

GAS ATTACK

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

Vol. 1

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

No. 16



“Take Your Medicine!”

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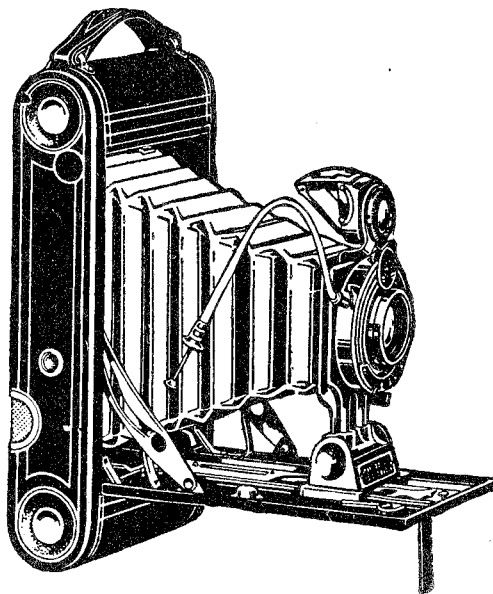
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Don't let anybody deceive you. The next special number of the Gas Attack is coming the 23rd of March. It will be known as the Camouflage Number. This will be a number extraordinary. Get it! One Dime!



OUT OF LUCK



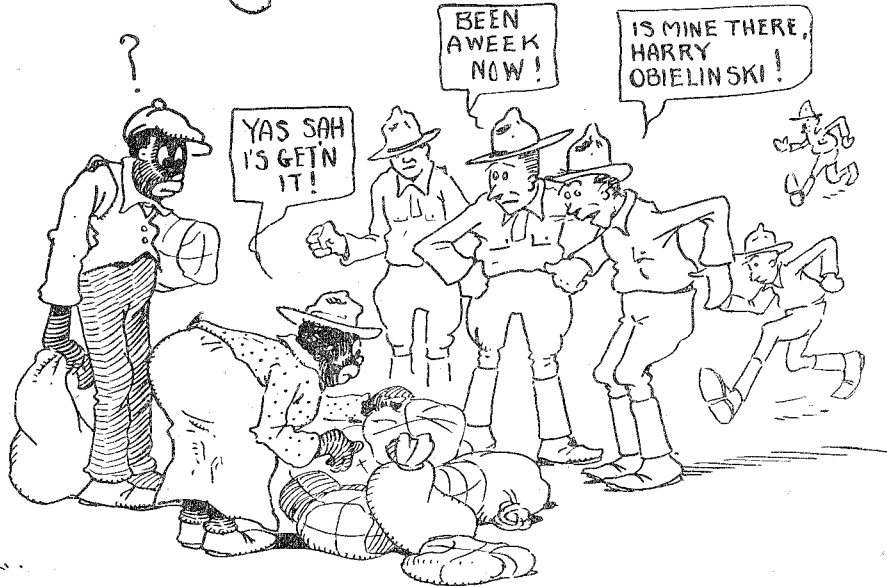
TAKING NO CHANCES



SOMETHING TO WORRY ABOUT-



AUTEN '18
H.C. 108 INFT



Lawn—Drey!

WITH THE CHORUS GIRLS OF CAMP

The actors and actresses are from Broadway, the plot is about Broadway, and the lyrics will

probably sing of that same thoroughfare that used to be gay and white before we left. And yet Broadway has never seen anything like it, this show of the Twenty-seventh Division.

"You Know Me, Al," is the name of it, a comedy-farce in three acts, with music. The actors and actresses of this show, which will have its opening at the Harris Theater in Spartanburg on March 18th, are soldiers who have temporarily left off doing squads North, East, and South, in order to kick an alluring toe over the footlights to make this production the most remarkable of its kind.

All Professionals.

All of the principal men concerned in the show are professionals. It was in a Y. M. C. A. shack the other day that the soldiers who are to take part in it were discovered singing, dancing, and kicking. At one side of the stage stood Lieut. W. A. Halloran, Jr., of the 106th Machine Gun Battalion, directing a critical eye at the rehearsal. He is the producer, besides having written several of the lyrics. For years Lieut. Halloran has been connected with minstrel shows and other productions. When we were on the border—familiar phrase—he put over a minstrel show that knocked 'em off their seats in San Antonio and MacAllen. His more recent success in producing "Cavalry Days" at Converse College led Major-General O'Ryan to appoint him director of the Twenty-seventh Division Theater, a project sanctioned by the War Department.

Lieut. C. P. Franchot, the Intelligence Officer of camp, is the treasurer of the committee that looks after the finances of the division theater.

At the chorus rehearsal in the afore-mentioned shack, Pvt. Stanley Hughes, Co. A, 104th Machine Gun Battalion, was putting the dancers through their paces. Hughes is a member of the famous dancing family which turned out J. J. Hughes of Adelaide & Hughes, Frank Hughes of Stone & Hughes and Mazie Hughes, formerly the partner of Stanley Hughes. (This begins to look like a Hughes Who?) He was in the Passing Show at the Winter Garden in 1912, and returned, more recently, from an extended dancing tour of South America.

Chorines Will Be Pippins!

There was a cloud of dust hovering over that end of the room in which Hughes was rehearsing the chorus. Through the cloud burst the lifted toes and feet of the chorines, wearing army shoes and army shirts and army breeches. It's a long step from the regulation uniform to the stage clothes they will wear in the actual performance, but the accuracy of their dancing and the po-

Daily Rehearsals for a Month Have Prepared the Division Show, "You Know Me, Al," for Its Premier on March 19th

tential witchery of their postures betokened their full-bloomed pulchritude when the glare of the spotlight hits them. In other words, they'll be pippins!

"Come us, come up, closer!" shouted Hughes, beckoning the dancers up-stage. From one corner, music came thumping and banging from a piano and cymbals. "That's it. Now hold out your skirts, hold 'em out." And the khaki-clad soldiers wrenched the seams of their trousers.

Later, of course, there will be real costumes and grease-paint—gifts from persons and firms well known in New York: Lady Duff Gordon, George M. Cohan, Mrs. H. H. Harris, Vantine, and others.

The music that was zipping and zinging through the rehearsal hall was by Pvt. Burton Hamilton, 106th M. G. Battalion, who tickles the ivories by countless numbers. Sgt. Leon de Costa, Hdqtrs. Co. of the 106th Infantry, wrote some of the lyrics and music, too.

While all this singing and dancing was going on, there was a rehearsal of the principals of "You Know Me, Al," taking place in a mess shack further down the road.

The Authors.

Here were Pvt. Hugh Standislaus Stange, Hdqtrs. Troop, overseeing the child of his brain, for Stange and another soldier, Pvt. W. Anson Hallahan, Co. M, 107th Inf., wrote "You Know Me, Al." Stange dramatized "Seventeen," and he is the son of the man who dramatized "The Chocolate Soldier" and "The Girl in the Taxi." Hallahan has been a successful stage doctor to many Broadway successes, writing a scene here and an act there and patching up many a bruised play.

With Stange and Hallahan at the rehearsal of the all-professional cast, was Pvt. Harry Gribble, Sanitary Detachment of the 108th Infantry, the stage manager. Gribble was the stage director for Mrs. Patrick Campbell, and not long ago he directed the staging of "Mice and Men" at Converse College. The assistant stage manager is Pvt. Jack Garvery, Hdqtrs. Troop. The scenic artist is Pvt. C. C. Beall, Co. G, 107th Inf., who has had the expert advice of Belasco in getting his settings ready. Pvt. Carl McCormick, Sanitary Detachment of the 107th Inf., is the business manager. He also happens to be the business manager of the French Opera Company, now playing in San Francisco with such singers as Castellanos Varillat, Clementine de Vere, and Carrie Bridwell.

The Principals Rehearse.

But to the rehearsal. The members of the all-professional cast are scattered around

the mess shack when Stange says: "Let's go! Zing, there goes the curtain."

This isn't the place to reveal the plot, but it can be said that Russel Brown, Co. A, 104th M. G. Batn., as the leading man, Al, makes an announcement early in the first act of the great scheme that is set afoot:

"This deal is going to be bigger than anything Wallingford ever attempted. And we're going to get away with it."

It is necessary, in order to put the scheme through, to bring professional entertainers on the scene. This includes girls, or, as one of the leading characters describes them: "They're from the Midnight Frolic. Twelve prize beauties."

The plot thickens. "The old man and his daughter will arrive any minute." This speech comes from either Russell Brown, who was the juvenile lead of "Have a Heart," or Sidney Marian, who plays the part of Bright-lights. Marian has played with the Gertrude Hoffman Company and at the Palace Theatre in New York.

Sally la Bergere.

Then, who should enter upon the scene but Sally la Bergere. That is her stage name. His real name is Pvt. E. Albert Crawford, of London show fame. Sally is a cabaret who explains that she has been a star in "all the best places." She mentions Churchill's, Rector's, Kennedy's Marshall, the Pekin, and the Tub of Blood.

Bright-lights raises the question as to whether or not Sally will fit the bill. To which Sally retorts, sidling up to him roguishly:

"Listen, kid, I taught Theda Bara how to vamp."

That sounds convincing, especially to Pvt. Curt Karpe, who plays the part of Reddy-cash. He is known along the Rialto as the Colonel, late of "The Song of Songs," with Irene Fenwick at the Eltinge Theater.

Pvt. Stanley Wood, who played with Taylor Holmes in "Bunker Bean," impersonates an old-timer who can play Shakespeare to farce.

Pvt. Walter Roberts, Leading Lady.

The leading lady comes on the stage with her asthmatic father. She is Miss Bronson; in army life she is Pvt. Walter Robertson, of Ambulance Company 108. Roberts is a graduate of Syracuse University, where he played in "The College Widows." In the division show he is a charming young society debutante.

(Continued on page 35)

GAS ATTACK

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YOUNG LADY!

Mayor Floyd of Spartanburg is a gentleman. A gentleman and a scholar. We hereby give him the editorial salute of fifty-seven guns and both typewriters.

We do this for what he said in Mayor's Court the other day and for the broad vision that lay back of his words.

You will find the Mayor's statement on another page of this issue, as recorded by a soldier who was in the courtroom at the time. The case that was being heard was one which involved two girls and their aunt, in which the aunt said that "folks were talking because the girls had been seen walking with soldiers." One of the girls denied it, and she seemed to do it as if such an allegation betokened a high crime or misdemeanor. To which Mayor Floyd retorted:

"Young lady, don't think that it is wrong to be seen walking with a soldier. It is an honor. If you have kept aloof from soldiers because you believe, or have been told, it is wrong; you are doing yourself and the soldiers and our flag an injustice. Go out walking with the young men. You will find they are gentlemen. And get that idea that it is wrong, out of your head."

We feel like prolonging Mayor Floyd's advice and saying: "Young lady, we suspect that there are others like you in the country. We suspect that your attitude is not so much your fault—though it smacks a little of provincialism—as it is the relic of peace times where all good men and true didn't rush to join the armed forces of the nation."

But to-day it is different. You should realize this, young lady. You should let your mind cope with the problem that civilians who were worth being seen with in the rusty piping times of peace are thrice worth the venture of a promenade in these present days when they have become soldiers in the greatest of all wars.

Young lady, it is high time you were disillusioned. It is time you were informed in a pleasant but terse fashion

that there exists throughout the length and breadth of these more or less United States, thousands of soldiers and student-soldiers with whom other young ladies were willing to be seen strolling in civil walks of life. The uniform these men now wear detracts in no degree from worthiness. We even hold it as a matter of proud opinion that the uniform enhances the men, both in looks and character. We know some young ladies, of sterling attributes and rare personality, who go so far as to prefer to walk with soldiers and see no wrong in it. Fancy that!

Clothes don't make the man, but in almost every uniform there's a patriot.

Another vexing question to which we invite your consideration, is this, young lady: If there were no slackers in the world, if there were no civilians for whom it is meet and proper that they remain in plain clothes and other works, and if every young man were a soldier, would you still keep aloof from them, walking a solitary way?

We know for almost a certainty that nearly every soldier has a mother or sister or cousin or niece or somebody, of your sex, who used to risk the hazard of a walk with him without fear of gossip, scandal, corns, loss of reputation, bunions, sunshine, boredom, murder or sudden death! Some of the mothers and sisters were so daring in their friendly overtures as to hold converse with the soldiers in public places. Where all might see! Some carried matters to such an extreme that they encouraged the gentleman's company on the front porch. In full view of the neighbors! And they never denied it afterwards. They spoke of it proudly.

That, young lady, is the way we would have you feel. And now the lecture is ended. You may take your chewing gum and go home.

—C. D.

THE FLAG.

For many long weeks, ever since we started coming to Camp Wadsworth, an American flag has been hanging from in front of the Cleveland Hotel, in town, and another on the band-stand at the side. But, oh! what a pitiful spectacle! The flag in front of the hotel has hung there night and day, in good weather and bad, until it has become so coated with the dust and dirt of storm-swept streets that you wouldn't know it was there. It is in a state of perfect camouflage.

The guardians of the hostelry might well spare a little time and some of their soldier-made money in giving the flag the care it deserves.

BEWARE THE 23D OF MARCH!

It will happen on the 23d of March.

It will be without question the largest event of your military career to date. We won't keep you in suspense any longer. It is another SPECIAL number of the **Gas Attack**—THE CAMOUFLAGE NUMBER. You remember the Nut Number, of course. Who will ever forget it? Well, the CAMOUFLAGE NUMBER (for sale at all news-dealers, canteens, Y. M. C. A. units, etc., March 23d, price one thin dime), will be better than the Nut Number.

There is a big surprise in it for you. We'll give you just a hint what the surprise is—it's **pictures!** But such pictures! You—nor any other soldier—ever saw the like of them. We broke fourteen cameras taking them, and several persons died of convulsive laughter while developing the films. The war will be a failure, as far as you are concerned, if you don't get the Camouflage Number. Better get one early. Remember the early bird and the worm. Save that dime for the 23d and have a big laugh. Remember—the 23d of March! The Camouflage Number of the **Gas Attack!**



Incinerator.

A SOLDIER'S LETTER TO HIS SWEETHEART.

Dere Mable:

Were still up at the Artillery range shootin. I dont know what at. Im beginnin to think nobody else does ether. Our guns is pointed right at some woods. Weve been shootin at those woods now for a week and havnt hit them yet. We always seem to go over them. Theres a fello stands behind the guns and yells things all day like it was a poker game, "Up five, up ten." The whole thing seems like an awful waste of time to me. Im goin to suggest that we tie a couple of horses to a tree and shoot at them. The fellos would take more interest in there work if there was some reward. It wouldnt bother the horses much if we cant hit the woods I guess, eh Mable? They can use my horse. If Im willin to take a chance he ought to be.

A fello told me the other day that these torpetoes what we shoot cost as high as twenty dollars apiece. I wont believe that though or theyd be a law against it. I guess he was talking about the guns. Im goin to take a couple of them back to camp though and see how much the audience department will give me for them. Thrifty. Thats me all over, Mable.

The mountin ears come over and watch us. I guess the moonshining business must be lax this time of year. A moonshiner makes whisky out of corn. Angus Mcdonald tried to make some by soaking a couple of ears in a bucket for almost a week. It didnt taste like much though an made us kind of sick. I guess you have to have a still like these fellos have. They call it a still, Mable, cause they have to use it on the quiet.

The mountin ears are awful fierce with big adams apples and round hair cuts when they have any. They have family foods. I guess they got the idea from the movies, Mable. For instance the Turners live on one side of the mountin and the Howards on the other. That makes them sore so they shoot each other. Accordin to the stories they only shoot each other when they are goin to church. From the looks of them I guess they made that rule to save amunishun.

Angus an I went out last Sunday lookin for a still. We thought we had one once and watched it most all day but it turned out to be just a little shack where they sell

fig newtons and lemon pop to the fellos. You cant fool Angus.

The more I see of the army, Mable, the more I think its an awful bluff. I heard a lot of talk when I first came up about a gun park. I thought it would be a nice place to go Sundays and have some fun. I asked the Captain if there was a lake there where a fello could get a canoo and have a little paddle. He said no but they had a fine collection of animals. I didnt see nothin of no park when we came up. I spent a whole Sunday-afternoon lookin for it. One day I asked the sargent where it was while we were unhitchin. He said we were in it then. It isnt nothin but a big field without a blade of grass or a tree and just the guns in the middle. I told him if he thought this was a park he ought to see Weewillo Park home. I guess you ought to know Mable I paid your way in often enough.

Its like those pictures you see stuck around Main street about men wanted for the army. Theres always one fello playin tunes on a bugle, an a couple of fellos playin Old Maid on a table. An off in the corner theres a bunch lyin under the trees like the High School Tennis team having there picture taken. Now that isnt the kind of thing we do at all, Mable. If the top sargent ever found us like that hed swallo his whistle.

I had a run in with the Captain last week, Mable. I cant seem to get along with Captains. High strung. Thats me all over. Every week we have an inspecshun an I have to clean the whole gun myself. They send the rest of the fellos down but I could never find out what for. It aint much fun I tell you. When the Major came round next day he opened the little door in the back of the gun and I guess he saw how many parts there was to keep clean cause he says "My what an awful bore." The Major is a good fello, Mable. He likes a fello to have a little fun once in a while. I guess he aint never been a Captin. I says "Yes, Major, it certainly is an nobody knows it better than me cause I cleaned the whole thing myself." He says "Well if you dont do something about it next week then you wont have nobody to blame but yourself."

I took the hint right off and when it came time to clean guns for the next inspecshun I got a horse and rode over to town and took a bath. I told the Captain afterwards what the Major had told me but I dont think he would care if General Pershing had asked me home to dinner. Its what he wants. To tell the truth I think he was sore because I got a bath an he didnt.

Thats a funny thing about the army. If theres a speck of dirt on the old guns or the horses everyone gets an awful ballin out. But if a fello takes a little time to wash himself youd think hed done a crime.

Well I got to quit now. Im goin on what Angus McDonald calls a still hunt. Thats a scotch joke.

I think when the wars over Ill marry you and be a mountin ear. They dont seem to have nothing to do but stand round with there hands in there pockets and watch us work. Thats a nice life.

yours till then

Bill.

Lou-Tellegen, eminent actor and husband, has organized a "Stand by Wilson League for Actors." We hope they wont do their standing by in the tap-room of the Claridge.

FROM SOME WADSWORTH TOMBS.

Here reposes all that's left of Sergeant Billy Gannon,
He departed one bright morning while peer-
ing down a cannon.

Corporal Murphy
One Dark Night,
Stumbled on some Dynamite—
May he Rest in Peace.

He's with the angels now,
And this is why and how—
Poor John Dumm,
Ate too much slum,
He's with the angels now.

Battery D mourns Wagoner Toole—
The Moral—Don't ever get fresh with a
mule.

Here lies the bodies of two bold men,
Who started for town on the P. and N.

My name is Percy Dense,
Heaven is my station;
I thought it was a joke,
To duck inoculation.

Here lie two doughboys, Johnson and Whit-
ney;
Drowned in the mud while riding a jitney.

He never adjusted his good gas mask,
And now he's gone where—you needn't ask.

BILL TO GIVE GUARD MEDALS

Measure Introduced in Senate Provides Decorations for Border Service

The GAS ATTACK takes pleasure in announcing that a bill has been introduced in the U. S. Senate, by the Hon. William M. Calder, of New York, which provides:

"That the Secretary of War be, and he is hereby, authorized and directed to procure a bronze medal, with suitable device, to be presented to each of the several officers and enlisted men and families of such as may be dead, of the Regular Army and the National Guard, who, under the orders of the President of the United States, served not less than four months in the service of the United States on the Mexican border, or with the American expeditionary forces in Mexico, in the years nineteen hundred and sixteen to nineteen hundred and eighteen, inclusive: *Provided*, That such medals shall not be issued to men who have, subsequent to such service, been dishonorably discharged from the service, or deserted. That the sum of \$7,000, or so much thereof as may be necessary, is hereby appropriated, out of any money in the Treasury of the United States not otherwise appropriated, for the purpose of carrying this Act into effect."

THE GAS ATTACK wishes on behalf of every officer and man of the National Guard who served on the border, publicly to congratulate Senator Calder upon the deep personal interest he has shown in this matter.

Many members of both houses of Congress have expressed a desire to assist in every way possible the award of some token of appreciation by the United States of the work done by the Army and National Guard during the summer and winter of 1916-17 along our southern frontier, a service as important perhaps as soldiers ever accomplished and one which received the unqualified praise of President Wilson.

Judging from expressions heard everywhere the Bill will meet with much favor throughout the country.

If THE GAS ATTACK shall have had any influence in securing attention to a cause as worthy as this one it will be entirely recompensed.

J. S. K.

NOTICE TO READERS.

If you know of any units in camp that aren't getting Gas Attacks please notify the office of the magazine. Efforts will be made to supply all units with the number of copies they want.

NO CRIME TO WALK WITH A SOLDIER.

Mayor Floyd, of Spartanburg, Goes So Far as to Say It's an Honor.

I happened the other morning to be present in the mayor's court of Spartanburg (which corresponds to our police courts in the north). What took place there made me thrill with pride because I was in a uniform.

We hear much about judges who have "banished" bad men into the Army and Navy and of parents who send their incorrigible offspring into the service to correct them. I take off my hat to Mayor Floyd, of Spartanburg, who presides over this little court. What he did while I was in his court shows that wild rumors of the disgraceful conduct of soldiers in the town are without foundation.

Mayor Floyd had before him a family row in which two girls and their aunt were involved. There had been a fight and it was alleged that the nieces had struck their aunt because she had told the father of the girls that "folks were talking because the girls had been seen walking with soldiers."

One of the girls, more argumentative than the other, denied that she had been out walking with a soldier. The aunt admitted that she had told the father that people were talking. Plainly the girl's statement indicated that she believed there was some odium attached to being seen with a soldier.

It was at this juncture that Mayor Floyd spoke up and, addressing the girl, said sharply:

"Young lady, don't think that it is wrong to be seen walking with a soldier. It is an honor. If you have kept aloof from soldiers because you believe, or have been told it is wrong, you are doing yourself, the soldiers and your flag an injustice. Go out walking with the young men. You will find they are gentlemen. And get that idea that it is wrong out of your head. Take my advice."

CORP. HOWARD H. McLELLAN,
Co. B, 107th Inf.

BAND MAKES MONEY.

The concert of the Division Band at Converse College on February 12th cleared \$1,101.90, as follows:

Collected from sale of tickets	\$1,339.00	
Disbursements.			
Rental of chairs	\$15.00	
R. R. Fare and Meals			
for Members of Bands	181.00	
Sheet Music	1.40	
Carpenters & Meals	11.70	
Printing Tickets and Programs	28.00	237.10

Deposited in Bank of Commerce,
Spartanburg, South Carolina ...\$1,101.90
F. E. JAICKEL, Captain Inf.,
Treasurer, Consolidated Band Fund.

TO THY BEAUTY, O MESS KIT.

O Kit, I gaze on thee three times a day
And watch thee catch each sunbeam's
gleaming ray.

With what fond care and soap do I adorn
Thy shining cheeks against Inspection morn.
O Kit, thy face hath made me feel ensouled,
Thy glist'ning brightness promised feasts
untold

When, seizing thee as bugles called to mess,
I hugged thee with a passionate caress.

A-tiptoe, double-timing, have I run

Bareheaded, eager, through the wind and
sun

To reach that hall where thou could'st best
be served

Receiving sweets thy radiant sheen de-
served.

And there, heart-high, I hold thee open wide
And see, alas, oh, with what woe betide,

Thee heaped with this disguised, synthetic
brew

Which on analysis discloses stew.

PVT. CHARLES DIVINE.

"'BOUT FIVE MILE."

On the Way to the Rifle Range.

A sergeant had a detail to take a small detachment of men to a small town, the location of which he did not know. He started out with the detachment and after walking for quite some distance, through very bad roads and under a boiling sun, he came upon a native. He halted the detachment and inquired where and how far the town was. The native replied:

"Right straight ahead, 'bout five mile."

The sergeant started ahead again, followed by the men and after walking for about an hour, came upon another native. He halted the detachment again, and inquired of this native how far the town was away.

"'Bout five mile," he replied.

The sergeant started off once more, and after another hike of an hour or more, came upon a third native. Tired and worn out, he halted the detachment once again, and inquired of this native how far the town was. He replied:

"'Bout five mile."

The sergeant returned to his men, and after looking at them a moment said:

"Well, thank God, men, we're holding our own."

—CORP. WARDELL,
106th Inf., Co. G.

PHYRAT WILL.

He's Off Again.

Phyrat Will, that's me. While thinking of all the periods I have used in my letters during the past year, I accidentally hit upon an idea to end the war in a short time. Just to show how real ideas spring up, I will start from the beginning.

A regulation period is a blot of ink, shaped somewhat like a vertical plane, co-ordinating with a spherical pentagon, and covering an area of one 289th of a square inch on a sweetheart's letter. Having used four bottles of ink in making periods alone, I know that if you were to place them all alongside of each other, they would form a line 211 yards long. Just think how long it would take a spider to walk that distance going at the rate of one yard every thirty-three seconds. It would only take one hour and fifty-six minutes. Then my idea began.

From the Red Cross and sundry other organizations, I have received enough knitted sweaters, wristlets and mufflers, so that if you were to take them apart, you would have a woolen string 4,028 miles, or 6,960,384 yards long. Long enough to stretch over the Atlantic to Berlin, on which could walk a spider of the tarantula type, filled with deadly poison, well trained from six months in Spartanburg to bite whoever he went after. He could be trained for Kaiser Bill and, walking this string at the regulation pace for spiders of one yard every 33 seconds, it would only take him 229,692,672 seconds or 2,659 days, which is seven years and three months, to reach and kill the black chief, thereby ending the war.

This advance information is very useful, for I know that if I save a cent a day for that period I will have at the finish \$26.59. Judging from the way prices are rising, I will only have to add six days' pay to this to get some ham and eggs in Spartanburg. Or I could add it to the savings I put away in the past nineteen years, and with the \$30.19 ride to town in one of our local jitneys.

If I studied geometry for that period I might be responsible for some ode like this to my beloved:

She has that icosahedronparalleloiped twinkle in her eyes,

Her face looks like a rhombus that was squared.

To me she looks like a segment that fell from paradise

Homogenous is the bisectrix of her mind. A cotangent I have heard can not supplement a trapazoid

Still while she's sitting there, With that flow of dodecahedromazateral glowy hair,

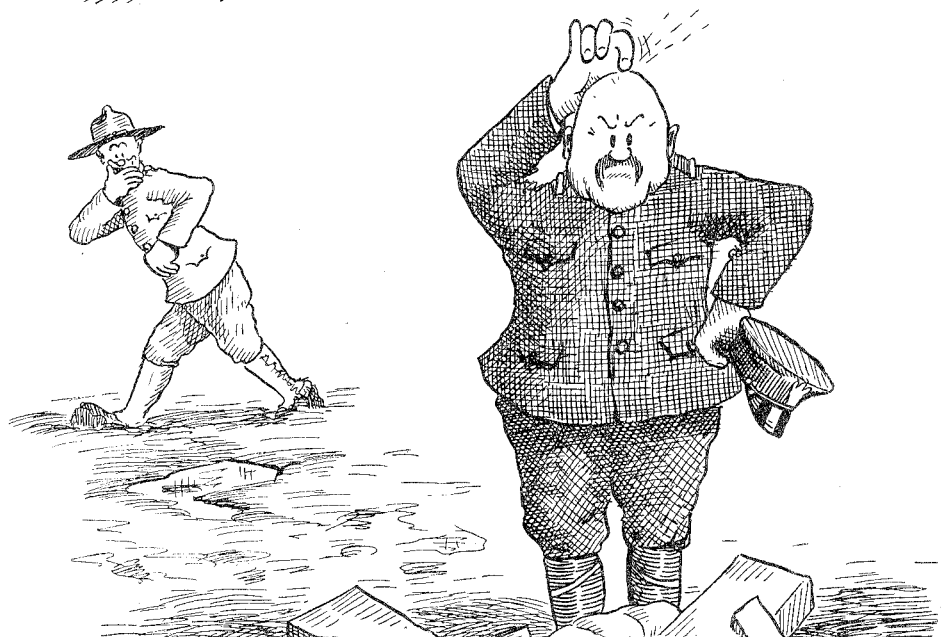
Is not far oblique and I am surely right, When I call her, a postulate of mine.

Slenderly yours,

PHYRAT WILL.

(Daniel J. Mahoney, Co. G 54th Pioneers.)

A STORY WITHOUT WORDS.



THE STORY OF A FIGHTER

How One Man is Carrying on a Great Battle in View of Our Camp.

(By Pvt. Richard E. Connell, Co. A, 102d M. P.)

I want to tell you about a fighter I met the other day. He is carrying on a big fight not far from camp. He is fighting a greater foe than we will face in the trenches. He is fighting IGNORANCE.

His name is David English Camak and he is president of the Textile Industrial Institute. It is that substantial, grey stone building on a hill near Saxon Mills, which all us have seen. You have seen Hammond Hall, carved over the door, and, perhaps, have wondered what the place was.

That is Mr. Camak's battle-ground. That is where he is giving his life to the education of the poor white people of the South—the mill workers.

They come of good American stock, and are splendid citizen-material. But they have had no chance to get an education. From their earliest days poverty has driven them into the harsh monotony of mill work. When you and I was studying the Fourth Reader they were tending the busy spindles for long hours. Yet the fire of ambition burns in many of them. They want the key to a bigger world. They want to read, and write, and study and grow.

Their Chance.

Mr. Camak is giving them their chance. No one is so poor that he can not go to the school Mr. Camak conducts. He pays for his education by working in the mill. For a week he studies. Then for a week he works in the Saxon Mills at some work with which he is familiar. In this way every girl and boy and man and woman at the Institute pays his or her way. There are no drones in Mr. Camak's hive. "WORK and WIN" is the motto you see everywhere in their orderly building.

And They Live Up To It.

I heard some of the students tell about their fights for an education one night. They were from the hills and the mills. Some were sixteen. Some were past twenty-five. There were fathers and mothers there, who had started to school late in life. They told simply and unaffectedly of their struggles.

"I started in the mills when I was just a little kid. I could make only 40 cents a day, but mother was ill, and we needed every cent. I worked at the same job day after day for eight years. Often I wished I were dead. I prayed for a chance to better myself. Bupt I couldn't read and I couldn't write. So I had to work on and on. Then, by chance, I heard of Mr. Camak's school and I saved up money and came here. For the first time in my life I am happy. I can read and write and I am learning that life



David English Camak.

is full of beautiful things. And I am independent. I work for my education and my food."

This was the story they told, each in his own way. And they told them well. I have seen classes of college sophomores who couldn't stand on their feet and talk as clearly and as coherently. They weren't rehearsed speeches either.

"They practice quite a bit in their debating societies," Mr. Camak told me. But I knew that Mr. Camak was responsible for their remarkable development.

What Mr. Camak Has Done.

Mr. Camak comes from this section of the South. He was a country boy. He came to Spartanburg to attend Wofford College, and while a student there he resolved to give his life to the task of bringing light to those who wanted it so much. He went into the ministry and started to work among the mill people. In 1911, in a little wooden shack, with just one student, the Textile Industrial Institute was started by Mr. Camak. It was a unique institution, so novel that many feared it would fall. But not Mr. Camak. He is a fighter. The result of his fight is seen in the well-equipped building on the hill. The Institute now owns property worth \$100,000, and has around 100 students.

It should be five times as big. There are half a million mill workers, good American and with good stuff in them. They need such institutions as the T. I. I. and such men as Mr. Camak. But Mr. Camak is handicapped in his work by lack of funds. Each year he labors bravely to make up the deficit. There is a deficit because each student costs the school \$60 a year more than he pays. As the student works only half

LIEUT. FRANCHOT THE CENSOR.

All Letters Intended for Newspapers Must be Submitted to Him.

Lieut. C. P. Franchot, the acting intelligence officer, has been designated as the camp censor. It is one of his duties now to censor all letters containing matter for publication. Such letters must be submitted to him, and should be left unsealed.

This is in accordance with general orders of the War Department. It applies to personal letters sent with a view to permitting their publication, as well as to those addressed directly to a newspaper.

All persons in the military service engaged in correspondence for a newspaper or other periodical; or contemplating such correspondence, are cautioned in an order from Division Headquarters to inform themselves fully as to censorship regulations, which can be found in the office of the intelligence officer.

SMILE.

Though you be one of the million,

Hitched to the cart of care,

Ride as your own postillion,

Driving and drawing fair;

What, though the road be weary,

Fraught though each mile with guile,

What though your eyes be dreary,

Lift up your face and smile!

Trial may come—well, let it!

Worth for the worst was sent;

Shall not to win, offset it,

Coin of a man well spent?

The night may not even be starry,

But dawn shall be sweet erstwhile;

So trim up the lamp that you carry

And lift up your face and smile.

CORNELIUS VANDERBILT, JR.,

Division Hdqtrs. Troop.

OMEGA UPSILON PHI.

All members of Omega Upsilon Phi fraternity in Camp Wadsworth are requested to send their names, organization and name of chapter to Lieut. J. P. Henry, Ambulance Co. 106, 102nd Sanitary Train.

Private Jones was doing his first guard duty. An officer approached and Jones failed to salute. The officer halted and said pompously, "My man, do you know who I am?" Jones admitted his ignorance. "I'm a colonel," the officer said. Jones grinned and said, "Gee, you wuz lucky. They made me just a private."

times, and mill wages average around \$1.50 a day, it is clear that all he can pay for is his board.

So Mr. Camak needs resources in his great battle. He needs more buildings, more equipment. It is a good fight he is making. Who will help him make it?

THE IDEAS OF ETHELBURT JELLYBACK, PRIVATE

No. XIV. On How He Applied Discipline to a Somniferous Negro

These are the days when the warm sunshine seeks out the pleasant places and the captain seeks out me for a detail. Generally it has something to do with his tent.

Either the ditch is to be widened, or made narrower; or ashes are to be spread on the path, or removed from same; or the rustic-work fence and gate needs more rusticating. Why I, Ethelburt Jellyback, Private, should always be selected for such services, I am unable to comprehend, unless it is that the captain is aware of my artistic tastes.

But one can't be artistic with a ditch. And as for the rustic gate, I have been put on a detail to remodel it so often that I have come to the conclusion that the captain wants it changed every time he has his picture taken in front of it.

Ethelburt is Ingenious.

"Sir," I pointed out to him, at length, "there is the whole drill field, lying just back of your tent. What wonderful opportunities exist there for the taking of snapshots!"

My ruse succeeded.

I was enabled to escape to my tent and dress for a journey downtown. I was extremely desirous of going to the city. One reason is that I enjoy saluting so much. Here in camp, where I am always part of a detail, the non-com in charge does all the saluting for us whenever an officer passes. But in town I can perform that proud function on my own initiative.

A second reason for my anxiety to reach the city was that Gwendolen Winsom was there. She and her mother have been spending a week in Spartanburg.

But when I reached the hotel in the evening I discovered Gwendolen in the company of an unknown soldier. At least, he is not of my set at home, although I have seen him fluttering around Miss Winsom ever since she came here. Crudely enough, Gwendolen seemed to display an interest in him, and just at a time when our friends back in New York were linking our names together.

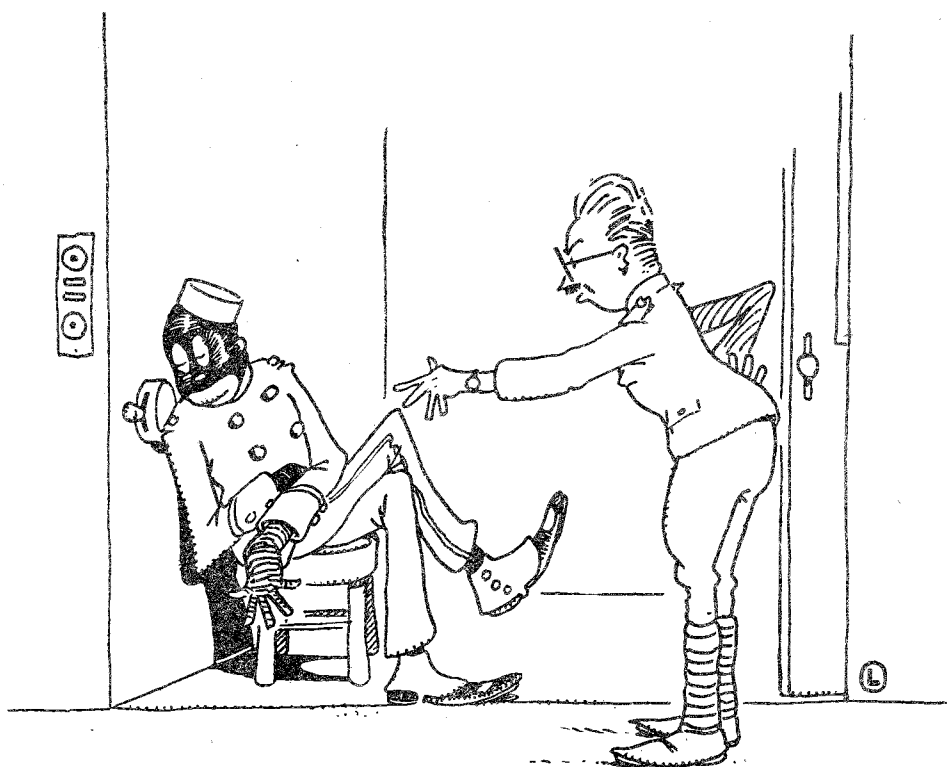
I came upon Gwendolen and this fellow, named Bob Shoulder, quite suddenly. They were sitting close together at a moment when he was evidently trying to inaugurate a lightless night.

I turned away, visibly annoyed.

A Rug Jumper.

"Oh!" I cried to myself. "He's a rug jumper!"

The negro elevator attendant overheard me.



"WAKE UP."

"Whu's 'at, boss?" he asked.

"I was remarking, Sam," I explained, hoping to be able to add to the negro's polite education, "that the gentleman whom I just left, is a rug jumper. I would define a rug jumper as one who flits from fair acquaintance to fair acquaintance, leaping nimbly from drawing room to drawing room, and bounding from carpet to carpet. He is one who has a standing invitation but never stands there long. He is a second cousin to the lounge lizard."

I stopped to see what effect my words had had upon Sam.

Sam is peculiarly sluggish. He sleeps on all occasions and usually in the elevator. Perhaps that accounted for the failure of his mind to grasp my meaning.

"Oh, boss, I'se don't mind tellin' yo' I'se ain't on speakin' terms with the gist o' you' conversation. I'd ruthah listen to plain S'uth Keer'lina. I'd ruthah—"

"Don't be impudent, Sam!"

"Oh, Mistah Jell'back, I'se ain't impudent. I'se jes' tellin' you mah ruthahs."

"Your what?"

"My ruthahs."

Ethelburt Waits.

Turning away from the unintelligible Sam, I bided my time. Finally I managed to inject myself between Gwendolen's ear and this fellow Shoulder's unending verbiage, and told her I had come to take her to the dance at Mrs. Hobbington's house at eight o'clock.

"Yes, we must start promptly," she replied, giving Shoulder a significant glance, I thought. "Run upstairs and get my wrap from mother. I'll wait here in the lobby."

Alert soldier that I am, I obeyed. Then it occurred to me, when I had reached the fifth floor of the hotel, that Gwendolen might have sent me on this mission in order to enable her and Shoulder to slip off without me. I became frantic to get downstairs again.

I pushed the button at the side of the elevator, but there was no answering appearance of the car in the shaft. I remembered that Sam had told me the bell was not working, and that it was necessary to shake the door to attract his attention, by its rattling. I shook the door. Still no elevator appeared. Time flew.

Ethelburt is Exasperated.

Running downstairs to the lobby, I peered into the elevator at Sam. What I saw caused me to take hold of that negro roughly, by the wrist.

"You told me that when I wanted the elevator, I was to shake the door. You said nothing about having to shake you. Wake up!"

Sam came out of his slumbers.

"Y—yas, suh, boss. I must 'a jes' dropped off."

"A good soldier never sleeps on his post."

"But I'se ain't a soldier, boss. I'se a contented man."

(Continued on page 35)

SPEAKING OF OPERATIONS

The Story of a Soldier Who Climbed on the Table, Too

I have read Irvin Cobb's delightful article of the above title. I enjoyed it immensely. But it aroused in me no envy of those who have passed through the mystic rites of the knife and forceps.

I never aspired to be initiated into their worthy fraternity, and I never would have been if I had followed my natural inclinations in the matter. I was inveigled into it through a gross misrepresentation of the facts of the case by those who really knew better.

For several years I had harbored a small growth on the lower part of my neck, just in the shadow of my Adam's apple, to which it bore the relation of a foothill to a mountain. It was small, as I say, and caused me no inconvenience, so there appeared to be no reason why I should have it removed. In fact, I had on several occasions of emergency found it useful as a collar-button. I had become quite attached to it, which was only natural, perhaps, since it was so attached to me.

It was late in August when I sojourned to this dusty neck of the woods (it was dusty then), along with a hundred and twenty other members of the base hospital detachment. Soon after my arrival I was approached by one of the officers, who had spied the growth on my neck and was eyeing it with a professional look.

Ah! Said the Officer.

"Ah!" he said, squeezing it appraisingly, "you have a sebaceous cyst there, I see."

I had always supposed that it was a wen, but he seemed to know.

"You really ought to have it out," he went on. "It is a nice little operation, and won't bother you at all. Just make a little incision, and it will pop right out."

That's the word he used: Pop. I was about to protest that I didn't care to have it popped out, but he seemed to take my consent for granted, and I said nothing.

A few days later I was sent to deliver a message to a young lieutenant, fresh from medical college. He promptly noticed my cyst.

"You have a pharinal tumor, I see," he said, rolling it between a thumb and finger, to show that he was quite at home with pharinal tumors. A pharinal tumor was nothing to him. I was confused, and somewhat alarmed. A pharinal tumor was undoubtedly much more serious than a sebaceous cyst.

"Now you come up to the operating room this afternoon," he went on, "and I'll pop that out for you in no time."

I politely declined. I might as well have yielded and had it over with, for this sort of thing was to continue.

All After It.

Every ward surgeon who came down to the supply depot (to find out why he couldn't have six tubes, stomach, on his ward, or to prove that he had never drawn the seventy-two tables, bedside, with which he was charged, or to put through an emergency requisition for seven mats, door, manila, and a quart of oleum ricini) acted as though my wen, or cyst, or tumor, or whatever it might please them to call it, was their own private property, and seemed to be offended when I refused to give it up.

This wasn't all. Before long the members of the detachment began to assume a proprietary interest in the thing. The operating room orderlies were the worst. Urban Smith and Mitschy nearly came to blows one day in the mess line, Smitty insisting that it was a segeaceous twist, and Mitch holding out in favor of a funeral tumor.

But everyone agreed that it was a nice little operation, needing only a slight incision to permit the thing to pop out, like shelling peas.

Of course I couldn't help feeling pleased at thus becoming a center of attraction. The upshot of the matter was that I went up to the operating room one morning last week to make arrangements. The sergeant put me in charge of a nurse, who was charming, and I began to be glad that I had come. She took me around to see the lieutenant who was to do the work, and he seemed pleased.

"Oh, yes," he said, smiling affably, "I can do that very nicely this afternoon. It will be an interesting little operation. The grain runs this way, so we'll cut it this way."

Mapping Out the Attack.

And he proceeded to map out his order of attack for the edification of the nurses.

"Come around at one-thirty," he said, when he had finished his exposition, "and we'll pop it out in no time. And nurse," he added, in an aside, "have a large basin handy, for it lies close to the jugular."

This remark occasioned me some uneasiness, but it was too late to back out, and at one-thirty I repaired to the operating room. Here I sat in the outer hall for a time, and enjoyed the pleasantly blended odors of ether and cresol. At two-thirty I was ushered into the operating room itself, where an orderly took charge of me. I think he had been a barber in civil life. He tucked a towel around my neck, and lathered me with iodine. He then displayed a trayful of instruments for my delectation, handling them knowingly with a pair of forceps.

There was a young grandstand at one end of the room, and I was gratified at noting a number of fans there. Apparently this was no bush league event. By and by the doctor came in. He had on a night-gown and a pair of rubber gloves.

"I think that I will have him on the table," he said, and I climbed up on the white-

enameled ironing board which he indicated, rather glad of a chance to lie down. I soon found out why he put me there. He was tired.

"Hand Me the Needle."

"Hand me the needle," he ordered, leaning on me with his elbow in my stomach; and he punctured my poor little wen from every side, until I began to fear that there wouldn't be enough of it left to pop, or that it might pop prematurely, and spoil the effect. Then he took a knife and made an incision, and right there I lost all faith in the medical profession. Did the thing pop right out, as they had all assured me it would? It did not. It was fastened in with Portland cement, and a half hour of slicing and snipping and prying was necessary to get it out, and a quarter of an hour to sew it up again. The harder the doctor worked the more weight he put on his left elbow, and between one thing and the other, a sadder and a wiser soldier I rose up from the operating table.

Now that it is all over I am rather glad that I had it done.

Cobb is right. It does furnish one with an unailing topic of conversation. Also, it has been necessary for me to go to the operating room every day since then, to have the nurse dress the wound.

I now am trying to persuade my friend, Victor Jencks, to have his wen cut out. Jinx has one on the rear left corner of his head, which makes it impossible for him to wear his hat in a strictly military manner.

ALBERT F. SMITH,

Det. Med. Dept., Base Hospital.

REAL TROUBLE.

She: And what was your most terrifying experience during your two years in the trenches?

He (grimly): The night—

She: Yes, yes—

He: When, with the Boches only one hundred yards away—

She: Go on—

He: And gas bombs raining and liquid fire coursing upon us—

She: Yes, yes—

He: When we suddenly discovered—

She: Go on—

He: That there wasn't a cigarette in our whole detachment.—Sun Dial.

HE HAD TO GO "SHOPPING."

Pat walked proudly into his regimental billet wearing a Prussian helmet. Fellow troopers jumped to their feet with questions as to how it had come into his possession.

"I had to kill a hundred Germans before I got it," answered Pat.

"Why a hundred?" asked a dozen of his hearers in chorus.

"Why," replied Pat, "I had to kill a hundred before I got a helmet to fit me!"—New York World.

HOW DO THEY GET LIKE THAT?

When the war started we went away, were willing to fight till we turned gray.

We went down South where it's always warm, but when we got there we found that the air was three below at dawn.

O how, O how, O how, did it get like that?

Early in the morning we started our day, worked like the devil to earn our pay.

We drilled and drilled till our backs were bent, then the captain who is a very fine gent, said, "Come over here and put up my tent."

O how, O how, O how does he get like that?

Our supply sergeant gives us clothes, the clothes he gives us goodness knows, The pants too small, the coat so wide, you can walk around with your pack inside.

You ask for shoes, size eleven. He gives you two pair, four and seven.

Then takes your thumb prints to find the size of an O. D. shirt and boots besides.

If you ask for a smaller hat, he wastes an hour "chewing the fat."

O how, O how, O how does he get like that?

The pay we get is sure a joke, three days after we're always broke.

They deduct allotments and insurance, too, then they take some money to hold for you.

It's February now and pretty soon, we'll get our pay which we earned last June.

O how, O how, O how do they get like that?

DANIEL J. MAHONEY,
Co. G, 54th Pioneers.

SAME PLACE.

The Major: My dear Lady Maud, where did you find that magnificent complexion?

Lady Maud: Where you lost yours.

Major: In a bottle.—Philadelphia Ledger.

THE AMERICAN HABIT.

Harry (just "out"): Listen, Bill! Sounds like ole Fritz comin' over in the mud—squish squash, squish squash.

Bill: That's orl right—that's only the Americans further up a'chewin' their gum rations.—London Opinion.

A CHANGE RECOMMENDED.

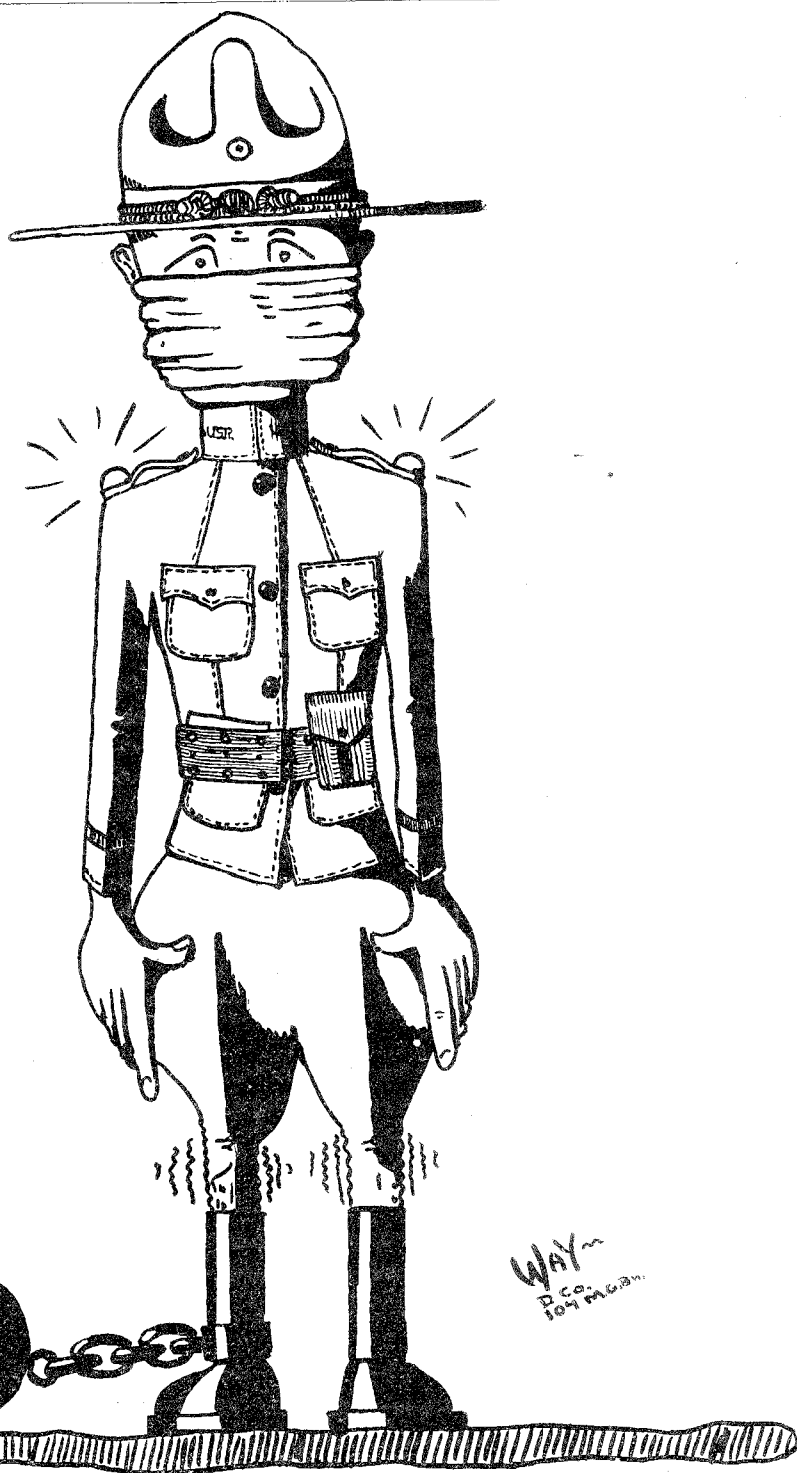
Sergeant: You've fallen out of line not less than five times. You should not be in this regiment at all.

Recruit: Where should I be?

Sergeant: In the flying corps, and you'd only have to fall out once.—London Opinion.

DISAPPOINTED.

"How does your boy like life in the army?" "Not particularly well. He says he's been in it six weeks now and hasn't once been ordered to do something glorious."—Detroit Free Press.



The feelings of Lieut. Ivan New Goldbar, U. S. R., on "taking the company" for the first time.

PIONEERS.

No less a person than a Colonel of Pioneer Infantry sent us the following clipping:

"Just happened to think—funny, but true—that every man who ever made a pioneer of himself was considered looney! Can you locate a single exception? Look 'em over."—Richmond Times-Dispatch.

"I must say this khaki camping skirt is a loose fit."

"You're in wrong, auntie. That is the boy's tent you have on."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

DELTA KAPPA EPSILON.

Are you a DEKE? The Council, and some sixty-five other DEKES already located at Camp Wadsworth, are desirous of knowing so. You are requested to send promptly your name, rank, regiment, and name of Chapter, to Mr. H. B. Price, Jr., (Delta Kappa) at Room 406 Chapman Building, Spartanburg, S. C. Another gathering in the near future is being arranged for.

CAPT. MILLARD F. WATTZ, JR.

Co. M, 52nd Pioneers.

News From Division Units

105TH FIELD ARTILLERY, HDQTRS. CO.

The brains of the regiment—that's what they call us. Collectively, we live up to, and earn the appellation, but we are still wondering what mode of reasoning led a member of our enviable family to believe that he could sharpen a razor on the pipe of a Sibley stove? Yep, that's what Up State Axel, our mess sergeant, pulled; and the shave that he gave himself with the aforementioned hirsute remover, left scars that a Heidelberg student might well be proud of.

We now introduce Alex Bracher, senior private of the regiment, and Jack Epstone, who is probably the only Don Cossack in the United States army.

Horseshoer Bill Frawley has received the rather questionable honor of being appointed instructor at the Remount Station. Reports have it that Bill opened his first lecture with the statement that none of the assembled horseshoers knew their business. Bill's prowess as a battler must have leaked out, for as yet, his face shows no marks of conflict.

Here, ladies and gentlemen, we have Stable Sergeant Louis Manzella. The joyous expressions that you see on his visage are caused by the receipt of word that our horses are to come back from the Remount Station very soon. Wow! Won't he have us making up for the weeks of comparative freedom from odious stable work!

Supply Sergeant Forsyth has already acquired the Quartermaster gait. And he so young, too!

Harold Pfaff stayed on the line outside of the Q. M.'s tent for fully forty minutes rapturously visualizing the handsome furlough outfit he was going to draw. When he finally came out of the holy of holies his arms were laden down with—one pair of shoe laces.

Jack Bennett, he of the godly mien, missed reveille because he was unable to find his comb. Wot f'r'n excuse it dot, Maw-russ?

We are still waiting to hear from units having ball teams. It is our belief that we can beat 'em all. Who wishes to try our steel?

CORP. SAMUEL E. CHASIN,
Hdqtrs. Co., 105th U. S. F. A.

IN THEIR SLEEP.

"They say Boggs is crazy on the subject of golf, and his wife is equally crazy over auction sales."

"Yes, and the funny part of it is they both talk in their sleep. The other night a lodger in the next flat heard Boggs shout, 'Fore!' and immediately Mrs. Boggs yelled, 'Four and a quarter!'"—Boston Transcript.

HEADQUARTERS, 54TH INFANTRY.

Alas, poor James McGinnis Flanagan has his troubles. I am told that one evening several weeks ago, the individual referred to, seated himself and proceeded to catch up with his correspondence. He included two very particular damsels of the City of Albany in his evening's diversion, and the result was that two very well written but gushing notes were forwarded in the mail next morning. A few days after this eventful evening, word was received from Albany, from these two particular fair creatures, asking his royal highness what he meant by addressing them with fictitious names. Jim was astounded, and has finally come to the conclusion that he put Mary's letter in Kitty's envelope and vice versa. No more fruit cake from Albany now.

A detail of carpenters from the 108th Infantry have been very busy at Brigade Headquarters for the past few days fitting up new office facilities in one of the mess shacks and making Second Lieutenant R. M. Williamson, of the Veterinary Corps, now attached to the Brigade, comfortable in his new quarters.

Second Lieut. R. P. Buell, aide on General Lester's staff, went into the trenches with the 3rd Battalion, of the 107th Infantry. He said he had a tough time of it during the heavy rain storms, but enjoyed the experience.

Wagoner George McKenna, who has been on furlough for the past eight days, has been granted an extension of five days for the purpose of taking unto himself a sparring partner for life. We have not heard the particulars of the affair, but the mail orderly, Private Guy Motorcycle Manning, has tipped us off that George had been receiving many dainty perfumed notes of late. Well, any way we all wish him the best of luck and hope that he sails over the sea of matrimony in good shape.

PVT. T. J. McENANEY.

52ND PIONEERS, COMPANY C.

Bugler Edward Keating, of Co. C, is now engaged to beautiful Miss Shephard, of New York. If he doesn't get a furlough he says he will get married over the telephone—some headwork.

We have had good weather ever since Sgt. Chas. Beer gave us that smile he must have got in Asheville.

Absence makes the heart grow fonder. It must be so, 'cause Freddy Martin hasn't got a furlough yet.

Artie Poignant is always crying, "I want to go home." Maybe he is afraid some one is going to steal his wife.

FROM THE ADJUTANT'S WINDOW OF THE 104TH FIELD ARTILLERY.

Sgt. Carey, Hdqts. Co., is getting popular. Some of the men think he could play the leading part in Uncle Tom's Cabin. What part, Roy?

We are the only soldiers who can brag of a perpetual Officer of the Day. N'est ce pas, Monsieur?

I wonder what Bill the Mad would say if he heard the following names: Schneider, Gingerich, Lackenbach? And sergeants at that.

Prvt. Mann, in the Adjutant's office, is a mere boy but what's in a name.

Sgt. Gower is a full fledged mess sergeant now. He feeds about 400 men and only 300 complain.

We have Kotovas. It is not a disease. He is a cook.

An orderly was sent out with a radio to the radio station, and he asked whether there is any particular drug store in town where he can get radium.

Sgt. Bruce, of the Supply Co., has opened a thrift branch in one of the supply warehouses. All unserviceable property is mere rags nevertheless. Say, Bruce, what did you do with those renovated breeches?

To sign passes, special orders, memoranda, canteen books and checks are but a few of the duties of our busy Post Exchange Officer.

Don't buy the hat cord until the General sees you. You may save money. People around here are not keen on buying second-hand stuff. I hope the guy this refers to, sees this bit of advice while at the Artillery Range.

CORP. S. S. HAREN.

106TH MACHINE GUN BATTALION, COMPANY "C."

Corp. Love, of the 14th Squad, is still troubled with the "Gimmies."

Ken Karrick, of the stable crew, is getting "humpback" from smoking Camels.

The 13th Squad has set aside the 4th of July as the day for their semi-annual bath.

The 14th Squad will not eat; Halloran is home on a furlough.

The boys would like to know what makes Frank Grace so smart, with such a small head.

Stanley Cortis is thinking seriously of becoming a "moonshiner."

Burke is right at home, he is working in the canteen. "Oh, boys, how he can eat."

Diever returned from his furlough and was greeted with a pick and shovel. "You're out of luck, Danny."

The boys are well pleased with their new Captain and hope his injured knee will be in condition shortly.

"TAY PAY D."

NOW COMES THE 54TH PIONEERS.

Regimental Notes From the Tallest Flower in this Literary Garden.

Now comes the Fifty-fourth, masked, and with enough outward show of resolution to hide its neophytic timidity, into the mad scramble for notice. Seemingly dormant, it has in reality been marshalling its means of liaison with the outer world. It has weeded out its literary garden until only one tall flower of talent remains—a sergeant of the line, who, by the way, did not write this paragraph; the "regimental suggester" is guilty of that. But the sergeant is guilty of the following:

After several deliberations of boards, councils and directors, a decision was reached this week to announce the opening of a new palace of gustatorial delights on March 1, which will probably be known to the world as the Fifty-fourth Pioneer Infantry Regimental canteen. Heretofore, the Headquarters Co. has exchanged fumadores and confections for the shekels of our personnel, who ate and smoked so often and so much that the regiment took over the business. The Post Exchange will be opened about March 1 somewhere within the regimental area and will offer for a just price all the saccharine dainties which wouldn't be touched at home but which are gorged in camp.

MR. Joe Mode, who contorts better than Billy Sunday and who, as a band leader, makes Sousa's outfit listen like a second echo, is being well met these days by many a punctilious salute. It's hard to tell whence comes this rank camouflage. Some say the leather putts have a magic all their own, while others lay the blame on the cordless pearl-gray Kelly. Probably the distinguished bearing of our director of harmony is responsible.

Corp. Crosson of K company hopes for space for the following ad: Wanted—One plush covered camp chair with arms, suitable for guard duty.

Two operations have resulted in the discharge of Supply Sergeant George Gress, Company A, from the Base Hospital. He is now enjoying a 30-day sick leave in the sultry north.

Like Freya, who awoke uncoiffed after the mischievous Loki had done a neat tonsorial job, Sergeant Fielitz recently came out of his slumbers minus his soft, silky mustache. It is rumored that Jack, the regiment's pet (?) did the Loki act with his tongue.

Washington's birthday saw the Social Climbers of the regiment breaking into Spartanburg's inner social circle. Sergeants Boise, Stuart, Rosenblum, Robertson, Cobert; Corporals Eiltsen, Koch and Dunn and Musician Page made their bow. The Pioneer Trio, Messrs. Webb (late of Camp Webb), Ryan and Folger, furnished the music. Sergeant Robertson vocalized. Page put on Gunga Din as though he meant it and brought tears to the eyes of each fair auditor. Corporal Dunn, the leading But-



O'Dooley's ultimatum on the 17th of March: "I'm glad I don't like slumgullion, for if I liked it I'd be atin' it all the toime, and I hate the damn stuff!"

terfly Man, was said to have introduced the new and sensational game, "Kiss the Pillow."

Sergeant E. C. Rosholdt, and Corporals D. P. Sherman and George J. Hahn were transferred from Company B to Company C where they were appointed 1st Sergeant, Supply Sergeant and Mess Sergeant, respectively.

Sergeant "Buck" Taylor, formerly of Company B, is now 1st Sergeant of Company A, 2nd A. A. M. G. Bn. Corp. C. K. Bardes, formerly of Company A, has become En. Sgt. Major of the same command.

"Ham" Miller, who recently rose from cook to mechanic, a logical progression, received a package from his native town (Hamilton on the Bay, where rowboats are parked on the front porches during the rainy season) the other day. One leg and a wing of the roast duck, half a cake and various other delicacies had disappeared en route. Out of one package everything was gone but the "aromer." "Ham" wishes death by choking to him who helped himself so freely.

Park Commissioner Dietz and his O. D. winds may be seen each morning scalping butts in Officer's Row. "Business is picking up," the commissioner said.

C. T. M.

ALL CLEAR NOW.

Old Farmer (to soldier son just returned from the Front): Well, Dick, what be these tanks like that there's so much talk about? Son: Why, they're just wobbling thing-amabobs, full o' what-you-may-call-ems, and they blaze away like billyo!

Old Farmer: Ay, I heard they were wonderful things, but I never could get any details afore.—Tit-Bits.

106TH FIELD ARTILLERY, BATTERY A.

Sgt. Herrmann regrets the possession of such a heavy growth of beard; the other members of the Divisional Theatrical Troup don't deem it tasteful to kiss a feminine make-up through the "bushes." Why don't you try peroxide, Frank?

Sleeping Sickness is very prevalent in some localities. Horace, where did you become contaminated?

Corp. Curtin is anxious to become an aviator so in civil life he may deliver groceries of a HIGHER grade. He has a recommendation from the chief of police of Lackawanna testifying to his ability of flight, so there is no doubt of his being transferred.

Prvt. Perry Hawkins, who has just completed an interesting course in zoology, will gladly answer any questions on the care of smaller animals.

106TH REGIMENT FIELD ARTILLERY, BATTERY D.

The Bunk Fatiguers held their second annual meeting in the tent of Chisel Nose Meldrum. Chief fatiguer Irish Logan, presided; Eagle Beak Klob acted as Sibley Tender, and Dizzy Steinbach as door watch. Resolutions were adopted and approved, that in order to become a member, a person has to have three hours bunk fatigue in every day. All those wishing to sleep till after reveille, kindly submit their names to Wandering Eckrich, Chief Sleeper, for approval.

Three men were overcome as the result of seeing Cy Blanding taking a bath—they are doing nicely at the Base Hospital.

Capt. Hamlin expects to leave soon for the School of Fire at Fort Sill. Corp. Karin thought he was there the other night when he was on guard—ask him, he knows.

The dog catchers were rounding up the dogs in the Regiment but they failed to get Mickey, the Battery Mascot, who said he was sleeping with Mackenzie every night.

Student Cooks Stockdale, Stulick, and Grzkowski are now able to cook spuds, and hope before the war is over, to be full fledged hash slingers.

—CORP. S. W. J.

CO. C, 108TH INFANTRY.

We have a suspicion that Everett Brown, of the 10th Squad, is looking for a discharge. The other day he was watching the Massachusetts troops coming into camp, and seeing some one near by, he yelled out, "Hey! Buddie, what outfit is this?" (Buddie was an officer.)

"Jerk" Lanning, of the 4th Squad, kicks a dent in the Sibley every day that he doesn't receive a letter from his girl. The Sibley now looks as if it had been a target for a barrage fire.

Frenchie Tanghe, of the "Chorus Girls" Squad, has been made a corporal. We all sympathize with him in his new duties.

Corporal Meyers has been writing articles for **The Gas Attack**. We desire his friends to know that he is still alive, but in danger of never reaching France.

—R. P. F.

104TH M. G. B'N, COMPANY C.

Our whole being changes with the weather. But a few days ago the Sunny South was but a jest, but to-day, it is a wonderful reality. The Sibley stoves will soon be camouflaged by coat racks and September morns will soon be seen trudging daily down the end of the street for their beauty baths.

There have been the following christenings in the company:

Column Right Bertan.

Tonsils Druding.

Zasbo Bergen.

Suspect Prince.

Twentieth Studinski.

The new system of telephoning is a great success except for some inquisitive persons who take it upon themselves to call up occasionally and ask for the correct time.

One of the best signs of spring is the rows of onions planted in front of the various tents. Who can tell? They may be flowers but we suspect that some ex-farmers are starting truck farms under the camouflage of ornamentation.

This space is dedicated to our sweetheart at home. We have had Mother's Day, Father's Day, and various other days, which we have set aside for some special purpose. Why not make to-day Sweetheart's Day? Many are the sighs and regrets that escape our lips at the thoughts of those fond memories, in some family parlor, where those fond lips rapturously kissed yours, and you cuddled her and fondled her and uttered some foolish phrases. The empty space on the sofa daily reminds her that you are far away and she can not know how often you think of her, except by your letters telling of your faithfulness. In these days of meatless, wheatless and heatless days, let us not have loveless and letterless days. Write to her, boys. Have you thanked her for that last box of fudge, each piece a thought of you? Of course, most of your tentmates got most of the thoughts, and you only one, but still that one thought was sweeter than all the display of sweets in Dusty's canteen.

THE MULE.

51ST PIONEER INFANTRY, COMPANY E.

Sergeants William J. Scott and Leonard P. Searles, also Corporal Jean L. Baptiste, have just returned from furloughs spent in Catskill, N. Y. Cook Hugh A. Glennon and Corporal Daniel V. Glennon have left on furloughs for the same place.

First Sergeant Jacob Cole, who is attending the Officers' Training School, spent Sunday here with his old company.

Recent promotions in this company were: Corporals Smith and Searles to Sergeants; Private Wagenbaugh to Mechanic, and Privates Mable and Christianna to Cooks.

Private George Ramsey was recently transferred to the 35th Engineers, now stationed at Camp Merrit, New Jersey.

CORP. JEAN L. BAPTISTE.

WITH THE OFFICERS OF CO. A, 2ND ANTI-AIRCRAFT MACHINE GUN BATTALION.

If anyone has trouble locating Brigadier General Sweetser these days, they might as well save time by looking for him at once in the officers' Mess Hall of the Second Battalion Anti-Aircraft Machine Guns—at least that is what the General said after he had eaten the Washington's birthday dinner in said shack.

And if any of his staff are reported missing at mess, they will probably be found at about the same quadrant elevation and deflection.

From all of which it may be gathered that the officers of the 2nd A. A. M. G. Bn. had the General and his staff, and Lieutenant Colonel Cookingham as their guests—or as their allies in an attack on sundry spring chickens. Nobody knows "which" spring.

The Kaiser himself knew of the dinner. About the time the attack began, General Sweetser received a cablegram which read: "Have heard of dinner. Felicitations. Damn it!"

Shortly afterwards, Lieutenant Colonel Cookingham, who is teaching the newly assigned reserve officers to shoot around corners, without damaging the corners, received a telegram signed "Roosevelt." It read:

"Wire formula for converting fish scales into coffee mills."

After a salad with real Roquefort cheese dressing, which, if one closed one's eyes, would lead one to think he was on a New York roof garden, General Sweetser and Colonel Cookingham spoke briefly, with the well known military result that everybody thought they knew a lot of things but wouldn't tell them.

The dinner was a jolly affair except for one incident. Major Whitney announced that he had received orders to proceed at once to a camp in Massachusetts for duty, probably severing his connections with the 2nd Battalion, of which he had been commander.

The Mess Hall was decorated with flags, streamers and a large picture of George Washington which hung over the table.

—H. M. S.

105TH AMBULANCE COMPANY.

Mess Sgt. Bob Hull, Corp. Tucker and Privts. Richardson and Zaremba spent Lincoln's birthday on the train as they speeded North to enjoy ten-day furloughs in the Salt City.

Since the return of Lieut. Truex both motorecycle and G. M. C. drivers have become as expert with the working of their motors as they formerly were with the soft spots on their bunks.

Carl L. Scammell, Leon C. LaValle, Charles E. Brown, Harry O. Ferguson and Leon M. Hooper were recently appointed privates first class.

When it comes to sleeping we must hand it to Sergts. Hale, Blint and Prvt. Bentley, for at any hour of the day they can be found pounding their respective ears in blissful snooze.

ALLEN K. MARKS.

105TH FIELD ARTILLERY, BATTERY B.

The Fourth Section donkies had the neatest looking tent at inspection last Saturday, and were given a twenty-four hour pass. So Featherbed Richardson gathered all his men (and Hughie Smith) and suggested that they go to Asheville to frolic and incidentally get a room in a hotel and enjoy "forty winks 'neath the sheets." First Sergeant Tucker thought this a good idea and detailed himself to chaperon the tender youths and see that no one harmed the red hair in Hughie's dome.

The "Banshees" are working in full swing lately and "Honest" Jim Murray seems to be in dutch, for the "doity blackguards" always think his cot looks better bent around his neck. Pat O'Keffe, Chief Banshee, is about the only man who has not been rudely awakened at two in the morning to find himself lying under his bed—but there is a reason. Pat sleeps with his hand on a persuader, namely, One Mallet.

Bob Brower, the boy baker, will sure be out of luck if they don't return his left shoe, size 13 1-2. Some villain is using it for a washtub.

Corporal Melven devotes a considerable amount of time to map sketching. Some of his sketches would make a cubist artist look sick while others look like a birdseye view of "No Man's Land."

Sgt. Tucker lost his identification tag the other day. He asked Dixon, the rookie corporal, to look for it. Dix didn't know what the tag looked like and asked "Our Sarge" what it was. The sergeant replied thusly: "An identification tag is a meat can cover which dangles from a picket line suspended about the neck. Upon it is stamped your name, rank and the battery and regiment that has possession of you, and in case you are lost the person who finds you is able to locate your owner without much inconvenience."

105TH REGT. F. A., BATTERY F.

The only trouble Prvt. Ed. Brodigan finds with the new appetite foundry behind the Y. M. C. A. is that he has to pipe down the snowball who serves the eats about 88 times during the meal. Sergeant Murphy has quit the joint for good, as he had to check up his whole section, who were ordering five cents worth of butter, while in there this morning.

Mess Sergeant Growl was seen smiling the other night during the thunder storm.

Prvt. Kruger made a canvass of the Battery streets of the Regiment selling his snake oil, accompanied by his Hindu friend, Corp. Lorch, but they both quit when they reached Brooklyn.

Bill Landy is still attending to his dog robber's duties for Corp. Savage in first class style. The only thing in Bill's life is the way Kid Eagan kids him about dog-boy Bill, although he is still talking about the various members of the Battery whom he likes and dislikes, and is still standing on his feet in sound health.

104TH MACHINE GUN.

The M. G. men were all handed a batch of 48-hour passes over last Friday and Saturday, and all of them hurried stationward, and grabbed Southern rattlers to all parts of the surrounding territory. A Company was well represented in Asheville, Atlanta, Charleston and Augusta. Swat Mulligan, the Mount Vernon insurance man, breezed into Asheville. Messrs. Tapley, Stansfield, Greene and Johnson put the Bee on Atlanta and took all their meals at the house of the Mayor. Tapley and Johnson made all Atlanta take special notice, when they rendered in their own original manner their world's famous duet; "It Takes a Long Time to Say Good Bye, When All Your Friends Are Bartenders."

Top Kicker DeWitt, Meal Sergeant Stegman and Jim Bieland took a flying jump to Charleston.

Five reels of motion pictures are being shown weekly in the mess shack, and there is a laugh a second over them. Pictures, ten years old are handed to us, and in the latest batch, we saw Charlie Chaplin in a Shakespearean role, Mary Pickford playing seconds, Mack Sennett doing bits, and the old slapstick comedy that made 'em laugh, yesteryear.

We owe Frank Clancy, the demon young wool clipper, a unanimous vote of thanks for returning from his furlough so promptly. Another week away, and about half of the boys would have been looking like anarchists. Their locks were curling around the ears, and beards were a foot long. Frank wasn't back ten minutes before he had the shears sharpened, and was roaching manes again at the same old stand for two-bits a clip.

Famous expressions:

What a fine oil can you turned out to be. Fall in.

Come and get it.

Aw, gimme time, I'll make it.

I'll buy this one.

You're next.

Gimme a cigarette, willya?

Set 'em up again, Johnny.

Pass the word for the K. P.

Got that buck you owe me?

Shoot the works.

I wanta go home.

What'll we have this time boys, same thing?

Clickity, click, disssssssmissed.

106TH INFANTRY, COMPANY E.

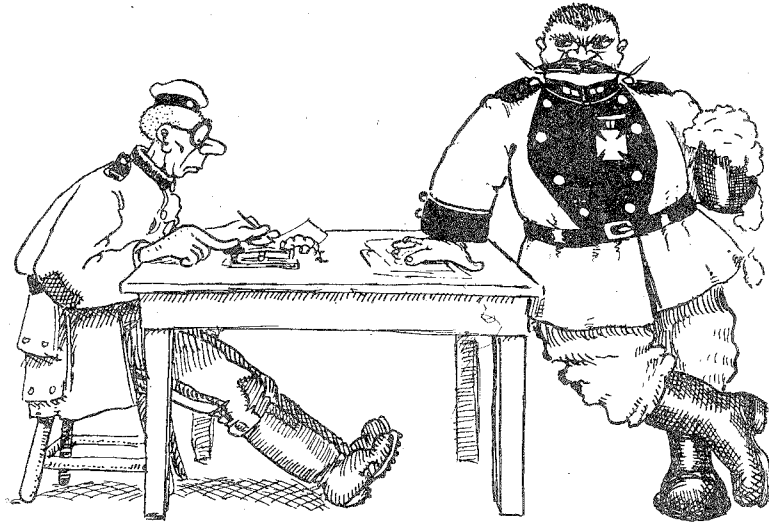
Company "E" is back from the Rifle Range with the best record of any company that has been there to date and naturally feels pretty chesty.

There is a suspicion in the company that the youth that stole Corp. Towers' electric bulb was enlightened by his dark deed.

If the coast to coast boys, Berardy and McVeigh, would lay off teasing Lonesome Larry, we might have a little peace in spite of the war.

E. Jay Mallon put the lighted end of a cigarette into his mouth, sputtered awhile and finally said, "That was a hot one."

CORP. H. R. HODGSON.



RAM
104 M.G.

Telegrapher von Pabst: "Sir, General von Pilsener reports that there are four reasons why he can't capture the town of Crepe de Chine."

General Speck Hans Eitel Friderich von den Wurtberger: "Himmel, what are they?"

Telegrapher von Pabst: "Three Irishmen and a pile of bricks."

102ND AMMUNITION TRAIN, CO. C.

Frank and Bunkie started their "spring drive," but met their Waterloo at the hands of old man Glass. According to the latest reports, there were no casualties.

Through the kindness of "Chuck's" pa, Squad Two has most of the comforts of home, including rugs, victrola, etc. "Bunker" Erckert is the victrola engineer when his optics are not fixed on some elevating fiction. He says he does not care for music any way.

Bunker keeps the mechanics on the jump with his bang-up actions.

Daymont is happy now—his playmate, "Trixie," has returned.

The orderly from Luna Park has taken up his abode with us.

"Pop" Vaillant is some dispatcher. Who mentioned speed?

Private Doane has received the distinction of being a professor of advanced incineration.

Familiar Sights—"Hen" and "Ma" saying their midnight farewells.

Flip has received an order for another hair mattress, and has hung out his shingle. What? Another furlough?

Windjammer Clute is now busy chasing the graphite into rear ends.

Architect Spitz is doing extensive building at Luna Park, one of Camp Wadsworth's well known resorts.

Pop Graham has a new solid gold soup—made from 14 carrots.

106TH FIELD ARTILLERY, SUPPLY CO.

Rules and Regulations of This Office.

Conserve shoe leather by remaining at your desk; remember you're supposed to be a clerk, not a floorwalker.

We have meatless and wheatless days. Let us have feetless days; keep your feet on the floor, not on the desk.

Don't acquire the saving habit so that you go to your tent nights with your pockets full of coal, and all the office newspapers. Just because you write shorthand, don't think that you have light fingers.

If you feel that you must whistle during office hours, please whistle something German, so that the rest of the office will have an excuse to drop a typewriter on your dome.

If you feel that you must take home a typewriter now and then, please leave the desks. Typewriters are expendable, but desks are scarce.

Just because they are using a lot of ammunition in Europe, don't think that you have to powder your nose every ten minutes.

Make the world safe for democracy and stop throwing milk bottles out of the window.

As Abraham Lincoln did not say in his famous Gettysburg speech:

"Eight hours a day for the man who works, Ten hours a day for these soldier clerks."

Save a loaf a week. Just because you've got a crust, don't say that you can loaf around this office, even if you are well bred.

CARL E. VOSS.

HOW THE \$165's WORTH WAS SPENT

Ring Lardner Has His Own Opinion on How the Camp Officer Talked to Phillie.

By Ring W. Lardner in the Chicago Tribune.

"Camp Wadsworth, Spartanburg, S. C., Feb. 7.—(Special.)—There is an officer in Camp Wadsworth who has a sweetheart in Philadelphia. He also has plenty of money. The other day he wanted to talk to her and put in a long distance call. After getting her answer he talked to her for more than two hours. The bill came to \$165."—Yesterday's Trib.

In the absence of Dr. Donaghey, marathon champion of this floor, it was impossible to obtain an authoritative statement as to whether the above feat was humanly possible, even for a young officer. The consensus among some of our best amateurs—including the art department's chief of staff, the composer of the Gumps, and the veteran photographers—was that the thing could be done easily if the victim would listen that long, which, from their experience, they deemed unlikely.

Our own opinion is that the correspondent got the story a bit twisted and that the party in Philadelphia did a little of the talking herself. We'd guess it was something like this:

He—Hello.
 She—Hello, baby.
 He—Is that you, baby?
 She—Yes, hon.
 He—How are you, anyway?
 She—Just fine. And how's my Sammy boy?
 He—Fine and dandy. Where are you?
 She—I'm home. How are you, anyway?
 He—Fine and dandy. Are you all right?
 She—I'm just fine. Say listen: Do you miss me at all?
 He—You bet I do.
 She—Do you think of me at all?
 He—Well, all the time. How are you anyway?
 She—I'm just fine.
 He—Are you home now?
 She—Yes. I haven't been out since Tuesday. The walking's simply impossible. But say listen: I'm going to a dance tonight with Jack Strauss. Do you care?
 He—I didn't get that.
 She—I said I was going to a dance to-night with Jack Strauss.
 He—What's that about jackstraws?
 She—Jack Strauss!
 He—Oh, was he? Well, how are you anyway?
 She—Just fine. Say listen: Did you get my letter?
 He—What one?
 She—My last one.
 He—Yes, I got that one. How are you, anyway?
 She—Just fine.

He—Well, I thought I'd call you up.
 She—I was just thinking about you when the phone rang.
 He—Yes, you were!
 She—Honestly I was.
 He—Well, how are you anyway?
 She—Just fine.
 He—Well, I just thought I'd call up and see how you were.

She—I'm fine. But listen: Your voice sounds funny. I don't know whether it's really you or not.
 He—Oh, it's me all right. How are you anyway?
 She—I'm fine. And how are you?
 He—Fine and dandy. Well, how is everything?

She—Everything's all right, I guess.
 He—Where are you now?
 She—Home. Say listen: Did you get my letter about Madge?
 He—Not yet.

She—Well, listen: I'll tell you what was in it. I wrote to Madge last Friday, no, it was Saturday. And I asked her if she had heard any rumors round Washington about your division. It must have been Friday I wrote to her. You know Dick's right there in contact with the headquarters or something. So I thought maybe he might have heard something and she could ask him and then let me know. So I wrote her last Friday. No, it must have been Saturday, because I just got her letter yesterday. She says Dick hasn't heard a word.
 He—What?

She—I was saying I thought maybe Dick might possibly have heard some rumors round Washington about your division. He's right in things down there. So last Friday, or maybe it was Saturday, I wrote to Madge and asked her if she would ask Dick if he'd heard anything. So yesterday I got a letter from her and she said Dick hadn't heard a thing.
 He—I don't get that.

She—Well, never mind. I wrote to you about it.

He—Well, how are you anyway?
 She—Just fine. Say listen: Do you ever think of me at all?
 He—All the time. Where are you now?
 She—Home.

He—Well, I just thought I'd call up and find out how you were.

She—I'm fine.
 He—And how's your mother?
 She—She's fine.
 He—And how's your father?
 She—Fine. Everybody's fine.
 He—Well, I just thought I'd call up.
 She—Well, I'm glad you did.
 He—Well—

She—Well—Oh, yes, I knew there was something I wanted to tell you. Did you get my letter? Well, never mind. How are you anyway?

Back to camp.

108TH INFANTRY, MACHINE GUN CO.

The boys are well upholding the name of the company as one of the best in the Division by the excellent scores and rating received at our trial shoot at the miniature M. G. range. Looking over the results, we find the company ranking 5th in the Division for high score. The boys scored 839 out of a possible 960. The Third Platoon carried off highest honors of the company and second highest in the Division. Two of the squads lead by Corps. Fredericks and Trowbridge, did most excellent work, returning with perfect scores. Their score was 312 out of a possible 320 for 32 men.

The First Platoon enjoyed a trip to the pistol range at Glass Rock mountain, where they did excellent work on the range—Rigging. During their ten-day stay they enjoyed their "pine bough" beds and "pup" tents immensely to say nothing of the invigorating mountain air.

We have again lost a number of good men who have transferred to the 35th Engineers.

The scheduled athletic events were hotly contested and many A. A. U. records were given a close run.

Personal Mention.

Prvts. Coonly, Edwards and G. Roberts have most kindly volunteered to do all the detail work.

"Goldie" Barnes is again back with his old friends, the "pots and pans." He has a smile for every one. Why? Ask Rooney.

"Andy" Carrol still insists he is the champion hiker, although he did get a "lift" in an auto, "Just for style's sake," says Andy.

"Huck" Quinn, our "hoss-man," does not want a furlough until the Kaiser "gets his."

From mule skinner to mess sergeant—ask "Jack Golt" for his formula.

Our ball team is fast rounding into shape. All we need is a pitcher and eight more good men. For try-out, see "Lefty" Eggart.

Sergt. McPhee, our champ rope throwing artist, just returned from his furlough. Ask "Claude" what he roped in Rochester.

Resolved: We, as members of the company, give three rousing cheers to our ex-Mess Sergeant, "Tommy" Sykes. We never were and never will be better satisfied than when he held sway. We wish you luck, old pal, in what ever branch of service you may be in.

—H. W. O.

MOVIE BENEFIT FOR 27TH DIVISION.

An entertainment was held at the Hotel Claridge in New York City a week ago Thursday to secure funds to present the 27th Division with an up-to-date movie machine. Miss Grace Field, hostess of the well known establishment, arranged the program and was responsible for the idea. Among those who offered their services were several well known Broadway artists, including the casts of "Going Up" and "The Eyes of Youth." Miss Margy Rambeau, who is starring in the latter production, won the \$100 raffle that ended the performance and presented it to the fund. In all \$500 was raised for boys at Spartanburg.

News of the Y. M. C. A.

EDITED BY RAY F. JENNEY.

SPRING BRINGS "SPORTS."

With the approach of the glorious spring-time and its attendant feelings of joy and zeal, baseball is taking hold of the boys near old 97 mighty well. Suggestions for an inter-company league have been offered and arrangements are in process for a meeting of suitable representatives of the various outfits at which the definite plans for the league will be drawn up. Soccer, basketball, volley ball and tennis are beginning to be thought of and prospects for activity in these lines are good.

Three good snappy bouts last Saturday night attracted a full house and an interested audience. The last bout between "Jeff" Muncie and "Mutt" McGrath both of Battery C of the 106th F. A. was especially good. The little fellow kept out of the way of his big antagonist and both showed good spirit and quite a bit of skill. Smallwood of the 102nd Supply Train showed good skill in guarding, but was weak in aggression. Prarie and Rafferty showed up well in the pastiming as did Taylor and Lawson. Chick Jacobi of the Ammunition Train proved a capable and fair referee. These bouts were the first staged by our new Physical Director, Mr. Struble, and they certainly set a high standard for future men to follow.

Mr. Allen's class in Spanish continues to maintain a good attendance, using a Spanish reader, with drills and conversations, and meeting on Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays.

The departure of the 104th F. A. to the range demoralized the French classes somewhat, but the return of the 105th F. A. will mean the reorganization of these classes.

As soon as the text-books arrive the classes in Algebra, German and stenography will begin active work.

Last Tuesday night the building was commandeered for Government pictures, two shows being given at seven and nine.

The singing last Wednesday night, followed by the solo by Mr. Everett Naftzger and address by Dr. Milford Lyon were all much enjoyed. The patriotic address by Dr. Minot Simon, of Cleveland, Ohio, on Friday night was instructive and inspirational in nature and was much appreciated.

On account of the dance at the Cleveland Hotel last Friday night, the 104th F. A. Band did not give its usual concert, Dr. Simon's address proving a good substitute.

Rev. Chas. H. L. Ford, Religious Work Secretary, returned Saturday from a visit to his home in Cortland, N. Y. He made the address Sunday night, which was his farewell, as he has been commissioned a Chaplain in the National Army.



CHARLES H. L. FORD.

Former Religious Work Secretary at No. 97 Now Chaplain in the National Army.

The Rev. Mr. Charles H. L. Ford was born in Binghamton, N. Y. He graduated from the public school of that place and received his A.B. from St. Stephen's college. He then went to the General Theological Seminary in New York City three years. After his graduation he was ordained in the Episcopal ministry.

He has held rectorships at Windsor and Harpersville, N. Y., and has been rector of the Grace Church, Cortland, N. Y., for the past three years.

Mr. Ford came to Camp Wadsworth last November to do Army Y. M. C. A. work, and was assigned to be Religious Work Secretary at No. 97, where he has been up to February 14th, when he was commissioned chaplain in the National Army.

Mr. Ford is a man of action, an athlete of no mean ability and keenly interested in all forms of manly sport. He always has a message worth while, and his winning personality made him always welcomed in any group of men or officers. These assets made him a most agreeable companion and valuable worker in the Army Y. M. C. A. work. Although we regret having Mr. Ford leave us, we rejoice that he has received his appointment as chaplain. He is under orders to report at Fortress Monroe March 1st for duty. We all wish him "the best ever" in his new work.

WISE "Y" SPEAKERS.

During the past week the Y. M. C. A. building of No. 96 has twice been put to government use for lectures. The regular activities have been featured by religious and patriotic programs.

Lenten litany services are being conducted by chaplains Edrop and Jaynes each afternoon at 4:45. Stirring messages have been given at the religious meetings by Chaplain Jaynes, Milford Lyon, Dr. Pendleton, of Spartanburg, and Mel Trotter, of Grand Rapids. The latter climbed through the ropes Monday night before the boxing bouts, and proved himself a heavy hitter in the ring. The singers with him got a big hand. Every one of these addresses was a headliner, and found men's hearts. On Sunday night words of greeting were given by two men widely known as leaders in army Y. M. C. A. work, George W. Brown, of St. Louis, and A. H. Whitford, of Buffalo.

Recent movie nights have been spiced with patriotism. The orator on Tuesday was C. E. Russell, once candidate of the Socialist party for the presidency, and now touring the country under direction of the Bureau of Public Information, making appeals to the patriotism of working men. Mr. Russell brought with him three reels of pictures. A. E. Hill, of Buffalo, furnished the fireworks on Wednesday, as an interlude during the concert by the 53rd Pioneers' band. Friday evening one of the secretaries broke in for five minutes to present Washington as the soldier's ideal.

Two members of the building staff, Bareham and Mackenzie, have been called home during the week. In their absence volunteers from the 53rd and the 108th have given fine help, and both regimental bands have made generous contributions to the programs.

THE WEEK'S "WHO'S WHO" SPEAKERS AT THE "Y."

Dr. Minot Simon, pastor of the Unity Church, Cleveland, O., spent February 22nd with us and spoke that evening at Unit No. 97, giving the men a message full of thought. His church is one of the leading ones in Cleveland. Dr. Simon is a speaker of marked ability and has been one of the Harvard Board of Preachers.

Mel Trotter and his fine singers were with us last week. They surely had the "goods" and put their messages over both in talks and songs with a punch. Trotter uses human interest instances in a HE man way. His whole address was to that type of man. He found many just such men here and in many ways they showed him that they appreciated his coming to Camp Wadsworth.

CAMP SPORTS

Edited by F. J. ASHLEY

FRANK MORAN FORCED TO QUIT BEFORE FULTON IN THIRD ROUND.

Camp Wadsworth's Boxing Instructor Succumbs to Old Wound.

New Orleans, Feb. 25.—Frank Moran, boxing instructor at Camp Wadsworth, S. C., was knocked out in the first two minutes of the third round of his fight with Fred Fulton, of Rochester, Minn. Fulton opened the old cut over Frank's right eye in the first round. It was a souvenir of his last battle with Jim Coffey.

The gash opened wider in the second round, completely blinding the Pittsburger and when the third round started he was unable to see his opponent. Following a clinch during which Fulton sent uppercut after uppercut to Moran's jaw without a return punch, the Westerner drove home the winner to the chin. Frank fell to the floor and his seconds gave Fulton the credit of a knockout by tossing in the sponge.

Frank was the aggressor at the start. He rushed Fulton, sending shot after shot to his head and face. Near the end of the session, Fulton came back with a left jab to the body and right cross to the face opening the old cut above Moran's right optic.

Moran continued on the offensive in the next round. He volleyed with both fists to the ribs and face, and managed to drive Fulton into a corner. Fred recovered quickly, however, and assuming the offensive fought out to the center of the ring using jabs and swings to the face and body. He was playing for the cut and had Moran covered with blood at the bell.

Moran could barely see when he opened the third. Fulton landed at will and after two minutes, put over the money-maker.

Moran weighed 198 ringside while Fulton had the advantage on the scales with 215. Sam Goldstein, of New Orleans, referred.

SHANNON BACK IN FORM.

Shannon, Company 8, 53d Pioneers, and Devine, of the 105th Machine Battalion, furnished the feature bout of the regular weekly boxing program at Unit 96 last Monday night. The other battles brought together Jerome, Company B, 53d Pioneers (130), and Cracco, Headquarters, same regiment (135); Rosoff (130) and Schreiber (140), both of Company C, 53d Pioneers; Maher, Company C, 107th Infantry (135), and Vanduessen, Supply Company, 107th Infantry (130), and Merriman and Simonds, two 140 pounders from Company G, 108th Infantry.

HEAVYWEIGHTS A-PLENTY AT 97.

The most noticeable thing at the bouts at Unit 97 over among the artillery and trains outfits, last Saturday, was the total absence of boxers of the lighter variety. Every one of the performers looked capable of handling the heaviest gun in the camp all by his lonely.

The first setto was between Taylor (155), Battery C, 106th Field Artillery, and Lawson (150), of the Field Artillery Headquarters. They went at it with a will and despite a couple of extra rounds, neither man could get shade enough to win the decision.

Prarie (158), Headquarters, 106th Field Artillery, and Rafferty (145), Company F, 102d Ammunition Train, furnished a lively battle. Rafferty was the aggressor most of the time and landed a few pile-driver slams, but Prarie was game and stuck it out.

Monaback, a company-mate of Rafferty, also scored a win in his argument with Smallwood, Company C, 102d Supply Train. He did all the fighting.

The last bout was a Mutt and Jeff affair with Muncie (190) and McGrath (150), both of Battery C, 106th Field Artillery, pulling the Bud Fisher stuff. Muncie had almost a foot in height on his opponent, but before long found this a disadvantage. McGrath eluded most of the big fellow's blows and managed to dart in under his defense, sending over a few snappy shots of his own.

TITLE BOUTS AT UNIT 93.

The winners of the bouts at Unit 93 last Monday night were selected to meet the representatives of Unit 95 this coming week for the championship of the two organizations.

The first bout was a draw between Collins, Company C, 106th Infantry and McGill, Company B, same regiment. It is the second time in a month that the pair have met without reaching a decision.

Tommaso, Company C, and Beddo, Machine Gun Company, both of the 106th Infantry, tried conclusions in the second. Tommaso won.

Judging by aggressiveness, the third fight was the best of the evening. Williams, Company D, and Lefowitz, Company C, 106th Infantry, were the participants. It was a give and take scrap with Williams a little quicker at the former art.

Sergeant Brown, of Company D, 106th Infantry, defeated Pierson, one of his platoon corporals in the fourth. The final, a middleweight bout, went to Madden, of Company B, over Kohn, Company C.

COMPANY C, 105TH, WINS SLUG FEST.

In a real old-fashioned slug fest, Company C, 105th Infantry, beat the 55th Pioneers in the baseball diamond last Sunday, 17 to 12. Rooks was knocked out of the box in the second inning by the heavy hitting of the winners. He was succeeded by Coldrove who had a little better luck but in the seventh session he also found himself in No-Man's Land and only escaped after seven runs had been garnered from his delivery.

The Pioneers did not get started until the seventh, when they got four men across the plate, Ball, McAvoy and Donahue each contributing a homerun wallop.

Score by innings . . . 1 2 3 4 5 6 7—R. H. E.

Co. C, 105th Inf. . . . 3 4 0 2 0 1 7—17-17-1

55th Pioneers 0 3 0 1 2 2 2—12-12-3

Batteries—Burchart and Cohen.

Rooks, Coldrove and Ball.

Company D won a 12 to 9 victory over Company B, both of the 106th Infantry on the diamond last Tuesday. Neither team was in good shape.

SNAPPY BASEBALL IN THE 108TH.

Company F, of the 108th Infantry, downed Company A on the baseball field last Sunday by a score of 8 to 5. Smith and Cook were in the points for the winners, while the losing battery was composed of Geety, Lehr and Doran. Each side was weak on the defense and guilty of frequent errors, but F's heavier hitting counted. Delinger, of Company F, started the swat fest by driving the first pitched ball for a home run.

DIAMOND AFTER WILLIAMS.

Sergeant Fred Short, Company E, 52nd Pioneers is unsatisfied by the result of the recent four round bout between his man, Kiddie Diamond and Barney Williams. He wants the supremacy decided by a ten or twenty round affair, and recounts that in the 20-round fight at the Border and the 10-round bout at the Spartanburg Boxing Club, draws were announced each time.

He says: "On behalf of Diamond I am ready to match him with Williams or any other 130-pounder in this or any other camp. Kiddie has always volunteered his services at any entertainment in this camp for the benefit of the soldiers. He has never disappointed or held out for a monetary consideration, while on the other hand, Williams has refused to appear because there was no money in it.

"The Gas Attack I am sure could arrange through Mr. Moran to have this bout pulled off over the long route and decide once and for all the boss of the 130 pounders."

Moran Was Properly Trained For Fulton Fight

COMPANY I, 51ST PIONEERS, HELD TO TIE.

A picked basket-ball team, composed of Y. M. C. A. secretaries and officers played the fast quintet of Company I, 51st Pioneers at the Spartanburg Y. M. C. A., last Saturday night. Owing to the rapid work on both sides during the last half, the scorer was unable to keep up with the plays. He wanted to stand in with the officers and told them they had won by two points, but when they had disappeared and a few husky rookies hove in sight from the dressing room, he went over his book again and assured them that they had the much-discussed lead. On further examination amidst neutral surroundings, it was found that the score was a tie, 47 to 47.

The Picked Team easily outclassed the doughboys in the first half. However near the end of the battle, Company I got the range and landed enough hits to make the situation pretty risky for its rivals. When the smoke of the fray had finally lifted the scorer was still scoring.

Hensley, from the University of North Carolina, Jimmie Moore, an old Trinity player, and Sietzer of Buffalo high school fame, were the stars of the game although the whirlwind finish of Company I was the feature.

The line-up;

Co. I, 51st Pioneers (47)	(47) Picked Team
Simons	R. F. Ortner
Fritz	L. F. DeWitt
Rodgers	C. Moore
Soncourt	R. G. Seitzer
Runge	L. G. Hensley

Scoring by points—Ortner, 21; Moore, 12; DeWitt, 6; Sietzer, 6; Hensley, 2; Fritz, 15; Simons, 12; Runge, 10; Soncourt, 6; and Rodgers, 4.

Referee—Dooley, 51st Pioneers.

Scorer—Barry.

ANOTHER DEFI.

Mullinari, Company I, 51st Pioneers challenges any man in Camp Wadsworth at 122 pounds. His manager is Harry Methven, Company I, 51st Pioneers.

WOW-WOW, BIG CHIEF WAHOO.

Big Chief Wahoo, totem bearer of the Carlisle Indian School football team from 1905 to 1907, had a pow-wow with some of the local sporting warriors on his recent visit to the camp. He is a full brother of Joe Guyon, whose spectacular work on the gridiron won the National championship for Georgia Tech last fall. The heap big brave said there were more opportunities for a big athletic field here than at any camp he has visited and like all red men Wahoo is some wanderer. He also exchanged a few reminiscences with some of the pale-face collegians whom he had tried to scalp on the football field a few years ago.

Harvey W. Cohn, Division Athletic Director, and Defeated Fighter's Trainer, Makes Personal Refutation of Local Criticism.

I will endeavor, in as short a space as possible, to describe the bout held last Monday in New Orleans between Moran and Fulton. My reason in so doing is to repudiate the remarks of a few dissatisfied persons which I learned of on my return.

Start of first round: Moran rushed over to Fulton's corner and without waiting for any sparring tore into Fulton with heavy body blows. In the middle of the round, Moran changed his attack and hit Fulton three times in succession on his right ear. These punches gave Fulton a cauliflower ear which he will always have as a souvenir of the fight. The bell found Fulton hanging to Moran. The New Orleans papers gave this round to Moran by a mile.

Second round. Moran started in as in the first. As the heavy body punches worried Fulton, he started to cover up. About the second clinch that the men were in Fulton straightened up quickly and with the top of his head opened up a deep cut over Moran's right eye. Moran still continued to bore in and Fulton hit Moran with a legitimate right in the other eye, which closed it. Towards the end of the round Moran had to wipe the blood out of his eyes to see Fulton. When the bell rang, I jumped into the ring and led Moran to his corner. His breathing was normal. Papers gave this round as even.

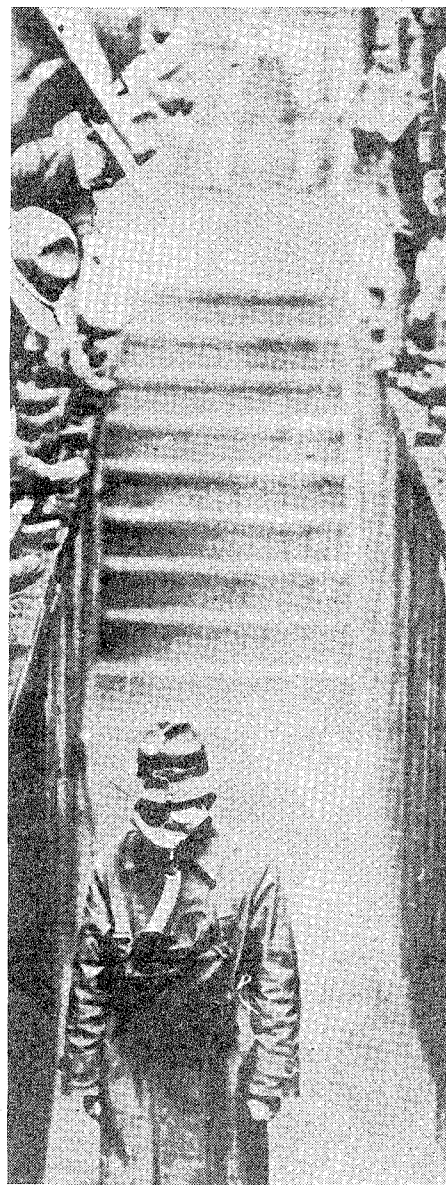
Third round. Moran started in with a rush as it was his only chance to get Fulton. Fulton made Moran's eye his objective and opened it wider with two punches, starting the blood flowing again. By this time Moran was in such a bad shape, not being able to see, that Fulton had a good opportunity to measure him with a powerful right, on the mouth. I threw in the sponge as the bell rang. The last punch had Moran groggy.

January 22d was the first date for this fight but as Moran had just started his work with the 27th Division he asked that the bout be postponed to a later day, so that he could give more time to his new position.

For the past four weeks, the training schedule of Moran has been as follows: Breakfast not later than 6:15; on the road walking and running at 7:15 for one hour and a quarter; massage after road work; afternoon at the local Y. M. C. A. Handball, skipping rope, bag punching, boxing. During the last ten days of work, Bartley Madden, who sparred with Moran for all his fights, took him in hand. In bed not later than 10.30. Because of rain we missed two days work on road.

Moran weighed 197 ringside for Fulton, and was 198 when he fought Willard. Sport-

(Continued on page 21)



(International Film Service)
ENTERING A GAS CHAMBER.

TAKES 'EM BY THE NUMBERS.

Johnnie Mullinari, Company I, 51st Pioneers, after a few months in the Base Hospital with broken digits, made his first appearance in the ring at Y. M. C. A. Unit 95 last Monday. Not satisfied with three fast rounds against Red Mack of his own regiment, he took on Turk Kelly for as many more. He is very popular in the Provisional Depot because of his willingness to box at any time for the boys. All who saw him last Monday are rooting for him to appear again. His rushing, dodging and clever ring tactics make him one of the best athletes around the Unit.

There were two other bouts and a battle-royal, in which seven men participated. Ed Crayon tangoed around Coldrove of the 55th Pioneers, while Condo and Battling Mills went three fast rounds.

In Division Society

Mrs. Charles P. Loeser, Editor.

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

BRIDGE TOURNAMENT GIVEN AT CLEVELAND HOTEL.

A bridge tournament was given at the Cleveland Hotel for the benefit of the base hospital at Camp Wadsworth. Among the Army ladies who assisted were mesdames J. B. Stepp, Myerkort, Gordon Ireland, George Storm, and Miss Margaret Michie.

WRIGHT-NELSON.

Second Lieutenant Arthur R. Nelson, 1st Pioneer Infantry, and Miss Laurel Vann Wright, both of Binghamton, N. Y., were married at the church of the Advent in this city. Rev. Harrison W. Foreman, the regimental chaplain, officiated at the ceremony. Lieutenant and Mrs. Nelson left for a short trip north.

Mrs. Cornelius Vanderbilt and daughter, Miss Grace Vanderbilt, are guests at the Cleveland Hotel.

Capt. and Mrs. Walter Schoelkoff were recent guests at the Grove Park Inn, Asheville.

Mrs. Carleton and Miss Carleton, wife and daughter of General Guy Carleton of the Pioneer Division, have arrived in Spartanburg and are occupying apartments on Pine Street.

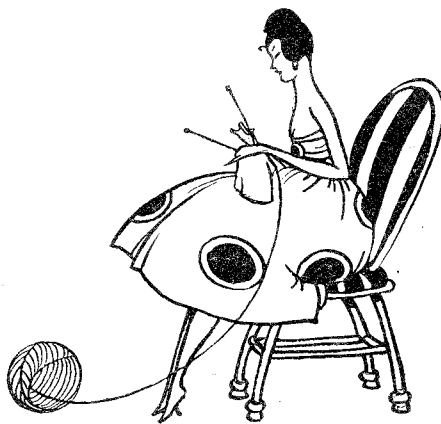
Mr. Jesse N. Eddy, of New York, a guest at the Cleveland Hotel, entertained at dinner for his son, Lieut. Eddy, who is on General O'Ryan's staff.

Mrs. Merritt Smith and her niece, Miss Alice Morrier, since their return from Summerville, are now occupying Colonel and Mrs. Smith's attractive new bungalow on the National highway.

Judge J. M. Mulqueen, who is a guest at the Cleveland Hotel, entertained at a dinner party for his son, William Mulqueen, who is at Camp Wadsworth.

Officers of the 102nd Field Signal Battalion gave a complimentary dinner to Lieut. Smith, of the British Army. The officers of the Signal Corps presented Lieut. Smith with a handsome cigarette case as a memento of the delightful occasion.

Among recent visitors to Asheville are Captain and Mrs. A. W. Putnam, Lieut. David G. Moore, Lieut. F. D. Beery and Lieut. E. B. Graham.



"Not Our Bit, But Our Utmost."

EVANS-KENT.

The wedding of Miss Sara Campbell Evans to 1st Lieutenant Edward Henry Kent took place on the afternoon of February 21st, in Grace Church, Broadway and Tenth Streets, New York City. Miss Evans is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Lawton Bryan Evans, of Augusta, Ga. Lieut. Kent is a Battalion Adjutant 107th Infantry, and stationed at Camp Wadsworth.

K. OF C. NOTES.

The building is pretty well fitted out now and colored curtains are hung over the windows and doors. Besides the hanging of the curtains, through the generosity of Mrs. George F. Kerr, of New York, who planned and arranged the scheme, we have had the interior freshly painted and decorated.

Visitors to Headquarters.

Among the many droppers-in at the hall recently was our friend, Mr. A. H. Whitford, director of the Bureau of Finance of the National War Work Council of the Y. M. C. A. With him was Mr. Brown, the St. Louis philanthropist, well known to all as one keenly interested in the war welfare work in the camps, a friend to all the soldiers and to those trying to make camp life less irksome.

Last Monday Judge Joseph F. Mulqueen, father of a soldier serving state and country in the 107th, who came to Spartanburg to see his son, stopped in for a little visit and was gladly received by the staff on duty. He is to return again shortly.

Warren Hall, Esq., of Charlotte, N. C., General Supervisor of Camps in the Carolinas, Georgia and Florida, is expected here at Wadsworth very shortly. His coming is an event that should produce results, and it is looked forward to by all connected with the headquarters with interested anticipation.

Staff Increased.

There are two chaplains in the building now. One, the Rev. W. P. Brennan, of Albany, and the other our new arrival, the Rev. E. P. Dalton, of Schenectady. At 7 p. m. on Fridays in Lent, there will be stations and benediction, and benediction at the same hour on Sundays. A new secretary has also been assigned in the person of Mark O. Shriver, Jr., of Baltimore.

To Erect Another Building.

These days there are doings with a vengeance in K. of C. circles around Wadsworth. The big building in 40-4 is proving, and has proved, these many days, insufficient for their needs, so a new one is to be erected, work on which is to be started in the next few days on a location to be chosen by J. Vincent Sexton, general secretary. It will probably be placed over near the Remount Station or the Artillery Camp, but that's a matter for the next issue. It is coming though, and it will be another center of activity such as the present one is now.

Headquarters Kept Busy.

During the day time the main K. of C. building is kept constantly busy, as it is being largely used by the government for its schools, lectures and meetings. A partial list of the many uses would include Regimental and Divisional Band Schools, the latter being made up of the massed bands of the division, led by Francis W. Southerland, of the 104th Field Artillery, formerly the famous old First, the Theory School for Cooks and Bakers, the weekly lectures to officers of the Pioneer Regiments, the semi-weekly lectures to the artillery officers.

All-Star Pictures for Camp Wadsworth.

Major General John F. O'Ryan has realized that there are countless movie fans in camp at Wadsworth who have not had a chance to see the caliber of films to which they have been accustomed at home, and so that these high-grade films may be obtained he has appointed a committee headed by Major J. W. Farrell to secure them. Through the generosity of Gov. Whitman and other friends several movie machines have been secured and high-class pictures are to be shown from now on.

Pictures promised for the near future: "Intolerance," "The Fall of a Nation," "The Tale of Two Cities," and "The Whip." Hark ye, movie fans, for here is the chance to see old Bill Hart, Doug Fairbanks and beyond everything the all-entrancing Mary Pickford.



World Brevities

Edited by J. S. KINGSLEY



Boisheviki agree to sign peace with Germany but declare they would continue war if able. Chaos reigns throughout Russia. Less than one-tenth of normal industry is done.

Alexander Beekman and Emma Goldman are connected with a ring of German spies.

Captain Henke of the American Expeditionary Force is found guilty of carrying out German propaganda and is sentenced to 25 years' imprisonment at Fort Leavenworth, Kansas.

Americans check German gunfire by retaliatory barrage.

Gompers refuses to meet German laborers to talk peace terms.

Vassar College will train 5,000 women for nurses this summer.

Lt. Thierry, the greatest Belgian airman, is brought down by four adversaries. He had 10 planes to his credit.

Americans dislike camp at French port because of mud and winter conditions.

William J. Bryan speaks for and Mr. Gompers against prohibition in the New York Legislature.

The National Wage Commission considers the advancement of wages for 1,350,000 railroad workers.

German Chancellor says Germany can consider peace only as a victor for she already holds Belgium, much of Poland, France, Russia and of the Balkans.

Jack Dempsey, the San Francisco heavyweight, wins from Bill Brennan in a six-round bout.

Twelve killed and thirty-eight injured in Southern railway wreck near Columbia.

Ninety-two are lost on Red Cross ship which sinks after striking rock off Cape Race, N. F.

Browning guns, both of heavy and light design, prove great success at official trial at Washington. All agree it to be the best machine gun.

Germans shell communicating highways.

German airplanes outnumber French planes on American sector.

Hospital and over 150 are lost in Bristol channel, having been sent down by a U-boat. Eighteen British ships sunk by U-boats in one week.

America may send 22,000 troops into Siberia, Japan has 200,000 ready to send.

United States finds that a hundred passports have been forged.

The Cherokee, a naval tug, founders off Maryland coast, 29 are lost.

Germans refuse to give up use of poisonous gas.

A bomb thrower attempts to blow up Newburg shipyards.

America will repair railroads in Spain in order to aid Pershing to transport supplies from that country.

Germans launch a 16,000 ton ship, the largest German cargo steamer afloat.

National German-American Alliance was investigated before United States Senate Sub-Committee where evidence showed that it ruled politics and schools in Wisconsin, that it aimed to destroy American democratic ideals.

Chamber of Commerce of United States votes to wage Trade War against Germany after the war unless Germany does away with excessive armaments.

Sinn Feiners in Galway burn two American flags.

Three hundred carpenters and millwrights strike in Buffalo, tying up the three million dollar Bethlehem Shipbuilding Corporation.

Two pro-German women in Trenton are compelled to kiss the American flag.

In Toronto in an audience of four thousand returned Canadian soldiers hiss down W. J. Bryan who was invited to speak on Prohibition. His attitude toward peace before the United States entered the war was the cause.

Americans repulse German attack, destroy German shelling point.

Germans gas Americans, getting twenty.

Four American soldiers are caught asleep on duty and are condemned to die.

German ministry has resigned, people are enraged because Germany has broken her promises to Spain by sinking neutral Spanish ships.

Germany demands Roumania's signature to German peace terms which demanded that Roumania give territory to Bulgaria and give Germany and Austria trade preferences.

British casualties in February were 18,000.

National Committee of Patriotic Societies reports that 11,900,000 tons have been destroyed by the submarine and that the united Allies have four and one-half million tonnage less than at the beginning of the war. The tonnage of the world is 38 millions. America needs 3 millions to transport troops and supplies. We need 7½ millions to meet the needs of Allies. Germany belittles America's possibilities in the war. Americans have not committed an overt act against Germany in her country. 1,500,000 tonnage of wooden ships by June 1 is the promised output. This will gain 500,000 tons at least on the submarine.

Already thirteen Yale aviators have died in the service.

United States will dominate world in shipbuilding after the war. Fifty vessels will be launched at Hog Island alone this year.

Prof. Stowell, who criticised Columbia faculty as Prussianistic, resigns.

Germans attack Americans with every known weapon and assault American trenches and are driven back with great slaughter. Many Americans are killed.

Japan offers to fight for Siberia against Germany to keep vast supplies from falling into German hands.

Allies do not fear that Japan will keep Siberian territory after war.

Secretary of Navy Daniels says that the submarine is being rapidly curtailed.

The third Liberty Loan drive will commence April 6.

Wilson signs bill for \$50,000,000 to build houses to shelter shipbuilders who will build ships to beat German submarine.

American built 14-inch guns are hammering the Austrians from Italian front.

Our new battleships will have 16-inch guns.

Bombs are found in Ft. Douglas prison camp probably designed to kill guards.

Russians choose dictator to fight the Germans.

Americans capture 22 German prisoners.

Andrew Carnegie gives a million dollars to McGill University in honor of Canada's service in the war.

MORAN WAS PROPERLY TRAINED.

(Continued from page 19)

ing men who saw the Willard-Moran fight were at the ringside for the Fulton fight, and remarked that Moran was in better shape than ever before. Fulton was a two to one favorite before Moran worked out in New Orleans. After the workout with Madden, the betting shifted to six to five.

I take no credit away from Fulton. He is a wonderfully improved boxer, and deserves all credit coming to him, but I just wanted to write a few words on Moran's behalf. This is a funny world. If you win in any contest, you are all right, but a loser soon finds out who his friends are. I know that the men of the 27th Division are still with Moran. If you all could have seen the gameness that Moran showed you would go Over The Top for him any time.

HARVEY W. COHN,

Division Athletic Director, 27th Division, U. S. A.

Prize of \$5.00

IF YOU MAKE ENOUGH

TEN STRIKES

YOU WILL RECEIVE

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**THE SPARTAN
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**"BATHE
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New and Modernly Equipped
BATH HOUSE

Tub and Shower Baths
Electric, Steam and Dry Heat
Cabinets

Battle Creek System—Swedish
Massages, Hot Packs—Expert
in charge this department

INDIVIDUAL LOCKERS
EFFICIENT SERVICE

*"Come Help Swell The
Waves"*

At the

ATLANTIC BATH HOUSE
109 Magnolia Street
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"Baths to Your Order"

ECHOES OF PAY DAY!

A Strange Conversation at the End of the Company Street.

Scene: End of the company street.

Cast: From 6 to 26 enlisted men.

Properties: Each man is required to have the long green: iron men, bucks, bills, sugar, tin, dough, seeds, megs, thin dims, bits—in other words, money.

One pair of bones.

(The scene opens with the whole cast in a circle. A selected man takes the cubes, and shakes them thoroughly, and throws them out upon the ground, after which he either smiles or frowns.)

Monologue.

The Kid—I shoot two bits, two bits I shoot. Whose got me? Am I loaded, all rite. Gimme air, gimme air. There they go. Oh, you little eggs! Whazat, sev. I didn't expect to see you so soon.

The four bits rides, climb on it boys, eat it up.

Whazat, all faded? Gimme a lotta room, I'm goin to clean the pastime on this roll.

Get that hoof outta the road. I wanta give em an honest toss, boys, an honest toss.

Lettem roll. Oh, you lev! Shoot the works. Oh, you little bones, got em scart!

One man I bet. Don't be afraid boys. Can't win all the time.

All set, eh! Oh, you sweet dice, a big natch. Well, well, lil six, easiest point on the cubes. Gimme a five ace, four deuce, lotta trays. Oh, kid, on the buck. Let it ride, boys, the two seeds go.

Sweet eggs, just this once dice. Lemme

Whose got me? Whose got me? Kill that, doughboys, all that tin rides. Look out, I'm comin out. Whazat? Ten! Oh, you lovely Dick.

Fifty-fifth street, dice, way up town. see your smilin face.

Gimme, gimme, gimme. Oh, kid! Just missed it. One to the north of nine bones. One to the north.

Oh, you baby! Ten right? Let it go. The four bills goes, boys. Slice it up, fall on it, but get it up, boys; I gotta see eight men before the dice leave my mits.

Lemme count it, boys; lemme count. Eight of them 'ere. Look out, I gotta have a lotta air. Oh, kid! There they roll. What's the point?

Nine, soft dough, dice. What size do I ask for when I go to buy shoes? Nine, dice. Oh, dice, sweet dice, nice dice, nine dice.

Big feet, lemme have it, bone; just once, please you dice. Five four; six tray. Gotta have room boys; gimme a chance, spread out. There they ride; nine, please, nine.

Oh, you sweet eggs! There she is, boys, nine right. Oh, you kid. Ima wolf. Nothin stops me now, boys. I got Carnegie stop-

ped when it comes to grabbin the big change. The whole fortune goes, boys.

Fade me for that eight, boys. Climb on it, but get it up, boys; get it up. Whazat, all loaded? Well, here goes the big pass, bones. Gimme that lil old four tray. Dice, listen; I'm a bum or a millionaire, dice. Don't fail me now. I'll never ask for another thing from you, dice. Just gimme that old natch.

There they ride, bones. Let em roll. Oh, boys! I'm shakin. DON'T stop me; don't hold me up; just let em roll; a long roll for the big sugar.

What's the point, boys? What is it? Three and one. Oh, you lil Joe! My old friend.

A double deuce will do it, bones; a double deuce. If you don't, Ima bum, bones; a bum.

I never missed Joe in my life. Look, dice. All that dough. All you gotta do is show these hard boileds, a deuce on each egg.

Oh, you sweet, beautiful, white bones! Joe right, thutty two flags; good American bucks. Man, oh, man! I never dragged on a Joe yet. Slice it up men, but cover it all. I'm Pittsburg Phil, and Dick Canfield all in one. Lucky Baldwin was a piker along side me. Gimme those bones, those lucky bones. Am I all set, men? Oh, boy! I never saw so much dough in my life. Sixty four of them 'ere.

Loaded to the guards, boys; this is serious. I must have air and room, room and air. Now everybody quiet. Oh, boy! for a big, sweet lev. Thas what I want, a big lev. There they go, boys, look out, let 'em ride. Whazat? Two box cars? Well, I'll be damned! I never did have no luck at this game, anyhow!

EXIT—gloomily.

PRVT. RUSSELL BROWN,
Co. A, 104th M. G. Bat

"Y" SPEAKERS.

A genial, kindly, tactful man is the Rev. H. H. Beattys, of New Rochelle. He spent a week in camp and made good, both on the platform and with the men as he met them personally. The Rev. Wilfred H. Lyon, evangelist, just back from work in France, has been speaking for a week to the men of Camp Wadsworth. Mr. Melville Trotter who was to have been here in January but was kept away by illness, comes with his male quartet, February 20. This will be one of the events of the season. Watch the announcements in your nearest Y. M. C. A. building.

COMPLETE ASSORTMENT
OF
BASEBALL - UNIFORMS

The Athletic Store

(OPPOSITE THE CLEVELAND HOTEL)

SMILES.

Be thankful if you are blessed with a sense of humor. The ability to see the funny side of railroad wrecks, funerals and army stew will make life run along like a song.

Camp is full of funny things and funny folks.

Can't you see something funny in the antics of the mongrels that infest the reservation? There's a laugh in every corner of every tent. There's a roar on every side if you will look around a bit. Even the solemnity of the most doleful creature among us is humorous.

Life itself is a joke—come on with your wails and refutations. If you learn to laugh, life in the army will be anything but disagreeable. The humorous publications by no means have a corner on wit and humor. Enough funny incidents occur daily in every company street to fill a volume of joke sheets.

Money says the most sober-minded individual in camp would have tittered had he been privileged to witness last week a certain Ethiopian golf contest in which the figures 7 and 11 play an important part. One of the men in the game had promised himself he would gamble only the \$2.00 he had won in a previous match.

Suddenly he leaped to his feet and, hoisting a lean, green roll from his pocket, exclaimed:

"Somebody here has won one of my own dollars. I didn't mean to play that."

And in this one there is at least one guffaw. A Newburg private recently carried a torn, mud-besmirched blouse to the regimental tailor, and meekly inquired what the tax would be for "overhauling" the garment. Even the tailor snickered. Surely you laugh when you encounter the man so careless with his opinion and thoughts as to allow himself to believe this division is going to France.

Wouldn't you smile if, while your company was marching, your commander should halt the outfit and inquire of a garrulous private: "Do you know what it means to march at ease?"

And the private would reply, "Yes, sir, it means to keep one foot in place."

Or perhaps it would require something bordering on a holocaust to bring a grin to your visage. If so pursue the following: A well known, prodigious private, doing 72 hours in the trenches, hid himself during the night to an ammunition niche to snatch a few winks of sleep. As the frail youth was reposing in a hole in the wall a violent storm broke, causing washouts galore. And out of a hundred holes in the walls the storm had to pick on a fatigued private's trench boudoir. Eight or ten tons of rock slipped from the mud and crashed through the top of your private's niche, alighting upon his chest. It required a squad of huskies to extricate the victim of the landslide. He was opposed to hanging out any crepe, so why shouldn't we laugh?

It would require an intellect such as few of us possess to discover any pathos in the efforts of another private we know to determine why Dick Kennedy puts a pair of nose glasses on the hat of every soldier he draws. Some of us are prone to seek after things to grumble about. Believe it or not, there is a man in camp who laughs at reveille.

I once knew a newspaper column conductor who laughed at his own stuff until his ribs ached—he had a sense of humor.

A man doesn't need a store of "Slow Train Through Arkansas" stuff to be funny or to furnish a laugh. Frank Tinney is a piker compared with some enlisted men in camp who are generally considered excellent candidates for the undertakers' fraternity. I could give the name of a man who laughed during his last tour in the trenches almost as much as he would at "Mable's" mail.

Private Pest, that plucky little Canadian soldier, came out of the hellish trenches smiling, and, despite his injuries, wrote to the American people to tell them how he did it.

Laugh and the world laughs at you.

CORP. LES ROWLAND,

Co. L, 107th Inf.

CAN'T YOU?

Can't you start in the ranks, man,

And work your own way up?

Can't you start in the ranks, man,

At the bottom instead of the top?

Can't you start in the ranks, man,

And learn what a soldier should be?

Can't you start in the ranks, man,

To fight for your own country?

CORNELIUS VANDERBILT, JR.,

Division Hdqtrs Troop.

A Just Demand.

Belgium in her peace demands asks for absolute economic, territorial and political independence as well as damages done to her territory caused by the invasion of her territory.

A War Cabinet.

An attempt has been made in Congress to form a War Board or rather a War Cabinet and a Minister of Munitions. The majority of Congressmen seem entirely satisfied with the present administration of the war, although it is admitted by all that America was woefully unprepared at the beginning and that great and grave complications and delays necessarily resulted.

Driscoll an Instructor Also.

Davis, the physical director at Unit 93 has forty men in his boxing class. He was lucky enough to secure Jack Driscoll, Company A, 2nd Pioneers, as instructor.

Driscoll is no beginner at the game. This is his seventh year in the business. In his career he has fought Joe Jeanette, Bombardier Wells, George Ashe, Jack Dillon, Jim Coffey, Miske, Moha, Weinert and Curfew.

EVERYTHING NEEDED

FOR

TENNIS

The Athletic Store

(OPPOSITE THE CLEVELAND HOTEL)

THE CORRECT TREATMENT FOR ANY COLD

Colds are contracted when strength is lowered and the inflammation easily develops Bronchitis or Lung Trouble, while Grippe and Pneumonia frequently follow and any cold should have immediate treatment with

SCOTT'S EMULSION

The National Strength Builder

Which first builds up the forces by carrying rich nourishment to the blood streams and creates real body warmth. Its Cod Liver Oil is the favorite of Physicians for correcting Bronchial Disorders and Chest troubles.



The imported Cod Liver Oil always used in Scott's Emulsion is now refined in our own American Laboratories which guarantees it free from impurities.

SCOTT & BOWNE,

Bloomfield, N. J.

102ND ENGINEERS, INFIRMARY.

The new Infirmary is now open and going in full swing. The Dental Parlors of the 104th, 105th, 106th Machine Gun Battalions, and the Engineers, are installed in the building, and the crowds going in and out reminds one of a summer hotel.

Major Goldstein is holding a Medical School for the enlisted men, which is meeting with great success. Lieuts. Bles and Fitzgerald, of the Engineers, and Lieuts. Tibbetts, Powers and Kaiser, of the Machine Gun Battalions, are assisting in the daily instruction lectures.

At the meeting of the Social Organization held last night, Sergt. Fink was elected Chairman of the Organization, and Prvt. Shay, formerly of the 71st Infantry, its Secretary and Treasurer. The boys are sure they will have some good times with this pair at their head.

Prvt. Carl Trach was promoted to a Private First Class for teaching the horses to work without stalling.

Prvt. Sweeney, our barber, is trimming all the boys for their hard earned money.

Incidentally speaking, I think this makes matters quite clear. —PRVT. L. I. S.

LOST.

One pair officers' whip-cord breeches on train leaving Spartanburg Saturday evening, Feb. 23rd, at 11 p. m. It is requested that the finder COMMUNICATE WITH the CAMP ORDNANCE OFFICE, Phone Camp Wadsworth No. 24.

DIVISION HEADQUARTERS TROOP.

We have mentioned Howard Stark during the past, for reasons usually beyond his control. This time we print his name to put a dent in his bank account. He assured us personally that he only buys G. A. when we print his name and he borrows somebody else's copy to learn that fact.

Joe Crawley, one of our medical boarders, has trained his auto truck to jump on the sidewalk when a real machine gets any where near it.

Wayman, of the Army Field Clerks' Sorority, was arrested by an M. P. in town last week for attempting to masquerade as an officer. The eyesight of the M. P. must be in poor shape.

The troop mascots are increasing in numbers. They now include a goat, dog and two cats.

There have been chicken fanciers of all kinds on the troop street ever since the camp was pitched, but the latest addition is the Pigeon Section Signal Corps, which has built two cotes under the eaves of the Mess Shack.

While home on furlough, Private Lester S. Timmins, of Syracuse, announced his engagement to Miss Helen T. Farrington, of Buffalo.

106TH INFANTRY, COMPANY G.

Corporals "Father" Solon and "Pop" Jones were out in the street Monday in nature garb spilling pails of water upon one another.

Clerk MacDonough and Mechanic McLaughlin are two of the best soccer players in the Division, if you care to believe MacDonough. We do, for he makes up the detail and guard lists.

Isn't it a fact that on your way to New York on a furlough all you see are Jacob Rupprecht's signs, while all the way back it's Coca-Cola.

The Company made a record in hiking, shooting and conduct going to and from the range that is going to be hard to beat. It speaks well for the Company and for the officers, and they are justly proud of it.

We've seen some men work hard, but when we saw our Lieut. Stevenson loading clips and shooting his rifle off while on the 300-yard rapid fire, we'll have to admit that all the other work was play.

Canteen Managers!

Give the Boys the Best
Their Money
Will Buy

OUR LINE OF

Cigars
Cigarettes
Candies

AND

Drug Sundries

Means quick sales and
satisfied patrons

GEER DRUG CO.

Wholesalers of Quality Products

Mail Orderlies Corporals White and LaQue told the writer they would appreciate his discontinuing his writings for **The Gas Attack**, for after the first news items appeared their backs were breaking carrying copies of this publication that were sent out by the men.

A lot of the men are growing moustaches for over-seas service. They will serve as camouflage, for some look like porcupine hairs, and others cactus plants.

Our modern detective, Private "Sherlock" Mongo, is hunting a clue to the thief who stole one of our outposts and the key to the drill grounds.

—CORP. W. B. W.

TRADE AT THE
SQUARE DEAL STORE



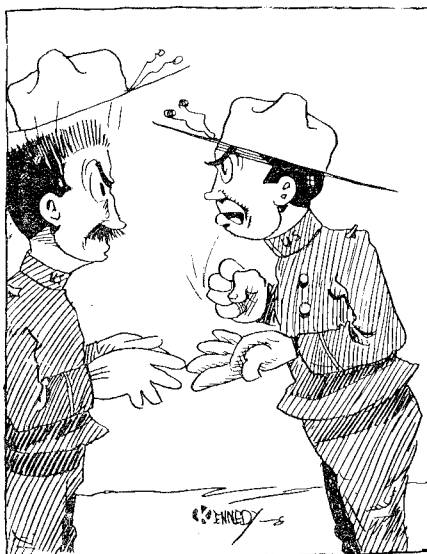
Trade at **ARNOLD'S**
DEPARTMENT STORE

Where Your Dollars Will Find Their Greatest Worth

J. THOS. ARNOLD CO.

SPARTANBURG, S. C.

SOLDIER TO SOLDIER



“Amazing”

Is What Folks Say About
The Gas Attack

Amazing is what manufacturers will admit, when they realize the tremendous field Camp papers offer an advertiser.

Take Camp Wadsworth, located near Spartanburg, S. C., as an instance.

At this cantonment are quartered 30,000 New York State men. Thirty thousand men educated to demand the best, and with the pocket-book well able to pay for it.

Who is getting their business? Surely not the firms who sit back wondering how to go about it. The firms who advertise in their camp paper; the firms who talk to them at the intimate time these men are reading their own paper, when they are looking for their own name in print. Do you get the point? They don't dare miss a single line, and are in as receptive mood for suggestion at such a time as any mortal man can be.

The Gas Attack has a weekly circulation of over 20,000 copies. We understand that over 12,000 of this number are sent home to the families of the soldiers, after reading, although we don't claim this as an additional circulation.

RATES

*Back cover page, \$125.00 per week. Inside cover pages, \$100.00 per week.
Inside pages, \$75.00 per week.*

Fractions of pages down to one-sixth of a page, the minimum amount of space we will sell, charged for on a pro-rata basis.

The Gas Attack is issued every Saturday. Copy must be in our hands 10 days prior to date of publication.

The following National Advertisers are using space in the Gas Attack:

Durham Duplex Razor Co., Colgate & Co., Interstate Electric Novelty Co.
General Electric Co., Gem Safety Razor Co., Scott & Bowne, Taylor
Instruments Co., Abercrombie & Fitch, American Ever-Ready Razor Co.

For further information, address

The GAS ATTACK, Camp Wadsworth, S. C.

**Soldiers
of Camp Wadsworth
Should
Stand At Attention
Before My Camera**

Send Home A Photograph

Our Work is Unexcelled

THE WITTE STUDIO

**Panorama and Enlarging
a Specialty**

P. E. WITTE

**121½ Magnolia Street
Spartanburg, S. C.**

**Formerly of Troop "I," First New
York Cavalry**

Phone 1402

*Just as Fast as
The Oven Can Bake 'Em*

**That's Evidence of the
Demand for**

Dixie Pies

**However, Quality is Never
Sacrificed for Quantity
Production**

**DIXIE PIES are always
the same standard
quality product**

**Insist on Dixie Pies
at Your Canteen**

DIXIE PIE BAKING CO.

SPARTANBURG, S. C.

102ND ENGINEER TRAIN.

"Short Order Bishop" would like to recommend Scotty Easson to the aviation section of the army, as Bishop says the pancakes he makes would make wonderful ballast for the dirigibles.

Well, Scotty, old boy, cheer up. The mail will be in soon and special delivery Waters will take care of you.

Our Stable Sergeant, Bill Long, sure has some lungs. Companies within the vicinity of one mile no doubt can hear old Bill's clear, melodious and echoing voice. Bill is a little noisy once in a while but he says it is his way. More power to you, Bill. But, when it comes to drilling the long eared ponies, we got to take off our hats to "Our Bill," as he sure is there with the goods.

Our little private, Eugene Ike Shine Boice, the "small town" wagoner, told Bill that there was only one kind of a mule he would clean on the picket line and that was a "dead one." Peter Horan, the most quiet wagoner on the hill was cleaning one of his mules when he noticed it had a wart on his foreleg, and Pete thought it was mud and started to pick it off. It refused to come off, so he went to J. J. Brennan, another one of Bill's trustees, and asked him if his mule had the same thing. Brennan took a look and said, "Why certainly, you chump, doze are spavins." "Lefty Carroll," another one of Bill's followers, and who hails from the Bean City, says that when it comes to driving and taking care of mules he's there. Bill also has two little country boys whom he thinks a lot of. They are "Sod Buster" Battershall and "Heck" Dwyer. These two young chaps might be Rubes, but, when it comes to the handling of animals they can not be beat.

The Engineer Train has a snappy and corking good baseball team in the field this season and is open for challenges from some of the best teams of the Division, barring none. Sgt. Long, who is the manager of the team, is very much satisfied the way the boys have been handling the "pill" in their practice games and has great confidence in his nine.

—V. A. C.

CAMOUFLAGE.

It certainly gets our angora,
It takes the "T" out of paint,
To see a boob try to be
What he really ain't!

HAPPY JOE.

MILITARY DIGNITY.

"May we have the pleasure of your company this evening, Colonel?"

"Company, madam? I command a regiment."—San Francisco Chronicle.

CAPT. JOSEPH A. MUNDY.

Capt. Joseph A. Mundy, adjutant 106th infantry, is detailed to special duty in the office of the division adjutant, vice Capt. George A. Elliott, 108th infantry, relieved.

HUGHEY RODDEN AFTER WILLIAMS.

Hughey Rodden, of the 105th Field Artillery, featherweight champion of Scotland, is anxious to meet Barney Williams, the local Army and Navy title holder.

CAPT. STEPHENSON.

Capt. Robert B. Stephenson, medical reserve corps, is transferred from the 51st pioneer infantry to the 326th field signal battalion.

TEMPORARY LAPSE.

She—"I see the Russian Moslems have declared for the abolition of polygamy."

He—"Oh, well, you can't expect everybody to be gallant in war time."—Judge.

Austrian Bolshevik.

Austria is now complaining that the Bolshevik propagandists are spread throughout all Austria and that they are especially numerous along the Russian frontier where they are converting the Austrians to make a separate peace with Russia and with the Entente.

Hurry Up With Our Furlough!

South Carolina has ratified the Federal Prohibition Amendment. This is the third state to pass this amendment. It is not effective till three-fourths of the states ratify the amendment.

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.

NO BOY SCOUTS!

Editor Gas Attack:

Just an opinion of one of the men in the 27th Division, as well as he can express himself, on one of the reasons our Division is still in training at Camp Wadsworth:

Here of late, there has been considerable talk in the companies of different regiments in the 27th Division, classifying each other as "Boy Scouts." It is the opinion of the writer that in every instance, the one expressing himself so, is the real Boy Scout of his company. Most of the soldiers in our Division do not realize whom the persons are that benefit by all this intensive drilling and strict discipline. During the Civil War a man was taken into the army one week, and the next week found him fighting at the front. They never had a large training camp or any such facilities as we have, yet many a man made himself famous in history, that could not attain success in civil life.

When the men of the 27th Division volunteered, they did so in good faith, and vowed to use all their effort in making the United States Army the greatest army in the world. But the talk of "Boy Scout" clearly shows that some are losing faith, and falling down in their vows. This should not happen at this time. The 27th Division is eager to get to the front and if the men would only buckle down and tell themselves they are real soldiers, and that the sooner everybody realizes it, why we are going to be sent after the Kaiser, and we are going to get him. It is the United States that is going to win this war, and if each man would only look upon his brother as a soldier and not sarcastically term him or some fellow in another company a "Boy Scout" instead of what he is, a real soldier, because there are a great many who will agree with the writer when he says that, after a man has drilled as our Division has for six months, he is either a first class soldier, or a quitter.

It's up to each individual soldier now, to have confidence in our officers, and his brother soldiers, but most of all to have the utmost confidence in himself. That's the way we're going to trim the Huns and most everybody will agree that the man who calls his neighbor a "Boy Scout" is not even up to the capacity of a "Boy Scout" himself.

J. A. T.

Co. A, 106th Inf.

COMPANY K, 106TH INFANTRY.

Still the same old feeling about the Supply Sergeant, all the members of the Company are waiting for the time when they will be free from the strict military discipline, and able to show the supply how to get clothing, and how to issue it.

We are all wondering why Private 1st Class Louis B. Duryea, formerly cook, was looking so tired when he returned from his furlough. I guess Old Boy, Satchel Back, Louis must have had some wild time while in New York such as telling all the folks about the battle held in the trenches, over the grub.

COLGATE'S

"HANDY GRIP"
PATENTED 1917


Because the last bit of the soap *unscrews* from the Grip—and can be stuck to a new Refill Stick—no waste—Colgate's for Economy.

The stick is the most economical form of shaving soap. As we make a shaving powder and cream also, we are in a position to give you this disinterested and helpful information. Colgate's "Handy Grip" is the Thrifty Shaving Stick. Lather with Colgate's, shave with Comfort.

COLGATE & CO., New York
Established 1806
Makers of Cashmere Bouquet Soap—lasting and refined

Now that Private Stroble has been transferred to the Motor Mechanics Regiment, I suppose the first Sergeant will have no cause to kick, for old Boy Stroble certainly did kill that song, "They go wild, simply wild, over me." But still and all, we have his side kick still with us, Harry M. Cundy.

Our acting 1st Sergeant Albert E. Rider, is certainly getting the goods out of the Company Clerks. Never-work-Al is his original name. He enjoys bunk fatigue all the time. The Lieuts. find it very hard, when they try to rouse Corporal Fitzpatrick, our Company clerk from his slumbers.

Mess Major Coyle (Yes, that's our Mess Sergeant, otherwise known as the boy Bugler of the Marines) is trying very hard to satisfy the boys on the Chow proposition. He simply has to have STEW, or Beans, 5 times a week. Never mind, give the "Boy" a white man's chance.

Our Company Tailor is trying hard for form No. 17 answers sick call every morning, and now he is a personal friend of the Surgeon.

The Company Chauffeur is out of a job due to the fact that the car (Ford) lies very deep in the mud. Yes, Johnny Lee, you are getting away with it.

Corp. A. F.

105TH INFANTRY, COMPANY C.

Prvt. Coleman is peeved. He sat up half the night cleaning his clothes for a parade, only to learn that it had been called off.

Prvt. Leo O. Haires' voice is so pathetic that when he sings even the trees begin to leave.

Cook Wistrand was asked what he would do if in doubt in preparing a meal. He replied: "When in doubt call the Corporal of the Guard."

Prvt. J. A. Murphy is a fashion plate; he even presses his shoe laces.

Cook Magle is teaching his nine kitchen kids to peel macaroni:

Sergt. Lopez drills by the numbers, walks by the numbers, eats by the numbers, and smokes by the gross.

Prvt. Noonan likes to hear reveille blow but he would like it better if it blew after dinner.

Corp. Douglas complained that his tent leaked; but he will not complain any more, as the supply sergeant charged him for a bath.

—S. G. W.

"Mandleberg"
"RAYNOFF"
 REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.
 WEATHERPROOF COAT



"The Brigadier"
 ENGLISH TRENCH COAT

Official advice from Headquarters, American Forces in France, states that this coat is the most satisfactory, as it answers the combined requirements of overcoat and raincoat and has a detachable wool lining as well.

The outside surface is made of an English fabric, densely woven and weatherproof, the permanent wool lining has an additional detachable body lining of fleecy.

These features go to make this the finest officer's service coat procurable. Thousands of army officers are now wearing this coat with an air of pride. Camp Wadsworth officers will find their coat awaiting them at Price's.

House of Kuppenheimer has sent us their finest models of Spring Uniforms in Gabardine, Serge, Whipcord and Cotton Khaki.

PRICE'S
 116 East Main Street

FIELD HOSPITAL COMPANY 106.

Our "Top" seems to have a fad writing poetry and he does it all in the wee hours of the morning. Who knows but the spirits prompt him or that he is getting his ideas perhaps, from the witch of the night.

Cook Goodrich, better known as "Cockroach," was found prowling around during sleeping hours some few weeks ago and it happened that the corporal of the guard followed him. The cook strayed all the way over to one of the neighboring unit streets in his sleep. The next time you stray like that, "Cockroach," the men would like for you to dig up a new theme for our morning breakfast.

Captain Hacker says a fireplace in a tent is great and is very much pleased with the one he is enjoying. Surely the Captain appreciates the extreme care and work that's necessary to instal one. Captain Papen can explain the building of fireplace and the enjoyment derived from one and how to get the best results from one, after it is put in a tent—Captain Papen says it's "move out."

"Slim" Prvt. Kirwin, who is now handling the allotments and insurance for the company, has a pretty hard time of it riding the bunk, walking in mud, and writing letters to his loved ones at home.

"Chisel" Private Hamilton has all the information obtainable when this Division will move and in fact can give any information desired in regard to the movement of any other troops.

"Fog-Horn" Private Rolling, who seems to be very enthusiastic about the Aviation Corps, had better put his application in very soon or he will lose out. Does the private know it requires nerve to fly and if he gets attached to the Air Traffic Regulation Squad he won't be able to touch the ground only when forced to?

A very pleasant time was enjoyed Wednesday night in our Company Mess Hall. The surrounding units proved to us that they have some very good talent. Some of our boys also performed and the feature of the evening was "Doc" Private Pedlow reciting many popular poems. "Doc" says "It's all in how you put it over, very professional-like."

"Walloper" Private Fleming of this company, is about to be transferred into Captain Hook's outfit, Sanitary Squad No. 1. The men will all miss Ed's courtesy and kindness in issuing out the O. D. pills at sick call. The Private is to get the rank of Sergeant in his new company and the men all agree he is a capable man. Congratulations, Ed.

—J. V. B.

OUT OF REACH.

"Just ask Dr. Jones to run round to my place right away. Our cook's fallen downstairs, broke her leg; the housemaid's got chicken-pox, and my two boys have been knocked down by a taxi."

"I'm sorry, sir, but the doctor was blown up in yesterday's air raid and he won't be down for a week."—Punch.

COMPANY F, 102ND ENGINEERS.

Pity the poor student cooks; one of them, namely, Private VanSteinburg, was busily engaged for almost one hour chopping flour. He might have continued his efforts had not one of the cooks taken pity on him and said it was chopped fine enough.

Private McAuliffe wishes to contradict an item about him in a recent issue which stated that a certain young lady in Spartanburg was taking him to church every Sunday. Mac says it takes more than one young lady to get him inside a church.

Corporal Olton must have a fresh bunch in his squad for he is always borrowing salt from the kitchen.

Unless Cook Harry Smith is recalled from his special detail with the wood chucks he will never be able to walk back to Camp; all he does is sleep and eat according to reports we receive.

Someone stole Private James' glasses the other night and he couldn't find his way back to Camp.

Corporal McGinty is working on a machine for use in the kitchen. He is trying to arrange it so that one turn of the handle will issue enough beans at one meal to prevent "seconds."

They call Tommy Hayes a "Horseshoer;" he wants to know why he has to work on mules.

Private Vickers has asked for a steady kitchen detail. Whenever he has been on K. P. he has been detailed to clean the storeroom. It must be a good place to sleep, Vick; or, are you afraid of hard work?

It's a good thing Private Terrell is married; he can wear his wife's umbrella back to camp whenever it rains, now.

On account of their experience while in the employ of the gas company in New York the following men expect to be appointed gas instructors: Privates Mullhall, Murtaugh, VanSteinburg, Glynn, Casey and Ferguson.

"Two strong men—one don't have to be a prize fighter"—Kehoe and King are the champs when it comes to having complaints.

Corporal Grunaw sure can punish the eats; he never seems to have enough.

Mike Wechsler—our idea of what a barrel should be like.

Dick Fraud is training on the quiet; he has aspirations of becoming a pug.

Private Olton is very careful not to sneeze for fear of displacing a few stray hairs he has on his upper lip.

Corporal Krauss and Private Callahan are out of luck as the army doesn't issue shoes large enough to fit their feet.

Huckleberry Wynn has been elected president of the "apple knockers" club.

Private Murray tries to convince everyone that he is a "regular;" guess he means a "regular eater."

106TH INFANTRY MINSTRELS.

The minstrels of the 106th Infantry made their first appearance in camp on Wednesday night, January 30th, in the Y. M. C. A. building at Unit 93. The entertainers are all from Brooklyn and were members of either the old 23rd or 14th Infantry Regiment, N. Y. N. G. To say the show was a success would be putting it mildly. The building, which was erected to accommodate seven hundred persons comfortably, was jammed to the doors at 5:30 p. m., and when the first boxing bout, which preceded the black-faced performance, was put at 7 p. m., there were at least fifteen hundred men in the building.

Much credit for the success of the performance was due to the work of Corporal David M. Johnston, of Company C. It was "Dave" as he is better known, who secured the talent, and who assisted greatly in carrying the show through to a successful conclusion. Corporal "Carnie" O'Donnell, who is sometimes referred to as the "Al Jolson" of twenty-seventh division, was easily the star of the show, providing one was looking for individualism. O'Donnell, who comes from Company H, did much to help entertain the boys on the border in 1916 and for the past four months has appeared many times in Camp Wadsworth. His comedy is original and timely and his dancing eccentric. The other end men, including Phil Maguire, of Company I, second pioneer regiment, (14th Regiment), Dave Johnston and Edward Horsley, Co. C, 106th Infantry.

Sight must not be lost of "Billy" Travis, Company G, and "Gas" Stickler, of Company C. Both come from Flatbush and together with O'Donnell, make up the now famous "Unit 93 Trio." Travis was at the piano with his clever playing. "Gas" Stickler sang the popular success, "You're All From the U. S. A."

The girls of the 106th Infantry were on hand to do their little bit, and were much admired by the officers who sat in the front seats. Eddie Crawford, of H Company, makes up good as a female and was one of the real features of the show. She appeared as Miss Anna Held in singing, "From Here To Shanghai." Sam Ellis, of the same company, appeared to a good advantage as Miss Springtime, in a specialty. Eddie is from the Erie Basin section, and Ellis boasts of Canarsie as his home. They have appeared many times in amateur theatricals "up home," as Brooklyn is now termed down South.

Phil Maguire, who was formerly with Dave Marion, sang two of the latest song successes, both of which went over big. He concluded with Sergt. Barney Toy's latest song, "Kiss My Dear Old Mother For Me." Jim Tobin scored with "Homeward Bound," and was compelled to answer to several curtain calls.

The quartette of the 106th Infantry, consisting of Privates O'Sullivan, O'Hare, Janodet and Freshler, went over big, as did the Jazz band. The musicians include Harry Freshler, Harry Beeney, Harry Fagan,

George Transon, All McHugh, Walter Boyling and Harry Baum.

DeMatteo's string orchestra was good. He was assisted by Toney Bonacorda, Joseph A. Cook, William Heck, Jack Scanlin, Jack Larson and William Ryan.

Preceding the big show Jack Driscoll put on several interesting three-round bouts between boys evenly matched.

—C. O. L.

2ND ANTI-AIRCRAFT MACHINE GUN BATTALION, CO. B.

Mechanic Charles Schineck on K. P. What? Again? How do you get that way, Charlie?

Charlie Joy just finished a new dug-out. Look out, Charlie, Finnegan is apt to put a chain on you and tie you up.

The boys that live down on the last Avenue ought to find out if railroads are an issue from the government, and if so, ought to put in a requisition that one be built from the foot of D Street to the Mess Hall, but of course if it is anything like the P. & N.—well, boys, you might as well give up all hope of being on time for chow.

Where did Sgt. Al Murray get that Smile-age book? Since he received it his side kick, Sgt. Call, has gone around with a face on him that looks worse than Capt. Simonson's dog. Never mind, Call, Al will be good enough to blow once in awhile.

What's the matter with Sgt. Major Eden? Oh, the morning reports are all wrong again.

—P. J.

105TH INFANTRY, COMPANY H.

Since Prvt. Hank Englehardt lost his job as dog-robber, he has to make up the difference in his monthly stipend on "Come 7-11." This difference, Dame Rumor says, is \$2 per month. See Hank for details.

About a month ago Corporal "Jim" Neary was ordered to report to Division Headquarters for immediate overseas duty as a steno.

The fusion point of type won't permit us to say what the former acting Sarg. thinks of overseas duty. Walking from Company H to Division Headquarters, on a rainy day, is "their" idea of overseas duty, remarked Jim. He is still a type tickler and only a couple of miles nearer France.

Here's a hop from the sublime to the ridiculous—Joseph Gordon comes down from a Hassan smoker (painter) to Mechanics Delight, the said Joseph now being the Company hammer pusher.

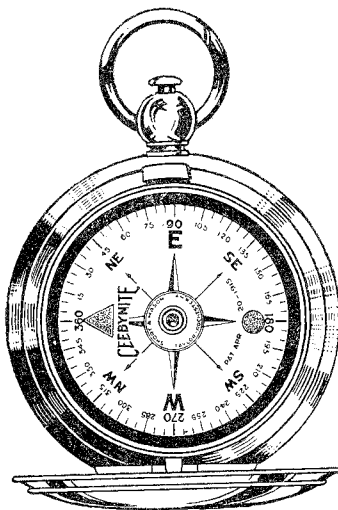
"Honest" John Blaine, the Foxy Grandpa of the company, dressed like Peary as the latter approached the Pole, left a poker game the other morning just before reveille and stood at attention, shivering from the effects of "the night before."

"Are you cold?" says the K. O.

"Yes," said "Honest" John.

"Report to the First Sergeant," said the Captain, "he'll keep you warm for the day." Shoot a nickel, John.

—PRVT. T. J. D., JR.



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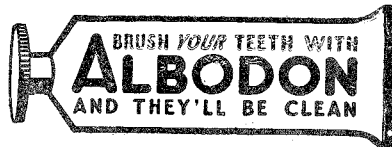
SAY: The patriotic and skillful dentists who have gone into the National Army are independent in their opinion. Uncle Sam pays them. These men of the Dental Reserve Corps have told thousands of soldiers to brush their teeth with

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WE'LL ALL GO BACK TO THE PRIMITIVE

City-bred Men Will Plunge Into the Wilds After The War.

Word has come from the battlefields of Europe that one effect of the war will be to cause men to harken to the call of the wild. They will not return to civil life. Instead they will seek out desert wastes and mountain regions—the open roads. There they will try to wrest a livelihood from nature.

This theory is advanced after observing British soldiers who have long been at the front.

"These men have been taken from their homes and their customary vocations by their government," says Corp. Derby Holmes, who has chronicled this startling reversion to the primitive. "They have been put in uniform, trained, and put in the field. Their lives have been vastly simplified. The soldier's thinking is mainly done for him. He has no thought to take for his food or his clothes or his lodging. He has no bills to pay. At home he had his obligations to the tinker and the tailor, the butcher, the baker, the candlestick-maker. In the field he is relieved of these things. The soldier has two main functions. He is expected to keep himself whole and healthy and to kill the other fellow. It is, then, quite obvious that the lives of these men have been reduced very nearly to the simplest and lowest terms of the primitive.

Like Living in the Open.

"The men like this. The clerk, the mill-operative, the mechanic, all the great body of men who were employed in city activities, have discovered that they can live in the open without a roof over their heads; that the plainest kind of plain food in plenty, along with all the fresh air in the world, keeps them at the top notch of health; and they have found that perfect health and an absence of the worry incident to making both ends meet on the miserably small pay of civil life make life worth living. The contrast between field life and the normal peace-time existence is not as strong with

the farmer as with the city man; but he too finds it agreeable on the whole.

"I say agreeable. The probability is that hardly any man in the trenches would say, if he were asked, that he liked army life. But he does, just the same—which is amply and frequently demonstrated by men on furlough. Almost any healthy, unwounded man on leave finds himself in a very few days bored to death and irked beyond endurance by the restrictions of a nearly forgotten civilization."

What of the 27th Division?

Here is something for the men of the 27th Division to think about. Will not military life work the same changes in their nature? Benjamin Bigroll, the great Wall Street banker, who has spent his years in the sounding canyons of New York and in the marble-walled lobby of his office building, will at once flee from the city as 'twere a plague. He will dash frantically to the wilds of New Jersey. There, on a bleak mountainside, he will hew himself a cabin. He will let his fortune, back in the city, go hang. He will get his own meals over a brushwood fire, and he will go pioneering over the hills, gun in hand, in quest of beasts of the field and fowls of the air.

And Jimmy Crickets, once office boy for the well-known brokerage firm of Jones, Jones & Jones, will gather together his fellow workers and go running over Africa, Central Asia, and South America.

These soldiers who have lived at the front, have learned to shoot, says Corporal Holmes, in further explanation of his theory. They have overcome their horror of death.

Can Battle With Savages Now.

"Through the experience of many hand-to-hand conflicts, they have become resourceful, defensive fighters, qualified to take care of themselves with savage men and beasts. They have worn practical, comfortable clothes until they hate the sight of a tall collar and a billycock hat. They can cook. They can eat anything or subsist on nearly anything, for they are as healthy and adjustable to conditions of feast or famine as the beasts of the field.

Some of the Features in next week's

GAS ATTACK:

A Page of Cartoons by Lauten— depicting the joys of going to the dentist.

Noteworthy Men in Camp— another interesting biography, this time of Colonel Cornelius Vanderbilt.

Ethelburt Jellyback, Private— His unique idea is to make Jim Mugrums his orderly.

Illustrations—

by Bill Breck, Don Emery, Ray Van Buren, Lauren Stout, Ram, Kennedy, Goepel, and other artists.

Humorous Sketches—

Orient Yourself, by D. H. H. and others.

Bill's Letter to Mable—

it will go merrily on.

An Article by Davenport—

Pvt. Walter A. Davenport. O. T. S., contributes to the next issue an unusually interesting account of what will happen, back in New York and other cities, when the soldiers come marching home.

A Strong Cover Design—

by Lieut. E. C. Dreher, of the 105th Infantry.

And Lots of News—

from division units.

DON'T MISS IT!

Already Making Plans.

"Moreover—and this, to my mind, is the most important phase of the matter—the men are thinking and talking about where they will go after the war, and the place in 50 per cent. of the cases is most emphatically not home, sweet home.

"Once in billets in France a new draft of rookies included a young Englishman who had been down Mombasa-way, and who knew something of the great hunting country. The Tommies fairly pounced on this chap and pumped him dry. What about the climate? The natives? Was game easy to get? Could the country be farmed? Was there metal? And so on. If about half of that batch don't go into Africa if they come through alive, I'll engage to eat an elephant."

THE POPULAR SCHOOL.

(From Rhymes of a Goldbrick.)

There's bombing school and rifle school,
there's bayonet and gas,
But detail ducking school for mine, you bet
I'm in the class.
I learn a lot of things, already I'm the first
to eat,
To-morrow my instructor takes up: "How
to Duck Retreat."
The school is run about the same as gas
instruction is,
We do it by the numbers, I will give ex-
ample, viz:
Our teacher (by the way he is an old one
at the trade),
Instead of yelling, "Gas," yells, "Duck," and
our escape is made.
And then he slowly starts his count and
when he gets to six,
There's not a sergeant in the works that
finds us for our tricks,
Range anywhere from camouflage to taking
to our heels,
And woe betide the private lad, that goes
around and squeals.
We all receive a button and we prize it more
by far,
Than any general on a horse could prize his
silver star.
You needn't know the wig-wag, or the two
armed semaphore,
But you must know just when the "topper"
steps outside his door.
Remember if you're detailed and you don't
know how to duck,
And you haven't tried to join the class—
why, you are out of luck.

—C. P. W.

105th U. S. Inf., M. G. Co.

HOT OFF THE WIRE.

Japan is collecting soldiers and may send an
army to aid Russia.

Germany demands from Russia the retention of
Poland, Luthrania, Riga and Moon Island besides
an indemnity valued at \$4,000,000,000. The Al-
lies claim an indemnity under compulsion is not
holding. Bolshevik appeal to German Socialists
for leniency.

New York farmers talk of forming party of their
own to fix prices of products.

In two days the British airmen bagged twenty-
two German planes.

Newspapers ask for coinage of a two-cent piece.

The South is urged by the government to pro-
duce more food.

The war savings certificates and stamps amount
to 1 3-4 millions daily.

McAdoo promises quick relief in railroad conges-
tion.

President raises price of wheat for 1918 to \$2.28.

Vernon Booth of the Lafayette flying corps
brings down a German plane.



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
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Who realize New Yorkers' desire for quick,
efficient and accurate service

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No Matter What the Weather—25c Each Way

HERE'S THE SCHEDULE

(Paste it up in your tent for reference)

DAILY SCHEDULE (Except Sunday)

Cars will leave Division Headquarters and Morgan Square, respectively, at 12:15 P. M. and every half hour thereafter until 11:00 P. M.

SUNDAY SCHEDULE

Cars will leave each of the above mentioned points at 8:00 A. M. and continuously every half hour until 11:00 P. M.

SPECIAL TRIPS

To the Mountains and other points of interest to suit your convenience. Get our rates for this service.

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CITIZENS OF CAMPOBELLO ON THE JOB.

Secretary C. W. Darrow recently combined a business and pleasure trip to Spartanburg and Camp Wadsworth. One object was to camouflage (dental term) the space vacated by half of an incisor which retreated from the front line before the attack of a swiftly-pitched baseball. Another obvious duty was to renew the order for more Gas Attacks for the Dark Corners Camps.

In order to serve the 104th Field Artillery, most recently arrived regiment at the range, a new site for a Y. M. C. A. tent must be selected. This is made necessary by the distance between the camps of the 104th and 105th and we might add, the mud.

Last Wednesday Camp General Secretary E. W. Leslie flivvered as far as the hill below Unit 100. He found the secretaries in charge absent, one at Camp Wadsworth, the other being on the "reception committee" for the 104th. With him were Mrs. Leslie, Miss A. B. Lockhart, of the Y. W. C. A. and Mr. T. W. Garvin.

Secretary M. E. Oakes, with the co-operation of the citizens of Campobello, has made arrangements for opening a Reading and Writing Room for the use of soldiers camped there or those who pass through on their way to the "Range."

**"GO CLEAN OVER THE TOP BOYS,
CLEAN," SAYS MR. A. H.
WHITFORD, OF BUFFALO.**

Unique Education in French.

Five words from the oldest book of the Bible, that of Job, "My record is on High," were the keynote for the address of Mr. A. H. Whitford, of Buffalo, N. Y., at Unit 95 on Sunday night last. Mr. Whitford is better known as an organizer and man of big affairs, it being due greatly to his efforts that the great Y. M. C. A. financial drive of last November was the success it proved to be. However, his talk to the men was straight from the shoulder. There was no figures of speech; everything was spoken plainly and clearly and the thought that each man was making his "Record on High" was soaked clear in. His last phrase, one of those group of words that ever lurk in the memory, was "Go clean over the top, boys, clean." Mr. Whitford's stay at Camp Wadsworth was of necessity brief, but during his stay he had time to meet many of the Buffalo boys here.

The advent of sunny weather has brought out a great deal of interest in outdoor sports, baseball, basket-ball, quoits, so that the athletic equipment of the unit is kept continually in use.

Signs in the French language have been placed about the unit in order to familiarize the men with everyday bits of French. Over the mail sacks, for letters and for parcel post are appropriate signs, movie slides are in French and the language of our sister republic is being introduced wherever possible in order to help the men adapt it the more readily to their everyday use. In the meantime Captain Stephenson's French class is progressing rapidly and another class of beginners is being organized.

Camera Club has taken on new life with a large list of members to whom are available the dark room and the equipment of the club. Good work is being done by the men, their experience helping them greatly as some have been advanced in the signal corps from the education they received in this club.

Conserve Water Power.

There is a bill before Congress to conserve the energy of the water power of this country. It is claimed that over fifty million horse power goes to waste annually in this country. That all natural resources should be utilized as soon as possible is evident to every one but there are several important problems to solve in passing any conservation laws. First, should the conservation be done by the State or by the Nation? Second, should the development be done by private parties or by the public, and third, shall there be a mid-way plan by which the public and private parties can combine in this development, and fourth, what length of time should a charter cover, if given to private parties?

GO TO THE

CHOP SUEY

RESTAURANT

*For those appetizing Chinese foods so much
relished by the New York men.*

C. M. WING, 128½-130½ MORGAN SQUARE

ANY MAIL FOR YOU?

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

Officers.

Ahern, Capt. John; Ballou, Lieut. DeF., Jr.; Ballentine, Col.; Barr, Lieut. D. G.; Barton, Lieut. R. L.; Bean, Wm. S., Asst. Surgeon; Beaven, Dr. A. W.; Bell, Lieut. L. M.; Brennan, Lieut. Stephen W.; Burns, Lieut. John D.; Burns, Capt. Wm. G.; Carter, Lieut. J. B.; Caviness, Lieut. R. N.; Cochrane, Capt. J. Edw.; Collins, Lieut. H. L.; Cooper, Capt. D. W.; Corbin, Capt.; Cullnight, Capt. Jas.; Currie, Capt. Chas.; Curtiss, Lieut. Chas. D.; Davies, Lieut. Albert; Dear, Major Wm. R.; Desford, Capt.; Dewees, Capt. O. S.; Dickerman, Lieut. H. E.; Dillenback, Lieut. Emil U.; Doolin, Capt. Edw. J.; Doyle, Lieut. Daniel; Dyer, R. E., Asst. Surgeon; Edwards, Lieut. J. H.; Eley, Capt. W. H. H.; Epstein, Lieut. Harold; Fleck, Lieut. Howard B.; Francine, Capt. A. P.; Friedman, Lieut. A.; Gage, Capt.; Gamble, Lieut. Henry; Gatters, Lieut. Chas. B.; Griffin, Lieut. L. S.; Haley, Lieut. Wm. A. Jr.; Harmon, Capt. C. A.; Hartings, Capt.; Hertz, Capt. Foster G.; Hill & Simrill, Lieuts.; Hill, Major C. A.; Hodge, Capt. G. M.; Hopper, Lieut.; Houghton, Lieut. J. T.; Innes, Lieut. W. H.; Irvin, Lieut. E. C.; Isaacs, Mr. Morris H.; Johnson, Lieut. Chas. W.; Jones, Lieut. R. L.; Kelley, Lieut. Luther H.; Law, Dr. E.; Lefferts, Lieut. Marshall C., Jr.; Lentz, Lieut. Oliver; Leslie, Capt. R. C.; Lipes, Major H. Judson; Mansins, Lieut.; McCoultin, Lieut. J.; McGitterick, Lieut. E.; Meisenbach, Capt. Roland O.; Moore, Lieut. H. E.; Morton, Col. F.; Norman, Lieut. G. S.; Orrison, Lieut. E. W.; Palmer, Lieut. Douglass; Perry, Col. Wm.; Philip, Major J. V. N.; Robbins, Major E. J.; Roinson, Capt.; Robinson, Lieut. Edw. C.; Roosevelt, Capt. U.; Ruse, Lieut. Col. M.; Sayer, Capt. John R.; Scharf, Lieut. John; Strouk, Lieut. C. W.; Sutton, Capt. Geo. W., Jr.; Taft, Lieut. Wm. H., 2nd; Tanner, Capt. A. E.; Tilford, Lieut.; Tilton, Lieut. Joel A.; Townsend, Lieut. Col. A. F.; Vonder Smith, Lieut. P. B.; Von Kummer, Lieut. F. C.; Walters, Lieut. Frank L.; Welsh, Rev. E. B.; Wisely, Lieut. A. N.; Wright, Adj. General; Zellar, Lieut. Edgar; Zimmerman, Lieut. Chas. E.

Enlisted Men.

Akien, Jos.; Allison, T. F.; Ardern, Milton; Ashley, Ira D.; Barnable, John; Barrelle, John L.; Barker, Walter D.; Barnum, H. B.; Becker, Benj.; Bellozzi, Corp. Chas.; Berg, Harry; Billings, H.; Black, Abe; Bolton, Geo.; Bolstin, Jas.; Bradley, Samuel, 1st Sgt.; Broderick, Cayne; Brown, Sgt. "Zip"; Burkhardt, J. A.; Burns, Roy; Bun, Mech. Homel; Burns, John D.; Calire, F. J.; Carman, Sgt. Geo. W.; Carthers, William; Carty, W. W.; Carrington, Jas.; Cendell, John; Chaplin, Ralph; Christler, Raymond P.; Cristh, Karl; Dodrick, Andrew; Delaney, Michael J.; DeLavan, T.; Dexter, Joseph P.; Dillon, Jack; Dobeco, Eugene; Wagner; Doscher, Fabian; Donald, Paul O.; Durward, Sgt. Wm. A.; Eichler, Wm.; Eilbacher, Felix; Elliott, Clarence; Fananzie, Joe; Follory, Waldo; Foote, W. C.; Fritzie, A.; Fuciano, Perry; Gallison, Dean; Roy; Giandomenico, G.; Gelfman, Gen.; Gilson, Geo.; Gilluly, Wm.; Goldie, Max.; Gwyn, Mho; Hagan, Walter L.; Hagood, L. E.; Haken, Wm. T.; Hall, Russell; Hallihan, Frank; Hanowig, H.; O'Hara, Edw.; Hardman, Sgt. C.; Hemen, Chas.; Herrington, Walter; Holzschik, Geo.; Howland, Edw.; Ions, Mr.; Jacop, Joe; Jeckes, Mech. Geo. H.; Jenkins, Reuben; Johnson, Horace; Jones, Ayra; Juseppe, Parist; Kelly, J.; Keiber, Fred; Kingsburg, Charles; Kinny, Jack; Kosh, R., Corp.; LaFoune, Elmer J.; Larey, John; Ledford, Cyrus W.; Leichtman, Max; Levine, L. E.; Lobou, Sam; Leole, Dan; Lyman, Clarence; Lynch, John; Maguire, James J.; Maines, Bruce; Malfort, Miss.; Marino, Peter; Marles, Helen; Martindale, Edw.; Marrow, Gus.; Mayers, T.; MacAdams, K. Stuart; McCarthy, Lew.; McDonnel, John A.; Mehl, Jack; Minehan, Chas. D.; Moore, Frank C.; Nash, Harold; Navin, T.; Nickerson, J. G.; Oakes, Mervin; Ott, O. F.; Pane, "MACK"; Parr, Geo.; Perrott, Thos. A.; Peterson, Larry; Price, Smith; Purington, Wallace F.; Richardson, Herbert; Rushlaw, Gilbert P.; Sarley, F. J.; Savidge, Lee; Schaefer, Ernest; Schanberger, Jack; Schermerhorn, Sgt. C. E.; Schiffer, Ervin S.; Schringer, Holoman; Schnurr, Chas.; Seager, Corp. W.; Seggman, Henry; Sepek, John; Seivers, Walter A.; Shackle, Geo. R.; Shepard, Geo.; Singleton, P. R.; Skinner, Sgt. W. W.; Smith, Sgt. Fred W.; Spohr, Corp. H. Norman; Sprague, Ralph O.; Toohill, Jas. A.; Trew, Wm. R.; Tuttle, Ed. C.; West, Lyman B.; Waite, Papleton; Whiting, G. B.; Whittier, Irving; Wedie, Earl; Wiekmark, Herbert; Whitney, Wm.; Woods, Sgt. Joe; Williams, A. A.; Woodsworth, Harold; Wool, Morris; Zothe, Nick; Young, Harold O.

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\$1.00
Complete

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

*Adopted by
Uncle Sam for
Army & Navy*

TRADE MARK FACE



IF THIS BE TREASON, MAKE THE MOST OF IT!

Chilled by the north winds, drifted with snow,
Always in slush wherever you go,
Mud when it rains, 'way up to your belt,
Places where bottom could never be felt.

Winds that loosen the teeth from your head,
And sometimes make you wish you were dead,
Days go by and the sun never shines,
So we are frozen clean to our spines.

Winter is over everywhere else,
October comes 'round before the ice melts.

Round about June the weather is clear—
Then we are all snowed in for a year.
How in Hell does the cotton grow here?

Corporal Monahan,
Co. E, 102nd Ammunition Train.

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L. C. SMITH BROS'. TYPEWRITERS

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*Watch the Pleased
Expression
After the First Bite
of*

PEANUT KRISP

*and Such a Contented
Feeling After Each
Succeeding Bite*

At Your Canteen 5c.

GEORGIA CAROLINA
CANDY COMPANY

SPARTANBURG, S. C.

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

105TH INFANTRY, COMPANY G.

"Embalmer" Joe Michel has taken charge of the kitchen. He promptly won the flag awarded to the company having the best culinary department. All the boys patted Joe on the back, and Joe has a grin across his broad facial expansion, but if Joe loses the flag—what then?

"G" Company is a healthy company. Lieut. Brown's physical training keeps the men in excellent condition.

DeForrest, McClelland, Finkernagel and Ingram have a new sketch entitled, "Do you See My Moustache?" Joe Colin, the company barber, is directing the sketch, and has great difficulty in getting the different parts out.

"Gambling" Jack Rousa, of Gloversville, the movie hero, is trying hard to break "Snooze" Joe Glynn's sleep record. Stick to it, John.

"Baby" Joe Hickey, of the "staggering" squad, says there is no need to worry about the shortage of equipment. He claims we will have plenty after the first drive.

"Sol Kopf seems to have the blues lately. Now that the quarantine is lifted, "Sol," you can get a pass. "Funny "Sol," how you should let your heart run away, after holding it so long.

Thomas Glennon, the Woodside philosopher, claims the war is a "frame up."

Walter Goellnitz, also of Woodside, has finally succeeded in getting his South Carolina discharge. Walter, the powder don't smell so awfully bad. It didn't harm "Dave" any.

Lieut. Maxson has worked wonders with the Fourth Platoon. They are now called the "Snappy" Platoon. Lieut. Maxson has a right to be proud of his boys.

RICHARD V. HAYDEN.

53RD PIONEER, COMPANY M.

The following were promoted to sergeants: Corp. "Bandy" Reichmann, Corp. Geo. Trabold, Corp. Geo. Hackett, Corp. Chas. Hoffman, Corp. Edw. Currie, Corp. John Menkin, Corp. Joseph Bolin, Corp. Fred Koch.

The following were promoted to be corporals: Prvt. "Al" Brozik, Prvt. "Happy" Sheridan, Prvt. "Red" Donnelly, Prvt. Frank Stransky, Prvt. William Harrigan, Prvt. Adam Stadelman.

Privates are scarce now in our company.

Prvt. Ed. Clancy, our rifle artist, has been promoted to mechanic.

Srgt. Bolin and Koch are on furloughs in Brooklyn.

Our supply sergeant is all there. Did you see his boots?

Sergt. Katz is expecting to transfer to the ordnance department.

Sergt. Duffey, our new mess sergeant, is sure doing some good work. Those pies and biscuits are like the kind mother makes.

Sergt. Currie has abandoned the idea of growing a moustache.

—A. B.

With the Chorus Girls of Camp

(Continued from page 3)

Her father is played by Pvt. Harry Gribble, whose last stage appearance was in "The Masquerader," with Guy Bates Post. When, in the part of old Mr. Bronson, he comes into this remarkable play, he likes the house so well that he says it reminds him of the dear old Moulin Rouge in Paris.

Now, if that isn't enough to stimulate curiosity in the division show, nothing could be. One of the cast who will help make the show successful is Jack Roche, of the Sanitary Detachment of the 108th Inf. At the tender age of eleven he was lured from coast to coast as a boy soprano. Later he studied in Paris. He then took up dancing. He was selected as Mrs. Vernon Castle's partner in "Watch Your Step," and last season was with Elsie Janis at the Century. Another actor whose "stuff" will aid in putting the show over is Jack Mahoney, who plays a colored comedian.

The complete cast of the performance follows:

Female Chorus.

G. Carr, Co. A., and W. M. Bramman, Co. C, 105th M. G. Battn.; H. J. Reech, Co. E, 106th Inf.; J. J. Sullivan, Co. B, 106th M. G. Battn.; H. Plassman and D. Mitchell, Hdqtrs. Co., 106th F. A.; H. Hilton, Co. A, J. McNally, Co. D, A. Street, Co. G, and R. M. Heft, Co. H, 107th Inf.; W. Pauly, Co. A, M. P.

Dancers.

J. Cullen, Co. D, 102nd Engineers; J. D. Downey, Hdqtrs. Co., 105th Inf.; Corp. J. A. Donnelly, Hdqtrs. Co., and D. Scammacer, Bat. B, 105th F. A.; C. Fleming, M. G. Co., 106th Inf.; E. Tierney, Co. A, 107th Inf.; A. Fitzpatrick, Co. D, 107th Inf.; and S. O'Hearn, Base Hospital.

Male Chorus.

J. J. Jarrett, Sup. Co., 104th F. A.; R. J. Timmins, Co. B, 105th M. G. Battn.; J. Cluny, M. G. Co.; H. Doughety, Hdqtrs. Co.; H. M. Cundy, Co. K, and LeRoy Beers, Co. M, 106th Inf.; E. O'Leary, Co. A, and E. H. Downey, M. G. Co., 106th F. A.; A. Cooper, Sup. Co., C. Lacey, Co. A, R. E. Nelson, Co. A.; J. Johannes, Co. H, H. A. Unger, Co. H, 107th Inf.; O. Kuhl, Sup. Co., 108th Inf.

The Cast.

"Al" Carlton, alias Livewire Al. Russell Brown
Brightlights Syd Marian
Bill McGraw, alias Reddycash.... Curt Karpe
Amos Bronson, a wealthy merchant.....
..... Harry Gribble
Arlene Bronson, his debutante daughter
..... Walter Roberts
Barrington Booth, an actor..... Stanley Wood
Jacke le Mar, a cabaret artist.... Jack Roche
Kennedy, a vaudevillian..... Artie Kennedy
Hughes, a dancer..... Stanley Hughes
Sally La Bergere, a star from the chorus
..... E. Albert Crawford
Committee: Major Loree, Capt. Barnard,
Lieut. Franchot; treasurer, Lt. Franchot.
Master carpenter, Sgt. Harold E. Prince.
In charge of souvenir program, Pvt. Joseph
Craven, Co. M, 107th Inf.
Press agent, Pvt. Jack Collins, Co. A, 105th
M. G. Battn.

It is difficult to write any more about this play without getting thirsty; for the last line heard in retreating from the rehearsal, was one of Sally's:

"Mr. McGraw, please buy me a drink. I haven't tasted wine in three weeks."

C. D.

Ideas of Ethelburt Jellyback

(Continued from page 9)

"Sam, I shall now walk back to the fifth floor and shake the door again. I shall do it as a matter of discipline. See that you respond this time."

Saying which, I mounted the stairs to the fifth floor again, and waited to be brought down by Sam.

Slowly I heard the car coming up, and Sam's nearing voice, hilariously.

"Thet's the funniest thing this niggah evah heard tell of. Yas, suh, the funniest—"

"What's the matter?" I demanded.

"The mattah? There ain't nothin' de mattah, Mistah Jell'back—nothin' 'cept thet the young lady yo' all wuz waitin' for has done gone 'way with thet fine lookin' soldier o' hern. But if you'all prefers ridin' with me, 'stead of traipsin' 'long with thet young ledy, jes' jump in. I'se ain't flattered, though, Mistah Jell'back—jes' inconvenienced."

C. D.

COMPANY C, 107TH U. S. INFANTRY.

Sergeant Green and Corporal Webb have been appointed instructors of the "Automatic Riflemen." Wish you luck, boys.

Captain Raecke had a telegraphy instrument installed between his and the First Sergeant's tent last week. Corporal Hall was the electrician. You will have to make it snappy now, Sarg.

"Red" Seitz and Gallegher demonstrated, to the satisfaction of the boys, last week, that they are well versed in the manly art of self-defense. "Red" sure is some battler.

"Bill" Searle said his best picture is the one in which he has his "Gas Mask" on.

Here's one on Jack Lee. Corporal Lee was "on the street" one day last week and Corporal O'Reilly offered to take a message, also some flowers to his (Jack's) lady friend. The result was that O'Reilly captured Lee's lady friend. Tough luck, Jack.

Logan and Davis were at the Y. M. C. A. one night last week, and Davis was kept very busy trying to teach Logan to spell. Davis managed to keep cool and collected until Logan asked, "Dave, how do you spell Y. M. C. A.?"

In the near future there is to be a boxing tournament held, the events will be opened to the feather, light, welter, middle and heavyweight classes; now it's up to you to get ready for it.

Anybody wishing to box can see Private Delehunt of our company at any time and he will be glad to offer his assistance as well as the gloves. Get busy now and see what you can do.

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Community Club for Enlisted Men

Rapid progress is being made by the Fiske-Carter Construction Company in the remodeling of the old Rudisail building for the Community Club for Enlisted Men. All of the building material is on hand and the entire shipment for the 24 showers and 6 tub baths is also here. The furnishings, including comfortable chairs and settees for the lounge and the canteen outfit has been ordered by Mrs. Chauncey J. Hamlin on a recent trip to New York City. To the earnest and active efforts of Mrs. Hamlin and Mrs. Walter H. Schoellkopf, two influential women of Buffalo, is due the advancement which this fine project has made.

Through the splendid initiative of these women in co-operation with Col. George Albert Wingate, of the 105th Artillery, the corporation was formed to be known as the Soldiers Club for the erection and operation of a free club for the men at Camp Wadsworth under the auspices of the Spartanburg War-Camp Community Service. Several thousand dollars has been subscribed by the army ladies and their friends in New York State.

Later financial assistance was secured from the Playground and Recreation Association of America upon whom the responsibility for the war work in communities adjacent to training camps has been placed with the management of the club has been transferred to the Spartanburg War-Camp Community Service. The club soon will be completed and its many facilities and comforts will then be available to the men at Camp Wadsworth.

The board of Managers consists of the following persons: Col. George Albert Wingate, Chairman; Dr. L. Rosa H. Gantt, Vice-Chairman; Mrs. Chauncey J. Hamlin, H. B. Carlisle, Mrs. Walter Horton Schoellkopf, H. Frank McGee, E. F. Bell, J. C. Evins and T. W. Garvin.

When completed the club will have a large lobby, which opens into a good-sized entertainment hall. The two can be thrown together for assemblies and dances, and it is planned to have something going on every night in the week. The entertainment feature will be in charge of the following committee: Mrs. Chauncey J. Hamlin, Mrs. Charles L. Phillips, Mrs. Walter H. Schoellkopf, Mrs. Walter Montgomery Miss Margaret Michie, Mrs. Joseph W. Seligman, Charles O. Hearon, Paul Kennedy, and L. W. Perrin.

One of the attractive features of the club will be the canteen for serving very simple but good wholesome food at a reasonable price. It will be known as the Home canteen and will be in charge of a group of Spartanburg and army ladies with Mrs. Carrie K. Earle as commandant. The following team captains have been appointed, who will be in charge on their respective days with a team of 15 ladies assisting: Mrs. J. C. Evins, Mrs. J. Mayhew Wainwright, Mrs. Alexander Lehmann, Mrs. W. G. Lee, Mrs. L. M. Thibadeau, Miss Margaret Michie and Miss Taft.

This canteen service has already been organized and in operation in the Enlisted Men's Club in the Woodman Hall. It will be transferred to the new club upon its completion.

FIELD HOSPITAL NO. 106 COMPANY.

"Hoover" Paul J. Wright is overjoyed that he is a student. "Hoover" says it puts him in mind of the days long past when he used to "zip" it from school. The student is going to college, far be it, but is learning the art of peeling spuds and making heavy pastry. The name of the school our student is attending is "Want Not, Eat Not."

"Sanitation" Sergeant Francis T. Colton seems rather interested in the lectures delivered by Captain Taylor of late on the various kinds of gas and their effects. Does the sergeant know the ingredients of the gas in soda pop? Our "Top" Sergeant First Class Folsom says the only way to know the effect of gas is to be a little slow in putting the mask on in the gas house. Tell the boys what you know, Harry.

"Gloom" Private First Class Philip Gardener happened to get off his bunk the other day thinking that mess call sounded.

"Gravy" Farrier Paul McLaughlin is continually talking to the Ouija Board. The men are wondering what "Gravy" would do if the Ouija met with an accident and got lock-jawed.

"Ike" Private First Class Thomas Curnin, our mail man, says "Patience is a virtue," especially when you are a mail man. The mail man is blamed for the letter not getting here, that she promised to write—tough job, "Ike," I know.

"Speed" Private Griffin Holloran says it's a hard matter for one to write a letter in these hard times, when postage is so expensive. "Speed" is continually sending home old newspapers—at last, the problem is solved.

—J. V. B.

ENGINEER DEPOT DETACHMENT, 421:

We have deserted our friends, the Q. M., and have transferred our mess attentions to the Ordnance Corps. So far, so good.

Our bucks have had another addition. Now it is Louis Brown, who hails from the Military Police, via the 106th Infantry.

Corporal Sise conducted a tour of Greenville a week or so ago, together with Joe Connors, Green and Byer, and they came back with flying colors. At that it is surprising that they did not bring the town along in their pockets.

Corporal Joe Connors has been maintaining a very peculiar sort of correspondence with a damsel of the Middle West—Missouri—but she doesn't seem to be so very much from Missouri at that.

Charlie Haug and Green are still running races to see what they can do in the decoration line. The latest to receive attention have been our own tent doors.



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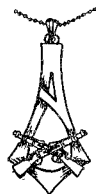
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MAKING HER ACQUAINTANCE.

Visitor (at private hospital): Can I see Lieutenant Barker, please?

Matron: We do not allow ordinary visiting. May I ask if you're a relative?

Visitor (boldly): Oh, yes, I'm his sister.

Matron: Well, well! I'm very glad to meet you. I'm his mother.—Ladies Home Journal.

Jones was a raw recruit just arrived. The second day of his army life he was put on the picket line grooming horses. The stable sergeant having given the command to groom, sauntered around to see how the work was progressing. He found Jones with an anxious and expectant look on his face.

"Well, Jones, have you groomed your horse?"

"Yes, sir," he replied obediently.

"Have you cleaned out his hoofs?" Jones hesitated.

"No, sir—he's been standing on them, sir, and I've waited over ten minutes for him to lay down."

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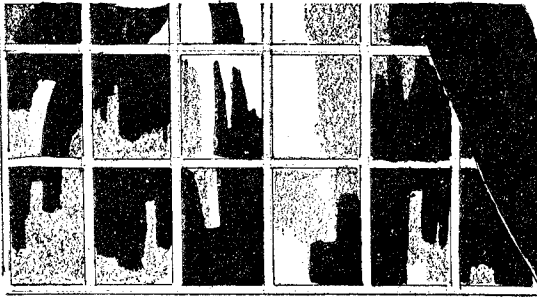
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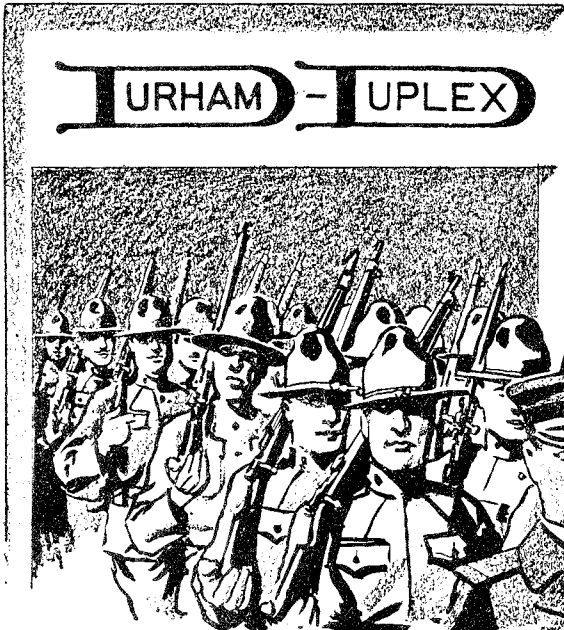
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