

GAS ATTACK

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

Vol. 1

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

No. 18



O, gallant men who probe the wiles
Our cunning enemies prefer,
Behold this vision which beguiles,
And study camouflage from her.

PRICE TEN CENTS

Next Week the Gas Attack will have for features:

"As You Were"—a novel and interesting cover, drawn by Pvt. Ray Van Buren, Co. E, 107 Inf. You know Van Buren's illustrations, artistic and zippy. This is one of 'em.

A Little Journey to The Land of The Sky—a story of a trip to Asheville by Pvt. Richard E. Connell, the editor.

Army Appetites—a sketch that deals with a topic of universal application these days.

Confessions and Confidences of an Artilleryman—further humorous revelations by S. S., this time about non-coms.

On Most Any Saturday or Sunday Afternoon—a full page of cartoons by Pvt. Elmer Lauten, H. C., 108th Inf.

Optimism and the O. T. S.—an article on a feature of the officers training school by Pvt. Walter A. Davenport.

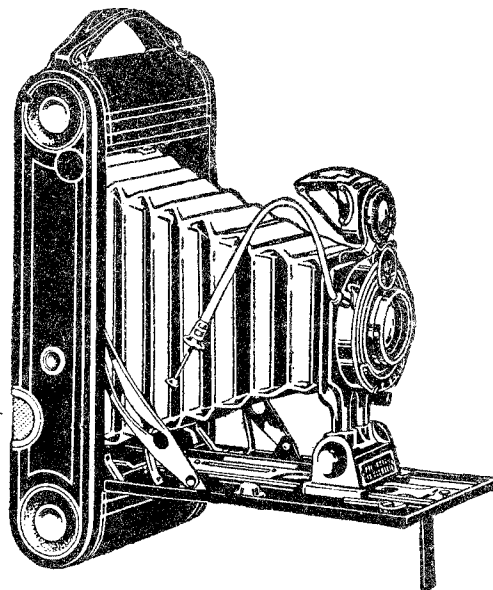
Ethelburt Tends the Incinerator—another episode in the tempestuous life of Jellyback, by Pvt. Charles Divine, the associate editor

The Very Latest Camp News—which we can't announce in advance. It hasn't happened yet
And other articles and pictures.

Doing The Camp With Susie—Pvt J. A. Elsaser, Co. B., Ammunition Train, describes a sight-seeing trip.

First Aid To The Soldiers

Eastman Agency for Kodaks, Kodak Films and Supplies, and Vest Pocket Cameras. We have enlarged our Camera and Film department, and a new and complete stock of Cameras and accessories have just arrived.



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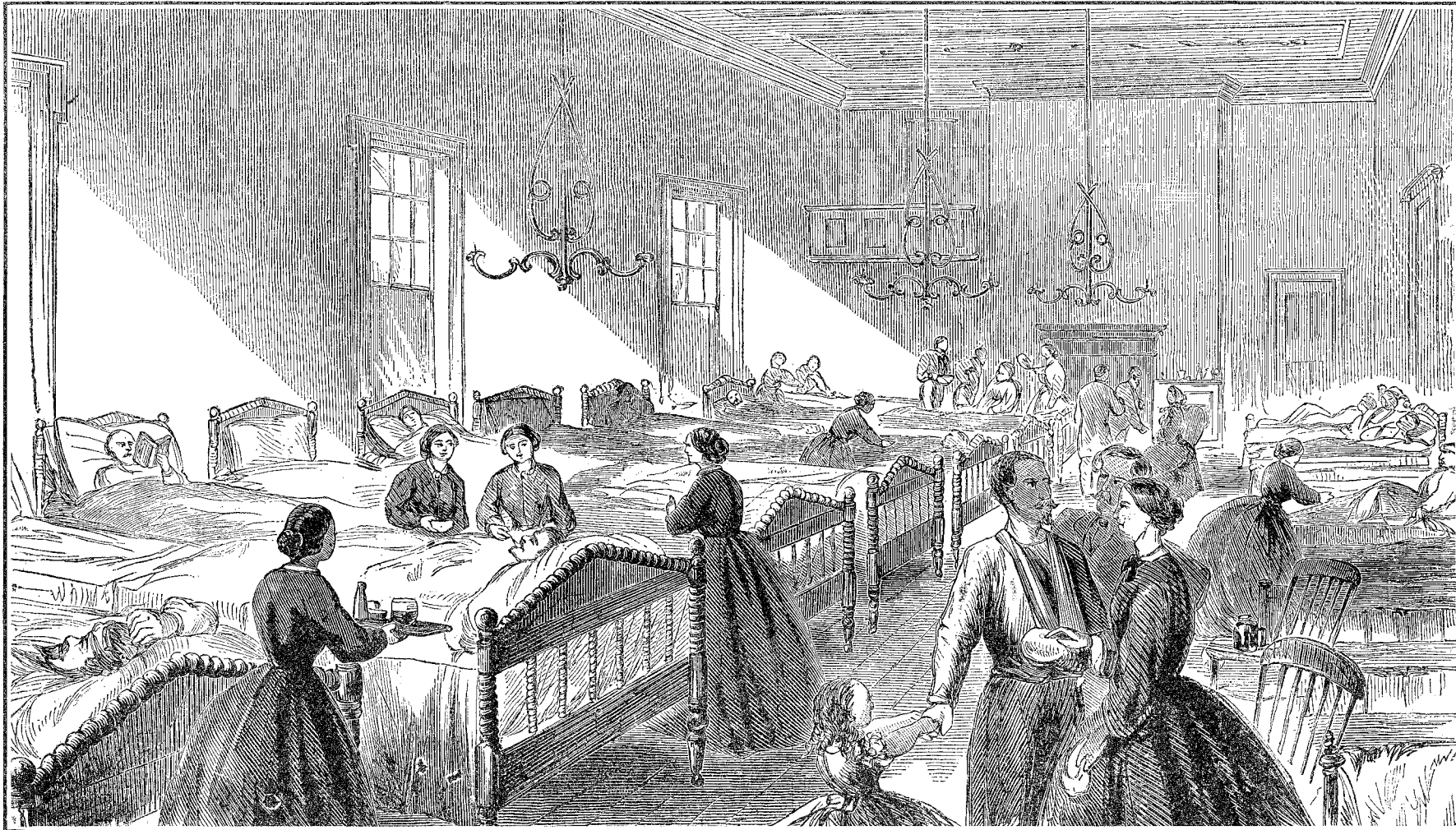
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INSTITUTION FOR BUNK FATIGUE.

This shows a Sabbath morn scene in the newly erected institution for bunk fatigue. Here soldiers too tired to drill or work are invited to luxuriate at their leisure. Notice the commodious beds. Throngs of visitors are here, with sweets and nosegays for the weary soldiers, and sweet-faced nurses hurry quietly too and fro, hither and yon, back and forth, here and there, with cooling drinks and French pastries. There is an air of stir and bustle. Notice the bustle. The great room is done in mauve and heliotrope and has ornate chandeliers hanging from the ceiling. They are in the style of Louis XV, known as Louis the Quince; and rightly so. Notice the look of expectation on the faces of the ill soldiers. They are waiting eagerly for the regular Sabbath morning concert, to be given by the Young Ladies' Jazz Band of Converse in the offing. Notice the offing. The child in the front of the picture is six years old.

THE SECRET OF LEADERSHIP

An Inspiring Talk By Lieut. Col. Applin of British Army.

Nearly every officer in Camp Wadsworth, including the 500 men of the officers' training school, heard the lecture by Lieut. Col. George Applin, of the 14th Hussars, British army, recently. The auditorium of Converse College was filled when Maj. Gen. O'Ryan introduced the speaker. Officers were filing into the hall even after Gen. O'Ryan had started to make the presentation.

The Fatal Four Minutes.

Col. Applin looked at his watch as he faced the audience. "It is now four and a half minutes after ten o'clock," he said. "If, when you get over yonder, you are ordered to go over the top and you start four and a half minutes behind the appointed time, you will be wiped off the face of the earth. It is much easier to go to a lecture than it is to go over the top. If you can't get to a lecture on time, what is going to happen to you when you get orders to go over the top at a certain hour?"

Col. Applin let that soak in, and then he said, "The old adage that time is money no longer applies. Time is life. It is human life. And every day that we delay here is costing lives over yonder. Every day that the people of America delay backing up the army that they have sent across, means the loss of lives in that army."

"We have come over here to help you, if we can," said the speaker. "We want to help and advise with you, so that you may avoid the mistakes that we made, the mistakes that the French made, so that you will not have to pay the price that we paid."

Never Such a War Before.

"There never has been such a war as this. In the summer of 1914 the Germans had the most perfect war machine the world had ever seen. It was not merely an army; it was a whole nation. It was organized and disciplined. There was not only intelligent direction, but there was absolute obedience to orders all along the line. I say it was the most perfect war machine the world had ever seen, and it was. You notice that I use the past tense. For it is no longer the most perfect. We have just as good discipline, it is even better. We do the same things Germans do, and do them just as well, only we do them quicker. That is the advantage we have, and will keep. And it is the thing you must do, if you are to be effective in this war.

Discipline Indispensable to Success.

"Military training not founded on discipline is like the house that we are told of in the Scriptures. No matter how intelligent your officers and men, no matter how good the training may be, if it is not founded on discipline it will be like the house built on the sand and it will not stand the storms of war.

"The Germans think the United States can not have discipline in their army because this is a democracy. The Kaiser says he does not fear the entry of America into the war because the American army will never have discipline. And if the Kaiser is correct in his view, then I tell you frankly that the sooner you get out of the war the better.

"The German discipline is that of brute force, founded on fear. You know that German officers slash their men across the face if they do not stand at attention and salute smartly; you know German officers have driven their men into battle at the point of their revolvers. Methods of that kind can produce discipline of a kind.

The Discipline of Democracy.

"But there is another and better kind of discipline. It is the discipline of democracy. It is founded on mutual confidence and respect between officers and men. The British army has it, the French army has it. I don't know just how we got it, but we've got it. Every man in the British army clicks at a given command, just as the lock of his gun clicks when he pulls the trigger, and the whole nation is behind the army. The people are supporting us, they are working for us, and making sacrifices for us." Here Col. Applin paid a high tribute to the work of the women of Great Britain since the war started. "Women," he said, "are working in many industries, particularly in munition plants, and they are proving their efficiency and devotion in a thousand different ways."

"Discipline and efficiency mean the same thing," said the speaker. "Or putting it differently, discipline is the instant and willing obedience to every order, and in the absence of an order to what you believe that order would have been. The obedience must be instantaneous, and it must be willing. Tardy obedience is not discipline, and it can never bring efficiency."

Live for Your Country.

"Not long ago I talked with a commanding officer who pointed with pride to his men and said: 'Every one of them is willing to die for his country.' Of course. Almost any man will die for his country, but we don't want your men to do that. We want them to live. We do not want them to give their lives, but to give themselves. To give self may be an even harder thing, for it means rigid discipline, absolute obedience to orders. Discipline, instant and willing discipline, is a means to protection of life, and that is a thing we are striving for as we go along.

"The man who will win this war," the speaker continued, "will not be the officer who gives the commands, but the officer who executes them. This applies to every officer, of every rank, on down to the platoon commander. Discipline, prompt and willing obedience to orders rests with equal force upon all of us."

"And let me tell you," he went on, "you can never lead men unless you have trained them. It is a great privilege you young officers have of training men. You must make them respect you and love you if you would get the full measure of discipline, and you can do that if you try. Begin by respecting and loving your men and observing a rigid discipline for yourself, and it won't be long until you will find them responding to you. They will give you just as much as you give them, and more. Would you know the secret of command. I will give it to you, and I want you to memorize it and carry it with you always:

Memorize This.

"STRENGTH OF CHARACTER, MULTIPLIED BY DETERMINATION, PLUS TACT, EQUALS POWER TO COMMAND."

"That is the secret. Get it quick, and get it here, for you can't get it over there. Discipline must be learned here, for it will be too late after you get into the thick of the fight. It will be too late then. If you haven't got discipline by the time you get over there you will bring disaster upon yourselves and upon those around you, and those who are depending on you."

Esprit de Corps.

Further on Col. Applin said, "I have heard that you think you have the finest division in the American army. I am not here to pass judgment, but I do tell you that is a fine spirit to have. But it should go further. You should think that yours is the finest platoon, in the finest company, in the finest regiment, in the finest brigade, in the finest division. It will do you good to say that, and believe it, and try to make it true. Get that spirit yourselves, and it won't be long until your men have it, and your discipline will come easy. It will be a matter of pride then. It will not be irksome, if it ever has been."

Col. Applin's peroration was thrilling. "Gentlemen," he said, in a quiet even voice, which penetrated every corner of the great hall, "one hundred and fifty years ago your people went to war. Do you know what it was all about? Do you remember your declaration of independence? Do you remember the opening sentence, which declares that 'the American colonies are, and of right ought to be, free?' That declaration, gentlemen, was never denied by the British people. It was denied by a mad German prince who sat upon our throne and attempted to control our destinies and yours, just as another mad German prince today denies the declaration of freedom of your spokesman, your great President Wilson. British people are glad today, and always have been, that you won that war of a hundred and fifty years ago, for you preserved liberty for nations as well as individuals; you preserved liberty for the weak as well

(Continued on page 9)

GAS ATTACK

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

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PRICE, TEN CENTS FOR THIS ISSUE.

Address, GAS ATTACK, Camp Wadsworth, Spartanburg, S. C.

Subscription terms, \$1.50 for 3 months.

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CLICK.

"Every man in the British army clicks at a given command just as the bolt of his gun clicks when he pulls the trigger."—Lieut. Col. Applin of British Army to officers, and O. T. S. of Camp Wadsworth.

Take up your rifle. Pull the trigger. If your gun is a good gun, in good condition, the bolt will **click**. It won't click any old way. There is just one right way for it to click to explode the cartridge and that is the way it will click. Suppose that instead of clicking the right way, the scientific way, the best way, it clicked when, and how it pleased. You would call it a useless weapon. You'd hate to have to defend your life with it. Wouldn't you?

You—as a soldier—are as much a part of a machine as your rifle bolt. If you do not click, you turn a good machine into a bad machine. If you click too slow or too fast, or if you click to suit yourself and not just the way you are told—the right way—how do you expect your machine is going to beat the German machine in which every man clicks with precision and promptness?

It is absolutely essential that the parts of a machine **work together**. When you pull the trigger of your rifle you must be absolutely sure that the firing pin will hit the cartridge squarely. There must be nothing haphazard, nothing casual about the process. If the bolt, or any part of it won't work, the gun is no good. If the bolt or any part of it delays, even for a fraction of a second to function properly, the gun is no good. There must be no delay, no failure to do the definite job.

We have a definite job. And we must learn to **CLICK!** We, in the army, sometimes accuse the people in civil life, or some of them, at least, of being asleep, of not comprehending the seriousness of the task we have undertaken.

"Why," we say, "they don't know that there is a war going on."

We, presumably do. What are we doing about it? We are being instructed and trained and drilled, it is true. But the most thorough instruction, the most intensive training, the most protracted drilling accomplish only about half what they should, if they find us careless, indifferent, **unwilling to learn to click**.

Major General O'Ryan, who understands the psychology of **clicking**, is noted for his insistence on the details of discipline. He knows, for example, that the habit of clicking is helped in its formation by prompt and proper saluting. He knows that a man who habitually clicks to a smart salute will be alert under fire, and will carry out his orders with dispatch and thoroughness, because, subconsciously, the habit of clicking has become so much a part of his mental make-up that he clicks automatically in any emergency.

The responsibility of clicking rests with **EVERY** soldier. Don't shirk it. We are here to learn to click. If we won't learn, we are worse than slackers. A slacker, at least, is not in the way. He does not block the machinery. A soldier who won't click is in the way. He does block the machinery.

Remember this: to beat the Hun we must have a better machine than he has. To have a better machine than the Hun, every man of us must **CLICK!** Memorize that.

R. E. C.

A BARGAIN FOR YOU.

Only four per cent. of the men in camp are not insured. And they still have a chance. The final date for them to protect themselves and their families through the very liberal government insurance plan is April 12th. Also up to April 12th men can raise the amount of insurance they originally took out up to the maximum amount of \$10,000. By now every man in camp must know of the advantages of the government insurance plan. If he doesn't, there is an officer in his company who can tell him all about it.

Government insurance is just about the biggest bargain there is these days. The men in the New York Division have realized this and to date have taken out \$270,753,000 worth of insurance. Only a few have failed to get in on this. April 12th is the last day. Better sign up now.

WHAT COUNTRY PAPERS CALL A "PUFF."

We hate to talk about ourselves. We hate to indulge in what the Russians call "Bullshiviki." But we think you ought to have the fact called to your attention that your magazine, **The Gas Attack**, has now grown to 40 pages, and has a circulation of 20,000. Also there are those who say that it is far and away the best camp magazine. We are not in a position to dispute this. If it is so, it is but natural, for it would be only proper that the New York Division should have the best publication.

All of us want to cultivate that attitude. We want to feel that anything the Division gets behind is going to come through to splendid success whether it be a magazine, a show, a trench raid or an enveloping movement. Pride cometh before a fall. True. But the fall that the pride we have in our Division comes before isn't going to be our fall. We give you three guesses who is going to do the falling. Right, first time.

R. E. C.



A SOLDIER'S LETTER TO HIS SWEETHEART.

Dere Mable

I aint arrested no more. Im back to work again. I aint worreing though cause if things keeps on the way there goin Ill be arrested again pretty soon. I know now why they call it arrest. No drill or nothin. All a fello has to do all day is go around with a pick and shovel and dig.

Were still firin away at the range but we havnt hit it yet. If they keep firin amunishun around much longer they wont have nothin left to fire at the Germans but the guns. Eh Mable? Thats the kind of thing Im always sayin in line. Keeps the fellos from gettin depressed.

I learned one thing about artillery. It aint as dangerous as I thought. They fire at what they call a target but it aint like any target I ever saw. It aint got circles round it or nothin. Every time they shoot they make a little dot on a piece of paper to show where the torpedo hit. The idea seems to be to hit all around the target but never to land one on top of it. If I was out there Id make a be line for the target and sit tight till it was all over. Then someone says "The center of impact hit the target clean as a whistle." And they all seem awful pleased. From all Ive seen if the Germans will any land me on the head with a center of impact I wont feel Ive got any kick coming.

I was out with Angus McDonald on a still hunt the other day an an autymobile came along what belonged to a fello what had two sons in the army. I could tell cause it had a flag on the front with two stars on it. It stopped in front of us. The fello what owned it belonged to the calvary cause he had a yello hat cord on. He leaned out and says "Dont you see that flag?" I says "yes, sir, I was just simpathizing with em." That kind of went home I guess cause he got red and says "You report this thing to your battery commander immedeately." So when I got home I told him that a fello what owned a big car and had two sons in the army. I had to call him out from mess to tell him an he says what the this that and the other did he care. If you do what your told you get in trouble and if you dont you do to.

The Captins gone to Fort Silly now to lern something. I just told Angus McDonald I thought hed get more at Fort Levenworth. But thats a technickle joke, Mable. Of course you wont get it. I guess the Lieutenant thought he was in the audience department or something up to now cause right away after the Captin left he came

down and said now he was goin to make a battery out of us. I told him I knew where they was a good dry cell just above New York. That fello wouldnt laff though, Mable, if joe Miller himself told him a joke. All he thinks of is smoothing out horses.

The feeling between me and the horses seems to grow worse every day, Mable. I think my horse has got me mixed up with somebody else. I never did nothing to him except bring him down some of my breakfast one morning. The sergeant is always tellin me to pick up his feet. I tell him theres no call for that. He seems to be able to do it pretty well all by himself. He has em in the air most of the time when Im around now. He kept pesterin me though till the other day I thought Id show him I could do it. I put his front foot through the spoke of a wheel and tied it then grabbed the back one and gave an awful heave. Its a way Ive worked out for handling bad horses. I figured he have to be pretty good to stand on one leg and kick me with the other. But when he found he couldnt kick me he lay down on top of me. Mean, Ill tell the world.

Now the stable sergeant says I hurt the horse. Thats stable sargents all over. If the horse had bit my head off hed have thought it was an awful joke. All I say is that I'm not as strong as a horse even if I did win a lot of cups at high school and if I can stand on to legs a horse can too only hes too lazy.

Joe Gluckos and Angus and me goes over to see the mountin ear what sells bevo once in a while. Were trying to catch him some day when hes wild. He aint been wild so far ceptin one day when we forgot to pay him. Angus says they only get wild certain times of the year. Angus wont drink bevo. He says it looks the same and tastes the same but it aint got the same influence with him.

The mountin ears hate niggers. This one has been tryin to get us to go on what he calls a coon hunt ever since we been up here. Were goin with him this week. They hunt them at night. I suppose thats so you cant see them so well. He takes the dogs sos they can smell the coon. I guess hes got a cold. The coon climbs a tree, then you cut the tree down and then the coon of course has to come down to. I wonder what they do with them when they get them. It seems foolish to go to all that trouble when there standin all over Sparkingsburg.

Angus has got a rubber bath tub sent him. He thinks it great cause you can fold it so small it goes in your pocket. Who wants to carry a bath tub round in there pockets? I guess its a skotch custom. Perhaps they

TO THEE, O BUSY BUGLER.

O thou, whose lungs seem just as metal bound
As that weird horn from which your awful sound

Bursts forth at dawn; O thou, barbaric lad,
A heathen player now in khaki clad,
What makes you so devoted to a horn
That crashes through sweet slumbers every morn?

Why don't you choose some softer reed to play,
Some dim Hawaiian strings for reveille,
The which, instead of rousing, like a pain,
Would lull the dreaming men to sleep again?
Almost 'twould be preferred to hear you sing,
Than let reverberate that awful thing.

Regardless of the weather, fair or damp,
How oft you call us forth throughout the camp.

Your puckered lip, your straining face,
All eager when you hold the horn in place.
What zeal is this? What misspent pride
you take,
As if you breathed your complaints for music's sake!

Tattoo and call to quarters, yes, perhaps
There's music there, and softly sounding taps,

But oh! the agony, a moonlit hour,
When by mishap you hit the last note sour.

Just when we hoped your call would softly speak

You end, alas, upon a skyward squeak.
But cruelest of all, with brutal might,
Are you: a novice practicing at night.
'Tis then I think your notes, your mind and will,

Are bent on stirring men with lust to kill.

CHARLES DIVINE.

take it out while there waiting for a street car and take a bath. Angus likes it cause he can sit down in it. When he does it fits him like it was tailor made. All the rest of the bath slides off him onto the floor or into my shoes

Well Mable I got to quit now and help out one of the sergents what has a job cleaning some harness. Hes a nice fello and he asked me to come down about two hours ago. I guess Ill go down now and see if there through. Willin. Thats me all over, Mable.

yours patriotically

BILL.

HERE AND THERE ABOUT CAMP



A Mess.



Another Mess.



INSPECTION . . .

The . . . (once the pride of . . .) are here shown at their regular Saturday morning inspection. This is headquarters company. General Napoleon J. Moke, of the Liberian Army, is shown in the foreground. General Moke is attached to the . . . for whom he conducts a School of the Pick. General Moke is one of the best players of African Golf in the World.

THE IDEAS OF ETHELBURT JELLYBACK, PRIVATE,

XVI. On An Experiment in Camouflage With Jim Mugrums

It was by far the most gigantic idea I ever had. It was so Herculean that I hesitated at first to carry it out. Then, acting on impulse, as I so often do, I summoned Jim Mugrums to my side and gave him his instructions. I still retained Mugrums, crude fellow that he was, as my orderly, at a salary of three dollars a week.

"I am undertaking a journey to Asheville over the week-end. My purposes are twofold: first to indulge in a social gaiety to which I, as a member of the Jellyback family, am entitled; and secondly, to test my theory of camouflage. I shall go disguised as an officer."

"Some disguise, Ethelburt!"

"Don't interrupt me, Mugrums. I have my whip-cord uniform in readiness, and my leather puttees; all that remains to be done is to adjust a bit of braid to my coat sleeves and bars for the shoulder—"

"And handcuffs when you come back."

Mugrums Has a Part to Play.

"And you will accompany me in the guise of a French officer."

Mugrums stuttered.

"I—I—whadd'ya mean?"

To the astonished Mugrums I explained my scheme in detail. At first he balked. But the promise of a huge monetary reward persuaded him. After having secured from the captain passes to leave camp, I took Mugrums to a room in a downtown hotel. There we dressed, I in my officer's garb, Mugrums in a uniform which I had colored horizon-blue by the dexterous use of Easter-egg dye. I even gave Mugrums blue spiral leg-gins, made by dyeing strips of an old shirt.

When at length we were dressed, we left the hotel surreptitiously, by the servants' entrance, though my aristocratic soul rebelled at such necessary means of egress. We entered a closed limousine and were off for Asheville.

It was remarkable, how the officer's uniform had revived something of the old Jellyback in me. I had cast off the psychological mien of a mere private, and resumed the air and manners, the hauteur, I may say, of one accustomed to the best set at home. Mugrums, on the other hand, squirmed about restlessly.

"You look worried, Mugrums. Are your fears bothering you?"

"No, it's my woolens."

Mugrums Gets a New Name.

"You are no longer Jim Mugrums. You are Lieutenant Jacques Mugrummais. You are my military companion at a dance this evening at the Grove Park Inn, so pleasantly situated in the Blue Ridge Mountains. You, by your dress and air, are to lend distinction to me. I trust you haven't forgotten the French lessons I gave you."

Mugrums looked down at his horizon-blue, uniform, rubbed it with his finger experimentally, as if he expected the color to come off, and replied in disgust:

"Did you expect me to remember all that forrin lingo?"

"Of course, I did. You at least recall that 'oui' means 'yes.' You can use 'oui' on more occasions than one. It often fits."

"We, we, Ethelburt."

"Excellent, Mugrums—I mean, Lieutenant Mugrummais. The camouflage of your diction must harmonize with your appearance. We shall succeed."

What a delight it was to reach the big hotel, and to stride into the lofty lobby with the glamor of my camouflaged attire making me a figure to gaze at and admire! I had

"Mon cher Jacques," I said to him, "allow me to introduce to you Miss Belleville."

With Miss Belleville, the most charming young woman in the ballroom, we sat down. But instead of looking at me, she immediately began to devote all her interest to Mugrums.

"Ah, Lieutenant Mugrummais, aimez vous la danse?"

I held my breath, fearing that Mugrums would make an inept reply.

"We, we," he responded, which was the right thing to say.

"You are right, Lieutenant. Elle est charmant, n'est ce pas?"

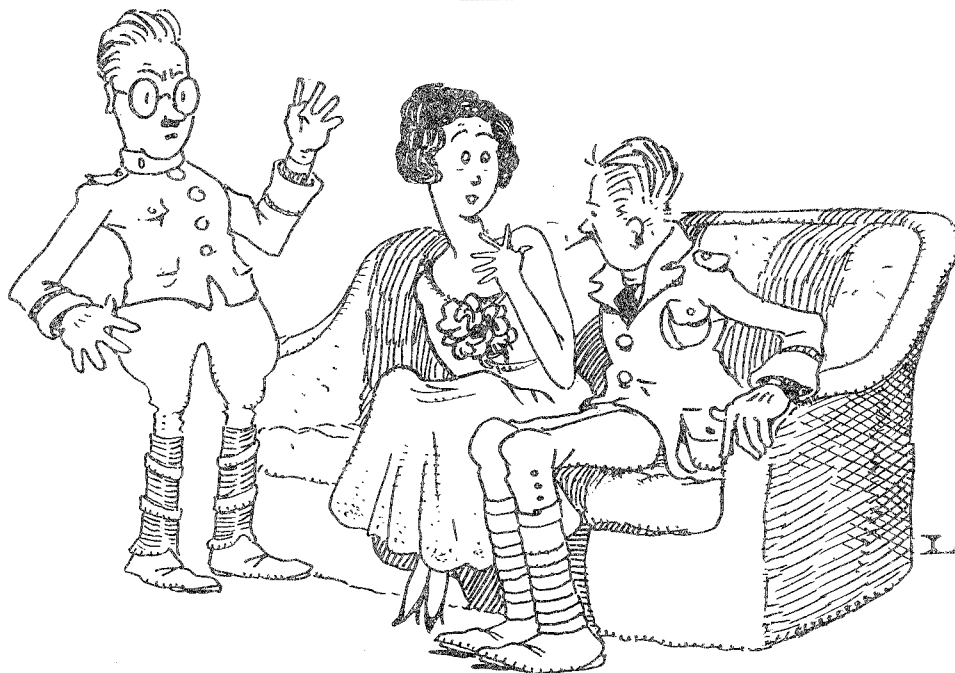
"We, we."

"But I dance so badly, n'est ce pas?"

"We, we,"

All Is Lost.

Miss Belleville turned pale. She gasped. "Dou you mean that?"



begun to feel like an officer. A private passed me and saluted, and in return I raised my arm and smashed it down with such a smart salute that I nearly lost my balance.

They Start for the Ballroom.

We started for the ballroom. First, however, I detained Mugrums long enough to give him a mustache. A distinguished one. I pasted it on with a bit of reliable paste.

In the immense ballroom, with its ceiling supported by huge pillars of rough stone, and its gay crowd, I became more and more exhilarated as the evening progressed. I kept Mugrums constantly at my elbow, as if this gallant French officer were my boon companion.

"We, we," said Mugrums, blandly.

"Do—do you—" she was suddenly enraged—"do you mean to insult me?"

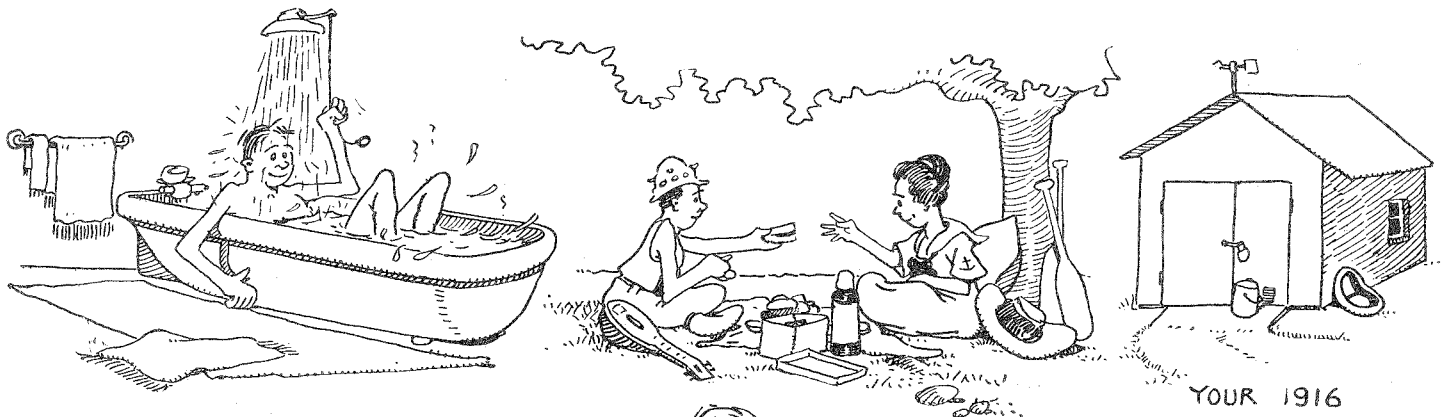
"We, we."

Miss Belleville screamed.

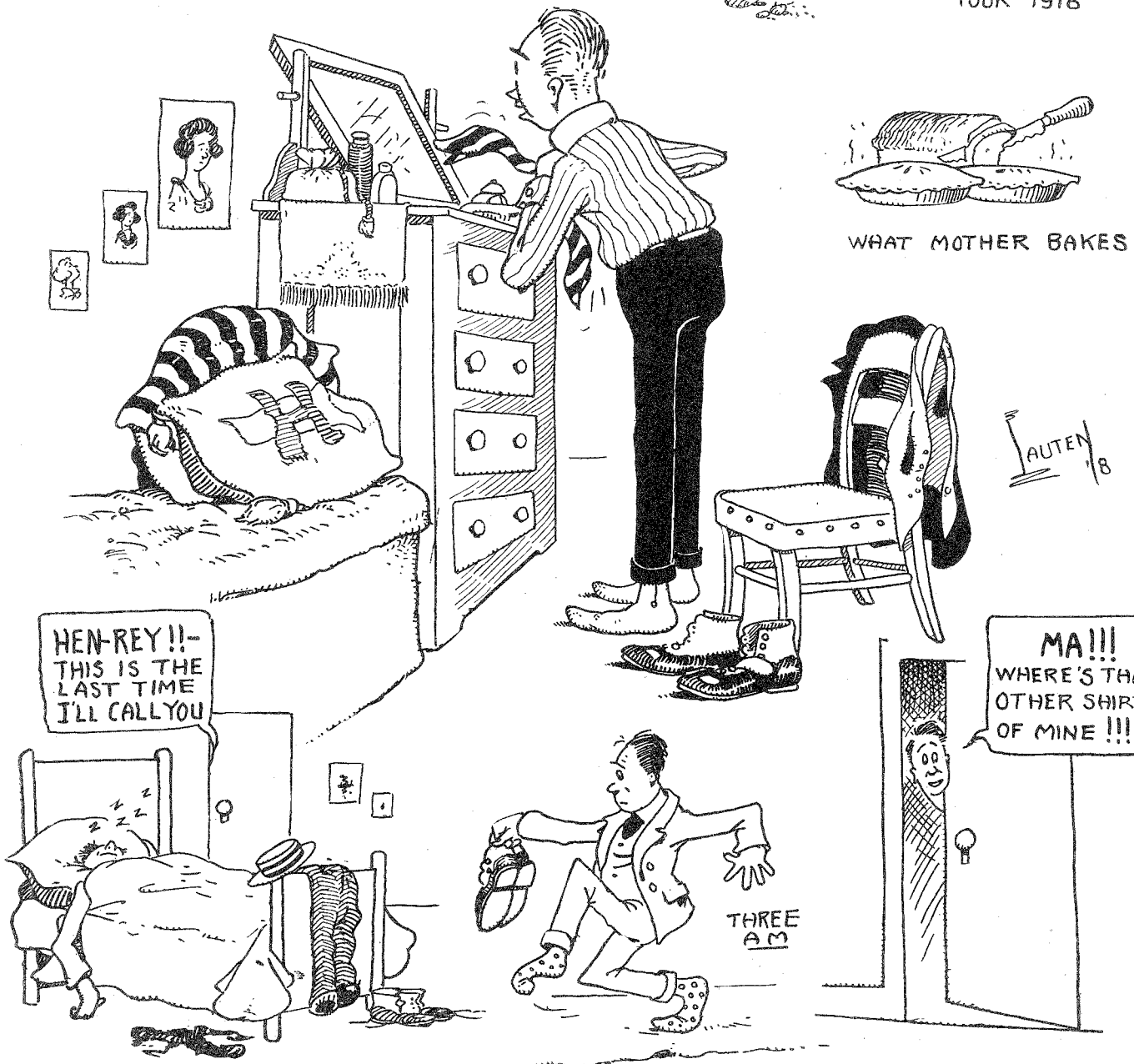
Everybody looked our way. Miss Belleville screamed again. A crowd began to collect.

All of a sudden her partner came pushing his way to her side. I looked at him with horror. It was my captain. He listened to her agitated story and then stared at me long and searchingly. In some way he had recognized me. He rebuked me. He spoke harshly, all the while Mugrums stood at one

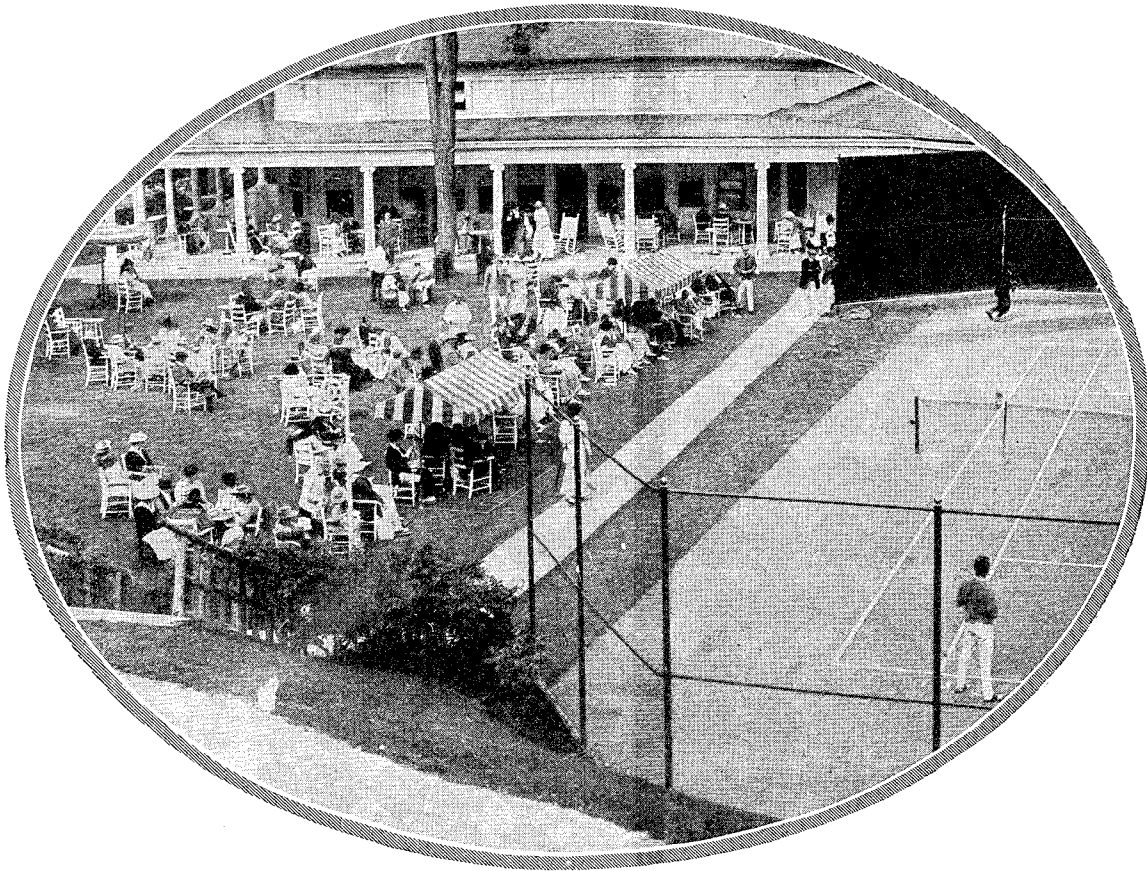
(Continued on page 40).



YOUR 1916



Them Happy Days!



UNDERWOOD & UNDERWOOD.

Scene in the stockade, the charming camp prison which has been given the name of "Luna Park." It is delightfully situated in the foothills of the Blue Ridge Mountains. In the picture one is enabled to see very distinctly the recreation and refreshment which is afforded the prisoners. On the lawn leading from the edge of the broad veranda are set many rocking chairs, and the prisoners and their friends are taking afternoon tea or talking intimately about the latest fashions in dress. To the right are the tennis courts. A lively game is in progress. The player in the foreground has just scored a point and called out: "Thirty love." His opponent shouts back: "Thirty days."

SENATOR CALDER A VISITOR.

Senator William M. Calder, of New York, whose latest evidence of his interest in the 27th Division was his introduction of a bill to provide medals for Mexican Border service for many men now serving here, was a visitor at camp last week. Senator Calder inspected various regiments and was deeply impressed by the physical condition and morale of the men.

BRIG. GEN. HARVEY HERE.

Brig. Gen. William E. Harvey, National Army, has been transferred here from Camp Shelby, Hattiesburg, Miss., and has been assigned to the command of the first provisional brigade of army troops, succeeding Brig. Gen. C. T. O'Neill, who was transferred to Camp Hancock, Augusta, Ga.

All Princeton men in Camp Wadsworth are requested to send their names and class, rank and organization to Major John D. Kilpatrick, Constructing Quartermaster, Camp Wadsworth.

DISTINGUISHED DIRECTOR FOR SOLDIERS' CLUB.

Brig. Gen. Oliver D. Bridgman, of New York, too old to hold a commission, is not too old, however, to do a substantial bit. He has become director of the Enlisted Men's Club, and will be active in its management.

Brig. Gen. Bridgman commanded a brigade in the New York National Guard, and was commander of Squadron A. He is prominent in New York City, where he is a member of the Stock Exchange.

THE SECRET OF LEADERSHIP.

(Continued from page 3)

as for the strong. That is the cause the British people are fighting for today; it is the cause that our allies in France and Italy are fighting for, and it is the cause for which you, true to your old traditions, have joined forces with us. And it is the cause for which, under God, we shall all fight together until it is won forever."

HERE ARE LADIES!

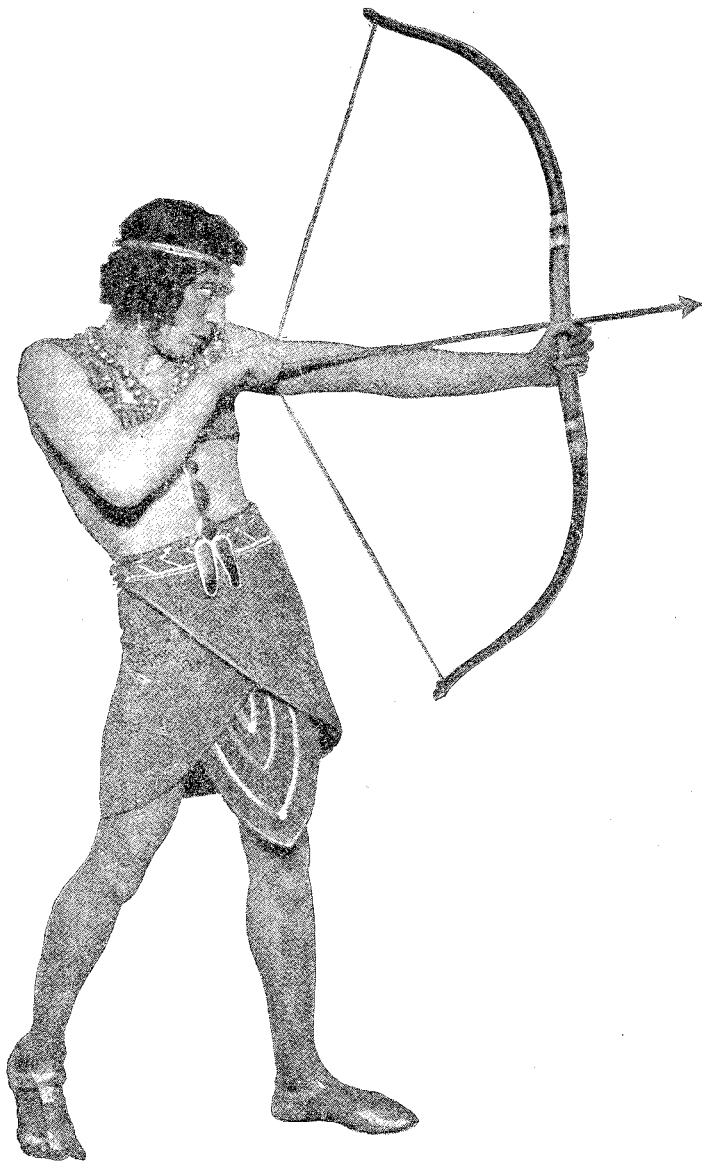
The Church of the Advent has for months kept running a tea room, serving hundreds of men with the finest foods at a moderate price. Besides furnishing a place for eating the Church of the Advent is having constructed a place for baths for the soldiers. This service will be fully as great as has been the tea room.

The women of Spartanburg have formed a visitation committee from which two women daily visit the Base Hospital. There are two women to a ward.

There is held monthly a dinner at the Finch of the War Workers of the City, the camp and the surrounding communities where unity of work is planned.

The committee which is working the "Soldier to Dinner" plans will soon resume its activities when many soldiers will be entertained weekly.

On each Sunday afternoon there is held at Converse College a sacred concert by one of the camp bands. A vesper service will be held at 3:30, at which time some noted speaker to speak.



THE BEST SHOT AT THE RANGE AT CAMPOBELLO.

Private Dennis O'Cohen of Co. D, 106th Inf., is shown establishing a new world record for marksmanship. He is wearing the summer uniform recently adopted by the 106th. O'Cohen is the son of the Montague O'Cohens of New York, Tuxedo and Prince Albert.

LT. MONTGOMERY DIES IN FRANCE.

Cable messages received in Spartanburg conveyed the news that Lieut. Frank Gibbes Montgomery, a member of the American aviation corps abroad, had been instantly killed Wednesday, March 6, in an aeroplane accident. Lieutenant Montgomery was the eldest son of Mr. and Mrs. Walter S. Montgomery, of Spartanburg, and was one of the best known young men in the city when he made his home here. He received his training in the aviation corps at Columbus, Ohio, and when the course was completed left at once for foreign service. He had been abroad since last fall.

THE FIGHTING QUINNS.

Private James H. Quinn, Battery D, 106th F. A., has five brothers in the army. Pvt. Quinn's home is in Great Neck, L. I.

MAY BUILD A SECOND STORY ON CAMP.

Every body in Camp Wadsworth has been keenly interested in the announcement, given in press dispatches from Washington, that Brig. Gen. Guy Carleton has been selected to organize the new cavalry units that are to be added to the army, and that the cavalry would probably be mobilized here.

Brig. Gen. Carleton and Brig. Gen. Phillips, who were classmates at West Point, were discussing it with some other officers the other night.

"It looks like a large order," said Gen. Carleton. "If they send cavalry here we will have to have more land. There isn't room enough in the camp as it is for cavalry."

"I'll tell you what you can do," said General Phillips, "you can get Major Kilpatrick, the construction quartermaster, to put a second story over the camp and then you can put your cavalry upstairs and drill as much as it needs."

CAMOUFLAGE COLLEGE.

Also Transportation School Starts at Camp.

Two new classes have been organized in the division school of the line, to be known as the camouflage department and the transportation department. The schools started March 11th. The instruction personnel of the classes will be as follows:

Camouflage Department.

Capt. A. W. Palmer, 102d Engineers, director; Capt. H. H. Johnson, British Mission, advisor; Sergt. Linwood P. Ames, Division Headquarters troop instructor; Second Lieut. Ernest C. Dreher, 105th Infantry; Second Lieut. Harold C. DeLoiselle, 106th Infantry; Second Lieut. William E. Taggart, 108th Infantry; Corporal Henry C. Hull, Co. H, 107th Infantry; Private Lauren Stout, Co. E, 107th Infantry, assistant instructors.

Transportation Department.

Second section, motors. First Lieut. William C. Ackerly, 102d Ammunition Train, instructor; Private Charles H. Newell, Co. C, Motor Section, 102d Ammunition Train, and Private Chas. W. Mason, Co. B, Motor Section, 102d Ammunition Train, assistant instructors.

Commanding officers have detailed students to the camouflage department as follows:

Two enlisted men from each rifle company, the machine gun company and the headquarters company of each regiment of infantry; two enlisted men from each battalion of the 102d Engineers stationed at this camp; two enlisted men from each company of the 102d field signal battalion, and two enlisted men from each company of the 102d Military Police.

The detail for the camouflage course was selected primarily from men having some talent or aptitude for drawing, painting, decorating or carpentry.

Students were detailed to the transportation department of the school as follows: One non-commissioned officer from each of the following: Supply Company, 106th Infantry, Supply Company, 106th Field Artillery; 104th Machine Gun Battalion; Co. A, 102d Ammunition Train; 102d Trench Mortar Battery.

Camouflage Department, at the west end of the Headquarters Building, located just west of the officers' mess shack of the 102d Engineers.

Transportation Department, second section, motors, at mess shack 24-9, 102d Ammunition Train.

NEW SOLDIERS' CLUB OPENS.

The fine, new Soldiers' Club for enlisted men has been formally opened and is daily thronged with soldiers. The club has an attractive new house opposite the Cleveland Hotel. All men are welcome. Senator Calder spoke at the house-warming. The club is under the auspices of the Spartanburg War Camp Community Service.

SIX YEARS AT HARD LABOR FOR DISOBEDIENCE.

Long Term Given Private in 106th Infantry for Insubordination.

Private Russell F. Perkins, Company D, 106th Infantry, has been tried and convicted of the charge of refusing to obey the commands of a superior officer and sentenced to six years at hard labor in the Federal prison at Fort Leavenworth. Maj. Gen. O'Ryan, reviewing the findings of the court martial, approved the prison sentence, but set aside the sentence of dishonorable dismissal from the army, so that the government may still have the benefit of his services, if they are needed at the end of his six-year term.

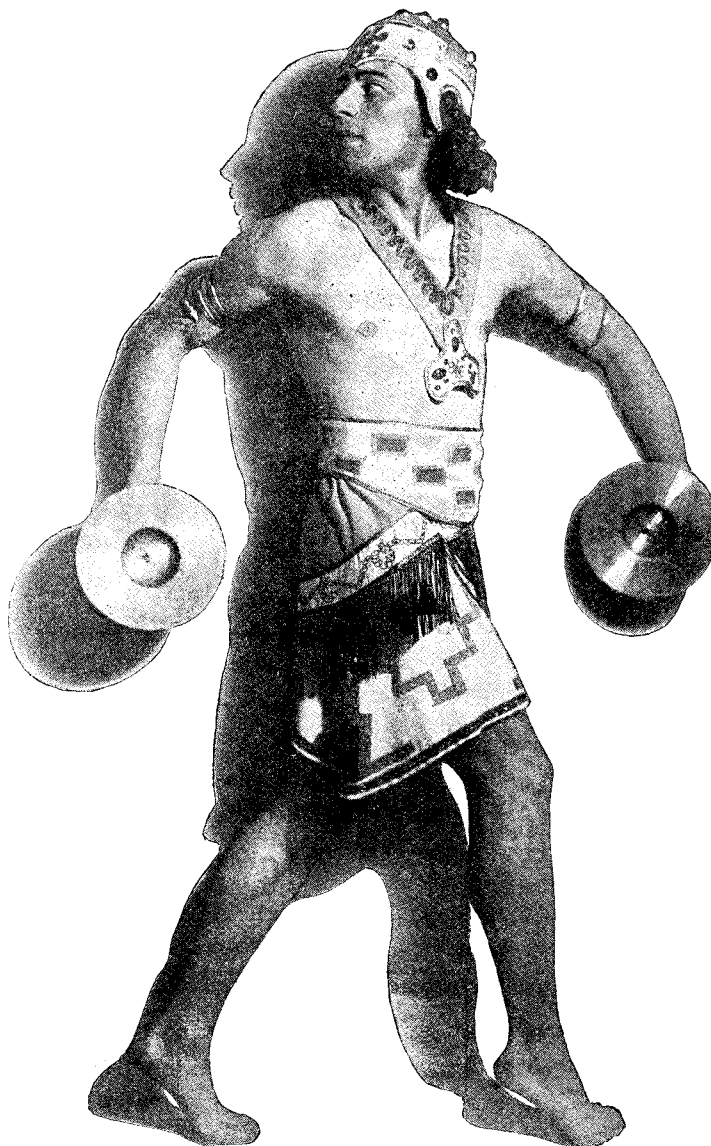
The evidence showed that Perkins was confined in the regimental guardhouse on a minor charge, and was ordered to do some work about camp. He refused, claiming that he was ill. He was pronounced able to work by a surgeon, but still refused to work, and told an officer, "You can not discipline me. I will see to it that I go to the stockade this time." He got his wish.

Gen. O'Ryan, in approving the prison sentence imposed by the court martial, wrote: "Obedience to orders is the fundamental duty of a soldier. In time of war everything is contingent upon prompt obedience to superior authority. The sentence in this case should be a lesson to any other such soldiers, if there be any others, in this division."

MAJ. F. M. WATERBURY ORDNANCE OFFICER.

Maj. Fred M. Waterbury, who has been range officer for the 27th division for some time past, and in charge of operations on the infantry range at Glassy Rock, has been made ordnance officer of the provisional depot for corps and army troops.

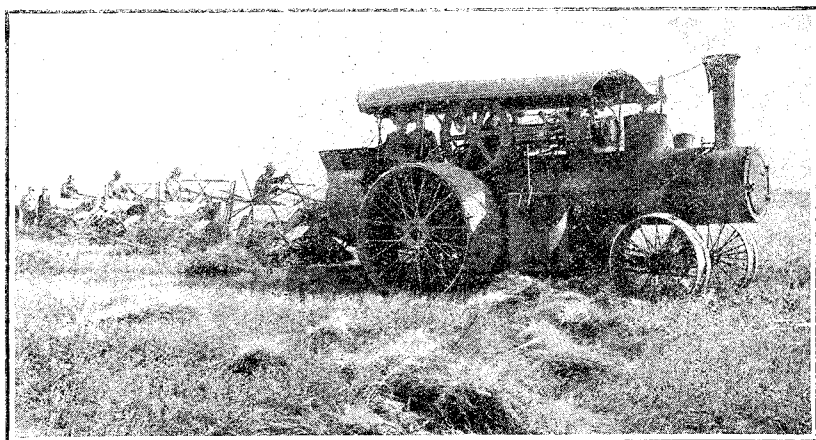
Maj. Waterbury was ordnance officer of the New York division during the Mexican border campaign, and is a popular and efficient officer.



SOOPY, SOOPY, SOOPY.

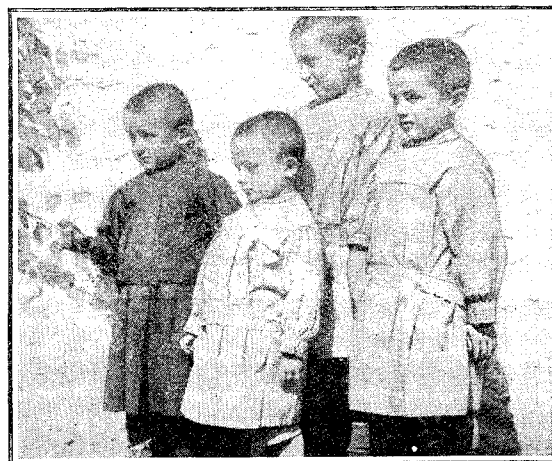
Our staff photographer caught Private Felix Popoff of the 106th Infantry three-eighths of a second after mess call blew. (It may have been five eighths). He is bound for the mess shack, armed to the teeth with mess-tins. Mess call sounded as he was doing bunk fatigue and he has come in the new regulation bunk fatigue uniform, designed by the American Can Company.

The words he has just uttered are "Quitcheer shovin', it's only slum."



BOUND FOR TOWN ON THE P. AND N.

The 6:13 on the P. & N. is shown passing some picturesque scenery. Scenery is the only thing the P. and N. can pass. The 6:13 has just pulled out of the palatial station at Camp Wadsworth. It is now 7:47.



A group of stalwart German soldiers who have just been called to the colors. They are standing at attention for 2 hours and 45 minutes, while the Kaiser makes a speech to them about defending the Fatherland for the sake of their children.

INTO THE VALLEY OF BREATH

Private Walter A. Davenport Tells How the Student Officers Were Gassed.

We quit our several jobs, went down to the armory and enlisted. The Colonel spoke the word and we were off down Main street with the band out front. The women folks wept. The mayor called us heroes. The clergyman prayed for us publicly and the population, generally, got together and showered us with ten thousand things that added to our naturally curtailed creature comforts. And, to be brief about it, a fairly good time was had by all if the home newspaper was to be taken seriously.

The enthusiastic reporters said that we marched off to the training camps like veterans—grim, stern, self-reliant, determined. The best can be said about that is to repeat that the reporter was enthusiastic. I am one of the minority that loves reporters.

Six Months Elapse.

We'll assume that six months have passed—six months of training for war as war is today. George Waffus, one of us who participated in that lionized departure for the training camp, gets a furlough. George goes home.

After mother, father, Sister Sue and Brother Bill and everybody else has had a chance to weep on George's greatly enlarged chest and wring his Bessemer-processed hands—hands that once were inclined to pulpiness—there's time to sit down, look George over and do a bit of thinking.

A Digression on the Insignificance of Man.

One of the real calamities of the war is that every man and woman—soldier and civilian—in these beloved United States, did not hear Lieutenant Colonel Applin, Fourteenth Hussars, British Army, in Converse College Auditorium, two weeks ago. I had a whole bonnet full of ideas for **Gas Attack** stories before I heard Colonel Applin speak. They were perfectly sound ideas, I might add. They must have been sound because they had lived through many million words and passed through the typewriters of several hundred aspiring writers and they are just as good today as they were when discovered.

Have you never experienced, to its uttermost, the realization of just how damned unimportant you, as an individual, are? Did you ever stop to think that what you thought made not the slightest difference in the world to anybody?

It is not my job, however, to enter upon the somewhat difficult task of putting the Lieutenant Colonel's speech across in this magazine. Sufficient to say that he said it all and added to it.

Returning to Private Waffus.

But we'll return to Private Waffus. Physically, Waffus is three or four times the man he was when he was wept away that senti-

mental afternoon six months previous. You comment upon that by telling him how fine he is looking.

But has it occurred to you what Private Waffus, as he stands before you, represents; just what work it has entailed to make him even half good enough to put up the quality of scrapping that the all-too-efficient Hun compels?

The contents of this magazine are censored. If the following gets past the blue pencil at Division Headquarters, you may take it as my necessarily limited effort to convey to you just what Major General O'-Ryan is doing through Lieutenant Colonel Taylor to make us Waffuses in the Officers Training School fit to fight and impart our knowledge to others.

On Being Gassed.

We have been gassed. We have hurled bombs that flew back at us so rapidly that we received the impression that we had thrown them backward. We have vibrated at the safe end of Chauchat automatic rifles. We have speared Dummy Huns on a bayonet run that would discourage the Ringling Brothers.

You've heard about gas, of course—lachrymatory gas and gas that suffocates and corrodes you and ruins you generally. Terrible, isn't it? We, too, had heard all about it. We had received lectures from British soldiers who knew whereof they spoke—soldiers who had been gassed and had come over here to tell us about it.

We were taken over to the beautiful hillock whereon the sealed gas chambers squat. There we were drilled in putting on and taking off the masks. Incidentally you folks have no idea what the word discomfort means until you try on a gas mask or respirator.

Did you ever try swallowing a hot water bottle? Did you ever clip a clothes pin over your nose and then try earnestly to thrust your head into a rubber boot? Sometime cover your favorite pillow with a slip made of Tanglefoot fly-paper and try a nap thereon.

We got quite used to the bally thing after a few days. We no longer strangled. We were less messy after wearing it for a half hour or so and believe me one can be messy with one's nostrils clamped together and a two-inch hose between one's teeth.

We became so proficient that we could flip the masks on in six seconds. And then they decided to gas us.

Into the Valley of Breath.

In platoons we were ushered into the lachrymator. Captain Stephen Delanoy received us. We were informed that the gas within those hermetically sealed walls was not as strong as that which we would encounter in the front line trenches.

Captain Delanoy talked about tear gas for several minutes and then announced that we should take off our masks. He pointed to the door and told us that as soon as we

could stand the sting no longer we might feel quite free to leave.

We took off our masks!

You've heard of speed, of course. You've likely read about Joe Loomis running the hundred yards, and Dario Resta driving his motor car 115 miles an hour and Georges Guynemer battleplaning through the air at the rate of 130 miles an hour and all that sort of speed. They used to cite lightening as the standard to which speed might best be compared. They speak about the light of the sun traveling through space at a rather lively gait.

Wrong, my friends, all wrong.

Exit—Hurriedly.

We took off our masks!

That which followed would have made Loomis, Resta, Guynemer, lightening and the jolly old sun tear their hair in pure chagrin. Nothing like it has been seen since soldiers began wearing hats.

Before we took off those masks I was flanked by Students Burrell and Mendenhall. Both men are crack sprinters and jumpers. They can do the hundred in twelve seconds in khaki and brogans, and Burrell can jump twenty feet without taking his hands out of his pockets.

With all due modesty, I claim that I emerged from that door at a speed something more startling than fifty miles per hour, but Mendenhall and Burrell did it nothing at all flat. And they could have done better had not several students clung to their blouse tails.

As I said, nothing quite like that speed has been seen since soldiers carried arms. It made one think of the possibilities. When we answer first call at reveille with something approximating that speed we'll be walking up and down Europe looking for someone strong enough to make us use both arms in a fight.

When we stopped running we were led and shoved to the brow of the hill where we could weep in chorus. We wept like boarding school girls at commencement time.

And then the chlorine tank.

We entered the chamber of asphyxiation a bit more seriously. One inhalation would not kill us, but that inhalation would ruin the toughest lungs amongst us. No man could have lived in the chamber more than two and a half minutes without his mask. We were warned to wrap all jewelry in handkerchiefs and bury the roll in our clothing.

The Real Thing.

The gas was turned on. Outside the sun was shining with all the radiance of a Sicilian morning. From the wonderful hill on which the gas chambers rest we could see the Blue Ridge Mountains twenty miles away and all the gorgeous valley between. In a great circle we saw the miles of lovely

(Continued on page 29).

SALUTE PROPERLY.

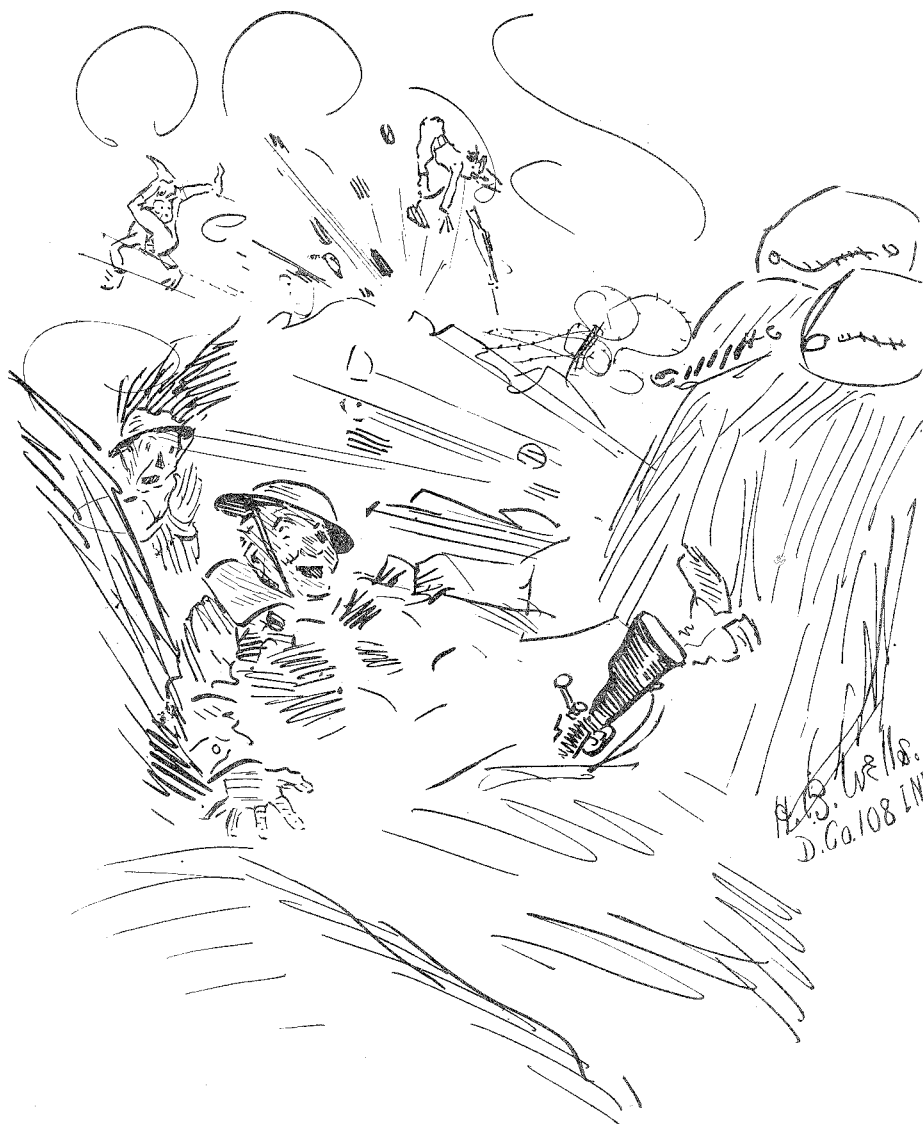
"The Soldier Who Fails to See an Officer, Will Fail to See Foe," Says Maj. Gen. O'Ryan.

Army officers who have visited other training camps say that discipline in Camp Wadsworth is exceptionally good, and they have been impressed with the rendition of military courtesies here. Maj. Gen. O'Ryan, however, is not yet satisfied. He is trying to make the division letter perfect in the matter of salute, as in everything else, before the order comes to sail for France. In a general order, he directs that special attention be paid to this particular matter during the remainder of the training course here. The order is vigorous in wording, and says in part:

"The rendition of courtesies in this division is not satisfactory. The standards of physical alertness are unsatisfactory. The division commander has personally halted men whose physical bearing and manner of saluting were unsatisfactory, and in nearly every instance found such men interested in their work and keen to correct their shortcomings. When caused to properly render the salute their response was most satisfactory.

"All the combat functions of the soldier in this war call for alertness, speed, aggressiveness, precision, certainty, intelligence and endurance. If officers are unsuccessful in developing their men to salute and to carry themselves according to the standards, they are unfit to attempt to be successful officers in other and more difficult work. That the importance and object of the salute are not understood is evidenced by the excuse offered by the men who fail to salute. The common reason given is that the soldier had not noticed the officer's approach. One of the primary objects of the regulation requiring the salute is the cultivation of alertness on the part of the soldier. In many ways it is a more serious offense for the soldier to fail to observe the approaching officer than it is to fail to salute him. The soldier who habitually fails to observe the approach of an officer, whose approach he is required by regulations to observe in order that he may salute him properly, will fail to observe the approach of an enemy whose approach he is directed by order to observe and dispel.

"Regimental and equivalent unit commanders will cause each subordinate commander to thoroughly instruct their various commands in the general principles governing the salute, and will cause to be made, in the presence of the company, a test of each man in the unit as to the manner of his bearing and the rendition of the prescribed salute. This will be done by the company officers placing themselves in front of the company and requiring each man to pass them, giving the prescribed salute. All defects will be corrected so that each man in the company may hear the criticisms and corrections. Men who salute exceptionally



"These mud baths are just the thing for my rheumatism."

WANTED—3,000 GOOD MEN.**Steady Jobs With Famous New York Division for High Grade Citizens.**

Recruiting parties are now in New York State from this Division, seeking to supplant the 3,000 and more men who have left the Division through transfer and discharge in the last six months. Three officers, six N. C. O.'s and twelve privates are doing the work. Major Walter L. Bell, 102d Ammunition Train will have his headquarters at 298 Main street, Buffalo; Captain John S. Thompson, 108th Inf., will cover the Hudson and Mohawk Vallies from headquarters at 467 Broadway, Albany; Captain Tristram Tupper, adjutant general's department, will cover New York City, Long Island and Westchester, with offices at 25 Third avenue, New York City.

well will be commended at the time. Men who render the salute unsatisfactorily will be given special instructions, their names being listed at the time for the purpose. Not less than one-half hour daily will be used during the drill period each day during the present week for drill in the salute."

A whirlwind campaign is planned. Good men have been lost and only good men will be taken in their places. Most of the men lost to the Division were lost because their specialized training made them more valuable elsewhere. "Clear-headed fighting men to match the men now in the Division," will be the sort of men who will be appealed to. Many societies of veterans and patriotic societies are co-operating with the recruiting mission in its work.

MILITARY AUTHORITIES TO PUNISH ALL SOLDIERS FOR CIVIL OFFENSES.

The case of Priv. Ernest Cahiff, arrested in Spartanburg for disorderly conduct when he was accused of trying to break into a woman's house has been turned over to military authorities. This action was taken after a conference between the civil and military authorities. Soldiers who break city laws may be arrested by the civil authorities who will turn them over to the military authorities for punishment.

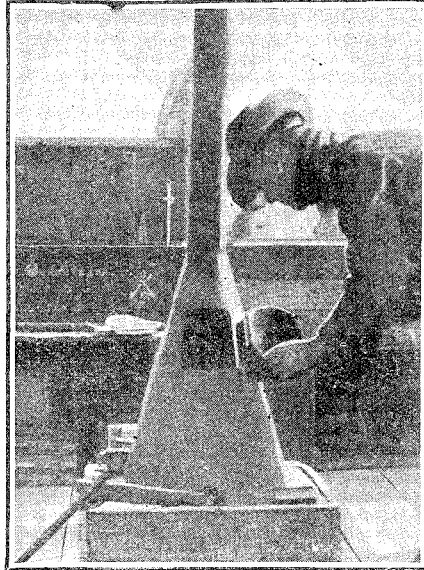


BEAGLING AT CAMP WADSWORTH.

Beagling has become far and away the most popular sport at Camp Wadsworth for officers and men alike. There are few men in the Division now who do not keep a pack of beagle hounds tied in back of their tents. Indeed, so popular has beagling become that special pup tents are to be issued to house the beagles. Hundreds of men get up an hour or two before reveille to engage in this fascinating pastime. Donning their beagling costumes, as shown in this picture, they sally forth and beagle and beagle and beagle.



MAJOR WUFFWUFF.



FINDS SIBLEY HAS USE AFTER ALL.

Priv. Walter Grimes of Co. C, 108th Infantry, has just made a discovery that has gained the attention of the scientific world. He has discovered that the Sibley stove has a use. The fact was hitherto unsuspected. Priv. Grimes discovered that the Sibley stove is an excellent place in which to hide pop bottles during tent inspection. The young inventor is shown here in the act of demonstrating his theory.



Lieut. William A. Halloran, Jr., 106th M. G. Batt., director of the Division Theatre, and the Belasco-Dillingham-Cohan of the first Division Show, "You Know Me, Al."

DIVISION SHOW OPENS MARCH 25TH.

Musical Farce "You Know Me, Al" To Be Seen at Harris Theatre.

Everything, including the scenery, is set for the opening of the first division show, "You Know Me, Al," which opens at the Harris Theatre, Spartanburg, Monday night, March 25th. The show, book, words and music by division men, a lively musical farce, will run a week, with matinees Wednesday and Saturday.

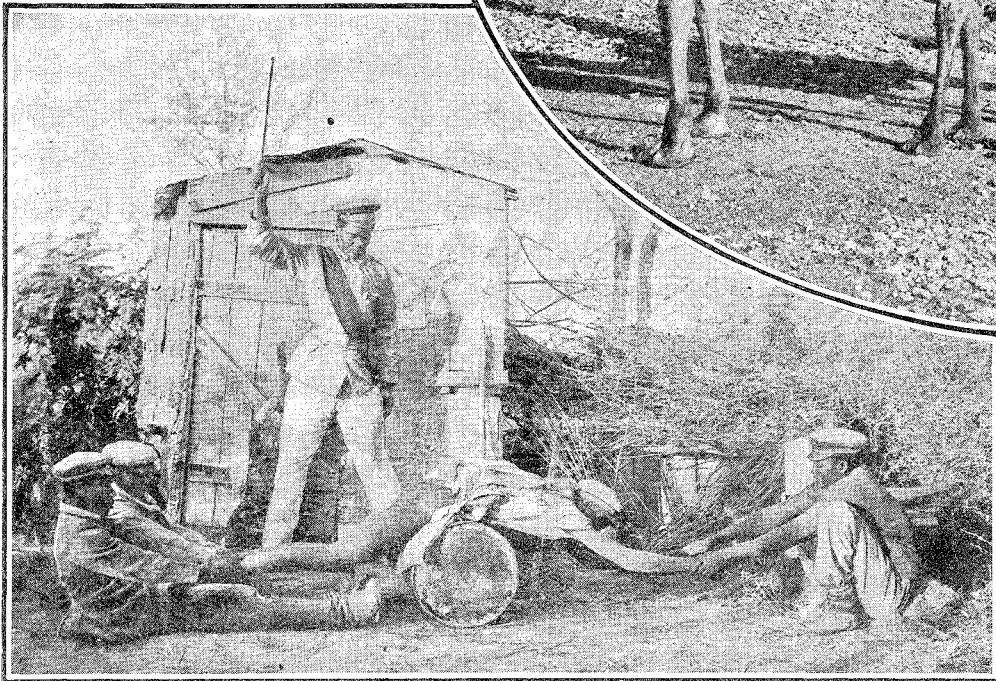
There is nothing resembling amateur night in the old town hall about "You Know Me, Al." The actors are professionals. They have faced the calcium and trod the boards before in a certain Port on the Atlantic which has a street named Broadway for its spinal column. The scenery, the music, the dancing, the programs—everything smacks of that well-known illuminated lane.

Of course, the chorus ladies will be one of the big attractions. It is surprising how a little paint and powder can camouflage a husky buck private into a winsome lass. Lieut. Halloran has Ned Wayburned a fair and buxom collection of trixies into a lively dancing chorus. There are chorus men, too—perfect dears—who can sing and dance far better than most chorus men.

The principals include E. Albert Crawford, who is due to score a hit as a female impersonator. Crawford has Julian Eltinge looking like a traffic cop. He plays the part of a she-vampire.

Others with leading roles are Russell Brown, Syd Marian, Curt Karpe, Harry Gribble, Walter Roberts, Stanley Woods, Jack Roche, Artie Kennedy, and Stanley Hughes.

Carl McCormick, S. D. 107th Regt., is the business manager. Better get your ticket soon. They are already dusting off the old S. R. O. sign down at the Harris.



**LEAVING FOR THE ARTILLERY
RANGE ON A RAINY DAY.**

Members of the O. T. S. are shown bound for Campobello. (Note: to the uninitiated. The camel is particularly adaptable for use in South Carolina because of his peculiar ability to go eight days without a drink.)

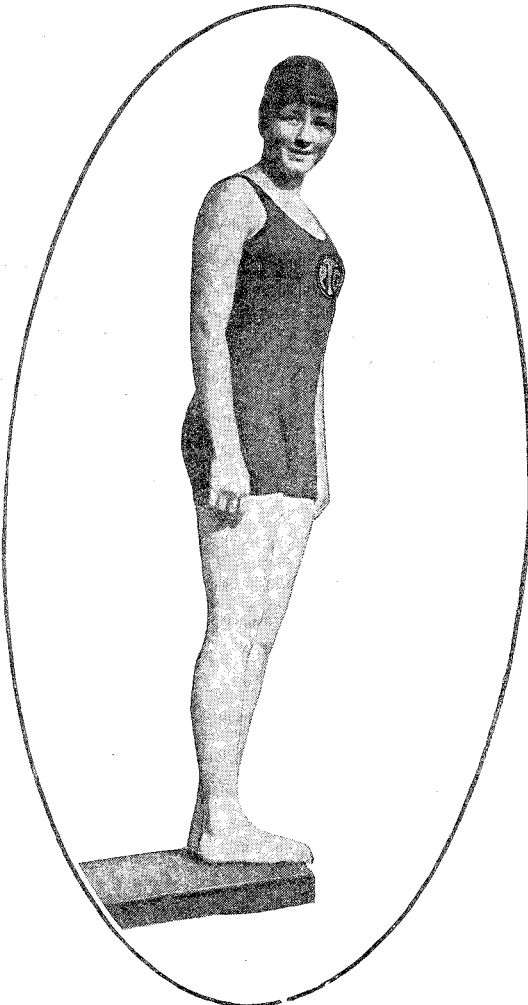
PLAYING NEW GERMAN MUSICAL INSTRUMENT.

The Germans are noted for their love of music and innocent fun. With typical efficiency, they have hit upon a device—a new musical instrument—which combines music and innocent fun. An officer of the Prussian Guard is here shown playing, "Ein, Zwei, Drei," the Prussian national song on it. Anyone can make and play one of these instruments—if he is German enough. All one needs is a stout bamboo stick, a barrel, and an African. The natives of the Belgian Congo are particularly adaptable, their minor chords being especially fine. Of course, the ideal way is to have about 24 natives of various pitches, and play them like a marimba. The Kaiser has a remarkably fine instrument, made of 36 selected Zulus, and his rendition of Wagner's Ride of the Valkyries (with his left hand only) is considered a treat by all Germans who have been privileged to hear it.

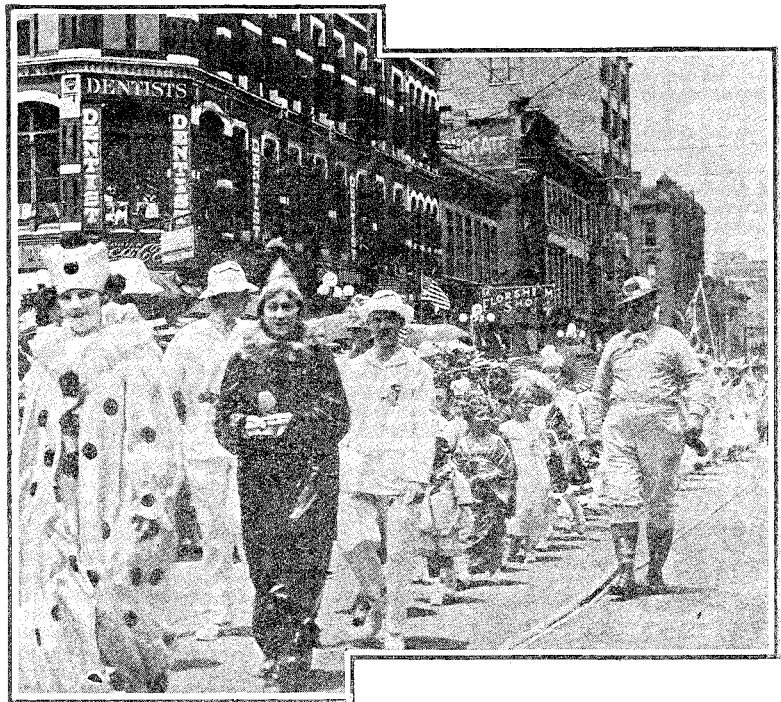


IN THE DAIRY OF COMPANY K, 107TH INFANTRY.

Each company at Camp Wadsworth is now equipped with a complete model dairy so that the soldiers may have fresh milk at all times. Members of the chorus of Shubert, K and E, Ziegfeld, and Dillingham companies have volunteered as milk maids and their patriotic offer has been accepted. Three girls from the Midnight Frolic have been assigned to the Company K dairy, with the rank of Sergeant-Milker. Next week we will print the picture of the Company K piggery, hennery and sheepery.



Looks like an early spring!



THE 108TH INFANTRY PASSES IN REVIEW.

This is an almost perfect example of camouflage. You wouldn't know that this was East Main Street, Spartanburg, would you? Little would you suspect that this was the 108th Infantry. Note that even the Southern accent of the spectators who throng the sidewalks has been camouflaged.

AT THE RANGE.**Big Guns Boom as Artillery Does Splendid Work.**

"The Artillery" in the words of Brigadier General Phillips, "has long been neglected in the American Army, but now it is coming into its own. Until now, no Field Artillery in this country has ever had such practice as we are getting here. They haven't had the guns, for one thing, and they haven't had the ammunition. And there has not been the opportunity that we are having here. They have allowed us about one thousand rounds of ammunition for each battery, and I do not believe any Field Artillery has ever had more than 250 rounds for practice each year. And these chaps are making the best possible use of it. It does me good to watch them at work. In fact, I don't want to miss a single shot." Can one blame the men of the Fifty-second Field Artillery Brigade for being enthusiastic, and putting their whole heart in the work when an officer of General Phillips's experience is moved to speak so highly of them?

They are enthusiastic. They are completely wrapped up in their work. They talk guns, they dream guns, they think guns, and when the time comes for them to gather for the final rehearsal over there, the Brigade will be in condition to prove that practice makes perfect.

Booming Times in the Blue Ridge Mountains.

The Blue Ridge mountains have certainly been seeing booming times of late. The big guns of the Brigade have spoken. Their speech has been like sweet music to the ears of those engaged in that branch of the service. The hills have echoed with the sound of the cannonading, presaging the fact that the great days are drawing near when the call of Democracy will be answered with a voice which will not speak in vain. It means busy times ahead. It means that we are forging ahead—advancing with a set purpose of making the big guns pave the way to a just and lasting peace.

The 105th Regiment has completed its first course of target firing and has returned to camp. The 104th Regiment is now at the range, and when it gets through the 106th Regiment will take its place. Later, General Phillips plans to have the three regiments on the range for a time in order to have brigade maneuvers and general target practice. This will be the first time since the Civil War that such maneuvers have taken place in this country, and if some of the old veterans are within range of the sound, while the brigade firing is going on, they probably will be stirred with recollections of their great days of sacrifice and brave deeds.

105th F. A. Has Flanders Weather.

The 105th Regiment encountered the worst possible weather for its practice. A few days after Christmas, one battalion arrived at the range, and remained during the

(Continued on page 37)



When Squadron A Gets Its Horses Back.

CENTRAL NEWS.

TO ORGANIZE MORE CAVALRY.**Five New Regiments Authorized at General Pershing's Suggestion.**

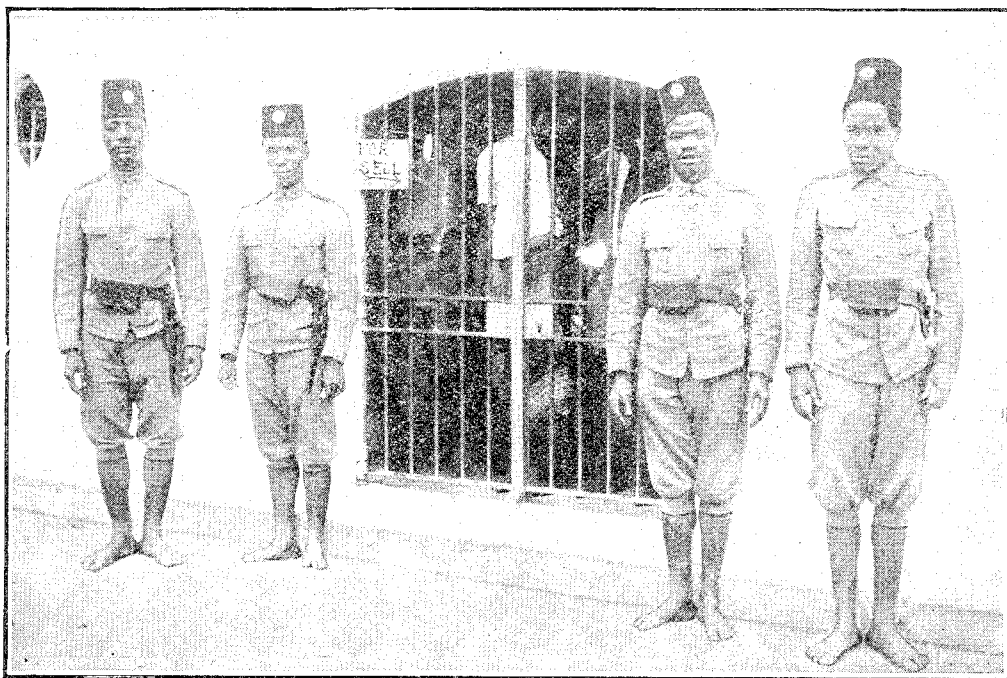
Washington.—Organization of five more regiments of cavalry, in accordance with recommendations from General Pershing, has been ordered by the War Department. This will be in addition to the complete cavalry division of the regular army already under way. The designation and organization point of the new regiments will be as follows:

308th, Fort Douglas, Utah; 309th, Fort Sam Houston, Texas; 310th, Fort Ethan Allen, Vt.; 311th, Fort Riley, Kan.; 312th, Fort Myer, Va.

One squadron of the 312th cavalry is to be organized at Fort Sheridan, Ill.

HE'S NOW CAPTAIN FRANCHOT.

First Lieut. C. P. Franchot, who has been aide to Maj. Gen. O'Ryan, and who was recently transferred to the 102d Military Police, has been promoted to be captain.



OFFICIAL LAWN—DREEEEE COLLECTORS OF THE 27TH DIVISION. Numbering from left to right they are One, Two, Three, Four.

News From Division Units

EDITED BY PVT. K. A. BISBEE.

COMPANY E, 105TH U. S. INFANTRY.

Extra! Grand! Glorious! Magnificent! The unexpected has happened. What? Why, Moustache Pete (alias Muley) has had his hair cut, and his moustache taken off. The hair cut effect in the back is wonderful. Every step of the capitol at Albany has been faithfully reproduced. Not only this, but on the same night he bought two cakes of soap. The 3rd squad has not yet recovered from the surprise.

Corporal Eddie Jordan has just celebrated his 39th birthday. The 39 bottles of Ehrets must have been lost in shipment because the party was not a success. Don't worry, Pop. Maybe they'll arrive soon.

Koutny the Koko-nut Kid wishes to register a complaint against the canteen on account of them allowing their supply of cocoanuts to run short.

The aforesaid Koutny after a Wednesday night medical lecture: "Say! Who iss dot Hy Jean?"

Headline: "Gov. Whitman Wants Guard Relics Saved." What do you think about it, Herkimer? Does a 39th birthday let a fellow in on that?

The intake on the Hones Snorer is twice as great as the intake on the Liberty motor. Proof will be furnished in the 1st squad tent between the hours of 10 P. M. and reveille.

George Olsen, the Beau Brummel of our Company, just received a new pair of O. D. breeches from the Flying Dutchman. We hereby warn all who have young ladies in town to beware. The color scheme of his uniform will surely catch their eyes.

A new ditty composed by some of the notables of the company:

Sergeant Herrick, don't you cry,

You'll be a Top-Sergeant by and by;

Don't you worry, don't you fret,

By the numbers you'll get it yet.

E. R.

COMPANY 105, FIELD HOSPITAL.

We are greatly indebted to the officers and men of the 106th Field Hospital for the evening's entertainment arranged for our benefit on March 2nd, and use the columns of this magazine as a means of preserving the pleasant memories of this enjoyable evening for future reference. It has tended to create a bond of friendship between us which we hope will live long after hostilities have ceased.

We wish to compliment the musicians, also the vaudeville "artists" for their interesting and amusing performances.

Sergeant Woods, recently appointed Mess Sergeant, is to be complimented on his efforts to satisfy the appetites of his comrades. But how is it, Sergeant, that tent seven can never be satisfied with less than "thirds"? Those

BATTERY E, 105TH FIELD ARTILERY.

Private Pete Forsman, Battery E. 105th F. A., U. S. A., the star third baseman of Columbia Lyceum, the Bronx, who was signed for a try-out this coming season with the Washington Americans, has been keeping himself in superb condition during the winter months by practising throwing hand grenades. Pete says that his arm was never in better condition and would like nothing better than to play ball with some good team in the 27th Division.

While walking in the dark with Corporal Dave Lockhart McGuire near the picket line, I was stopped by the stable guard and asked where I was going with the mule. I asked "What mule? I haven't a mule with me, I am walking with McGuire." "Gee!" he said, "I thought you had a mule with you—pin your ears back, Mac."

Private Pansegrau, or better known as the child of the Regiment, is the only man in the Battery that combs his hair with a sponge. Pretty Baby.

Private Lithgrow washed his neck; keep it up old boy, good work.

The winners of the beauty contest held by the officers of Battery E last Friday evening at the Mess-shack, were, McNamara, first prize, Casey, second, and Horohoe, third.

JACK KEEGAN.

new packs coupled with litter drills are creating wonderful appetites, and there is only one solution of the problem. We leave that to you. Perhaps you can intercede, or do you like to see us eat?

All those who don't like Lieutenant Hall's method of drilling, can quit our army right now.

Sergeant Schwab, recently relieved from duty at the Base Hospital, is on line again, but can not seem to find himself as yet. What's troubling you, Sergeant? Love sick?

"Spike" Warner, our former energetic mail orderly, has been transferred to the medical supply depot. We regret losing the services of our friend "Spike," and take this opportunity to express our gratitude to him for his efficiency in handling our mail, and especially for his untiring efforts to please all during the holiday season. Our good wishes go with you, "Spike."

"Johnny" Waas, the man of mystery, can't seem to enjoy work somehow or other.

Judging from the way second cook O'Brien kicks about handing out "seconds" you would almost believe he had to pay for them personally. We think second cooks are created to hand out "seconds."

A word to thee, Le Roy Knight: When are you going to invest in some cigarettes?

PRIV. J. L. F.

AMBULANCE COMPANY 106, 102ND

SANITARY TRAIN.

The recent tent changes find the company "pugilists" located in the same tent. That is to say Private "Jack" Neary is now quartered with Private "Dip" Murray, the Brockport piano mover. This not only brings together two "pals of olden days" but affords Jack excellent opportunity to train for his next "picket line bout," under the direct supervision of the "piano mover."

Our Company street has rightfully earned the title of "Speedway," since the acquisition of the motor ambulances. Foot traffic has been materially lessened on the street, owing to everyone's regard for his life.

Private Coyle and Tonsorialist Emler, the Company's two "dapper" privates, are regularly making evening trips to town, lured there by the "attractive screen programs" at the Strand. Oh! Where do we play next week?

Bobby O'Leary, the company's chief dispenser of "cats," who recently has won fame on the "picket line quoit links" has offered a prize of "seconds" on pie to anyone who can beat him at the game. To date no extra portions of pie have been awarded.

Supply Sergeant Cameron, who a few weeks ago attempted to establish a high jump record for himself is slowly improving and his arm will soon be released from its "sling."

Private Walter Wagemaker is diligently working on a plan whereby the new packs may be arranged to cover the backs of his shoes, thereby removing Sergeant Evans' objection to that unshined portion of his "russets."

Sergeant Louis Kelley has returned from the rifle range where he has been doing "settlement" (creditors take note) work. With him he brought a pedigreed "Pekingese," which has won the admiration of everyone in the company.

"Dashaway" Clancy has been relieved of ambulance duty, for we understand he had established a most encouraging confectionery business on his various trips to and from the Base Hospital, and especially so among the unconscious patients, who have signed huge contracts for future business. Prospects surely are bright for "Dashaway" provided the patients do not emerge from their semi-comatose state. It will be interesting to know that he is now diligently working on a cash register and quick change maker attachment for his first aid belt which bids fair to outrank the National Cash Register's supreme efforts. During this rush of business Private "Bones" Clydesdale is capably handling the auditing end of this growing enterprise.

J. F. H.

**REGIMENTAL NOTES—54TH PIONEER
INFANTRY.**

Our newly-hatched baseball team is showing up in gerat shape. Lt. Bernstein, manager, challenges all first-class teams in camp. Sgt. Quinn recently had a good day, knocking three lieutenants for the count, by pitched balls. He claims it was accidental. The team, including "Spider" Elvia, mascot, at an early date, play the Paxton team at Asheville.

K Co. regrets the loss of its chef, Willie Dolan, who has been transferred to E Co., and appointed mess sergeant.

True to our promise, we have opened our new regimental exchange, with a stock that makes Wanamaker's look like a country-store. Sgt. McCahill is the buyer. As such, he claims exemption from all calls, and demands more service than a major general. Nobody demurs except the man detailed to bear the buyer's matutinal tray to his cot each day.

PERSONAL: Will exchange hat, service, one, for a quadrangular steel helmet, Sx8. Corp. Eilertsen.

It is recommended that Lt. Bernstein, when playing baseball, bat with Sgt. Clark's front door, which is wider than the regulation bat.

Sgt. Jack Went, M Co., won \$750 from himself recently at Canfield. Jack Went wild with glee.

After being A. W. O. L. for 48 hours, Jack, the regiment's pet, returned to camp, much to the sorrow of A Co.

Col. Applin, B.A., in his lecture at Converse College, let fall a few zippy remarks on the subject of matrimony. If the wisdom of his words is doubted, you are referred to Corp. Adair, Hq. Co.

1st Sergt. Arthur, L Co., has returned from a furlough in New York City, and brings the heartening news that the Big Village is not yet os siccus, though the Prohibs are continually growing stronger. The regimental reporter hopes his furlough will soon be granted.

L Co. welcomes Sgt. "Show-me" Kountz, recently transferred to it from the Missouri National Guard. L Co. also announces the return from furlough of "wood-butcher" Beck, whose fifteen days were spent in building something or other.

Why will the mess sergeant persist in feeding stew to Sgt. Hirsch? Ask "Piggie," he knows.

Word comes from Liberty, N. Y., that Sgt. George Gress, A Co., who is enjoying a thirty-day sick leave in that town, meandered up to the altar the other day, and took unto himself a wife. (There ought to be a pun in here about Liberty and bondage, but I can't dope it out.)

C. T. M.



CAMP WADSWORTH 19—?

"I hear we are going to move soon, sergeant."

COMPANY B, 102ND U. S. ENGINEERS.

Eddie Kane was unanimously elected manager of the baseball team for this coming season. He has appointed two able assistants, "Holy" Joe Ferguson and the old veteran, Norman Smith. The boys showed their approval of the new management by defeating "C" Company 14 to 7, and then jumping on "A" Company to the tune of 16 to 7. This makes them First Battalion champs, and hereafter they will have to go outside of the Regiment for victims. Any team in the division is invited to cross bats.

"B" Company has another champ in Tom McElligott, heavyweight champion of the 27th Division.

True to tradition, the weather man let loose the "sprinkler system" up above, and the Second Battalion marched away to Belvoir, Va., in a downpour of rain. Under command of Capt. A. McC. Barrett, "B" Company braved the elements, escorting the outgoing battalion to the drill field, and sending them off with a rousing cheer. This Company wishes the senior battalion a safe and

joyous journey and a pleasant camping ground in Virginia. The 107th Infantry band led the way.

Corporal Massey was promoted to Acting Provost Sergeant. That's right, Melvin, hitch your wagon to a star and then hit the high spots on the way. Best of luck, old top.

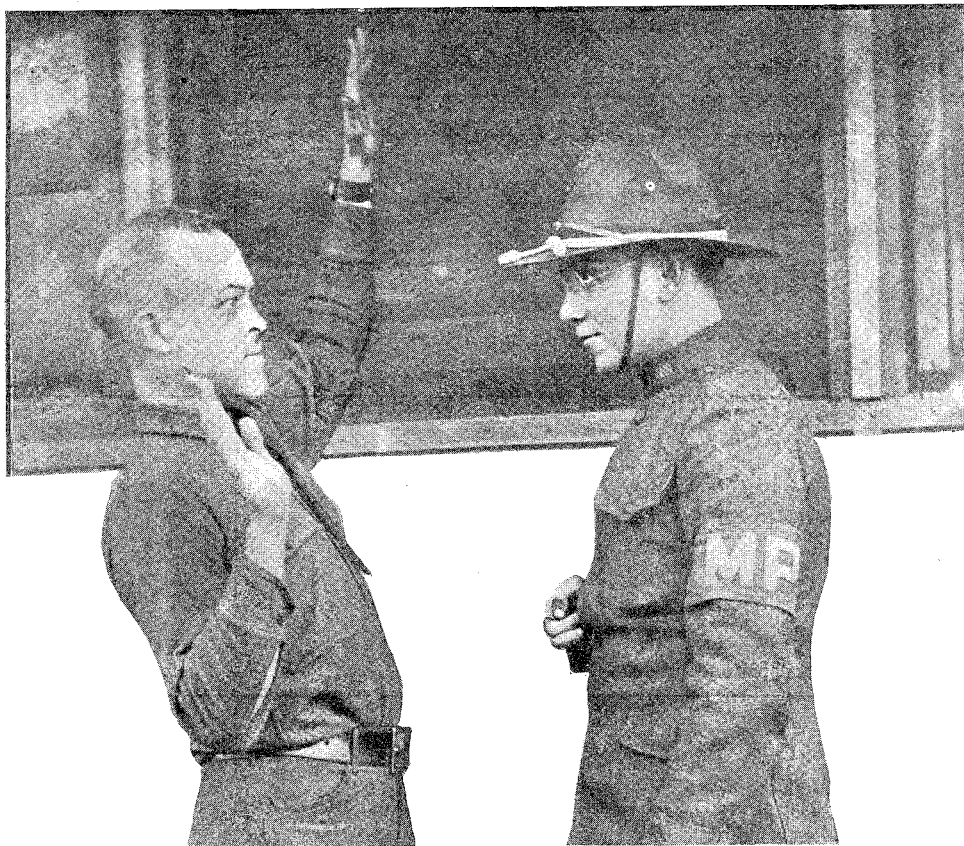
When Curtis, McLean, and Hartley start digging "by the numbers," three kinds of gases escape from the Gas Hut; Chlorine, Tear and Laughing. Too bad there isn't a gas known as Hot Gas. Guess they'd draw that out also.

We have a suspicion that Ethelburt Jellyback's pal, Diekey Darling, is none other than Private Archibald Wilberforce Hunninton, McKenney, of the Fifth Squad. The only thing that makes us at all doubtful is the fact that at times Ethelburt shows a little common sense.

A new rank in the army, boys. Get this. Assistant to Master Engineer. And there is only one of its kind in captivity. No bulletin has come from Headquarters as yet announcing this new rank, but we know it's all O. K., because the other evening a young lady called up for Assistant Master Engineer Corbett.

J. C. O.

Here Are the Men Who



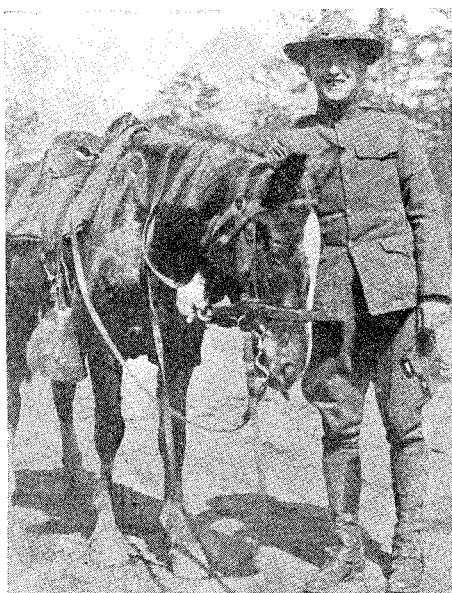
*GUN DELETED BY CENSOR.

PVT. RICHARD E. CONNELL.

BY DIVINE

Private Richard E. Connell, the editor, is here seen holding an irate contributor at bay. The contributor, with his hands flung up in fear, has just submitted a poem beginning "My Tuesdays are meatless, my Wednesdays are wheatless—" Dick holds the gun* with a wicked clutch. The gun is the Gas Attack's rejection slip.

Dick learned his desperado methods at Harvard, Washington Square, Gramercy Park, Park Row, Hotel Cleveland, and the Military Police.



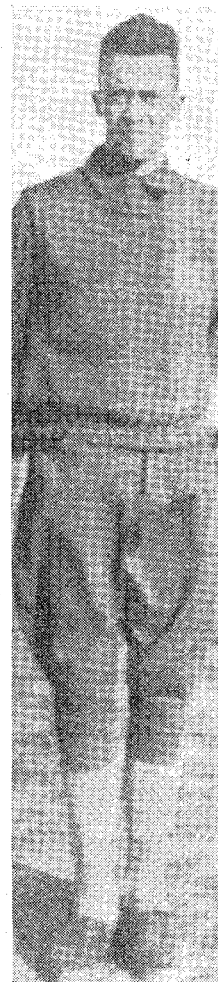
PVT. FRED J. ASHLEY.

Fred J. Ashley of Division Headquarters Troop, the sporting editor, ready to make a getaway. His chief means of escape from the local scrappers whose ability he picks on every week are the shaggy but dashing steed on his right and the windshields he sports in his left hand. After managing to slip through Fordham, he became a trooper and is still trooping.

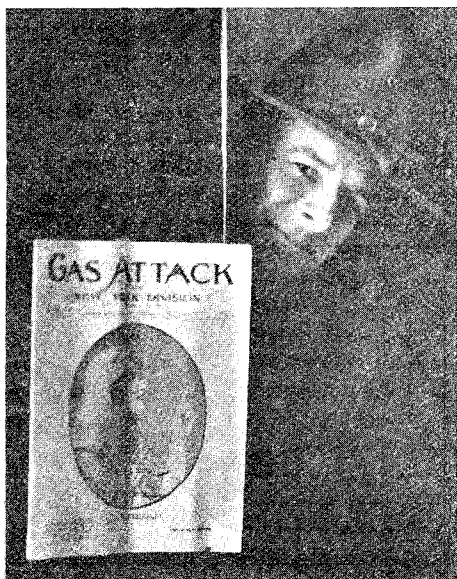
PVT. WALTER ADAMS DAVENPORT.

BY CONNELL AND DIVINE

He was known on Park Row as Bill. He came to Camp Wadsworth with Company M, 107th Infantry, in which organization he was prepared for the Officers' Training School. From the latter he contributes stories of gassing, bayonetting and the like. He almost graduated from the University of Pennsylvania once, but, frustrated, he fled to an Atlantic Port that has an aquarium at one end, a large statue of a lady with a light in her hand in the middle and Sandy Hook at the other end. There he became the writer of the stories that were, he admits, the feature of that Atlantic Port's largest morning daily.



Launch The Gas Attack



PVT. KEPPLER ADOLPH BISBEE.

BY C. D. AND R. E. C.

This is the shepherd of the News from Division Units. He makes the best coffee and the worst puns in the Division. The only difficulty is that to get his coffee you have to listen to his puns.



PVT. CHARLES DIVINE.

BY CONNELL AND DAVENPORT

Charles (Chick) Divine, the babbling Rupert Brooke of the New York Division, slings as hot a sonnet as anybody on the reservation. He has created Ethelburt Jellyback, Dicky Dow, Dickie Darling, and Jim Mugrums. He wormed his way into the army by way of Cornell University, Greenwich Village, and Park Row.



J. S. KINGSLEY.

BY THE ENTIRE COMPANY

J. S. Kingsley is the man whose industry and devotion has made it possible for the soldier editors to make the Gas Attack what it is. He is a gentleman and a scholar, well known in educational circles in New York State. He writes World Brevities, looks after the management of the magazine, directs the Y. M. C. A. educational work, gives stereoptican lectures, and still has time to give a warm handshake, a genial smile and a kindly word to everybody he meets. We slipped this story in while he was out superintending the delivery of the Gas Attacks.



GAYLORD W. ELLIOTT.

BY THE EDITORIAL STAFF

"No, Mr. Wannamaker, it is useless to plead. You CAN'T have the back cover in the Gas Attack until two years from next Christmas!"

Thus speaks our business manager, Gaylord W. Elliott, who, despite the order against the indiscriminate use of hypnotism in the Division, has repeatedly practiced the art of hypnosis on scores of advertisers. (See advertising pages of this issue. Write G. W. Elliott for rates. Advt.)

These are the very eyes that have bored into the soul of the advertiser, these are the very lips that have made many an advertiser put his name on the dotted line.

SPARTANBURG SOLDIERS WHIP OFFICERS OF 53RD PIONEERS.

Team from Camp Sevier Takes Baseball Game 4 to 2.

The strong baseball team formed by the officers of the 53rd Pioneers met its first defeat last Saturday at Wofford College Field. The winning nine were members of Company F, 118th Infantry, now at Camp Sevier and recruited entirely from the city of Spartanburg. The score was 4 to 2.

The Southerners were better at the bat, getting seven safeties to the officers' five. Miller, who twirled for them, was in fine shape, fanning thirteen and passing only one of the Pioneers. Potter also appeared in mid-season form with twelve strikeouts, but his team-mates were a little less powerful in the pinches.

Cobb, of the Pioneers, starred in the second when he drove a long home run wallop into right field fence. Woods also had his eye working getting three hits in four trips to the plate.

Camp Sevier.

	AB	R	H	PO	A	E
Goforth, rf	5	0	0	1	0	0
Wood, 3b	4	2	3	2	1	0
Bowen, ss	4	1	1	2	3	0
Richards, 1b	3	1	1	6	0	2
Kelly, 2b	4	0	0	1	0	0
Fleming, lf	2	0	0	0	0	0
Sullivan, lf	2	0	0	1	0	0
Ballantine, cf	4	0	1	0	0	0
Shook, c	2	0	0	13	1	0
Miller, p	4	0	1	1	2	0

Totals 34 4 7 27 7 2
Score by innings:

Camp Sevier	0	11	001	100	—4
Camp Wadsworth	0	10	001	000	—2

Camp Wadsworth.

Potter, p	3	0	1	0	4	0
Lewis, 3b	4	0	0	2	2	1
Dunn, 1b	3	1	1	5	1	0
Smith, rf	1	0	0	0	0	0
O'Kane, ss	4	0	0	4	1	2
Cobb, c	4	1	2	13	1	0
Stegaman, 2b	4	0	1	1	1	1
Butler, lf	3	0	0	0	1	0
Schwartz, rf, 1b	3	0	0	2	0	0
Rickman, cf	3	0	0	0	0	0
Dolphin, cf	0	0	0	0	0	0

Totals 33 2 5 27 11 4

Left on bases, Camp Sevier, 6; Camp Wadsworth, 6; two-base hits, Richards and Dunn; home-run, Cobb; first base on errors, Camp Sevier, 4; Camp Wadsworth, 1; stolen bases, Cobb, Potter, Kelly; hit by pitcher by Potter, Richards; base on balls off Miller, 1; off Potter, 2; struck out by Miller, 13; by Potter, 12; passed balls, Cobb, 2; Shook, 1.



Cheer Leader at Recent Baseball Game Between the 51st Pioneers and Wofford College.

HERE'S A BUSY MANAGER.

It is a remarkable thing how notable men can long remain in obscurity through sheer bashfulness. Such is the case of Sergeant Alfred Wolf and Sergeant Michael Benedetto of Co. F, 53rd Pioneers. We hate to talk about ourselves, but the time has become necessary to let the world know the true facts.

Sergeant Alfred Wolf, a mere slip of a man weighing in the neighborhood of 180 pounds, can throw any man in this or any other camp in a wrestling match for money, marbles or chewing gum. This may sound like a joke, but it's an open challenge to this camp or the wide world. "Bring 'Em On!"

Sergeant Michael Benedetto's fame as a 133-pound boxer is a thing of history in Richmond Hill and strange as it may seem the boxers of this camp must have received this information as we have not been crowded with any challenges for Benedetto. We would like to hear at once from any wrestler or boxer who doubts these statements.

EDWARD A. BAILEY,

1st Sergeant Co. F, 53rd Pioneer Inf.

CITY Y. M. C. A. NO MATCH FOR WADSWORTH QUINTET.

Soldiers Win Out in Rough and Tumble Game, 47 to 27, on Spartanburg Court.

The Camp Wadsworth basket-ball team composed of the stars of the 105th Infantry and the 51st Pioneers, had a walkaway in its contest with the five representing the Spartanburg Y. M. C. A. at the latter's court. The two teams had met before in a pair of practice games, the civilians taking one and the soldiers the other, but when it came to real battling it was a khaki clean-up.

All the real superiority of the camp quintet was displayed in the last half. During the first period neither side had been able to roll up a lead, the whistle finding them tied 11 to 11. As soon as hostilities were resumed, however, the range finders of the Wadsworth team got working and aided by a shift in the lineup amassed 36 points, while the Y. M. C. A. players were hard-pressed to grab 16.

Turner starred for the city players, accounting for 21 of their 27 points, and making 11 foul shots out of 13 chances. Ortner, Jarrett and Dooley were the big factors in the Wadsworth bombardment.

It was the second setback for the Y. M. C. A. team this season. The soldier five showed considerable improvement and with their new lineup working to perfection they should have a cinch in their few remaining contests.

The Line-Up.

Spartanburg Y. M. C. A. (27)		Camp Wadsworth (46)
Langford	R. F.	Ortner
Turner	L. F.	Bonk
R. Vogal	C.	Jarrett
Carroll	R. G.	Dooley
Blair	L. G.	Hensley

Substitutions—A. Vogal for Langford; Morriss for Jarrett; DeWitt for Hensley.

Field Goals—Turner, 5; Langford, 1; Carroll, 1; Blair, 1; Ortner, 3; Bonk, 3; Jarrett, 3; Dooley, 5; Hensley, 1; and DeWitt, 5.

Foul Goals—Turner, 11; Ortner, 7.

Referee—Shockley.

COHN ORGANIZES THE PIONEERS.

Harvey Cohn has been in touch with General Carleton, and is rapidly organizing the athletes of the Provisional Depot on the same plan that now holds in the 27th Division. As soon as his new committees have got a chance to act, he will hold a series of dual competitions between the two local bodies. In cases where outside camps are met on the athletic field, the best men from both organizations will be selected to represent Wadsworth.

RED CROSS FLAG AGAIN VIOLATED.

106th Infantry Soccer Team Disregards International Law When it Met the Sanitary Train Team.

On Saturday the 102nd Sanitary Train discovered that the Red Cross still proved no protection in this war. This time the International Law protecting the emblem was disregarded by the 106th Infantry. The 106th invaded the territory protected by the Flag and turned their guns upon the Train's newly organized soccer team. The Train's team, however, did not give up without a fight and proved a hard lot to capture. When the smoke and dust had cleared away, it was found that the dough-boys had retired with a victory, 1 to 0.

Both units played a good game with the 105th boys showing more team work and a better offensive. The Sanitary boys held down the score by a wonderful defensive game, especially on the part of goal keeper Fraser. He made a number of stops that would have proved sure goals with a less experienced player. Malone shot the only goal of the game after 35 minutes' play in the first half.

Sanitary Train		106th Infantry
Frazier	Goal	Harvey
McGowan	R. F. B.	McLaughlin
Smith	L. F. B.	Porter
Stanton	R. H. B.	Maxwell
Wilson	C. H. B.	Southern
Collins	L. H. B.	McDonough
McDowell	O. R. W.	Lesson, Capt.
Brown	I. R. W.	Burkmore
Hutchinson, Capt.	Center	Malone
Wormsley	I. L. W.	Bleutt
Malcolm	O. L. W.	McGuire
Referee:	J. L. Anguish, Y. M. C. A.	
Linesmen:	Barrett, 106th Inf.; Malone, Sanitary Train.	

BASEBALL SCORES.

	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	R.	H.	E.
3rd Pioneers	..	0	0	0	1	1	1	0	0	3	7	1
56th Pioneers	..	0	0	1	1	0	0	5	0	x	7	0
Co. H, 105th Inf.	0	0	1	0	0	0	0	0	0	1	5	9
Co. I, 51st Prs.	..	1	2	0	1	1	0	2	x	8	7	2
Batteries—Mun and Phoenix; Fountain and Lewis.												
Co. H, 105th Inf.	2	0	2	2	0	1	3	0	0	10	11	5
Co. F, 105th Inf.	3	0	6	0	0	1	0	0	2	11	7	6
Batteries—Mun and Phoenix; McCarthy and Bauer.												
Officers, 54 Prs.	0	0	1	0	1					2	1	2
Officers, 53 Prs.	1	1	2	3	0					7	5	2
Batteries—Hogan and Saxton; Potter and Cobb.												

OFFICERS OF 53RD PIONEERS IN ANOTHER VICTORY.

The baseball team composed of officers from the 53rd Pioneers added another scalp to its list by nosing out a 3 to 2 victory over the commissioned players of the 51st Pioneers last Wednesday. Dunn was on the mound for the 53rd, accounting for six strike outs and holding the 51st to four hits.

ATHLETIC CARNIVAL AT CONVERSE COLLEGE MARCH 23D.

Spartanburg will have plenty of opportunity to size up the Camp Wadsworth athletes to-night at the athletic carnival in the auditorium of Converse College. The program which has been arranged by Mr. Garvin of the Spartanburg Community Service, and Harvey Cohn and Frank Moran, the local athletic directors, includes every type of indoor work. Boxers, wrestlers, tumblers and jumpers all will get their chance to make a bid for fame. The promoters of the meet have secured the services of the best men in each of the camp sporting classes. The proceeds will be devoted to the Camp Wadsworth Athletic Fund.

MAINE BOXERS IN SNAPPY BOUTS AT K. OF C. HALL.

The boxing hordes of the 56th Pioneers, the old First Maine Heavy Artillery, supplied all but one of the contestants in the weekly bouts at the Knights of Columbus Hall last Friday night. The only exception was Gasselli of the 102nd Engineers, who fought a draw with Mahoney of the New England regiment in the first inter-sectional fight arranged since the balance of the Yanks reached here from Charlotte.

In the opening affair, Steddler of the Sanitary Company was opposed by Dubrey of Company M. Both men were guilty of continual holding and too much open-handed work. After the first round had gone even Steddler began to get his shots just where he aimed them, while Dubrey went wild. Near the end of the bout it developed into a sort of Turkey Trot Competition, the medical man sending over an eye-opener every time Steddler forgot his next cut. It was all Steddler.

Hanois and Provencha, two of Maine's French settlement, fought in the second. Provencha let the first frame go even but accounted for the next three. He has a defense of the same type as Abe Bernard of the 108th Infantry, combined with a well-timed left and right. He had his both hands working all the time making Hanois' stomach his objective. After having been

SEVIER AND WADSWORTH MEET IN RING AGAIN.

Local Battlers Get Lion's Shares of Honors at Greenville.

Frank Moran took another batch of his pupils to Greenville for the second time in a month, last Saturday night, and once again the Wadsworth men proved their superiority. In the three boxing matches, the local entrants won the first and held the Southerners to draws in the others, while the wrestling bout was awarded to Hanois of the 56th Pioneers after twelve minutes work.

Tom Riordan, of Battery D, 105th Field Artillery, was opposed by Langdon of the 30th Division in the opener. The Bronx scrapper, who is Moran's latest find in middleweight circles, knocked his man out early in the second round.

Barney Williams, the Army and Navy Featherweight champion, now a corporal in Battery D, 105th Field Artillery, met Tickle Sanders in the next scrap. After three furious rounds, Captain Bender, the referee, called it a draw. The third bout between Shannon of the 53rd Pioneers, and Hayes of Camp Sevier, was also left in the balance.

Hanois, of the 56th Pioneers, who has already proven himself a first-class boxer, showed his ability at wrestling in the closing event. He met another bantam named Smith and had things all his own way.

COMPANY I, 51ST, STILL AT IT.

The strong basketball team of Company I, 51st Pioneers, had another walkaway last Wednesday night. This time they trounced the Bisons, a quintet from the city. The score was 49 to 21.

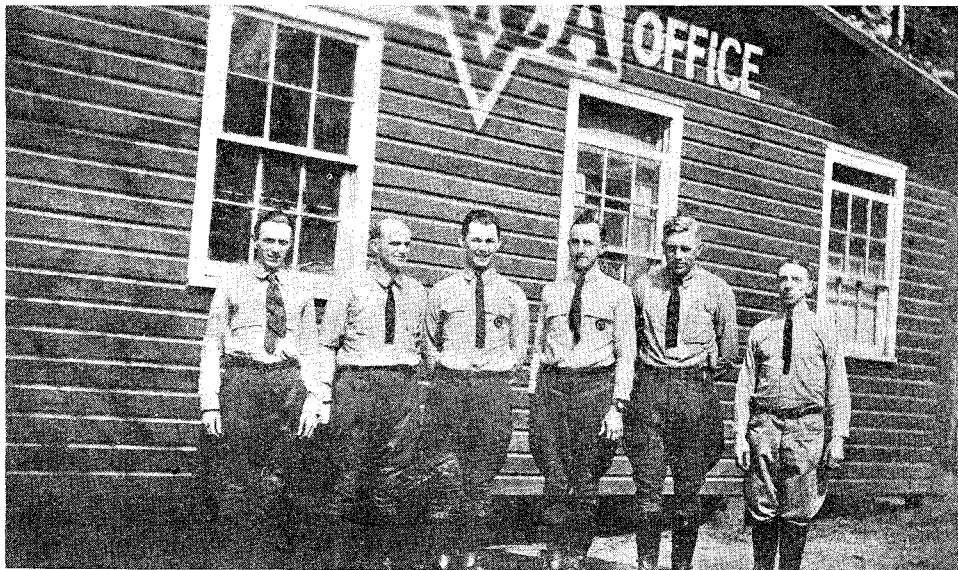
forced to the ropes several times in the second and third rounds, Hanois attempted a rally in the fourth, but was put back in his corner by another tattoo on his ribs.

Beaumie of Company B, and O'Toole of Company C, two 150-pounders, fought in the fourth battle. O'Toole, the former center on the Maine Heavy football team, was the aggressor in all three rounds. He was too fast for Beaumie. The latter was too game to quit, that's all.

TRACK TENNIS	BOXING SOCCOR	BASEBALL BASKET BALL
<h1>SHOES</h1>		
<h2>The Athletic Store</h2>		
(OPPOSITE THE CLEVELAND HOTEL)		

News of the Y. M. C. A.

EDITED BY RAY F. JENNEY.



From Left to Right: R. H. Struble, Building Physical Director No. 97; J. G. Anguish, Building Physical Director No. 92; H. D. Ortner, Building Physical Director No. 95; R. F. Jenney, Camp Physical Director; H. J. Stegeman, Building Physical Director No. 96; D. M. Davis, Building Physical Director No. 93.

OFFICERS PARTY A BIG SUCCESS.

Chaplain Edrop Leaves for Special Service.

As the drill program becomes stiffer we are having more open nights at Unit No. 96, and the men seem to appreciate a full evening for rest and chatting and games without a program. On Tuesday evening of last week the building was given over to Chaplain Edrop for what proved a most delightful party given by the officers of the 53rd Pioneers. They transformed the old hut into a bower of beauty. Several general officers and many ladies were among their guests.

No army "Y" has ever had a better friend among the army officers than Chaplain Edrop has been to Unit 96, and his departure at the call of the War Department to special service is not regretted even by his own regiment any more than by our building force. He was the speaker at our service last Thursday evening, and on Sunday preached his farewell sermon at the joint regimental service. Both messages were most impressive and helpful. Dr. Legg, of Elmira, was our speaker Sunday night. What he brought gripped the heart of every man. His own home boys, Company L of the 108th, filled the front seats, compliment enough to any camp speaker.

106TH INFANTRY BAND MAKES A HIT.

Range and trench duty for the 106th Regiment made a quiet week for No. 93. The men who were left in Camp were entertained by two good movie shows on Tuesday and Saturday.

The 106th Band again made a hit on Thursday night. Leader Gartland and his boys are always an event at 93, and the boys crowd the house to hear their music.

Several improvements and additions have been made to the building. A drinking fountain has been installed which will prove a popular place in the coming warm weather. A pay telephone is also in operation.

The loss of Secretaries Conover and Rice will be greatly felt. These men have served faithfully for the past three months and have many friends. We hate to see them go, but wish them the best of success in their new work.

The educational work at No. 96 is growing in a most gratifying way. Mr. Anderton has seven classes meeting twice a week, and the enrollment is constantly growing.

This unit is at present taking charge of the work at the camp prison, under Chaplain Keever's direction. The men are supplied with reading and writing material and visited during the week. A religious service is held for them each Sunday afternoon, and a Catholic mass at least once a week.

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

Noted New York Minister.

Dr. John R. Mackay, pastor of the North Presbyterian church, and one of the foremost ministers of New York City, has been here at Camp Wadsworth for the last ten days. He has spoken in all the Y. M. C. A. buildings in Camp and twice in Spartanburg. He has a pleasing personality and has given some very forceful messages which have and will continue to produce good results. Nearly forty young men from Dr. Mackay's church are at this Camp, and whenever he spoke "his boys" were there to hear him.

An Eminent Speaker.

Dr. A. P. Bourland, of Washington, D. C., Secretary of the Southern Chautauquas, spent two days at Camp Wadsworth, where he spoke on "The Momentous Year." Dr. Bourland is an eloquent and noted lecturer.

Dr. Arthur Libby Lectures.

Dr. Arthur Libby, Professor of history in Wofford College and Director of French for the Army Y. M. C. A. in Camp, will deliver a lecture at No. 271 Y. M. C. A. tent on Saturday evening. His subject will be, "The Early Days of the War."

Professor Libby is very popular in Camp among officers and men. He is teaching French to several hundred officers and nearly a thousand men.

In the early days of the war he was in Berlin and witnessed the German mobilization, and heard the Kaiser make his famous war speech.

Lecture on "The Wonders of Ether Waves."

Dr. C. H. Tyndall, author, lecturer and scientist, is to be with us from March 25th to 28th, inclusive. He will give his lecture at No. 96 on the evening of March 24th, at No. 271 evening of March 26th, No. 92 evening of March 27th, and No. 95 evening of March 28th.

He is a branch of the families of Sir John Tyndall, Scientist, and William Tyndall, Bible translator, and he comes rightly by his love for science, and the reverent spirit with which he unfolds its mysteries.

His lecture on "Wire Telegraphy" in 1901 created a sensation in the press throughout the world. He has given it several hundred times in the United States, Canada and England. Frequently well known people pronounce it the best lecture they have ever heard. Come and hear him. Don't miss it.

URGENT DEMAND FOR A SMALL ARMY OF "Y" MEN FOR OVERSEAS.

Four Y. M. C. A. Men From Camp Wadsworth Leave for France.

Over 800 "Y" Secretaries are now actually in France at work with the American troops, 100 in the allied Foyers du Soldats. In spite of this fact the call has come to the National War Work Council for 1,300 more men for immediate service in order to fill the following calls:

American soldiers' "Ys" in France, 400.
French Army "Ys," 300.
Italian Army "Ys," 300.
English Army "Ys," 100.
Home Camps' "Ys," 450.

As a result a special drive has been put on by the Personnel Bureau of the National War Work Council to secure the men to supply this demand.

The Council faces a demand made upon it that can not be ignored. It is to furnish by June, 1918, fully 4,000 men to fill executive positions at home and abroad. The following cable indicates the immediate need in France:

"The French commander-in-chief furnishes a list of 546 places where equipped barracks are ready for "Y" secretaries. The War Work Council recently appealed to the people of the U. S. for \$35,000,000; they gave \$50,000,000. Now it has appealed to them again for the men, to be given at the cost of the sacrifice of their best. These men must be sought and found in positions carrying heavy responsibility—the kind "who can not be spared" and who "can stand squarely on their own feet." They are to be sent thousands of miles from home to carry responsibilities, to meet emergencies, to face danger and death, and their responsibilities and emergencies and dangers demand quick thinking and sound judgment, a pose and spirit under the most adverse circumstances in non-combatant service.

A national program of recruiting is projected throughout the six National Divisions. W. W. Alexander is the head of the South-eastern Department. In addition to the call to those in civilian life, the call has come to each camp in this Department to surrender a number of their secretaries for this work. Camp Wadsworth was not found wanting in this call, for yesterday evening four of her men left for France via New York. These men were:

L. R. Lewis from Hudson Falls, N. Y., an attorney who left his law practice and came to Camp Wadsworth last November and was assigned to No. 95 as Building General Secretary.

David T. Burgh, a Congregational minister from Warren, Me., who came to Wadsworth January 15th, after having taken a special course in this work at Springfield College, Springfield, Mass. He was assigned to No. 97 as Social Secretary.

"THE REVERIE OF A BACHELOR AT WADSWORTH.

The treat for Unit 92 this week was the playlet that was presented on Friday evening by the B. Y. P. U. of the First Baptist church of Spartanburg. "The Reverie of a Bachelor" was the playlet, and in it were 22 of the prettiest young ladies of Spartanburg. When they promenaded across the stage as presented in the bachelor's dream they offered quite a treat in femininity to the extra large crowd that was gathered in the building. The play was staged by Miss Elizabeth Garland, and the following is the cast of characters:

The Bachelor—Mr. Bernard F. Krall.
School Girl—Bettie Aline Hutchins.
High School Girl—Martha Kennedy.
Athletic Girl—Caro Mae Dunbar.
Actress—Emma Crews.
College Girl—Fay Hudgens.
Country Girl—Kathryn Johnston.
Winter Girl—Elizabeth Harper.
Colonial Girl—Manilla Justice.
Summer Girl—Ruth Stokes.
Riding Girl—Mrs. Daley.
Society Girl—Hazel Sims.
Old Maid—Mary Gentry.
Widow—Ola Bush.
Japanese Girl—Sarah Moore.
Spanish Girl—Margaret Young.
Parisian Girl—Annie Bush.
Nun—May Bomar.
Dutch Girl—Margaret Shippey.
Red Cross Nurse—Charity Carman.
Irish Girl—Lucile Crews.
Military Girl—Ruth Crick.
Bride—Nellie Shippey.
Pianist—Carrie Lulu Hutchins.
Violinist—Private E. C. Osterberg, Co. B, 102nd Engineers.

Sunday night Doctor Mackay, of New York City, gave an excellent address. The crowd was a great deal smaller than is usually present on account of the large number of the men near this unit who are detailed on special duties or are away on hikes. Mr. Clark led the singing and the service was enjoyed by those who were present.

Mr. F. A. Rice, who was General Secretary at Oswego, N. Y., came to Camp Wadsworth December 10th and was assigned to No. 93 as the Social Secretary.

W. H. Conover from Plainfield, N. J., who was employed in the National City Bank of New York, came here January 1st and was assigned to No. 93 as Educational Secretary.

While all the "Y" secretaries and all the men who came to know these men regret that they have left Camp Wadsworth, they rejoice with these men who have gone, that they were able to go; they envy them because they are on their way "over there." Every "Y" man, as well as every enlisted man of Camp Wadsworth is anxious to be in the thick of the fight and is eagerly looking forward to the time when the command is given for him to go to the "front."



WHO WANTS 'EM?

For Sale: One pair of limbs, pictured above. Believed to be only pair of their kind extant. Strictly modern, 1918 model. Neo-Gothic style. Guaranteed to be in good shape. Warranted not to warp or run. Fully equipped with self-starting ankles and demountable toes. O'Sullivan heels. Note the fashionable femurs, and their generous upholstery. Have been used less than 400 miles. Will take any hill on high. "No hill too steep, no sand too deep" is their motto. Ball-bearing, double-action, squeak-proof knee joints (patented). Rust-proof fibulae, guaranteed against everything but mule-kick. The very latest in calfings, heelings and insteppings. Will throw in one good left hand, with automatic fingers. Must be seen to be appreciated. Call between six o'clock at Unit 271. Ask for Mr. Bonk.

'T WAS EVER THUS!

Gazing into his trustful eyes, the warm-hearted Southern girl asked the soldier to be seated.

Blushing slightly, and trembling at the nearness of the fair girl, he did as requested.

Casting upon him a look of supreme confidence, she leaned towards him.

She placed her shapely arm around the chair.

She raised her arm, and gently ruffled his hair.

His heart was going pit-a-pat.

He waited with breathless interest her next move.

Softly she murmured: "You have a very small mouth."

* * *

Then with the force of a whole regiment of Pioneers she started in with, what seemed to the soldier, a regular pick and shovel.

Here the romance ended.

He was getting his teeth cleaned at a local tooth carpenter's.

The fair heroine was the wielder of the dental instruments of torture.

K. A. B.

TRAVELING UNDER ORDERS

A Guide-Book for Troops
en route to France

By

MAJOR WILLIAM E. DUNN, N. A.

*Before you start for the front—
Buy this Book*

It is the only one that has taken into consideration all the information needed for the journey by rail, the voyage over, the arrival in France and in the trenches.

You will find full details as to your personal equipment, from clothes and hair-brushes to medicines and disinfectants—from what type of wrist watch to wear up to the best way of managing your expenses. A mass of other necessary information that is not supplied by the government. This book is written by an officer who has seen service in France and no particular as to your safety, health or comfort has been overlooked.

Cloth, 50 cents

Harper and Brothers

Established 1817

COMPANY C, 105TH INFANTRY.

Private John Lore is being talked of as boxing instructor for the 105th Infantry. A better man couldn't be picked.

When Private Dave Conroy was given his choice, the army or a wife, he wisely chose the army.

When Corporal Dixon's tent is lit up it looks like the house of a thousand candles.

The following men have been promoted to the grade of Corporal and Sergeant: Corporal Britton as Mess Sergeant; Private H. V. Reilly to be Corporal; Private Thos. Kinkead to be Corporal; Private John Denny to be Corporal.

Corporal Gibbons patrolled patiently up and down in front of his tent to stop anyone from winning his shirt, but somehow or other one was missing when he went to check up.

If Private Sam Berry lost any sleep in the past he sure is making up for lost time. Sam goes down with the sun.

In Division Society

Mrs. Charles P. Loeser, Editor.

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



INTERNATIONAL FILM.

TEAM WHICH REPRESENTS NURSES OF BASE HOSPITAL IN LADIES' HOCKEY LEAGUE.

They won a spirited contest from Converse yesterday, score 4 to 2. They play Vassar tomorrow. The following teams are entered in the League: Nurses of Camp Wadsworth Base Hospital, Vassar, Converse, Smith, International Correspondence School and Yale.

RECEPTION FOR MAJ. GEN. AND MRS. O'RYAN.

One of the brilliant social events of the season was the reception given by the Spartanburg Chamber of Commerce to Major General and Mrs. John F. O'Ryan, March 13th. The reception was held at the Hotel Cleveland. In the receiving line with Major General and Mrs. O'Ryan were the generals of the 27th and the Pioneer Divisions, their aides, and all acting commanding officers and their wives.

CAPTAIN BRAITHWAITE ENGAGED.

The engagement has been announced of Miss Anne Anderson, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Albert William Anderson, of Augusta, Ga., to Captain Albert Newby Braithwaite, of the British army, now at Camp Wadsworth as a trench mortar expert. He recently won the D. S. O. Miss Anderson is a graduate of Converse College, 1915.

THE LATEST FROM HEADQUARTERS.

Sergeant-Major Flannery of Division Headquarters boasts that the Headquarters Troop has the best ball team in camp. He throws this defi at every unit in camp. Go after him managers!

ENTERTAIN AT AFTERNOON TEA.

Mrs. Henry Gaylord Elliott, Mrs. Maurice J. Swetland, and Mrs. Charles P. Tolser were hostesses at an afternoon tea given at their home 153 Alabama street for Mrs. E. L. Sweetser, wife of Brig. Gen. Sweetser, and a member of the Army ladies. Among those present were: Mrs. Stover, wife of Col. Stover; Mrs. Cushing, wife of Major Cushing; Mrs. Hildreth, wife of Major Hildreth; Mrs. Stoehr, wife of Capt. Stoehr; Mrs. Mason, wife of Lieut. Mason; Mrs. R. H. Chapman and Mrs. Ewell.

Major Cushing of the 1st Anti-Aircraft Machine Gun Battalion, and Mrs. Cushing gave a dinner at camp to Lieut. and Mrs. Rainey, Lieut. and Mrs. Brady. Both Mrs. Rainey and Mrs. Brady being recent brides. Mrs. Cushing presented each with large silver baskets, gifts from the officers of the Anti-Aircraft Battalion.

Mrs. James R. Howlett, wife of Col. Howlett of the Second Pioneer Infantry, is a recent guest at the Finch Hotel.

Capt. and Mrs. Louis N. Thibadeaux of Camp Wadsworth have returned from a recent trip to Atlanta.



World Brevities

Edited by J. S. KINGSLEY



Billy Sunday will go to the trenches in France to fight the Devil so says Billy's son.

Germany now expresses hate toward the Swedes, the Danes and the Norwegians for being neutral toward the Entente. It is thought that Germany will attempt to get a claim on these countries.

Secretary of War Baker is now in France, where he represents President Wilson.

There is still reason to believe that the Germans will make a great assault on the western front. The Allies say they are anxious to meet such an assault.

A campaign to raise \$100,000,000 for the Red Cross will start May 20 and will extend one week.

The American troops carried out three raids and swept past the Germans' first line and penetrated to the enemy's second line. The American guns work finely and the Germans flee before American shells.

China and Japan will act together by sending two army divisions into Manchuria to safeguard Allied interests.

The Americans obliterated a mile of the enemy's trenches.

Americans are exhibiting some fine deeds of bravery in the air, in Red Cross Work and in assault.

Germans advance to within a few miles of Odessa, which is the greatest of the Black Sea ports through which the volume of Russian wheat passes.

The New York Legislature has decided not to pass the Constitutional Prohibition Amendment, but will refer the vote to the voters of the state.

Irishmen, but British subjects, within draft age will be exempt from draft in the United States, while other British subjects will not be exempt.

Mrs. James A. Garfield, widow of ex-President Garfield, died in California at the age of 85. On the death of the President there was raised a fund of \$300,000, the income on which was to go to her and after her death it was to be divided among her children.

It is reported that General Pershing will hold a 100 mile front by January first next.

United States are reported as about to organize out of the National Army fifteen units of cavalry.

A lone American sentry fights forty invading Germans and puts them to flight.

The government will soon take charge of all the express systems. Such management may result in merger of express and parcel post business.

Trotzky is out of the Bolshevik cabinet and is forming a new revolutionary body which may weaken the Socialistic tendencies of Russia.

Senator Calder, on his return from Camp Wadsworth, urges that the Twenty-Seventh Division may soon be fully equipped so that they may soon see service abroad.

At two o'clock A. M., March 31st, all the clocks of the nation will be set ahead one hour if the bill which has passed the House is ratified by the Senate and is signed by the President. There seems no doubt that this will be the case.

Bulgaria will soon send envoys to America to try to open a conference in Switzerland at which peace will be discussed. Many regard this as a trap to ensnare many in this country.

James Stillman, one of New York's wealthiest men, and a friend of Harriman and Rockefeller, died in New York last week. He has been one of the largest contributors for the different relief funds during this war.

A continuous conflict in the air between the Allies and the Germans shows Germany's determination to dominate in the air.

It is believed that this is the beginning of the long expected German drive in the West.

Although the construction of American air-craft is thirty days behind the schedule time, yet the managers promise that General Pershing will have all the air-craft he needs by June 1st.

The Allies have seized the Dutch ships now in the Allied ports. Holland makes a protest, claiming that her ships are her territory and any seizure, although paid for, would be illegal. The Dutch ships taken over amount to 500,000 tons in America and 300,000 tons in British ports. The submarines sink about the thus combined tonnage within two months.

Russian Soviets who have been meeting at Moscow have accepted the peace terms between Germany and Russia.

Jess Willard and Fred Fuller will box on July 4th for the title.

The Allies think Germany will profit little by the Russian treaty for Russia has but little to furnish Germany at present.

Capt. Archie Roosevelt and ten other American soldiers were presented with French war crosses.

A concrete ship has been launched on the Pacific. Many believe that the concrete boat will help to solve the shipping problem.

King George of England has sent his thanks to Chairman Henry P. Davison of the Red Cross of America for a contribution of a million dollars.

RUSSIAN PEACE TERMS.

By the German Russian peace treaty Russia must give up Poland, Courland, Livonia, Esthonia and the Ukraine. Russia must retire from Armenia and renounce all claims to the occupied territories in Europe. This treaty was made between the Bolsheviks and the Germans and has been ratified at the Soviet Congress at Moscow.

CHINESE ARE VOLUNTEERING.

The British and French have several recruiting stations in China which is now one of the Allied nations. When the Chinaman enlists he is examined by a European surgeon. After his examination he willingly has his queue removed, then an identification bracelet is riveted to his wrist and he joins the other volunteers in a training camp where he is prepared for active service in a few months.

MATERIALS ESSENTIAL FOR WAR.

At the outbreak of the present war the United States was producing a third of the world's oil supply, half of its copper, about half of its coal and iron, and about a third of its silver, lead and zinc. But there were seven very essential minerals which we did not possess in sufficient quantities. These are: potash, which is essential in agriculture. This was procured from Germany. Nitrogen also essential in agriculture, and the most essential basis of nearly all explosives, which is procured from northern Chile, but we have learned how to extract it from cheap coal and from the air. Manganese, which is absolutely necessary for the manufacture of steel is procured in Brazil. This country has a supply, but the mines have not been developed. Nickel we get mainly from Canada. We now get tin from Bolivia and Platinum from Colombia. We get pirate from Spain, from this substance we manufacture sulphuric acid, which is required in the manufacture of explosives.

SHOULD JAPAN ENTER SIBERIA?

Japan has expressed a willingness to send her army into Siberia and to seize the Transit Railway. Is this advisable? If the chief aim of the Allies is to win and then to retain the moral support of Russia. If Japan, Russia's old enemy, seizes the Russian railroads, and the Russian bases of supplies and sends an army into the midst of Russia's richest territories will not opposition be aroused in Russia? Will not more harm than good be done? Will it not drive Russia into closer alliance with Germany? Have the Allies any assurance that Japan will relinquish all claims to all territory she should seize in Siberia?

LABOR UNIONS AND THE RAILROADS.

Mr. McAdoo has appointed Mr. W. S. Carter, president of the Brotherhood of Locomotive Fireman and Engineers, as director of labor in the new railroad government management. It is intended to give to the American Federation of Labor and to the Brotherhoods a direct voice in the management of the railroads.

PLOWING ON THE OCEAN BOTTOM.

According to the Scientific American a submarine plow has been invented whose function is to plow on the ocean floor for the burying of telephone and telegraph cable lines across Long Island Sound. This operation is for the protection of these cables against hooks and anchors of oystermen and fishermen.

SOLDIERS!**TEETH!**

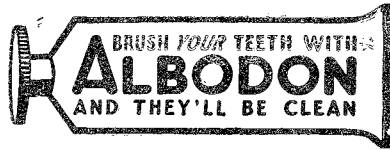
Any old thing in the way of a dentifrice will not do for a soldier. He needs the best because he needs good teeth.

Albodon

Albodon Dental Cream is considered by dentists and the public the best tooth cleanser and polisher on the market. Ask your own dentist about it. Easier to use than pastes; more convenient and more economical than powders. The Ideal Dental CREAM for a soldier's kit. *Never hardens in the tube.*

PRICE 25c A TUBE. FOR SALE AT

Ligon's Drug Store and K-W-N Pharmacy,
152 W. Main St., Spartanburg.
Ask Your Post Exchange.

**HEADQUARTERS, 54TH INFANTRY BRIGADE.**

The following changes in the Headquarters Detachment have been made, due to the new tables of organization:

William S. Kimball, from Private to Corporal.

Henry A. Baumann, from Private First Class to Cook.

George DeMeur, from Corporal to Wagoner.

James A. Paley, from Wagoner to Private, First Class.

Corporal Kimball, Private First Class James A. Flanagan, Milo F. Robeter and Buck Private John F. Doyle are at the Divisional Rifle Range for rifle practice. As soon as they return, others in the detachment will be sent. All the neighboring farmers have been notified to gather in their cattle, and remove all valuable property, due to the fact perhaps that Doyle and Flanagan sometimes think they are up around Abbey, near Albany, hunting rabbits. Manning says it will be just like a vacation without the above mentioned duet. There will be no arguments in the tent during their stay at the range.

Sergeant Laidlaw has been laid up for the past week with a fractured wrist. While riding a horse the other day a spark from a locomotive overhead dropped through the bridge causing his horse to plunge into one of the wooden girders. In his own words, "He tried to wreck the P. & N." What a calamity that would be to Camp Wadsworth. Outside of his wrist being out of commission he is able to be around and partake of his daily allotment of "Dipped Coffee."

First Lieutenant Robert D. Williamson has been very busy supervising the remodeling of the mess shack and office quarters. Due to the summerlike weather for the past ten days, the Lieutenant has been very busy making out memorandum receipts for summer issues of clothing. The most popular question in regard to summer underwear is "What size do you wear?" "Thirty-four." "Well, here's a thirty-six, that's all I've got."

Second Lieutenant R. P. Buell has been granted ten days leave of absence, and is visiting his family.

MAC.

COMPANY E, 53RD PIONEER INFANTRY.

Sergeant Mechanic George Fink, now the regimental electrician, is running wild around the company streets with a coil of wire on his shoulder. What's the matter, George?

Lieutenant Willis Paul appeared on the company street with a baseball bat and had the boys falling all over one another while he was batting out flies. Like Ty Cobb, he is getting in shape for the coming season. Then we will have Lieutenant Paul's Peerless Pioneers Pounding the Pill.

First Lieutenant Whitney, now confined at the Base Hospital, will be surprised when he sees the improvements made in the Company Street on his return. Here's hoping for a speedy recovery.

Cook George MacKenzie is all excited lately because he didn't get a certain package. Never mind, George, she won't forget you.

Corporal Michael J. Schmitt, the original "Phony," has been promoted to Supply Sergeant. All we hear from Mike now is "well, now, that's different." Good luck, Mike, in your new job.

We have a new Acting Top Sergeant, LeRoy Lockwood, formerly of the Machine Gun Company. We know it is a hard job, old top, but stick to it, we wish you luck.

Privates Rosenberg and Lattella gave an exhibition of boxing on the company street the other night; Result: One broken head and one broken hand.

Private James Cody has a new girl and someone sent her a picture of Cody, taken with one of the colored laundry girls. Look out for Sergeant Heise, Jim.

Lieutenant Kennedy has his chest out a little further than usual. Some one told him that there was a street named after him in Spartanburg.

First Lieutenant Skelley has been named the Beau Brummell of the Pioneers. He reminds one of George M. Cohan in "Twenty Miles from Boston."

J. E. C.

Private Tipp—Is the Sergeant trying to cultivate his voice?

Private Topp—Yes; but the men in the street are growing wild.

COMPANY G, 55TH PIONEER INFANTRY.

Old G Company is anxiously waiting for their new men to arrive. Sergeant Gudenkoff says there is not enough work for him to do as it is.

Private Hunt used to be our "bunk" expert, but our noble Supply Sergeant has taken his place.

Since Private Hunt has been detailed to attend the cooking school, to glimpse the mysteries of the culinary art, he has lost all his old ambition to sleep. We hope Hunt will make a good Mess Sergeant; they are so scarce.

Sergeant Daley, our over-worked Supply Sergeant, has been looking gloomy since returning from his furlough. He was married while away. What's the matter, Sergeant? Does it affect you that way?

Sergeant Gudenkoff (our little Frenchman) has become a bayonet expert. Frank is expecting a box from Alfred, N. Y. We hope it's a big one.

Mrs. George F. Lohouse, the wife of our First Sergeant, is visiting Spartanburg. We wondered why he was away from camp so much.

Our Captain is a great artist on rustic architecture; he has the finest cabin in the officers' row.

G. F. L.

VETERAN VAN HOESEN WEDS.

Frederick W. Van Hoesen, mechanic for Co. A, 102 Military Police, was married recently to Mrs. Ida Herrell, of Asheville. Van is one of the best known and most popular veterans in camp. He wears a Spanish-American War service bar, and was with the 71st Regiment nearly twenty years.

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.

“INTO THE VALLEY OF BREATH.”

(Continued from page 12)

meadow-land and creeks and rolling cotton field.

The chamber is heavily sealed, but there are windows on either side—heavy windows that clamp like the doors of an ice box, but clear and wide.

Yet none of the jewel-like brilliance of the day came in. Within that squat room there hung a greenish pall that was heavy and demoralizing. The gloom was like the early winter twilight. The medical corps men were outside. There might be accidents. Captain Delanoy talked in short phrases through his mask.

They asked for volunteers to stay inside and remove their masks. Such men were to take a long, deep breath through the respirator. Then each man was to flip off the mask. He was to hold his breath—hold his breath as he loved his lungs. Captain Delanoy led the way. He removed his mask without haste. Very calmly he snapped it back after a few seconds. Without suggestion of hurry he inflated the face fabric and cleared it—once, twice, three times. Then he cleared the goggles.

The men outside were peering through the windows. The place was made even darker thereby.

“Take off your masks when you are ready,” said Captain Delanoy through the respirator. “Don’t hurry. Don’t lose your heads. You are quite all right if you avoid panic. Don’t hurry, but don’t fumble.”

I’ve seen quite a number of things that are warranted to thrill. I’ve seen men hanged, electrocuted, shot and one miserable negro burned at the stake. And, quite unavoidably, I assure you, I have been in places where the chances that I would be carried out were disconcertingly good.

A New Sensation.

But this was a sensation quite new.

We ripped off the masks, each man doing it in his own time. Personally, I never held anything quite so fiercely as I clung to those lungs-full of air I had inhaled through the chemical canister. Everybody was utterly calm. A silver ring I wore had already gone blue-black—the shade of your rifle barrel. My eyes still smarted from the lachrymator.

Previously I had snapped the mask on in six seconds and had become rather proficient in the intricate art of wearing the thing. I kept it off in that chamber about five seconds, I figure.

But I put it on in one.

Certainly it was not longer than that. I cleared the mask twice. The third time I cleared it the nose clips slipped off and I got the smallest sort of a whiff of the stuff. I have never smelled a soft, overripe admixture of asafetida, ammonia, garlic and crude glue. Therefore I have no idea whether it has that sort of an odor or not.

But it is rough stuff—that gas.

DARK CORNERS CAMOUFLAGE.**The Tale of a Feast with the 105th F.
A. Artillery Range No. 2.**

Camouflage is to make things appear what they are not. Captain MacAuslin is a canny Scotchman from the Highlands of Scotland, of the Clan Buchanan night-hunters in their day and great judges of horse flesh. The Captain, following in the footsteps of his forefathers, decided on a hunting expedition in the mountains of Dark Corners, so he toiled and struggled up the steep mountain side. In a few hours all worn out, he came back loaded with a carcass of what he stated (sh—!) was a bear, all skinned and dressed for the table. With bated breath, he told this wonderful story:

“While I was going up the mountain side I heard a terrible noise in the brush. I stopped to listen—crash! I was dumb-founded—there before me, stood a bear, fire blazing from his eyes, steam coming from his nostrils. I could feel his hot breath in my face. Did I run? Not much! I reached for my trusty forty-five; fired and hit him plumb in the eye, and here he is.” Cheers from the astonished crowd of listeners. He was indeed their hero. There was great rejoicing throughout the regiment, with the prospects of bear meat for dinner. It being an officer who shot the bear it was decided to have a banquet for the officers’ mess. Oh joy, what a change from Ham-and, to Bear. So they sent over to the Q. M. detachment for the steward of the hotel Knickerbocker, E. Lamonis, to prepare the menu. Assembly of cooks for the preparation of Bruin.

Menu.

Hors de Overs
Celery au Branche Queen Olives
Consomme de Bear
Filet de Bear a’la Campania
Pettet Pois
Audricot de Bear, Dark Corners
Pome Rissolis, Asparagus au Branche
Fruit Mixed Nuts
De Artillery 105th
Cafe Noir
De Supply
Cigars de Mac

Music by the Great Bear Jazz Band

Speeches and songs followed. The Captain being the hero of the evening, was called upon to make the first speech. His subject being camouflage, his chest began to expand. For had he not put something over? Had he not shown these would-be hunters his skill in woodcraft? All’s well that ends well for right in the midst of his interesting story, there arose a groan from one of the youngsters, “Hold! What is this? I’ve found a mule shoe in the soup pot!” The game was up. When they recovered from their surprise the Captain had disappeared through the nearest window,—Bear? Never again!

W. B. L.

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Man



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Give the Boys the Best
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Will Buy

OUR LINE OF

Cigars
Cigarettes
Candies
AND
Drug Sundries

Means quick sales and
satisfied patrons

GEER DRUG CO.

Wholesalers of Quality Products

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

The writer and his colleagues are extremely sorry that this will be the last story which will appear in the **Gas Attack** under the above head. We are now known as Company D, of the 105th M. G. Battery, formerly Squadron A. After being buffeted around by many military winds during the past six months, old Troop A, of the First New York Cavalry, suffered another thump, and to meet the demands of modern warfare once again we change our names. We have a big kick coming in the fact that our mail is jumping around trying to follow our moves on the military checker board, and letters from sweethearts are missing, and a lot of the eggs are pining away. However, pep, spirit, enthusiasm and aggressiveness are things in the make-up of man, that are hard to lose, and this quartette of traits characterized Troop A always, and the 105th M. G. B. is to have added to its already fine organization thousands of pounds of real man, energy, ability and good soldiers.

We will certainly be able to qualify for jobs on moving vans when we resume residence in the big village.

And to think this had to come when the combined efforts of Lieutenant Ogilvie, Sergeant Bealin, Messrs. Davis and Moran put into shape a canteen worthy of its name. In a small space in the mess shack they have literally worked magic, and put in an enormous stock of soldiers' necessities. Anything from carpet tacks to baby elephants you can get. Cigarettes, cigars, chewing gums and candies, all the latest magazines. Wall paper, fly paper, newspaper and other kinds of paper. Ukeleles, bassons, French horns and kettle drums. Shampoos and massages. Ladies' and gentlemen's clothing, art needlework, sporting goods, wraps, umbrellas, rubbers, silks and bull dogs. In another week John Wannamaker would have wondered why his receipts seemed to be falling off.

Sherman was the brightest kind of an optimist.

John Dunn sent a postal card to a young friend in Brooklyn, simply stating that we were going to move again. The following answer came back to John some days later: "Dear John:

Received your postal saying you were going to move. I knew about it some days ago. All the Brooklyn papers said you had men in Gitis, and I wondered if you went too. I have looked all over the map for 'Gitis,' but can't find it. Is it in France? You must be very proud of your men in 'Gitis.' Are you going there, too?

"Yours truly,

"Geo. Wirtman. 13 years of age."

We told John to tell him it was in "Germ"any.

Topper DeWitt, Jim Fallon, Bob Newman, Sergeant Balliet and Russ Brown have formed a Hygrade Club. Honorary members are Paul Irving, Geo. Howe, the two Jeans, and a lot of other good eggs. We will hold a

COMPANY M, 106TH INFANTRY.

During the hike from Campobello to the rifle range the boys of Company M learned, for the first time in their life, that it is possible to get further away from an object by walking towards it. At the start we were nine miles away, after two hours we had twelve to go.

How many men noticed that the beans served by L Company at our arrival contained a certain amount of oil? And how many of those who noticed that threw them away? We do not know the first answer, but are sure of the second: "Nobody."

Sergeant Manson started out one day with the good idea of climbing to the top of one of the smaller peaks of Glassy Rock, but he was all in before he went half way. However he decided that some day he will start from where he left off and finish the trip.

Private Hartwick is the champion rifle shot of the Company.

Sergeant Maul had an awful hard time to qualify at table two, although he made as high as 24 hits at rapid fire. It only proved once more that he can get better results if he would only stop worrying.

Special Mention.

Thanks, Lieutenant, for that cup of hot coffee at the Campobello station. Nothing could have been more welcome to the boys after four hours of uninterrupted marching in the rain.

Corporals Milton Griesbach, John McAuliffe and William Tucker have been promoted to be Sergeants.

Privates B. H. Gaynor, J. B. Scanlon, J. F. Leggett, N. A. Nielson, L. Orr, A. Gabarine, A. Schicht, T. McCormack, G. Perry, F. M. Finnau, A. J. Hoffman, and T. McDonald have been promoted Corporals.

Congratulations and good luck to you all.
T. A. F.

reunion when the South Carolina battle has ceased. Please have the spaghetti and moisture ready, folks.

Famous Shows.

Somme.
Arras.
Verdun.
———me.
The Three Twins.
Winter Garden ———.
———down.
Harris Theatre ———.
You Know Me, Al.

Famous Crosses.

Double———.
Leach ———.
——— Roads.
A———.
She's very ———.
Come a———.
A——— the board.
The —— we bear.
A——— the drill field.

RUSSELL J. BROWN.

Uniforms for Army Officers at Actual Cost

The fame of our plan for selling Officers' Uniforms at cost has swept from New York to Frisco—from Maine to Panama—wherever an American army post is to be found. The uniforms have been painstakingly tailored in all-wool fabrics—conforming to the same high clothes-making standards maintained in Kirschbaum civilian apparel.

<i>Officers' Uniforms, Coat and Breeches of O. D. Serge</i>	-	\$27.00
<i>Officers' heavyweight Army Overcoats</i>	- - -	\$30.00

TRENCH COAT just imported from England.
What the Officers want across the water.

\$48.50

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When in New York, visit our Military Section—Third Floor



"AT-A-BOY!"

Hello, Fellows!

I am about to open up a first class lunch room on the Greenville Road, which separates the 105th and the 51st Pioneers—525 yards from the camp border.

Harry Curley

the world's famous chef, who has cheffed all the way from the Ritz Carlton to Max's Busy Bee, is a wonder when it comes to steak and onions and all the rest of the eats you haven't had since you came back from that furlough.

I am an old member of the 105th M. G. Co., *therefore* I refuse to deal in salmon or beans. Honest, there isn't a bean in the place.

Will expect to see you when you are a few minutes late for mess and you don't want to spend fifty cents in going to town.

I have put in all white enamel fixings so as to be ready for inspection every minute.

And don't forget my wheat cakes with *real* maple syrup and melted fresh butter.

There are no seconds, the first will fill you.

Now, fellows, it's up to you to come on around.

Yours for a good feed,

Jacks

AMBULANCE COMPANY 108.

Yes, we took a hike, starting from camp last Monday morning and returning Tuesday night.

There is much discourse as to just where our site was located. Some say it was two and one-half miles from Inman. Others express their opinion regarding the place in words which we are sure would be censured.

Anyway, we arrived at the much discussed spot shortly after noon, feeling as fresh as a "dogged rabbit" and proceeded to pitch our shelter tents. Making dinner developed something new in the way of fancy dishes. Everything was tried out from "Mulligan Stew" to a mock Welch Rarebit. Our brand new Corporal, Robbins, found to his disgust that he had substituted salt for sugar in making his coffee, but will know better next time.

The principal diversion of the evening was viz: the "strong arm" squad breaking the picket line and Mess Sergeant Tierney grooming his horse. Poor old "Dobbin" didn't know whether he was getting a massage or dry bath.

On the return trip Si. Bentley in company with several others brought up the rear guard and was very much infatuated with the country "School Marm." It seems that she allowed him to fill up his canteen at the school house well.

If you examine Capt. Sear's old reliable blue print perhaps you can figure out the route back to camp. Several complete circles around the country, then a diagonal to the north, back to the south, ending a half mile from where we first started, and then we were on our way to Camp Wadsworth. Even one of our pack mules was a little dizzy from traversing this circuitous route and at Fair Forest laid down for a few minutes 'till the landscape stopped revolving. Everyone was thankful for this short rest and our long eared friend was accordingly given an extra quart of oats that night.

On the last lap of the hike Buck, our company cook, was seen taking a toothpick from his pocket, dropping it by the wayside. Said he was eliminating all unnecessary baggage.

In spite of a few blisters on our feet everyone is O. K. and all agree that it is a great life if you don't weaken. R. M. L.

COMPANY D, 102ND SUPPLY TRAIN.

Our Company is having a wonderful time at Anderson's Plantation, some 5 miles from camp, cutting down trees.

Sergeant Heilburn, Corporal Pretz, and Top Sergeant Tappan spent Saturday and Sunday in Greenville on their holidays, but didn't meet any moonshiners.

As usual, Goldbrick Sol, the boy wonder, was left behind to mind our canteen. We are lonesome for him, as he can certainly make the crowd happy with his funny art of putting fellows to sleep. He is very busy of late, as he has his wife down at last.

SGT. JAMES STRASSBERG.

COMPANY H, 107TH INFANTRY.

The Eighth Company has just returned from its all too short stay at the Glassy Rock Mountain Rifle Range. Seven days of glorious hills and sunshine, noise and feeds!

"Duck" Healy's only complaint agin' the Range is that the trip "jipped" him out of two full and two half holidays. They were all holidays, "Duck!"

Jim Thornton, after qualifying on the A target, commented to the effect that now he can see some other use for the rifle than "Right shoulder, arms!"

The scribe is willing to wager the princely stipend he receives monthly from the paymaster, that Glassy Rock has given more "Alibi Ikes" to the country than any other section in these United States. The same goes for "Camouflage Charlies."

If we are to believe several of our embryo sharpshooters and experts, the old Springfield has seen its best days. The sights are all wrong, the floor plates drop out, the trigger mechanism is *fromage de bree*, etc., etc. Nevertheless, we have several other "embryoes" whose scores attest that the old girl will shoot straight if she is pointed that way.

Private "Rocky" Bellman was one of a squad of eight bold firemen who climbed Glassy Rock to put out a small blaze that was started by some one, with a crude sense of humor. The climb was made at night, and it was a long climb! "Rocky" went up mostly for the experience of the thing, he tells us. The experience has convinced "Rocky" that he will have to cut out cigarettes. Bellman has been smoking the vile things only since he came to Wadsworth, and he has used up at least four packages in that short time!

Thursday night a combination of the Ku Klux Klan and the Night Riders was organized on the street. The combination sort o' mused up things generally. Harry Triangetafurlo was just reaching into an earnest circle of brothers-in-arms for a hard earned dollar, when a lasso from "out the dark" fell across his manly breast, and Harry "went from there" to parts unknown.

A. H. V. Z.

COMPANY I, 108TH INFANTRY.

When Bugler E. C. Lockwood tries his lip out as our beloved Sergeant Parker is trying to go to sleep, it is hard to decide who makes the most noise.

Cook Thomas will not receive as much mail as he did, for he has just returned from a furlough and left a new Mrs. Thomas in Olean.

When Privates Writz and Nicholas go to Union to spend Saturday night and Sunday, there is always hard feelings in camp. But never mind, boys, maybe some day cupid will do something for us.

There must be some cause for "Bush the Cobbler" being worried like he is. Oh, yes, there is a rumor that there is a new last coming in for him.

PVT. H. W. HYMAN.



Gillette Safety Razor

*Have You Seen the New Gillettes
Specially Designed for the Fighting Man?*

THESSE models were designed by members of the Gillette Organization who have seen service with the Colors and know what the soldier is up against.

Hundreds of officers and men are buying them—the U. S. Service Set in metal case, and the new khaki-covered sets for Uncle Sam's soldiers and officers.

The Gillette is the one razor for the man who is doing things—the one razor with world-wide use and reputation.

When a man wants new Blades he can get them at any Post Exchange or Y. M. C. A. Hut—here in America or Overseas.

Our Paris Office carries stocks—is constantly supplying the American Expeditionary Forces, Gillette Safety Razors and Blades on sale everywhere in France, England, Italy and the Eastern battle fronts.

Why do so many of Uncle Sam's Boys use the Gillette?

LET a man spend just one week in the service—then give him free choice of all the makes of razors there are. He'll reach for the Gillette first, and hold on to it—**every time**. There's nothing like seeing the Gillette idea work out in the experience of thousands of men—under extreme conditions.

Here is the No Stropping, No Honing principle—tested and approved by millions of men in the world at peace.

The world goes to war. Millions of men spring to arms—and the one razor that survives the test of war conditions on a world-wide scale is the No Stropping, No Honing Gillette.

There isn't a regiment in the field today under any of the Allied Flags but numbers more users of Gillettes than of all other razors put together. There isn't a condition

that a man could find in his shaving—heat, cold, sunburn, wind-chap, water scarce or bad—but has been met by the Gillette thousands of times in its nearly four years of war service.

The fighting man lives in his pack—every inch of space and ounce of weight taken up.

The Gillette tucks away in the corner, or in his pocket—compact, complete—Blades always sharp, always ready—simple, strong, stands the wear and tear—weighs next to nothing—and No Stropping, No Honing.

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New Jersey

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Offer Four Days' Service and
First Class Work

Leave Your Package at
The Following Places

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

THE CAMP PASTOR'S STORY.

How He Shares the Joys and Sorrows
of the Soldiers.

By Rev. E. E. Ryden, Lutheran Camp Pastor.

You don't think that a Camp Pastor has a wonderfully interesting time of it in Camp Wadsworth? Then you don't give a Camp Pastor credit for being human, or else you don't know what he experiences in the course of an ordinary day.

Of course, he's got to get accustomed to a lot of things he would never experience in the peaceful parish back home in good old York state. While in camp, he's got to soldier as soldiers do. He's got to chuckle to himself every time he enters a company street and gets saluted by heads popping out of tent openings and—"Whatchagottosell?" He's got to get used to a political rally reception from a lot of real red-blooded American men when he gets up to deliver a sermon. And—he regrets to say—he must also steel himself to an amazing amount of profanity on the part of a good many soldiers (and officers) who are laboring under the delusion that profanity is synonymous with manhood.

He Travels Incognito.

The Camp Pastor is about the only unofficial official person who goes about camp incognito. That's why his experiences run the whole gamut of human emotions, from the ludicrous to the sublime, from the pleasant to the unpleasant, and from the ridiculously funny to the heart-wrenchingly pathetic. That's why I claim I've had a most interesting time ever since Major General O'Ryan crushed my knuckles in bidding me a hearty welcome to Camp Wadsworth until this present moment when the "Dog-watch" editor of *The Gas Attack* insisted on this story. But this really isn't a story—it's just a moving camp picture.

I'm not a military expert, but from my daily observations the Twenty-seventh Division is growing in strength daily into a most formidable organization. Witness the mascot department. The canine tribe alone is growing so numerous in all parts of the camp that even a peaceful dominie in civilian garb is subject to attack on all sides. What would happen to a real belligerent wearing a spiked helmet? And then we haven't said a thing about the reserve menagerie—the monkey and raccoon of the 1st Anti-aircraft, the Mexican billy-goat of the Engineers, or the black bear of the 57th Pioneers. I even saw a crow in some part of the camp, but I can't remember what regiment was responsible.

Speaking of animals reminds me of the decaying carcass of that camouflage horse near Y. M. C. A. Unit 92. The other day I led an unsuspecting Spartanburg native right into the ambush, where he might get a good whiff of the rotting equine. "Whew," he exclaimed. "What a stench! It's a wonder the authorities would leave such an un-

sanitary thing right in the center of the camp. It's a good thing it has quick lime on it!" That's the best tribute I've yet heard to the efficiency of the camouflage artists.

Mess Sergeants are all Hoovers.

Is "Hoover" the name of all mess sergeants? I wondered about it after a little incident I witnessed over in the mess hall of the 102nd Ammunition Train the other Sunday. Six men came in late for dinner, hungry as bears. All the meat and potatoes were gone. "Hoover, Hoover," yelled the hungry ones, "give us something to eat." The cook was out of the kitchen, but the mess sergeant appeared. "What do you want?" demanded the sergeant. "Jam!" came back the chorus. The sergeant went out to look for the cook. No sooner was he gone than one of the six "went over the top" into the kitchen and was back with a can of jam. It disappeared quicker than I can write this. Enter the cook. "What do you fellows want?" he demanded, sternly. "Jam!" came back the refrain. Growling softly to himself, the cook began to forage around the kitchen. "What's become of that can I had here?" All sorts of suggestions were offered by the innocent ones, but none proved correct. Growling some more, the cook seized the cleaver and opened another can. The hungry ones took it soberly and it followed the same route as the first. All of which proves that boys will be boys, and "Hoover" will be the name of all mess sergeants now and henceforth.

At the Base Hospital.

I said Camp Wadsworth was a most interesting place, but there is no place in it quite so interesting as the base hospital. From the heroic nurses and doctors down to the heroic men themselves, it is a most wonderful institution. And remarkably efficient, too, as its splendid record reveals. Not very long ago I wrote a story on the base hospital. It appeared in the *New York Evening Mail* and a number of upstate newspapers. A part of it ran as follows:

"More and more I am being impressed with the fact that the American youth has the qualities in him that make a real soldier. That, at least, is true of the New York men at Camp Wadsworth. They are brave and courageous, especially in the face of suffering and hardship. Under ordinary conditions they grumble. What American boy does not grumble? But when they encounter real hardship and suffering, they are as brave and uncomplaining as any men I have ever seen.

"Take the men in the base hospital, for instance. The first concern of these men is not themselves, but for the folks at home. 'Don't tell the folks at home,' is the very first admonition I receive from many boys, when I come to see them. The result is that the men who need cheering up the most very rarely get 'the boxes from home' for they keep their relatives in ignorance.

"The work among the boys in the hospital is the most thankful a camp pastor

has to do. The patients appreciate it immensely, if we stop only for a moment to give them a word of cheer. I could wish that I had a box to give to every boy in the hospital. It would cheer them wonderfully."

My wish was almost granted. Boys, there are some good, warm hearts back there in old York state beating for you. The last few days I have been swamped with boxes from home for the boys in the hospital. Some motherly soul up in Kingston sent me a big box filled with fat, round mollasses cookies of the variety mother used to make. They looked good to the lads in the tuberculosis ward, and the nurse helped me distribute them so that every man got two. Other boxes have also come, filled with candy, fudge, figs, dates, and many a ward has been brightened by the thoughtfulness of the folks at home.

But the men deserve it. I didn't say a word about the heroic qualities of the lads in the hospital that wasn't true. There's the lad in ward 10, for instance, who shot himself in the leg. Gangrene set in, and he suffered agonies. But while he was suffering the most he wrote his mother every day that he was "feeling fine." Every word he wrote caused him pain, but he rested between words. He wouldn't let any one else write for him, for that would look suspicious. So successful has he been in writing the "camouflage stuff" that his mother has just written that she hopes he will be able to get a furlough by next Saturday to come home to celebrate his 21st birthday! I've made a notation in my notebook to see that his 21st birthday is not forgotten. He has been in the hospital since December 29th.

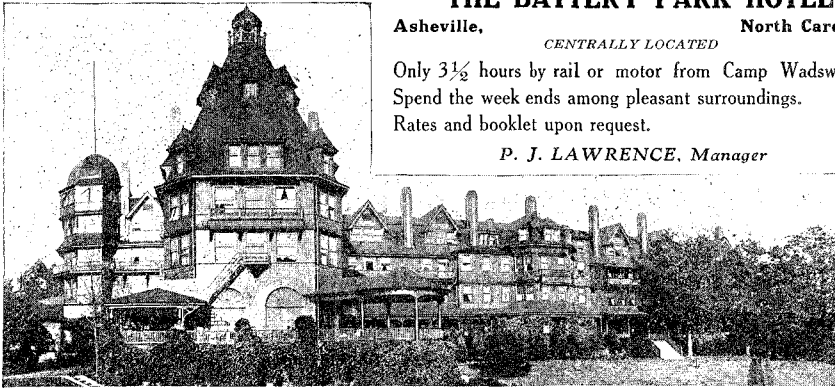
Then there is the boy in ward 11 who, just before he was going on the operating table, wrote his mother that she should not look for a letter for a week or so, because his "duties would prevent." When I saw him, he smiled as he told me of her innocent reply that she did not want to interfere with his duties, but she hoped he would write soon. Bless that boy!

Plenty of Grit Here.

And there is the lad in ward 13 who hides his Irish under the camouflage of "Dixon." "Aside from a bum heart and a bad case of rheumatism, I'm the healthiest man in the 27th Division," he assured me. In a more sober moment he told me how he spends his nights counting the hours until dawn, while every muscle seems to want to fly to pieces. But he spends the days cheering the other patients by expounding how the virtues of an Irish priest transcend those of a German priest. He's a real ray of sunshine in that ward.

But I haven't told you of another boy who is lying in the hospital with an injured knee, a most painful hurt. He was a member of my confirmation class, but last Sunday, when I was to confirm the class in Y. M. C. A. Unit 96, this lad failed to show up. I had learned to place a great deal of

"It's Famous Everywhere"



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faith in the boy, and was much surprised at his failure. Just before the service ended, however, he hobbled into the building and held up his hand to attract my attention. But it was too late. After the service he explained about his injury, and how he had been detained by the company physician, who had ordered him to the hospital. He was woefully disappointed, and asked when I would have another confirmation. I told him not until Palm Sunday.

"But I want to be confirmed before I go to the hospital," he insisted. "No one knows how long I'll be there, or if I'll ever have another chance to be confirmed."

A happy thought struck me. I was due in ten minutes at the Y. M. C. A. tent at the remount station, where I was to hold a communion service. I told him that if he would get into the jitney with me, I would confirm him alone at the tent. He was overjoyed at the opportunity. I scarcely need to say that the spectacle of this lone soldier dragging himself painfully forward to the platform of a Y. M. C. A. tent to kneel down and confess his faith before an assembly of other soldiers made a profound impression. It was an exhibition of real moral courage and strength of conviction such as I have rarely witnessed. It reminded me forcibly of a statement made by Major General O'Ryan at a conference of chaplains and camp pastors, "The best soldier is the soldier with a religion."

The Price.

And then my thoughts went back to the base hospital, where lies a boy who tried to be a soldier without a religion. A few months ago he was as clean and as manly, perhaps, as any man in the Division. But his path from home to camp, took him through New York City, and there he made his first slip. He entered one of the vestibules of hell, and now the mark of the plague is upon him, never to be removed in this life. "I never want to look my mother or my sisters in the face again," he told a Y. M. C. A. worker the other day. "Do you know what I would do if I were in your place?" queried the Y. M. C. A. man. "I would go to France, sell my life as dearly as possible, and leave my body there." Tears filled the eyes of the despairing boy. "That's just what I would like to do," he

SIGNAL CORPS FUND NOW ACTIVE.

Members of the Signal Corps Tobacco Fund are now very active in and around New York City. They are now the proud possessors of a letter from Major Wm. L. Hallahan of the 102nd Field Signal Battalion thanking them for the shipment of cigarettes recently received for distribution among the boys.

Some of the most prominent young women of New York are now members of this organization. In the near future they will form a class for the purpose of sewing bandages and other surgical appliances which they will forward to the suffering countries of Europe.

Recently a gala dance and reception was held at the 71st Regt. Armory for the purpose of raising funds for War Relief Work. This affair was a huge success and another of its kind will be held in the near future.

A great number of the young ladies who are now members of this Signal Fund are well known in theatrical circles, some of whom are: Mai R. Kennedy, the well-known comedian, McGovern & Garry, Ann M. Schuetze, The Couglans, and others. Among the active members are: Mrs. J. J. Kennedy, Rose Fitzwilliams, Anna C. Kelly, A. Deegan, L. Caffrey, Minerva Goldhair, etc.

NO MORE CRIES OF "LAWN-DREEEE!"

An order has been issued forbidding Camp Wadsworth soldiers to visit any stores, houses or places of entertainment of negroes, or to visit the negro district. Negro laundry collectors have been barred from all company streets. They will collect laundry at specified places, under guard. Civilians who enter company streets must have passes. The Military Police have strict orders to enforce this order in every particular.

answered, "but I'm no good as a soldier. They won't let me go." Ready to die for his country, and not fit to do that!

Then I thought of the major general's words, "The best soldier is the soldier with a religion." Is it true?

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**SEDLER SERVICES FOR PASS-
OVER.**

**Jewish Board of Welfare Work to
Erect Building Here.**

Sedler services on Passover eve and the evening following, will be conducted for the benefit of the Jewish soldiers of Camp Wadsworth, both in camp and in Spartanburg, on March 27th and 28th. Benjamin S. Gross and Robert Bandes, field representatives of the Jewish Board for Welfare Work in the Twenty-seventh Army Division, announce that arrangements are being made for the accommodation of every man of the Jewish faith who may desire to attend this religious ceremony.

The War Department has issued orders applying to all military and naval encampments by virtue of which all Jewish soldiers will be excused from duties for forty-two hours. The Jewish Board for Welfare Work through its camp representatives, and in co-operation with the Spartanburg community, will provide means for every one who desires to celebrate this important festival in the traditional manner. Announcement will be made at an early date of the places where the Seders will be conducted and a system of registration will be provided, so that the Board may be informed of the numbers who will attend.

Passover is one of the holiest of Jewish festivals. It is in commemoration of the exodus of the children of Israel from the land of Egypt under the leadership of Moses. As such, it marks the first revolt in history, and the first declaration of independence and the principles of democracy for which the Allies are now fighting.

The representatives of the Jewish Board for Welfare Work at Camp Wadsworth announce that the national offices of the Board have decided to erect in the camp a Jewish Welfare Building. The Executive Committee of this organization will meet shortly in New York City and determine upon the size and type of the structure.

The news will undoubtedly be received with welcome by the Jewish soldiers of Camp Wadsworth. Like the Y. M. C. A. and K. of C. units, the Welfare Building will be conducted upon a strictly non-sectarian basis, and all soldiers, regardless of religious affiliations, will be extended a cordial welcome at all times.

One of the most successful entertainments of the season was the Purim Ball given on the last Tuesday of February at the Elks' Home in Spartanburg by the Jewish Board for Welfare Work and the Camp Wadsworth Maccabee Unit. About five hundred officers and men attended the dance, which continued until the midnight hour. The music for the occasion was furnished by the excellent orchestra of the 106th Infantry.

Jewish religious services are conducted every Friday evening for the soldiers of

COMPANY 107, FIELD HOSPITAL.

Buck Lorenz had quite a number of "Art Photos" decorating the wall near his cot. The "Police Gazette" and "Vanity Fair" has both contributed liberally to this collection and the models evidently didn't have much use for wearing apparel at the time they posed. During the latest Company inspection Buck was cautioned to drop the pictures by hanging a curtain over them. Buck said, "I'll camouflage 'em all right"—and he slowly disposed of his cherished "Objects d'Art."

**Well Known Sayings Heard In Our Company
Street.**

Cuddihy—"Yep, I know a lotta jokes."

Hagens—"Are we supposed to laugh now?"

"Scotty" Fraser—"Wut's the mutter wi' ye annyhoe?"

"Albany Wire"—"Aw, pipe down. When I'm in de wrong, I 'omit' it."

"Lindy"—"Wire, wire, why're they always pickin' on you?"

Sergeant Kilbourne—"Come on, boys, grab opportunity by the forelock."

Some of Life's Mysteries.

The denim issue.

Lindberg's "hair cut."

The student cooks.

Burger's "Table d'hote."

The Company Quartette.

Camp Webb.

The Company Comedians.

Omie?

Cleek of the Forty Faces.

MILLON.

NO QUARTER.

Business Manager Gaylord W. Elliott, and Division News Editor Keppler A. Bisbee of the **Gas Attack** are in New York launching a Gas Attack on national advertisers.

FORD FOR SALE.

Box body, new tires, best of condition. Reason for sale, the 102d Trench Mortar battery is motorizing. Price \$200. Apply Commanding Officer, 102d Trench Mortar Battery.

Jump aboard for a mental joy ride. The fare is ten cents. The **Gas Attack** will furnish the power.

Camp Wadsworth at Y. M. C. A. Unit 92, at 6:30, and at the Temple B'Nai Israel, Dean and Union streets, Spartanburg, at 8:15 o'clock. The services in the camp are orthodox, and those in the city are conservative.

Field Representatives Benjamin S. Gross and Robert Bandes of the Jewish Board for Welfare Work are desirous that all soldiers of Jewish faith attend these services and co-operate toward making them really representative of the large number of men in the camp. At an early date several speakers of note will deliver the sermons.

AT THE RANGE.

(Continued from page 17)

hardest spell of weather the natives had ever been forced to make excuses for. The camp site was almost untenable. The mud was knee deep. But in spite of the climatic conditions the men soldiered as only good soldiers can, winning the admiration and respect of their superiors.

The roads were well nigh impassable, but from a distance of eight miles, the supplies were transported, through seas of mud, and with the rain coming down in torrents. Many drivers during those days showed themselves to be soldiers of resource and courage, to say nothing of gameness. They say "that man is made of dust" remarked one of the drivers, "but when the Lord turns on the sprinkler, our name is mud." But through it all good nature reigned, along with the elements, and the spirit that saw them through the mud and slush will help them to furnish a good account of themselves when the big guns roar with delight overseas.

Making Veterans.

The hardships they endured have made them old veterans, and both officers and men have profited by the experience.

The target range is about eight miles long and four miles wide. It is being used for both artillery and Infantry practice. The artillery is using the sector facing Hogback Mountain, while the infantry is facing Glassy Rock, some four miles to the west. The 104th Regiment was having what is known as open warfare target practice, the guns firing over a ridge at targets from 2,400 to 3,600 yards away.

The gunners could not see the targets, as the firing was being directed by an officer nearly a mile away. He could see the targets with field glasses, but not the guns. A telephone was used to convey his orders as to the elevation and angle of the guns.

Major Seymour, at present in command of the Regiment while Colonel Smith is at Fort Sill, was in charge, and General Phillips was there, watching every shot, and commenting upon them. Each officer receives one hundred problems with a battery of four guns, firing from three to seven shots in each problem. Ammunition is seldom wasted. If an officer shoots too wildly, he is stopped and another officer given a new problem. The day the correspondents visited the range, all nature seemed to be in their favor, and some splendid shooting was witnessed, as the officers and men were in good trim, and the spring-like day was conducive to excellent work.

Good Shooting.

During the firing Major Seymour would designate an officer, telling him to fire at a certain range. The officer would use the range finder, and after obtaining the approximate distance, and figuring the range the guns should have, would telephone to the gun pointers, beyond the hill more than a mile away. If the shots went over the target, the next order would be for a shorter range. If the second shot missed the target

the officer would split the difference in the range, and try it again, and most every time a hit was made. It seldom required more than four shots to locate the target, and then the four guns would bark simultaneously.

When the firing had finished, Major Seymour criticized and praised the work, pointing out the mistakes made, and giving helpful advice from his fund of knowledge.

The guns were firing shrapnel shells, with time fuses scheduled to explode in the air. If a shrapnel hits the ground before exploding, it does little harm, the best results being obtained when the shell bursts from a hundred to two hundred feet above the object aimed at. This causes a shower of steel fragments over the spot for a distance of fifty to a hundred yards, and there is small chance of any living thing surviving it.

105th's Fine Record.

General Phillips remarked that the 105th Regiment had made a wonderful record on the range. Splendid work was done with all the submitted problems. The majority of the officers in the Fifty-Second Brigade are young and remarkably enthusiastic. Their zeal for the work is growing from day to day. Pep is rather a worn out word to use, but pep is the proper word in their case. They are full of it. As one newspaper said, "The officers of this brigade make a splendid showing, and I regret that I can not praise them as much as they deserve." General Phillips is an officer of the Regular

Army, a West Point graduate, and has served long and brilliantly in the coast artillery.

He has won the respect and admiration of his men, they deeming it a privilege to serve under him.

The base for the range supplies is located at Campobello, about ten miles from the camp. The transportation problem is in the hands of Major Walter L. Bell, of the 102nd Ammunition Train. A steady stream of supplies was kept up in spite of the rough roads, and the unnatural Southern weather.

Yes; the Artillery, judging from past performances, will give a valorous account of itself when the time comes. K. A. B.

YOU NEVER CAN TELL.

The Sergeant-Major had trouble in finding an accountant for his captain, but at last brought in a private for trial.

"Are you a clerk?" demanded the captain.

"No, sir," replied the man.

"Do you know anything about figures?" asked the captain.

"I can do a bit," replied the man, modestly.

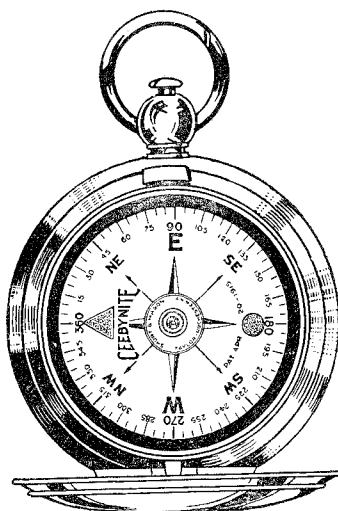
"Is this the best man you can find?" asked the officer.

"Yes, sir," was the reply.

"Well," growled the captain, "I suppose I'll have to put up with him!"

Turning to the private, he snapped, "What were you in civilian life?"

"Professor of mathematics at the State College, sir," was the unexpected reply.—The Tatler.



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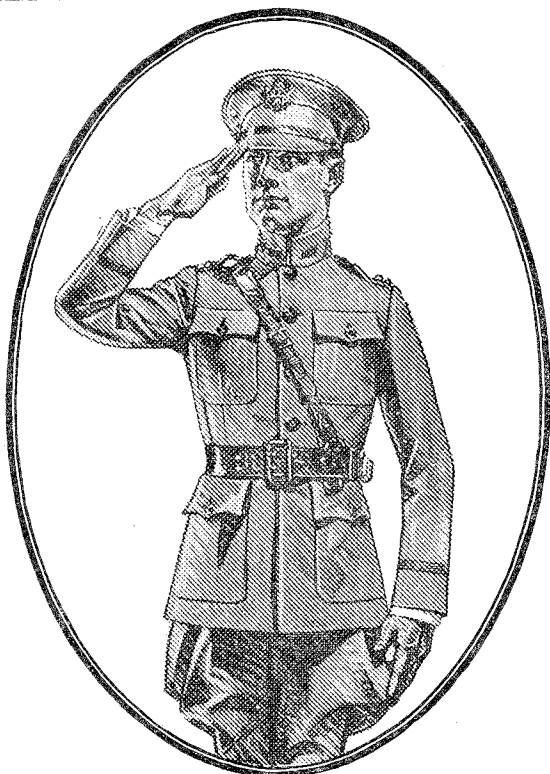
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COMPANY M, 108TH INFANTRY.

Owing to past difficulties that have caused our Company a severe set back, we were compelled to withdraw our weekly item from the *Gas Attack*, but will promise our patrons a bit of inside news weekly hereafter.

After an elapse that seemed as though it were a year or more, our company had the opportunity of appreciating the holidays given us by our supreme commander, to enable us to partake of a few of the many joys and pleasures seen and talked about in the great city of Spartanburg. Much to our satisfaction our Company was also paid, and it will be well to know that the boys were well represented at the vaudeville show.

We wish that the person writing to Corporal A. J. Rose would use some other color than blue paper, for it seems to get on his nerves, and when by some mishap there isn't a blue envelope among the daily mail, he is seen at all hours of the day in a very grouchy condition. We will appreciate anything to help us overcome this sad feeling, and relieve him somewhat of his anxiety.

Private James Hutchinson returned from his furlough and we hardly knew him, because his face and hands were clean. He looked too neat to be called "The First Sergeant of the incinerator." We hope he takes the "tip."

CORP. E. S. SCHREINER.

COMPANY I, 51ST PIONEERS.

The baseball team is fast rounding into shape and bids fair to duplicate its feat of last fall, when it defeated all teams it met. McLeod has been confined to the street to get in trim for a strenuous season.

Skin Lewis and Pa Simmons are rounding into shape playing checkers at the Y. M. C. A. Skin has made Pa call for a wope several times. Pa claims quick moves are good for his throwing arms. Pa doesn't like to cast aspersions, but he says Ty Cobb had better beware of his title. Dutchy Fritz, however, doesn't think he is so good.

Harry Methrin reigns supreme at Y. M. C. A. 95 on boxing nights. It is rumored he is to be made recruiting officer for the Pioneers. Company I will get the athletes if Harry is recruiting agent.

Lieutenant Hensley made a trip to Asheville to study Nature. It was Human Nature, however.

Johnnie Mulinari demonstrated to the boys that bombs can be exploded with an axe, and the axe carried with the remnants into the enemy's trenches.

The Company is well represented on the officer's regimental team, Lieutenants Clark, Dietzer and Hensley all being regulars.

Barry and Simmons expect to publish their book soon, "Killing Germans at Camp Wadsworth."

D BATTERY, 104TH FIELD ARTILLERY.

As long as fried chicken and hot biscuits hold out, D Battery will swear by Dark Corners, tucked away in the god-durned Hog Back Mountains of South Carolina. The natives up here look like Goldberg cartoons, but four bits will generally move them to magnificent gastronomic heights. We have seen Hungry Whelan signal for assistance after an hour of steady champing on hot cakes, sorghum, biscuits, white butter, fried ham, sweet taters, blackberry pie and coffee—a wondrous and most pathetic sight!

The Monstache Club now numbers among its members some of the most distinguished gentlemen in the battery—Clarke, Gould, Fuller, Spitzer, Prokop, Meyer are only a few. Can it be that the Hon. P. Morris—but no, even to think of such a thing borders on the sacrilegious.

Our Bad Boy Clarke rides around daily in the hills, mounted on a cow-like creature—chin-strapped, be-spurred and smartly stee-sioned—bent on some mysterious errand that has to do with forest fires and telephones. Whatever the detail may be, we notice that it ends sharply at mess-time every evening.

It is hard to realize that the reason we came to Dark Corners was a blaze of shrapnel at the mountains and not to carry logs for the kitchen. Fuller suggests that the kitchen be moved into the woods.

The War In Dark Corners.

Scene: Decrepit farm house in a clearing on Shrapnel Hill. Characters: Lady, camouflaged in five-gallon sunbounet; Corporals Schuman, Ullman, Gilroy and Jermon, the glassy stare of hunger in their eyes.

Schuman: "G'mornin'. Can you feed us? We are very hungry and have worked hard all day." (May the Almighty overlook this last tremendous fabrication.)

Lady: "Ah reckon. We all haven't got any fancy fixins to house, but if you-uns care for fried ham and taters, reckon we can feed yuh."

Jermon: "Spare us the details, madam, we are starving."

Lady: "Say, Ann! Git 'at old pig outen the kitchen and tie him up to the bed. Reckon you-all kin set down till dinner's ready."

Enter husband, hidden behind ten years' growth of beard, and somewhat bashful.

Husband, (expectorating suddenly from somewhere behind beard) "Right smart lot of soldiers over yonder. Reckon these hills haint seed so many soldiers sence this here war started back in '61."

Jermon (clutching at his side-arm): "Have you seen General Grant lately?"

Husband: "No. Reckon the General don't travel this fur in the hills. Waal, got to feed the old cow. Eat hearty."

Exit, in gale of silence.

Tony McKendy, proud possessor of the only walrus mustache in Dark Corners, made a rabbit trap the other night and baited it with a dead sausage. Next morning he found Corporal McCann caught in the trap by one leg. Tony is now on extra duty.

S. S.

Leslie's Weekly

takes pleasure in extending to the

Gas Attack

the privilege of the use of the pictures which appear in its columns.

Leslie's believes in the army and stands behind it ready to do what it can to support the men in training and at the front.

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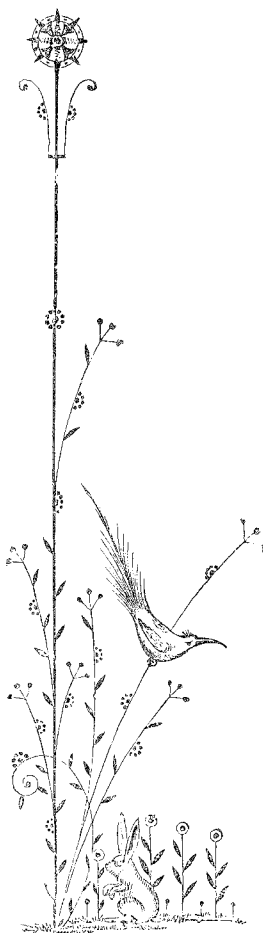
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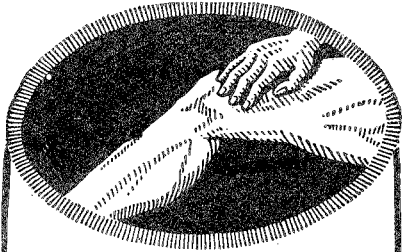
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Generous size bottles at all druggists, 25c., 50c. \$1.00.

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SPARTANBURG, S. C.

105TH AMBULANCE COMPANY.

On Saturday afternoon, March 9, the soccer team of the 106th Infantry defeated the team from the 102nd Sanitary Train by the score of 1 to 0, after one of the best games ever seen on the drill grounds. The teams were very evenly matched and though most of the playing was done in the territory of the Sanitary Train the brilliant work of Frazer, goal keeper, prevented the "dough-boys" from scoring time and time again. The accurate footwork of Wilson and Collins for the Sanitary Train threatened the goal of the 106th many times, but good teamwork prevented them from scoring, and the "pill rollers" came away with the short end of the score.

Since his return from a furlough Private First Class Jack Layden has not been hiding his light under a bushel basket by any means. On Saturday evening, March 9, he gathered some of the theatrical talent in the Sanitary Train, improvised a stage at one end of Ward 2 in the Base Hospital, and kept the patients roaring with laughter at the stunts pulled off in the different acts. "Rosie" Phelps was there with his "Uke," Jack made a hit with his country gawk act, and dancing, and two dago impersonators brought down the house.

On Friday, March 8, Wagoner Len Grabosky and Privates "Fayetteville" Chappell, Art Wilson, and "Ambitious Al" Marks returned to tell what a grand and glorious time they had had in Syracuse on their ten day furloughs, and a few days later Privates Ray Bauder, Tom Yuckel, and "Rol" Henry started for the same place. Private Walter S. Kurtz has been granted 21 days sick leave and left for home last Sunday.

We congratulate Sergeant Bernard Tucker and Corporals Edward J. Gorman and Claude L. Ratnour on their recent promotions to those ranks.

Corporal Gorman, Privates First Class Bill Costello, Bill Bentley, E. Kiyi Peck, and Privates "Itchy" Michaels, "Mose" Vedder and Joe Collins have been detailed to the Base Hospital for three weeks' instruction in dressings and as operating room assistants.

Private First Class Seymour H. Bliss has been transferred to the Division Medical Supply Unit. Though transferred, he still takes up a good share of the room in tent No. 8, and we are hoping that he will continue to do so.

Sergeant Merton E. Jennings and Private First Class George H. Jennings have been taking lessons in salesmanship from Mess Sergeant Bob Hull, and have made rapid progress in the art. George, or "Jerk" as he is known to his tent squad, first came into prominence a few years ago as the leading newsboy in East Syracuse, when he would throw papers to his customers living in the fourth floor of the towns' only hotel.

The "Fighting Nine" has faithfully promised their new Corporal that they will polish his chevrons daily.

"AMBITIOUS AL."

GEORGI STAR OF FIELD ARTILLERY MEET.

Former New York Athletic Club Runner Leads With Two Firsts.

Ray Georgi, the former N. Y. A. C. star, showed a flash of his old time speed in the first outdoor meet of the season. It was staged by the 105th Field Artillery, under the auspices of Harvey Cohn and Frank Moran last Saturday. Georgi won the 70 yard dash breezing home two feet in front of Coakley, while in the quarter mile event, he had a lead of four yards.

Nick the Greek, had a lead of thirty yards at the finish of the mile run, and was never forced to extend himself. Pearman of the 105th Infantry won the mile walk from a field over fifty entrants.

The summaries—

Seventy-five Yard Dash. Won by Georgi, Co. G, 107th Infantry; Coakley, Batt. F, 105th F. A., second; Headberg, 106th Infantry, third. Time—8 1-5 seconds.

Mile Walk (hndcp). Won by Pearman, Co. I, 105th Infantry (scratch); Curtain, 105th Infantry, (1 minute) second; Davis, Co. A, 102nd Eng. (scratch), third. Time 7 minutes, 32 4-5 seconds.

Mile Run. Won by Nick Gianakopolous, 106th Infantry; Zuna, Co. I, 2nd Pioneers, second; Booth, Hdqrs. Co., 105th F. A., third. Time—4 minutes, 46 seconds.

Quarter Mile Run. Won by Georgi, Co. G, 107th Infantry; Headberg, 106th Infantry, second; Coakley, Batt. F, 105th F. A. third. Time—54 3-5 seconds.

Half Mile Relay. Won by 53rd Infantry Brigade (Gianakopolous, Headberg, Connor, Block); Hdqrs. 105th F. A., second; Mach. Gun Co., 108th Infantry, third. Time—1.41.

IDEAS OF ETHELBURT JELLYBACK.

(Continued from page 7)

side, calmly stroking his bogus mustache as if he had no part in the proceedings.

I explained that I had only intended an experiment in camouflage, but the captain evidently held me responsible for everything.

"If anybody else had done this I'd give him a good stiff punishment. But with you it is different, you would never deceive anybody but yourself. Go back to your company and adopt a costume suitable to tending the incinerator. That'll be your role for the next thirty days."

The Captain turned to Mugrums. I supposed he was about to denounce Mugrums, too, but here came another surprise.

"Pardonnez moi, Monsieur le Lieutenant, but it was necessary to tell this fellow Jellyback a few things. I beg your pardon for having done it in your presence."

And, while I was betaking myself from this scene of gaiety, a broken Jellyback, I saw Mugrums bowing grandly to the captain and stroking his mustache.

"We, we," said Mugrums.

Ethelburt Jellyback, Private.

—C. D.

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UNIFORM, BREECHES OR OVERCOAT

is all that he would have them.

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

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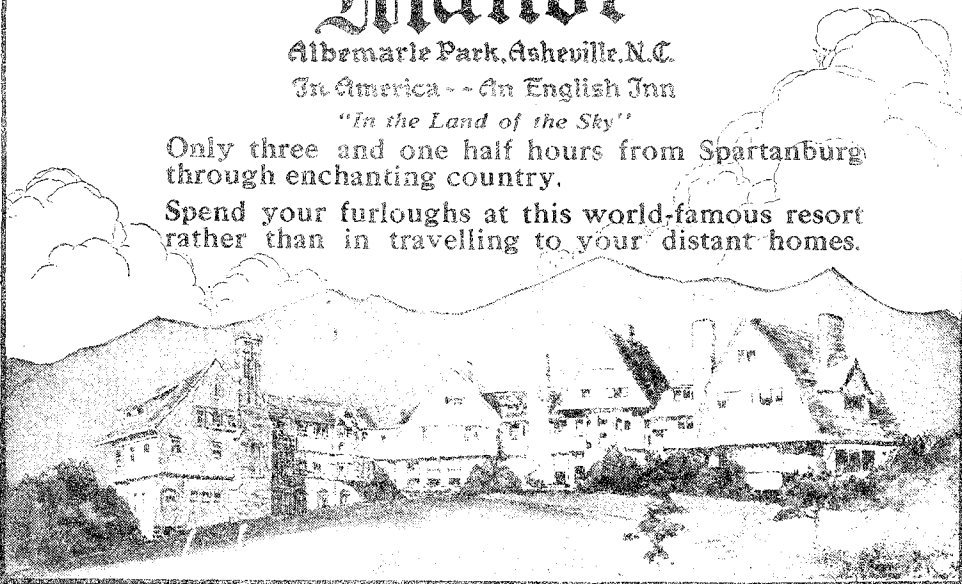
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Only three and one half hours from Spartanburg through enchanting country.

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



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