

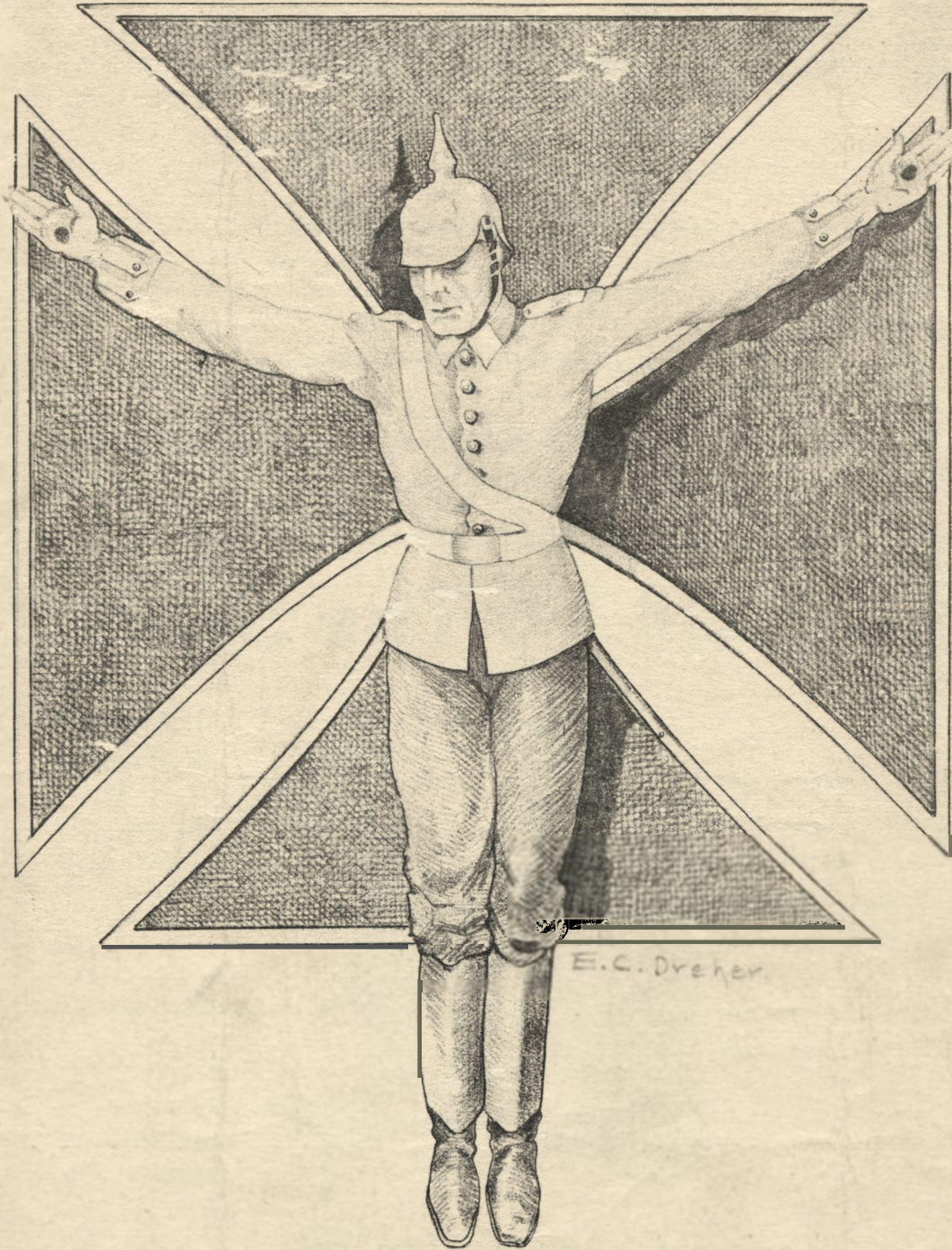
# GAS ATTACK

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

Vol. 1

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

No. 17



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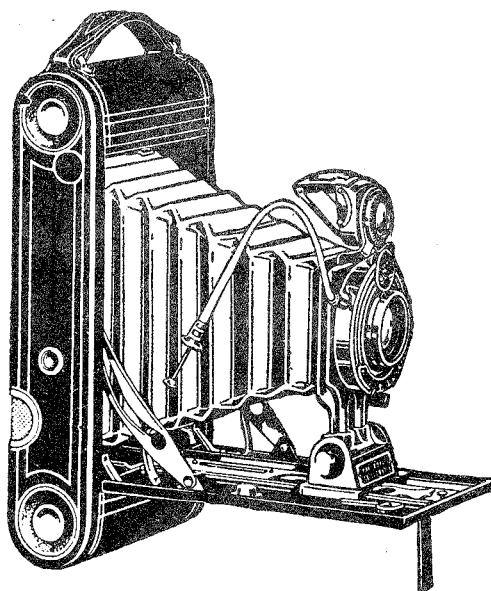
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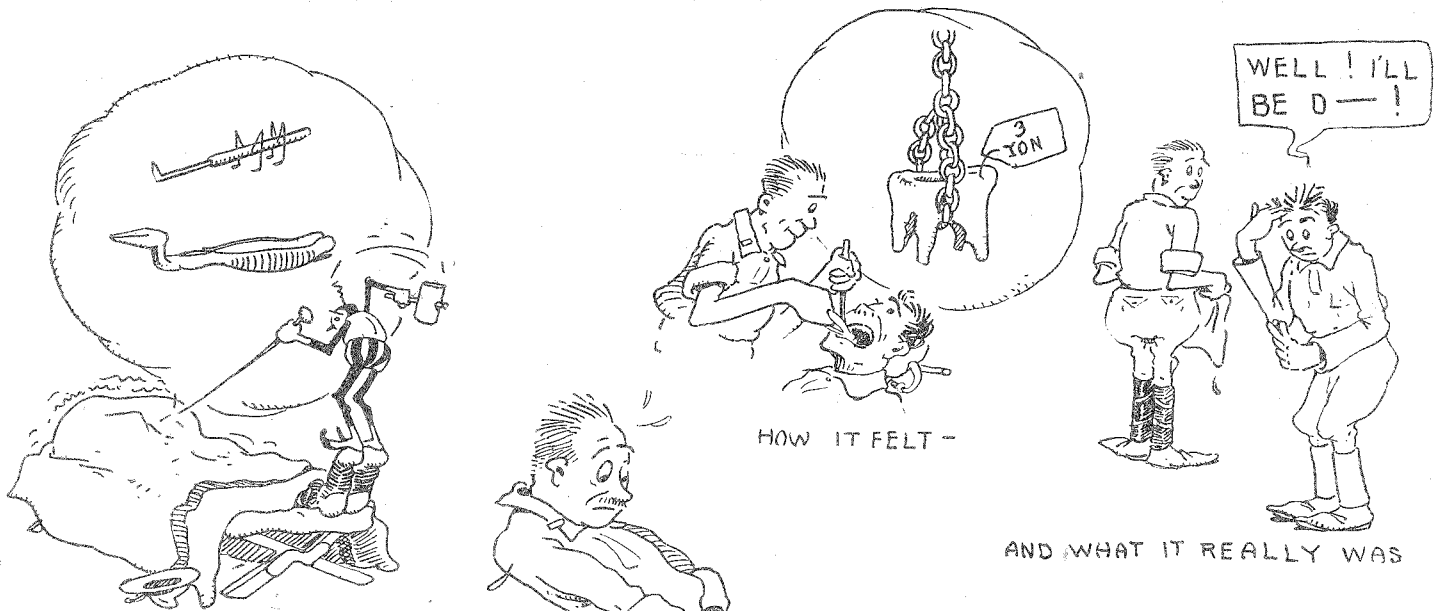
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To whom it may concern (and that means everybody old enough to sit up and read a magazine), be it known that the 23rd of March will be the brightest day in the year. It will be a Frownless Day. Because on that day—the 23rd—will appear the Camouflage Number of the Gas Attack. It will contain a big surprise. Be among the frownless!



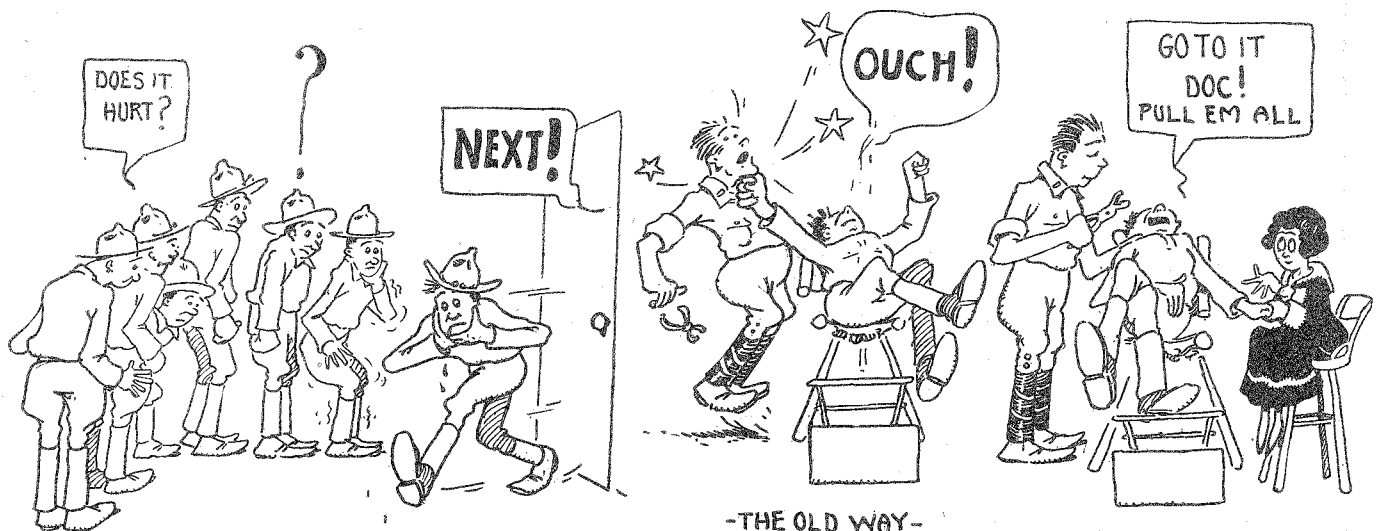
ORDERED TO RETURN FOR MORE TREATMENT— THAT AWFUL NIGHT-MARE

HOW IT FELT -

AND WHAT IT REALLY WAS

HANG! TO HER LIEUT. !!

AUTEN 8



-THE OLD WAY-

THE HEART BREAKER

- A SUGGESTION -

The Charms of the Camp Dentists

## DIVISION TO HAVE AN INSIGNIA.

## Major General O'Ryan Wants Drawing Submitted By Enlisted Men.

Major General O'Ryan wants suggestions and designs for a Divisional Insignia.

In the armies abroad each division has an insignia which is stenciled on the front of the "tin hat" and on the arms of overcoats, blouses and shirts just below the shoulder. The insignia is also stenciled upon wagon and motor truck covers and upon the tail-boards and backs of wagons, motor trucks and automobiles. In our Civil War such insignia were found to be essential, and the Corps insignia of the army became well known throughout the country.

The present Division exceeds by far the strength of the Corps of the Union Army. The Division of the American Army have already begun to adopt Divisional insignia. The Pennsylvania Division has the Keystone; the "Sunset" Division has the Setting Sun; the "Blue and The Gray" Division have the Greek insignia of eternity, one-half being blue and the other half gray.

## To Enlisted Men.

Officers have suggested to General O'Ryan various insignia for the New York Division, but he wishes to hear from the enlisted men before adopting one. The General states that in every Company there are one or more men expert in designing and drafting. It is desired that such men draw in colors and submit to the Division Adjutant their own designs or those suggested by their comrades.

These designs should be so drawn that they can be readily made into a stencil. Colored chalk will serve to indicate the colors. For transport the designs should be approximately eight inches square, or if circular, diameter eight inches. Half this size for coat and shirt sleeves. It is also essential that the design be simple so that it can be readily made up into a stencil form. The insignia should also have some relation, sentimental or otherwise, to New York State.

When General O'Ryan was with the British Army abroad, he served for a time with the York and Lancashire Division. One-half of this Division were made up of men from Yorkshire—old Yorkers. The men of the York and Lancashire Division were greatly interested when it was known that General O'Ryan commanded the New York Division. In fact, a rumor promptly spread through the trenches that the New Yorks had arrived to "take over" from the Old Yorks. Later, some of the soldiers of this Division made up in colors a very attractive coat-of-arms representing a soldier of the Old York Division shaking hands with a soldier of the New York Division, flanked by British and American standards. This was presented to General O'Ryan. The insignia of the York & Lancashire Division is a red rose intertwined with a white rose, indicat-

He came to camp with the rest of us, singing like you and me,  
And Bobby was good to look at, and Bobby was gay with glee;  
His father was rich and famous, but Bob never minded that,  
And beside me he bunked on an army cot, who had a Fifth avenue flat.

Bob had a favorite comment when anything went amiss,  
"I'm out of luck," he'd say and smile, and his smile was like a kiss.  
He was out of luck when the mess was late, or his letter overdue,  
He was out of luck, he'd even say, at no seconds on the stew.

One day he showed me her picture, the beautiful Evelyn Gray;  
Though speechless he stood in worship, I knew she was his fiancée,  
And I knew I had seen her likeness in the Sunday papers of old,  
And I knew when he pounced on the mail man, her letter was better than gold.

When we landed in France and the trenches and the guns broke loud on our ears,  
It was Bobbie who bore up the brightest, and Bobbie who laughed at all fears;  
Oh, Bobbie was good to pal with, and Bobbie was gay with glee,  
Who came to camp with the rest of us, singing like you and me.

One night when the winds were shrieking and the shells were doing the same,  
The lieutenant called for a night patrol, and Bobbie, he said he was game,  
Though he needn't have said it to prove the fact—but another was picked instead,  
And Bobbie complained: "I'm out o' luck," and crawled back through the mud to his bed.

ing the present alliance of the descendants of those who formerly fought each other in the War of the Roses. It was suggested that the New York Division adopt some kind of a rose for its Divisional emblem in recognition of the historical relation between the New York and the Old York.

## Remember New York.

The feeling seems strong in the Division, in view of the excellence of the record made by the New York Division under that name both on the Mexican Border and for years prior to that service, that the letters "N. Y." or the name "New York" should in some way appear in the Divisional Emblem. It is also urged that such designations as "Empire," "Goldenrod," etc., convey nothing to the minds of the people of Europe, among whom the Division is shortly to serve. Few people in Europe know much of the sentimentalities or history of our States, or even

## OUT O' LUCK

At half-past three we met an attack; they thought it would be a surprise,  
But our bayonets proved their worth in steel and our boys their courage in size;  
We suffered no loss, it seemed at first, 'til I found him after a while,  
And found, when I looked into his face, it was Bobbie—without his smile.

He fumbled somewhere in his gaping breast, while his mouth twitched wide with pain,  
And he drew out the picture of Evelyn Gray, and his eyes were bright again.  
"It's hell!" he gasped, and the picture shook, "It's hell to leave her like this,

To know I shall never see her again—Thank God! I remember her kiss.

"She would have been mine, I fancy—" he choked, but went on somehow—

"Drop her a line, old pal, and say that I—I won't be writing her now."

He rambled: "That letter on Thursday . . . the noise in my head . . . what say?"  
My eyes were wet and my heart beat loud when he cried: "It's Thursday today!"

His voice died away in a whisper, the light died out in his eye,

But he uttered a phrase I'll remember, and remember the day I die.

It's the bravest philosophy of all, it's best in the mire and muck,

It also happened to be his last: "I guess that I'm out o' luck."

PVT. CHARLES DIVINE.

of our country, but there are very few of these who have not heard of New York. The one thing that stands out in the mind of the European when America is mentioned, is New York.

## INTRODUCE MEXICAN MEDAL BILL IN CONGRESS.

Border veterans of the New York Division are getting nearer to service medals for their work on the Border every day. Representative George B. Francis, of New York, has introduced the Calder Bill for Mexican Medals in the House of Representatives, with certain amendments, and it is now under consideration by the House.

## POEM OF GRATITUDE.

Tanks,  
Thanks!

—New York Sun.

## GAS ATTACK

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

### Honorary Editors—

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

### Publication Committee—

E. W. Leslie, Chairman.  
J. S. Kingsley, Editor-in-Chief.  
Regtl. Supply Sergt. Gaylord W. Elliott, 102d Ammunition Train,  
Business Manager.

### Editor—

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

### Associate Editor—

Pvt. Charles Divine, Headquarters Sanitary Squad No 1.

### Art Editor—

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

### Editorial Staff—

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

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### RUMORS THAT BLOOM IN THE SPRING, TRA LA.

Spring is in our midst, and the flowers that bloom in the spring, tra la, have nothing on the rumors, tra lee. One very healthy rumor is that the Division is planning to move somewhere shortly.

Major General O'Ryan is planning some intensive training in large scale maneuvers, and he is quoted by the Spartanburg Herald of March 5th as saying that this training will extend over a period of from 30 to 60 days. This announcement has given rise to the crop of rumors aforesaid.

The *Gas Attack* is not in position to say definitely when we will go. But it has hopes, as we all have, that it will be soon. Whenever we get impatient to move, we recall the words of our commanding general on his return from France, "Don't be impatient. There's war enough over there for everybody."

Obedience is the first duty of a soldier, as we all know. Grumbling impatience about when, where and how we are going, and why we haven't gone sooner is little better than camouflaged disobedience. It has no place in a real army. Let's be really ready to go when the big men at the head of our machine pull the starting lever. Odd as it may seem to some of us, they probably know more about conditions than we do.

R. E. C.

### THE NAME OF THIS DIVISION.

We understand that some newspapers and letter writers would change the name of this Division, suggesting some such name as the Empire Division, the Golden Rod Division or the Whatnot Division. Still others would adopt some college colors and name it after them. But why give a name to an organization which already has a name, a name which it has had for twenty years and in those twenty years have arisen sentiments and memories dear to every member?

The New York Division signifies but one thing and that is The Twenty-Seventh Division. Every man knows his organization as the New York Division. His friends speak of him as a member of the New York Division. Camp Wadsworth is known as the home of the New York Division.

No other name could symbolize this division, for any name depends upon impulse and habit. A name which does not arouse an impulse in the hearts of all who use it is a failure. A name becomes sacred with history. This Division has a history which is sacred to hundreds. Even the experiences at Wadsworth are connected with this name. Every enlisted man when asked to what Division he belongs would unconsciously answer that it is the New York Division. Take that name away and you would rob the men of a name which has a history, a name which has become dear to them through months of faithful service. To give this division any other name would confuse all who know the New York National Guard, besides accomplishing no beneficial result.

J. S. K.

### DESERVED REWARDS FOR BORDER SERVICE.

It is cheering news for the men who did service on the Border to read that Senator Calder's bill, giving them medals in recognition for their splendid work, has been introduced, with amendments, in the House of Representatives by Representative Francis, and has been referred to the Committee on Military Affairs for action.

The bill, as amended by Representative Francis, calls for a ribbon as well as for a "bronze medal with suitable device." It also provides that this decoration shall be given to men "who are not eligible to receive the Mexican service badge authorized by the President." This will include the men of the New York National Guard who technically did not qualify for the Mexican service badge, although the value of their service and the fact that they were entitled to some tangible recognition of that service were unquestioned.

Another amendment in the Calder-Francis Bill provides that the sum of \$20,000 be provided for the purchase of these medals and ribbons, instead of \$7,000 as originally provided.

With the exception of these amendments, the bill is the same as the one introduced in the Senate by Senator William M. Calder, a loyal friend of the New York Division. The Calder Bill was printed in full in the *Gas Attack* of March ninth. It provided that appropriate decorations be given men who served at least four months on the Border or with the expeditionary force in Mexico between 1916 and 1918.

We congratulate and thank Representative Francis in the name of the Division, just as last week we congratulated and thanked Senator Calder. The 27th Division, and the soldiers of the country, are glad to have such true friends in places of power. We soldiers know that with such men as Senator Calder and Representative Francis on the job, we can do our jobs better because we are confident that our work will be appreciated and our interests looked after by them.

The French, very wisely, believe thoroughly in granting medals and decorations to men who have proved worthy of them. They know that nothing makes the poilu prouder than to wear his service chevrons and his Croix de Guerre. And a proud man is a confident man, a man hard to discourage or defeat. They understand the psychology of pride in decorations, which makes a man proud to display his Phi Beta Kappa key, his fraternity pin, his lodge pin, his club colors, or his service bars and war medals.

Such pride is natural. Major General O'Ryan has shown that he understands it by advocating that the New York Division adopt an emblem which we will all wear, and of which we will all be proud.

We believe that Congress will understand what such decorations as the Mexican Medal mean to soldiers and grant the men who served on the Border the medals and ribbons which they clearly deserve.

R. E. C.



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

Dere Mable:

I got arrested for a week up at the artillery range. That aint a disgrace like bein arrested in the city though. Down here some of the nicest fellos does it. There aint no jale. I just live in a different tent. I guess they couldnt think of any place worse to live in than a tent. Im in with a good crowd. It makes a nice change from drillin. I got arrested for my watch bein slow. That shows how strict they are in the army.

This is how it was.

While we was firin at the range the other day I was sittin on a hill with the fone takin messages from another hill. I was thinkin of you an gettin kind of dopy when some one says over the fone "This is the General." I says "How do you do, sir" curteus. Thats me all over, Mable. I guess he didnt here me though. He says. "Were going to syncopate our watches." That was a new one on me, Mable. I was goin to tell him that mine didnt need it. Its the one your father gave me an its been runnin in ragtime ever since I got it.

Then he says "When I say check its ten fifty five (10.55)." I thought he was exceedin his authority but I didnt say nothin an when he said check I just passed it over. He waited a minute and then he says "When I say check its ten fifty seven (10.57)." It struck me I might have worked that out myself but I didnt say nothin. Then he says after a minute. "When I say check it is ten fifty nine (10.59)." Then just to save him trouble I says "I got a watch myself sir. An as a matter of fact your five minutes fast." I guess I was slow. But as I say bein in arrest aint no disgrace like bein in the city.

Im goin to ask the Captain to let me off this telephone job. Whenever they dont know who to let out on they let out on the telephone man. What they want is a mind reader not a fello with brains. The other day the Captain says "Lay this spool of wire up that hill." He handed me a thing that looked like a trolley cable and weighed about as much. Then he went home to read the paper till I came back and told him it was done. Thats the way with Captains. When I got it all done they go and say to the Major "I laid the wire up the hill." An the Major says "That was a good job, Captain. You must be tired. Have a cigar." But I never say nothin. Thats me all over, Mable.

I took the wire like he said and laid it under a bush on top of the hill sos nobody

could swipe it. When I came down I showed him where it was on a little picture I drew him. An to here him talk youd think hed never asked me to take it up the hill at all.

A couple of days later we was firin into the middle of a field where there wasnt a livin thing to hit as far as I could see. If the Captain had to pay for these things I bet hed be more careful of them. He was awful excited though. He came up an gave me a lot of numbers to fone to his battery. He didnt say what to do with them an nothin happened. That got him sore. It always does. Captains thinks you ought to know what to do without tellin you. As he got madder he started to take it out on me bein the nearest. He says "Get something off quick. Hurry up. Get somethin off quick." So just to humor him I took off my shirt as he hadnt specified. You cant do nothing right for a man like that though.

Im learnin a lot about cannons an there habits. It seems that when you first get them there wild like horses. The Captin told me that every other battery but his was awful wild. He has trouble with his though cause the other day they telephoned up that theyd just broken one of his guns. I guess he likes em better wild cause he got awful sore. But you couldnt do anything right for the Captin.

You ought to see the Major, Mable. A major is a fello that only comes round once a week. They get awful fat of course. Ours is taller in bed than he is standin up. I guess he is the kind of thing they have in mind when they say "not to be taken into the front line trenches."

Im goin to send you one of the torpedoes they shoot out of the guns. There lyin all over the lot. As far as I can see there just as good as new. The Captin said not to touch any of em cause they mightent have exploded and was liable to go off when you handled them. I asked them where they was goin to but he couldnt see a joke if you hit him with it. Im not takin no chances with em though Mable. I always carry a hammer and I pound each one of them good before I pick em up.

Im beginning to think all this stuff about the mountin ears bein wild is a lot of fake. I been out with Angus McDonald three times huntin stills an the nearest thing we found to one was a fello what sold Bevo. And they dont seem to be very wild. They come round and get our dirty wash every day or two and the only wild thing is me when they bring it back. They all seem to be mixed up on the shavin regulations. They all shave there necks and let there whiskers grow.

### MABLE AND THE DOUBLE STANDARD.

She Tells Bill—and All the Bills of the 27th Division—a Few Things.

We print here a letter from a fair young lady of Buffalo. She is one of the innumerable "Mables" who have sprung up about the country and who send endearing epistles to our Private William Smith of "Bill to Mable" fame whose personal correspondence you find on the Incinerator page. This particular "Mable" has something to say on the double standard for men and women.

\* \* \*

Buffalo, N. Y., March 4, 1918.

Dear Sweetheart:—

There's been a whole lot of birds up here telling tales about the boys down there, you along with the rest.

You fellows seem to think it great fun to have half a dozen girls at home to write to and as many more down there to run around with, but if any of you fellows find out that the girls you left behind are going out with other fellows, why they are faithless and unworthy of your attention, although you think it is perfectly proper for you to run around with a coon if you cared to.

You no doubt know what the old saying is—"You may hold a thousand girlies in your arms but there is only room for one in your heart." That applies to both parties and you know or ought to know that what is good for one is good for the other.

Don't think for a moment when prices are as high as they are that we're going to let a chance like going to the opera or Fenton's slip by because you're down there doing goodness knows what! I'm sure I don't. Let the poor boob spend his money. You have no cause to be jealous for when you come back I'll let you do the same if you want to.

If you are still angry let me know immediately so that it will be O. K. for me to say "Yes" if this fellow pops the question the next time he takes me out.

As before, MABLE.

Well Mable pretty soon well be comin back from the range an goin in to Sparkingsburg again. I been away so long I wonder if William S Hart and Douglas Fairbanks has changed any. When you write I wish youd look up and see when lent is sos I could give up a little something. The way a fello loses track of national holidays down here is awful.

Give my regards to your mother and as far as Im concerned to your father to.

Yours till better times BILL.



### THE BOX FROM HOME

How many friends one does have! One doesn't know it until a big box arrives in the mail. Willing hands carry it to the tent; more willing hands help lift out the various contents—the chocolate cake (slightly squashed but still it's there, so why worry?) Friends examine those socks and criticize only pleasantly. The always hungry boy from the next tent hangs around the entrance to your own canvas abode—with his also always hungry friend by his side. Nothing escapes their eagle eyes—no choice tit-bits marked "for you only" get by them. And how they eat—eat—EAT!



# THE IDEAS OF ETHELBURT JELLYBACK, PRIVATE

## XV. On the Troubles He Has in Making Jim Mugrums His Orderly

There is no doubt about it, Jim Mugrums is somewhat crude. This uncouth little soldier who sleeps in the next cot to me—me, the scion of one of our great families—seems not to profit from such intimate association with me, except in the use of my comb and brush and cigarettes.

At length I decided upon a desperate step. "Mugrums," I announced, "I have an idea." "I thought somethin' awful was goin' to happen the minute you looked at me like that."

"I have decided to make you my orderly."

"Oh," piped Mugrums, dancing up and down as if in ecstasies, "that's better'n a commission. You did the right thing, Ethelburt. Go to the head o' the class, three girls up."

It is sometimes difficult to restrain Mugrums' boisterous levity.

"This is a proposal," I told him, "which you are to entertain seriously. As my orderly you will be in a position to learn a great deal from me. You will execute all my errands, tidy up my bunk, carry my tins to the mess shack, and do my washing for me. I will pay you three dollars a week. What do you say?"

### Mugrums Accepts the Office.

Mugrums whistled, impressed.

"Three dollars gets me," he finally agreed. "It's a long time between pay days."

An so Mugsrums became my orderly. He began his duties by accompanying me to town that afternoon while I made a number of purchases. I gave him the bundles to carry and told him to walk half a pace behind, as befitted the orderly of a Jellyback. But Mugsrums was too chatty and familiar. He insisted upon walking directly at my side, talking heartily, in the manner of a bosom companion.

"Mugrums, you must maintain an interval of eleven inches behind me. I will do all the saluting that is to be done."

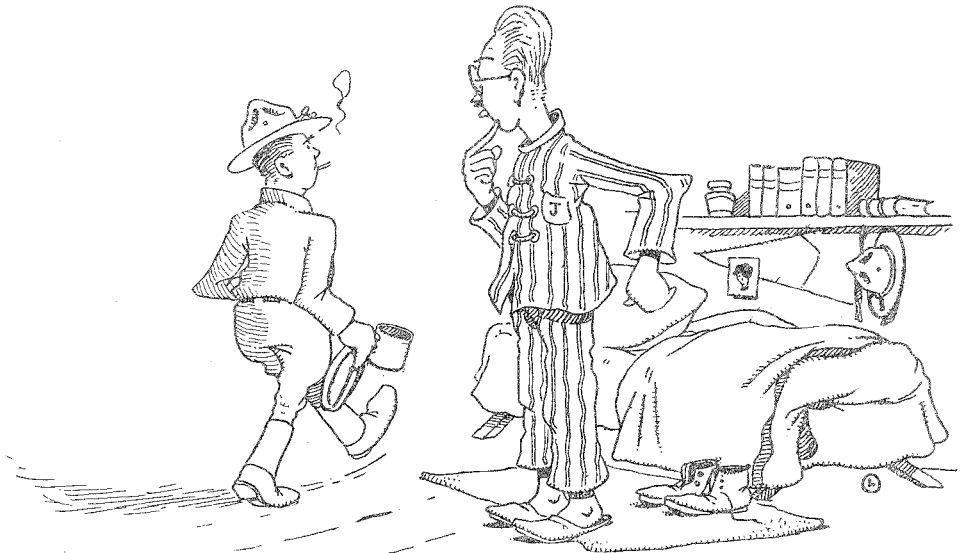
He was not alert in obeying these mandates. And when we returned to camp and went to the mess shack for supper, he so far forgot himself as to elbow his way ahead of me in an animal-like eagerness for his food.

"Mugrums, you are the most disorderly orderly I ever saw."

"No, I'm first in war, first in peace, and first in the start of the mess line."

### Ethelburt Remonstrates With Him.

In vain did I remonstrate with him, until I threatened to withhold his first week's salary. That had an instantaneous effect upon him.



He Had Forgotten to Bring Me My Breakfast.

"Oh, Ethelburt," he said, stepping out of the mess line to give me his place, "I only meant to get your supper for you. I forgot I had my own mess kit. But I've fixed it with the K. P.'s to slip you all the slumgullion you can tuck under your belt and not break it. I know how hard you fall for stew."

"Quite right, Mugsrums, except that you have put too high an estimate on my fondness for army stew. I have no overwhelming passion for it."

"You'd better eat it, though, or they'll put raisins in it tomorrow and call it puddin'."

There was considerable sense to this bit of homely philosophy, and I congratulated myself that making Mugsrums my orderly had evidently improved his faculties of reasoning.

Returning to my tent after mess, I devoted not a little time to lying back on cot contemplating that at last I, Ethelburt Jellyback, a social leader at home, was enjoying some of the customary homage to which I was accustomed at home. I had an orderly. True, my orderly wasn't as meticulous and efficient as Jenkins, my man at home. Jenkins, queer old fellow, used to bring my coffee and rolls to my bed every morning and start the water for my tub.

### Mugrums' Material Duties.

I decided to renew this pleasant practice. The next morning I sent Mugsrums out to reveille to answer my name at roll call. He answered "Yooo" so loudly when my name was called that the top-sergeant knew at once it wasn't my own well-modulated voice. The sergeant made an investigation, it seems. But I lay resting on my cot, satisfied to take up no new problems until they should become acute.

Next I sent Mugsrums up to the mess shack to bring my breakfast to me. Meanwhile I snuggled deep in the warm blankets,

and let my mind drift with poetical thoughts. It so happened that I began to compose a poem. It was called a Poem to a Prune, in which I addressed the prune personally—O wrinkled relic of a once bright plum, that danced so gay upon a nodding tree; O prune, how age has overtaken thee, and seamed thy face and shriveled thy fair form; yet has made more rich the sweet syrup of thy soul; O prune—Breaking off from these thoughts, I discovered that men were returning from mess. Mugsrums came in, whistling. He had forgotten to bring me my breakfast, and mess was over.

### Ethelburt Swears.

"Reveille!" I muttered, giving way to blasphemy. I was in a fury. I denounced Mugsrums, soundly.

"Slumgullion, Mugsrums, I fear you will never do." I was so agitated that I flung myself out of the cot and paced up and down the floor of the tent in my pajamas. "You will never do. An orderly's first thought should be to obey the orders he receives. Oh, what a failure are you! What a disappointment. And I had so counted on you. I had hoped to be the making of you."

"That's what I want," he replied, "the makings. I have the papers."

I turned away, coldly. I said no more to him that morning. In fact, I had no chance. The top-sergeant put me to work chopping wood for the incinerator. Then, at ten o'clock, the top-sergeant sent me out to join the company at a singing drill. This was a drill at which we marched column-righting and lefting and so on, while a non-combatant instructor marched alongside and led us in singing popular songs. The purpose of the songs, I suppose, is to keep up the spirits of the men on the march.

The song dealt with the topic of urging one to pack up one's troubles in one's lug-

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# NOTEWORTHY MEN IN CAMP

## II. Col. Cornelius Vanderbilt, Whose Regiment of Engineers Was the First to Come to Spartanburg.

They were the first to come here, and the first to go, the 102nd Engineers. Of course, it was only the second battalion that left camp last week, with their Colonel at their head, marching through the rain to entrain for special work in Virginia.

But when they came here, Camp Wadsworth was a wilderness of pine trees and a furrow of cotton fields, and the snake road to Spartanburg was a highway of death. They made the road navigable and they made the camp habitable.

### An Accomplished Engineer.

Their commander, Col. Cornelius Vanderbilt, who is probably more widely known in civil life than any one officer in the division, is an accomplished engineer. His figure is a familiar one here. You have seen him, perhaps, swinging along one of the muddy thoroughfares of camp, on his way to inspect a spot where the engineers took a particularly mean kink out of the snake road, or where a bit of blasting was being done, or where some new feature of the landscape was being dealt with. The camouflage school is being held in his camp, and he has given much aid to it.

This isn't the place to write of Col. Vanderbilt's private life, of how he let a great fortune go hang in order to do as he pleased with his life. But this is, decidedly, the place to describe him as an inventor, an engineer, a sailor, a soldier, and—an American.

### His Workshop, As a Boy.

How did he come to be an inventor? He himself once said, when an interviewer battered away long enough at his modesty and reserve:

"I always had my own workshop as a boy as early as I can remember. I must have been born with a liking for mechanics, as I constantly played and later worked with tools and machinery. After my graduation from Yale it was logical for me to take up a post-graduate course in engineering. In the course of my studies I spent a good deal of time in the motive power and engineering department of the New York Central, trying to acquire practical knowledge.

"I had not then taken on business responsibilities or interests. My mind was occupied with engineering problems and my study of them led me, as it would lead any one else, to investigate whether improved methods or appliances could not be devised."

### His First Patent, A Tender.

Col. Vanderbilt's first patent was a tender, a cylindrical tender which the Union Pacific and Southern Pacific were the first of the big railroads to adopt as a standard. It saved both weight and expense.

In 1891 he entered college when seventeen years old. He was graduated from Yale in 1895, and went to the Sheffield Scientific School to study mechanical engineering. At this period of his life he worked, spare times, in the office of the New York Central. In 1898 he received his Ph. B., and in 1899 he was graduated from Sheffield with the degree of M. E.

There came a time when, following a re-alignment of the Vanderbilt family fortune, Mr. Vanderbilt had to drop his inventions for finance. He became a director in many big companies. But he was a real director, not a dummy. Just as in the military service of his country, he is now a real soldier, one who volunteered, not for glory, but with a zealous desire to do all in his power to protect this country from danger.

### Not New in His Patriotism.

It was eighteen years ago that Col. Vanderbilt joined the National Guard of New York. That was long before the "preparedness" people began shouting from the rooftops. With his usual zeal, Mr. Vanderbilt threw himself into his work with the 12th Infantry, the outfit in which he enlisted, and in eight years he rose to the rank of Captain.

Major-General Roe, then commanding the National Guard of New York, appointed him an aide. In 1912, when Major-General John F. O'Ryan succeeded Gen. Roe, Cornelius Vanderbilt was promoted to be one of the inspector generals of the State with the rank of Lieutenant-Colonel.

Col. Vanderbilt at once responded to the call of the President in the Spring of 1916. He became a Major, owing to the lowering of the rank of all Guard staff officers to meet Federal regulations. Col. Vanderbilt's record on the border was a good one.

He believes that men who give themselves voluntarily to the nation, to defend it, deserve well at the hands of the nation. It was, with this creed at heart, that he took steps to prevent the many thousands of Guardsmen on duty at the Mexican border from losing their vote at the Presidential election simply because they were absent from their home States. He made a test case of his application for an order permitting him to register. And he won it. It was a battle worth while.

### Back From the Border.

In November of 1916 he returned from the border on a leave of absence, and was appointed Inspector General of the Depot Battalions in New York State.

A few weeks later he was appointed Colonel, in command of the then Twenty-second Engineers. It had always been his desire to command the Engineers, and he tried to make them as efficient as possible. He liked the job in the line much better than one on the staff, and he wanted to see whether he could make a line regiment fulfill all that was expected of it.

During the winter months of 1917 he was appointed chairman on the reception committee of the French, British, and Italian commissions. For two years before this he was chairman of the Mayor's committee on Military Affairs. In December, 1916, he was appointed senior Engineering aide on Governor Whitman's staff.

### A Keen Sailor.

In yachting circles he is very well known. He was commodore of the New York Yacht Club for four years, and has always been one of the chief members of the Governing Board of International yachting.

He is a keen sailor, and his sailing-yachts as well as his steamer "North Star" have been to almost every port on the globe. He has owned and sailed personally two of America's cup defenders, both of which have never lost a race. His sloop "Aurora" was one of the largest in this country and with her he has won over three hundred trophies, many of which were won in foreign waters. He was one of the first yachting men to race an American boat in foreign waters. Recently he bought the schooner "Elena," one of the fastest schooners in the world. His steamer "North Star" he gave to the British Government in 1914, and she is now being used as a submarine destroyer, having several to her credit, at the present time.

In 1914 when the Great International War broke out he was yachting near the coast of Belgium, but it wasn't long before he offered his military or naval services to Ambassadors Page and Herrick. When the U. S. Battleship Tennessee was sent to France with several millions in gold aboard, Colonel Vanderbilt, and two other American Army officers were sent with a great part of this gold through the fighting lines into Switzerland.

### He Ran the Blockade.

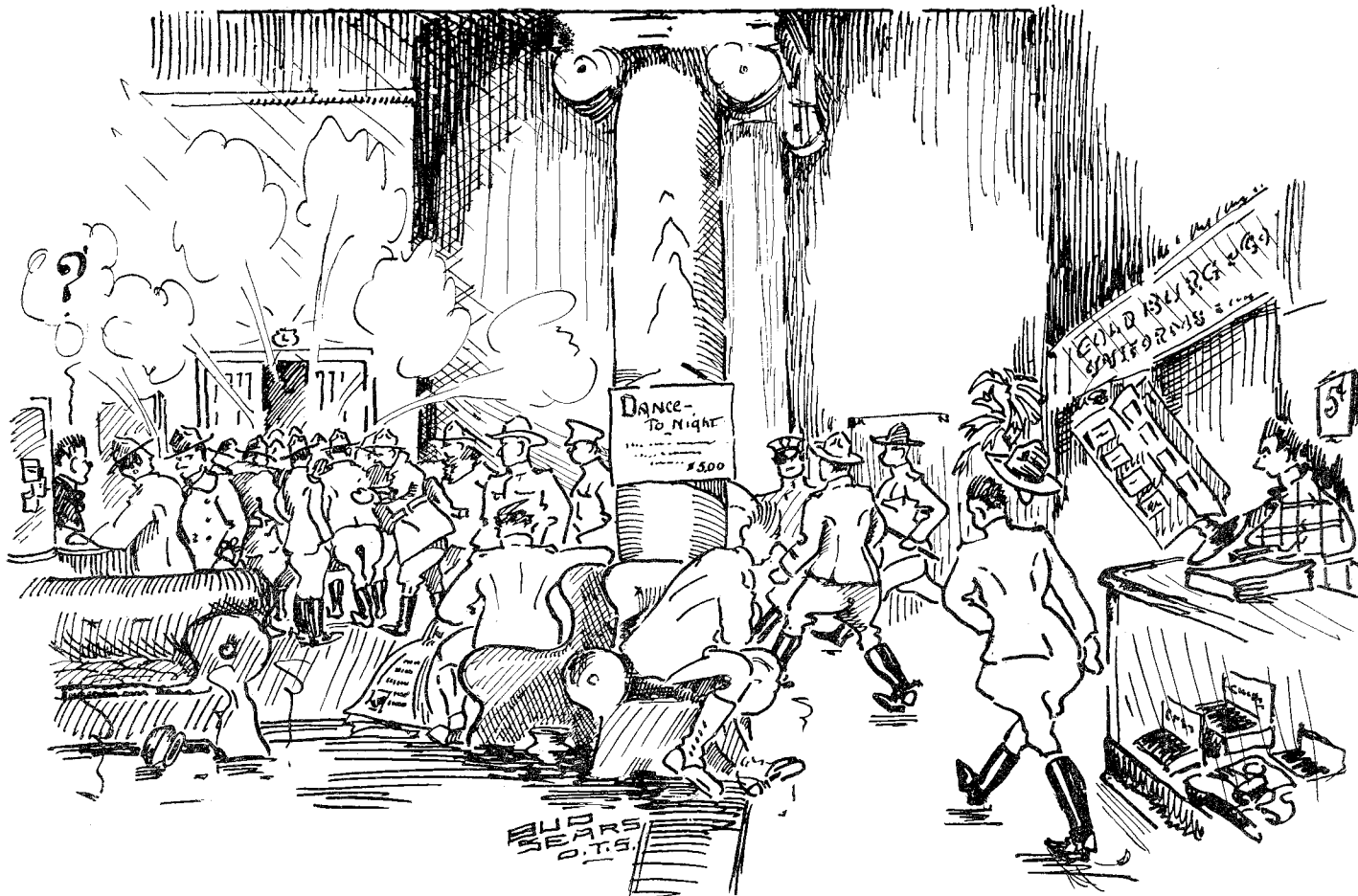
The Colonel had many exciting and interesting experiences in running the blockade, but succeeded in arriving in time to relieve the congestion of the banks in that country.

The Colonel has attended Army and Navy manoeuvres in almost every country in the world, and understands the inner workings of foreign army work almost better than any other military officer in this division.

The Colonel was appointed temporary chief-of-staff in the absence of a regular Army officer, as he is the ranking Colonel of the Division.

### First Regiment to Build a Church.

His engineers built the Range, and made Snake Road passable, laid out the entire camp, and the miles of trench-work, constructed bridges, ditches, and culverts, filled in by dexterous cribbing bad spots in camp, established a mule pack train when the weather was too bad for other travel, worked on three different logging details, and were the first regiment in any camp or cantonment in the country to construct a church.



Scene in the lobby of the Cleveland when the Clerk was overheard to tell the bellboy that there was a young lady at the Saturday Night Hop without a partner.

### \$1,000,000 FOR IMPROVEMENTS HERE.

#### Building Boom on to Increase Efficiency of Our Camp.

Approximately \$1,000,000 is being spent by the United States government in construction work at Camp Wadsworth, either under way or authorized, and it is said that this does not include the additional work planned on new buildings to be required when the additional territory is secured. Indications are that a large force of workmen will be employed at the camp for months to come.

Eleven new ward buildings, each 24 feet wide by 150 feet long, will be added to the base hospitals, with a number of smaller buildings. These, with the buildings now under construction, will increase the capacity of the hospital from 1,000 to 2,000 beds.

Eight regulation regimental infirmary buildings, each two stories in height, are to be erected for the new regiments of Pioneer infantry.

The work of installing the sewerage system for the base hospital is still under way, but will soon be completed. The sewerage disposal plant is of the most modern type.

Nine large hay sheds, each approximately 60 feet wide by 240 feet long, are to be erected at a cost of about \$5,000 each.

The plans for the Liberty theater, to be erected by the war department's commission on training camp activities, have been received, and work will be started on it soon. The building will be 60 feet wide and 120 feet long, and will have a large seating capacity.

The recreation building for the Red Cross will be under construction soon, and plans are being made for a building for the Young Men's Hebrew Association.

The war department has under consideration the advisability of installing a sewerage system in Camp Wadsworth. The contractors have been informed they will be notified a little later as to whether the new buildings are to be equipped with sewerage plumbing.

The plans of the war department for Camp Wadsworth do not seem to be fully developed yet, but every few days some additional construction is authorized, and there is no longer any doubt that this is to be a permanent camp, and one of the largest in the country, if not the largest. All the new construction work that is being authorized is of a permanent character.

Some people think that barracks will be erected for housing the troops, and that tents will not be used longer than the coming summer, but there has been no official statement as to this as yet.

### AN ODE TO AN O. D. PILL.

You've heard of Doctor Munyon,  
That wonder-working man  
With his cure for Epizootic  
And such troubles of the Lan',  
Who, with a root and berry  
And a bit of bark, you see,  
Not to mention sand imported  
Upon a camel's misplaced knee  
From the Himalayan Mountains  
In far off heathen Chinee,  
Concocted him a potion  
Which has been our own notion  
Of a medicine perfect  
For suffer'ng humani-tee.

No doubt, Doctor Munyon  
Would be that wonder still  
But for the discov'ry  
Of the O. D. Pill.  
Long and grand was his reign  
And his renown was wide,  
But when the "O. D." came  
Old "Doc." began his slide,  
For pain nor sprain, nor ache nor break  
Can long hold out if a pill you take.  
If the Army surgeons had their way  
The soldiers would live till Judgment Day.

For a headache or a toothache  
For a backache or an earache  
Take a pill!

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# DON'T WORRY ABOUT US, MR. UPLIFTER

## After the War, We Won't Be Too Proud to Work; We'll Be Too Proud Not To.

There was a time—before all of us men put our store clothes into camphor and put on O. D.'s—when the Jeremiahs of Journalism were never at a loss for something about which to write.

All other sources of inspiration becoming arid, they swooped down upon the halt, the lame and the blind and produced uplift stories and articles. Magazines published it and little groups of serious thinkers got together to talk it over and wring their hands.

The poor old submerged tenth; the fecund tenement districts, the always thriving night court; the ever-busy juvenile tribunals; the uncarpeted penitentiaries and all such unsavory appendages of or more or less advanced civilization were turned inside out and exploited until they couldn't muster a secret amongst them.

It was commendable work. Reforms, good and not so good, came to pass. But let us let it go at that for the time being.

Came the war. The poor old submerged tenth and all its sociological relatives lost their prominence. They produced soldiers quite as good and much more readily than did some other fractions of society.

As a literary fount they became extinct. Instead of being scolded for their improvidence and ignorance they came in for laudations for their patriotism.

### Nobody to Uplift.

The main point, insofar as this story is concerned, is that a topheavy staff of uplift writers were flat on their backs. Their erring children, on whom they depended for the rent, had gone to war—voluntarily and involuntarily—and there was nothing left but to go to war with them or stay home organizing relief associations. As an industry, the latter occupation became a bit overcrowded.

It was not long, however, before two or three of the erstwhile uplifters struck another literary lode. What, they demanded, was to become of the million or so soldiers who survived the war? Was not this new existence going to create another race? How to so reshape the economic and social fabric that these men from the trenches would fit into, after peace had been agreed upon?

They would never be the same—these gory veterans. Back to the primitive they were bound. The one time capable cotton weaver would never again be satisfied to weave cotton. He who had jumped his ribbon counter when the call came, would never jump back.

It was tremendously interesting. Likewise it was tremendously disconcerting. No matter what happened, we were double timing to the hounds unless something was done at once. Just what should be done was a trifle uncertain but like the kindly old lady

who heard for the first time the story of the destruction of Pompeii, everybody agreed that something should be done about it.

All that I know about the shortcomings of our economic and social system has been derived from being a dweller within and an atom of certain planes than needed a certain amount of regeneration. And all that I know about the wild-men-to-be accrues to me by virtue of being one of them.

And whilst I am not seeking an argument, for I may be wrong, but don't believe so, I have taken my typewriter into my lap in protest.

What nothing else has done to instill into the youth, and thereby impart to future generations, of America, this war will. The long sought panacea for ninety per cent. of the ills that were alleged to be threatening the very foundations of our Christian democracy came to us unsought. It came in the form of right shoulder arms, squads right, slumgullion and military discipline. It came about the time that sociologists began to decide that everything was useless generally, that America had failed and that we had just about two more years of equality, liberty, independence and like luxuries before us.

### We'll Be More Efficient.

From a purely material standpoint we (those who come out of this affair intact) are going to be about one million per cent. more efficient than was possible for any one of us to be before the army got us.

Came into this army of ours some thousands of youths who had never in their lives done anything more serious than to look for an easy job and fail to find it. And failing, they let it go at that. Came others who were industrious because they hadn't that knack of living without industry. But their industry was limited by inefficiency and they were discontented drudgers.

Others there were to join the colors, who had achieved a certain degree of success. And they, with others even more successful in civil life, continue in their habit of progressing just as they always will under whatever conditions existing.

### We'll Hustle.

Anybody who still harbors a suspicion that the army has any tendency to impair a man's ability to get out and hustle is not a member of the army. The old days when a soldier was an automaton composed of two arms, two legs and a pair of sharp ears, have passed into the limbo of forgotten things. It is still true that a good soldier must obey first and reason afterward. But machine guns, intricate artillery, grenades, gas, trenches and high explosives have changed warfare. That, therefore, intelligence is a more or less vital requisite in the modern soldier is too obvious for further consideration.

I've hustled some in civil life. I had to. I've traveled about as fast as the human

mechanism is geared to go under peace conditions. But believe me, I was running backward in comparison with my present gait. I never knew what mental and physical locomotion was until I was fetched down to South Carolina, put into harness and had my ribs rowelled a bit by a captain who knew what he wanted done and how to get it done.

### Davy Admits He Was Wrong.

I figured, at that time, that I was geared about as high as the work would stand—what, with eight hours drill, two hours fatigue and so on each day. But my well-developed faculty for being wrong was working smoothly. By some fortunate flip of the bones, fate selected me as a student in the Officers Training School.

I didn't know exactly how they did it, and I can not remember just when they did it, but whatever it was they did to me, accomplished the seemingly impossible. Some day when this school has closed, I am going to sit down for a whole hour, just to experience a forgotten sensation. I'm going to buy me a mirror and take a look at my own face, for I have retained but a hazy idea of its none too pulchritudinous ensemble.

Then I'm going to read a newspaper and smoke a whole cigarette right down to the end. And I'm going out where no one can see me and slouch about a bit—let my shoulders droop a sixteenth of an inch or so and shift the weight of my body to one foot and stand there for a few moments.

And maybe I'll go around for a whole day unshaved and with a few buttons undone and with mud on my heels. I'm going to do all these unmilitary things if I can, but I am not certain of success.

All this may have the ring of absurd exaggeration. But accept my word for it, I'm twelve times the man my mother thought it was possible for me to be and I had the most optimistic mother in the world.

### Better Bricklayers and Poets.

All this the army has done for me—as ordinary a man as ever rode on a subway train and that's hitting the true man of ordinary humanity. I mention myself merely by way of developing my point.

And that point is, shorn of platitude and superfluous wordage, that this army training has raised the efficiency of every able-bodied man within its confines about one hundredfold. We are going to be better bricklayers, but bricklayers still. We are going to be better clerks, mechanics, engineers, doctors, lawyers, butchers, grocers and so on that it was possible for us to be before, and we are going back to be clerks, mechanics, engineers, doctors, lawyers, butchers, grocers and so on, just the same.

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"Say, Joe, I thought you said the 69th had gone across."

### "YOU KNOW ME, AL."

Big, artistic signs are up about camp announcing the division show, "You Know Me, Al," which an all star cast will present at the Harris Theatre the week of March 25th. The cast, including names well known on Broadway, is busy rehearsing the bright lines with which the musical farce abounds.

Lieut. W. A. Halloran, Jr., of the 106th Machine Gun Battalion, is directing the production, as director of the 27th Division Theatre, and he is proving a very capable military Belasco—or perhaps Flo Ziegfeld, Jr.—as a glance at any of the rehearsals shows.

The plot of "You Know Me, Al"—and it has a plot that is better than most musical shows—and the many good lines with which it is adorned, were evolved by Private Hugh S. Stange, Hdqts. Troops, who dramatized "Seventeen," now running on Broadway, and Private W. Anson Hallahan, Co. M, 107th Inf., another professional. The music, which is hummable and whistlable, is by Private Burton Hamilton, 106th M. G. Batt., and Sgt. Leon de Costa, Hdqts Co., 106th Inf. Sgt. de Costa also leads the orchestra, which is composed of division musicians. He, with Lieut. Halloran did a P. G. Wodehouse job on the lyrics.

Carl McCormick, S. D., 107th Regt., is business manager. Harry Gribble, S. D., 108th Regt. is stage manager. Pvt. C. C. Beall, Co. G, 107th Inf., and Sergt. Harold E. Printz, are designing and executing the scenery, with an expert staff, and Joe Urban might be proud of the job they are doing. Principal roles are being played by Russell Brown, Syd Marian, Curt Karpe, Harry Gribble, Walter Roberts, Stanley Woods, Jack Roche, Artie Kennedy, Stanley Hughes, and E. Albert Crawford. Some of them take female roles. Watch out Julian Eltinge!

The chorus is what the Winter Garden press agent would call "a gay and gorgeous galaxy of girls." There are some chorus

### THE REAL REASON THE KU KLUX KLAN WAS ORGANIZED.

Remember the Ku Klux Klan, those hair-raising night riders in nighties that galumphed about in the Birth of a Nation? Spartanburg isn't far from the seat of that story.

The Ku Klux Klan was organized at Piedmont, a little town on the P. and N. railroad, not far from here. History tells us that the Ku Kluxers were organized to protect the whites down here, but our acquaintance with the P. and N. makes us believe that history is all wrong. The Ku Klux Klan was organized by a party of indignant Southern commuters when the 5:15 train didn't get in till 8:39.

### BASEBALL PLANS APLENTY.

Several baseball games are now pending for the Division team. They include two contests with the Charleston Navy Yard, and one with Camp Sevier. Among others, the other opponents are Erskine College and the Atlanta Club of the Southern Association. A record schedule is looked for when the Baseball Committee gets down to business.

### SAME SHOE.

FOUND—One shoe, brand new and regulation near Signal Corps corral. Owner may have same by identifying same. Same may be accomplished by seeing E. G. Sharpe, Co. C, 102d Signal Corps.

men, too, of course, who operate as sprightly a collection of fibulae as the local stage has ever glimpsed. But the "girls" are the feature.

"You Know Me, Al," will run for a week, with matinees on Wednesday and Saturday. Tickets will be placed on sale shortly. It is a corking show, and is just another evidence of the versatility of the Division.

### GETTING NITROGEN FROM AIR.

Germany just before the war began to get nitrogen from the air, but not in paying quantities. The war drove her to experimentation where she has found new and paying processes of obtaining nitrogen from the atmosphere. She produces tenfold the nitrogen she formerly produced, now producing 300,000 tons yearly. Nitrogen is indispensable in producing certain essential explosives. Explosion is almost immediate combustion for which nitrogen is the most practical gas.

### WHEN A TANK COMES AFTER YOU.

The Germans have changed many of their standardized methods because of the introduction of the English Tank. The trenches are made wider, being at least 10 feet, mud is placed before them, cannon are placed in the trenches to oppose them. Machine guns have no effect upon them; hand grenades are useless when used against them, the artillery is too far away to locate them. The German fears and hates the tank for it is almost an invulnerable monster which disturbs the Huns.

### GAS WARFARE.

The Scientific American Supplement 2200 describes gas in warfare more fully than has any other public document. Gas warfare is regarded barbaric and cruel, but nothing of that sort hinders the Hun. He tried it out on the Allies and it worked so well that it surprised the Hun as well as the Allies. Had the Hun really known the effects of gas he might have made a general attack before the Allies could have procured masks, under such conditions the results of gas warfare might have been far different. The public press now announces that the Americans have recently discovered more efficient and more poisonous fuses than has been used by the Germans.

# GAY LIFE IN CHARLOTTE

## A Former 27th Division Man Tells How Camp Greene Men Spend Their Free Evenings.

Editor's Note—Corporal Howard A. Herty now of the First New Hampshire Infantry was a steady and valued contributor to the *Gas Attack* when he was a member of Co. A, 102d Military Police at Camp Wadsworth. As a lot of men we know are up at Charlotte at Camp Greene, we asked Corp. Herty to act as our special correspondent there. Corp. Herty has taken his trusty Underwood in hand and sent us the following story of the wild times he has in Charlotte.

\* \* \*

After Retreat, the adventurous youth sallies forth into the bright lights of town in search of amusement. Amusement is usually sought in one of two places: the restaurants or movies. It is more frequently sought than found.

Bear with me, while I go to the best theatre in town:

Of course it's raining. It always rains when we have a chance to go to town. The first thing to be done, is to get a pass. This is done in the most complicated way conceivable. First, I obtain permission from the Top Sergeant to speak to the Captain. After this privilege has been granted, I proceed to the Captain's tent and gently rap upon his door.

"Come in," invites the Captain.

Instead of "coming in," I meekly push the door open, and in a flutter of bewilderment try to say: "Sir, I have the First Sergeant's permission to address the Captain on subject of pass."

"Very well, where do you want to go, and what are your reasons?" inquires his honor.

"Er, ah, I, oh, yes, I would like to go to Taps until Town tonight, because some of my relatives just arrived today."

"All right, have the Top-Sergeant make out a pass."

Leaving the tent like a man just released from jail, I proceed back to the "Topper" and he reluctantly makes out the pass.

### He Gets a Pass.

After making out the pass, the "Topper" instructs me to go to the Colonel for his approval. This is the most unkindest cut of all. Approaching the Colonel's lair, I present my case to him, and evidently he is more interested in my welfare than the Captain was. He asked me when I was to town last, when my relatives were going home, and in fact everything but my opinion on Woman Suffrage. He finally signed it with my fountain pen, and he had so much trouble with the pen that I thought he was going to keep the pass. Even at that I had to tell him that the pen he was putting in his pocket was mine.

Safely folding the document that displayed everything except my photograph, I started in search of a trolley car.

By this time it was raining very hard and the mud was knee-deep. In the dim distance I could see the car. It was standing still. Summoning up all my energy I dashed through the mud in the general direction of the waiting car. Occasionally I stepped into a spot that was once a well, but on I struggled. If I missed this car, I probably couldn't get another before peace would be declared. I was going along in great style, moving with all the graceful dexterity of a tank, when a sonorous greeting brought me to a halt.

"Got a pass?"

"Sure," I breathlessly gasped.

"Well, let's lamp it."

After getting almost completely undressed, I found the pass and showed it to the guard, and honestly I don't believe he knew how to read. Anyway, he managed to get it all wet before saying, "S all right."

I knew that much before he stopped me, but I wasn't anxious to engage in any further conversation with him so I hurried on. The car was still waiting, but I was certain I'd miss it by about two steps.

Nearer and nearer I came, and with a final burst of speed managed to get a strangle hold on the railing. By this time, I was almost completely exhausted, and helplessly staggered into a seat.

Fifteen minutes pass. Another fifteen, and then some and the car hadn't moved.

### He Takes a Trolley to Town.

Two men with exceptionally large fitting blue uniforms, emerged from an adjacent lunch-room. As they near the car, I discovered that they were the crew. The motorman entered the front, and the conductor entered the rear. Thinking they were going to start, I pulled my hat on a little tighter, muttered a few words of resignation and gripped the sides of the seat.

"Waal, what do ye say, Jess, shall we go?" This was the motorman.

"Wait a minute, Zeke, Ah left mah hat in the lunch room." This was the conductor.

With all the speed and agility peculiar to southern conductors he stepped forth into the atmosphere. I watched him intently. Suddenly, as the wind blew his hat in the mud, he must have realized that he hadn't left it in the lunch room, as he actually stooped and picked it up. While engaged in brushing it off, he displayed a shaven neck that would have made a West Hoboken plumber green with envy. Returning to his colleague in crime he said: "Ah thot ah left mah hat in that err lunch room, but ah guess ah didn't. I know ah left something in thar."

"Perhaps it was yesterday's paper you left. Ah remember you bought one," suggested the motorman.

"Well, never mind it, ahm a sport, let's go," said the conductor and I was mighty

glad that the motorman didn't notice the mud spots in his six-sizes-too-large celluloid collar, or they would have waited to polish that.

At length, and for some unknown reason, the car started. I'll not dwell any further on the incidents of the journey; suffice it to say that there's some things worse than the U-boat menace or Meatless Tuesdays.

### He Goes to a Vaudeville Show.

Alighting from the car, I traversed the main thoroughfare until I encountered the gilded establishment of mirth. The lobby contained divers posters of interest, displayed in gorgeous colors. Was it the pictures of the scantily clothed "Gallagher Sisters" that interested me mostly? Twice did I scan the stunning poses of "La Petite Babette," and blushing I admit that I didn't even notice the names of the Black-face Comedians.

Feeling in a much better frame of mind than I could possibly conceive, considering my trolley car experience, I elbowed my way to the box office.

"One ticket, please," I ventured.

"In the Orchestra?" inquired the encased robber.

"Go ahead," I said, "I imagine they're a pretty decent bunch of fellows, although I don't play anything myself."

Looking at me in blank amazement, the ticket man proceeded to give me ten cents excessive change, which I hurriedly returned and told him to buy himself a drink. He said he couldn't buy a drink in town, but he didn't offer to give me back the dime.

Entering the theatre, a dainty little maid with a powdered face and soiled spats escorted me to Row "H," and lost in my admiration for her, I followed her between the seats to the end. Then she reached over in Row "I" and pointed to the seat I was to occupy. As gracefully as possible, I about-faced, and marched out of Row "H" and waited for her. Thinking I might occasion a conversation, I ventured: "Have I the pleasure of sitting in Row 'I'?"

"Yes," she smiled, and paused for my next remark which came presently.

"It looks like 'L', doesn't it?"

"Sir!" and she left.

At length I became seated. My anticipated admiration for "La Petite Babette" became stronger when the program disclosed that she was the "Famous Dainty French Singing Comedienne."

Suddenly, and without warning, the Orchestra burst forth in a pandemonium of discord. They were rendering "William Tell," and believe me, they rendered poor William limb from limb.

Next came the Hearst-Selig Weekly. I could tell it was still raining, as each and every scene splashed and spattered. The "latest news" gave information concerning

(Continued on page 36)

## REAL WAR CONDITIONS IN MANEUVERS HERE.

### New Intensive Training Plans Include Use of Real Gas.

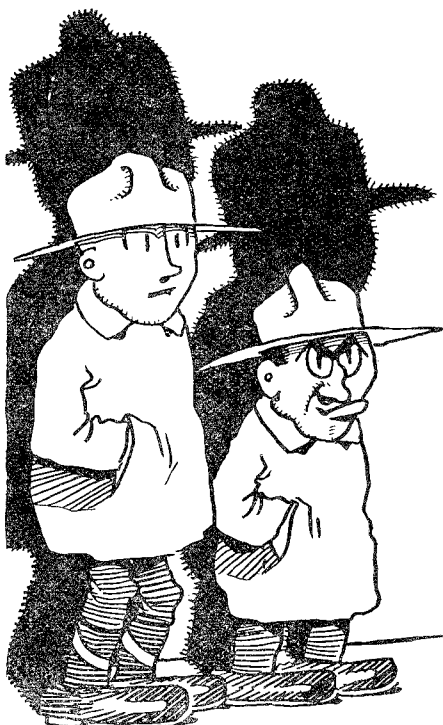
More intensive training for the 27th Division is the plan of its commanding general. Gas attacks with real gas will be one of the features. The gas will hurt you if you don't get your mask on in time, but it won't be dangerous. The experience of being gassed for practice will not, however, be a pleasant one, and the man who hasn't the gas mask drill down so pat that he can leap out of a sound sleep and adjust this protection in a twinkling will have a bad hour or two with the gas, and probably a worse fifteen minutes with his captain.

Major General O'Ryan in speaking of the planned training, which will include maneuvers on a large scale, said.

"It is a splendid body of men. The morale is high, and the officers and men alike have been severely tried by the usually severe winter. From now on, during the remainder of our stay here, we will work faster. The maneuvers we have planned will be made very realistic—that is they will approach actual conditions as nearly as possible. The battalions going to the target range will march the entire distance, instead of going by train as heretofore. There will be some very interesting work in the trenches. We are planning to give the men a touch of the gas that will test them as to how much they have learned about gas defense. Those who are caught napping when the gas alarm is given will suffer for it. It will not be the deadliest kind of gas, of course, and it will leave no lasting effects, but those who inhale it will undergo a good deal of pain. I suspect it will take something of that kind to teach some of the men the needed lesson. Then there will be some lively skirmishing and field work, and the commanding officers and the men under them will get some new training and tests that they have not had heretofore.

"The physical condition of the division is as good as it ever will be," Gen. O'Ryan continued. "It is even better now than it will be after we get into the thick of the fighting, for then we will have sick and wounded, and the ranks will be constantly filling up with new men. But we have done about all the preliminary training of the kind that we have had up to now that is needed. From now on we will more nearly approach war conditions until we get right into the real thing."

There will be frequent inspections from now on of every organization in camp. Special attention will be paid to personnel, soldierly bearing, condition of equipment, etc. The training work is to be intensified, but will be of a new kind and more varied than heretofore. There have been few idle days for the division during the six months that it has been here, and there will be none at all from now, but the officers and men alike are eager for the strenuous days that are



"If I joined some branch of the service, could I take my pick?"

"Yes; and if you enlisted in the Pioneers, you'd get a shovel, too!"

ahead of them, for they are convinced that before a very great while they will be on their way "over there." There will not be any more of the restlessness that comes from tarrying too long in one place and doing the same old thing until one grows stale.

### BIG IMPROVEMENTS PLANNED AT K. OF C.

So many men are coming to the Hall of evenings that the writing accommodations are being strained to the limit. To meet the added demands being made, more than one hundred and seventy-five feet of folding desks will be built into the east and west walls, so that all who come may have ample space to unfold their ideas. One is almost tempted to add at length.

The north inside wall has lately had an addition, called for by the splendid movies being shown in the hall nearly every evening. Several friends have given us a fine screen, on which the pictures show more clearly and evenly than on the old movable one which formerly hung there. It is a joy to watch the film favorites of town and country disporting themselves on the whitened surface of our new curtain.

One of the most interesting pictures seen recently was the War Department films of boxing and bayonet instruction. A goodly audience greeted the first appearance in our little house of Kid McCoy, Benny Leonard, Frank Moran and other knights of the screen.

The assistant secretaries are planning a series of vaudeville and musical entertainments that will be well worth while. There is many, as the parodist remarked, a social bud so fresh and green, that wastes her

### ORIENT YOURSELF.

I promised Gus, the philosophic second loot of our Fifty-umph Pioneer outfit, to type out his latest bit of optimistic advice to the throng of officers who came but lately from the alkalined arroyos of Texas and the dry, frozen north to this—well, somewhat misty camp.

Gus says that one of the first things a young officer must learn in the military game is to orient himself, especially as regards the social topography. During the first week he was here, like the rest of the newcomers, he felt a bit chilly and damp. He came, he saw—and even oggled—but he couldn't conquer. Every time he cheerfully broke some one's floating rib in one of the catch-as-catch-can hops on the top floor of Spartanburg's great, white hostelry, he tried to negotiate an appointment with his captured Cinderella—but no. Nothing but a series of sugar coated squelches came his way. Each girl would laugh her silvery Robert W. Chambers' laugh and would waft this mockery at Gus as she floated away with another partner:

"Ah'm so sawwy, but I've a date with Lieut. Brown on Monday, Sergt. Smith on Tuesday, Pvt. Jones on Wednesd-a-a..."

Her voice died away in the whirlpool of chatter about her. The disconsolate Gus would slink towards the squatters' bleachers, gingerly rubbing his shattered shoulder blade as he went. He became bluer and bluer—almost indigo—and he came to curse the place, the game, the weather and the life.

Sixes and sevens had Gus in their grip until he bethought himself of the orientation philosophy. He got out his mental alidade and slope board and took a few backsights on his social traverse. The discovery came to him that he had been flivvering by using a depressed compass. He began a scheme of correction by smiles. Now, so he avers, he is triangulating perfectly. The date books are open to him, and the smile of the eternal feminine has transformed the valley of mud into a vale of green enchantment.

Being one of the kind that wishes the same good luck to his fellows as befalls himself, Gus puts emphasis on this advice:

"Orient yourself."

D. H. H.

### KNOCK-KNEED.

Passing a hand over his forehead, the worried drill-sergeant paused for breath as he surveyed the knock-kneed recruit. Then he pointed a scornful finger.

"No," he declared, "you're hopeless. You'll never make a soldier. Look at you now. The top 'alf of your legs is standing to attention, an' the bottom 'alf is standin' at ease!"—London Fun.

sweetness on a millionaire, and the assistants have taken on the particular job of fathoming some of old Ocean's dark unfathomed caves and gathering in a pearl or two that lies hidden in the ranks of the men at Wadsworth.

# News From Division Units

EDITED BY PVT. K. A. BISBEE.

## WITH CO. I, 106TH INFANTRY, AT GLASSY ROCK.

From the time when the first Battalion of the 106th Infantry returned from the range at Glassy Rock last December we worried somewhat about the trip. But it's all over and the men all agree when they say: "It's not so bad" and "Gee! I wish I was back there. Those biscuits are just the thing." and then besides didn't we make the best record of any company to date. We qualified every man on Tables 1 and 2. That this was accomplished was mostly due to the efficient work of Captain Jerome F. Langer and the other officers, all of which are expert riflemen and were right there with their coaching.

We were booked for ten days on the range and rumors had it we were scheduled to start right after the first battalion got back. But as is usually the case with Dame Rumor nothing came of it until February 15, when we were ordered to pack up. We started next day.

We left camp at 5:30 in the morning after the sergeants had awakened us at 8 bells. We rolled full packs and were off. The skies were cloudy and it was no surprise when it started to rain as we were nearing the station at Fair Forest. We piled into day coaches and after a dreary ride of three hours, were dumped off at Campobello. It still rained and we were greeted with smiles from a group of artillerymen who were lounging about in the station. We smiled back and asked, "How far is it to the 'range?'"

"Eighteen miles," came back the answer amid much laughter.

Well, to make a long story short, we started with Captain Langer leading the front and Lieut. Groesbach the rear rank.

At every step we sank five and six inches in the rich O. D. mud of South Carolina, and although the officers did all in their power to pick the best roads, it was some hiking. We presented a pretty sight when we pulled into the rifle camp at Glassy Rock with the company intact. Lieutenant Davies, who brought up the rear with Lieut. Stoffregen, was loaded with a pack and rifle.

The sight which greeted us at Glassy Rock was enough to discourage a saint. The tents had apparently been thrown up in a hurry and no trenches had been dug. On many there were no hoods and the water had leaked through. The ground was soaked and when the wagons containing the blankets arrived at midnight it was seen these were also wet. The other companies greeted us with a smile.

Due to an efficient mess sergeant we were enabled to get some grub that night when he borrowed it from H Company. It wasn't much, just a little baked macaroni, but it

## SANITARY SQUAD NO. 1.

After several weeks of seclusion the first Sanitary Squad (known as the "D H D's") again makes its appearance.

Private Doc Fleming has gone north on a furlough. Society news of Nurse's Gazette please copy.

Quartermaster Sergeant Erhman has received bids from several well known clothiers to build a suit around Chubby Osborn. We advise said firms to view Chubby's proportions before closing contracts. They'll never enclose him!

Private Vair now sleeps with his mouth closed and snores with delicacy. We wonder why. Has married life robbed him of his old habit?

Sergeant Goldsmith and Private Dick Lockwood refuse to talk about their furlough. We don't blame them.

Wanted—

A bottle of Herpicide for Private Metzgar's Tash.

A pair of leggins size 0 for Ted Theban.

One typewriter for Sergeant Erhman.

One pair of left-handed chevrons, size 14 inch, for Sergeant McKenna. R. E. K.

sure did taste good to us and we all ate plenty. It was next to impossible to turn in as our clothes were drenched and the blankets not much better.

Sunday dawned bright and clear, with very little wind. In the afternoon Lieutenant Groesbach conducted sixty of the men out on targets A, and from that time on, until we completed our shooting Monday afternoon a week later, there was enough work for all of us. The men who qualified first were put in as coaches and in that way it was possible to push the entire company through.

Although we lost one and a half days on account of rain, Capt. Langer was able to turn in his complete report on time, and we left on scheduled time.

Tuesday night the "bucks" had the laugh on the sergeants, when a strong wind blew up and the sergeants' tent was the only one destroyed. They spent the night under the canvass and in the morning presented an amusing sight when they sought to find their way out from under the wreckage of their tent. Mess Sergeant Ludwig had his hands full on Wednesday afternoon when fire destroyed some of the food. There was very little sugar left after the fire had been extinguished and as a result we drank unsweetened coffee for the rest of the week.

But it is an easy matter to pick a company I man from out of the throng, as we did not qualify every man on tables one and two, 114 on table 3 and 19 on table 4, and 12 on table 5. We also qualified every one on the pistol range.

## AN EFFICIENT POST-OFFICE.

You've got to hand it to the camp post-office. The Germans brag of their efficiency, but the Huns couldn't have done a better job than Postmaster Pierre H. Fike did in organizing and getting under way the machinery for distributing mail to some 33,000 soldiers.

The camp post-office is manned by 26 civilian clerks and 14 soldiers detailed there. The soldiers are all professionals, who had experience in post-office work before they joined the army. The civilian clerks are recruited from various parts of our fair land, including Boston, Binghamton, Buffalo, Scranton, Reading and, last, but far from least, Asheville. Asheville's contribution consists of James A. Ware, who is clerk in charge of the Wadsworth branch, and "Pop" Hawkins. Mr. Ware has had 20 years experience in post-office work. He keeps things humming.

Under present conditions two mails a day come to camp—one at 10:30 a. m. and one at 5 p. m. The post-office is open from 8 a. m. till 9 p. m. every day except Sunday.

A letter posted at the camp post-office before 3 o'clock in the afternoon reaches New York City about 1 p. m. the following day.

One feature of the local post-office is a complete information bureau where every soldier in the division is listed. Very little mail goes astray.

The camp post-office does as much business as most small cities. The Spartanburg post-office, which includes the Wadsworth branch, did a \$45,000 business in December, surpassing the records of many much larger cities. The camp post-office by the way does a thriving business in money orders. It also has War Savings and Thrift Stamps on sale, and any soldier who wishes to invest small sums profitably and in a way which will help directly in winning the war, should investigate them.

By a new ruling of the war department, soldier orderlies can't deliver special delivery letters, so Postmaster Fike and Mr. Ware have worked out a system of delivery by civilians which is working well. The camp is fortunate in having such a well-run post-office.

We left the range Tuesday morning and made record time to Campobello where we were compelled to stall for an hour while we waited for the trains. We pulled into Wadsworth late that night and it was a treat to see out little cots after sleeping on the hard ground for ten days. But our joy was short-lived as we were called out on exterior guard the next day around the trenches.

But it's all in the game and that's another story.

CORP. CHARLES O. LIND.



**THE 53RD PIONEERS.**

They've changed our old name,  
We're christened anew,  
A glorious fame,  
Was ours, it is true;  
The Civil, the Spanish,  
And now this war, too,  
We're ready to banish,  
Tyranny's few.

So boys, just remember,  
Where'er you may be,  
You're still an old member,  
Of what once was "We."  
And the new Pioneers,  
In the hour eleventh,  
Will be, have no fears,  
Like the old 47th.

AL SUSSMAN,  
Co. A, 53rd Pioneer Inf.

**HEADQUARTERS COMPANY, 3RD PIONEER INFANTRY.**

"Grandma" Mitchell is still on the trail with the assistance of Wm. J. Burns, Pinkerton, Copley Plaza Burke, for the Concord graduates who pulled out his cot the other night.

"When I was in the Navy" Louie has questioned about everyone in the regiment with the possible exception of the K. O. regarding his discharge and now we just learned he was inquiring the location of Maj. Gen. O'Ryan's quarters from one of the mounted M. P.'s, Tuesday afternoon, while out taking his usual afternoon stroll with "Bandy."

The boys are all anxious to know if Jasper Quinn is using the same old fife that he lost early one morning in a can at Camp Greene. How about it Jasper?

Just as we doped it out the Federal officials have discovered our "Starvation" Chadwick, the incinerator engineer, and his Theda Bara, from "High Point." Trueman still insists it's his sister, but you can't fool a horsefly.

Although back to camp from his furlough but a few days, "Cozy" Fairclough is studying his general orders hard, in preparation to making his debut before Spartanburg's 400. Leave it to Junior with his golden locks, he's just the lounge lizard that can nurse his way into the midnight functions.

The "Gloom Chasers" are the envy of the company street since holding their company inspections and parades nightly, their outfit is good but their leader being a former member of the "Bell in Hand" and one of Mike Crowley's candidates, we can not say anything that would be fitting for him.

Things that never happen:

Fred Mitchell pleading for the kitchen police detail.

Bill Tenney, the Cossack leader, passing up a plate of Boston's own.

"Mercury" Davis learning his general orders.

"Scoops" booming the Boston Globe or Transcript.

S.

**LIEUT. CROSKY DIES.****Billeting Officer First Officer to Die in 27th Division.**

The 27th Division lost its first officer by death March third, when Second Lieut. Henry E. Croskey, billeting officer, died in the Base Hospital. Lieut. Croskey was given an impressive military funeral.

Lieut. Croskey had an unusual career. He was born in Philadelphia and educated in New York and Paris. He served an enlistment in both the United States Army and the United States Navy, and in the French Foreign Legion in Africa. He was in business in China, the Philippines and South America.

He enlisted as a private in the 105th Field Artillery at the outbreak of the war, but his ability as a linguist resulted in his being attached to division headquarters. He was commissioned as a second lieutenant in December, and assigned to the work of billeting officer and interpreter. He could speak seven languages.

**HEADQUARTERS COMPANY, 51ST PIONEER INFANTRY.**

Lost, strayed, or stolen from Headquarters Co., 51st Pioneers, one good cook. Finder please return to above address and receive munificent reward.

After many months of patient waiting our first consignment of Pioneer Ukuleles has arrived, and the band is enjoying practice daily. Great competition has developed between 1st Class Musician William Otto Haupt, Jr., (\$44 per month) and Jimmy Mullen, for the position of soloist. Willie claims he can dig at the rate of forty strokes to the measure while "Mul" holds that the tone he gets on that wheel-barrow has got it on anything this side Poughkeepsie.

Percy Roe, our cook emeritus, was in our midst last Wednesday to draw a new pair of shoes, accompanied by a handsome young stranger whom we afterwards learned goes by the name of Corrigan.

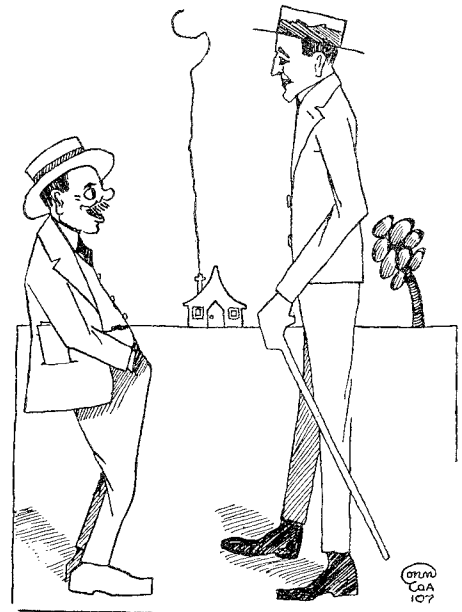
Maisie's aggregation of cot warpers, bewail the departure of their former comrade and fellow patriot, Lew Davis, who has cast his lot with mine host Isemann. Bob advises that if Lew is as good beating that bass drum as he is beating it away from work, he must be SOME drummer.

Our friend Howard Pangburn returned in good spirits.

As we go to print our famous slip horn artists Earle M. Brittain, lately of New Paltz, and Ohioville, notifies us that he has received a transfer to the Q. M. Corps—Almost.

Drum Major Cooper, while receiving applause for a realistic interpretation of the dance "The Seven Veils," was accidentally hit by a piece of Irish confetti. He allows he will soon be able to drape himself around his customary three squares a day.

M. T. & HANK.

**THE IDEA!**

Why don't you enlist?  
Enlist!—With this horrid war going on?

**COMPANY C, 105TH M. G. BN.**

First Class Private and Acting Corporal Sabin and his staff moved out to Asheville to spend Washington's Birthday. They spent it—and lots more. Charley must have been on pretty good terms with all the bakers in town, he looked so intellectually fit on his return. Do you like "dark town" corporal-to-be?

Eddie Ross is a Corporal now, promoted from a first-class private. You were first-class, "Ed," in every sense of the word and you were as much "private." If some other members of the company would not be so noisy, maybe they may have a chance to become first-class privates.

The company was overjoyed and sorry both, upon the departure of Major Arnold Sinclair. We're glad that Washington appreciates his ability; we did. Not many companies can boast of anything like this, and we are certainly proud of ex-Sergeant Sinclair. He's not finished yet, and we can all expect to hear further from him.

C. W. C.

**BATTERY C, 106TH FIELD ARTILLERY.**

Private Edward Acker who has often stated that good men can not be kept down, has had his prophecy fulfilled. As being formerly connected with Armour & Co., dealers in food-stuffs, he was nominated by our first Sergeant as one of a committee of four to assist our Mess Sergeant, the Hon. Arthur Oelheim, in the proper distribution of viands. He is succeeding as can be seen by the glamour of the cooking utensils.

CORP. WALTER J. PLADY.

Pvt. Lauren Stout, Co. E 107th Infantry, has drawn the illustration for the cover of the Camouflage Number of the **Gas Attack**, out next week. It is in colors, and it's a corker.

## PRAISE FROM COMMANDER FOR O. T. S.

### Major General O'Ryan Says Student Officers are "Finest Body of Men in World."

Major General John F. O'Ryan has paid a high compliment to the men in the officers' training school in Camp Wadsworth.

"It is my judgment that this is the finest body of men in the country," he said, "and this, of course, means that it is the finest body of men in the world. We had picked men to select from, and the selections were made with unusual care. Applicants had to stand the most rigorous tests. Since the school opened a few have dropped out, because they could not stand the pace, and those who are left are a select lot indeed.

"Notice them as they go about camp, or about the city," continued the general. "They are wide awake, erect and upstanding. And notice their care and precision in the matter of the military salute. Not one of them ever fails to salute, and they do it with a snap and vigor that is delightful. They manage to see me as soon as I see them.

#### The Salute Tells.

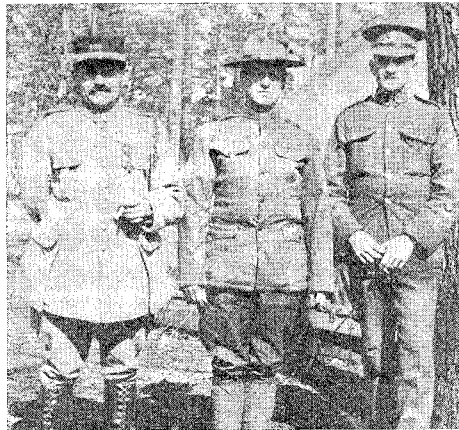
"And this matter of the salute," the general went on, "is an almost infallible way of judging a soldier. If a man is careless or indifferent in giving the salute he will be careless and indifferent in everything else. We have tested it out time and again, in various ways, and it hardly ever fails. The salute is an evidence of mental and physical alertness and vigor, and the right kind of a soldier possesses and displays these qualities at all times. The salute is not an act of servility. If I thought it was that, or anything approaching it, it would be abolished in this division forthwith.

"The salute is a salutation, a courteous greeting, if nothing more. But it is more. It is giving evidence that the soldier is on the alert, that he knows what is going on around him. That is the first duty of a soldier. We want that kind of men, and none but that kind of men, when our time of danger comes.

#### Get Ready for France.

"This division is going to France, and when we get over there we will be in the thick of the war. Our lives will be at stake. My life, and the life of every officer and man in the division, may depend on the alertness and vigilance of some sentry. The man who is not wide awake and alert here will not do to depend on after we get over there. The manner in which he gives the salute is about the best means we have of judging a soldier's qualities, and that is why we are insisting so strongly on it in this training camp. We are going to be even more insistent on it during the weeks that we remain here.

"And this brings me back to the officers' training school. Just watch those fellows give the military salute. They always give it, and they always give it correctly. They take a pride in showing that they are awake, and that is the kind of spirit that is to be encouraged."



THREE SERGEANT MAJORS.

Left to right—Sergeant Alfred A. Parent, 109th French Infantry; Sergeant Major Charles M. Hoffman, Division Headquarters, and Sergeant Major Tector of the British War Mission.

#### DIVISION HEADQUARTERS TROOP.

Several of the newly arrived Pigeon Section have already made themselves notorious. Si Thorne, their noted gambler, lost \$5.00 at poker the other night and immediately telegraphed to the old folks back home to keep on watering the milk until further notice. Juber, another of the birdmen, in an argument about pigeon eggs, said the only way to tell a fertile egg was to eat it. Vanderveer, they claim, only joined to get squab breakfasts.

Several members of the troop were at loss to understand why Si Hunter took such pains with his makeup before he went down to the canteen every night. The mystery has been cleared up. Some of the nurses from the Base Hospital are regular customers of the well-known Walden salesman.

The former denizens of the Van Courtlandt Park Inn are feeling at home at last. They have named their tent after the old tavern, and appointed Gyp Hunt chief bouncer.

Sergeant Mackesey has been dressed to kill lately. His assistant, Chauncey DePew, explains the phenomenon by a statement that Mac recently received a box of baby duds.

Sergeant Major Flannery has started baseball practice. A squad of twenty men are putting in all their spare time at the diamond sport.

Sergeant Major Tector, of the British Military Commission is out on the war path. God help the reporter of the Spartanburg Herald who put over the tale of the Sergeant's hypnotic abilities. Since it appeared, Tector has faced a chaperon on every visit he has made to town.

Hocking, the troop horseshoer, has hung out a barber's shingle. In view of his long experience at the forge, he should feel right at home with his new customers. F. J. A.

The Camouflage Number of the Gas Attack, out March 23rd, will contain the most remarkable array of pictures ever published in any magazine this side of the Rio Grande.

#### COMPANY B, 105TH INFANTRY.

The one place on earth that can beat "No Man's Land" in the dark, is our famous long, steep and narrow trail to Corporal Johnston's domicile.

Max Chernin is not off his feed. He is merely composing more poetry.

Joe Blanchette expects to leave us at any time, as his experience at running an elevator has qualified him for aviation honors.

We are awaiting with interest a report on how the boys of the 107th liked our surprise attack on the trenches Thursday night during the heavy storm. It was a lovely night for the party.

"Gimme" Dooley and Red Ranterberg are putting on a performance every night in the front of the alley. Tickets—one butt, or a light.

Since Johnny Jordan's sister took the prize and had her picture on the insurance calenders, everyone is trying to do favors for him.

J. H. HIGGINS.

#### COMPANY M, 106TH U. S. INFANTRY.

We eat boys! Sergeant Scharf is back from his furlough. Let us hope that acting Mess Sergeant Blank will not get angry for this explanation. We feel that while on the job he was doing his best; on the other hand, he will agree with us that when it comes to feeding 250 men an amateur has no show.

We propose that when anybody wants to throw water outside of his tent, he should give the alarm before and not after throwing it. Somebody second the motion. We don't mind taking a shower, but it is not our custom to take one while we are all dressed up in our furlough clothes.

Here is a prayer. "O Jupiter Pluvius, be parsimonious with thy offerings for the coming ten days or so. Company M is going to the range, and we hate to see the poor boys get wet—with water."

THOMAS A. FUSCO.

#### MEDICAL CORPS, SECOND PIONEER INFANTRY.

Private First Class Herman Cooke, a newly wed, is awaiting the arrival of his wife. The boys from the 106th F. A. wish him luck, as they hear he is expecting the stripes any day.

Eva Walsh is still working on inoculation records. Take your time, Eva, you won't have to swing the pick like the rest of the boys.

Young cowboy Milde just blew in from Oklahoma. Close the door—some draft.

Drug Store Roman Pierce has a hard time mornings climbing the pole after his socks.

Chubby MacNarmara is after getting a new sweater. Who knit it Chubby, did Ned?

Kasamae Shields has been appointed our mail orderly. Any mail today, "Egg-head?"

Grief overcomes us by the loss of Duke Farrell, the brains of the Medical Corps, who was transferred to Headquarters Company as a Sergeant. The boys all wish you luck, Duke.

ED. STANLEY.

**"DISTINCTIVE DEFINITIONS" NOT IN THE SERVICE MANUAL.**

"FRENCH LEAVE." Commonly known as "AWOL," also "Over the Hills" and "Copping a Mope!" Furlough granted the enlisted man by himself—with full "privilege of extensions."

GUARD HOUSE. The "Jug," sometimes called "Luna Park" or the "Brig." The Philosopher's Paradise." A place where those in, won't go out, and those out won't go in.

"REGIMENTAL HEADQUARTERS." Office of Generals "Rumor and Delivery." Slogan: "Abandon hope, all ye who enter here!"

"FIRST CALL." The "steppingstone" for "Extra Fatigue."

MESS CALL, PAY CALL, SICK CALL. The only ones that never go unanswered.

"KITCHEN POLICE." A combination of Faith, Hope and Charity, with very little of the latter.

"GUARD DUTY." The enlisted man's only "Hobby," also the "Army's Alarm Clock," and the "Vegetarian's Paradise."

"SERVICE MANUAL." Something to keep as a "memento," also used as a "two-by-four."

"GENERAL ORDERS." The "officers memory exercise."

"ARTILLERY." The only branch of the service exempt from "Pruning."

INFANTRY. The nearest road to "Heaven" and the shortest way "Over the Top."

SUMMARY COURT MARTIAL. The only "Rival" of the "Liberty Bond," Allotment, and the "Insurance Policy."

PVT. G. T. KEHOE,  
M. C. 104 F. A.

**COMPANY A, 102ND SUPPLY TRAIN.**

"The Great Company Mystery," or "Who Forgot the Top," is playing to packed tents along our company street. It is produced by the Risenweber Flim Flam Corporation.

Sergeant Landwherr, you are the envy of all the "cub" reporters in the company. Keep up the good work.

Now if Mike Devaney had good feet he would be willing to "do his bit" if he had a good stomach. Poor Mick.

Some one heard a party remark that Corporal White had a good voice. The terrible ignorance of some people. Beautiful is the word, eh Joe?

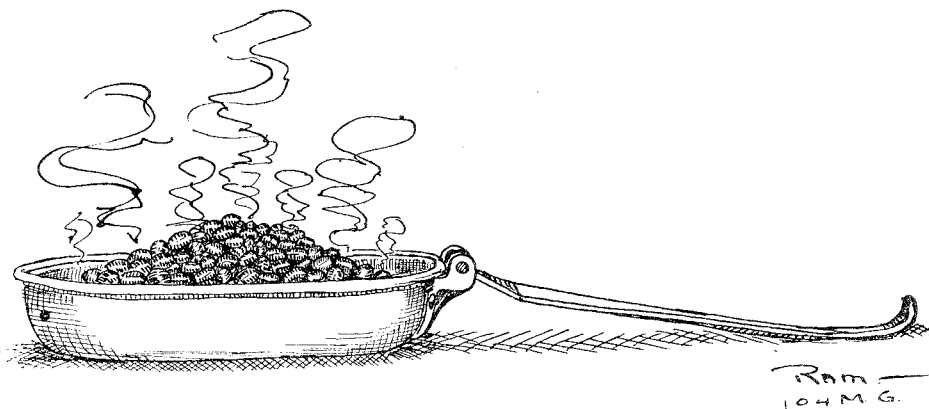
Sergeant MacGowan, the Beau Brummel of Boston society a decade ago, suggests re-decorating the Sergeants' tent. We agree with him, it must be monotonous looking at the same thing all day long.

Pete Duffy, the wonderful phonographist a la Shubert, claims he derives all his inspirations from the words "Is that where wood alcohol comes from, Pete?"

Does anyone know of a good camouflage for onions? If you have any information on the subject see Corporal Gus O'Bryan.

"Kid" Warren is sure some boy, shapes up like a million bucks. Oh, but what an awful oil can he is in action.

Q. G. Q.



96 Articles of War.

**AMBULANCE COMPANY 107.**

Some one told Corporal McKay, who is eager to get in the game, the 27th Division would soon move to France, and the humorist was laid up for extensive repairs. Apropos of that sad occurrence, which is decidedly unfortunete, we wonder if we will ever get a chance to join in the real thing. "Mac" is no exception in this company, and for that matter, in the whole division. All of us want to fight—to do the thing we enlisted for. It is difficult to feel content in our ceaseless training when so many of our friends are "over there." Even if we were sure we were going over sometime the fight inside would not be so bad. The fear of being left out is clanking its chains up and down our roads. Will someone please put in an order for twenty-seven nice transports to be delivered in two weeks.

Jim Morey and his de luxe "Crazy Cabaret" company got away with a neat program of sunshine and laughter at Y. M. C. A. hut No. 92 on Tuesday evening, before a large and peaceful audience. There were no casualties among the players. We are not sure regarding the assembly present. Jim portrayed the late and lamented Nat Wills, in a clever manner. He is a good hobo. For a week preceding the party he dodged all details, calling his "soldiering" training. Former Top Sergeant Moore came over to lend his charming personality to our crew, and with Oakley Morey put on a corking musical number. These two canaries could make a Q. M. Sergeant weep. Marty Joyce was there with both feet as a monologist. His stuff is new and frothy. "Doc" Leroy and former Mechanic De Julio, depicted the humor and pathos of Italian Life as seen in the 10-20-30 houses, but the delicacy and finesse of their touch, as they say of the long-haired pianists, raised the performance "steen" miles above that sort of thing. Added to the foregoing were several numbers appropriated from other companies, and with all, the evening was made exceedingly pleasant.

We have been issued new white gloves of stunning style, and sanitary safety. When Mike Downey put his on he instinctively yelled for mortar and reached out for imaginary bricks. On fatigue parade we resemble the Hod Carrier's Union, out for a time.

G. F. B.

**CO. A, 105TH MACHINE GUN BATTALION.**

Friday evening, March 1st, a farewell dinner and entertainment was given to Major A. W. Putnam, formerly Captain of this Company. The Major had been connected with Troop B of the Squadron for nineteen years, and his departure to the 309th N. A. Cavalry occasioned many regrets among officers and men.

An elaborate menu was arranged under the supervision of Mess Sergeant VanDerVeer, and served in the Company's mess hall.

**The Menu.**

Grape Fruit a la Barthman  
Roast Chicken, a la Vivian  
Fruit Salad a la Biglow  
Mashed Potatoes a la Smiling  
Creamed Carrots a la Uppy  
Creamed Peas a la Monk  
Demi Tasse a la Putnam  
Ice Cream and Cake  
Biscuits and Butter

The entertainment was under the supervision of Corporal Reinhardt, who obtained some of the best talent of the First Cavalry to assist. The Company feels indebted to these men for their aid.

At the officers' table were present: Madames Putnam and Barthman, Major W. R. Wright, Major A. W. Putnam, First Lieutenants Biglow and Cook, Second Lieutenants Barthman, Upjohn and Downey.

The Major voiced his feelings in well chosen words, giving high praise to the officers and men with whom he has been associated, and outlaying the importance and genius of machine gun science.

The Company extends to you, Sir, its very best wishes for further success, and its thanks and appreciation for the work and solicitude you have had for us.

PRIVATE J. G. RUSSELL.

**ARE YOU ONE?**

If you are a member of the Zeta Psi Fraternity send your name and address to:

CORPORAL C. C. WOOLLEY,

Company F, 107th Infantry.

Camp Wadsworth.

Next week's *Gas Attack* is a special number. It is the Camouflage Number. If you miss it you'll be lost in the best literary circles.

# In Division Society

Mrs. Charles P. Loeser, Editor.

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

## OFFICERS OF THE 105TH ENTERTAIN.

Officers of the 105th Infantry gave a dance in their clubhouse on the regimental grounds. The patrons and patronesses were General and Mrs. O'Ryan, General and Mrs. Michie, and others prominent in the Army circles at Camp Wadsworth.

The marriage is announced of Lieut. U. S. Grant, 4th, and Miss Matilda Bartikofsky, of New York City. Lieut. Grant has been transferred to Washington, where his bride will join him at his new post.

## FIELD HOSPITAL HAVE BENEFIT DANCE.

The 106th Field Hospital had a delightful benefit dance at the Country Club. The patronesses were Mesdames C. E. Low, Keith, Knauth and Edwin Johnson.

Maj. General and Mrs. O'Ryan returned recently from New York, where they visited their two daughters who are attending school there.

Mrs. G. G. Hollander, wife of Major Hollander of the Second Pioneer Infantry, is a recent arrival at the Finch Hotel.

## THE SECOND PIONEERS GIVE DINNER DANCE.

The officers of the Second Pioneer Infantry, formerly the 14th Infantry, gave a brilliant and elaborate dinner-dance at the Rock Cliff Club. Music for the affair was furnished by the Second Pioneer Infantry Band. The patronesses were Mesdames James R. Howlett, T. F. Donovan, William S. Baird, William R. Jackson, G. G. Hollander, Reid O'Neal, Andrew Lane, Walter Montgomery and Walter Allen.

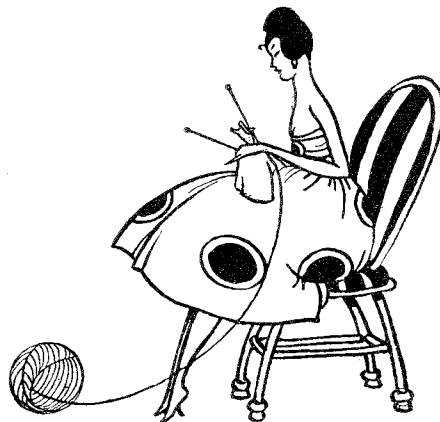
## OFFICERS' DINNER DANCE GIVEN AT CLEVELAND HOTEL.

The dinner-dance given at the Cleveland Hotel for the entertainment fund of the enlisted men in Camp Wadsworth was a delightful affair. A delicious supper was served and attractive souvenir menus were part of the evening's entertainment. Regimental music was furnished for dancing.

## DO YOU BELONG?

All members of the fraternity, Phi Gamma Delta are requested to send their names and addresses to: Major Frank Keck, Military Historian, 29 Broadway, New York. Kindly mention present rank, and organization.

The Gas Attack makes them all surrender a dime. One dollar and a half buys an interest in the Gas Attack for three months.



## OUR SWEETHEARTS' SONG.

### MY HOSIERY.

"The hours I spent on thee dear socks,  
Are as a string of purls to me,  
I count them o'er by the weary clock,  
My hosiery, My hosiery.  
First, two I knit, then two I purl  
And around the leg I slowly reel,  
And now joyful peans to the Heavens I hurl,  
I've turned the heel.

Oh, knotted ends that scratch and burn,  
Oh, stitch that dropped, uneven row—  
I kiss each blight, and strive at last to learn,  
To reach the toe, sweetheart, to reach the toe."

—Exchange.

### TRAINED AT HOME.

The top sergeant—So you fellows don't like to have your mail censored. The officers stand it all right without a kick.

The private—But they're all married men and well used to it.

Confidential Barber: Would you like to try a bath?

The Much Harassed Soldier: No; I tried one once.

## NEW SIGNAL BATTALION IS AT FULL STRENGTH.

The 326th field signal battalion is now at full war strength. The last of the men needed for the battalion have arrived from Fort Leavenworth, Kansas. The men, 125 in number, have been attending the signal school at the fort.

### CURIOSITY.

Little Mary, seeing a cow: "Mother, is that the cow I saved a part of last meatless Tuesday?"—Chicago News.

## A SUPPLY SERGEANT ON THE DEFENSE.

"The rains descend upon the just and the unjust." With naive and artless self-satisfaction I, of the brotherhood of Supply Sergeants, down-trodden and much abused, take the stand in our defense. Truth compels me to admit that the very nature of the job induces a parsimonious and saving attitude of mind, a negative "show me" disposition as it were. Some I regret to say, it affects more than others, and some pretty shady deals are pulled off at times by certain erring brothers. Sweeping aside for the moment all the railery and jesting let us consider a few salient facts connected with the case. It is axiomatic that all progress, education and civilization of mankind depend on three essential things—interdependence, co-ordination and co-operation. We must all help one another if we are going to get on.

Let every man read that over to himself five times and let it soak in. Then the next time he takes out a tool or any article of common company property consider that not only does some one else want to use that particular tool after him, but the chances are very strong that he himself will be back again in a few days for it.

Likewise, in all a man's life there is nothing of greater impelling power than force of habit. If a man is sloppy and careless about his clothes and equipment here and now, I grant it may be nothing to pay for an extra knife or fork, he is laying the foundations of habits which are going to hang on his back like a deadweight when he gets back and exercises private ownership over the tools which he uses in his daily work. It is a fine thing for a man to volunteer to go out and fight, but he is going a little better when he assists the Government in getting a dollar's value for every dollar spent, especially when it's so well known we are dangerously short of supplies and equipment. On the other hand, a man is not only playing up to his best when he accepts as a personal responsibility the care of all property entrusted to him, but he is being paid a handsome dividend in the form of a good habit which is going to benefit himself more than anyone else in his private life after. It is inconsistent to ask and expect the folks back home to cut down expenses and consumption of foodstuffs and be ourselves wasteful and needlessly extravagant. I should suggest that every Supply Sergeant have posted or hung on or near his tent a concise, penetrating little reminder to think of the other fellow.

For example:

"You'll want these for that little job in your tent next week. Bring them back!"

M. T., 51st Pioneers.

### HEADQUARTERS COMPANY, 53RD PIONEERS.

Sgt. Wackerman returned from his furlough, and immediately had the pleasure of tumbling in the guard house. Did he overstay his leave? No, he just tried to be a second Paul Revere, and while galloping, passed the guard house. The officer of the day, stopped him and invited him to take a rest at the guard house. 1st Sgt. Allen then came to the rescue, and poor Wack was allowed to walk his bronco back. Sgt. Wackerman said he couldn't hold his pony back from breaking the camp speed limits. Do we not believe him? Yes, we do not.

Col. Sgt. Billy Kirkman is now assisting the judge advocate in court martial cases. We all think Billy is getting too old to carry the colors. Sgt. Kirkman will make a very good judge, he reminds us so much of Judge Grudgefield, of Richmond, Va.

Supply Sgt. Friedman, is too busy trying to find out if he can not fix it up in some way so he can make two men wear one pair of shoes. By the way, he hates to part with shoes. We are beginning to think he would make a very poor shoe salesman. He keeps pretty busy all day, and at night he is busy trying to find out how much supplies he would still have left if he didn't have to issue anything to the boys.

Sgt. Major Davenport and Sgt. Major Morday, tell us they are kept busy in the office all day, and in their spare time they think it a very good idea to spend a few hours practicing their instruments. They are members of the band, and want to keep in good trim as some day they may again have the luck of being transferred back to the band. Between their office work, and their hard practicing they find very little time to do any cleaning.

Then we have Col. Sgt. Klien in the same tent, who tells us it is impossible to even think of finding any spare time for cleaning. He is now in charge of the prisoners, and has to watch them work all day. Yes, we believe him, he has a pretty tough job, and at night he tells the rest of the boys in his tent jokes to keep them from getting homesick.

### SECOND BATTALION OF 102D EN- GINEERS LEAVE.

The second battalion of the 102d Engineers left March 4th for Belvoir, Va., for a special course in technical training which can not be had here. There is a specially equipped training camp for engineers at that place. The second battalion, as soon as it completes its training, will return here and the first battalion will take its place.

Col. Vanderbilt accompanied the battalion, which was played out of camp by the band of the 107th infantry. The battalion passed out of camp with a spirited step, Col. Vanderbilt leading the column. The battalion entrained at Fair Forest, where cars had been parked.

## REGIMENTAL NOTES, 54th PIONEER INFANTRY

The other day Willie Dolan, K Co.'s Master of Culinary Art, stood in our shower-bath. In the act of turning on the water, Willie heard a noise, and looked over his shoulder. Willie's eyes grew big as the base of a Sibley. He saw a bear. It was Teddy, age eleven months, the mascot of the 57th Pioneer Infantry (old 1st Vermont Inf.), now occupying our 3d Battalion site. He had escaped from his anchorage, and, knowing that K Co. seldom bathes, headed for the showers to avoid discovery. But it happened to be the first of the month. Dolan was there until he saw Teddy. Later, Teddy, out of luck, was discovered, and eventually captured.

Our officers are undergoing a course of physical training, and a decided odor of Omega Oil and Sloan's Liniment is noticeable around their quarters these nights. The course is evidently a stiff one.

Well-known sayings—"Two or Die"—Lieut. Peebles.

Sgt. Guilfoile of the Sanitary Detachment has been transferred to the 326th Field Signal Battalion.

John Redhead Lenihan of E Co. has been appointed company Joblots.

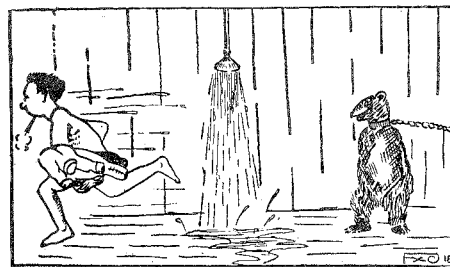
The Mexican Army, which has as many generals as enlisted men, is outdone by I Co., this regiment. It boasts a captain, five lieutenants, and one enlisted man. He's a corporal. He keeps the morning report, makes payrolls, goes on detail, walks guard; in fact, he's the whole works. He says he got along in drill all right until ordered to form in waves for trench attack.

Co. F's lounge-lizard, Sgt. Stearns, complains that the work he's had to do has kept him from her for two whole nights in succession. Well, Sarge, this army business does cut into one's time.

Headquarters Co. wishes the world to know that its roster carries the names of three nationally-known champions—Mr. Moed, premier fifer of the country; Color Sgt. Dietz, America's champion pistol shot, and Kid Baer, champion shoe-polisher of this hemisphere. Nothing has been said, however, of another record-breaker of that company. Why should Bn. Sgt. Major Danny Fleiselman be slighted? He holds the world's record as a detail-hunter—and getter.

"Falstaff" Prudent no longer feeds us. Mess Sgt. Johnson of D Co. has had the job wished on him, and he is heartbroken. His first day on the job was brightened by Capt. McDermott, mess officer, who insisted that he cut expenses \$3 a day.

The officers of this regiment have a volleyball team, and Major Simpson hurls a challenge at all other officers' teams in camp.



Willie Dolan Sees a Bear.

### COMPANY C, 102D U. S. ENGINEERS.

A large, dull piece of black stuff—oh, yes, crepe they call it, suddenly appeared at the top of the C Company furlough list. Yes, sad but true, no longer will the boys of old "C" promenade the Gay White Way. A somewhat battered can has been tied to our long-wished-for furloughs, and those who haven't been home are out o' luck. "Our's not to reason why," etc. And while we are raving on that line, may we ask the gang up home to shed a tear for the "red and white hat cords." While the rest of the camp, or at least the Division, did three days of glorious bunk fatigue, we strolled down to the Snake Road and manicured the surface thereof with the weapons we so efficiently use—those pick and shovel.

Tent number one begs to inform all inquisitive members of "B" and "C" Companies that there is no nightly murder in said tent. The mysterious sounds emanating from that direction are made by Cook Karfunkel. He has a new song.

Our genial Top Sergeant Hickey was somewhat annoyed by a young riot in the 4th squad tent last Saturday. Upon investigation it was found to be a celebration in honor of Private Cortesi, who has returned to his tent-mates after a short session in the Base Hospital. Cheer up, Sergeant, we'll do as much for you when you come back.

Corporal "Dick" Higham returned from a ten-day furlough last Thursday. Owing to the number of our non-coms who have "signed up for life" while on furlough, we are moved to ask "Did he—or didn't he???"

Clerk Wolff is mourning the loss of a perfectly good reputation. He was caught working at the wood-pile last Saturday evening. Oh, Frank, how could you?

"Shrimpo" Brennan still clings to the old company in spite of his transfer to the artillery. S'matter, Charlie, don't they feed you heavy enough?

What we want to know is this: Who put the Limburger on Hennerdorf's pipe? By the way, "Hennie," how about a shave?

K. K. CLONTS.

Next week be sure and approach the news-stands with a dime in your hand and a smile of anticipation on your face and ask for the Camouflage Number of the Gas Attack. You won't be disappointed.

# CAMP SPORTS

Edited by F. J. ASHLEY

## "BARNEY WILLIAMS UP IN THE AIR AGAIN."

Barney Williams is mad clean through. He breezed into the Gas Attack office the other day, and this is what he spilled all over the place.

"Kiddie Diamond is indulging in quite a little talk about what he has done and what he can do. He says I won't go into the ring unless there is a purse to make it interesting. He would like to give the impression that I am a "money hound," and that I don't care how the boys in Camp feel about it. Where does he get that stuff? I have already beaten him three times and if he isn't satisfied with this showing I will meet him any time, for any length fight up to twenty rounds, at any weight, and for the entertainment of the boys of the Camp, as the only compensation I want. This is my answer to Kiddie Diamond's talk around Camp. What will he do about it? Personally, I think he will keep on talking, and that will be about all.

"Hughie Rodin of Battery B, 105th F. A., is another man who likes to talk a good deal. Harvey Cohn tried hard to arrange a fight between Rodin and myself, going over to see Rodin a good many times. Rodin stalled around, even after the bout had been arranged, holding out for two minute rounds. At the last minute when it was too late to stage the fight, he agreed to terms. If he wants a chance at my title he can have it any time he will meet me at 125 pounds ringside. If he has any doubt whether I am sincere in this statement, all he has to do is to go ahead and make arrangements, remembering that I will be in my corner waiting for him when he steps into the ring."

Barney Williams is sincere in his statements, and it looks as if he has "passed the buck" up to the men who claim his title.

Barney is going to box Johnnie Dundee or Pal Moran in New Orleans, the latter part of March, for twenty rounds. His showing against Bud Perriel, the welterweight champion of the 81st Division, over whom he was given a referee's decision, won him many friends in Mississippi.

### PALLADINO WANTS REVENGE.

Palladino, of Company C, 102nd Engineers, is out for a return bout with Young Howard, the latest claimant to the bantam weight title of the 27th Division. He believes he was entitled to the decision in their last battle. Just now he is training in the Stockade with Marlow and is rapidly rounding into shape.



## LOCAL SKATER SEEKS WORLD CHAMPIONSHIP.

Jack Ruping, a former member of the 105th Infantry and at present attached to Division Headquarters, ranks among the fastest ice skaters in the world. Recently he issued a challenge to all the speed skaters of the country for a series of matches to decide the international title. At that time he had arranged his furlough so that he could meet Lamy and Wood in a New York rink but at the last minute the three-cornered affair was called off. At present he is waiting to close negotiations for a race with Bobby McLean, the old star, at Washington Park Rink, Brooklyn.

Ruping entered the ice game two years ago. In his first big race he won the Tri-county championship held at Cohoes and followed it by annexing the two-mile title of New England in five minutes and twenty seconds. He claims that he can do it in five flat.

## BASEBALL BATTLES.

	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	R.	H.	E.
Hq. 51st Prs..	2	2	0	5	7	0	0	5	1	22	17	3
Co. M, 51st Prs.	0	2	0	0	4	1	1	0	1	9	10	4

Batteries—Guest and Jones; Schnipp and Conklyn.

	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	R.	H.	E.
Cos. A&B 51 Prs.	6	0	0	0	3	2	0	0	0	11	10	2
Cos. C&D 51 Prs.	1	0	2	2	0	3	0	0	1	9	10	3

Batteries—Maloy and Gross; Albright and Weeks.

### A FEW MORE CHALLENGES.

Company M of the 108th Infantry advertises Sergeant Harry Ward as its baseball manager and wants a few games. At the same time Company H, of the 105th dough-boys, think they have a formidable nine too. To date the 105th players have played three games, two of them overwhelming victories. In the third, the Signal Corps Company of Maine and New Hampshire managed to nose out a 2 to 1 win. H's team is working under the leadership of Sergeant Fred H. Smith.

### REMOUNT STATION TAKES FIRST GAME.

The Auxiliary Remount baseball team won its first game of the year last Sunday by trouncing the Field Bakery outfit. The score was 10 to 8. Chubby Erhart furnished the feature when on the last play he took a liner in deep center and doubled one of the Crusty boys at second.

The Remount men are out for games and have all Sundays open. For dates apply to Sergeant Chester D. Ward, Auxiliary Remount Depot 307.

### DIAMOND DUST HEAVY IN COMPANY G, 106TH.

Company G, 106th Infantry has started a series of platoon games in preparation for the selection of its company team. In its last contest the 3rd Platoon took the 4th Platoon into camp 12 to 10. J. C. Anderson starred with a home-run and a three-base wallop.

### SUPPLY TRAIN MEETS ITS MATCH.

The soccer team of the 102nd Supply Train, after an unbroken string of victories, ran up against a snag last Saturday in its contest with the 102nd Sanitary Train. The score was 1 to 1. The medical players showed up unexpectedly strong and are expected to make a good showing in the Division schedule. The Supply and Sanitary Trains will meet in a return game this afternoon, at the former's field.

### WHO SAID THE QUARTERMASTER CORPS HAD NO SCRAPPERS?

Bob Gleason, of the Camp Quartermaster Detachment, has just returned with his trainer Tom Dorsey from a successful tour of the Middle Atlantic States. On February 19th, at the Crescent A. C. at Brooklyn, N. Y., he stopped A. Pappas in one round. Pappas weighed 162 to Gleason's 147 pounds. On February 21st, at the same club he met Joe Hardman, stopping him in two rounds. Hardman weighed 160 while Gleason weighed 146 pounds. On February 23, at the Pittsburgh A. A. at Pittsburg, Pa., he met and received a decision over Joe Bremer, Middle Atlantic Amateur Middle Weight Champion. On February 28 at New York A. C., New York, he gained the decision over Sam Iagonia, New York State Amateur Middleweight Champion. Inside of ten days Gleason traveled over 2,000 miles, boxing and defeating four of the best middleweights in the country, stopping two of them in two rounds and gaining the decision over the last two.

Gleason can make 142 pounds and is said to be the best amateur ever turned out in the Welter and Middleweight class. If the present war had not occurred Gleason would have toured Europe as he had transportation for his trainer and himself and was ready to sail two days after the war broke out, to represent the United States in an amateur tourney in Sweden.

He is fortunate in having for a trainer such a man as Tom Dorsey who has himself boxed some of the best middleweights in the country as a professional.

Gleason and Dorsey are both plumbers attached to the Camp Quartermaster Detachment and while Dorsey shows the result of his training and experience Gleason gives no outward indications of being the clever boxer he is.

### MULLINARI AND BARRY HILL IN FAST DRAW.

Barry Hill, former bantam weight champion of the world, fought a fast draw with Johnnie Mullinari at Unit 95 last Monday night. At no time during the three rounds were there any idle moments, both boys giving and taking with a vim. Mullinari who challenges any 126 pounder in the camp displayed his usual snappy footwork, but Hill was after him all the time.

Spanoli, of Company I, 51st Pioneers, met Turk Kelly, the Irishman, bringing home the bacon.

In the third bout Ott, of the 51st Pioneers, was outpointed by Loyche, of the 105th Infantry, in the first two rounds, but came back so strongly in the third with a series of Black Berthas that the referee called it a draw.

Captain Clark, of the 53rd Pioneers, and his son Sergeant Clark gave a fencing exhibition between bouts. The Brooklyn officer is probably the best swordsman in camp.

### NEW ENGLANDERS ARE REAL YANKS.

The New Englanders in the newly arrived Pioneers are real Yanks. They were on the job as soon as they detrained here, and in less than two days had built indoor and outdoor boxing rings, were trying to find a suitable place to pitch their big circus tent, and had installed three moving picture machines and two billiard tables. They have the advantage of having one of the liveliest athletic officers in camp, 1st Lieut. J. Carey, of the 56th Pioneers, formerly the 1st Maine Infantry. Father Carey is no slouch. He is a baseball and football fan of the wildest sort and turned out a gridiron team that held Harvard to a 6 to 0 score last fall. His baseball players get into the game and usually bring back what they go after. Among them he has several former college stars including Ginger Frazier, the old Colby mainstay.

### COMPULSORY ATHLETICS A BOON.

The recent order issued by Major General O'Ryan, following a suggestion by Harvey Cohn, which compelled an all-around athletic test for every man in the Division is to be commended. It has enabled every one up to the rank of captain to get out and prove his ability. After running a hundred yards, jumping in every way possible, and having a regulation grenade, and probably having to practice for days before to get in proper shape to qualify, each contestant is bound to be a better soldier for it all. He will have more confidence in himself and when he does get where he will have to leap wire entanglements, cross trenches and get to cover in a hurry, he can thank his compulsory training for the pleasure he will derive in still being able to pay for his life insurance.

### ACCIDENTAL.

Stonewall Jackson was not a man to speak ill of another man without reason. At a counsel of generals early in the war one of them remarked that Major Smith was wounded, and would be unable to perform a certain duty.

"Wounded!" said Jackson: "If that is so it must have been by an accidental discharge of his duty!"—Brooklyn Citizen.

### ARTILLERISTS SOME SLUGGERS.

Four bouts made up the boxing card at Unit 97 last Saturday night. Every one was a hummer and there were no powder-puff arguments, all the men going to it with a rush.

The first was between Meehan and Thompson, two 135 pounders from Company E, 102nd Ammunition Train. Thompson's wind was scanty and he found Meehan's pace too fast for him all through the three rounds.

The referee stopped the second after the first round. Taylor, 106th Field Artillery Headquarters and MacSorley of Battery D, same regiment, both weighing 155, went after each other too strongly and the authorities decided to call a halt before there were any casualties.

Kines, of Battery C, 106th Field Artillery, won his bout from Mulvaney, Company F, 102nd Supply Train, when the latter was forced to quit after the second frame. Both men weighed 140.

The last scrap was a draw between Herbert (128) and Horn (125), both of Battery C, 106th Field Artillery. Horn started 're offensive but Herbert's guard was unbreakable.

The artillery battlers are getting in shape for an inter-unit match with some of the doughboy boxers.

### HARVEY COHN ORDERS PUSHBALL.

Harvey Cohn, Division Athletic Director, has ordered a regulation pushball. It is due here in a few weeks, and will be loaned out to the different units in camp; first come, first served. The ball will be six feet in diameter and should prove big enough to get a whole company into action on either side.

Pushball was first played at Harvard in 1894. It is usually staged on a field corresponding in size to an ordinary football gridiron, with goal posts at either end. By pushing the ball under the crossbar 5 points are scored while a safety or score over the bar is worth two. Usually the teams consist of eleven men but in order to develop more interest here Harvey Cohn is arranging to have the contests between squads, platoons and even entire companies.

COMPLETE EQUIPMENT  
FOR

# BASEBALL

The Athletic Store  
(OPPOSITE THE CLEVELAND HOTEL)

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

EDITED BY RAY F. JENNEY.

## "BALANCED RATIONS" TYPE OF PROGRAM MEETS WITH APPROVAL.

Unit 95 the past week has had a number of noteworthy programs and the feature of it was that the material for all the programs came from within Camp Wadsworth except the movies. With the advent of real Southern sunshine, the building has not been quite so crowded and besides a goodly number of the men are at the ranges and in the trenches. Thursday evening a film "How to be a Soldier" was shown, several companies attending with their officers. This film was very instructive in the school of the soldier.

Saturday night a party from the 108th Inf. was expected to furnish the bill for the stunt night. After patiently waiting it became evident that the 108thers were not coming. After a little parleying men willingly came forward from the audience and a great bill was put on consisting of songs, violin selections, clog dancing, recitations and character sketches.

Sunday evening Ray Jenney, Y. M. C. A. head of physical training for the camp, delivered an able address to the men on the subject of "Patience."

Monday one of the best all-round programs was staged at the Unit. Captain A. P. Clark, of the 53rd Pioneer Infantry, former member of the Royal Scot Greys of Great Britain, gave an exhibition of the cavalry sword and lance drill as practised in the British service. Then he and his son gave an exhibition of fencing with foils. These feats were enthusiastically applauded by the boys. Then came a number of fast boxing bouts, between each one a song or two and too a character sketch cleverly gotten off by one of the men. As an all-round entertainment Monday night takes the prize thus far. The unit was crowded, standing room at a premium, so that the exceptionally fine program met with the reception it deserved.

## TWO PROMINENT PASTORS IN CAMP.

The Rev. John R. Mackay, D.D., L.L.D., pastor of the North Presbyterian church at 155 St. between Amsterdam Ave. and Broadway, is with us from March 9th to the 22nd.

The Rev. Maillant Alexander, D.D., pastor of one of the largest Presbyterian churches in Pittsburg, is also with us for a like period of time.

March 23rd is the date. It is the date of the Camouflage Number of the **Gas Attack**. Watch for it.



H. O. BONK, BUILDING SECRETARY OF UNIT NO. 271.

Mr. Bonk was born in Massillon, Ohio. He was educated in the public schools of that place, afterwards attending the Prep Academy at Columbus, Ohio, where he graduated in 1903. In 1906 he entered Capital University taking three years college work and two years of theological work. During his college course he took private lessons in Physical Education.

He entered the association work as a physical director at Cowneant, Ohio, where he remained one year. While there he started a big playground for girls and boys, this work is still being carried on.

He next went to New Glasgow, N. S., remaining there two years, and was then called to Saint John, N. B., as the head of the physical department. He remained there for three years when he entered the Army Y. M. C. A. work. While at Saint John he was appointed to look after the Canadian soldiers who came through that point en route for over-seas service, to provide for their welfare and comfort both in a social and physical way, he daily handling large groups of men in physical work.

He came to Camp Wadsworth in September and was assigned to Unit No. 97 as physical director. There he remained until about the middle of December when a persistent demand came to the Y. M. C. A. headquarters for a building or tent for the use of the men at the rear end of camp where the Field Bakery, Remount Station and Quartermaster Corps are located. Mr. Bonk was selected as the man ably qualified to take charge of this work.

Since that time things have been humming at that part of camp. Mr. Bonk has earned the good will of officers and enlisted men there, by his persistent efforts in their behalf and no man in the outfits which No. 271 seeks to serve has a truer friend than the building chief of their army "Y."

## FUTURE SCRIBES.

A class in stenography has been started at Y. M. C. A. No. 97 under the direction of the Educational Secretary, H. E. Pafford. Anything resembling Egyptian hieroglyphics found about the building may therefore be traced to this class. It is expected too, that we may have a true interpretation of the sounds of the various war explosives, due to this study of phonetics.

An evening of fun was given to the boys in attendance at "Ninety-seven" on Tuesday, March 5th, when a trio from the 105th Infantry descended on "the bunch." Nicolas Carroll, of the Machine Gun Co., in Charlie Chaplin Imitations, was very clever and mirth producing. There were songs and dancing. Billy Courter, of Co. D, gave some readings that were well received. Corporal "Van" Lawson, Co. D, in Yiddish and Italian monologues was exceptionally fine.

The boys came over on very short notice and certainly produced the goods. Two impromptu numbers were given, the first by one of the soldiers in the audience who sang a negro dialect song which tickled the risibles of "Sam" the dusky attache of "Ninety-seven" who was then called on for a good old-fashioned shake-down. "Ninety-seven" has a champion as yet undefeated at quoits. The aforementioned is E. F. Fitz, of the "Y" staff at "97."

With the advent of warmer weather the use of the building through the day has dwindled somewhat but the evenings find the "Hut" used to the limit. Standing room only is the word at movie shows and at the Saturday Boxing Fest.

The Friday night concerts of the 104th F. A. Band under the able leadership of Francis A. Sutherland who is also Division Band Instructor, continue to hold their popular place with the fellows. The programs are varied to please each individual taste and novelty and individuality is used in interpretation to give spice to the evening's enjoyment.

## SHORT NIGHTS.

A trainload of newly drafted men reached their cantonment late in the afternoon. By the time they had passed through the receiving station and the hands of the doctors, it was nearly midnight. Several of them awakened at four o'clock the following morning to assist the cooks in preparing breakfast. As one well-built, sleepy, drafted man got to his feet he stretched and yawned:

"It doesn't take long to spend a night in the army."—Everybody's Magazine.



### U. S. BATTLESHIP MAINE MEMORIAL SERVICE.

Two-Seven-One is serving more men each week. On feature nights, the Big Tent is far too small, and the side-walls have to be lowered in order to accommodate the crowd. Every department of the Unit has felt the impetus and inspiration of this enlargement of the field of service. The Bible Study Class has more than doubled its enrollment, and the men show an ever-increasing interest. The Library-circulation has warranted more shelf-room for an additional two-hundred volumes. And three new men have entered the Educational classes in Music.

Friday the 15th marked a memorable night for Two-Seven-One. Prefaced by special music from Dr. C. G. Woolsey and Miss Woolsey, and also a general Sing conducted by Dr. Woolsey, the sinking of the U. S. Battleship Maine was given a fitting Memorial Service. An unprecedented crowd of men and a large number of the officers from the Q. M. C. were present to pay tribute to the occasion, and to listen to the following program, with Dad Kramer, presiding:

Prayer—Chaplain Keever; Address—Major Grinstead; Formal Ceremonies in memory of the dead; Taps—M. P. Bugler; Music—Trio—"Nearer My God to Thee"—Kotch, Gibson and Bonk; Benediction—Chaplain Keever.

We are glad to welcome our new Religious Work Secretary, Rev. John R. Hay, who comes to us from Brevard, N. C., where he has been given leave of absence from his pastoral duties to enter the service of the Army Y. M. C. A. Already Secretary Hay has shown marked adaptability to the needs of the work, and especially in his contact with the men does he reveal potent possibilities, which can not fail to develop intensive, religious activities at Two-Seven-One.

Three Educational Lectures on as many different subjects stand out pre-eminently among recent events at Two-Seven-One. Capt. Fiala gave an interesting talk on his experiences with the Roosevelt party through Brazil. "The Making of a Great Periodical," with highly instructive slides and motion-pictures, was the subject of a much-enjoyed talk by a representative of the Curtis Publishing Co., Philadelphia.

Now that the real "Sunny South" is showing itself, interest in baseball and volleyball is rapidly rising to fever-heat. Through the kindness of Major Grinstead, a diamond has been layed out, adjoining Two-Seven-One, and already it is much used by both officers and men. League-teams among the various units of the Q. M. C. are being worked out, and keen competition may be looked for from the very start.

Secretary Foote is again "on the job," with all the old pep, after an enforced sojourn at the Base Hospital.

### THE WHOLE FAMILY IN THE BIG "WAR GAME."

At 96 last Thursday evening Mr. Orrin C. Baker, of the National Travelers' Aid Society unfolded a tale of practical interest as to how his organization is serving the enlisted men as they pass through the large cities on furlough journeys, and ministering to the comfort and safety of their mothers and sisters when they travel alone. He received a big ovation when Mr. Kingsley explained how he has a son and three nephews in the service, and lost his father and four uncles in the Civil War.

The movie programs have been unusually fine, and have been supplemented by government slides and reels. The fine weather and the big tent shows have had little effect upon the attendance.

At the joint regimental service Sunday morning Chaplain Edrop preached a remarkable sermon, striking alike for literary beauty and for spiritual power. The baptism of a baby added a feature quite unusual for a camp service. There were two earlier Sunday meetings, one of which was especially for Lutheran men. Two soldiers were baptized and five confirmed.

Sunday night the Y. M. C. A. service was featured by the presence of Dr. A. E. Legg, of Elmira, N. Y., who delivered a strong and practical message. There was an inspiring sing-song conducted by Mr. Woolsey, the camp music director. The solos were rendered with rare feeling and power by Miss Woolsey, and instrumental music was furnished by the orchestra of the 51st Pioneers.

Several companies of the 108th Infantry are organizing stunt teams, and will put on a series of vaudeville programs soon. With breathless interest we wait to see which company will prove the topnotcher.

The building athletic equipment has been in constant use. Quits have become a popular game. But the sport of most thrilling interest to spectators is stump-grubbing by the Y secretaries. Just wait till our potato-patch-rose-garden gets under way.

### "SUPERS"

All nations seek superlatives,  
In these eventful days;  
Each tries to "Go one better,"  
To use a common phrase.  
The Huns have super dreadnaughts,  
But they're sticking close to shore,  
And Britannia rules the ocean,  
Which makes the Fritzies sore.  
British tanks devour the foe  
Like giant caterpillars;  
The Frenchmen have their "75's,"  
They, too, are superkillers.  
Uncle Sam has superabundance  
Of men and means and "tin,"  
And by Superhuman effort,  
This war is going to win.  
The Boches have their super Zeps,  
And super "subs" as well;  
But Bill the Kaiser should get his,  
In a sizzling super Hell.

I. W. JONES,  
Milton, N. H.



Corporal Penpusher, the company clerk, who goes to war with a Corona Machine Gun, and uses guard lists, fatigue lists, kitchen police lists, etc., as ammunition on his own company with terrible effect.

### EASTER WEEK PLANS.

At the recent conference of all the camp general secretaries with the southeastern department headquarters staff held in Atlanta, last week, it was decided to conduct in the camps a special religious program during Easter week, ending Easter Sunday, March 31st.

"As Easter week commemorates the last seven days of our Savior's stay on this earth, likewise Easter week of 1918 may be close to the last week for many of our boys in khaki and blue on this continent for many months to come, as the men soon will be sailing overseas," said Associate Executive Secretary W. W. Alexander, head of the religious work of the Y. M. C. A. for the Southeastern Division, discussing the plans at the conference. Therefore, "during Easter week, away from home and church, men in the camps will be hungering for the proper religious services of all creeds." Plans are being worked out by all the religious workers at Camp Wadsworth to meet this need. Nightly during Easter week there will be special religious meetings with special speakers, music, etc., conducted in the Y. M. C. A. huts, with large union services on Easter Sunday. Palms and Easter lilies will be used in decorating the Red Triangle buildings.

### LOST.

My husband, Private Stock, is absent without leave. He strayed away with a ten dollar bill. Finder can keep him, if money is returned.  
MRS. P. STOCK.

\* \* \*

Lost—My husband's love. Somewhere in the Bronx. The woman finding it will receive a very poor reward. MRS. CAUSTIC.

\* \* \*

Lost—In the vicinity of Converse College, one perfectly good heart. The lady finding it can have same in exchange for her hand.  
A HEARTLESS MAN.

—K. A. B.



# World Brevities

Edited by J. S. KINGSLEY



New organizations of U. S. Army Corps has been planned to be in harmony with the organization of the armies of the Allies. By the new method of organization six divisions will make an army corps. Three or more corps will constitute a field army. The Government will constitute in France in the shortest possible time a field army which will be large enough to hold a full Americanized sector of the front. The organization is intended to have an army corps hold a front sector with two divisions while two replacement or reinforcement lines of two divisions each will back them up.

The Russo-German treaty has not been satisfied as yet. The meeting will be held on March 12, when the council will consider the treaty. It may be that Russia will reject the German propositions.

General March, our new chief of Staff, has arrived in America and says that the censorship of news coming from France is too narrow and too restricted. He says the public ought to be getting much more information than it is now getting.

In the treaty between Russia and the new republic, Ukraine, Germany gave her considerable Polish territory. And yet Germany had promised to form a Polish republic.

The railroad control bill has become a law. For two years after the war the Government will control the railroads and will pay as a recompense the average income received for each year during the past three years. The President has power to purchase and to sell securities to keep the roads in good order.

Two months ago Canada was worried about the opposition to the draft law under the leadership of Quebec. As a result at a recent election the present, or Borden government, has nearly doubled its majority. Now Quebec has no following in her opposition to the war.

The greatest problems to be solved when peace does come is what is to be done with the Balkan states; what is to be done with Finland; what with Poland; what with Russia? Unless the Allies look well to these countries peace will bring Germany a victory.

## RED CROSS MEMBERSHIP.

There are now 24,000,000 members of the Red Cross. This number is about twenty per cent. of the population of our country, although the membership is more than one even dared to hope for, yet the membership is the least accomplishment performed by the Red Cross which is working in all the allied countries to an extent never dreamed before.

## JOHN L.

John L. Sullivan, that famous boxer, who recently died, is said to have never betrayed a friend nor to have deceived an enemy, either of which could have brought him riches. He was honest and no one ever questioned his honesty.

The New Browning Machine Guns are at last completed, and at a trial in Washington before several hundred military experts and press agents all pronounced the results most successful. The gun is a very superior gun in every way. There are two models, one weighing 15 pounds and the other 34½ pounds. Each shoots standard rifle cartridges, and can be fired in single shots or in a series or in groups of 20. The action is either automatic or semi-automatic. The barrels are air-cooled. It will shoot 20,000 times in 49 minutes. In June standardized machines will produce thousands of them weekly.

## GREAT THOUGHTS OF GREAT MEN.

"An attorney, or even a millionaire who is accused of a felony, has no more legal rights than a hobo or an I. W. W."—William B. Colver of Federal Trade Commission.

"I say this with the openness and the conviction of a man who will stop at nothing within honor to win the war; I could not urge upon the arbitrator the finding of an eight-hour basis work day, if I felt in any way it would hamper the Government in winning the war by one day."—Samuel Gompers.

"The present Bolshevik regime in all its ramifications, is worse than the old autocracy. It is more tyrannical and has used its powers with greater injustice. The historic Fortress of S. S. Peter and Paul contains more political prisoners today than at any previous time."—Charles R. Crane.

## WHAT HAS HAPPENED.

On March 7 the press published what is said to be the extent of the line held by the Americans. It is claimed that the Americans are holding eight miles of works on the front.

Eighteen British ships were sunk during the week previous to March 7.

Roumania is compelled to sign a treaty of peace with the Central Powers and also promises to help the Central Powers in many respects.

A Boston man has invented a new centrifugal gun firing 30,000 shots per minute.

Wisconsin Legislature has voted to condemn Senator LaFollette's action toward the war.

John Redmon, the great Irish leader, died of heart failure last week.

The City of Washington is most crowded these days. Never before in the history of the city have such crowds been there. It is the greatest business center of the world now.

Every leader of the Bolsheviks has German ancestry and a Russian fictitious name.

The hardest question to answer is where the Bolsheviks found the money to carry on their government and why did Germany allow the Bolsheviks to go through Germany on their way from Switzerland to Russia?

Lord Geddes, First Lord of Admiralty, says that U-boats are being sunk as fast as Germany can build them.

Wilson asks permission to sell German docks in New York. This will aid the Allies much by increasing shipping facilities in New York.

German Socialists declare that Germany's war policy is infamous.

The French Embassy have caused the arrest of the French agent who purchased autos in America, claiming that he made millions out of the deal.

Wilson advises Japan not to intervene in Russia.

The Democratic majority in Congress is increased in the recent elections.

China has offered to send 20,000 troops jointly with Japan.

Lenine says that Russia will yet attain victory.

Both allies and neutrals believe a Teutonic attack in Salonika is imminent.

An escaped American soldier reports that the Germans are showing great cruelty toward Americans.

Wireless apparatus is seized in the late Pastor Russell's home, Bethel.

A bill providing for universal training has not received commendation from the President.

The Germans have attacked the Americans in Lorraine five times, failing each time.

Eight German planes raid London on a moonless night, March 7, killing eleven and wounding forty.

Senator Sheppard of Texas has introduced a bill in the U. S. Senate designed to take over control of the telegraph or telephone communication cables and wireless stations.

The Germans opposite the Americans near Toul are very active, which indicates some new move soon.

At a conflict between the patrols of Americans and the Germans, the Americans were victorious in driving the Germans back. There were five Americans and ten Germans in the patrol.

In the next Liberty Loan campaign W. J. Bryan and Charlie Chaplin will go on speaking tours.

New York university has 1,000 men in service, being mostly seniors and juniors when they entered service.

There was heavy artillery fighting on March 7 at Verdun.

The French airmen dropped thirteen tons of explosives on railway stations and munitions depots in the German zone.

Col. Edwin A. Stevens, one of America's greatest engineers, died in Washington, March 7. He was a graduate of Princeton and from Stevens Institute, which institute his father founded. He designed the first screw ferryboat. He belonged to a family of noted engineers for four generations. His grandfather was a member of the First Federal Congress.

There were four German planes brought down by the French airmen.

Besides the complete cavalry division of the regular army, General Pershing has recommended the organization of four new cavalry units.

It is reported that the Finnish government has asked for the Kaiser's fifth son, Prince Oscar, to become the king of Finland. The Prince is thirty years of age.

Property in the U. S. owned by the Kaiser and his junkers will be sold at public auction. This is done to break German influence on our industrial and economic affairs.

Auto manufacturers agree to cut auto production 30 per cent. in order to help win the war. The prices of autos will probably advance.

New York City sold five and a half millions of dollars in Thrift Stamps for February.

The Jews will start a nursery in Jerusalem.

Mexico has placed a heavy tax on oil producing and refining properties in Mexico. This tax will greatly hinder America and England for the price of oil becomes almost prohibitive.

William Hallett Lailor, of Roslyn, Long Island, formerly of 7th Regiment N. G. N. Y., was killed in France near Verdun, February 6.

There has been a call for 5,000 nurses before June 1.

The War Department has adopted another system of identification for all soldiers. Every man will have positive identification emblems.

The leaders of the New National Party met in Chicago March 6. In their platform they favored equal suffrage regardless of sex, race or color; nation-wide prohibition. It favors a more extended loan system to farmers; it favors an eight-hour day; restrictions on child-labor; government ownership of public utilities; it advocates a republic of the world.

Julian B. Arnold, ex-consul of the United States, says that in 1898 Germany, on seeing America busy in a war against Spain, started her fleet from her ports to cross the Atlantic and to seize Brazil before America could come to her defense. England hearing of this sent her fleet into the straits and turned the German fleet back.

## Tailored To Measure Uniforms

Complete line of OFFICERS' Uniforms made from heavy and medium weight Serge, Khaki, Whipcord and Gabardine. Melton and Beaver Overcoatings.

*Uniforms for Every Occasion*

*"Overseas"*

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**Trench  
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Y. M. C. A. and Red Cross uniforms of Forestry Green Cloth made to measurement, with the same perfection of fit and workmanship that goes into the Regular Army Uniform.

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The Boys  
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### 105TH FIELD ARTILLERY.

#### A Battery.

Bill Fruin is anxious to know when the leather chevrons will be ready for Corporal Nimmo "to be." Saddler McMillan is working overtime on them, Bill, and expects to finish them shortly.

The "gold bricks," Jack Lenihan, Mat Cadoo, Con Battles, and Doc Doherty, were peeved last week, because all the axes at the kitchen woodpile were broken.

Since "Chick" Murray has been afflicted with "housemaid's knee" he has been looking for a disability. No use "Chick," as the army needs strong men to hold horses.

Sailor Burren is getting shorter every day, due to having to carry all the battery's troubles on his shoulders.

Dan Crean recently lost 16 pounds, but has since gained 80 pounds. He bought butter.

#### B Battery.

"Chick" Murray, son of Fire Chief Murray of New York, is recuperating from the effects of a bucking horse. The first rudiments of riding, "Chick," is to keep the horse beneath you.

Our Quartermaster Sergeant—new on the job—must have been a burglar in civil life. He can make a pair of shoelaces look like a Christmas present, and there are very few presents given out.

From all accounts, there is every reason to believe that should Paddy McHale get a furlough, he will become a "benedict." Think of the girl, Paddy.

Who is the leader of the "Banshees"?

#### C Battery.

"I am more lonesome than you" seems to be a very popular melody in our battery. Frank Merritt is one of the leaders of this "sentiment stuff."

Speaking of CAMOUFLAGE, it reminds us of some of our mechanics. They will improve "eventually," but "why not now?" Apologies to W. C. Co.

Sergeant Delappe who recently underwent an operation at the Brooklyn Hospital is once more back with the boys. Looks pretty spry, too. They do say as how he fell in love with a beautiful nurse.

Speaking of being healthy, we ask you to gaze upon one Corporal "Jack" Court, alias, "Jack the Mountaineer." However, we cannot decide as to whether he looks best with, or without, the famous "Court" moustache.

#### D Battery.

Will Bill Ryan explain why it took 24 hours to cook that "corned willy" at Campobello? You promised us steak, Bill, but you are always "there" with that "promise stuff."

Red headed men always look suspicious to farmers around Glassy Rock. Private Mara will vouch for this, but what happened to the 15 bushels of corn? Explain yourself, Mara.

Sergeant "Jimmie" Collins looks disappointed for some reason. A 14 mile ride to Landrum for an express package, which by the way never arrived, was tough luck, "Jimmie." We miss that package as much as you do.

"Mattie" O'Brien is now a prosperous banker. Anyone hard up for cash call and see him. Office hours "any old time."

#### E Battery.

Private Beisweinger surprised himself and the whole battery by getting out to reveille last Tuesday morning. We wonder what was the cause? Ask Sergeant Weisel.

The "Three Sisters," Reynolds, Russell, and Lynch, took a stroll last Sunday through the mountains, and failed to report at retreat. When asked about it they told the Sergeant "We were chased by a bull."

Ex-Corporal Buckingham surprised the battery by appearing in the battery street without his overcoat. As a K. P. he is a big success, and his wife should be proud of him.

The "bunch" don't pick on McEllwaine nowadays, but say they like Stein better.

Ex-Corporal Crokston is afflicted with "gimmes." Bad practice, Crokston, get wise to yourself, and "come across" once in a while.

Private Tracy, as a singer, had a good voice before someone invented a tune.

#### F Battery.

Private Paxton, erstwhile known as "Midnight Judge," recently handed down an important decision regarding the different methods of saluting. What did he find in his pocket?

Schmidt is hard at work once more after a "dive" of two weeks. Pretty soft, Schmidt, but it couldn't last forever.

It goes hard with us to sleep in tents once more, after having slept on "downy couches" in mess shacks for so long. Do you suppose we will ever feel the same again?

Bayonet drilling is no "piker's" job, according to Sergeant Murphy. It makes the Sergeant so tired that he is "all in" after a day at it. Don't give up, Murphy. "Stick at it."

Crap shooting is the favorite pastime in the "Sunny South" with Sergeant Lougheed. He was unfortunate enough, however, to get caught in the act recently, and played valet to the horses for a time.

#### Supply Company.

Regimental Supply Sergeant Brodie and Stable Sergeant Cavanaugh had quite an argument regarding the use of a pet animal called "800." They both threatened to "quit" their jobs, but as yet have not done so, and Sergeant Brodie is still riding "800."

Farrier McMullen is beginning to get quite familiar with the "Carolina dark skinned beauties." Keep it up, Jim, the pleasure is all your very own.

Regimental Supply Sergeant Brodie and Stable Sergeant Schenerhorn are as thick as two peas in a pod. What is the cause of all this sudden "affection"?

McGUIRE.

#### AN UNEXPECTED REMEDY.

"Hi, Bill! Here comes a gas wave!"  
"Thank heavens! This toothache's almost killing me."—Cartoons Magazine.

**STOP THIEF!**

**“Native” In Letter Attacks the Patriots Who Gouge the Soldiers.**

We print, with applause, and cries of “Yes, yes,” a letter signed “Native,” and published in the Spartanburg Herald of March 7th. “Native” has covered the subject of gouging landlords as fully and as eloquently as the *Gas Attack* could. A man who gouges a soldier for rent, for clothes or for food is doing the Kaiser a valuable service. Here is “Native’s” letter.

\* \* \*

**MERCENARY SPIRIT STRONGER THAN PATRIOTISM.**

Editor of The Herald:

The following appears in the magazine section of last Sunday’s New York Times:

“There is a case an officer with an independent fortune of his own, whose family requirements made it absolutely necessary for him to have a house in a town near one of the southern camps. There was only one suitable house available. The patriot who owned the house knowing both the necessity and the financial condition of the officer, let him have the house at a rental of \$5,000 for three months.”

Is it possible that this case occurred in Spartanburg?

In the same article appears the following:

“There is a scandal in every officer’s uniform you see on the street. There are scandals in thousands of shop windows throughout the country where the things that officers must have are exposed for sale. There is a scandal in the rapidly swelling private bank accounts of thousands of Uriah Heeps of landlords and land ladies, who have doubtless trebled and quadrupled their rates because of the helplessness of officers requiring quarters for themselves and their families in specific localities.”

The writer has heard of a case in Spartanburg, where the landlady or landlord, was receiving for a seven-room house \$150 per month. Not long ago, she notified the tenants that they must move out or pay her \$325.00, stating that this latter amount had been offered. The parties were unable to pay it, and will have to leave.

Another instance has been brought to the attention of the writer in which an officer from New York rented a whole house for \$100 per month, and then sub-rented it to his brother officers, small upstairs rooms at \$35 each, not only clearing his own rent but a very handsome surplus in addition.

The point is this: No reasonable person can object to a very considerable raise in rent over and above what we were receiving previous to the war, but at the same time, no patriotic citizen can fail to blush with shame and we find the necessities of our country’s defenders preyed upon by landladies and landlords, simply because, we, to a certain extent, have them in our

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7 Blades for 35c

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THE Gem Damaskeene Blade is held high in the estimation of thousands of Uncle Sam’s fighting boys in both services. It has earned its honor mark—its efficiency and dependability—measures up to “Active Service” requirements.

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**GEM**  
GEM DAMASKEENE RAZOR  
BLADES

power. Further, what should we think of a brother officer who, by means of his superior wealth will make a bid on a house that will force another officer’s family to move out, because he is unable to meet unfair and unreasonable competition? Also, what is thought of an officer who will get possession of a house, and extort from his fellow officers unreasonable and unjust rents?

It seems to the writer that this situation is the most unfortunate that has developed in connection with Camp Wadsworth. It is by no means confined to Spartanburg; nor is it confined to the South, but the mercenary spirit of the American people in general seems to be too strong for their patriotism. The writer owns a few houses, and in no case has he increased the rent one dollar. In view of the present scale of rising prices, of course, rents will evidently rise, and would have risen, whether Camp Wadsworth had been here or not, but let us be sure that any rise we do make is not based upon the necessities of the tenant and is proportioned to the general rising scale of prices.

(Signed) NATIVE.

**AN ODE TO AN O. D. PILL.**

(Continued from page 9)

If you’re feeling rather blue  
‘Cause she hasn’t written you  
Take a pill!

If, while jumping over hurdles,  
Brooks or tree stumps, even turtles,  
You sprain your ank’ and yelp with pain,  
You had best quit your clatter  
For there’s really nothing the matter  
Take a pill!

A fallen arch arises  
With a speed that surprises;  
Take a pill!

If work and drills fatigue you  
Don’t lay down, the cooks will need you;  
Take a pill!

When in the trenches “over there”  
Your brains from shell-shock tear,  
Take a pill!

When a Hun has run you through  
With a long short point or two  
And made things worse  
With gas and bombs and such  
Tho’ he’s belted and flayed you  
By the living God that made you  
You’ll be a better man than he’ll be.  
Take a pill.

A. H. VAN ZANDT, Co. H, 107th Inf.

# Asheville.

Officers and Soldiers Invited to Visit  
**"LAND OF THE SKY"**  
 in the "Heart of the Blue Ridge"

Three and a half hours from Camp Wadsworth by rail.  
 Wonderful mountains and wooded valleys. Splendid motor  
 roads. Two hours into midst of Pisgah National Forest, crossing Mt.  
 Pisgah mile high.

**18 Hole All-Turf Golf, Finest Course South**

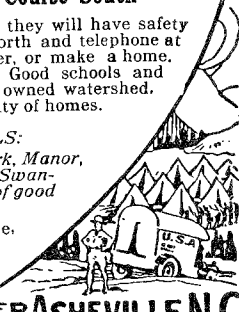
Send your families to Asheville, where they will have safety  
 and every comfort, can visit back and forth and telephone at  
 will. The ideal place to spend the winter, or make a home.  
 Hospitable people. Productive soils. Good schools and  
 churches. Water from 17,000 acre city owned watershed.  
 Commission government. The city of homes.

**SPLENDID HOTELS:**

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

For folder of Asheville,  
 views and data,  
 write

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



## WHAT DOROTHY DARE DIDN'T DARE TO DO.

(With Apologies to "K. C. B.")

Dear Editor:

All spring  
 And summer—  
 Ever since  
 We'd declared war  
 On Germany—  
 In the theatres,  
 On the streets,  
 In the Subway—  
 Everywhere I went—  
 I'd been meeting boys  
 In Uncle Sam's uniform.  
 Regiment by regiment,  
 I'd seen them march away,  
 And I'd been thrilled  
 And exalted  
 At sight of them.  
 And I'd been loving them  
 Every minute,  
 But never speaking  
 To one of them,  
 Or visiting a camp,  
 Or anything.

And then, one evening,  
 I found myself seated  
 On the half  
 Of a blanket-roll  
 On the ground—  
 Beside a boy  
 From the 23rd,  
 Of Brooklyn,  
 Who'd invited me  
 To sit there  
 Because the girl  
 Who'd brought me  
 Was busy "mothering" the boy  
 She'd come to see;  
 And she'd forgotten  
 All about me,  
 And left me standing  
 Looking at the camp-fires  
 A-burning in the "yards"  
 Where the boys were waiting  
 For the trains (that didn't come)  
 To take them to Spartanburg.  
 And a blanket-roll  
 Isn't very large,  
 So we had to sit "close,"  
 And it helped  
 To keep us warm,  
 Anyway.  
 Because—though the day  
 Had been mild—  
 It was a "shivery"  
 Evening.

And it seemed nice  
 To be sitting,  
 Just like that,  
 By a camp-fire  
 With one of our  
 Very own boys,  
 Who was soon to go  
 "Over there."

And he told me  
 All about "The boys"—  
 Their wants and needs—

## The Asheville Laundries

Offer Four Days' Service and  
 First Class Work

Leave Your Package at  
 The Following Places

Sanitary Train Canteen  
 107th Inf. Post Exchange  
 108th Inf. Post Exchange  
 American Field Hospital  
 E. S. Reeves—Linen Room

## Fielder & Brown

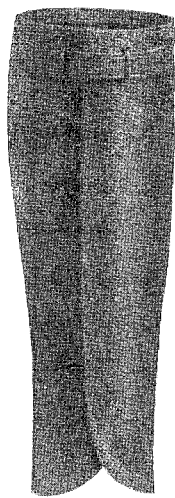
WHOLESALE GROCERS  
 FULL LINE OF GROCERIES

## Candies and Cakes

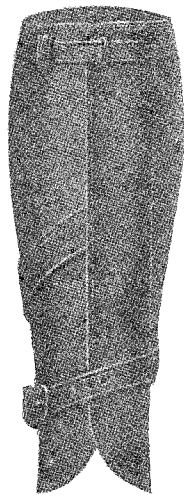
A SPECIALTY

Corner EZELL & CHOICE STS.

PHONE 161



1



2

## MILITARY PUTTEES

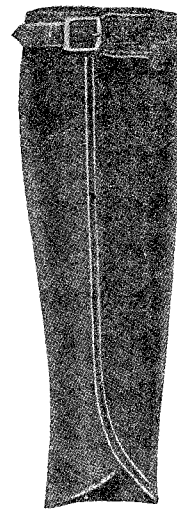
English Pigskin, Full Lined .....	\$12.00
Cordovan, Full Lined .....	12.00
Genuine Hog Skin, Reinforced .....	9.00
Cow Hide, Reinforced .....	7.00
Sam Browne Belts .....	5.50

Postpaid, Satisfaction Guaranteed

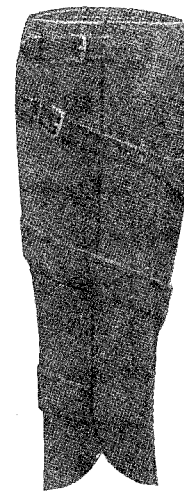
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**ASHEVILLE HARNESS COMPANY**

ASHEVILLE, N. C.



3



4

And how hard  
It had been  
To say "good-bye"  
To his  
"Little mother."  
And soon his head  
Fell over on  
My shoulder—  
(He was tired and cold and hungry—it  
had been a strenuous exciting day.)  
And he looked  
Such a kid,  
And so pathetic;  
And he needed his mother—  
Or someone—  
To pet him,  
And I was there, and—  
I didn't.  
(Though his eyes begged me to.)

And the reason I'm  
Now writing this  
Is that I hear  
His regiment  
Is soon to go  
To France,  
And maybe he  
Will not return.  
And what I'm trying  
Hard to say—  
The way I'm feeling  
Now is this—  
If I were back  
In that same spot  
Where we both sat,  
I think—mind you!  
I said, "I think"—  
I'd "have a heart,"  
And "mother" him  
A bit.  
And, anyway,  
If you'll print this,  
The boy will know  
The way I acted  
On that night  
Was not the way  
I felt.

BUT—  
WHAT I wish MOST to know,  
Dear Editor, is—  
What would YOU have done  
Had you been  
In my place?  
I thank you.  
Dorothy Dare,  
of Brooklyn.

Editor's answer:

Dear Dorothy Dare:  
If I were sitting  
On that spot,  
Where you both sat—  
You and the boy  
Who looked so young  
And needed you,  
Or someone else,  
To pet him—  
And minded me  
Of how the boy  
Was going "Over there"  
To fight,  
And—for a time—  
To live in hell;  
And, as you said,  
Perhaps to die—  
I know—mark you!  
I said, "I KNOW"—  
(If I were you)  
I'd "had a heart,"  
And "mothered" him—  
A LOT!  
Yours truly,  
Editor.

### AMBULANCE COMPANY NO. 108.

Monday afternoon everyone received instructions in the mysteries of packing our new haversack and blanket roll. One of the boys remarked that his burden was so heavy that he felt like the leading character in Bunyan's "Pilgrim's Progress."

"Johnnie" Bean has returned from a ten-day furlough. On his trip back he came by way of New York. Was quite annoyed at the size of the burg. Went to the Hippodrome and rode on a Fifth Avenue bus "By Hickory."

Sunday evening Private Howell proceeded to wash the bacteria from Major Kortright's placid countenance, after which the two proceeded to wipe up the street with each other.

Owing to his efficiency on the incinerator, Private Boughton was relieved of this duty eight days ahead of schedule. Fourteen applicants for this enviable position—just skip the next stable call.

Private Cronk, (first class) recently received a bottle of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. He speaks highly of this spring tonic and it is hoped among his friends that it will relieve his peculiar suffering.

The ten "Bugs" were all released from quarantine Monday night and are now fit associates for the rest of the company. One exception, Private Clark, refuses to leave the serene quietude of his tent and the pleasures of bunk fatigue.  
R. M. L.

### COMPANY C, 102ND SUPPLY TRAIN.

Jesse James has nothing on Cactus Kinard. Jesse used two guns to hold up a train and Cactus only uses one. Honest; he admits it himself.

The title of Battle Axe Sanitarium has left the fifth squad, and attached itself to the seventh, which is in charge of Tammany Hall McDermott.

An epidemic of sore feet has visited Company C. Cut it out Pape, they are not giving out any more dissies.

McDonald, alias George Burns, is stealing all the telephone operators in Spartanburg. How do "yuh" get that way, Mac?

Coffey claims Sergeant Mechanic Noll is the only man that ever kept a machine shop under his cot.

Say, Tierney, how about that Virginia Dare Wine—the only beverage guaranteed to beat a Home Defense Cop. Do they sell it still?

The sergeant's tent has lost the title of the "Morgue" and is now known as "The Pinhead's Paradise."

F. W. S.

The next Gas Attack will prove that Mother Nature included a funny bone in the equipment she issued to you.

## SEVERAL POST EXCHANGES

Are making \$15.00 to \$20.00 a day extra profits by taking in

## FILM DEVELOPING AND PRINTING

For us. We positively give all exchanges 24 hour service and a liberal commission on this work. Our

**Camp View Post Cards**  
are making a big hit.

Here is a new field; it will add greatly to your profits. Work it.

*Burkhardt's*  
108 Kennedy Pl.

## The Largest Book Store in South Carolina

*Private Peat  
Over the Top  
Rhymes of a Red Cross  
Man*



**The DuPre Book Store**  
Spartanburg, S. C.

## K. OF C. NEWS

### FUDD'N-HEAD WILSON ENTERTAINS.

Another one of the big series of entertainments came off last night in the Knights of Columbus Hall out at Camp Wadsworth when three pictures were presented to about eleven hundred men who crowded the building to the doors. Beginning with the War Department, Boxing and Bayonet pictures posed for by Kid McCoy, Benny Leonard, Johnny Kilbane and Captain James Patrick Odonovan of the British Army, the similarity of movements in the two exercises were shown by running the film first at normal and then at greatly reduced speed.

After the first picture Dr. Charles G. Woolsey of the Fosdick Commission who has charge of the music in the camps, led the boys in singing many of the old and many of the new songs. In this he was ably assisted by his charming daughter, Miss Alice Woolsey, who sang two beautiful solos in a rich contralto voice. The favorites of the evening seemed to be "Send Me a Curl," a new song from the Music Director at Camp Gordon and the hilariously swinging chorus of "Where Do We Go From Here." Then came the feature film of the evening. A dramatization of Mark Twain's old story of Pudd'nhead Wilson and his finger prints. During the six reels, and all through the evening the music was furnished by the Jazz Orchestra of the old 47th New York Regiment, now known as the 53rd Pioneer Infantry, under the leadership of Jack Trezise. They began with a little concert that drew generous applause, but the pieces that took best in the semi-darkness of the photoplay were "My Bonnie Lies Over the Ocean," "The Good Old Summer Time," and the sweet song of childhood, written by Frank L. Stanton of the Atlanta Constitution, "Mighty L'ak a Rose," but the volume of sound that rose from the hundreds of throats surged highest and gave token of deepest feeling when the strains of "The Suwanee River" sounded on the pine-scented air of the moonlit camp. For Northerner and Southerner alike there is the call of home in the old song, and the New York and New England throats that made the rafters ring, cared little for "Yankeeland" or "Dixieland," but gave ready response to that yearning the melody simply and beautifully expresses.

Between two reels Major Kilpatrick of the Constructing Quartermaster's Department was presented to the soldiers with the purpose of explaining this ever-growing movement to encourage mass singing in the Camps. Some one has said, he reminded them, that he cared not who made the laws of a nation, if he could but write the songs. It is with the purpose of strengthening the morale of the men, of encouraging unity of thought, and motion and action that the men should sing; it is with the idea of each

for all and all for each; of working all together for a common purpose and with a common end. Major Kilpatrick quoted at length from a recent address by Secretary of War Newton D. Baker, and ended with a strong plea that reached every heart to help the growth of the song in the fighting men of the nation.

These gatherings, almost nightly, in the big frame hall, are inspiring and thrilling and the delighted satisfaction of the men who flock to it in ever-increasing numbers stir the patriotism in the lowest depths of one's heart.

The picture part of the evening's entertainment closed with a side-splitting cub comedy that abounded in much comedy and many humorous and most unexpected denouements. But the picture may be shown in the city and it would not be fair to spoil it by reciting the plot in advance.

### MCCORMACK'S TRIP OF MERCY.

As is well known, John McCormack, America's great tenor, has undertaken a drive for \$100,000 to be donated to the Red Cross, but it will be good news to many to learn that after this tremendous work has been accomplished he will start another drive for \$50,000 for the K. of C. war camp fund. He will probably have completed his work for the Red Cross by the end of this month.

## 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.

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



### ACTOR HACKETT WILL DIRECT CAMP PLAYS.

Anxious to render a patriotic war service, James K. Hackett, famous American actor-manager, has volunteered his services to the Knights of Columbus Committee on War Activities, and has been appointed General Director of Amusement. Under his direction the dramatic talent of the men in the training camps and naval stations will be organized, and plays will be produced in the Knights of Columbus buildings.

Mr. Hackett is assisted by several executive and producing experts from his own staff, and began operations last Monday at Camp Devens, Ayer, Mass. He was exceedingly well pleased to learn of the large amount of theatrical talent to be found at our camp, and advised Mr. Sexton that he would visit Camp Wadsworth early in March. "There are probably more actors in the service than men of any other class when the numerical strength of the profession is taken into consideration," says Mr. Hackett. "I am sure there will be no difficulty in organizing companies which will compare in every way with those usually seen in the best theatres, and after examining the Knights of Columbus buildings I find them admirably suited to productions of the kind I have in mind. The Knights of Columbus are rendering a splendid patriotic service by the maintenance of these recreation buildings, and I am glad of the opportunity to contribute my experience to the work they are doing."

Upon completion of the organization work in the American camps Mr. Hackett will go to France to continue his work in the K. of C. buildings located in the camps of the American Expeditionary forces.

J. VINCENT SEXTON.

### CONGRESSIONAL ELECTION IN K. OF C. HALL.

The special election for Congressman from the 7th and 8th and 21st and 22nd New York Districts was held as planned in the K. of C. Hall on Monday, March 4th. The taking of the votes was supervised by Deputy Secretary of State Charles W. Taft, representing the civil authorities and Lieut. Woodward of the 108th Infantry, representing the Commanding Officer. The vote cast was rather light, but this was believed to be due to the fact that many men had not received notice of the election rather than to a lack of interest in the issues and the men.

### K. OF C. LIBRARY REOPENED.

After considerable watchful waiting on the part of the secretaries and almost every one else interested, the painters finished painting and took their paraphernalia away from the much occupied library end of the K. of C. Hall and made room for the replacing of the books. Despite the proximity of the big Library Building the men in charge were kept busy checking up cards and straightening out delinquent borrowers, and it was long before the last man had gotten his literature and gone his way rejoicing.

# thrifty shaving

When  
You  
use  
— the only stick that  
saves the soap below  
the waste line —



# COLGATE'S "HANDY GRIP"

PATENTED 1917

YOU can unscrew the last 1/2-inch (usually thrown away) and stick it on a new stick. Not such a small economy after all —and surely an aid to the habit of thrift. And you are sure of the plentiful, softening Colgate lather that leaves your face cool and refreshed.

### SITES FOR K. OF C. HALLS IN FRANCE.

It will be welcome news to the men of the 27th Division, and to all those others here at Wadsworth, to know that the Recreational work which is being done in K. of C. Halls in this country will be in full swing in France before April 1st rolls around. C. P. Connolly and D. P. Mapother are already in France selecting sites for the buildings with the big welcome sign in which choice they are receiving the encouragement and co-operation of General Pershing. Walter N. Kernan, of Utica, son of the Hon. John D. Kernan, who represented New York in the United States Senate for so many years, is chairman of the overseas work, and after a short stay home, far behind the battle lines he is again on the job superintending the building operations. That he has a work of some magnitude can be appreciated from the fact that by April 1st there will be 100 field secretaries and fifty auxiliary chaplains working with and for the overseas forces.

There, as here, the *Everybody Welcome* sign will be the distinguishing mark of all K. of C. activities.

### NEW CAMP LIBRARY OPENS.

The camp library has been moved to its new building near Division Headquarters (and the office of the Gas Attack).

### CHAPLAIN EDROP GOES.

First Lieut. Percy Edrop, chaplain of the 53rd Pioneer Infantry, has been ordered to Richmond, Va., for temporary duty in connection with the publication of *Trench and Camp*, a weekly paper issued by the Y. M. C. A. for the men in service.

### LT. McCAHILL ATHLETIC DIRECTOR.

Lieut. Peter B. McCahill, 53rd Pioneer Infantry, has been appointed regimental athletic director by Col. B. F. Delamater, and is mapping out quite a strenuous programme of athletic events for the regiment.

### HE IS COLONEL MILLER NOW.

Lieut. Col. Claude H. Miller, inspector general attached to the depot corps and army troops, has been promoted to the rank of colonel.

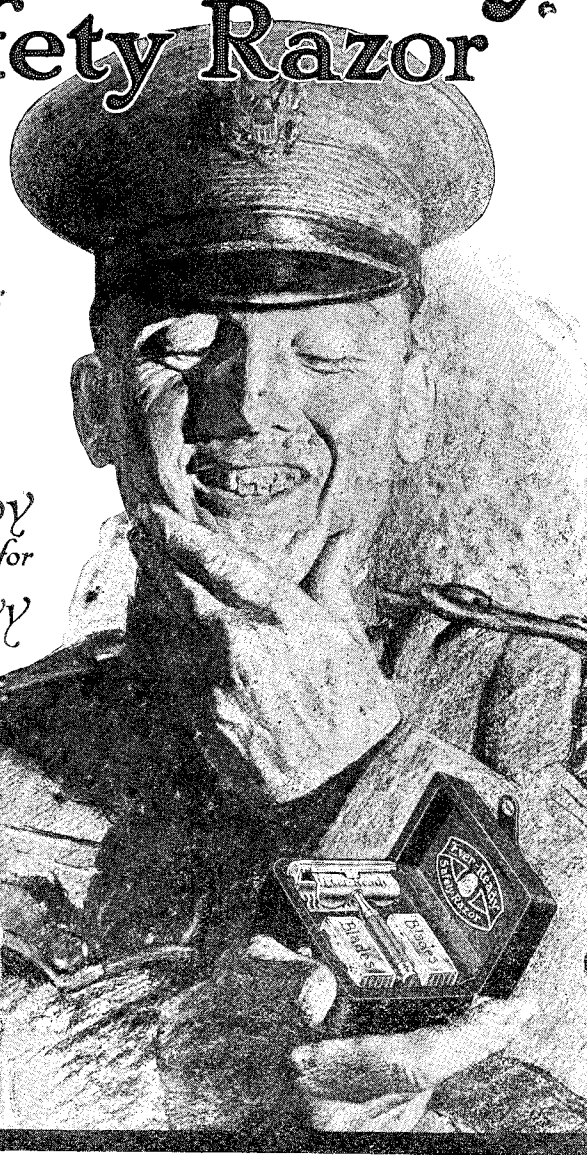
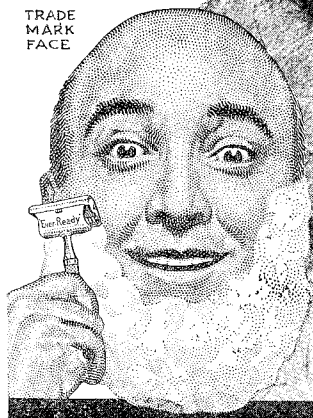
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Complete

Extra 'Ever-Ready'  
'Radio' Blades  
6 for 30¢

Adopted by  
Uncle Sam for  
Army & Navy

TRADE  
MARK  
FACE



## HEADQUARTERS CO. 53D PIONEER INF.

This Company since its organization has been very fortunate in having assigned to them the best of officers, though we can never forget the pleasant times we have enjoyed under the different Captains. We have at last received the officers which will be our permanent ones. It seems as if our luck has not deserted us, as they are the most thorough and congenial, and also well liked by every man in this company. Though Captain J. E. Wiley is in command of our company, all those who have dealings with our attached captain, Capt. J. C. Wright, have nothing but praise for him. Lieutenant Thompkins, who is now in the base hospital recovering from pneumonia, will soon be back with us.

Sergeant Bugler Miller is busy writing a "Manual for Bunk Fatigue." This book should meet with immediate favor, as the writer is surely an authority on the subject of which he writes, holding all world's records as undefeated bed-hound champion of the

world. He has reduced this ancient art to a science, and may be seen in training any time in Tent No. J, from reveille to taps and from taps to reveille, arising only when the meat-whistle blows.

No, dear friends of Company A, that unearthly sound you hear that disturbs your sleep and peace of mind all of the day and most of the night is not the wail of a dying Archeopertyx, 'tis merely Band Leader Tucker bleating and blaring an alleged cadenza of the cornet solo he threatens to inflict upon us at a concert in the near future. Have a heart, Tom.

WM. DOMARATIUS.

## THE MODERN SPIRIT.

He—"I would give lots to make you happy."

She—"Vacant or improved?"—Baltimore American.

## HEADQUARTERS COMPANY, 105TH FIELD ARTILLERY.

Why are we so cocky and self-satisfied? What company wouldn't act likewise if it had succeeded in drawing laudatory remarks at Saturday inspection; especially when such pleasing words came from an officer whose approval must be richly earned?

Since beginning his course of instruction at the School of Physical Training Corporal Veazie has been regaling us with some weird tales. Weirdest of all is his account of an instructor, a mere N. C. O., causing an officer, a student at the school, to run a mile as punishment for the latter's failure to comply promptly with an order. What a Utopia!

Regimental Sergeant Major Bayer has received a splendid medal from the Empire State as a token of its recognition of the twenty-odd years spent in the National Guard of New York. He also wears a Spanish War Veteran's medal. Do you wonder that we are proud of John Henry?

Battery F, poor, misguided individuals, permitted their enthusiasm to induce them to challenge our ball team. After the fourth inning, when we had amassed a lead of some thirty runs, we allowed "Les Miserables" to get a consoling tally or two. However, we hope that this evidence of our ability won't deter prospective challengers from appearing on the horizon.

Some time ago the New York Evening Journal published a photo of Louis Frugone, together with an article commending him for his patriotic zeal. Oh, that photo! Can you conceive of a male Mona Lisa? You know what I mean—beautiful oval facial contours, sweet, quivering lips and large soulful orbs? Naturally a number of impressionable young damsels, fell head over heels in love with the likeness and sent scented epistles to our hero. We, his tent-mates, are licking our chops in anticipation of receipt of the goodies that these fair strangers promised to forward.

The commandant of the O. T. C. evidently has determined that the student officers from our company are of the proper calibre. Not one of the six has been sent back.

Any one desiring a sample of pure, unadulterated blasphemy has but to tell Tommy Burke that he is not a soldier, but merely a bandsman.

Corporal Bloomer, quondam "Doughboy," after experimenting with a sound horse, has ruefully decided that foundered animals make the best mounts for equestrian purposes. No, he's not afraid. Merely cautious, you know.

Silverman and Veazie are being personally conducted through the war by their respective spouses, both of whom are sojourning in Spartanburg. Case of "Whither thou goest, there shall I go."

Oh, Mr. Colonel, please give Cook Engle the furlough he seeks, lest, in a fit of abstractedness he put us hors de combat with one of his diabolical concoctions.

CORPORAL S. E. CHASIN.

**COMPANY F, 105TH INFANTRY.**

There was a diphtheria scare in the company street the other day. Three doctors came down to examine the men. We were all told to take our spoons and fall in line. Some of us brought out our mess kits, but were chased back, as the doctor told us it was no ice cream party, but a serious matter. The nervous part was shoving the handle of the spoon down the throat and saying, "Ah!"

The doctor's family selected six victims, who were privates Waverla, a big blonde-haired Swede nicknamed "The Warbler" on account of his foghorn voice; Crandale who looks like the proof of Darwin's Theory; Fisher who looks as if he had lost all his friends, and the company comedian Adams, and Corporals "Slivers" and House.

We were all told to take our blankets and were marched to the Regimental Infirmary for observation. There we were given spring cots and mattress and placed in a nice comfortable room with a real stove. (No Sibley Stove). Our meals were brought to us three times a day and for men sick with diphtheria, we certainly did clean up. The room was so comfortable that I was wishing that I did have diphtheria, a wish that was shared by the rest. Once or twice a day the Medical officer would poke his head in the door and in a cheery voice ask, "Well, how are you sick men getting along?" and always the answer would be, "Fine."

At night we amused ourselves by trying to see who could tell the biggest stories. The Warbler told some hunting stories and they sure were stories. Corporals "Slivers" and House vied with each other in trying to see which one could tell the biggest story. Corporal House told one about shooting the heart out a buck deer, and then chasing the deer for two miles while its heart was shot out. Not to be outdone. Corporal "Slivers" told about hunting down savage Philipinos and being shot at with poison arrows and bolos. The sad look on Private Fisher's face got sadder and a look of wonder would come over Private Crandale's face as he gazed with awe, first on Corporal House, and then on Corp. "Slivers."

The fourth day the sad news came. Instead of poking his head in as usual, the Medical officer came right in. "Hey, you sick men," he said, "Pack up, you owe the government four days work."

"Aren't we sick?" asked Corporal Slivers with despair in his voice.

"Yes," said the Medical officer, "sick of drilling I guess."

It was a sad bunch that slowly walked back to the company street after the four most comfortable days they had ever spent in camp. "WILLIE."

**THE PLACE FOR HIM.**

"He's so reckless he's always taking chances."

"Oh, do send him to our charity bazaar."  
—Houston Post.



*For Your Convenience We Have Opened*

## A BRANCH STORE

IN THE  
CLEVELAND HOTEL BUILDING

*Where we carry a complete line of*

### Military--Athletic Supplies

*Prices That Are Right*

*Prompt Service*

*Courteous Treatment*

BASEBALL SUPPLIES READY FOR DELIVERY

## ALEX. TAYLOR & COMPANY, Inc.

TAYLOR BUILDING

NEW YORK

### 104TH FIELD ARTILLERY, HOSPITAL CORPS.

Our genial "Topper" is with us again. More power to you, "Stretch," ole "Topper." You surely know "a best seller" when you see one.

"Sergeant Kobe" still continues to hit-em-out! Good work, "Ernie," old boy. Hereafter when you try to teach a rookie "a bit o' landscape gardening," be sure you have a "Stable Sergeant" amongst them. You know, Sergeant, one can't grub a bag of oats forever.

"Handsome Harry" is with us once more. Why the lack of "spirits," Harry? Did she miss the train? Or was there another "leak" at Washington?

The "Twins" are still at it! The only way we have now of telling them apart is by sending one of them after the mail! Never mind, "Harry," it takes more than a "double header" to win a "pennant" these days.

We have a poet with us. Here's his first attempt. Not so bad for a beginner:

"How to learn your 'General Orders,'"

(After you know 'em)

To take charge of—to walk—to report—to repeat—

The first four are easy and also quite neat.

To quit—to receive—to talk to—in case—

The next four are harder, but easy to place.

To allow—in any case—to salute—is quite right!

And last but not least—Be watchful at night!

PRIVATE G. T. KEHOE.

### COMPANY H, 105TH INFANTRY.

In order to make our outfit the best one in the Division, it is necessary to have the co-operation of the men in authority with the men in the street, and that can be done by the big principle of a "Square Deal." With many of the organizations the pride was lost when the men were compelled to break up and move to other regiments, where in turn the old name and number were lost. Petty jealousies, misunderstandings between both officers and men, were the great things to overcome, and they have been overcome in most of the companies by that same old "Square Deal."

Company H has an exponent of a "square deal" in our Top Sergeant Frank DeConea, who has, through his policy of using everyone alike, no matter if they were old Second men, or Seventy-first, or Tenth. In this way he has won the respect and confidence of the men and has done much to improve "Company Spirit."

If we keep on eating corn meal for breakfast, pretty soon the Mess Sergeant will be handing us Blue Jay corn plasters for dinner.

"Jimmy" Cotter complains of being disturbed in his regular after-breakfast nap by being forced to go out to drill.

We have a new recruit in Company H, a young man born Wednesday, Feb. 27th, to Captain and Mrs. Raymond Hodgdon. Congratulations and more power to you.

A. D. A.



**THE LIGHT FOR ACTIVE SERVICE**

**FRANCO**

**ARMY TRENCH LIGHT**

Can be fastened to coat buttons or belt leaving **BOTH HANDS FREE.**  
 Patented shade focuses the light at any desired angle.  
 Takes a battery of a size standard the world over.

Guaranteed by  
**INTERSTATE ELECTRIC NOVELTY COMPANY**  
 New York, Chicago, San Francisco, Toronto

## Ideas of Ethelburt Jellyback

(Continued from page 7)

gage, called a kit bag, and smile, smile, smile. "Why don't you smile?" the captain bawled at me.

"How can I, sir," I retorted, "when I know I've got to go back to the wood pile?"

Fortunately, the wood chopping detail came to an end. In the evening Mugrums begged to have another chance as orderly, mentioning the desirability of three dollars a week. I gave him some duties to perform, chiefly in keeping quiet so that I might go to sleep. Mugrums is the sort of fellow who becomes extremely noisy at taps time. I abhor it.

"Did you make such crude noises when it was time to retire in civil life?" I demanded.

That seemed to penetrate his somewhat crude mind. He got up and left the tent. He was gone so long that I became fearful. I wondered if I had spoken too roughly to him. Mayhap I had hurt his feelings, and he had gone off to sulk. Anxiously I got up and went outside the tent.

In front I found Mugrums curled up on the wooden bench which my squad had built at one side of the door. To my surprise I found Mugrums asleep—and snoring.

"Mugrums, get up and come to bed!" I aroused him. "What are you doing sleeping on this bench?"

"I thought I was back in civil life."

That was all he would say to me.

—Ethelburt Jellyback, Private.  
(C. D.)

### DO YOU WANT YOUR PIANO?

Wanted.—A good piano. Willing to buy or rent. Address: First Sergeant, Headquarters Company, 51st Pioneers, Camp Wadsworth.

### COMPANY L, 53RD PIONEER INFANTRY.

Sergeant Wm. L. Chambers, our Mess Sergeant, has returned to the Company, having been in the Base Hospital with A-cute-Gas-or-eats us. We are glad to have him back, and he told the boys that he was going to eat with "K" Company now. He would not take any more chances with his own company.

Sergeant Jack Mullen (the sunshine of "L" Company) was heard scrapping with a photographer Monday. It seems that the photographer wanted to take Jack's picture and he would not let him, Sergeant Jack claiming he wanted to sell it to all the girls in Spartanburg. (We know someone in Gaffney, S. C., who would like to have his picture.)

Sergeant Carson, our Supply Sergeant, and Corporal McWalter, both of "L" Company, fought a 20-round draw Saturday. They fought catch-as-catch-can. Sergeant Carson weighed about 1 1-2 pounds more than Corporal McWalters.

Sergeant Clark wants to know why Sergeant Cleveland smokes a pipe, as Sergeant Cleveland borrows more (butts) than all the other Sergeants can smoke.

The old reliable Michael Sheehan was late for reveille one morning this week. The reasons for Mike being late was that he put his leggins on wrong and had to take them off again. Mike claims that leggins should be worn with the laces inside.

If Private Larkins can lick Germans as good as he can kick panels out of doors he will be all right. All you have to do is to kid him about the old country.

The following is a little poem dedicated to our First Sergeant, M. Rudolph Heitman:

Flip-a-dee Flap,  
 Flip-a-de Flop;  
 Who is our Top—  
 Martin R. Heitman  
 R-U-D-O-L-P-H.

S. J. M.

Lost in Spartanburg—A man out of work has lost the key to a situation.

I. BOLT WORK.

### MORAN A LECTURER NOW.

Frank Moran made a big hit with his illustrated talks on boxing and bayonet drills at the K. of C. hall last week. He has been requested to repeat and will have little spare time for himself during the next month.

### BIWEEKLY TRACK MEETS ARRANGED.

Harvey Cohn has arranged a series of track meets open to every man in camp. They will be held twice a week. Three athletic fields have been laid out; at the 105th field Artillery, the 107th Infantry and the 106th Infantry parade grounds.

## Frownless Day Coming

Saturday, March 23rd—

that is the date on which the Camouflage Number of the Gas Attack will appear.

### A Big Surprise—

it will contain the most remarkable photographic gallery ever exhibited.

### Worth Framing—

The cover design, in colors, by Pvt. Lauren Stout, Co. E, 107th Inf., ass't instructor in the Camouflage School, will make Rembrandt writhe in his grave out of sheer jealousy. No tent wall will be complete without *her*.

### Cartoons by Lauten—

another full page of entertaining illustrations by Pvt. Elmer Lauten, H. C., 108th Inf.

### A New Artist—

the Gas Attack has discovered a new illustrator in camp—H. B. Wells, D Co., 108th Inf., who will make his first bow to you in this next number.

### Lt. Col. Applin—

the inspiring address which the British Officer delivered at Converse College the other day.

### Richard E. Connell—

the editor will contribute his quota of editorials.

### Charles Divine—

the associate editor will contribute a poem and another episode in the life of Ethelburt Jellyback.

### Walter B. Davenport—

writes about going in the gas chamber with the Officers Training School.

### And Other Features—

but they are part of the surprise.

**COMPANY M, 108TH INFANTRY.**

Why the procession to the foot of the street every holiday? What is there so interesting there?

There will be a meeting of the 30-day club, every Wednesday and Saturday afternoon this month. Salty Meyers will preside, and has informed the boys that the dues are to be paid in advance; in fact Salty says that all are paid up now.

Earl said he had a wonderful time on his furlough, and from the happy look on his face he evidently did. Did the carpet on the center aisle feel good to the old feet? May all your troubles be little ones. WHAT?

While in the trenches last week, the French Lieut. in charge of the work said to Pvt. Jack Corkey: "Comment Ca Va." Cook looked up and said, "I will if he comes this way." Jack is still wondering why the Lieut. laughed? Cork said, "If the French have used the pick and shovel as much as the Lieut. says they have it is a wonder that Berlin is not undermined by this time."

Dave Dunn saw two men in No-Man's-Land through the aperture in the machine-gun emplacement and in tones to be heard by said enemy called (HALT, who's there?) the answer came back quickly, "Two umpires," wherein the brave Dunny asked, "What's the score?" Dave had been thinking of the Polo-grounds.

Eddie Shriener has a new make-up now, and the fun that Ed has every night would make the audiences at the Palace Theatre turn green with envy.

The boy, or rather the man of the family, had entered the house with all the pride of a volunteer. Just a few moments before he had worn civilian clothes, but now he wore the uniform of Uncle Sam, prepared as he thought to go across, and put a stop to the war once and for all. He stood before his old Dad and said, "Well, Dad, I've enlisted." The Dad (a typical old Tad) looked up from his evening paper and said to the boy's mother, "That settles it, Julia. The war will be over in three weeks. He never held a job longer than that in his life." BUT DAD LIED.

Say Jack, how many hours a day does a Top-Sergeant sleep?

Mess Sergt.: Barr wants to know what a UNIT is?

The whole company mourns the loss of Pvt. Joseph Helminiak who died at the base hospital last Thursday night. He was a good soldier and a true friend and his being called by the Great Commander above was a sad blow to us all.

**A MODIFIED LAME DUCK.**

She—I wonder what the new dance will be next winter.

He (who has just enlisted)—I think it will be the goose-step backwards.—Judge.

**OUT OF DATE.**

Advertiser—I should like to have this placed next to pure reading matter.

Modern magazine editor—Oh, but we don't print that kind of stories any more.—Judge.



## KEEP YOUR MATCHES DRY

The E-Z-Ope Match Box  
keeps your matches and  
strickers as dry as dust.

It grips the matches so they  
can't fall out, is flat enough  
to fit snugly in your pocket, and  
is so simply constructed it can  
be opened with one gloved  
hand.

Made for loose wood  
safety matches.

**E-Z-Ope, \$1.00**  
SOLID NICKEL SILVER



At Post Exchanges and stores. If your dealer cannot supply you, we will send the Box, prepaid, upon receipt of \$1

**Scharling & Company, Mfrs., Newark, N. J.**

**REFLECTIONS.**

There's lot that seems quite different when you're far away from home  
The Reveille, Formations and Retreat;  
And often memory takes us to the fields we used to roam,  
And old familiar scenes we loved to meet.

It's hard at times to realize that we are out to fight,  
And clash with someone's Daddy "over there;"  
But then of course, we all are sure that we are in the right,  
And that belief will make us Do and Dare.

But after all, it's something more than hiking in the rain,  
And doing things we've never done before;  
It's teaching us to do our share, to fit us for the game,  
And give us strength to make the winning score.

Corp. Howard A. Herty,  
First Army Headquarters Reg't.,  
Camp Greene, Charlotte, N. C.  
(Formerly 102nd M. P., Camp Wadsworth.)

**COMPANY G, 51ST PIONEER REGIMENT.**

Now that Corporal Austin has the entire company insured, he seems to be trying his best to talk them to death with idle chatter.

Since the buglers were told that non-coms were going to be made out of some of them, Hoffarth and Mansfield haven't missed a reveille in almost four days.

Overheard at the Mess Sergeants' school, Instructor: "Mess Sergeant from 'G' Company, what is a sausage?"

Mess Sergeant from "G" Company: "A meal for a man, sir."

SERGEANT F. SQUAZZO.

**"WE HAVE OFTEN WONDERED, OURSELVES."**

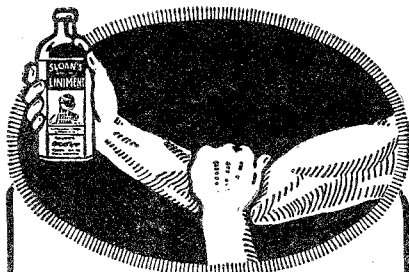
Major W. R. Jackson, of the 2nd Pioneer Infantry, has favored us with the following:

One of the drivers of Cash drove a car into the Camp on Washington's birthday, and, accosting Lieut. Deakne, showed a paper, asking to be directed to the person to whom it was addressed, remarking in rather a sheepish way, "I don't know if he is a Lieutenant, or an officer."

Major Jackson adds the punch by writing: "The caption might be: 'We have often wondered ourselves.'"

## GAY LIFE IN CHARLOTTE

(Continued from page 12)



### Ah! That's the Spot

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

So clean and easy to apply, too. No rubbing, no stain, no inconvenience as is the case with plasters or ointments. If you once use Sloan's Liniment, you will never be without it.

Generous sized bottles, at all druggists, 25c., 50c., \$1.00.

**Sloan's  
Liniment**  
KILLS PAIN

## UNIFORMS

Designed and Tailored  
by a New York Tailor  
Complete Assortment of  
Materials to Select from

For

*Uniforms  
Breeches  
Overcoats*

is now ready for your inspection

First-class Alterations  
and Repairing

All Uniforms Made at My  
Establishment are Guaranteed  
as to Fit and Workmanship

Ask Your Brother Officer  
He Knows

**M. ROTH**

167 1/2 East Main St.

One Flight Up

the calling out of the National Guard, and other equally important events of history.

A sigh of relief was heard when the foot lights blazed forth, and the ponderous curtain began its descent. The curtain was one of the latest creations, and portrayed a mud-puddle infected with ducks and bare-footed women. Here and there were plastered signs of Dentists, Doctors, Confectioners and Undertakers, proving to the public that it was cheaper to be sick. The curtain also bore the word "Asbestos." An Italian warrior in the row ahead of me was explaining to his chum that "Asbestos" must be a great show, as all the theatres advertise it on their curtains.

#### He Comments on the Bill.

A funny-looking man in overalls entered from the wings on the right, and with all the audacity of an established professional, strutted to the extreme left and hung a placard which read:

"LeRoy—King of Magic."

The "King" entered, attired as Nat Wills, to the uplifting strains of "How Dry I Am." He was terrible! I thought he'd continue forever. My Italian friends ahead were explaining to each other how the tricks were done. I thought they were competing for the conversational speed championship of the world. Finally, the magician offered the best number of his act—the exit. At that he took three bows too many, and I thought at any minute he'd give three cheers for himself and take an encore.

The next act was a little better. It was the Gallagher Sisters. They sang and danced chiefly for their own amusement. At least I couldn't get interested. I tried to sleep through the last part of the act, only the foot-lights were too bright. I was waiting for La Petite Babette.

About this time, an elderly lady and a little child of about two years of age were ushered to the seats next to mine. In me the child found an instrument of amusement. I could feel her steady gaze for quite some time, and finally I thought I'd be congenial, so I turned my head and smiled at the child as sweetly as possible. My well-meant effort brought forth a screaming outburst of tears and shrieks. Feeling horribly guilty, I hurriedly directed my attention to the Gallagher Sisters.

At last came Babette, smiling roguishly through her scanty costume, which could have easily been packed in a thimble. She was a very tiny personage, but when she started to sing! It was a combination of the Grand Canyon and Pike's Peak. To compete with her, an ordinary iceman would require the assistance of a megaphone. Her first offense was "Over There" and I'm almost sure it could have been heard even at that distance. Next she sang "Are You From Dixie?" and again I was glad I wasn't.

By this time, the infant on my right was conducting a performance all of her own in

competition with Babette. The kindly parent tried to quell the riot and eventually enlisted my services. She said "Say something cross to her, try to frighten her; make a face or something." This was sort of a new role for me, but I was perfectly willing that Babette should be the attraction. Looking more hideous than usual I confronted baby. Baby immediately went to sleep, and I think she's sleeping yet.

Babette sang another song, but by this time my hearing was a little dulled, and I've quite forgotten what the name of the song was supposed to have been.

The feature act of the evening was presented by Levy and McGuire, Blackface Entertainers. Their jokes were off-color also, especially the last one. The smaller one accosted the larger with: "Why you big ham, I met you six months ago, and all you had was a shirt and a fifty-cent piece, and you haven't changed either of them since."

To the ironical strains of "Send Me Away With a Smile" I elbowed my way to the air. Of course I missed the last car, and walked back to camp. Never did the four miles seem longer. I tip-toed into the tent and was just about to imitate Rip Van Winkle, when the heartless Sergeant of Quarters entered and informed me that I was to go on guard immediately, as one of the sentries had just been taken ill, and I was next on the list. Oh Wilhelm, Just You Wait!

H. A. H.

### DON'T WORRY, MR. UPLIFTER.

(Continued from page 10)

The business of stoking up the banked fires is going to be a tremendous job once we get back to civil life; but our ability and capacity for work will have increased in direct ratio to the growth of the job that will confront us.

And those fellows who, by their drifting, caused our uplift contemporaries such nightmares, will come back so accustomed to hustle that they'll hustle still. They'll have to. They will not have to remould the social fabric for us. The same old problems will be there, but we'll return with the solutions drilled into us—discipline, energy, industry, efficiency.

There'll be the same night courts, the same prisons, the same dark corners and the same courts and the same temptations. But they do not thrive on industrious men. And we are going to be so busy that they are going to do a rotten business for some time to come.

Thus we shall create for ourselves a new atmosphere. When we have regained that level of things that is classified as normal, we shall have, by industry and efficiency, filled in a lot of the old pitfalls that were the doorways to the fearsome world in which the submerged tenth once lived.

W. A. D.

# THE BONITA MOTION PICTURE THEATRE

The soldiers of Camp Wadsworth will always find here an  
entertaining show to amuse them during  
their hours of relaxation

We have contracted for some big features

We know what you want

We will see that you get it

No second hand reels at first class prices

We will always redeem our promise  
of a better show for less money

*Our Admission Price is Fifteen Cents.*

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for Delivery*

### *Easter*

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## Banking Logic

If the number of sol-  
diers coming into our  
Bank, daily, is an in-  
dication of satisfied  
customers, we must  
be giving "Service  
Plus."

*Place your account  
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NATIONAL BANK**  
SPARTANBURG, S. C.



The families and friends of offic-  
ers and enlisted men now at  
Spartanburg will find perfect  
accommodations amid most de-  
lightful surroundings at

## The Manor

Albemarle Park  
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"In the Land of the Sky"—

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from Spartanburg through en-  
chanting country.

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

In America ~ ~ An English Inn ~





# Gillette Safety Razor

*Have You Seen the New Gillettes  
Specially Designed for the Fighting Man?*

THESE models were designed by members of the Gillette Organization who have seen service with the Colors and know what the soldier is up against.

Hundreds of officers and men are buying them—the U. S. Service Set in metal case, and the new khaki-covered sets for Uncle Sam's soldiers and officers.

The Gillette is the one razor for the man who is doing things—the one razor with world-wide use and reputation.

When a man wants new Blades he can get them at any Post Exchange or Y. M. C. A. Hut—here in America or Overseas.

Our Paris Office carries stocks—is constantly supplying the American Expeditionary Forces. Gillette Safety Razors and Blades on sale everywhere in France, England, Italy and the Eastern battle fronts.

## *Why do so many of Uncle Sam's Boys use the Gillette?*

LET a man spend just one week in the service—then give him free choice of all the makes of razors there are. He'll reach for the Gillette first, and hold on to it—every time. There's nothing like seeing the Gillette idea work out in the experience of thousands of men—under extreme conditions.

Here is the No Stropping, No Honing principle—tested and approved by millions of men in the world at peace.

The world goes to war. Millions of men spring to arms—and the one razor that survives the test of war conditions on a world-wide scale is the No Stropping, No Honing Gillette.

There isn't a regiment in the field today under any of the Allied Flags but numbers more users of Gillettes than of all other razors put together. There isn't a condition

that a man could find in his shaving—heat, cold, sunburn, wind-chap, water scarce or bad—but has been met by the Gillette thousands of times in its nearly four years of war service.

The fighting man lives in his pack—every inch of space and ounce of weight taken up.

The Gillette tucks away in the corner, or in his pocket—compact, complete—Blades always sharp, always ready—simple, strong, stands the wear and tear—weighs next to nothing—and No Stropping, No Honing.

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