out of it, Harry.

When it comes to putting down cement floors, Corporal "Bill" has them all beat. Consequently we have a brand new kitchen floor. We are a trifle worried, however, as we are in doubt as to whether the Corporal is a member of the Union. Enlighten us, Bill.

**Battery "D."**

Private Gass still insists on being transferred to the Mounted Balloon Squad. Good luck to you, "Brilliance."

Private Owens is among the recent newly-weds. He likes the army life, but wants to get back to the Bronx and "hon" as soon as possible. We feel sorry for you, Owens, and you have our sympathy.

First Sergeant Wilson is still out in the early morning with his tin whistle, and his familiar saying "You're out of luck." By the way, Sergeant, how about the Asheville boots?

Battery D has a brand new sheriff in Private Oliver. They say the Keystone people have a few jobs left, so go to it, Oliver.

**Battery "F."**

Private Murphy would like to know who appropriated his shoes down at the shower bath? It was his first trip there in three months, and therefore a gala event for him, but someone had to spoil his party.

Gallagher and Redmond are still being pestered by the "movie" men. There is no getting out of it, fellows, genius is recognized everywhere.

What we would like to know is who stole O'Reilly's picture. We are working our "thinker" real hard. Do you suppose that Nora has it?

Sergeant Lougheed, of Monte Carlo fame, is broke this month, the first time since '98. Don't grieve over it, though, as the old boat is jammed with passengers this trip.

Has anyone something to suggest that would get "Smiling Sam" Fitzpatrick out to reveille? If you have, just pass it along, as we would like to solve this mighty problem.

**Supply Company.**

Will the gentleman who appropriated 15 jars of jam from our kitchen one rainy night last week be kind enough to invite us to his party? We like parties, and we also like jam, so be a good fellow and come across with an invitation.

"Furlough Sergeant" Valteau is expected back from his furlough in the immediate future. As two trains are being run daily, we expect McCafferty will be on the other one.

We are glad to note two new faces in our ranks at reveille, and while it may appear a little strange for these two to greet the early morning with a smile, they will get accustomed to it eventually, we hope.

We are keeping our eyes and ears open these days, and note that the "mail twins," Borst and Brandlein, are receiving their mail regularly. Some of us are getting jealous, but we promise to do nothing rash.

Sergeant McGuire announces the return of cobbler De Simone, which is looked forward to with a great deal of pleasure by Sergeant McAroni. Col. De Simone was captured in the mud at Dark Corners recently.

## 102D ENGINEERS, HDQRTS. CO.

After an absence of about thirty days, Dan Gleason has once more joined the 5th squad, the cream of the company.

Bill Garcia, after getting a furlough, borrowed a sergeant's shirt to go home with. But there'll be some wild parading home in that shirt.

After suffering a week, Howard Turner, an inmate of Squad No. 1, known as the dizzy squad, finally returned to his special detail. He was affected with ab dul ungada of the solar plexus.

During the spare moments before and after the daily calls, almost half the company can be found in Squad No. 5's tent listening to Tom Bracken's Aeolin Vocation. After returning from his furlough, he brought some snappy songs with him, most of which are the present hits in the big city, especially the "Stack of Barley."

P. J. Cardarelli has once more started on his musical detour. Big party down the town and Petie did some playing.

Ex-squad leader Francis P. Finnegan can often be seen diving up for seconds. God was liberal when it came his way in donating feet—for he got a portion of Cardarelli's.

McGinty is hoping that captains are once more changed, so he can gather himself together and go up for seconds on the furloughs.

Whenever you see Joe Carey tell him—"Last Sunday some one stole the contribution box;" he has never been the same since.

Chris Newman, another one of the dizzy first, has lost 20 pounds since he returned from his furlough—worrying about seconds.

## 102D TRENCH MORTAR BATTERY.

A battery running club has been established and our able Corporal, George Bennett, is chief instructor, with Persimmon Ebbinghaus assistant instructor. Every morning after reveille, Corp. Bennett blows the famous whistle, and the athletes fall in, but all the response he gets to it is poor Al, who is trying to reduce weight.

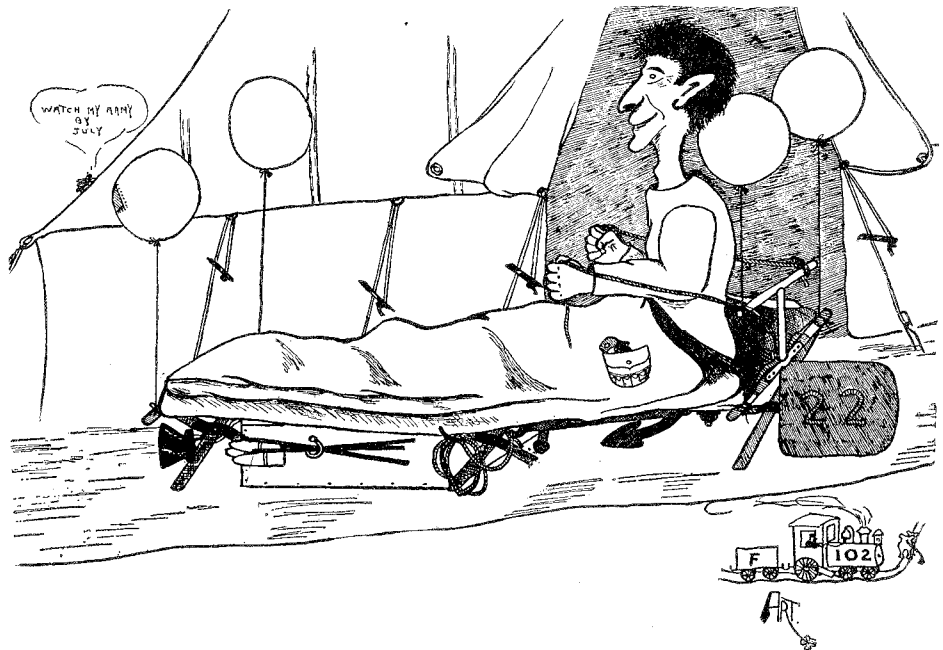
Private Joe Malone is getting all ready for his expected furlough. He has a list of places all mapped out on a regular schedule, with Newburgh in the lead.

Private Alfonsus Bronzert expects a transfer to the canteen; he is smoking cigarettes, now, and figures he won't have to buy them when he gets the job.

Private Minnick is sporting a new specimen of the wilds of South Carolina. While out on a wood detail, Johnay ran across a tree lizard. Now he takes him to bed with him at night, but to Private Brandt's discomfort, the lizard takes his morning walk before reveille blows, and walks all over Brandt's face. It will delight our hearts if we wake up some morning, and find Mr. Lizard A. W. O. L.

Private Tom Malone is still writing those 27-page letters; the only way we can figure is that he writes about the whole squad.

Private M. Brandt.



## SATURDAY MORNING INSPECTION

or  
A PRIVATE'S DREAM.

Devised and Patented by  
"THE NATIONAL COT-BENDERS"  
SYNDICATE."

At last a long-felt want has been supplied, and no longer does Saturday morning hold any terrors. For the belated "buck" who took the 10 o'clock P. & N. train to camp on Friday night this is a Godsend.

The equipment consists of the following: 4 balloons, 1 cap pistol, 4 caps, 1 ton and a half anchor, 1,500 feet of hauser rope (at least 3 inches thick), 1 Ford horn, 30 feet of electric wire, a flashlight battery, 1 rudder, 3 skyrockets (1 red, 1 white, and 1 blue), (Hurrah!), 1 box with the following equipment: Ordnance, half dozen hand grenades, 1 copy of the Gas Attack, 1 O. D. umbrella, and a pack of "Camels."

How to operate: On Friday night inflate the four balloons to a pressure of 15 pounds with a bicycle pump, making sure to drop the anchor beforehand. Post notice for those coming in late not to stumble over anchors as they might disconnect same and find their friends up by the ceiling in the morning. Be sure to go over cot thoroughly and see that all machinery is properly oiled and in good working order.

At first call Saturday morning, pull up anchor; the corporal leads, and the rest take the air according to their length of service, navigating the company street at least once. When hovering over his right spot, the gallant soldier immediately draws his cap pistol and after loading same, proceeds to deflate the four balloons by shell fire, and drops into place, already for roll call, calisthenics, inspection, mess and whatever other punishment a court-martial may decide.

Its efficiency does not end here. Why send a soldier 35 miles to a rifle range when his marksmanship can be developed right in camp. Every Saturday he gets four shots at the balloon, which means 16 a month and about 100 in six months. If he hits 75 out of a hundred, he is doing good and is entitled to a medal, as it is very hard to hit anything with a cap pistol.

Extra precautions: If by any chance the cot should ascend to an altitude of 3,500 feet or more, withdraw rockets and light them, first the red, then the white, and the blue, showing that an American is in distress; he will then receive aid from one of our Service Stations, open day and night. If they don't see him, we guarantee a discharge and a squad to carry the remains to New York.

CO. F, 102ND ENGINEERS.

## ANY BUCK PRIVATE.

A feller used ter pike away,  
After laborin' all the day,  
An' straggle inter Joe's Cafe  
To roll der bones ter see who'd pay.  
A feller had no "boss!"

It sure was life without the gall  
To Walk the Dog aroun' th' Hall  
Wit' Lizzie, at th' Milkman's Ball,  
Wen worry had no show a'tail.  
A feller bore no cross!

Then some guy starts this dog-gone war,  
An' now it's peace we're fightin' for.  
Not from th' fear of blood an' gore—  
But 'cause the details are a bore.  
A feller's at a loss!

From reveille to ole retreat,  
Th' topper wanders down th' street,  
While detailed men jus' shake their feet.  
Their hearts cry out wid fearful beat:  
"My God!—the Albatross!"

B. E. B.,  
Co. D, 104th M. G. B'n.

## 54TH PIONEER INFANTRY, HDQRTS. CO.

Our company street would be a grand sight if fire call was sounded about midnight. The "pajama club," with quarters in the N. C. S. Tent, affords a conglomeration of colors. Danny in his "Baby Blue," Stonewall in his "Hyacinth," and John the Junkman in his O. D., not forgetting "Statistical" in his dashing green.

We are blessed with a new cook. He is a cook "what am." Keep up the good work, John. Chief Webster is now the Horse's Neck (Stable) Sergeant; they knew something when they handed the job to the Indian.

Corporal Adare and Musician Davis are on furlough. We trust they will follow our advice and stay away from the minister.

Alkali Ike had salty oatmeal for breakfast. Motto: Get on the mess-line when the whistle blows.

I say, Eitel: Take your hat off in the mess hall. When are you going to have that first horse-back ride? Good luck to you, "Boo-Hunk." Hope they don't give you a mule.

What are you laughing at, "Vebber;" no monkey business with the cards. I lose von dollar more, den I close up. Never mind Baehr, "Pop Dietz" has Murphy hypnotized, but he can't slip it over on you. How about it, Eddie? Rickety—Ram—

Congratulations to Sergeant Rosenthal better known as "Rosey." We hope you keep up the good record set by your predecessor. How about a new hatcord, blue, size 6 7/8?

Sergeant McCahill, now "Acting Topper," has gained popularity with the men. Go to it, "James," we are all with you.

We are honored with the week-end visits of our worthy comrades, Sgt. Major Ginn and First Sergeant Cobbett, from the O. T. C. We are always glad to welcome any former members of our company at all times.

## NEW INSTRUCTORS.

The following have been detailed as assistant instructors in bayonet fighting and physical training, division school of the line.

Second Lieut. A. H. Reinert, 106th Infantry.

Sergt. William McCarthy, Company H, 107th Infantry.

Sergt. C. Balch, 102d Trench Mortar Battery.

Sergt. C. Horstman, Headquarters Company, 105th Infantry.

Sergt. J. Sabo, Company I, 105th Infantry.

Corp. H. Liddell, Headquarters Company, 106th Infantry.

Sergt. H. E. Frederickson, Company C, 106th Infantry.

Corp. H. L. Flynn, Company F, 107th Infantry.

Corp. P. Carey, Company I, 107th Infantry.

Corp. G. N. DuPre, Battery B, 104th Field Artillery.



The Daughter of His Regiment.

## COMPANY I, 107TH INFANTRY.

Not to be outdone by the other companies, we too, have a brand-new First Lieutenant. Our heartiest congratulations to Lieut. Kooschea, and we are all in back of him to the drop of the hat!

"Pop" Fisher and Volkeot strayed away the last night in the trenches and were rounded up as prisoners by the enemy. Maybe the Huns won't let you off with as light a sentence as wood and water detail, so look out when we get "over there," boys!

"Tram" Thomas has again started the round of Spartanburg society. The quarantine was pretty hard on good-looking corporals, wasn't it "Tram," but what will the little girl in Tucson say?

Fred Brown got his furlough and arrived back at camp in time to enjoy our 72 hours visit to the trenches. Lots different than those little trips to Poughkeepsie that we heard about, n'est ce pas, Fred?

Something is wrong with our Topper, Sergeant Floyd. A 48-hour pass for him is unusual, but he must have deserved it, when we take into consideration the appearance of that nice new overcoat after the trenches. It's always hard the first six years in the Army, isn't it Sergt?

One thing after another. Out of the trenches and up to the range. It's a great life.

Old "Ecky" Kin had us peaved about gas in the trenches, but we're used to your "gas" now, old man.

Our athletes are busy men these days trying the "hundred" in 14 minutes and the broad jumps. Some do it and some don't; try it before a Sunday dinner next time, Merritt, and I guess you'll make it. B.

## WILLING TO EXPLAIN.

Staff Colonel: Your reports should be written in such manner that even the most ignorant may understand them.

Sergeant—Well, sir, what part is it that you don't understand?—Christian Register.

## TO PIONEERS AND OTHERS.

The GAS ATTACK is the official magazine of the Twenty-seventh Division. But its scope is wider than that. And as long as the division remains here at Camp Wadsworth, news will be printed of all units in camp, pioneers and all.

Notes from the new outfits are welcome in the office of this magazine.

## 53D PIONEER INF., CO. I.

Hail! hail! Our Topper is back. He had it—had his furlough, came back around retreat Monday evening, reported to Captain A. P. Clark, our Company Commander his return, and the first question he asked was, does Sergt. Mullen wear his hat straight yet? He then returned to his quarters to get ready to form the company for retreat, he did form said company in this manner (which looks bad for our First Sergeant just returning from a furlough). Fall in boys. Oh, gee! We will have to get a civilian to get it, they won't sell it to us in uniform, and then hesitated, thought of himself and sighed. Oh! dear old Brooklyn. Sergeant McGrath, call the roll.

Sergt. Sharp gets a blue envelope nearly every day and when he don't get it he has the blues himself and gets angry that every one else doesn't get the blues.

Now to our big Scot, Sergt. McDonal, of the Clan McDonal. He was heard in the tent the other night shouting to Sergt. Clark, "If Sergt. Cleveland don't come back with my sweater I'll———" Sergt. Clark gave him the O. D. and said, "Hey! Mack, Sergt. Chambers (our mess sergt.) claims that three bottles of lemon extract are missing and I think I know where it went. You dummy you, get your sweater on." Silence from the tent.

Corp. O'Neil wants to know why Corp. McCarthy don't have to go out on detail when he and Private Sheenen has to. Corp. McCarthy was marked light duty and don't have to go over to the 54th Pioneer Infantry to work for them, and Corp. O'Neil was informed of the reason. Late on Tuesday evening Corp. O'Neil was heard to say to Prvt. Lehane, "You hit me on the leg with that bat and I'll hit you. We will duck this detail or go over with Corp. Quigley in the Base Hospital."

On Thursday evening, Feb. 14th, at Y. M. C. A. Unit No. 96, they had a Father and Son night. Major Allen L. Reagon, who has two sons here in camp, gave an interesting talk on "What the service should do for the enlisted man's future."

Our Company Commander, Capt. Arthur P. Clark, and his son, Sergt. Chas. J. Clark, gave an exhibition of British cavalry sword and lance drill and also some foil fencing. Capt. Clark was formerly in the Royal Scot's Greys, one of the old British cavalry regiments.

—S. J. M.

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

Chuck Woodruff, the giant of the "Valley," pulled a Buffalo Bill stunt the other day on one of our hikes. An enlisted man from the Remount was attempting to ride a fractious mule, and his success was not to be compared with Gen. Joffre's. The mule unseated him, and he did a neck spin in a foot of Southern mud. Chuck handed him a real farm giggle, and offered to show him what it took to ride the mule. His offer was accepted, and Chuck promptly threw his young limb over the saddle and stuck there like a 90-year-old cowman. He and the mule got real pally, and before Chuck blew away, he tossed a kiss to the remount audience, and told them to spread it amongst them.

We were all corralled one afternoon this week in our bunks, and the blast of a whistle was the preliminary command for an afternoon's tuition on the machine gun drill. During the course of this drill the orders come quick and snappy. A different order a second was coming from the officer in charge, and Nat McGrane, the "hoo-man" tent pole, swung wildly on a lot of them. First it was: "All correct, sir," then "Number one, fall out," then "Post." Finally Nat gave it up entirely, and said: "My goodness, Lieutenant, make up your mind."

It took a world's war to make a man out of the wrist watch.

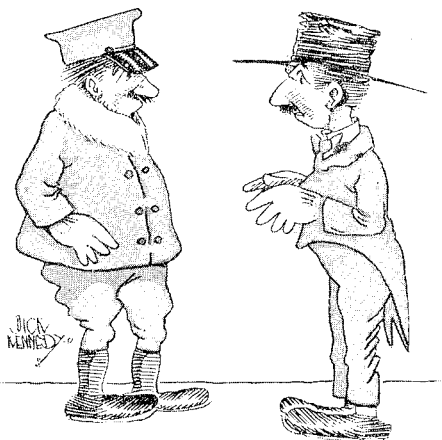
The consistent warm weather never fails to turn the soldier's thoughts to baseball. This outfit promises to put on the diamond a nine that will make other teams hustle for supremacy. Larry Leonard, Charley Smith, Breakaway Pauly, Bill Ryan, and a host of others are busy getting the kinks out of their wings, and in a couple of weeks will be shooting the old onion in big league style.

Vic Brinckman is drawing the long bow on a home made violin. In two weeks he will have a shade on Kriesler. The instrument was manufactured out of an oil-can.

The order emanating from Division Headquarters requiring each man to be a replica of Joie Ray, Ted Meredith and Hobey Baker, brought out upon the field a swell gang of jumpers, and one hundred yarders. Last Wednesday and Thursday were devoted to the much-heralded athletic meet, and the day's proceedings brought out some startling surprises. A number of dark horses came to light, and the results were big surprises. Following is a summary of the events and winners:

High Jump—Won by Dick O'Neill with a bounding leap of 2 ft. 5-16ths of an inch. 2d. Bob Trickler, who registered a kangaroo-like hop of 2 ft. 1-2 in. 3d. Mickey Moran, mark forgotten.

Running Broad—Won by Throw-her-down McCauley, an even 4 feet. 2d. Mike Stegman, 3 ft. 11 in. 3d. Jo. Fishbaugh, 3 ft. 10 in. This was close calling, and the excitement was intense throughout.



"In what way does Germany resemble Holland?"

"It is a low, lying country, and damned all around."

One-Hundred-Yard Dash—Won by John Olsen, time 2 days. He got a good start. 2d. Dick O'Neill, one day and a half. 3d. Guiseppe Mirra, 14 hours, 14 minutes. The finish was very close, and it took 23 judges to decide the winner.

Dick O'Neill was the hero of the meet, and he stands ready to box any 105-pounder in the world.

Speaking of baseball brings to mind a number of famous batteries:

Alexander and Killifer.  
Mathewson and Myers.  
Corn beef and cabbage.  
Ham and eggs.  
Haig and Haig.  
Reveille and taps.  
McIntyre and Heath.  
Punch and Judy.  
Come "and" get it.  
Stew and beans.  
Frankie and Johnnie.  
Nickels and dimes.  
Weeping and gnashing.  
Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde.

But the greatest pitcher of them all is "PERSHING," the Iron Man of the Liberty League. R. J. B.

**102D ENGINEERS, COMPANY E.**

Horseshoer Blanvelt and Corporal James Hanley, Jr., are back from their furlough.

How is Kinnard and Skantze?

Sergt. Frank is going to sing at the Y. M. C. A. the next time the Engineers run a show.

Prvt. Frank Healey is wearing white silk socks now.

Corp. Fields and his squad got back from the wood cutting detail.

Corp. Waters is getting so fat his friends won't know him when he gets back to New York.

Is Cook Neville going to make corn bread for the mountain boys?

Prvt. McWilliams is still laying around with heart trouble.

**AMBULANCE COMPANY NO. 108.**

In our recent athletic events Private Clifton Oles seemed to run away with all the honors. In all events he scored highest except in the standing broad jump. DeForest Rossman won that, although hampered by immense rubber boots.

Our Top Sergeant, Michael Doyle, showed that he had not lost his old athletic ability. After much persuasion he managed to get the Pine Hill bunch to try out, and although they showed unusual ability, they couldn't come up to his record.

Lieutenant Buell, who has charge of athletics in our company, displayed some of his old-time college form. He ran Private Oles a close second in the running high jumps.

We are having cavalry and ambulance drill now under the direction of Sergeant Doyle and our officers. Every morning our drill field presents a spectacle that is a sort of a cross between a Wild West show and the charge of the Light Brigade.

Our Symphony Orchestra, under the direction of Conductor Philip Clements, attracts huge crowds every evening. Following is the personnel of the orchestra: 1st cornet, Phil Clements; 2nd cornet, Johnathan Bean; 1st, 2d and 3d violins, Ray McCann; Hawaiian guitar, John Rockwell; drums, Perkins; flute, piccolo, and mandolin, Corporal Collins; critic, "Major" Kortright; official bouncer, "Red" Finn. Conductor Clements announces that they are now open for bookings.

Mule Skinners have been doing guard duty!!! What next?

Boughton says he likes his Incinerator position very much. Red Cross nurses occasionally pass by, and taxis, containing fair damsels, now and then get stuck in the mud in front of the mess shack. Boughton says that having the female of the species so near has a very refining influence upon him.

W. C. R.

**BATTERY E, 104TH FIELD ARTILLERY.**

Joe O'Brien insists that Cook's Tours are short strolls alongside of the hikes we take.

Foley didn't mind being on half rations until he had finished eating the dozen sandwiches he had with him.

Bugler Beebe rode with his boots off. That is off and on the horse.

Lost, strayed or stolen—Barber Martin. Finder can keep him if he promises to treat him kindly.

Mess Sergeant Carey must be looking for a cross, or decoration of some kind, as he had a Sunday dinner menu working throughout the march.

**TO THE 27TH DIVISION.**

Give a run,  
And jump on the Hun,  
And show the darn Kaiser  
What you have done.

By REUBEN DORSEY, Age 10.  
Spartanburg, S. C.



# News of the Y. M. C. A.



EDITED BY RAY F. JENNEY.

## SPEAKERS FROM FRANCE AND RUSSIA ARE IN CAMP THIS WEEK.

The Rev. Milford H. Lyon, D.D., of Winona Lake, Ind., recently returned from a three months' tour of the American army camps in France, spoke this last week to large crowds in all the Y. M. C. A. units at Camp Wadsworth. Dr. Lyon has for many years been conducting union evangelistic meetings throughout the country, but was asked by the War Work Council to go to France for an evangelistic tour among the expeditionary forces. He returned about a month ago and now is visiting the camps in this country. Preceding his gospel message each evening he devotes some time to a description of his experiences in France. They are proving both interesting and instructive to the soldiers who crowd the buildings nightly to hear him. He spent six weeks last October and November with one regiment about forty miles from where our troops are now in the trenches.

Dr. Lyon said in part: "My last work in France was with a regiment of United States regulars who had been in the trenches. I noted two marked characteristics of these men whose comrades had been killed or wounded. First, a shirt of hatred for the Germans, that seemed to make them eager to get back into the trenches and repay them for the brutal treatment of their comrades. Second, the first experiences of these men had produced in them a deep seriousness that made them responsive to a religious appeal."

Dr. Lyon is accompanied in his tour by a baritone soloist of international fame, Everett R. Naftzger.

Charles Edward Russell, former newspaper man, author and lecturer and a member of the Root Commission to Russia, spoke at Y. M. C. A. No. 96 on Tuesday evening of last week. He was introduced by Col. Foster, of the old 12th Regiment, now the 52nd Pioneers. Mr. Russell's message was one of inspiration and so impressed many of the "boys" that heard him that they went into Spartanburg to hear him again at the court house, where he spoke more at length later that evening.

Mr. Russell said in part at No. 96: "This is a struggle to decide two great ideas—democracy and autocracy. One or the other is going down to defeat. The king idea of a government is the opposite of America's idea, for the king is not in favor of a government for the people and by the people. If autocracy wins autocracy will be the ruling factor in the world. Every man in the United States is in danger of being deprived of his democracy—the right to cast a ballot."

## "FATHER AND SON" NIGHT.

A "Y." secretary's education is never completed and during the past week among the many new pointers gained by the secretaries in this unit is the fact that it is unwise at times to ask the men at our meetings to pick out their favorite songs. On Sunday afternoon two secretaries were conducting a service at the stockade and to give the meeting an atmosphere of "comaraderie" the secretaries asked the men to pick out their favorite song in the Red Service Book. With almost unanimity the audience shouted "187." The secretaries turned to 187 only to find "In the Prison Cell I Sit." Again at one of the evening services in the building the religious secretary asked for a number of a song. Just at this minute several nurses from the Base Hospital entered the rear door to attend the meeting, a dozen or more voices shouted out "202," which turned out to be "Good Night! Ladies!"

Among the important events of the week was the observance of Ash Wednesday. A communion service was held at 6:30 in the morning and in the afternoon a short prayer service was conducted by Chaplain Edrop and Chaplain Jaynes. At 4:45 the afternoon services have been held every day since.

On Wednesday Dr. Thomas gave an illustrated talk on "Hawaii." Thursday, the observance of "Father and Son" day throughout the country was held and this unit had an especially interesting evening that day. Corporal Jones, Major Reagin and Dr. Beattis all gave talks. Capt. Clark, and his son, Sergeant Clark, of the 53d Pioneers, gave a fencing exhibition, and although there was a smaller crowd than usual on account of a beating rain, it proved to be one of the most enjoyable evenings in a long time.

Friday we had the usual movies for which Corp. Jack Trezise, of Headquarters Co. 53d furnished the music.

On Saturday evening we had a great band concert, rendered by the 53d Pioneers' Infantry Band. Sergeant Thomas Tucker, just back from a furlough, led the band and added much to the evening with his explanatory talks between selections. He makes a band concert a regular vaudeville show.

On Sunday the day was filled with religious services. A communion service at 8:30. A service for the Lutheran men in camp at 9:00. A regimental service at 10:30 and the regular Y service in the evening. Dr. Paul Moore Strayer made a farewell talk at the latter service.

On Monday the building was turned over to the Government in the evening for classes.

Tuesday evening the Government showed some very instructive movies. Charles E. Russell spoke on "The War," after which a five-reel picture, "A Message to Garcia," was

## "CATCHING UP WITH THE BAND."

"There were nine of us in the old bunch back in the big city, that used to hang around at a certain corner every night. Nine of us used to go home at the 'wee small hours' of the morning with the crazy idea that we had been living 'the life.' Seven of the old bunch are in the service now. Six of us are down here at Camp Wadsworth. Five of the old crowd are bunkies in the same company. At least twice a week we get together at one of the 'Y' shacks to talk things over, to hear the latest word from the folks back home. Often we forget to talk over our plans, and hopes for the future. Some speaker starts gassin', and before we realize it he has been going strong for sometime. A 'Y' man finishes by telling us to be sure and come back to-morrow night for a peach of a movie, or maybe a half a dozen or so scraps. Do you get the point? They are all the time springing some kind of a surprise. We don't dare stay away for more than a couple of nights for fear we will miss something good. At first we missed the old times back in the big city, and used to grouch around thinking about the slackers back home, who were probably filling the same chairs we used to camp on. It don't seem so important now. They certainly are missing an awful lot of the good things that are being handed out to us. The 'Y' men used to tell us that there would be something 'on' worth while—every night at the 'Y.' We know that is true now. We figure it out that we have missed a whole lot of good times since we came down here. So now we go over to the 'Y' shack every chance we get. We're 'catching up with the band.'"

## OUR FORD COMMANDEERED BY THE U. S. ARMY.

After patiently waiting for the return from a furlough of the only Ford belonging to "Ninety-seven," it is now found that the services of this Ford have been commandeered by the U. S. A., and the aforementioned will now be designated as Lt. Charles H. Ford, chaplain of the U. S. Army. We congratulate Rev. Ford on receiving his commission and at the same time regret that we must lose him from our unit. Mr. Ford has made an efficient Secretary and made many friends while here in camp. He has an episcopal pastorate in Cortland, N. Y. His sister is the first woman commissioner to be elected in the City of Binghamton, N. Y.

shown. The Headquarters Jazz Band of the 53d Pioneers, composed of Jack Trezise, Nick Furiati, Henry Schandt, Eugene Drosch, William Damaratins, Victor Wehe, and William Kesselback, played for the movies.

# CAMP SPORTS

EDITED BY F. J. ASHLEY

## McELGOTT WINS HEAVYWEIGHT LEADERSHIP.

**Puts Flooey Johnson and Fred McDermott Into Discard on Same Night.**

McElgott, Company B, 102nd Engineers, has won the heavyweight title of the camp after an uphill fight that has won the admiration of every ring fan in this section. Following up his earlier victories, he entered the last lap of the race last Monday night, and in twenty minutes had disposed of Johnson and McDermott, his most important rivals. Heide had an opportunity to meet Mac, also, but every time they have been matched recently he has found some reason for not appearing.

### Johnson Gets Enough.

Joe Johnson, who has been making speech after speech about what he was going to do with the rest of the heavyweights, and McElgott, of his own regiment, in particular, proved an absolute disappointment.

They had not been fighting two minutes when Johnson threw up the sponge. He claimed that a horse had crippled him in the early afternoon and that he could not go on, but it is more likely that the physical persuaders he received from McElgott had a lot to do with his change of mind.

### McDermott Enters the Lists.

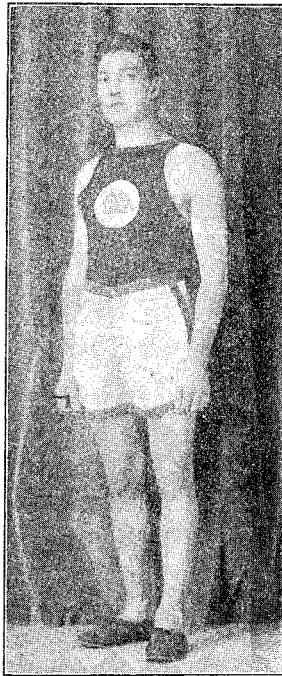
Fred McDermott, of the 106th Field Hospital, challenged McElgott as soon as he had sent Johnson to the junk heap. In five minutes the two Macs were at it. There were yells of "Go to it Mac" from every corner of the tent and the Clan Mac responded with a will. There were no idle minutes. Science and art were forgotten and the good old slam-bang tactics of their Irish sires ruled for all four rounds.

McElgott won by a big margin, taking every round. Warmed up by his earlier scrapping, he sailed in at the first bell and planted shot after shot into McDermott's stomach. He had the medico's weak spot and made every punch tell. Occasionally he surprised him with a right jab to the jaw.

### McElgott's Rushes Tell.

McDermott, who formerly ranked as one of the best sparrers hereabouts, seemed dazed and showed a big lack of judgment in getting away from his opponent's battering ram drives. He was game to the core but made a big mistake when he attempted to meet the engineer at his own game. He lacked the necessary steam in his punches when it came to infighting. Near the end of the round he was sent to the floor and took plenty of time in resuming operations.

The second round was a repetition of the opener. The 102nd champ rushed in with a series of rights and lefts to the body and



**NICK GIANOKOPOLOUS,**  
**The Famous Greek Cross-Country Runner of the 106th Infantry.**

sent McDermott to the ropes. Occasionally the hospital man landed a good one to the face but he failed to follow them up and McElgott made a quick recovery. McDermott walloped the ex-cowboy on the nose drawing first blood but received a receipt in kind a few seconds later. McElgott had two rounds already.

### The Engineer Leads All the Way.

McDermott started to hold in the third. Driven to the ropes by another wild rush he was too weak to escape and remained in the corner accepting fistie compliments from every direction. Both men were missing but the Albany boy was the worse offender.

Short snappy drives to the body featured McElgott's attack in the last round. McDermott seemed to find himself for a moment and boxed himself out of danger but after a good slam to the wind he cast science to the wind once more and went wild. Just before the bell, McElgott sent him to the floor again and was using him for a mat when Moran stopped hostilities.

### A PAIR OF CHALLENGES.

The "Y" basket-ball team, composed of the physical directors of the local units, is looking for games. Communicate with Mr. Ortner, Unit 95.

At the same time the officers of the 53rd Pioneers claim to have the best basket-ball team in camp. Their deft is open to all commissioned nines in the vicinity.

## 51ST PIONEERS WALLOP 105TH AT BASKET-BALL.

**All-Stars Also Have a Walkaway With 55th Pioneers.**

Three fast games of basket-ball were played at the Spartanburg Y. M. C. A. last Friday night. Company I, 51st Pioneers, easily defeated the representatives of Company M, 105th Infantry, 13 to 2. The 55th Pioneers were soft pickings for the Wadsworth All-stars who were reinforced by the return of Tommie O'Neill. In the last contest a picked team battled the Y. M. C. A. secretaries, the Red Triangle pulling out with a one goal lead, 20 to 18.

### First Game.

Co. I, 51st Pioneers (13)	Co. M, 105th Infantry (2)
Right Forward	
Simmons .....	Millett
Left Forward	
Fritz .....	Riley
Center	
Rungs .....	Caswell
Right Guard	
Dineourt .....	McGrath
Left Guard	
Rogers .....	Case

Field goals: Simmons, 2; Rogers, 3; Case, 1.  
Foul goals: Fritz, 3.

### Second Game.

Wadsworth All-stars (40)	55th Pioneers (12)
Right Forward	
Bonk .....	Boyne
Left Forward	
Ortner, Morris.....	French
Center	
Duval .....	Gordon
Right Guard	
O'Neill .....	Rossi
Left Guard	
Kendricks .....	Steffen

Field goals: Ortner, 6; Bonk, 3; Duval, 2; Morris, 2; O'Neill, 2; Kendricks; Boyne, 2; French; Gordon; Rossi and Steffen.  
Foul goals: Ortner, 4; Morris, 4.

### Third Game.

Y. M. C. A. Secretaries (20)	Picked Team (18)
Right Forward	
Ortner .....	Morris
Left Forward	
White .....	Bonk
Center	
Steffman .....	Rossi
Right Guard	
Richardson .....	Siltzer
Left Guard	
Jenney .....	Black

Field goals: Ortner, 3; Jenney, 3; Steffman, 2; Richardson, 2; Morris, 3; Bonk, 2; Rossi, 2; Siltzer.

### M'ELGOTT IS KNOCKED OUT BY MARTIN.

Hattiesburg, Miss., Feb. 22.—Sergeant Bob Martin, of West Virginia, a member of the Camp Shelby Military Police, knocked out T. P. McElligott, of New York, heavyweight champion of Camp Wadsworth, S. C., in the fourth round of their scheduled 10-round fight at Camp Shelby to-day.

Barney Williams, of Camp Wadsworth, retained his title of featherweight champion of the Army and Navy when he was given the decision over Bud Perrill, of Camp Shelby, at the end of a 10-round bout.

The bouts were part of the Washington's birthday celebration at the camp.

### INDOOR MEET AT CONVERSE COLLEGE.

Mr. T. W. Garvin, who has been in charge of the Spartanburg Community Service activities, has prepared a big treat for St. Patrick's night. It will consist of an indoor meet at Converse College. Every event that can possibly be decided on a stage will be on the program. Frank Moran is booked to appear in an exhibition bout. All you gentlemen who have been telling the fair collegians of the hit you made in your own Rah-Rah days, are invited to make good in the competitions. N. B.—There will be no co-educational events. The proceeds will be devoted to the Camp Athletic Fund.

### CARROLL'S HAT IN THE RING.

Sailor Carroll, the old-time heavyweight, now a member of the 102nd Ammunition Train, has decided to take a chance at grabbing the local title. He writes: Sporting Editor, Dear Sir:

There seem to be several claimants for the local heavyweight title. Having been laid up with a bad arm, I was unable to dispute or defend my claim to the heavyweight title to which I consider myself entitled. I am now rounding into shape and feel that I am as good as ever. I have boxed such men as Boer Rodel, Carl Morris, Batt Levinsky and scores of others and deserve some recognition in the heavyweight class.

This deft is open to any soldier in Camp Wadsworth; first come, first served. It will decide, once and for all, the rightful owner of the local crown.

Sincerely,

PRIVATE JACK CARROLL,

Co. G, 102nd Am. Train.

(Formerly Sailor Carroll of California.)

### 98 GETS CRACK ATHLETIC COACH.

Doctor Robert MacBride Strimble, of New York City, has been appointed Physical Director at Y. M. C. A. Unit 98. He is a graduate of Exeter and Princeton. While at the New Jersey University, he was a member of the baseball and basket-ball teams. He twirled against Yale, Harvard and the New York Giants, and has also had plenty of experience in coaching diamond aggregations. It is a safe bet that he will make things hum on Artillery Hill. Get to know him.



**MATTY GEIS,**  
Captain of 106th Inf. Track Team, Former Captain of the Melrose A. C., New York.

### COMMISSION PLEASSED WITH WADSWORTH.

Ward W. Pickard, personal representative of Mr. Fosdick, head of the Commission on Training Camp Activities, paid us a visit last week. He was particularly pleased at the good work done by Harvey Cohn and Frank Moran and stated that athletics here were more on a business plan than at any camp he has inspected. Mr. Pickard also promises to have the commission erect a large auditorium and athletic arena at Camp Wadsworth in the very near future.

### CAPTAIN MILLER A REAL FAN.

Captain Miller, Company B, 108th Infantry, has started athletics in his outfit with a most generous donation of baseball and boxing paraphernalia. He staged his first diamond contest between two teams, led by Corporals Hutchinson and Dobmeir, victory going to the former by a score of 13 to 8. Daily boxing drills have also been instituted.

### JOHNNIE LORE DEFEATS SEVIER WELTER.

On the same night that Frank Moran held his little party with Sailor Jones at Camp Sevier, Johnnie Lore, Company C, 105th Infantry, accompanied him and had a little set-to with Cleve Atwell, of the 118th Infantry.

Lore was in good shape. He let the first round go even while he sized up the Southerner, but the second and third were his by big margins. During the last few minutes of the battle, Atwell fought with a badly bruised mitt, a relic of Johnnie's well cultivated dome.

Johnnie is thinking about claiming the welterweight title of the local camp. He has won four fights since coming here and is willing to meet anybody in his class.

### BARNEY WILLIAMS STILL ON TOP.

#### Gets Decision Over Kiddie Diamond in Four-Round Bout.

Barney Williams, the welterweight battler of the 105th Field Artillery, who won the championship of the Army and Navy in Texas a year ago, won a four-round battle with Kiddie Diamond of the 105th Infantry in the last of the elimination contests for his class last Friday. Diamond, who had shown himself to be the strongest contender for Barney's title in the earlier contests, took the first round. After that the artillerist forged into the lead. With second session even he took the third and fourth.

Diamond did most of the fighting in the opening minutes. After Williams had led to his face, the doughboy started a tattoo on Williams' wind and seemed to have him confused. Barney gave all his attention to Diamond's map and landed a few straight lefts but Kiddie had the better of the round.

After the first rest, Williams seemed to find himself. He got his defense in proper shape and made a few raids with his left on Diamond's chin, forcing him to the ropes. The 105th battler was pounding on Barney's ribs. The round was even.

In the third Williams jumped ahead. He got his right and left working in proper sequence and kept Diamond backing out of range. The latter was game and returned each salvo with lunges to the body but Barney usually let them slide over his shoulder. The kid began to miss his mark near the end of the round.

Barney took the fight and the trip to Hattiesburg in the last round. He sailed in taking plenty of time with his punches and landing at will. Instead of changing his objective, Diamond still kept up a vain fusillade in the direction of Williams breadbasket. Twice in the fourth he was up against the ropes. Williams was given the decision by the unanimous vote of five officers chosen by Frank Moran.

In the heavyweight bout of the evening, McKinley, 53rd Pioneers, mixed matters with McElligott of the 102nd Engineers. The latter led all the way, getting all four rounds. McKinley was too slow and unable to escape the rushes of the wild Irishman from the 102nd.

### CLARENCE STARS AT 95.

Five fast bouts were pulled off at Unit 95 last Monday night. In the first, Kid Tucker out-classed Tyrel in every round.

Despite his inoffensive name, Clarence, Headquarters Company, 105th Infantry, won the best bout of the evening. His victim was Totty Hicks, of the 51st Pioneers. The boys were at each other every minute. They are both there with the punch and some good wallops were exchanged. Clarence was faster and got more blows across.

O'Hara and Mulligan closed the program with three snappy rounds.

# In Division Society

Mrs. Charles P. Loeser, Editor.

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

## WASHINGTON'S BIRTHDAY CELEBRATED BY BRILLIANT BALL AT THE CLEVELAND HOTEL.

The ball given at the Cleveland Hotel on Washington's birthday for the benefit of the Base Hospital and Enlisted Men's Club was one of the most enjoyable events of the social season and a largely attended affair. Among the patrons and patronesses were: General and Mrs. John F. O'Ryan, General and Mrs. Phillips, General and Mrs. Michie, General and Mrs. Sweetser, General and Mrs. Guy Carleton, General and Mrs. Lester, General O'Neill and others prominent in army circles. A number of delightful dinner parties preceded the ball.

Mrs. Cushing, wife of Major Dwight Cushing, of the Pioneer Infantry, entertained at a tea given for Mrs. Sweetser, wife of General Sweetser, of the 2nd Pioneers, at her home on East Main St. A number of the visiting army ladies were present.

Brig. Genl. and Mrs. H. H. Banholtz have left Spartanburg for Camp McClellan at Aniston, Ala., where the General has been transferred for duty. While in the city they stopped with Mayor and Mrs. John Floyd.

Mrs. Stover, wife of Colonel W. W. Stover, of the 3rd Pioneer Infantry, is a recent arrival at the Finch Hotel.

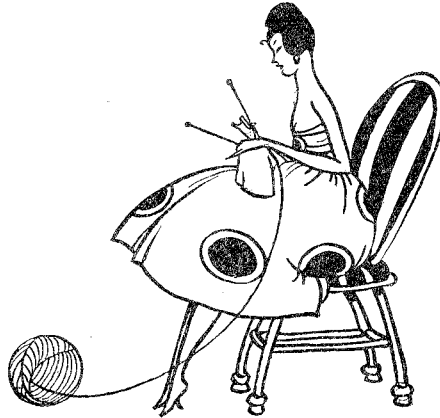
### COPELAND-BARRETT.

Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Copeland, of Washington, D. C., announce the marriage of their daughter, Mildred, to Lieut. Myron Knox Barrett, of New York. The wedding took place at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Copeland in Chevy Chase, the Rev. Samuel H. Greene, of Calvary Baptist Church, officiating. Lieut. Barrett is on duty at Camp Wadsworth and left immediately with his bride for Spartanburg.

### WILLIAMS COLLEGE MEN HELD RE-UNION DINNER.

Capt. W. H. Curtiss, of the 105th Infantry, arranged a reunion dinner given at the Spartanburg Country Club to the alumni of Williams College, Massachusetts, who are on duty here. It was a most enjoyable affair, there being twenty-two of the alumni present.

Mrs. Stoehr, wife of Captain Stoehr, of the Headquarters Supply Company, of the 3rd Pioneer Infantry, is a guest at the Finch Hotel.



"Purl one, drop one."

The canteen in the Enlisted Men's Club, opposite the Cleveland Hotel, is becoming a popular rendezvous for the soldiers, as the food served is of the best. The army ladies are keenly interested in the progress of the canteen and its success is due largely to them. The canteen is a branch of Red Cross work and the object is to supply food to the soldiers who do not feel called upon to pay the restaurant prices.

Capt. and Mrs. Arthur Palmer left Spartanburg for Jacksonville where the former has been transferred. Mrs. Palmer will be greatly missed at the Red Cross headquarters, where she did valuable work.

### Y. M. C. A. NEWS.

We welcome as Physical Director of Unit 97 Mr. Robert MacBride Struble, of New York City, who reported for service Wednesday, February 13th. Mr. Struble schooled at Exeter, Princeton, and the American School of Osteopathy at Kirksville, Missouri. At Princeton he pitched on the baseball team against such teams as Yale, Harvard, and the New York Giants. He has coached baseball and has had experience with other games.

Classes in English for foreign speaking soldiers have been organized under the direction of Chaplain W. F. Fornes, of the 106th F. A., and Educational Secretary Pafford. From seventy-five to one hundred are in attendance each session, in two classes.

Captain Anthony Fiala, of the 102nd Ammunition Train, gave a chalk talk on Wednesday, February 13th, which was much enjoyed by the men present as well as being very helpful. Capt. Fiala has been ordered to Washington and his going will be a distinct loss to the 27th Division. His worth as a gentleman, soldier and lecturer is well known to the wearers of the red cords as well as to many others of the outfits served by "97."

## THE "CRAZY CABARET" PERFORMANCE.

The treat of the week for Unit No. 92, Y. M. C. A., came in the form of a Crazy Cabaret on Tuesday evening, pronounced by Private J. E. Morey, of the 107th Ambulance Co. The cabaret stunt, although put on without scenery was a splendid one, and was thoroughly enjoyed by every one.

The program was as follows:

Pvt. J. E. Morey, 107th Amb. Co., as "Nat Wills."

Pvt. M. H. Holton, 106th Amb. Co., Monologist.

Sgt. G. H. Moore, 102d Sanitary Train; Pvt. J. O. Morey, Vet. Div. Off., in "Van and Schenk."

Corp. Leroy, 107th Amb. Co.; Pvt. DiGuilio, 102d Sanitary Train, "Clark and Verdi."

Pvt. M. Joyce, 107th Amb. Co., Story Teller.

Pvt. F. Sheridan, 107th Amb. Co.; Pvt. B. Keboe, 107th Amb. Co., 3-round Bout.

Corp. Hobbins, Pvt. J. E. Morey, and Pvt. J. O. Morey, Trio.

Announcer, Corp. Hobbins.

Producer, Pvt. J. E. Morey, 107th Amb. Co. Orchestra, Privts. Dunn, Melville, and Weiser.

The fight on the program was announced as the finish of a little argument that had been going on some time. Both men started into it with a whirl in the first round. Before the end of the round it had turned into a fox trot, a horse race, and several other things equally as funny. It ended suddenly in the second round when both men forgot their enmity toward each other and joined together to chase the referee off the stage.

Monday night Unit No. 92 was used for the Government movies. Wednesday night the building was crowded to the limit for the movies.

### Y. M. C. A. NOTE.

The Library has been moved into room No. 1 at the northeast corner of the stage where the nine hundred or more volumes will be better protected from dust and where the boys can readily scan the titles. More shelves have been built and other books will be added from time to time. More than half of the books are now out in the tents in the hands of readers. The boys are being looked after in this regard by H. E. Gordon, of Co. A Supply Train, and L. A. Hall, Truck Co. D Ammunition Train, who are acting as librarians.



## WORLD BREVITIES

### KEEP YOUR TITLE.

John Galsworthy on New Year's Day was offered knighthood as a reward for his literary productions. He refused it because he had always advocated democracy and because Kipling had never been knighted.

### GET YOUR BOATS.

The shipping problem is the greatest problem of the war. Although the submarine has been foiled yet it still is a great menace. It is now claimed that the amount of shipping will never again be so low as it was February 1st. Already several ships have been launched from our American shipyards and a thousand more are being made. The strike among the ship carpenters has been settled and they have returned to work; the government lodgings for ship workers are under way and will accommodate thousands of laborers. Germany is losing two submarines daily and sinking a smaller number of merchant ships. Hundreds of American destroyers armed with deep sea bombs and several secret devices make existence to a submarine anything but a holiday. And yet with all this good luck America must transport a million troops and billions of tonnage of supplies and munitions in order to win the war. All Europe is ablaze and again the devastating forces are moving westward. Can England, France and Italy hold till our men get to France? Can we get to France rapidly enough to be effective? That is the question.

### FOURTEEN DEMANDS OF WILSON.

1. No private international understanding.
2. Freedom of seas.
3. Equality of trade among all peace signers.
4. Reduction of armaments.
5. Adjustment of Colonial claims must consider the subject people.
6. Evacuation of all Russian Territory.
7. Evacuation and restoration of Belgium.
8. Evacuation and restoration of French Territory.
9. Frontiers of Italy re-adjusted.
10. Austria-Hungary to be self-governing.
11. Evacuation of Balkans and independence of same.
12. Security for Turk and peoples under Turk.
13. Independent Poland.
14. League of nations.

### CANADIAN BOYS.

Canada is reported to have about 750,000 men in the field, of which the Province of Ontario has sent 400,000, or half of all. Of all this number two per cent. have returned home incapacitated for service because of wounds of the graver sort. Only 101 had lost one arm, only one had lost both hands, only four were blinded, only seventy-two of all this number lost one eye, thirteen one hand, twelve one foot, six both legs. Ninety

per cent. of all wounded were able to take up their jobs held before the war. In France, ninety per cent. of the wounded return to their former occupations. Secretary Baker, basing his estimate upon the experience of all the allies promises 14 out of 15 men a return to America.

Allied war is bad enough yet it is not so destructive as often estimated and not as destructive as many industrial occupations here in America which never attract public attention.

### COST OF WAR.

It is estimated that this war will cost this nation twenty billions of dollars. This is the value of the whole United States at the end of the Civil War. The estimated value of the nation now is more than two hundred millions of dollars. The cost of the Civil War was four billions of dollars, or twenty per cent. of the value of the whole country. If the cost of the present war is twenty billions the cost will be less than ten per cent. of the value of the country. And yet twenty billions equals the indebtedness of any three of the most indebted nations before the war. The average wealth per individual in America is \$2,000. The debt will be \$200 apiece. Our annual national income is about forty-five billions per year. The debt would be less than a half year's income.

Teuton Peace Delegates go to Rumania. Rumania and Ukrania are making an Alliance against Russian Bolsheviki.

## EVERYTHING NEEDED

FOR

# TRACK

The Athletic Store

(OPPOSITE THE CLEVELAND HOTEL)

### GOING UP FAST.

#### Many Building Projects Are in Progress in Camp.

The Fiske-Carter Company, construction contractors in Camp Wadsworth, have many building operations in progress now and are anticipating orders for a great deal more soon.

At the base hospital several large buildings are being erected to provide additional sleeping quarters for the hospital staff and for the nurses. An additional building is being erected for an eye, ear and nose clinic, and the work of installing the hospital's sewerage system and steam heating equipment is still in progress. All this requires a large force of workmen.

The firm is also overhauling all the buildings in the camps of the seven skeletonized regiments, and enlarging some of the mess halls so as to accommodate the additional men expected to arrive soon. Stables are also being built in these regimental camps.

It is understood that a number of additional buildings are to be erected at the base hospital at an early date, but the orders for these buildings have not yet been received from the war department.

There will also be a great deal of additional construction as soon as the additional acreage is taken over, and this, with the work now in hand, makes it appear certain that the Fiske-Carter Company will remain here for the remainder of the year.

## COMPLETE EQUIPMENT

FOR

# BASEBALL

The Athletic Store

(OPPOSITE THE CLEVELAND HOTEL)

# HALT!

## Poole's Barber Shop



A REAL BARBER SHOP  
WITH REAL SERVICE.



TEN FIRST CLASS BARBERS  
NO WAITING.



TOOLS AND TOWELS STERILIZED.



BATHS—HOT OR COLD.



YOUR PATRONAGE APPRECIATED.



WELCOME VISITORS.



127 NORTH CHURCH ST.

## ELECTRICAL APPLIANCES

# GAS AND ELECTRICITY FOR ALL PURPOSES

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

### "ZE FLANDAERS, HE HAVE NOTHEENG ON ZIS."

French Instructors Remark to Battery  
D of 105th F. A., at Glassy Rock.

No, we are not camped on Baffin Bay, but at Glassy Rock. We believe our French instructor. He says: "Ze Flandaers, he have notheeng on zis. Ze mud, he make very fine shocla' puddin'."

Bill Ryan (our mess sergeant) claims that if the grub does not arrive soon he will have to act on this suggestion.

Our "Topper," Tyler Willson, put one over on the Supply Company. He and his whistle made a long and tedious trip to Asheville on a 48-hour pass, and corralled 48 pairs of boots. One pair per hour. Strenuous work, Tyler. We are glad he was able to find his way back to Glassy Rock, but it is too bad the whistle came tagging along with him.

"Mike" Doyle surprised us the other night with his ability as a boxer. You never can tell much about these "quiet" guys.

Speaking about the manly art of self-defense, Corporal Memmer is sporting a black eye and a spread-eagle nose. Who did it, Howard?

Private Patterson is making a record as an insurance agent. Any one who can talk Sergeant Willson into a 48-hour pass is good. This is undoubtedly why Paddy got the insurance job.

Corporal Jack Murphy is making good as Acting Provost Sergeant. It is a hard and thankless job, Jack. You have our sympathy.

Fifteen of our men do not feel the need for tables and benches up here. Lieutenant Orgill took them for a bareback ride to Tigersville yesterday.

The sixth section is again in trouble. A set of harness is missing. Corporal Bain, when asked if he expected to recover it, replied: "No, they didn't even leave a trace." Take him away, sergeant, he's a dizzy.

Pudding Carroll is now acting Stable Sergeant. At last they got him. He gets up at reveille nowadays.

Pop Everett, Supply Sergeant, is next on the list for furlough. Better arrange to be on that furlough next pay day, Ed. We don't like those deductions for C. & G. E.

Howard Duffy has at "last" got his stripes. Congratulations, Howard.

Our mascot, "Bum," is spending these balmy days in the mill. Too bad, Bum, you didn't do it.

We are getting salmon in disguise these days. Under the able and masterly leadership of our Mess Sergeant, Cooks Schwenk, Lepke and Martin must have attended the "camouflage" school, unbeknown to us. The occasional biscuits are further proof of this. The sick report still goes merrily in on the winds of the dawn. We wonder if the cooks feel that the medical department needs practice?

### SECOND ANTI-AIR CRAFT MACHINE GUN BATTALION.

Will someone please tell us how our esteemed K. P. Tracey got that furlough?

The canteen has been causing First Sergt. Masterson many sleepless nights of late, also the incinerator in B Street. Will the K. P.'s please take notice?

We are getting about 600 new men in the near future. What we would like to know is, how near is a future?

Prvt. Tormey has finally found a haven of rest, and states that no amount of persuasion will entice him away from his new found friends, with the big ears down in the corral. Don't stay there too long, Kid, or you may begin to look like one.

Our battalion seems to be undergoing a thorough course in air craft gunnery and the boys all feel that they can look forward to bagging any number of enemy air planes with their hammers and two by fours.

Sergt. Murray has taken up a Course in Carpentry and expects his diploma upon completion of the skippers shack. Which way is the door going to swing, Al?

We wonder what a certain few will do now that the lumber detail down at the Q. M. has ended.

Sergt. Call is still waiting to be made a C. O. and will then show us how a day's work should be abbreviated. He is a former navy man and was fondly known as Coffee Call—he never strains himself. While you are resting Sergeant, you may build a few mess shacks.

Headquarters Co. have assembled and are now occupying a prominent spot down near the showers. How we will miss that old familiar sound that resembled come sev—but never mind.

—H. H.

### CANADIAN SERGEANT HERE.

Sergt. Henderson, of the 104th Canadian Machine Gun Battalion, has just arrived in Camp Wadsworth and will be a member of the British military mission. He is an expert in the use of machine guns, and will give his attention to the instruction of the members of the machine gun units here.

Sergt. Henderson has seen active service in France since the outbreak of the war, and has been wounded three times. He is fresh from the battle fields.

Joe Shea is looking for another 48-hour pass. Asheville is a pretty nice town, at that, isn't it, Joe? At least Sergeant Meske thinks so. He tells us there are no M. P.'s up there. But then again, M. P.'s mean nothing in the lives of law-abiding soldiers. How about it, Dutch?

After three months of eagerly awaiting even "rumors" of the opening of the canteen and shower baths, we were suddenly surprised this morning to hear from someone who knows somebody, that both of these establishments would be ready for business shortly.

O. I. M.

### PLAN THEATRE HERE.

#### May Erect Big Showhouse for Camp.

The war department's commission on training camp activities plans to build a theater for Camp Wadsworth. S. A. Sparks, representing the E. J. Lynch company, was in camp recently, talking with several officers about the possibility of getting permission to erect such a building.

If any building of the kind is erected in camp it will be a first-class building, with first-class equipment and adapted to first-class production.

In the meantime the work of rounding up the vaudeville and dramatic talent in the Twenty-seventh division is going right ahead and the division theatrical association has about completed its organization. A number of entertainers of national reputation, who are members of the division, have offered their services, and rehearsals have been started for the division show.

#### COMPANY H, 107TH INFANTRY.

The Eighth Company has cause for both rejoicing and great sorrow this week. Our glee is due to the return of our ever-smiling French chef, Jim Thornton, from his furlough to the Only Town. We hope Jim, that there is still some of "It" left in spite of your ten days' of activity up yonder.

The sorrow comes because the lamented loss of our short-lived pet, Corp. Saalfield's goatee. We watched it grow from a mere suggestion to "a thing of beauty, a joy forever" and then, in a moment of ruthlessness that strongly resembles certain Hun pastimes, the Corporal slayed our pet with one slash of the Gillette—or was it a sponge?

Johnny O'Donnell claims that his idea of "a thing of beauty, etc." is a pass reading "——until 1 a. m." He commented thusly to the scribe the other night just as "taps" was probably blowing out at camp and, as Johnny was placing his order for the third "stacks o' wheats" in Burnett's.

The tough breaks come in bunches they say. Good fortune also rarely comes single-handed. Tom Korwan received a furlough last week and while away enjoying same he was made a corporal. If luck keeps up, Tom, you'll be able to make three aces win a pot.  
—A. H. V. Z.

#### THE THRILLS OF YOUTH.

After all the joys of youth are fairly well distributed between the sexes and, while a girl does not know the thrill that comes when one gets into one's first pair of long pants, though even that may fall to her lot before long now, on the other hand a boy doesn't know what it is to be a girl and walk around town with a soldier in uniform where the other girls can see.—Ohio State Journal.

#### TRANSFERRED.

Capt. Henry P. Zimmerman, medical reserve corps, is transferred from the 51st pioneer infantry to the 3d anti-aircraft machine gun battalion.

The Greatest  
Sporting Goods  
Store in the World



"Where the Blazed  
Trail Crosses the  
Boulevard"

Madison Avenue and Forty-fifth Street, New York

## Overseas Equipment



**T**HIS HOUSE has gained the recognition and support of military men because of its constant and thorough readiness to supply them with every detail of equipment.

The thing which the military men cannot get elsewhere is here—usually a special Abercrombie & Fitch production, the result of observation at the front.

And it has the unqualified guarantee of the establishment.

Every military article is made, not to meet a price, but to meet the actual needs of war.

This is the military outfitting establishment of America.

### Officers' Exhibition

An exhibition of Officers' Uniform, Equipment and Personal Requirements has been arranged in the Log Cabin on the roof of the Abercrombie & Fitch building.

For travel, for camp, for trench life, for his bed, for his feet, for his clothing outfit—whatever the officer needs is here.

### Abercrombie & Fitch Military Specialties

Aviation Suits—leather coat, with detachable fleece lining, and leather trousers with latest fastenings, an outfit for which this house is universally regarded headquarters, \$100.

Leather aviation coats with stitched-in lining, \$45.

The world's best bedding rolls, clothing rolls, Army flannel shirts and all-wool Army blankets.

"Neversink" life-saver belts and vests.

### Shod for War



Moccasin Trench Boots, here shown—the latest Abercrombie & Fitch development of war footgear—have already won the esteem of many experienced officers.

Officers' riding boots, field boots, engineers' boots, army shoes, cordovan and hide puttees, spurs and billet moccasins.

The largest selection  
of army all-wool  
socks in America.

Every Officer Should Write  
for Illustrated Booklet on  
Equipment for Military Men  
—Sent Free on Request.

## Abercrombie & Fitch Co.

EZRA H. FITCH, President

Madison Avenue and Forty-fifth Street, New York

BRANCH STORE NOW OPEN AT HOTEL CLEVELAND



# World Brevities

Edited by J. S. KINGSLEY



## WHAT HAS HAPPENED.

Premier Lloyd George and President Wilson favor a Supreme War Council to manage unified war control of all Allies.

Our railroads can not carry food to the ocean ports fast enough to fill ships awaiting there. Great Britain uses all her ships to carry food and munitions.

A German Patrol tries to surprise Americans and is riddled with machine gun fire by Americans.

Of nearly 5,000 ships entering or leaving British harbors only 15 were sunk last week.

Discovery has been made that the Kaiser's government sent money to Spanish anarchists to destroy public harmony in Spain and to take the life of the King.

The first Liberty Aeroplanes are on the way to France.

During the past month there were 19 Americans slain and 66 slightly wounded at the sector held by Americans.

The American Ambassador is greatly impressed when he sees the American Aviation Camp in France where 4,500 Americans are learning to fly.

Governor Whitman urges use of New York Barge Canal and this releases 18,000 cars each month and saves half the freight costs.

The second draft is expected between March and June. After which 100,000 men a month will be mustered.

Columbia University and Barnard College each receive a million dollars from a will.

The next Liberty Bonds will bear 4 1-2 per cent. interest.

The government has taken over the Hudson Tubes in New York.

The Germans renew war in Russia and capture Russian territory, cities, food, railroads, saying they do it for peace.

The ship crisis is past now, the shipping will increase rapidly.

British airmen drop tons of bombs upon German airdromes and docks.

Pershing will get mules from Spain.

Hoover promises one-third of our food or six train loads daily to the Allies.

Food shortage most critical because farmers are holding grain supplies and railroads are inadequate to carry the grain shipped.

In Council of Commissioners in Russia the vote was even for and against making peace with Germany but Trotzky decided it by voting for it.

The Germans capture Minsk with 10,000 prisoners also 1,500 guns; Germans capture thousands of Russian motor cars and hundreds of carloads of food.

The French shoot 5,000 shells in 15 minutes in barrage fire against Germans.

W. L. Hutcheson, head of the United Brotherhood of Carpenters and Joiners still holds out on strike demanding a closed shop. Later they declare strike off and all go to work. The difficulties will be arbitrated.

American bankers will furnish \$100,000,000 to Cuba to harvest the coming sugar crop.

A sudden German attack is expected by the Allies which is Germany's last supreme effort.

Report comes that General Kaledine, the Cossack general, shot and killed himself when his government decided to accept the Workmen's and Soldier's Council.

Edward Longhran attacked by four German planes is killed.

In an aeroplane collision on Long Island three are killed.

Germany gives Russia German demands for peace.

## GARFIELD SPEAKS.

Dr. Harry H. Garfield in explaining why he had ordered fuelless days said that the industrial output of America under the pressure of war so swamped the nation's transportation facilities that a suspension of industry was necessary to permit the railroads to catch up.

## A GOOD POLICY.

The army in France nearly to a man has sought government insurance to the limit. The last day to take out insurance was set for February 12, but President Wilson has extended the closing date sixty days from that date.

## AND STILL HE SINGS.

Caruso pays an income tax on his yearly salary as a singer and on his phonograph records. The tax was \$59,000 for this year.

## EASTERN MAZE.

Bulgaria resumes diplomatic relations with the Bolsheviki with whom Germany is commencing warfare. The Bolsheviki are arresting the Germans in Russia by the thousands, holding them as hostages. The Austrian foreign minister says Austria will not war against Russia.

## WAR CROSSES.

Six American boys, all members of the Motor Convoy Service have been awarded French war crosses for bravery and devotion to duty.

## MORE ENEMIES.

The Germans have made Poland an enemy by taking a part of a Polish province and giving it to the Ukraine.

## GOOD WORK.

The Police Bomb Squad seized enough explosives at 128th Street, New York, to wreck a city block.

## MAYOR MITCHEL.

Mayor John Purifoy Mitchel, formerly New York's mayor, has gone to San Diego to train for aviation service.

## GOING SOME.

A world's skating record for half mile was won at Lake Placid by Bobby McLean, of Chicago. Time, 1 minute, 16 1-5 seconds.

## GOOD MAN, GOOD JOB.

Will B. Hayes, of Indiana, is elected chairman of the National Republican Committee.

General Joffre was unanimously elected a member of the French Academy for having saved France.

## NEW JERUSALEM.

A committee of American Jews will soon go to Jerusalem to start planning a modern Jerusalem. It will be modernized in all respects. There will probably be four small states with four cities as capitals. An Institute of Arts and Crafts has already been founded.

## THE CRUELTY OF FATE.

Trotzsky and Kerensky were born in the same town, the fathers of both were teachers. Both boys were socialists, but Trotzsky was the more radical. The brother of Trotzsky was convicted for conspiring against the life of the Czar. Trotzsky himself was exiled. He changed his name and impersonated his jailer, thus he escaped. Kerensky became prominent as a democrat and socialist, he became a leader in the Duma. When the Czar was deposed Kerensky was the logical leader. Trotzsky was under arrest but Kerensky secured his freedom. Kerensky had a great friend who was general and leader of the Cossaks, his name was Komiloff. Kerensky began to meet opposition from different parties who were wild for a bloody revolution but Kerensky had resolved upon a bloodless revolution. Kerensky found more opposition and his friend, believing in using an iron hand, brings his army to help Kerensky. Kerensky repudiates his friend's plans of force and offends his friend. Finally, Kerensky is deposed and Trotzsky takes his place, offering a reward for Kerensky, dead or alive. Kerensky goes to the Cossaks for an army but is denied because he had refused it when it was offered.

## BOOMERANGS AND PAPER BULLETS.

The Bolsheviki by force have agreed to most humiliating terms of peace from Germany. Russia has lost her honor as well as her nationality, seaports and independence. All seems bright for the victorious Germans, for two million men will be released to go to the western front and vast stretches of fertile lands are thrown open to Germany. But there is another side for the Bolsheviki who are socialists and who do not believe in war find themselves invaded and oppressed without cause. This deed will rise again but it will rise in German soil as a curse. The German socialists are opening their eyes. Then the two million men in Russia filled with the spirit of freedom will not fight for German autocracy as they did of old. Germany has thrown a boomerang.

## DOES NOT SEEK DIVORCE.

After the passing of the conscription act in Canada there was much fear that Quebec would secede but at a recent representative meeting only one man favored secession.

**53D PIONEER INFANTRY, HDQRTS. CO.**

Sergeant S. G. Dilligan is on furlough. Must be some big attraction in Pennsylvania for Si.

Sergeant George Washington Kaiser is having quite a struggle with that Charlie Chaplin he is encouraging on his upper lip. We would recommend "Danderine" as a good hair tonic.

Private Arthur Harkin, our fatigue expert, deserves great praise for his efforts to keep our street clean.

Our First Sergeant, L. J. Krumsiek, must be superstitious about numbers. We hear him saying "96" very frequently. Must be a lucky number.

Corporal Carl E. Grafmuller, sometimes known as Cupid, has become the proud owner of a pair of hip boots.

Cook Bock can not work any more. Some one threw away all the bay leaves. The company extends its thanks to the kind friend that did it.

Sergeant Frank Tischbein is detailed to the Supply Company and keeps us supplied with the latest rumors, without requiring a requisition.

Corporal John M. Cope, our English comrade, still has both hands out for that commission. Lots of luck, John.

Sergeants John Rose and George Hawrey, familiarly known as "Micky" and "Danny," continue to make "D" street lively with their Irish comedy.

Supply Sergeant Hobby has had us putting in orders for clothing since last Christmas and is still asking for more. What does he do with all the paper he collects?

Sergeant Offerman, our over-worked sergeant, has been looking rather gloomy lately. We know it's a long way to Woodward and Flushing Avenue, but cheer up, another package of books will soon be here.

Private Joseph Mattox is leaving us this week, having received his discharge.

Mechanic Edward Nubel, our gasoline bug, has been working on the regimental auto and now that it is running, takes frequent trips to Spartanburg, for parts. Who is she, Eddie?

Sergeant James E. Brown who "fixes" our victrola when he is not busy writing poetry, submits the following:

While walking through the camp, just the other day,

I heard a young soldier, to his comrade, turn and say,

"Gee, Jimmy, let me tell you, I'd be happy as a clam

If I only was the fellow that my mother thinks I am.

"Gee, she thinks that I am a wonder, and she knows her little lad,

Could never mix with anything, that's ugly, mean or bad,

Lots of times I sit and think, how happy I would be, Gee, wiz!

If I only was the fellow that my mother thinks I is."

**105TH AMBULANCE ON THE JUMP.**

Every member of this company spends a good share of his time on the drill grounds of the Sanitary Train limbering up in wise preparation for trials in standing and running broad jumps, running high jump and the 100-yard dash.

On Thursday afternoon Capt. McKemy and Lieut. Ballantyne started to record the efforts of the men and by noon Sunday the lists were completed. When the records were examined it was found that Privates First Class Willis J. Bentley and David S. Earll, Jr., had set the highest marks in the events. Even the company clerks, Carl Rea and Bill Cate, turned out for the trials and—???

The boxing gloves, that formed a part of the athletic material recently received by this company, were given a thorough tryout in the mess hall last Friday evening. Sergt. Chaskel, acted as manager, coach, trainer, and handy man.

Among the lightweights that showed "class" were Corpl. Mendell and Wagoner Dave Earll. They uncorked such a mixture of speed and cleverness that their three-round bout was considered the best of the evening. Privates Holcomb and Short showed what little chance any stray Boche would have at close quarters with either of them. Husky Len Grabosky, unable to find any one of his size and weight, showed them all up by taking on Sergts. Zion, Kellerman and Briggs, and Privates Jones and Paetznick for three rounds each. All of his opponents were badly mugged up but Len still wore the smile that won't come off.

Not to be outdone by the enlisted men, Captains Latta and McKemy donned the gloves and pummelled each other for several rounds and Lieut. Ballantyne and Sergt. Chaskel showed speed and cleverness as they illustrated the different blows to the men.

The Soccer team brought back the scalp of the 105th Field Hospital team after a hard fought game with a score of 2 to 1. Clever pass work by Joe Collins, Bede Hutchinson, "Betsy" Moss and Frank Henry, with good team work gave us two goals early in the game. In the second half the Hospital team managed to secure their only goal.

**CAMP HARDSHIPS.**

"How does your son like army life?"

"Not very well. He says he doesn't mind marching when the band is playing, but he finds it mighty hard to get up any enthusiasm over chopping wood or peeling potatoes without musical accompaniment."—Detroit Free Press.

My friends, be yours a life of toil, or undiluted joy,

You still can learn a lesson, from this small unlettered boy,

Don't aim to be an earthly saint, with your eye fixed on a star,

Just try to be the fellow that your mother thinks you are.

—H. T. H.

Reporter for Company D.

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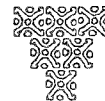
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 Grove Park Inn, Battery Park, Manor, Langren, Margo Terrace, Swannanoa, Glen Rock. Lots of good boarding houses.

For folder of Asheville, views and data, write

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

### 102D SUPPLY TRAIN.

The new 36 hour schedule came through Monday—all were pleased!!!

Sergt. Swetland, of Headquarters, busted into our Sanctum Sanctorum t'other evening and chirped the following:

"I've just rented the only house left in town with hot water, bath, etc."

From the way the Sergeant spoke you'd think there was two houses in Spartanburg with all those things.

Our regulation poet, Sergt. 1st. Cl. Walsh, of Co. A, has written a werry, werry, pretty poem. He said you can sing it to the tune of "Maryland." Here it is men. What's the verdict?

Spartanburg, Oh, Spartanburg, what is this talk that I have heard?

They said that peaches grew on trees,

But all I did down here was freeze;  
 Spartanburg, Oh, Spartanburg, it ain't the truth, that what I heard.

George Klingenstein, who Prvt. First Classes for Co. F, said that guy "Spinal Maginnuss," who is keeping all of us in camp, must be one tough Irishman.

The condition of the Ham and Egg Twins, of Co. F's muss committee, or mess committee—from latest returns, were improving rapidly. The twins are Prvt. First Class Edward L. Griffin and Corporal Charles E. Phillips. The instigator of this literature prefers the first line trenches.

Sergt. James Strassburg, of "All Over Camp Wadsworth," is now acting rationally. From the way he "dished out" the recent issue of coal he must be personally acquainted with Hoover.

Sergt. Dick Freyer, the Measle King and Gas Man, is one of the best liked men in camp. He knows where to get money where they ain't none.

The soccer team won another game Wednesday. Great game, that soccer. Its name must have originated from the way it's played. You sock a guy on the dome and if he shows signs of life, sock another all over his map, and so forth. It's great though—lots of exercise and gives the doctors practice.

The shower baths are now showering, thanks to Sergt. James Morton, of Co. E. Keep up the good work James, say we.

—R. P. F.

### SHALL WE DECLARE WAR?

Some are criticising our government for not declaring war against Turkey and Bulgaria, for not doing which we allow spies from these nations to work in our country. We also were lax in restricting women aliens the same as we did the men. Women were allowed privileges till lately which would furnish information invaluable to our enemies.

### 106TH INFANTRY, COMPANY D.

"It shall become a capital offense for any man to impart information as to troop movements of any kind, either by rail or transport," or words to that effect, blurbs G. O. 67,999. But we do hope that Mr. Creel will allow us to say just this much, "That D Company was torn asunder, and the inmates of the various tents along the line were scattered with their divers belongings to the four corners of the company street on last Sunday morning." This is only the sixteenth time that this has been perpetrated on the unsuspecting Galahads of this company since our arrival at this garrison. We are minded of Bernard Granville's story of the colored sentry doing the manual: "Cap'n, ah wishes yo'd please make up yo' mind."

To say nothing of the inconvenience caused Harry Ehrenberg. Poor Harry was virtually "driven from Eden" by having to move from Tent No. 1, to No. 21, from which stronghold he will wave the scepter over the fourth platoon. Robold was overwhelmed with glee to the extent that he grabbed the broom, and before he realized what he was doing, swept out the first sergeant's office for the second time in sixteen weeks of "Intensive" training. While Topper "Litch" smoked a campaign cigar, and softly recited, "Paradise Found."

"Dingbat" Adamson expects to leave on his furlough most any day now. He's taking his friend "Tuck" along to be the best man. And still more "furlodope:" Bockmeyer's back. And sworn affidavits have been unearthed by the Intelligence Bureau to the effect that he purchased three tickets to Washington on his return.

A note of sadness struck this usually cheerful street one week ago, when Corporal Jack Yount "passed out" at the Base Hospital, from dropsy. We're not going to indulge in high-sounding phrases. All that we shall say is, "That Jack was a good ole scout, and as square a corporal as ever put his feet into a pair of shoes." An actor by profession, Jack was a member of the Green Room Club of New York, and the Elks. Many soldiers of this division will recall the tremendous hit that he and Barney Toy made with their antics at the Harris Theatre Christmas Eve. We sent him to his old home in Stockton, Cal., in charge of a non-commissioned officer.

"Hi" Myers doesn't accept responsibility for this, but he's the one that we heard spring it anyway: "Ireland must be a gymnasium, for all the dumb bells came from There."

And now they tell us that we're to be here as long again as we've already been here—  
 It's camouflage.

—H. D. T.

### WHAT IS UKRAINE?

The great province of Ukraine is in Southern Russia and has a population of 20,000,000 people. It has declared itself independent of Russia and has made a peace treaty with Germany. It is opposed to redistribution of its land among the peasants which the Bolsheviki demanded for Russia.

## FIELD HOSPITAL COMPANY NO. 107.

The boys were joyfully surprised when they "saw by the papers" that Lieut. C. H. Reader, formerly the company bugler, was listed among the survivors of the ill-fated Tuscania.

When asked how soon he expected his application for furlough to be favored, Cobucci replied: "Well, occasionally speakin', jes' now I ain't got the most slightes' ideer, but if some action isn't takin' place atmediately, there'll be sumthin' sturin' around these parts, I'll tell yer!"

During the recent rainy spell the junction of "Columbus Ave." and one company street resembled a sea of mud. "Albany Wire" Hanahan was seated in the mess hall reading "The Adventures of Sir Walter Raleigh." Glancing toward the roadway he noticed a young lady, marooned on a log, hesitating before plunging into the mire. "Obeying that impulse" he laid the book aside and wading out to the lady in distress, he volunteered to carry her across the ditch and his services were accepted.

N. B.—He has since been decorated with the Order of Knight of the Bath.

A too speedy change from "thick-uns" to "thin-uns" has caused "Doc" Pierce's Celebrated Cough Mixture to be in great demand.

## Well Known Sayings Heard in the Company Street.

Dan Marshall: "Aw, wake up and die right."

"British" Womersley: "Oh, I say! Did you 'ear any new rumors?"

Murphy: "I sure do love sweet music."

"Dibby-Dab" Church: "A-ah! Chubby Noot, where d'ye get that stuff?"

Brophy: "Let's take a walk through the Pine Woods and stop at the Haunted House!"

Entire Company: "Hey, Sergeant! Any mail for me?"

Sergeant: "What do I look like—a letter carrier?"

## Heard at One of Our Lectures.

"Two-Shot-Ace-of-Spades Monty": "Lieutenant, what's the name of this bump at the back of your head?" (Indicating.)

Lieutenant: "Why that's the 'External Occipital Pretuberance.'"

"T. S. Ace of Spades Monty"; "O-o-oh!"

## Society Notes.

Sgts. G. Killian, Kilbourne and Potts, who were "Neophyte Raspberrians" (awaiting developments) have at last "Crossed the Threshold," and have been accepted into the First Degree of the Society of the Raspberry.

MILLON.

## UNOBTRUSIVENESS.

Officer (having pulled up recruit for not saluting): Now then, my man, don't they take any notice of officers in your battalion?

Recruit: Well, sir, it ain't that exactly; but I've always been one, as you might say, to keep meself to meself.—Punch.

## BASE HOSPITAL NEWS.

Private Foley, Ward 7, claims that mess calls and concerts are a continuous annoyance to him.

Sergeant Epps, Horseshoer Biggens and Private Ashdown say the nearest thing to home is Ward 14.

Hungry Campbell, Ward 8, is trying to transfer to a ward not so far from the kitchen.

Private B. F. Burgard is looking for a pinochle player. He claims the championship of Ward 7 since Finklestein left. Come on Armstrong.

Corp. McManus, the life of Ward 27, claims that dancing and sleep made him so good looking. Both at the same time, Corp.?

Mess Sergeant Linsmair, Ward 5, is learning to make some new dishes from the Hospital bill of fare.

Private C. E. Wilson is some correspondent—one little blue letter every day. Who is she?

Private Cobb, Ward 4, is still waiting for a box of candy that was sent before Christmas. Perhaps it's lost, Ty.

Private Pinzel, Ward 3, is talking about getting a furlough as soon as he recovers.

—C. E. W.

## 105TH INFANTRY, COMPANY L.

Corporal Woodward has recently been home on a furlough. The other day he received some photos of himself taken while away. On his uniform he has three huge medals. It was noticed that Frank had acquired a very serious case of roundness of the shoulders caused by the weight of said medals. How do you get that way, Frank?

Corporal Ed Rafter is at present filling Corporal Relihan's position as "right guide" on the line for seconds at mess, Corporal Relihan being on a furlough. Ed is by no means a rookie at this game.

Private Harry Savage has been telling us that he was expecting a position at our regimental canteen. We guess he got it, for on our bulletin board is a notice to the effect that the canteen will handle all laundry leaving camp.

Company "L" has just organized a baseball team. Great results are expected as the team is now under the management of Joe (Dodo) Gardener, "The Pride of Poughkeepsie."

Billie Knoth (Whispering Willie, the boy wonder from White Plains), is a pitcher of fourteen years' experience in the big leagues.

Privates Claude Gemmiel, Jenkins and Alonzo Dean Allen, will act as pinch hitters. They are a pair of rare birds.

Corporal Mark J. Dunn has just received a pair of baby blue pajamas from home. Corporal Dunn wasted the best part of last night sewing his chevrons on them.

Jack Leonard was promoted to the rank of Sergeant. His three stripes must have had some powerful effect on his lungs. Gee! Can't that boy yell?

—T. J. K.

## 105TH INFANTRY, COMPANY C.

We wish to thank our most able Mess Sergeant for the dinner Sunday. We had the honor of having the Colonel as a guest and he made a very fine speech which all the boys enjoyed.

The "Healthy Fourth Squad" did away with their stove but now they are all wishing it back again. Private Bill Casey says he'll guarantee to tend it if we get it back.

We have quite a few expert bombers in our company. Corp. Theall wants to know what is a bomb for?

The Third Squad has the "Gimmies" something terrible.

Sergeant J. Lopez wants to be a Y. M. C. A. man. "If you keep it up, Jack, you'll be one soon." He hasn't missed a movie so far.

—J. D. G.

## ON THE JUMP AT THE TRAINING SCHOOL.

(Continued from page 3)

were that I had overestimated the distance and had passed Charleston and was in the Atlantic.

When they fished me out of the mud hole into which I had plunged and stretched out the tape, they discovered that I had flown fourteen feet, one inch.

—W. A. D.

## Soldier's Rosary

Most appropriate gift to the boys going—to the girls who don't go, too—Tom Thumb, an exquisite bit of a 10-inch rosary (sterling silver or rolled gold) in same-metal case of the size of a 25c. piece. In plain case, \$4.25; engraved, \$4.75. A solid 10-karat gold, hand-made, soldered-link rosary, in oblong same-gold case, \$25; 14-karat, \$30; sterling silver, \$10; best rolled-gold, \$12. Sent on approval on receipt of price; to be returned if not wanted.

When a going man, or the girl he leaves behind him, gets such a gift—any one of 'em—all are happy over it.

VATTI ROSARY Co., 108 Fulton St., New York.

## Easter Rosary

The Vatti new-"pearl" rosary is as fine (to look at and for wear) as real pearl costing thousands of dollars. White, with a gleam of pink in the "pearl." It's a wonder. You can't imagine the beauty of it. Its only defect is its cheapness! Rolled gold or silver, \$10; solid 10 kt. gold, \$25; 14 kt. gold, \$30. It puts mother-of-pearl to shame and is guaranteed a lifetime. The ideal Easter, First Communion, Graduation or Wedding gift.

You can see it by sending the price; to be returned if not wanted.

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any desired angle.  
Takes a battery of a size standard  
the world over.

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**INTERSTATE ELECTRIC NOVELTY COMPANY**  
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#### COMPANY M, 106TH U. S. INFANTRY.

We had been told various times that New York town has lost all its attraction, but, until now we could not believe it. Corporal Shillitto proved that it is so by returning one day ahead of his furlough.

Sergeant Maule has been appointed leader of the fourth platoon and the tail enders have shown their deep affection for him from the very first day. In fact they all hope his wishes come true and his transfer to the Q. M. C. takes effect at the earliest, or else he is going to miss the whistle some day.

Corporal Scallon has been telling everybody for the last two months that he will get a furlough "next Saturday, sure." Why not try to announce it for some other day of the week, Corporal? It might get the topper balled up and give you one by mistake.

We wish we could get a furlough, too. We are not particular whether it is given to us by mistake or otherwise.

Lieutenant Stevens appeared at retreat with a new gold bar decorating each one of his shoulders. Private Schmitt's observing glance noticed that, and he said admiringly, "Oh, look, Lieutenant Stevens has been promoted Second Lieutenant!"

#### OUTRANKED IN THE KITCHEN.

The son of the well-to-do family had recently joined up as a private, and was spending his leave at home.

Returning from a walk, his mother espied a figure in the kitchen with the housemaid.

"Clarence," she called to her son, "Mary's got some one in the kitchen. She knows perfectly well that I don't allow followers. I wish you'd go and tell the man to leave the house at once."

Clarence duly departed to the kitchen, but returned in about half a minute.

"Sorry, mother, but I can't turn him out."

"Can't turn him out? Why on earth not?"

"He's my sergeant!"—Saturday Night.

## A Few of the Features in next week's

### GAS ATTACK:

#### With the Chorus Girls of Camp—

an article about the Division show.

#### A Striking Cover Design—

by Pvt. Don Emery, Sanitary Detachment, 107th Inf.

#### The Story of a Fighter—

an account of the amazing work one man is doing at the edge of camp. By R. E. C.

#### Speaking of Operations—

a humorous sketch by Albert F. Smith, Medical Detachment, Base Hospital.

#### A Full Page by Lauten—

and other illustrations about camp.

#### Echoes of Pay Day—

a story postponed from this week.

#### Ethelburt Jellyback, Private,

and

#### Bill's Letter to Mable

#### Poems, Pictures, and lots of news—

from the various outfits, from one end of camp to the other, from the Pioneers to the Remount Station.

#### PERSONAL CAMOUFLAGE.

I suppose that in every camp there are some make-believe soldiers. Maybe it wouldn't take a psychological expert to find a few in Camp Wadsworth. Most of the men of the New York Division are real soldiers and are pushing the game for all there is in it. But some don't seem to realize that they are in the army.

"Bunk" mayn't be in the dictionary, but ask any soldier what it means. He knows. One hates to disillusion the folk back home under whose proud and patriotic eyes this may fall, but a man who is a loafer in civil life isn't always made over when he dons the olive drab. Sometimes, before his uniform loses its new appearance, the old habits of shirking and sponging creep back. He mayn't realize it, for the soldier who judges himself usually gets a light sentence. But it would jolt him to know what his superiors think.

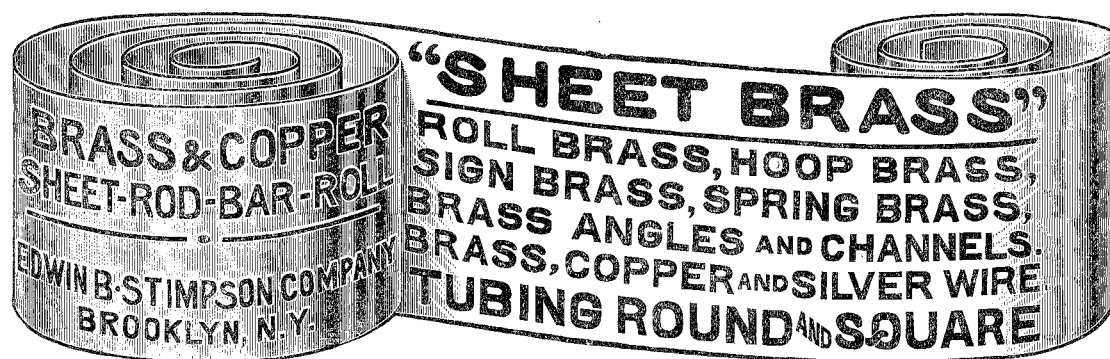
That the civilian may follow our meaning, one offers exhibits: The lazy supply sergeant with the over-burdened look and the nothing-doing habits. The sentinel who strolls his post and comes to life only when some one is watching him. The passing soldier studying the distant horizon to save muscular energy by not saluting the approaching officer. The member of the company who is willing enough for others to do kitchen police, but isn't ready to take his turn. The man who groans at fatigue duty and at standing guard, but who is a hero when it comes to bunk fatigue or mess. And the soldier who "soldiers" because he has friends higher up. There aren't many in Camp Wadsworth, but some.

It will be different over there. Major-General O'Ryan says he saw soldiers standing in the trenches in water up to their knees, half frozen, but without a murmur. The American soldier will be just as good a sport when he gets up against the real thing. Many a man who flunks when things are easy stiffens gloriously in a crisis. And things are easy in Camp Wadsworth, dead easy. Many of us have gone into the Adirondacks or Canada on a vacation and worked harder and lived harder three times over, just for fun. Men need the iron of necessity to bring out their best. Every man will feel that good over there and respond to it.

Meanwhile why not get the habit? Why not get it into your head once and for all that you are in the army and that army life and civilian life are different things? Men do things here in camp for which they would be stood against a wall over there. Why do them? Why not get used to following regulations? Someone quoted to Carlyle a rather grand remark of Margaret Fuller, "I accept the universe." "Gad, she'd better," was his reply. The same with the army. It is your universe, just now. Accept it. Gad, you'd better! Quit pretending. Cut the cant. Do everything with a snap, from saluting an officer to scrubbing the mess shack. Snap it. That's the game.

PAUL MOORE STRAYER.



**AMBULANCE COMPANY NO. 107.**

Musician Patsy Turrian and his orchestra, all raggy ragtimers, have been provided syncopated melody for the Nurse's Home on several evenings. The resultant "intelligence" reported back to the boys appertaining to certain young nurses and the prepossession thereof has precipitated a deluge of applications for the post of bass-drummer. The orchestra has kept engagements with such quality as the Headquarters Troop, the K. of C., and the Y. M. C. A. here in camp, and played for the Country Club in Spartanburg. Turrian, Gaillard, Chris Dunn, and Sergeant Bolin of the 107th, Clements and Collins of the 108th, Glohn of the 105th, and Houser of the 105th F. H., comprise the artistic group.

Lieutenant Russell has discovered a new outdoor sport which is productive of considerable speculation, and some remorse. One might go so far as to say also that the new game causes alarm, particularly to the Supply Sergeant. This up-to-the-minute wrinkle is wall scaling, or, in the words of war, a preparation for chasing the Fritzes across the house-tops of Berlin. The first effort showed the men proficient in second-story work, but it also showed the missing seats of ten good pairs of army breeches, which hung about the building in much the fashion of camouflage when the recall was sounded.

Rearrangement of the squad system dispossesses the Corporals from their roost in No. 11, and flings them helter skelter all over the street, each to his own tent squad. Gone are the merry days of old, when ensconced behind the portal of the exclusive home, and strong in a perfect unity, they plotted against the hard-earned freedom of the lowly private.

Our former Top Cutter, George Goodfellow Moore, has gone to the M. P.'s with our former C. O. Captain Maeder, and our miss is huge.

Mess Sergeant Barnfather is persistent unto vast dimensions. And tricky, too. One morning for breakfast we had a cereal no expert on such matters could diagnose. More than the miraculous twelve baskets were left. For dinner the same unknown masked article was served up in the form of pud-

ding. The K. P.'s carted most of it back to the kitchen. Despite a few raisins shot into it with a shotgun, the same taste was there. In the evening, attractive biscuits were handed out liberally, and even with that clue, no one suspicioned the truth. The things were nameless, but they went well, and it wasn't until later in the evening that we discovered we had finally stowed away the cereal of the morning.

The new Divisional order effecting the passing of the prescribed athletic test is meeting with a hearty response in this company. All hours of the day and night men are jumping, running, and firing hand grenades in all sorts of places.

The 107th Dramatic Association will put on shows in the K. of C. and Y. M. C. A. huts in the near future. Private Jim Morey, actor, artist, and ambitious, is guiding the footsteps of the thespians.

1st Lieutenant Martin de Forrest Smith assumed command of this company on the transfer of Captain Maeder to the Military Police.

Private Tangemann, the designated moving picture operator of the camp, has a difficult time when the pictures he so ably presents bear a stamp the vintage of 1900 or when they portray the life history of bugs, canaries, and alarm-clocks. He is endowed with courage, for it is a brave man indeed who will reel off the uninteresting evolutions of a baby Goofus to a bunch thirsting for romance, love, Charlie Chaplin, and cabarets.

Bill Keogh has grown serious. He is now a married man with responsibility. In New York City while on leave he took unto himself a wife. The secret was discovered when Bill received two letters in the same week. Some claimed he wrote them himself.

Hugh Ramsay was recently transferred to this command from Machine Gun Battalion 105.

Sergeant James Tracy has been promoted and transferred to the Division Veterinary Corps, where he is First Sergeant.

Privates Benjamin, Kent, and Hart were transferred to this command from other outfits in the Division. All are on special detail at the Base Hospital. G. F. B.

**HIS EXCUSE FOR CALLING.**

A member of the American Lafayette squadron had to make a precipitate descent and was fortunate enough to come down at a British aerodrome behind the lines, not, however, without mixing up things a bit. After rescuing himself from the tangle of wire he limped slowly up to a "brass hat."

"Are you the big noise of this joint?" he asked.

"I am the commanding officer, if that has anything to do with it," was the reply.

"Well," said the American, "I just looked into tell you I have spread the gasoline tank on your front grass plot."—London Tit-Bits.

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in  
South Carolina

Private Peat  
Over the Top  
Rhymes of a Red Cross  
Man



The DuPre Book Store  
Spartanburg, S. C.

## Machine Gunners Banging Away

Company C, of the 106th, Wins Major  
McLeer's Prize.

From February 1st to the 9th, members of all Machine Gun Companies in the Division have had the target practice on the 1,000 inch Range about one and one-half miles northeast of camp. The Colt Auto. Machine Gun, Model of 1917 (Army type), was used throughout the work and the firing was conducted by platoons under the various platoon officers.

Each platoon fired 1,000 rounds at a system of four Squad Bull's Eye Targets and a Landscape Target. The work of each platoon was judged, rated, and carefully recorded in the following manner and covering the following points.

**Platoon Marksmanship**—A score for the combined work of the Platoon on the Bull's Eye Targets. Highest possible score, 320.

**Landscape Target**—A rating of firing of Platoon at a Landscape Target (in terms of Excellent, Very Good, Good, Fair, Poor and Bad).

**Platoon Workmanship**—A rating of the actual work of the Platoon. Fire discipline, drill, loading, general precision of their work.

**Conduct of Fire**—The work of the Platoon Commanders. Orders and general handling of the Platoon.

**Final Rating**—A general rating of the Platoon, taking all four of the above scores and ratings into account. In terms of Excellent, Very Good, Good, Fairly Good, Fair, Poor and Bad.

### GENERAL RATING OF PLATOONS.

#### Excellent.

- 1—1st Platoon, "D" Company, 104th M. G. Bn.—Lieut. Black.
- 2—2nd Platoon, "D" Company, 104th M. G. Bn.—Lieut. Hancock.
- 3—1st Platoon, "C" Company, 106th M. G. Bn.—Lieut. Schelling.
- 4—3rd Platoon, "A" Company, 104th M. G. Bn.—Lieut. Andrews.
- 5—1st Platoon, "A" Company, 105th M. G. Bn.—Lieut. Bigelow.

#### Very Good.

- 6—3rd Platoon, M. G. Company, 108th Infantry—Lieut. Sommer.
- 7—2nd Platoon, "B" Company, 106th M. G. Bn.—Lieut. Cummings.
- 8—2nd Platoon, "C" Company, 106th M. G. Bn.—Lieut. Walton.
- 9—3rd Platoon, "A" Company, 106th M. G. Bn.—Lieut. Wellington.
- 10—1st Platoon, "A" Company, 104th M. G. Bn.—Lieut. Adsit.
- 11—2nd Platoon, "A" Company, 106th M. G. Bn.—Lieut. Beamish.
- 12—2nd Platoon, "A" Company, 105th M. G. Bn.—Lieut. Cooke.
- 13—3rd Platoon, "C" Company, 105th M. G. Bn.—Lieut. Flash.

- 14—1st Platoon, "B" Company, 106th M. G. Bn.—Lieut. Badenhausen.
- 15—2nd Platoon, "A" Company, 104th M. G. Bn.—Lieut. McCahill.
- 16—1st Platoon, "A" Company, 106th M. G. Bn.—Lieut. Roberts.
- 17—3rd Platoon, "C" Company, 106th M. G. Bn.—Lieut. Deveraux.
- 18—3rd Platoon, M. G. Company, 107th Infantry—Lieut. Gow.
- 19—1st Platoon, M. G. Company, 107th Infantry—Lieut. Harry.
- 20—2nd Platoon, "C" Company, 104th M. G. Bn.—Lieut. Cassion.
- 21—1st Platoon, "C" Company, 105th M. G. Bn.—Lieut. Leake.
- 22—2nd Platoon, M. G. Company, 107th Infantry—Lieut. Judson.
- 23—3rd Platoon, M. G. Company, 106th Infantry—Lieut. Curtiss.
- 24—3rd Platoon, "D" Company, 104th M. G. Bn.—Lieut. Menzie.

#### Good.

- 25—1st Platoon, "B" Company, 105th, M. G. Bn.—Lieut. Evans.
- 26—2nd Platoon, M. G. Company, 108th Infantry—Lieut. Butterfield.
- 27—2nd Platoon, "B" Company, 104th M. G. Bn.—Lieut. Wells.
- 28—3rd Platoon, "B" Company, 104th M. G. Bn.—Lieut. McLeer.
- 29—2nd Platoon, "C" Company, 105th M. G. Bn.—Lieut. Vanderhoef.
- 30—1st Platoon, M. G. Company, 105th Infantry—Lieut. Bird.
- 31—2nd Platoon, M. G. Company, 105th Infantry—Lieut. Crewe.
- 32—3rd Platoon, "B" Company, 106th M. G. Bn.—Lieut. Freeman.
- 33—3rd Platoon, "B" Company, 105th M. G. Bn.—Lieut. Babcock.
- 34—3rd Platoon, M. G. Company, 105th Infantry—Lieut. Higbie.
- 35—2nd Platoon, M. G. Company, 106th Infantry—Lieut. Behrens.
- 36—1st Platoon, M. G. Company, 106th Infantry—Lieut. Smith.

#### Fairly Good.

- 37—2nd Platoon, "B" Company, 105th M. G. Bn.—Lieut. Matthews.
- 38—1st Platoon, "B" Company, 104th M. G. Bn.—Lieut. Harbinson.

#### Fair.

- 39—3rd Platoon, "A" Company, 105th M. G. Bn.—Lieut. Upjohn.
- 40—1st Platoon, M. G. Company, 108th Infantry—Lieut. Mackay.
- 41—1st Platoon, "C" Company, 104th M. G. Bn.—Lieut. Lester.
- 42—3rd Platoon, "C" Company, 104th M. G. Bn.—Lieut. Brodsky.

**Bull's Eye Marksmanship Records By Company, Platoon and Squad.**

**Score By Company (Possible 960).**

For Company, Platoon and Squad Prizes offered by Major Edward McLeer, (104th M. G. Bn.); Major William Wright, (105th M. G. Bn.), and Major Mortimer B. Bryant (106th M. G. Bn.).

1—"C" Company, 106th M. G. Bn....	879
(Winner Major McLeer's prize)	
2—"A" Company, 106th M. G. Bn....	878
3—"A" Company, 104th M. G. Bn....	874
4—"D" Company, 104th M. G. Bn....	863
5—M. G. Company, 108th Infantry....	839
6—"B" Company, 106th M. G. Bn....	834
7—"A" Company, 105th M. G. Bn....	833
8—"C" Company, 105th M. G. Bn....	817
9—"B" Company, 104th M. G. Bn....	788
10—M. G. Company, 107th Infantry....	785
11—"B" Company, 105th M. G. Bn....	771
12—M. G. Company, 105th Infantry....	734
13—"C" Company, 104th M. G. Bn....	728
14—M. G. Company, 106th Infantry....	684
Score By Platoon (Possible 320).	
1—1st Platoon, "D" Company, 104th M. G. Bn.....	318
(Winner Major Wright's prize)	
2—3rd Platoon, M. G. Company, 108th Infantry .....	312
3—2nd Platoon, "D" Company, 104th M. G. Bn.....	308
4—2nd Platoon, "B" Company, 106th M. G. Bn.....	308
5—2nd Platoon, "C" Company, 106th M. G. Bn.....	307
6—1st Platoon, "B" Company, 105th M. G. Bn.....	303
7—3rd Platoon, "A" Company, 106th M. G. Bn.....	302
8—1st Platoon, "C" Company, 106th M. G. Bn.....	300
9—1st Platoon, "A" Company, 104th M. G. Bn.....	300
10—2nd Platoon, "A" Company, 106th M. G. Bn.....	300
11—3rd Platoon, "A" Company, 104th M. G. Bn.....	298
12—1st Platoon, "A" Company, 105th M. G. Bn.....	293
13—2nd Platoon, "A" Company, 105th M. G. Bn.....	292
14—3rd Platoon, "C" Company, 105th M. G. Bn.....	291
15—2nd Platoon, M. G. Company, 108th Infantry .....	288
16—2nd Platoon, "B" Company, 106th M. G. Bn.....	286
17—2nd Platoon, "B" Company, 104th M. G. Bn.....	283
18—2nd Platoon, "A" Company, 104th M. G. Bn.....	276
19—1st Platoon, "A" Company, 106th M. G. Bn.....	276
20—3rd Platoon, "B" Company, 104th M. G. Bn.....	276
21—3rd Platoon, "C" Company, 106th M. G. Bn.....	272
22—3rd Platoon, M. G. Company, 107th Infantry .....	270
23—1st Platoon, M. G. Company, 107th Infantry .....	270
24—2nd Platoon, "C" Company, 104th M. G. Bn.....	267
25—2nd Platoon, "C" Company, 105th M. G. Bn.....	264
26—1st Platoon, "C" Company, 105th M. G. Bn.....	262

(Continued on page 36)

## WHAT THE SIGNAL BATTALION HAS BEEN DOING.

(Continued from page 13)

Liaison School has emphasized from the beginning.

### Communication in the Trenches.

As on the former occupation, a detachment from the Battalion joined the first garrison in occupation of the Divisional Trenches on February 12th and laid complete communication lines, this time by telephone; on which service was not interrupted during the 72 hours. The more civilized camp telephones which recently arrived and were this time put in use, seemed to charm and tempt the Infantry officers more seductively than our little pets, the buzzers, employed before. As before, the rest of the garrison cheerfully withdrew on account of weather conditions, and left our detail to swim out on its own hook when it should feel inclined.

During the shower on the evening of February 14th, the operator in one forward dugout remained at the post until the water reached his waist, then took out the telephone instrument, made the line ends secure against a "water short," set up on the parapet outside, and continued service, standing in water above his knees "until properly relieved."

The Battalion, like everyone else in sight, has recently been completely gassed by the bit o' plaid. We took it most seriously, however, for none of us apparently is a candidate for that martyrdom proposed as a preventive of worse disaster on the other side; and the practice stood the first trench detail in good stead, for the fifteen (false) alarms of the three days, showed remarkable speed in taking cover, and nearly as great ability to speak intelligibly over the telephone with the masks on as with them off.

Practice alarms at home, however, have not been so uniformly successful, for it is reported that one operator, busy at buzzer school, aroused by a sudden "GAS!" was so upset that he put the connector jack plug in his mouth, one wire over his ear, the other around his waist, and tried to use the transmitter as a monocle, all within 4½ seconds. It is well to remember the uses and limitations of the instrument you are working with.

Major William L. Hallahan, Commanding the Battalion, has been ill for a week, at his temporary home in Spartanburg, with a severe attack of the grip, starting in the regular cold and cough and complicated by a considerable period of overwork.

Lieut. Gorden Ireland.

### GREAT THOUGHTS OF GREAT MEN.

"We are fighting in France because it is there we can strike the enemy, but if we are defeated in France we shall be conquered in America; no longer shall we be freemen but the slaves of the most merciless and brutal taskmaster the world has known."—George Harvey.

"We may play at war and pay the cost in the toll of blood, or we can make war with courage, resolution and intelligence and our reward shall be fewer of those pathetic crosses on the way side of France."—George Harvey.

"In all history there has been nothing more superb than the heroism of that 'contemptible little British army,' fighting with bare hands against the on-rushing German legions armed with machine guns and heavy artillery, who day after day were forced back and fiercely contested every foot with never a thought of surrender and then at last turned and defeated the enemy; or the French fighting and feinting until they were in position to stop Kluck and save Paris from the barbarians; or the Italians inch by inch scaling the snow capped mountains; or the Russians mowed down by thousands, stolidly waiting to take from the dead a rifle, in the end to be betrayed by their leaders."—George Harvey.

"Peace, a perdurable peace, will come only when the fangs of the mad beast of Europe have been drawn, when the military power of Germany is broken; when the German people are under the harrow, sweating to pay the indemnity that is the price of their crime, in their poverty and suffering made to realize the suffering they have brought to the world."—George Harvey.

"We realize it was just those fourteen days of Belgian resistance that saved America."—Myron T. Herrick.

"Let it be written that Kerensky fell because he had overestimated the intelligence and patriotism of his own people."—Boris Shumansky.

"The name of Leon Trotzsky will go down in history as that of one of the biggest noise makers the world has ever known."—K. Berecvici.

"Half a million of Polish women have had their lives shattered by the greatest tragedy that can come to a woman. Thirty thousand young men have been hanged for refusing to enlist in the German-Austrian armies. There are no children under seven years of age in Poland. New-born children die almost immediately for their mothers have nothing to give them but tears."—Paderewski.

"Will you co-operate or obstruct?"—President Wilson to the striking carpenters.

"If we need automatic guns to whip the Kaiser we need automatic saving to support our automatic guns."—Herbert N. Fell.

### COALLESS DAYS.

Mr. W. H. Manes, industrial agent of the Baltimore and Ohio Railway, says that the eight coalless days saved 3,456,000 tons of coal but he also estimated that the saving of this amount of coal cost over \$4,000,000,000 or \$289 a ton.

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and you hear the best  
in music.

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Orchestra is"*

**C. L. HENRY, Manager**

## HARRIS

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absolutely clean.

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Triangle Photoplays.  
Sanitary—Repainted—Renovated.  
For Your Benefit.

## RIALTO

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New Seats, New Draperies, Thoroughly  
Cleaned, Finest Photoplays.

## BIJOU

The Cleanest, Coziest Theatre south of  
the North Pole.  
FEATURE PLAYS

## Letters to the Editor

(Continued from page 6)

From the standpoint of the interests of the government it must be evident that there is not a single soldier veteran of the Mexican border service, now in the army, who would not render better and more cheerful service to his country from now on and have greater pride in himself and in his organization as a result of recognition by his government of the value of his service to it in the summer and winter of 1916. All we can say to the writer of the foregoing letter is that we have no knowledge whether any further action is contemplated on the part of the war department to acknowledge and reward in the simple manner referred to, the services rendered by the guard troops on the Mexican border. Apparently such recognition is not contemplated and the only favorable outlook would seem to lie in Congressional action, as was done by the Act of Congress, approved June 29, 1906, for the regular army for service in the Philippines.

J. S. K.

FROM A WELL-KNOWN AUTHORESS.

116 E. 63d St., New York.  
February 9th, 1918.

Editor Gas Attack:

I have just finished reading your magazine for December 22nd, which fell into my hands by chance and I can not resist writing you and congratulating you on the extremely witty and entertaining magazine, which you have turned out. As a fairly constant contributor to all the magazines, I may be supposed to know something about them, and it gives me great pleasure to assure you that I have never read any one magazine which moved me both to tears and laughter in a half hour, with the exception of yours. I am so much impressed by its sincerity and cleverness that I am enclosing \$1.00 in the hope that you will be able to send me a complete file up-to-date of your publication and continue the service for as long as the money holds out, including postage, after which I shall be pleased to renew my subscription.

May I especially mention the verses entitled "Dicky Dow, U. S. R.," which seemed to me to promise as fine a collection of service verses as England has given us. I am enclosing with this a short article of my own written for the Girl Scouts, which will be used as a basis for propaganda for the school children of the country, in the hope that it may interest the men in the trenches to know a little of what we are trying to do in appreciation of their work, among the young people.

With every hope that this little article may give to the editors of this magazine a little of the pleasure that their magazine gave me, believe me,

Yours sincerely,

JOSEPHINE DASKAM BACON,  
(Mrs. Selden Bacon.)

"WHY WE ARE AT WAR."

**A Striking Parable for Children That  
Your Little Brother Should  
Read.**

A valuable contribution to the literature of the war is a vivid parable written by Mrs. Josephine Daskam Bacon, the well-known authoress, whose aim is to impress on the minds of the nation's children why their fathers and big brothers are fighting. The parable, "Why We Are At War" is printed in the Rally, the National Girl Scouts' Magazine, and every soldier should have his son or daughter or little brother and sister read it. Send for it to 527 Fifth Avenue, New York City.

Belgium is pictured as a playground near a school. A gang of tough Big Boys invade it, knocking down the littler boys, kicking and mistreating the little girls, and hurting the children who are on their way to school. Of course, it is obvious that the Big Boys are the Germans. The United States is represented as a Special Class, in a school on a hill where the Big Boys can not come. They are indifferent at first to the brutality of the Big Boys, but at last go to aid of the littler boys and girls.

Mrs. Bacon concludes her striking story with these words:

"We are not in this great and terrible war because of some little petty legal quibble. We are not in it because a ship carrying Americans was blown up. We are not in it, because if we had not got in it, we would have run the risk of being humiliated and friendless.

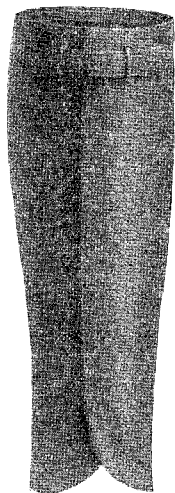
"No; we are in it, shoulder to shoulder with determined England and glorious France, because we allies; are determined that the world shall not slip back, thousands of years, into cruelty and brutality and oppression. We are going to keep it up to the ideals it has been climbing to all these long generations; and if, in keeping it, we must die for these ideals, why, we Scouts have our motto to fit even this last proof of our loyalty; 'Be Prepared.'"

—R. E. C.

**43 NEW SECRETARIES NEEDED EVERY  
24 HOURS.**

More than 1,200 Y. M. C. A. Secretaries of the American Associations are now on duty in France. One hundred and forty-four sailed last week.

"Imposing as these figures sound," reports the Y. M. C. A. Camp Bulletin, "They represent but a part of the needs of the Association for men for war work. It is estimated that during the next four months the Y. M. C. A. must add forty-three new secretaries every twenty-four hours, if it is to man adequately its army and navy centers and administrative and other offices both here and abroad."



1



2

## MILITARY PUTTEES

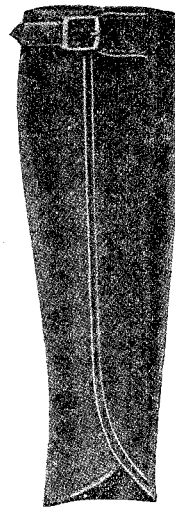
English Pigskin, Full Lined .....	\$12.00
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3



4

## WITH THE CAMOUFLEURS OF CAMP

(Continued from page 9.)

ingenious side and shriek for all his inventive brain-cells.

### The Work Abroad.

For some months the Italians have been carrying tons of ammunition and supplies and thousands of men over a camouflaged road and not one bomb or shell has been dropped on or near its location. For one stretch of eight miles the roadway is covered and shielded by screens of raffia, another stretch by artificial trees, but it is a triumph of camouflage, whatever the methods employed. Trains, grass-covered and painted, have traversed the distances from base to front in France and have escaped detection for periods of many weeks. Thousands of tanks have been constructed under canopies of raffia, unchecked by myriads of enemy aeroplanes flying and photographing from above. Men have laid close to the enemy's lines for entire days and escaped detection, ensconced behind false shell crater sides or within hollow stumps. In fact, in this war there is hardly a step or movement where the camouflage man's hand is not apparent. In the dead of night, working more by sense of touch than sight, he is called upon to disguise a machine gun opening, or cover a communication trench. The safety of valuable men may depend upon the accuracy of his workmanship, his knowledge of color or his ingenuity.

When Capt. Palmer or Sergeant Ames have pounded the words, "Go ahead and make it" into the 70 or 80 men at the Wadsworth school, it shows they know thoroughly the great fundamental principle underlying all camouflage. You can make sketches and theorize forever on this work and get nowhere. What you have to do is to go out and actually hide—camouflage from the observer—whosoever he may be, the gun or trench or opening in question.

You have actually to know how to make a false stump or raffia screen or imitation

crater side. You have to know the technique of the business, and you have to know how to dig when it's necessary. But what you need above all else is an active mess of gray matter in your upper story, and you must know how to use that mess. Conditions always changing on a battle front will require new ideas. Not a stump or stone or anything you've built before, but something new, and you've got to be there "with the goods."

And the great majority of the men have produced "the goods." Adverse weather conditions have made work difficult upon some of the problems. But the ideas have been forthcoming and the first camouflage class at Wadsworth has been started in the right direction toward camouflage success.

### COMPANY B, 104TH MACHINE GUN BATTALION.

If Lieutenant Halloran had been present at the mess hall of Co. B, 104th M. G. Battalion on the night of February 7, his long search for material for his Divisional musical comedy would have ended. Also Frank Moran would have been surprised to learn that all of the exponents of the manly art have not yet registered for his tournaments.

With Pat Harrower, Lou Drummond, Leo Forrest and Vere Clemishire, whose efforts at McAllen contributed largely to the reputation of the 1st N. Y. Cavalry for its entertainments, he adding a program of music, the company's first smoker since the reorganization was more than successful.

Curry, Clements and Sullivan staged a burlesque gymnasium act. Nichols and McDonough startled their fellows with some marvelous work in the art of legerdemain, and proved that the science of psycho-bugnosis is just coming into its own. A stringed orchestra consisting of Messrs. DeBoer, Nichols, Hackert, Hawn, Drummond and Harrower kept things lively during the evening.

R. C. M.

### COMPANY E, 106TH INFANTRY.

Speaking of showers. The climatic conditions at the 106th Infantry are very exceptional, for no matter how fine the weather may be in other parts of the camp, they always have showers there every Tuesday, Saturday and Sunday.

Adequate facilities for performing one's ablutions are provided three days a week, a matinee and evening performance being staged tri-weekly by the entire company, and it is always worth going to, there being nothing dry about it.

The 106th was the first in the field (not the drill field) with seven showers, and is justly proud of it.

Lieutenant Lennox Brennon, of Co. H, and Sergeant Oberle, of Co. E, recently graduated from the bayonet school are supervising the showers, and, while both are much elated, they are quite modest about their sudden promotion.

Sergeant Belcher, of Company I, looks after the plumbing, and from force of habit always forgets to bring his tools. The other day someone bought a package of pipe cleaners at the canteen and gave them to him.

Homeyer and Hendrickson of Co. E, form the Dutch-Swedish boiler team. They start stoking, and then have heated arguments as to who is the better fireman. Neither of them can tell soft coal from hard without feeling it. A few days ago Sergeant Oberle came in and fixed the boiler and then threatened to fire the two coal passers.

Sergeant Oberle has lots of friends now since he gained a controlling interest in the hot water, but he sometimes hands out a little hot air instead.

Last week ex-Corporal Waite, pride of Co. E, had his O. D.'s given a dry cleaning, and then came down to the showers for a wet cleaning himself. He is not a rough neck, but, nevertheless, the real estate seems to stick in a ring about two inches below his ears. After his visit to the steam room, however, a high water mark of several years standing was almost obliterated.

CORP. S. L.

**SEVERAL  
POST EXCHANGES**

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PRINTING**

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**Camp View Post Cards**

are making a big hit.

Here is a new field; it will add greatly to your profits. Work it.



**NOT TO BE TRUSTED.**

Kernel: Did you bury all the dead as I ordered this morning?

Privit: Yes, sir, but we had a little trouble with one of them.

Kernel: What?

Privit: Why, one of them raised up on his elbow and said he wasn't dead, but then he was one of them d—d Germans, and you never can believe anything they say, so we buried him anyway.—Awgwan.

**ALCOHOLIC STATES.**

- Ginnysota.
- Whiskyconsin.
- Cognacticut.
- Stillinois.
- Load Island.
- Barkansas.
- Tennesspree.
- Souse Carolina.
- Souse Dakota.
- Washington, D. T.
- Life.

**ON THE RANGE.**

The recruits weren't doing very well at rifle practice.

"Look here!" cried the instructor, "what's the matter with you fellows? There hasn't been a hit signaled in the last ten minutes."

"I think we must have shot the marker, sir," replied one of the men.—San Francisco Chronicle.

**The Ideas of Ethelburt Jellyback, Private**

(Continued from page 7.)

"And exercise a trifle more polish in the way you masticate the pastry, Mugrums. It should never be used as a face wash. Accordingly, in French, if you wish to say 'I love you,' the words are: 'je vous aime.' That is the French of it and—"

"Gee! It's great stuff, ain't it? Melts in your mouth."

"You mean the French language?"

"Naw! The pie."

"Now, Mugrums, you mustn't scrape the patterns off the plate. That noise is very disturbing. Put down your fork and let us go." We went out.

"Did you understand: 'je vous aime?' Say it after me."

"Cha voo-same."

"Repeat it fifty times, Mugrums, and the lesson is complete. How have you enjoyed taking dinner with me?"

"Great! Except for one thing."

"What was that?"

"Too much conversation. After this I mess alone."

ETHELBURT JELLYBACK, Private.  
(C. D.)

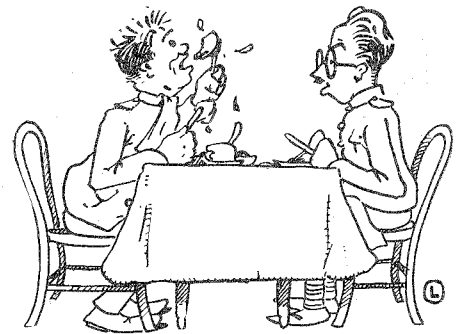
**MACHINE GUN SCORES.**

(Continued from page 33.)

27—1st Platoon, M. G. Company, 105th Infantry .....	258
28—2nd Platoon, M. G. Company, 105th Infantry .....	250
29—2nd Platoon, M. G. Company, 107th Infantry .....	248
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36—1st Platoon, "C" Company, 104th M. G. Bn.....	235
37—2nd Platoon, "B" Company, 105th M. G. Bn.....	232
38—1st Platoon, "B" Company, 104th M. G. Bn.....	229
39—3rd Platoon, M. G. Company, 105th Infantry .....	226
40—3rd Platoon, "C" Company, 104th M. G. Bn.....	226
41—2nd Platoon, M. G. Company, 106th Infantry .....	221
42—1st Platoon, M. G. Company, 106th Infantry .....	221

**The Following Squads Had a Perfect Score of 80.**

- Squad 2—1st Platoon, "D" Company, 104th M. G. Bn.—Sgt. Kliala.  
(Winner of Major Bryant's prize)



"Gee! It melts in your mouth."

- Squad 1—2nd Platoon, "A" Company, 104th M. G. Bn.—Corp. Dunn.
- Squad 1—1st Platoon, "A" Company, 104th M. G. Bn.—Corp. Busch.
- Squad 2—3rd Platoon, "A" Company, 104th M. G. Bn.—Act. Corp. Stokum.
- Squad 4—2nd Platoon, "C" Company, 104th M. G. Bn.—Corp. Hopkins.
- Squad 1—1st Platoon, "D" Company, 104th M. G. Bn.—Sgt. Wilson.
- Squad 3—1st Platoon, "D" Company, 104th M. G. Bn.—Sgt. Hutchinson.
- Squad 1—2nd Platoon, "D" Company, 104th M. G. Bn.—Act. Corp. Williams.
- Squad 2—2nd Platoon, "D" Company, 104th M. G. Bn.—Corp. Rodewald.
- Squad 3—1st Platoon, "B" Company, 105th M. G. Bn.—
- Squad 2—3rd Platoon, "C" Company, 105th M. G. Bn.—Sgt. Lloyd.
- Squad 2—2nd Platoon, "A" Company, 106th M. G. Bn.—Corp. LaReau.
- Squad 2—2nd Platoon, "B" Company, 106th M. G. Bn.—Corp. Henzee.
- Squad 1—1st Platoon, "C" Company, 106th M. G. Bn.—Sgt. Holber.
- Squad 4—1st Platoon, "C" Company, 106th M. G. Bn.—Corp. Schumacher.
- Squad 1—2nd Platoon, "C" Company, 106th M. G. Bn.—Sgt. Meorlin.
- Squad 3—2nd Platoon, "C" Company, 106th M. G. Bn.—Sgt. Meorlin.
- Squad 1—3rd Platoon, M. G. Company, 108th Infantry—Corp. Trowbridge.
- Squad 2—3rd Platoon, M. G. Company, 108th Infantry—Corp. Frederick.
- W. Gresham Andrews, 2nd Lieut., 104th M. G. Bn.—Range Officer.
- Albert W. Putnam, Capt. 105th M. G. Bn.—Asst. Range Officer.
- George Bryant, Capt. 106th Inf. M. G.—Range Officer.
- Kenneth R. Gardener, Capt. 107th Inf. M. G.—Range Officer.
- Robt. R. Molyneaux, 1st Lieut. 104th M. G. Bn.—Range Officer.
- Carl Loeb, 1st Lieut. 106th M. G. Bn.—Range Officer.
- Victor Badenhausen, 1st Lieut. 106th M. G. Bn.—Range Officer.

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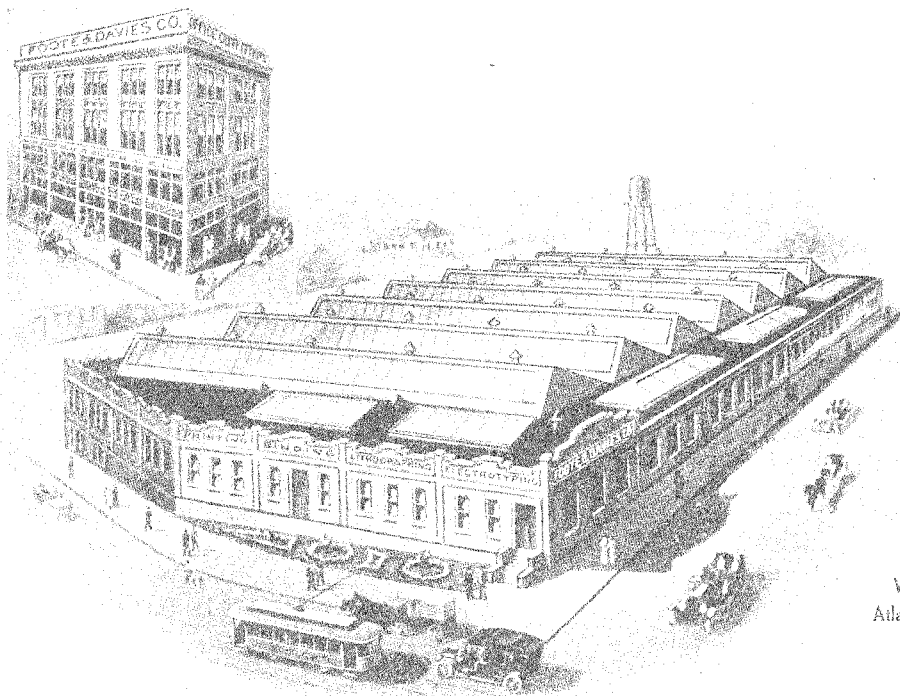
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