

GAS ATTACK

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

Vol. 1

CAMP WADSWORTH, SPARTANBURG, S. C., April 6, 1918

No. 20



The Modern Discus Thrower.

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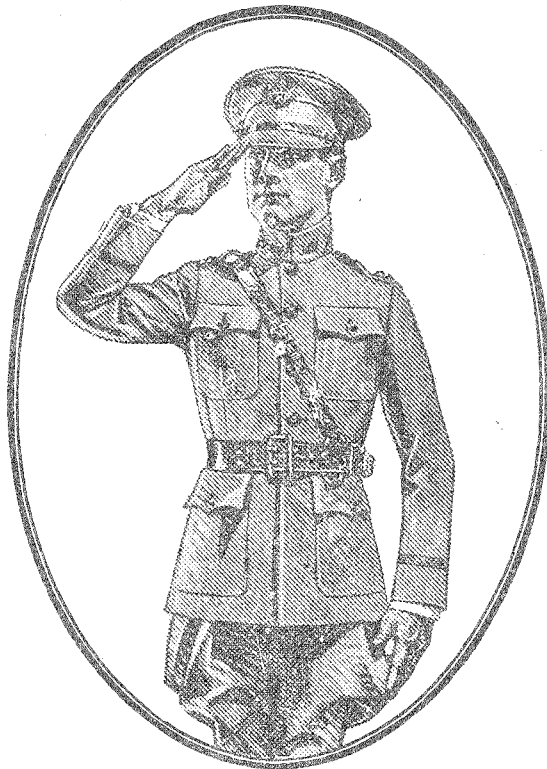
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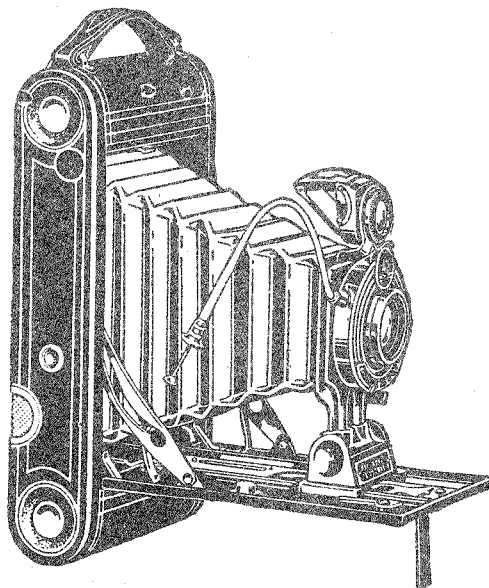
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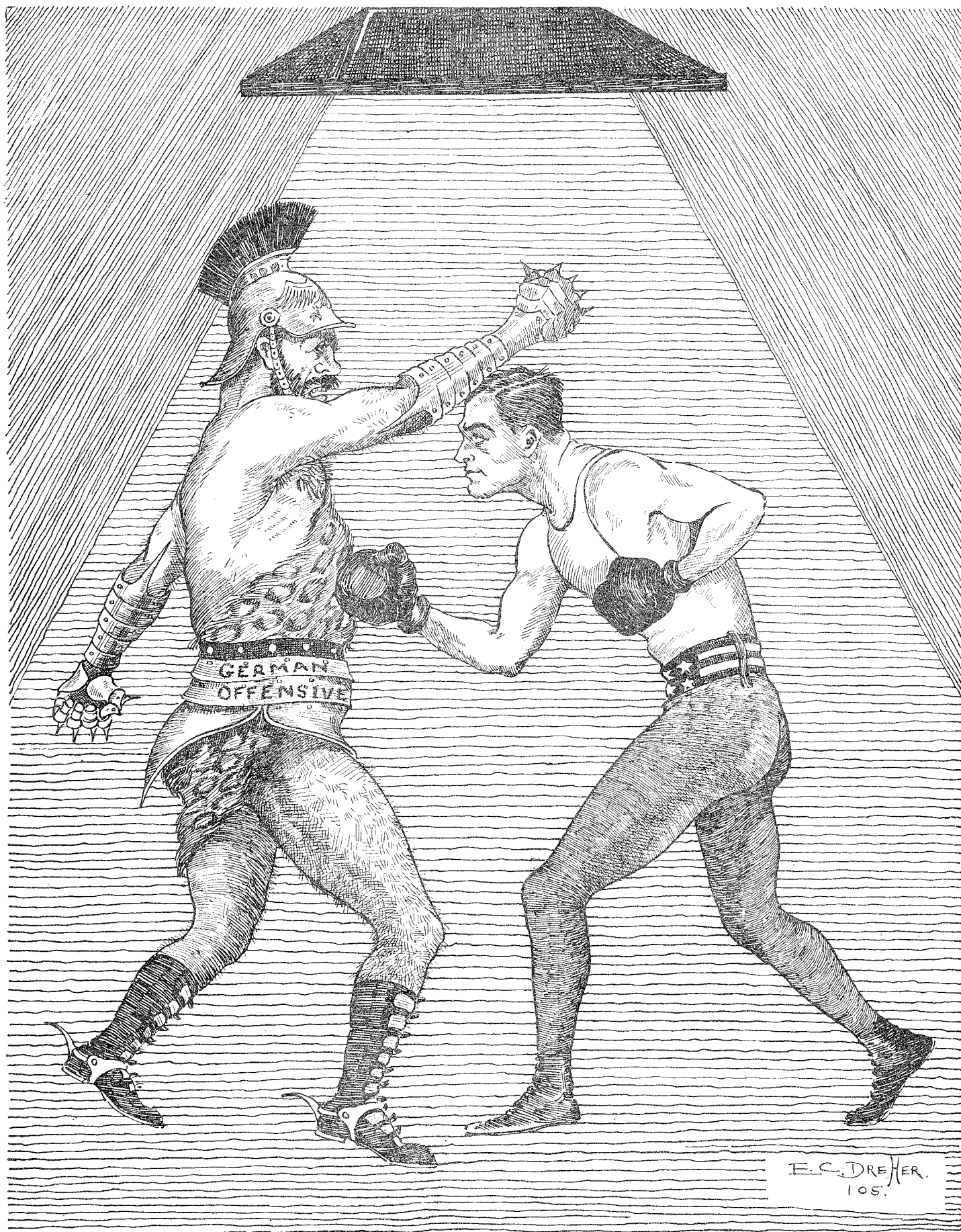
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Every one and any one can subscribe to the GAS ATTACK.
 Subscribe for yourself and for the folks back home. See page 36.



TO A FINISH!

Why Men Join the New York Division

Capt. Tristram Tupper, in Charge of Recruiting Work in New York City, is Accomplishing Splendid Results.

Capt. Tristram Tupper, who is in charge of the recruiting campaign for the 27th division in New York City, is doing splendid work. Already nearly 100 recruits have been received here and others are expected soon. Patriotic societies and women's organizations are assisting in the recruiting campaign and the New York papers are giving a great deal of prominence to it.

Capt. Tupper has circulated, among other literature, a pamphlet entitled, "Twenty-seven Reasons Why You Should Join the Twenty-seventh Division." It follows:

1. Because the 27th division is regarded by many military observers and high officials as the best division in the United States army.
2. Because the 27th division is the New York division.
3. Because it is an all-volunteer division.
4. Because men outside of the draft age—men from 18 to 21 and from 31 to 40—are now eligible to enlist.
5. Because the organizations composing the New York division have made glorious history in America's wars and will continue to do so on the battle-fields of France.
6. Because 3,700 men—physically sound and mentally alert—are needed at once to fill up the ranks for service overseas.
7. Because you can pick your own branch of the service—infantry, artillery, engineers, machine gun, military police, ammunition train, ordnance repair units, hospital orderlies, etc., etc.
8. Because the chances for rapid advancement are excellent.
9. Because the New York division is officered almost entirely by men who have risen from the ranks. They know the soldier game from the ground up.
10. Because the New York division saw service on the Mexican border and made a splendid record under most trying conditions.
11. Because at Camp Wadsworth, Spartanburg, S. C., the New York division has had six months' intensive and scientific training for modern warfare under the best American and allied officers and instructors.
12. Because Camp Wadsworth has the lowest sick rate of any camp in the United States.
13. Because the New York division is encamped on an ideal site—regarded as the best in the South.
14. Because the morale of the New York division, from the rawest recruit up, is superb.
15. Because the New York division has the lowest percentage of desertions of any division in the country. The men are loyal and contented.
16. Because the New York division has an unexcelled system of military schools, offering complete and modern training in all phases of present-day warfare.
17. Because you will have the privilege and opportunity of fighting in a veteran organization.
18. Because you will be serving side by side with men from your own state and your own city.
19. Because the New York division is noted for its excellent mess. The cooks have been trained at modern schools and they appreciate Napoleon's maxim that an army marches on its stomach.
20. Because the New York division is known to have the best artillery range and best system of trenches in the country.
21. Because the New York division is renowned not only for the large number of famous athletes in its ranks, but also for the high standard of athletic ability throughout, and for the spirited interest in sports.
22. Because the men of the New York division play hard as well as work hard, and have splendid facilities for entertainment and recreation.
23. Because the fact that you have dependents is no longer an obstacle in the way of military service. The government will take care of them and at the same time safeguard your own future.
24. Because under the liberal provisions of the Military and Naval Insurance Act the United States government will protect you and yours by the triple protection of (1) family allowances, in addition to your own allotments; (2), compensation (or pension), and (3) government insurance at low peace rates, against death and total disability.
25. Because every intelligent New Yorker wants to "Fight in France with New York's Volunteers."
26. Because every patriotic man desires to take part in the greatest struggle in the world's history.
27. Because no red-blooded American can stand idly by while the Hun is at the gate.

CLEAN UP BY MAY 15TH.

Each organization in camp has been directed to advise the reclamation officer as to the number of overcoats, woolen coats, woolen breeches, woolen sweaters, blankets, comforts and woolen caps to be cleaned at the present time.

It is also directed that all organizations report as to the total number of each of these articles in camp to be cleaned between now and May 15.

MAJOR SHARP IS INSPIRED.

Chorus Lady in Division Show Causes Him to Invoke Muse.

Major John B. Sharp, of the British Mission here, was overcome by an attack of poetry last week. He sent the Gas Attack the following poem, and with it this note:

"Sir:

"The enclosed was inspired by that lovely creature, Lotta Noyes (Private Pauly).

"You have my permission to tear it up, but I just had to tell someone how I felt.

(Signed) "JOHN B. SHARP, Major."

Here is how Major Sharp felt:

Oh! Fairy of the hefty arms,
Behold me—victim of thy charms!

*** **

How daintily, how neatly dost thou dance!
How sweetly, how demurely doest thou glance!

To think that now at last my heart should know,
At hands so fair, the shaft from Cupid's bow!

*** **

Oh! Curse Jack Roche! A murrain on his graces!

(Thy dainty toes in danger from his paces.)
That his it be to hold thee, maiden—blushing,

His monkey-paws thy flow'r-frame surely crushing!

*** **

Now do I know the State that I should serve,
America!—and, if I had the nerve,
A soldier I might be and so combine
War with the chance to worship at thy shrine!

(From the Official Bulletin.)

"NEW YORK DIVISION" IS ADOPTED AS NICKNAME.

Editor, The Official Bulletin:

It is noted in your edition of March 11th that the 31st Division recently adopted the name of "Dixie Division" in a general order.

It might be of interest to your readers to know that the 27th Division has adopted the nickname of "New York Division."

This name is extremely popular among the soldiers here for the reason that during border service the then 6th Division was known as the "New York Division." For many years the National Guard troops in New York State comprised the only tactical National Guard division in the United States, and was known throughout the country as the "New York Division."

The present 27th Division is made up entirely of troops from New York State, all of whom were volunteers and former National Guardsmen.

Very respectfully,

W. T. STARR,

Captain, Assistant Chief of Staff,
Acting Division Intelligence Officer.
Headquarters 27th Division.

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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Lt. Colonel Franklin W. Ward,
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SUCH IS LIFE.

We reprint the following from a recent number of **Life**, a weekly magazine of humorous tendencies, published in New York:

Yaphank vs. Spartanburg.

"One hears it whispered—though not printed even in the smallest print—that, in the judgment of inspectors, the New York National Guard troops at Spartanburg are not, after six months' training, as far along towards being dependable soldiers as the National Army troops (also from New York) at Yaphank.

"The explanation suggested is that the National Guard troops that went to the border came back with so clear an impression that they were already dependable soldiers that their appetite for learn was not as keen as that of the green men at Yaphank.

"This explanation applied especially to National Guard officers, and is supplemented by the suggestion that the National Army regiments are less handicapped by officers who are a little too good to throw out and not really fit to be in, than the National Guard regiments. Someone who is competent to judge probably knows whether the Spartanburg troops or the Yaphank troops are better, but no one who knows is going to tell, except for the information of the military authorities. We shall see presently whether Yaphank or Spartanburg troops go to France first, but even that is not a sure test of forwardness, because the camp most needed may be emptied first. Yaphank troops and Spartanburg troops are, especially, comparable, because both come from the same state. If green troops under reserve officers work out better in the same space of time than militia troops under militia officers it will be worth knowing."

"One hears it whispered," does one? One also hears it whispered that a German army corps under Gen. Von Dumm has crossed the Atlantic, disguised as a school of sharks and has captured Asbury Park, N. J.; one hears it whispered that Von Hindenburg is really a pacifist; one hears it whispered that the editors of **Life** hope to win the war by putting the Kaiser on their free list. One hears a lot of things whispered these days. But one does not believe everything one hears, unless one gets one's mail at Matteawan, N. Y., care of the Head Keeper.

Poor old **Life**! Wrong again! Wrong on everything! Wrong on vivisection, doctors, suffrage, prohibition, Jews, politics, humor. Where has **Life** heard these mysterious whisperings? At what key-hole? Or at what Upton dormitory? Who are the anonymous "inspectors," **Life** professes to quote? Or is it simply that **Life**, proud of its record of having been wrong on practically every question under the sun, wishes to make the record complete by being wrong on army affairs, too? We wonder what **Life's** number in the draft was.

Of course, **Life's** lampoon will have no effect on us or the war or anything. The only thing about **Life** to be taken seriously is its humor. When **Life** tries to deal with a serious subject such as the progress of the training

of our army, its misinformation coupled with its customary cock-sure opinionativeness, makes the result ludicrous and piffing. Yes, **Life** is the Bevo of humorous magazines.

One can even see a fine German hand in the piece in **Life**. Fritz is subtle. It would tickle him to foster feeling between different elements in the United States Army. Of course, **Life** which is plastered with Uncle Sams and other evidences of patriotism, would be just the tool for him to use; a dull tool, to be sure, but one admirably suited to his propaganda. The Hun wouldn't hesitate for a minute to take advantage of women, children—and **Life**.

However, there is little danger that anything will come of this or similar articles in which the former National Guard soldiers and the National Army soldiers are compared, to the disparagement of one or the other. We are all soldiers, fighting the same fight, for the same end, under the same flag. And we are going to make that fight together, shoulder to shoulder, regular, volunteer and conscripted man.

Major General O'Ryan has sounded the keynote of our attitude toward the new men who are coming into our camp from National Army camps, in a general order published elsewhere in the **Gas Attack**. We have a dim suspicion that the spirit of good will and co-operation advocated by our commanding general will, somehow, prevail over the spirit of petty jealousy that such articles as the one in **Life** seek to propagate.

We would be interested to know the source of **Life's** theories on military matters. We would like to hear **Life's** military expert, assuming that there is one, define "dependable." We would be interested to know what he knows about the Wadsworth appetite for military knowledge, and how he secured his knowledge. The article is not signed, of course. They never are. It says, "No one who knows will tell," so presumably some one who don't will.

Our first tendency, when we saw this article in **Life** was to pass it by without comment, secure in the knowledge that no one would pay much attention to it. So far as we can find out the only people who read all of **Life** are persons waiting in a dentist's outer office.

And, of course, of those who read it, there are few indeed, who are at all impressed by what it says.

But the article contains the implication that officers and men down here are shirking their duty and no typewriter warrior can say that of us and get away with it. Real experts, soldiers not editors, have seen the New York Division and have pronounced us a fit and fighting outfit. They have commended our training, our discipline, our physical condition, our morale. They did this after seeing us at work.

They did **not** stroll out on Fifth avenue, see a Washington's birthday review of a Yaphank regiment, say "What a fine body of men! What wonderful progress they have made in such a short time!" and then go back to the office on 31st street to write something to fill the space around a whisky advertisement, a piece in which they lauded the men they had seen on the Avenue at the expense of men they had not seen hard at work in the Wadsworth trenches. We are inclined to value the judgment of men in the War Department, whose names can not be given here, that the New York Division is today one of the most efficient in the army, above the hasty opinion of **Life's** anonymous contributor, whose name may begin with a "von" for all we know.

We know that we have done our work honestly and well, that we are ready to go whenever we are sent, and that when we go into action we will do our part bravely and efficiently.

R. E. C.



Incinerator.

A SOLDIER'S LETTER TO HIS SWEETHEART.

Dere Mable

I would have wrote you before this only the fellos in my tent is too tite to buy any paper. It wouldnt take much, though, to tell you what I been doin. If I ever wrote a book about my adventures same as that fello Empty what wrote the book called "Over the top and go to Hell" it would run in competition with the Manual of Inferior Gard. Im gettin so I can only sleep four hours at a time. The only trouble is that it works the other way. When I do happen to miss a day not bein on gard I have to go to sleep after I work for two hours. Of course that interferes with the drill schedule, Mable, but you cant explain nothin to a top sargent.

I overslept the other mornin. I didnt here the horn. I dont see how they expect a fello to here the horn if hes a sleep. If he herd it hed be awake. I got out before they started firin anyway. I had to go without breakfast to do it. I wasnt goin to complain about that, though. Soldierin every minit. Thats me all over, Mable. The Lieutenant got awful sore. I guess he was mad cause he saw hed got up earlier than he had to. He said he was goin to prefer charges and asked me what I had to say. I told him every man to his taste and if he was askin my opinion Id prefer to go back to bed. Awful excitable fello, the Lieutenant.

I saw a letter on the tops desk yesterday about the meddles a fello can get now. Theys all kinds of different ones. Some from Congres and some from the Ward Apartment. Im goin to write my congressman as soon as I finish this and get a bunch of them. Of course I wouldnt wear them till I do something pretty good but I figure out that itll take so long to get em over there that it would be better to get em now and takem over with me.

Im goin to tell the congressman too that as far as Im concerned Id like to go to France as soon as I can. Its gettin nice and warm now for travelin. I want to see the Champs Eliza. Thats a street in Paris that was named after Queen Elizabeth. But thats history, Mable, I dont suppose youd understand. They tell me its even better lookin than Broadway or Fortysecond (42d) street.

I saw in the Sarahcuse papers that they thought the artillery was goin there to expand. If I expand any more Mable, Im goin to bust my belt. I don't know why it is. I dont eat nothin outside of meal hours exceptin a few pies and the like but I get fatter and fatter. I never think of eatin

when Im not hungry like some fellos. A fello what does that is makin a pig out of hisself I think.

Angus McDonald, the skotch fello, was out garding the guns with me the other night. He went to sleep on an aunt hill. I guess the aunts thought he was a new moun-tin or something cause they was all standin on him the next mornin. To look at the sunrise I says, eh Mable. Angus didnt seem to care though. He says Napoleum had the same thing happen to him and was always tellin how an army traveled on his stum-mick. Napoleun, Mable, is the fello that washington licked. They named that three colored ice cream after him.

All day long while were firin, Mable, a fello from Brigade headquarters stands near the guns and looks through a big glass with horns on it. I guess hes to lazy to hold it himself so he brings out camera legs and puts them under it. He looks through the glass and seems to see a lot of numbers that he tells to a fello what stands beside him. I dont see where he sees them. I looked through the glass the other day while he was eatin lunch and I couldnt see a thing except the side of the hill. Then he came back and looked through it and read off a string of them. The fello beside him writes down everything he says. I looked over his shoulder the other day. It looked more like a Jewish curse to me than anything else.

The Lieutenant came down the other day and told us to get all shined up cause the Sanitary inspector was comin out to look us over. I thought hed be all dressed up in white with white tennis shoes like fancy bakers and sanitary barber shops. He wasnt though. He just had on a regular uniform. I didnt think he was speshully sanitary. It may have been sunburn though. I couldnt tell from where I stood.

He had a fello with him they said was from the audience department. I know now why they call it the audience department. All they do is come round and watch us work. Thats a branch I didnt know about till after Id joined this.

Well, Mable, I got to quit now and go and look at the Gard rooster to see if I answer to sick call tommorrow morning. They say the Germans is raisin the dickins. I wish thed hurry up an get me over there.

yours eternally
in haste
Bill
(E. S.)

YOU CAN'T BEAT 'EM.

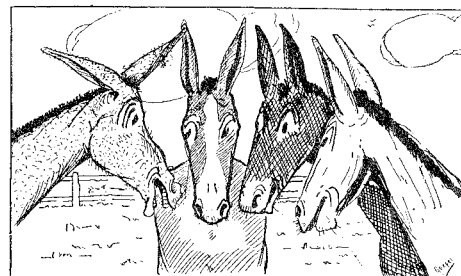
Taylor Holmes, late star of "Bunker Bean," is telling a story along the "Great White Way" which has the earmarks of being a new one: A little Irishman who was doing his bit in one of the Canadian regi-ments was captured by the Boches and brought before a very important looking German general, who was covered with iron crosses, tin crosses, and all the rest of the "junk" dear to the German heart. As he approached the general he remarked:

"Say, General, YOU DIRTY DUTCH will have to admit that WE IRISH certainly knocked hell out of you at the battle of the Somme." At this the general ordered the Irishman flogged.

The Irishman remonstrated with him by saying, "Sure, General, I meant no offense. I am only saying something that when history is written will go down as a fact, and that is 'YOU DIRTY DUTCH will have to admit that WE IRISH certainly knocked hell out of you at the Battle of the Marne.'" At this second insult the general became enraged and ordered the Irishman to be shot at sunrise. The Irishman pleaded for his life, but the German informed him that he could only save it in one way and that was by becoming a citizen of Germany, swearing allegiance to the Kaiser, and all German institutions.

The Irishman concluded that he "was a better man living than dead," so he agreed to become a citizen of Germany. After this long ceremony had been gone through with, and he had sworn allegiance to the Kaiser, he stepped up to the general, slapped him on the back, and remarked, "Well, General, WE DIRTY DUTCH have got to admit that the IRISH certainly knocked hell out of us at the battle of the Somme."

Sent in by SGT. J. W. McGOVERN,
Co. B, O. T. S.



HOW RUMORS START.

"One hears it whispered."

(See editorial on opposite page.)

CONFESSIONS OF AN ARTILLERYMAN

No. 3. Non-Coms.

To a buck private there is nothing more obnoxious in life than the sound of a non-com's voice. I am not particularly vicious by nature. My disposition is above all things sweet and placid. But oft-times, when I am sweating over the pungent flanks of some vivacious gowel, and Corporal Legree, from his position in the haypile, raps out sundry witty remarks anent my general stupidity, laziness and all around uselessness when it comes to wielding a curry comb—then, oh gentle reader, the blood lust enters my veins, and I realize why electric chairs are kept so busy!

There are all kinds of non-coms in this army. My chum confided to me one night that in civil life he was sure they make up the large and flourishing wife-beating class that keeps the reporters of the Bronx Home News busy.

We all know the conscientious non-com, who keeps his lips firmly compressed, and worries himself sick over the missing button on Private Goop's blouse. He's the kind of a pest that insists one man can carry that log, and when pressed to prove it, carries it himself for ten feet, amid loud cheers. Every night, when everybody else has gone to bed, and the ridge-pole quivers gently to the crescendo solo from the buck who snores, this non-com goes down upon his knees and prays that the morrow will witness no infringement on his part of the book of Regulations, Model 1918.

Then there is the humorous non-com, who has developed a voice that is the closest imitation of a Wisconsin buzz-saw that I have ever heard. Upon rising in the morning, he takes a large mouthful of barbed wire, casts a hasty glance over Joe Miller's Joke Book, and goes forth in search of prey. He is at his best when some gang of grimy privates swing pick and shovel in the early afternoon sun. It is refreshing to hear his jovial comments, especially when a new crop of blisters comes into active being, and the pickaxe attains the weight of a Flemish church bell. Some day he will be kicked in the plumpest portion of his anatomy by our most leaden-footed steed, and when he is carried away in the stretcher, I will tell him exactly how funny it all was and how I wouldn't have missed it for the world.

The ambitious non-com is a familiar individual. He may be easily distinguished by the way he stands at attention. His arms have an exaggerated crook at the elbows, his chin is sunk into his wishbone, and he nourishes the fallacy that the human chest is situated in the lower rear instead of where it properly belongs. The day after he took the oath of enlistment he bought a pair of silver

bars, and sometimes he is seized with the fear that the money could better have been spent on eagles of the same metal. He will rise. Nothing can stop him. Let us hope that he rises from the toe of a Number 10 army shoe. But, alas, miracles seldom happen these prosaic days.

There are other types of non-coms I'd like to write about, but I don't want to appear vindictive or at all set against the little dears. I suppose they're necessary, after all. Come to think of it, what would we do with all our single mount saddles if there were no non-coms to fill them? I actually knew a non-com once that everybody liked. After he was broke, he became the worst goldbrick in the outfit.

S. S., Battery D, 104th F. A.

A CHANCE TO GET GAS ATTACKS.

There has always been so great a demand for back copies of the *Gas Attack* that many of the numbers have long since been exhausted. The management has been collecting the numbers as far as possible. We now offer for delivery the following numbers: 1, 2, 3, 4, 11, 12, 13, 14, 15, 16, 17, 18. If you send to the *Gas Attack*, Camp Wadsworth, you can get the above numbers. All will be sent to you for 75 cents. Act quickly because there is a great demand for this popular periodical which will grow in value yearly.

J. S. KINGSLEY.

NO GAS ATTACKS BEFORE NOON.

The delivery system of the *GAS ATTACK* contains one ancient automobile suffering from locomotor ataxia so it is impossible for all the canteens and Y. M. C. A.'s to get the *GAS ATTACK* at the same time. It takes fully a day to distribute the numbers. In order that no canteen will be handicapped by starting its selling late, the rule has been made that the *GAS ATTACK* will not be on sale before Saturday noon at 12 sharp of each week. Please co-operate with the canteens and don't try to get them to sell you *GAS ATTACKS* before noon.

BRIG. GEN. CARLETON'S LARGER COMMAND.

By an order from the War Department Brig. Gen. Guy Carleton, commanding the provisional corps and army troops will assume command of all troops in Camp Wadsworth which are not in the 27th Division. The wording of the order indicates that the War Department intends that another division shall be organized when the 27th moves.

CAPT. HOLBROOK ACQUITTED.

A court martial has found Capt. Rossiter Holbrook, Co. C, 106th Infantry, not guilty of the charge of intoxication and disorderly conduct for which he was tried.

THREE GENERALS MEET TO EXAMINE OFFICERS.

Maj. Gen. Carter and Brig. Gen. Mann Visited Camp Last Week.

Maj. Gen. W. H. Carter and Brig. Gen. W. A. Mann came to camp last week to serve with Maj. Gen. John F. O'Ryan on a board to examine officers. The board finished its work in two days. The order convening this board authorized it to meet elsewhere than Camp Wadsworth, after completing its work here, but as yet no order has been issued for another meeting.

General Carter and General Mann were keenly interested in Camp Wadsworth and in the troops stationed here. They seemed to be greatly pleased with the camp and its arrangements and the fine discipline of the men. They were carried through the trench system by General O'Ryan, and made complimentary remarks about the lay-out and the kind of instruction that is being given here. They were particularly interested in the camouflage work in and near the trenches, and said they had never seen anything finer anywhere.

General Carter was placed on the retired list some time ago on account of age, but he wouldn't stay put. He has been in command of the central department of the army for some time, with headquarters at Chicago, and is capable of doing a lot of hard work despite his advancing years. He is youngish looking and spry, and laughingly said that he could outride and outwalk half the youngsters in the army.

But General Carter is one of the veterans. He entered the army during the Civil War, when only twelve and a half years old, as a dispatch bearer, and has been in the service ever since. He entered West Point when he was only 17, and has seen all kinds of service and in all parts of the country. He is one of the most popular officers in the army and the officers in Camp Wadsworth greatly enjoyed his visit.

BRING BACK THE BINOCULARS.

Someone has borrowed—and kept—a pair of binoculars—type EE—No. 26717, with mill scale on left lens. They were taken from the trunk of Lieut. Murray E. Cramer, Co. M, 107th Infantry. He needs them badly, and will appreciate it if they are returned at once. No questions will be asked. All he wants are the binoculars.

ACTION, NOT WORDS.

Sammy—How do you manage to get on so well with the French girls when you can't speak the lingo?

Jackie—You're dead slow. Can't ye kiss a girl without a dictionary?—Browning's Magazine.

THE IDEAS OF ETHELBURT JELLYBACK, PRIVATE,

XVIII. On How He Would Rewrite the Infantry Drill Regulations

It was a warm afternoon and I was lying back on my cot, resting against the luxurious sofa pillows sent me from home. Somehow the officers had been unable to think up anything more for us to do, so they had sent us to our tents for a study period.

Under the furred sides of the tent stole a sun-laden breeze. By "sun-laden" I mean that the sun was shining outside of the tent and that the breeze, in passing through the sunlight before reaching me, acquired something of the heat diffused by the burning orb of day. To be crude about it, it was hot.

I began to fear that I would perspire. I flung open the collar of my woolen shirt. I called to Jim Mugrums, who lay sprawled out over his cot, next to me. He lifted up his funny little, dirt-smearred face. I had decided to send him on an errand, for I was thirsty.

"Mugrums, I have a commission for you to execute."

"If I gotta commission, that's what they'd do—execute me."

I told Mugrums to run up to the canteen and buy me a bottle of soda and a palm leaf fan. He muttered in protest.

"Can't you see I'm bunk fatiguing?"

"Don't employ that uncouth phrase, 'bunk fatigue.' Rather should you say you are lounge luxuriating. But now be off, Mugrums, or I'll withhold your salary as my orderly."

Mugrums a Nubian Slave.

Grumbling, he started for the canteen. There are two kinds of canteens in the army, I may say. In one you carry water that tastes frightfully. In the other you buy soda water that tastes frightfully. It was to the latter that Mugrums went—a wooden structure in which is sold everything from shoe strings to gumdrops. It is a country general store without the whiskers.

When Mugrums returned I bade him open the bottle of soda, called "pop" by soldiers less discriminating in their choice of language, and had him pour the liquid into a queer old china mug. Then I ordered him to stand over me with the palm leaf fan, like a Nubian slave, while I lay back, sipping the soda and reading a military book.

"Alas!" I lamented, "If there were only some cracked ice in this drink. But then, we are at war and these are some of the hardships I must suffer."

I had but a little while enjoyed this refreshment when the captain entered the tent. Mugrums shouted: "Attention!" But I was so comfortably ensconced in my pillowed resting place with my beverage and

book in hand that it was with difficulty I got to my feet.

The captain frowned.

"Where did you get the mug?" he demanded.

"He can't help it, sir," I replied, thinking he was referring to Mugrums. "He came into the army that way."

"Why aren't you studying your Infantry Drill Regulations? What book is that in your hand?"

"It is entitled 'Military Fashions in Smart Clothes for the Coming Season.' It is so much more refined than the drill regulations, sir."

take this work myself. For the good of the service, don't you know?"

"Oh, you would, eh?"

"Yes, sir. For instance,

there is the manual of arms. The book says 'the manual is taught at a halt.' I have also seen it taught by the halt, the lame, and the blind. If I were to write the drill regulations I would say that to bring a squad to a halt you give the command. 'squad, halt.' Then I would explain it by saying that 'at the command halt, given as either foot strikes the ground, plant the other foot as in marching; raise and place the first foot by the side of the other; look forward at the graceful pine trees etched against the blue sky, how statuesque they look, in silhouette like a Japanese print; see the peach trees, pink and gray in their



"So?" said the captain, paying great attention to me.

The Idea Comes to Ethelburt.

"Yes, sir. As a matter of fact, now that you have solicited my ideas on the topic, the drill regulations are dull reading, frightfully dull! They should be rewritten by some person with more imagination and poetic diction. There should be more sprightly conversation sprinkled throughout its pages, repartee and badinage. Yes, they should be rewritten at once. No time should be lost. Think of the thousands of young men who are now taking up this book for the first time, and how they would read it with greater avidity, in fact with eager anticipation, if it were prepared in the fashion of one of our best sellers, with a love interest, and a rising climax! Can't you just fancy it, sir? I wish I had time to under-

blossoms, what carnival attire; harken to the birds, how sweetly their song gushes upon the morning air by the numbers."

I paused to see what effect my idea was having upon the captain. He was evidently impressed. He fixed his eyes on me, spellbound. Mugrums stood with one hand clapped over his mouth, undoubtedly endeavoring to conceal his smudgy face.

The Idea Grows.

"Sir," I continued, "do you recall the ceremony of evening parade—how it is described in the regulations when the adjutant directs the band to 'sound off?' All that the regulations say is that 'the band, playing in quick time, passes in front of the line of officers to the left of the line and back to its post on the right, when it ceases playing.' How bald and empty that description is! Here is the way I would write it, sir: 'The

(Continued on page 38)

The World's Greatest Battle

Along a line of fifty miles has raged for over ten days the greatest and the most important battle in the world's history up to this date. During the first three days the Germans had called up most of their reserve forces in order to fill up the gaps made by the terrible losses on the side of the Huns. More than fifty divisions were used within the first three days but without much avail for the British lines have not broken nor have the British used all of their reserves which up to this time they have kept to meet any added assault by the Germans. The British have fought with wonderful courage and have yielded only gradually to the overpowering force opposing them. Just at this moment President Wilson praises General Haig for the wonderful defense made by the British when at the same time Lloyd George cables to America telling this country that the crisis of the war is now at hand and that the importance of getting reinforcements across the Atlantic in the shortest period of time can not be exaggerated.

The British lines have kept moving back and have given up more territory than they had gained during the previous year. This backward movement is probably due to the fact that in sections the Germans are said to outnumber the English 4 to 1. There is a strategic reason for the retreat and that is to get the Germans into the open and there to meet them with machine guns in which the English are vastly superior to the Germans. One specialist says that the mode of warfare has changed from that of position to that of movement.

Huns Hit Line Hard.

The object of the Germans was apparently to break through the Allied lines where the British and the French lines joined and then roll back each line separately. In this the Germans have failed so far utterly for they could not break through the English lines although they hurled great masses repeatedly against the lines. It is later claimed that the Germans used over ninety divisions in this battle and have lost between 450,000 and 650,000 men.

Although the British have retreated this



"Hey, K. P., where you going?"
"Goin' slumming, cook!"

does not place them to any disadvantage for they have given up only war devastated territory which will add to the burdens of the Germans to develop into defensible territory.

News of the battle has thrilled America and every department is speeding up to hasten more men to France, while General Wood thinks that we should not think of stopping this embarkation till we shall have sent at least five millions of men to the aid of the Allies. He feels that since there have been forty millions of men under arms since the war began, any number less than five millions would be far too small for this great country.

At the end of the first week the German forces made an attack at Arras which may be the new center of the battle or it may simply be a feint of the Germans. At any rate the battle is not spent for the Germans are moving up their heavy guns and are preparing for more heavy fighting. The Allies are expecting to make a counter attack but when and where is at present a secret.

The British and French seem confident of the outcome and reports are reaching the Allies that all the Germans captured express their weariness of the war and tell of the extreme difficulty they have in getting supplies.

All eyes are also glancing toward Italy where forty Austrian divisions are slowly moving to attack the Italian lines.

The airmen did some of the greatest service performed at the great battle for amidst the torturing fire they flew over the enemy's lines and attacked reinforcements and supplies thus destroying whole trains and even roads which later were abandoned by the Huns.

THE BROWNING GUN.

The light Browning Gun is a rifle weighing 15 pounds, it takes regular ammunition used by the American rifles, in fact, all the American guns, the Springfield, the Modified Enfield, the two Browning guns use the same calibre ammunition.

The light Browning is automatic or semi-automatic in action for it can be used for continuous fire until the magazine is emptied, or it can be fired by use of the trigger. It is air-cooled, gas operated in design, the energy of the Browning projectile is the same as that of the Springfield. The cartridges are fed from a detachable magazine containing 20. Although the heat caused by the explosion is very intense, yet by the air-cooling apparatus 350 continuous shots can be made without having to stop and to cool the weapon.

The heavy Browning gun is water-cooled, belt fed and is operated by power created by the recoil. It is fed on a cotton belt which contains 250 rounds. The heavy guns 34½ pounds. The recent tests prove them one of the most excellent guns if not the best for general use.

GENERAL PHILLIPS GOES.

Has Been Assigned to Command Coast Artillery in Puget Sound District.

Brig. Gen. Charles L. Phillips has been relieved here as commander of the 52d Field Artillery Brigade and assigned to command the Coast Artillery in the Puget Sound district.

There was no intimation last week as to who will be selected to command the 52d Field Artillery brigade to succeed Brig. Gen. Phillips.

It is not known whether the War Department will select a Regular Army officer for the command or whether one of the colonels of the 27th division will be promoted to be brigadier general and given the command. The brigade is, for the time being, in command of Lieut. Col. Howland, of the 106th Regiment, all of the Artillery colonels being away from camp at present.

A DIVISION EMBLEM.

Major General O'Ryan wishes to express his gratification over the results of his request for suggestions for a suitable emblem or symbol to represent the New York division. There already have been several responses but the General wishes the contest to be a Division Contest so that the final selection will be representative; therefore, he asks for many more contributions. He asks contestants to send drawings, suggestions or descriptions of a suitable design to the Aides of General O'Ryan at Division Headquarters.

Within ten days after this article appears a committee will be appointed whose duty it will be to select the better designs. This list of the better ones will be exhibited to the public at Division Headquarters and one of them will be selected as the best symbol of the Division. Get busy and send in your designs.

J. S. K.

PRIVATE JIM MUGRUMS.

It isn't the bullets that Jimmie fears,
Nor a death unknown to fame,
But the awful thought, when the list appears,
They'll go and misspell his name.

In type it will look, unless it is pied,
Muggins or Migs or Mall—
"If they don't gimme credit for havin' died,
I don't wanna be killed at all!"

—CHARLES DIVINE.

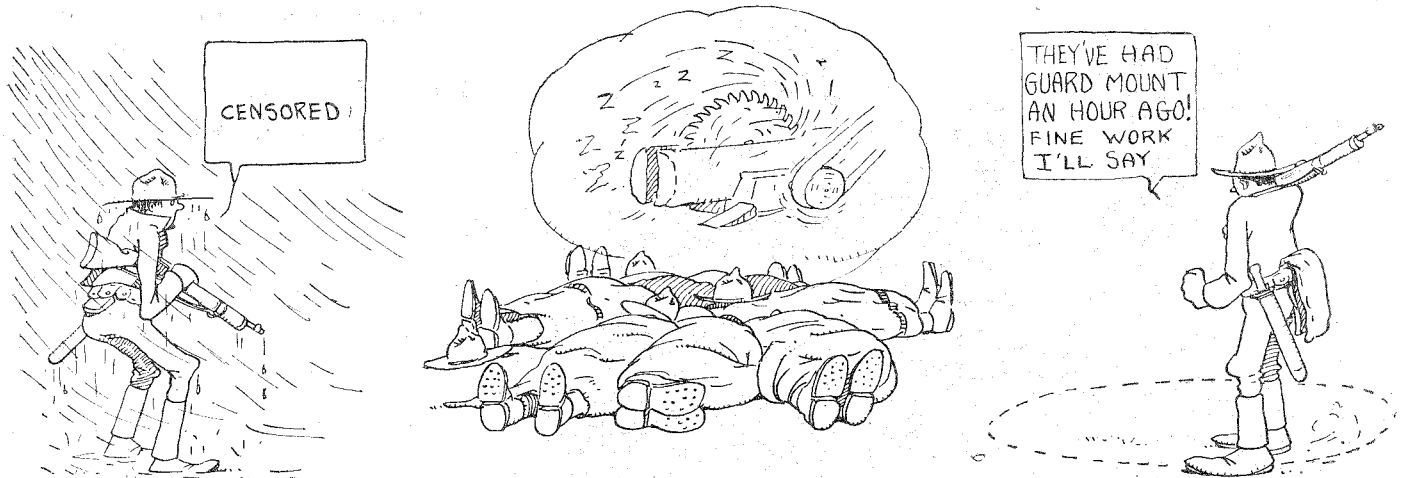
The two soldiers were at mess.
"Say!" said the first. "Are you an aviator?"

"No," said the second.
"Well, then, take in your wings."

Next week's episode in the career of Ethelburt Jellyback, Private, will deal with his troubles and tribulations in going on guard. The "ideas" of Ethelburt are a feature nobody with a sense of humor wants to miss.

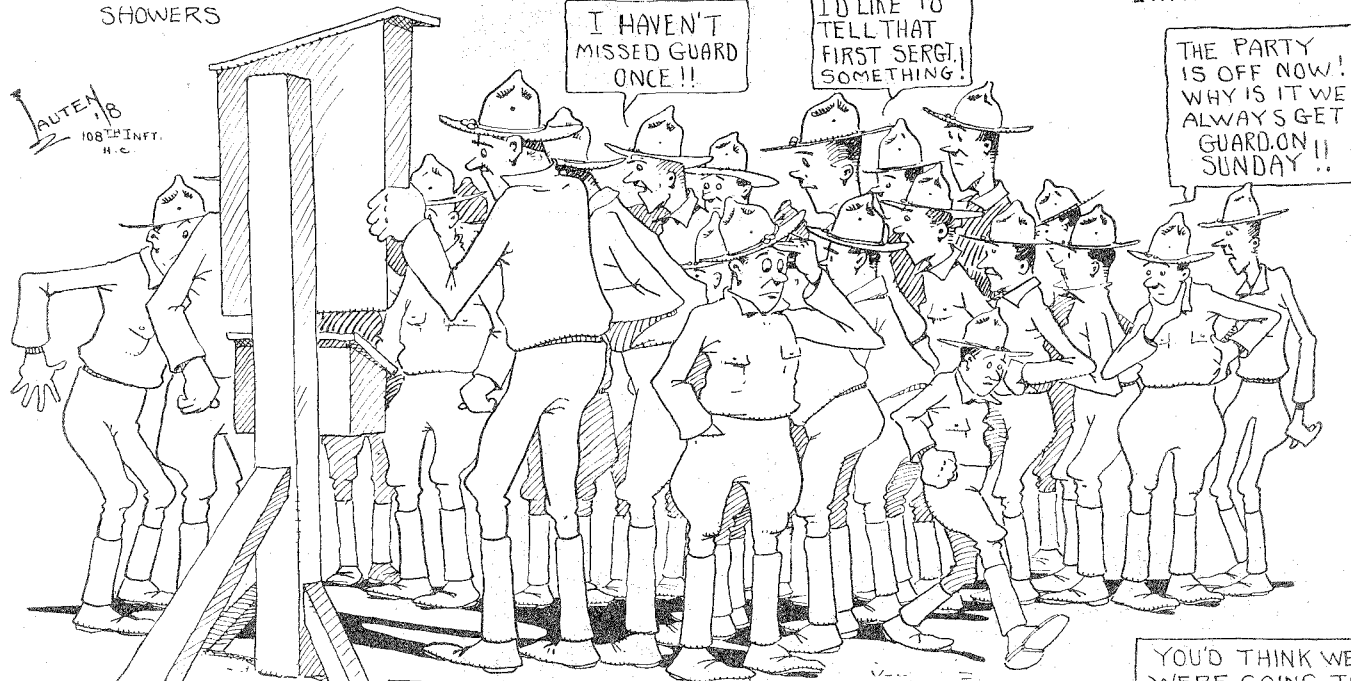
There will be lots and lots of news from division units in next week's GAS ATTACK.

GAS ATTACK

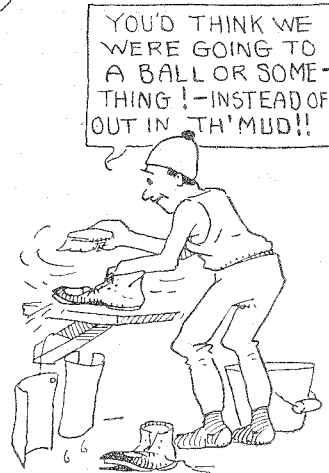
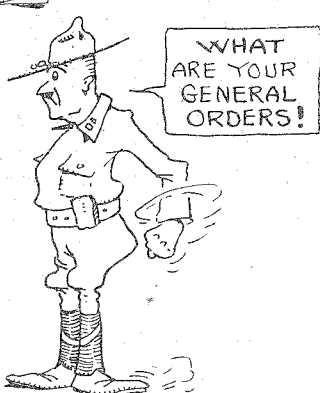
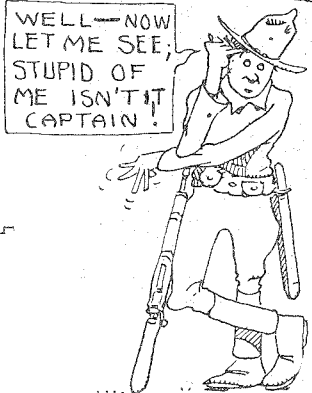


ONE OF THOSE UNEXPECTED SHOWERS

RELIEF ONLY FORTY MINUTES LATE

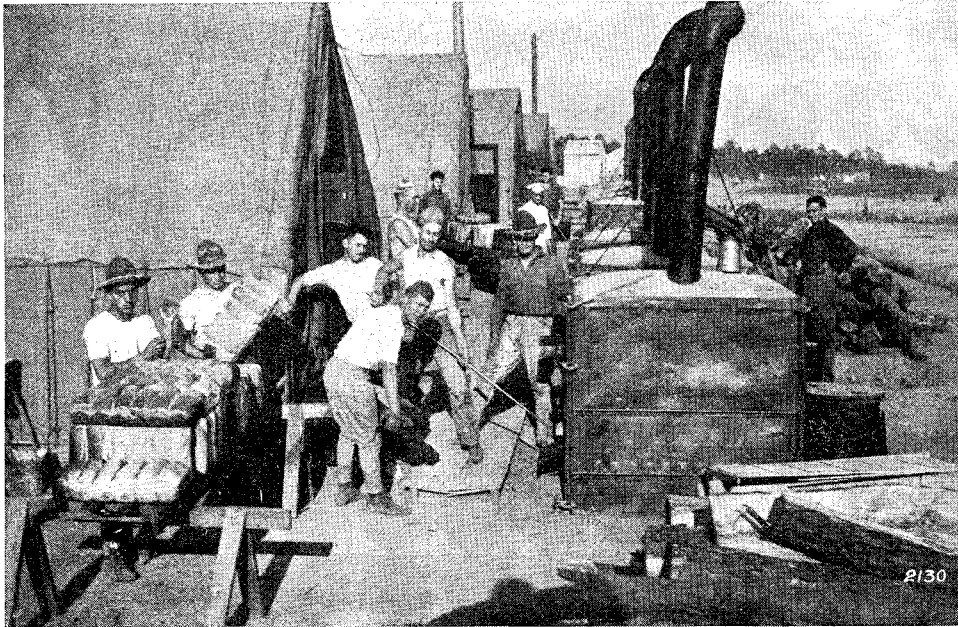


FIRST SERGT. HAS HIS TROUBLES



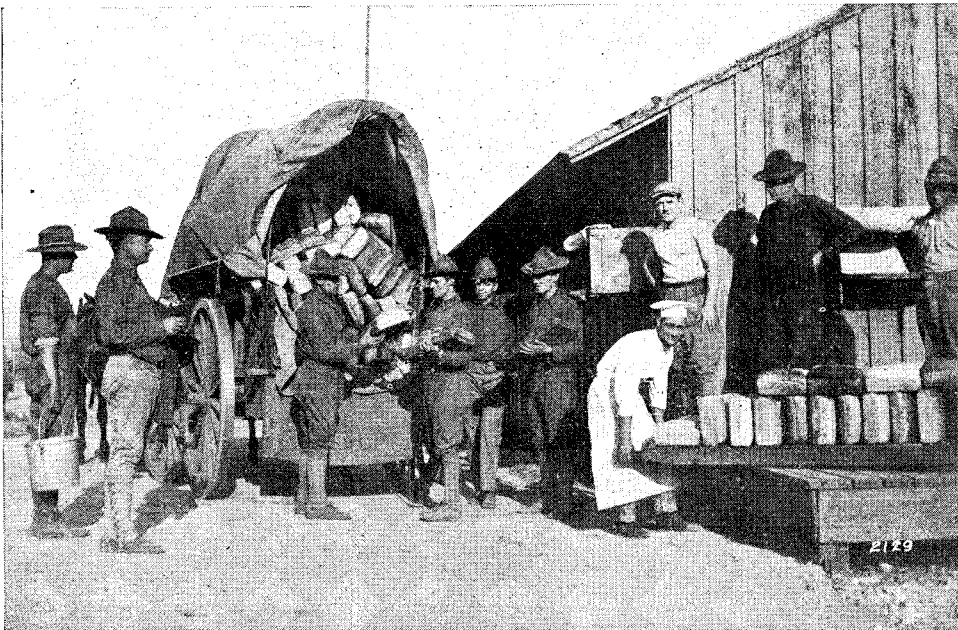
<p>HALT! WHO'S THERE ?</p>	<p>FRIEND' !! IN THE MEDICAL CORPS</p>	<p>WE'VE NO! FRIEND, IN THE MEDICAL CORPS! HALT !!</p>	<p>?</p>
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"NEVER MIND TH' GUARD!"



OUR DAILY BREAD.

These men are all officers on the Staff of Life. They man the highly efficient Camp Wadsworth Field Bakery, which is constantly in operation turning out thousands of good loaves a day. (Make your own jokes about "They loaf while we sleep," etc.) Probably no outfit in camp works harder—or does more important work than these original doughboys.



DRAWING BREAD.

Here we see the artists drawing bread, a morning pastime at camp, very popular with mess sergeants. The bread is taken away by the wagon load. It is first-class bread, too. It is estimated that all the loaves baked and carried away and eaten at this camp to date, if placed end to end, would reach from Spartanburg to Nome, Alaska.

BOTH THE SAME.

An argument between two artillerymen was quickly ended when one said to the other:

"You came down to this camp two months ago with that shirt and a \$2 bill, and you haven't changed either one of them since."

SORROWS OF SALUTING.

First Lieutenant—Why, what's the trouble, old fellow? Did you sprain your arm?

Second Lieutenant—Worse than that. I walked down Main Street last night.—Camp Dix Times.

MAKE 'EM FEEL AT HOME.

That is the Gist of a New Order Relating to Drafted Men in Camp.

Drafted men now coming in to fill up the various skeletonized regiments and battalions in the provisional depot for corps and army troops are being given a cordial reception not only by the officers and men of the organizations to which they are assigned, but by the officers and men of the 27th division as well.

Maj. Gen. O'Ryan, commanding the division, expressed the sentiments of his entire command last week, when he addressed the following letter to the enlisted men of the division:

"The division commander takes this means of informing the officers and enlisted men of the division that detachments of drafted men will arrive in this camp from time to time to increase the strength of certain organizations stationed at this camp. It is the desire of the division commander that every enlisted man of the 27th division cooperate with the officers to the fullest extent in making these drafted men feel at home with us and that they have the respect and regard of the soldiers of the 27th division.

"An effective army must be a homogeneous army and not a factional army. In doing our part in this requirement, we must measure up to the high standards of a division composed of men like ours. Our men are noted for their intelligence, loyalty and zeal. Accordingly, they will see the desirability of carrying out in effective manner the course of action prescribed for them to help make our army a united army. Furthermore, every ordinary, commonplace sense of hospitality would prompt veteran soldiers to make happy the lot of newcomers.

"It is hoped our men will provide opportunities to make this attitude clear and unmistakable in the minds of the drafted men as their detachments arrive. Whether this be done by cheering their entry into camp, by inviting them to entertainments, or in other ways, is unimportant, so long as outward, visible evidences of the attitude of the division toward the newcomers is made clear.

"It is directed that this bulletin be read at two formations to every company and unit in this division."

SOME NEWCOMERS.

The First Pioneer Infantry has been augmented by more than fifteen hundred men of the National Army from Camp Zachary Taylor, Louisville, Ky. Other men from Western camps are expected. They were given a cordial reception on their arrival. Sixty men from Camp Hancock, Augusta, Ga., have been added to the 1st anti-aircraft machine gun battalion.

LEGAL PROTECTION FOR SOLDIERS.

How Our Civil Rights Will Be Safeguarded In Our Absence.

The Soldiers' and Sailors' Civil Relief Act, recently passed by congress, has been signed by President Wilson and is now in full force and effect. This act aims to protect all soldiers from undue hardship, due to their inability to defend and bring lawsuits and to attend to their business obligations or proper rights during their absence in military service.

The act, according to Maj. J. Lester Kincaid, judge advocate of the 27th division, is, next to the war risk insurance act, the greatest benefit and protection that has been conferred upon the soldiers in Camp Wadsworth by the government. The purpose of the act, as set forth in the first paragraph, is to protect persons in the military service of the United States in order to prevent prejudice or injury to their civil rights during their term of service and to enable them to devote their entire energy to the military needs of the nation.

"A soldier or sailor may owe money on a note," said Major Kincaid, in discussing the new law yesterday. "Or he may have bought or leased land or tools or furniture on which installment is yet due. Or he may have mortgaged his home, and be liable to foreclosure for nonpayment. Or he may have started a homestead or mining claim and be unable to continue the necessary occupation in the required period of time. Or he may have carried life insurance for several years and now be unable to keep up the premium payments. Or he may have a money claim against some one and during his absence the lapse of time may raise a legal bar against suing for it when he returns. Or he may be sued on some claim in his absence and may be unable to defend the suit effectively while absent. In these and other ways he may suffer undue hardships. The object of this act is to give relief from such hardship."

The provisions of the act are too numerous to set forth accurately here, but the main provisions are:

1. Let some one, on behalf of the soldier or sailor, notify the court that the party concerned is a soldier or sailor. Then the court will make prompt inquiries into the merits of the case, and if the case merits it the court has power to stay the other party from further proceeding or to give other remedy that may be appropriate. The court may also appoint an attorney for the soldier or sailor in the lawsuit.

2. If a lawsuit has been already begun in some court against the soldier or sailor, go to that same court and give the notice above mentioned. If no lawsuit has yet begun, but some landlord or other person is preparing to sell out or to take possession

A SATIRE ON INOCULATION.

Our genial but sometimes hobbled contemporary LIFE has printed this amusing view of inoculation in the army. Of course, like the report of Charley Chaplin's death (or was it Jonah's) it is greatly exaggerated. Or, perhaps, they are writing about the German army. We hope they are.

A BILLION BUGS.

No Shortage in U. S. Army's Germ Supply Anyway.

Army life is just one darned inoculation after another. The average soldier is as full of holes as a porous plaster. They aren't bullet holes. They are the apertures through which all sorts of anti-bugs are introduced into his system. Each soldier is issued a billion bugs, for whose up-keep he is held responsible. They hike hither and thither through his system. They drill on his spinal column and hold sham battles on his cere-

of property in which the soldier or sailor is interested, go to the court in whose jurisdiction the property is, notify the court above, and ask the court to summon the other party. All such persons are forbidden by law to take property in that way without first applying to court for an order, but some persons may attempt to take possession without doing so, in ignorance of the new law."

The act also provides for the government, on certain conditions, guaranteeing the payment of premiums so that an insurance policy or fraternal benefit membership will not be forfeited during the soldiers' absence. He will then have a year, after his return, in which to pay up and save his policy or membership.

Major Kincaid said that the judge advocate general of the army is taking all steps necessary for a wide promulgation of the terms of the act in order to protect the rights of soldiers. The immediate necessity is to bring the act to the attention of the courts and lawyers, creditors and families of soldiers, so that the latter can protect the soldiers' interest by applying to the courts. It is expected that officers and soldiers at Camp Wadsworth, who desire to take advantage of the act will be able to count upon the gratuitous legal services of the members of the legal advisory boards attached to the local boards of the selective service system. These boards, in every locality, consist of public spirited attorneys, who are giving the government their services in connection with the execution of the draft act.

All soldiers, whose civil rights are in any way liable to be prejudiced by civil action should immediately communicate either with Judge M. L. Smith, if they are members of the provisional depot for corps and army troops, or with Major Kincaid, if they belong to the New York division, to have their rights protected as far as possible.



"I see the P. and N. is running faster these days."

"Sure, that's what they got the spur for."

brum. He spends half his time getting inoculated, and the rest of it recovering from the inoculations.

Here is the schedule of a typical day in training camp when the doctors are in an inoculating mood.

6 A. M. Reveille.

6:15. Report to Dr. Jabb for inoculation against sleeping sickness.

6:30. Breakfast and inoculation against indigestion.

7. Drill.

7:11. Report to Dr. Poke for inoculation against baldness.

8. All men must be inoculated in the left shoulder-blade against Tasmanian epizooty, in case the army goes to Tasmania.

9:01. Report to Dr. Pricker to have 5,765,899 anti-prickly heat germs injected in the right funny-bone.

11:07. Second inoculation against flat feet and warts.

12. Mess. Men will be inoculated with one plate of stew and four cubic inches of bread pudding.

1 P. M. Report to nearest doctor to be inoculated with any germs he happens to have around.

2:20. All men suffering from fox-bite or squirrel-bite report to Dr. Kneedle for inoculation.

2:30. Drill (if able).

2:55. Ankle inspection by Dr. Slasher.

3:33. Bring your calves to Dr. Punch's tent for inoculation against frost-bite.

4. Special inoculation in Dr. Muff's tent. All men suffering from alimony, pip, cauliflower ears, free verse, persistent sneezing or aversion to work, must report for prophylactic treatment.

5. Mess. Each man will be issued one pill, the equivalent of one plate of beans, one mug of tea and one piece of bread. He may take it, or use it for ammunition.

6-9. All men must stay in their tents, as the doctors may think up a new inoculation, and may want someone to practice on.

9:16. All men who are still conscious will be inoculated against insomnia and mule-kick.

10. Taps (for survivors).

N. B.—The only thing they don't inoculate you against in the army is inoculation.



News From Division Units



PUGNACIOUS PIGEONEERS.

A thrilling battle was waged recently between the Fearless Englishman, Corporal Ray Haggas, and Pvt. K. O. Swain, both of the Pigeon Section, Signal Corps. When Timekeeper Pvt. Odell rang the bell, both men looked fit and in fine condition. As they shook hands the Englishman stated, "All friendship ceases." Both men showed a lot of action and apparently were out to get each other. The Englishman was very clever, and full of speed. He shot a severe left jab to Swain's mouth in the first minute of play, causing the claret to flow freely, and repeatedly kept after the cut, keeping Swain busy covering up. Both men took a lot of punishment toward the end of the round. Swain had considerable reach and weight on his opponent. As the referee, Corporal Sheehan, called time, Swain threw a terrific right to the Englishman's jaw, which dazed him for a few seconds.

Swain's second, Si Thorn, managed to stop the flow of blood from his mouth before the start of the second round. When the referee called time for the second round, Swain was full of action and fighting mad. He pressed his man very hard, playing for the kidneys and landing heavy body blows. The Englishman was clever in guarding his face, and clinched repeatedly, trying to wear out his opponent. Swain landed a left swing to the Englishman's nose, bringing him to the mat and causing the blood to flow. He rose to his feet quickly returning a left jab to Swain's mouth. Swain made several wild blows, and the Englishman, taking advantage of the openings, shot a severe right to Swain's chin, knocking him unconscious on the mat. The referee, Corporal Sheehan, gave Swain the count, leaving the Englishman the victor.

Pigeoneer Cowboy.

Corporal Sheehan, of the Pigeon Section, Signal Corps, made a daring rescue, recently stopping four runaway mules. The driver lost control of the mules, also his nerve, and jumped from the wagon. They were going at a terrific speed over the rough ground and tree stumps, toward the wireless station. If it were not for Corporal Sheehan bringing the wild animals to a stop, they would have destroyed the wireless station. A major, who witnessed the episode, rode over to Corporal Sheehan and congratulated him for his daring feat and bravery.

CAR FOR SALE

For sale—second hand Chalmers touring car, good condition, good bargain. Apply J. W. Stoll, B Co., 105th M. G. Bat.

FIELD HOSPITAL COMPANY NO. 106

Lieutenant Reed, athletic manager of the company, has made arrangements for this company to enter in all divisional and inter-divisional athletic fetes. The baseball team made a very fine showing last Saturday when they played Wofford College on their home grounds. Some very technical plays were witnessed by those in the audience. It seemed our crack pitcher who is very consistent on the diamond, outclassed the college team as they were only credited with five hits.

Our kitchen, "The Palace of Cleanliness," as our Mess Sergeant McCormack calls it, has been remodeled and a new field range installed by Private "Farina" Frederick Heidrich.

"Saliva" Private First Class Frederick Frey, says he is going to cultivate his voice so as to partake in the Divisional Show. A sign is now under preparation for the private, which reads "One large plow wanted for cultivation." The private sings in quite a high pitch, known to his tentmates as tenor eleven.

Private "Snuffy" Prescott, bugler for the company, lost his bugle while the company was on a hike recently. The war was called off until "Snuffy" procured his bugle again.

"Parade Rest" Private Rassenberger is heartily in favor of a ten hour schedule, providing that four hours bunk fatigue is called for. Don't mean to disturb you "Rassy," be calm.

"Skitch" Private Hallenbeck is somewhat lonesome for his mate, Private Purdy who is on a furlough. The two privates are so brotherly when together, especially at mess time. "Pass the sugar Art" says Frank "Wait a minute brother," says Art, and he is waiting yet.

"Reggy" Private Pringle, the originator of double time in the army, says that Prohibition should be in force now. Jim, why is it you are so selfish, it's hard to keep up spirits in a dry state, Jim, but don't get discouraged.

"Shifty" Private Clark, the camouflaged lieutenant and formerly a Rensellerite, is somewhat interested of late watching the mails. Cheer up, Ray, perhaps the Rensselaer Post Offices are closed for the time being.

"Experience" Private First Class Charles Reilly, Fred McDermott's side partner, and legal adviser, has a hard time of late persuading Fred, that he should eat more steaks for breakfast, especially when they are served him.

The bowling team of the company defeated the bowlers of the 107th Infantry in a local alley. The boys from the Capital City proved that they outclassed the boys from the metropolis of our state.

COMPANY G, 51ST PIONEER INFANTRY.

Private Marsden is back in the ranks again. "Muscles" Mansfield is beginning to look like a Polish grappler even though he does only weigh 135 pounds.

Company G has gained a reputation that is well worthy of emulation. The quarters of G Company have been complimented and taken as an example by the whole regiment. Keep up the good work, G. A reputation is well worth the labor.

For Sale—Wooden shovels for sibleys by "Tush" Lewis.

A series of hundred yard dashes was held by the entire company the other night. The winners were exhausted while some dropped before reaching the goal.

Sergeant Taylor will answer all requests for the service of an expert handler of dynamite. His newest powder which he calls "sand-o-mite," is guaranteed to do any job.

SERGEANT F. SQUAZZO.

COMPANY M, 106TH INFANTRY.

Since Sergeant Hawthorne has been acting First Sergeant he seems to have lost whatever amount of amiability was in him. He is so terribly busy that we can't help hoping, for his own good and that of all concerned, that Sergeant Apy—who went home to see his first born—will not fail to return at the scheduled date.

Sergeant Milton Griesbach is now enjoying a fifteen days furlough in Brooklyn. We said enjoying but it is doubtful whether he will enjoy it or not. The poor boy is so bashful and modest that it would not be a surprise to learn that he would rather stay home all day long than go out and be seen by a girl friend with three stripes on his sleeves.

Private Sullivan claims to be affected with what he calls a "milk leg." The doctors at the regimental hospital did not find any trouble with him, and it is the general opinion that he is only looking for seconds on furloughs.

Corporal "Monk" Finan is suffering with some kind of a disease for which he has a new name every day. But when it is considered that it only bothers him around 5:45 a. m., it is evident that its proper name is "Lazyness."

Corporal N. Nielson, assistant mess Sergeant, is the proud inventor of the "White Rock Economy Cocktail," which is served at our meals quite often. This is how it is mixed. In a regulation barrel about the size of an ash can place a lump of ice weighing 30 pounds (that's the white rock) and fill barrel with a liquid composed of one part of oxygen to two parts of hydrogen. Serve three spoonfuls to each man and give as many seconds as desired.

Note.—The liquid is easily obtained at any faucet. T. A. F.

HEADQUARTERS 102ND TRAINS AND

M. P.

We are wondering whether it is the urgent janitorial duties of headquarters or the arrival of Joe White the rising young tenor and his "Society of Busted Bums" which has caused the so noticeable absence of our handsome young janitor from his former home on the hill. How about that, Fred?

Methinks that from recent demonstrations of a certain person's ability in the line of oratory that he must be looking for an addition of Chaplin before his name. How about that, Jimmy?

We take pleasure at this time in announcing the promotion of Battalion Sergeant Major Harry Ernst to the grade of First Lieutenant and I am sure that it will be with a feeling of pleasure and respect that we now salute Lieutenant Ernst.

Gasoline Craig, the famous speed king of headquarters may still be found at the same old post. If you do not happen to see him on the machine look underneath and you will be sure to see him.

Headquarters has acquired a new addition in the form of an ordnance detachment composed of four picked men from the 102nd Supply Train namely Joseph White of the First Company, Joseph Schnieder of the First Company, Charles Rottan of the Second Company, and Samuel W. Fry of the Third Company. From the way in which they have started work it would seem that they are started to build up a reputation that will be a credit to these Headquarters and a solid foundation for future advancement.

Cook of the Officers Mess claims that he has, thanks to the efforts of Karl Illava who directed the job, one of the finest decorated mess halls and kitchens in the division, and if you don't believe him you are welcome to come over and see for yourself.

Moustaches seem to be coming into their own here at Headquarters. Even our old friend "the Great Lover" Jones is cultivating one of those lovely things.

S. W. F.

106TH INFANTRY BAND.

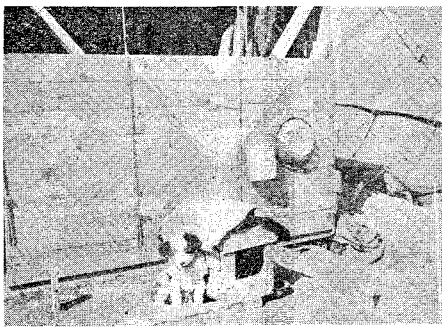
(Alias Mr. Gartland's Indians.)

"Who stole the dog-house?" was the cheerful greeting the members of the AMEN Squad received as they entered the mess hall one morning last week. It grieves the writer to have to say it, but the reputation of these sky pilots has been on the decline ever since Father Abeel left their ranks for the more lowly life of cleaning horses in the 104th Field Artillery Band.

Contributions are being asked for in order to buy the Drum Major a heavier baton so that he will not find it such an easy matter to hold it aloft too long before stopping the band at guard mount.

Now that the spring is here and the foothills are awakening into new life and beauty, it is expected that Corporal Ackerly will visit Camp Wadsworth more often.

—A. S. S.



MIKE.

The Second Article From the Mascot of D. Co., 53rd Division.

Dear Editor:—

Darn the luck!

You know, I'm all upset today.

Just take a look at this picture. You remember I told you how glad I was at being a bull dog?

Well—I ain't, that's all!

I mean I ain't a bull dog.

And that's not the worst of it either. No one seems to know just what kind of a dog I am! I suppose that's what I get for being born in the army! It would be just my luck to turn out like Rudolph.

Say, that combination New Four-dashound is crooked. I've been watching him. Do you know, he told me his mother was a German dashound and his father a Newfoundland. Well, I was sleeping in front of my house here the other morning just before reveille when I suddenly woke up and smelled him. He has a German smell, if you know what I mean. And he was sniffing all 'round the tents. I barked at him and he ran away.

Then First Call blew.

Gee, I hate that bugle!

I can't sleep—everybody makes so much noise getting dressed and stamping around. I always have to go into my house or they'd step on me. Why can't a feller look where he's goin' in the early morning?

How do you like my house? Private McCord made it for me. He says he's Irish and I believe it. He says that Mike is an Irish name, but anyway, I'm going to be an American even if I have an Irish name.

Here comes the mail man with another pink envelope for Private Wengler, I suppose. Twelve pages of——Gee! I feel rotten!

Just got vaccinated and inoculated and decimated, and cauterized, sterilized and pulverized yesterday. I guess the captain's vaccination has took—he didn't pet me this morning.

Nobody loves me!

So long!

MIKE.

Per Herbert F. King, Co. D, 53d Pioneer Inf.

COMPANY A, 106TH MACHINE GUN BATTALION.

Company A bids Captain Spencer "So long and good luck."

On March 6th Company A went to sleep under command of Captain Spencer and awoke the following morning under the command of a new captain, Captain Gardner.

Captain Harry Spencer's career as a soldier, his ability as a leader, had won him the best troop on the border. Few of the men who enjoyed his command in the First Cavalry, ever entertained discouragement over the many shake ups and changes so long as Captain Spencer remained as their leader. New men who either enlisted in the old Troop K last summer, or were assigned to the Machine Gun Company A, of which Troop K formed the nucleus, soon learned to love the man who could command so much admiration and respect.

Needless to dwell upon the regret with which Company A parts with the captain who had already taught them to forget cavalry, and had inspired an interesting liking for machine gunnery.

We heartily congratulate the 108th Infantry Machine Gun Company for winning Captain Spencer and the privilege of training under him.

Last Wednesday night, March 20th, Company A met in good fellowship at dinner in the Finch Hotel of Spantanburg, with cavalry memories and a "So long" to Captain Spencer, and a welcome to Captain Gardner, who comes from Fort Sill, carrying with him the best record and highest grades in machine gunnery that that wonderful school has yet granted any man. Captain Gardner is spoken of at Fort Sill as the man who accomplished the difficult feat of assembling the lock with the famous click, blind folded and using only one hand aided by his teeth. The dinner was a complete success. The tables were uniquely arranged to form a huge letter "A."

While still standing at their places the men united in singing the border favorite "In the Cavalry." Bert Hamilton at the piano and John Mahoney in song threw a "Church-hill's" atmosphere into the Spantanburg dining room.

Walter Kuhn as toastmaster reminisced wittily on border and cavalry days paying high tribute to Captain Spencer as a 1916-17 campaigner. Major Bryant and Captain Spencer also spoke.

A. L. NELSON.

SUPPLY COMPANY, 51ST PIONEER INFANTRY.

Guess what squad this is:
Six of Uncle Sam's soldiers living in a tent
None really broke but all badly bent.

One of them a wagoner.

Two of them are cooks.

Two of them mechanics,

And the other checks the books.

They are all quite contented

And in health quite well,

But they all agree with Sherman

That war is hell.

By MECH. A. V. W.

COMPANY G, 52ND PIONEER INFANTRY

Well, Pop, how was old New York? Never saw our Top Sergeant looking so fine. Honestly, Joe, now come across with the truth, did you or did you not get doubled up? Who is the girl, Joe? The one whose picture you carry with you? We admire your taste, Joe, because we were lucky enough to steal a look at that photo you brought back.

"My Darling Brother," Foxy old boy. Wish you luck Mac but cheer up, you'll get a letter soon.

Sergeant Rosemier has gone. We were too slow for him. How about a little poker, George? Jawbone? Yes? Luck to you, George.

Tom Farrell is following a new occupation now. He is our advertising agent. For Heaven's sake, Tom, advertise for a few privates. Feel sorry for our non-coms when we do get a full Regiment again. When fatigue call sounds it will be funny to see them all fall in just the same.

Jack Sampson is still in the contracting business. Jack is expecting to get a contract to build up a town in France when war is over.

Well, if here isn't my old pal from Junkers. Any new styles in rubbers today sir? Do you know why my feet just fit right inside of those shoes. Say! Aleck, no more pie in the Olympia restaurant, have some chicken?

Why hello, Andy. You are just in time to fall in for fatigue. Yes, you can take a broom and sweep up the street, but don't go below No. 16. We have a new family down there. Yes, the Boyle family, nice people, but talk very much, but I will send our little boy Willie down to see how many are in the family. You know perhaps they are our new janitor, poor folks, they look so lonesome, try and cheer them. Put all your garbage near them so they won't have to carry it far. I'm sure they will appreciate it.

Corporal, Private, First Class Private, Corporal Edward Ruege has gone to New York on a furlough. Have a nice time, Eddie. Some day you may make a success as a quick change artist.

The marvel of the grease pan. Don't worry, you will soon be home, and say, Tony, take my advice, beware of Aleck Young; he is sure watching you. I think he is following you. Beware.

Attention! Sergeant Major Thomas P. Malone, congratulations Tom. We all wish you the greatest of success. Hope to be able to joyfully extend to you a salute very soon. Men like you we will swear by.

JIGGY.

CHANGES IN WARFARE.

A story illustrative of the changes in methods of warfare comes from a soldier in France who took a German officer prisoner.

"Give up your sword," shouted the poilu as he covered the Hun with his gun.

But the officer shook his head and answered:

"I have no sword to give up, but won't my vitriol spray, my oil projector or my gas cylinder do as well?"

FIFTY-FOURTH PIONEERS.

On Wednesday evening, March 13th, only four days before St. Patrick's Day, the social climbers of this regiment made another foray of the town of Spartanburg, and as before, had an enjoyable time, even though they were forced to make the trip in one of Corporal Dunn's one lunged Maxwells. The poet and the Two Little Fat Boys obliged with their usual stunts. We often wonder how two fellows could grow so big. First Sergeant Clark enjoyed the trip back to camp, even though he didn't find what he was looking for, a hat larger than is issued.

As a result of G. O. 19, Supply Sergeant Moon of E Company, was appointed to a new job, that of taking the laundry out of the streets to the dark people looking for it. Of course if a few darkies, or more, mostly more, manage to enter the camp, they look for the custodian of the soiled socks. Now Mr. Moon says it is going too far, when five or eight coons follow him to the canteen, mess hall, showers, supply house and anywhere else. We think he is right, but wish he would arrange a schedule for calling for our wash, say every odd Tuesday.

Our popular Sergeant Morgan of A Company is perambulating on the sidewalks of New York, enjoying a fifteen day furlough.

Bugler Buttermark is also enjoying one of those things, by learning all of the latest dance steps. He will have plenty of time, when he gets back, to practice his steps in policing D streets, in the absence of the other member of the Company, whoever he is.

When necessity, who is the mother of invention, and a few other things, demands it, a bulb is taken from First Sergeant Steward's tent. He wants to know why the kleptomaniac has to "lay off" the officers' showers and pick on him.

Company Beck increased its roster 100 per cent last week by the addition of Sergeant Buehrger, whom we all wish the best of luck in his new regiment, but the Company is I Company still, that is, still after Beck goes to sleep, and gives his "Hello Joe" a rest.

The post exchange is doing a rushing business, catering to every one in the vicinity, and a galaxy of Top Sergeants. Here is a complete list of everything they have not got: Laundry bags. Sergeant Moon take notice.

"Buck Ellvia" of F Company who doesn't know what it's all about has arranged an interesting dance schedule to take place soon.

H Company reporter sends in the following: H kom-pan-nie, a-ten-shun.

De report-ter uv de reja-ment ast me to rite sumpin fer de gas attax, so I sez awl rite, so hear it tiz. De sar-jent dat dishes out de close, an so fort, is on a fer-loe, an we hope dat he has a gud tie-ime an pun-ish-shes a lot uv hops.

Its a wun-der dat kook Hacks-dead doant wize up sum day an kook sum aigs an gray-ape frute sum mourning.

De guy dat blows de horn in de mourning (I tink hez called a burgler cawse hez robbin' evry wun uv der sleep in de mournins) has bin de-moated to a mack-kin-nack. Keep

SANITARY DETACHMENT, 105TH FIELD

ARTILLERY.

Sergeant First Class Walter Longnecker leaves us to take up similar duties with the 106th Infantry. Sorry to lose you old top, and we all wish you the best of luck. Possibly you can explain to the Doughboys that Artillery isn't such a bad branch of the service.

Sergeant McNeill is only about 5 ft. 4 in., but as acting topper, one would think he was—Oh, why explain further?

Artist Voorhis says: "Why speak of checking up combat equipment, I always have my schalalea with me?"

Chief Gonsalves is going around very morose. Does our little South American Bearcat want to do another War Dance? How are funds Chief?

Stumpy Kiernan will soon return to us after a visit of ten days to the land of the White Lights. As heretofore, Gus, we all hope your Golden Voice will help keep gloom away and charm our topper.

Perturbed Hill is back with us again after an absence of three months at the Base Hospital and a thirty-day sick leave home. Jack, can't you help us fellows toward getting acquainted with some of your nurse friends? It seems to us as though you know every one of the fair sex in Camp Wadsworth.

A rumor says that Walter Helwege is going home to get married. Some of the boys, Walt., are inclined to think that you are going to pull a Phelan. Here's hoping that you are requested to bring back a marriage certificate with you.

Sergeant First Class Bill Miller is still at the Officers' Training School. Somehow or other, Bill, the boys all wish you get your commission, but then they are an ungrateful lot anyway.

SERGEANT GEORGE NEU.

it up Back-her yull soon be warin an neagel, con-grand-u-lashuns.

Sar-jants Boek an Oh Bryan, corpril Likes; her and Law-law, priz-vatz Bar-rag an Carrie and Gore-done ess-em-belled in are tent last satiday nite, de first tree were playing pig-nukel an evry ting was goin fine wen Mack-gin de bum trower come in an he started trowin bums, sum uv dem hit he pig-nuckle playis in de noze and dat fin-nisht de gaim. Awl hans (an feat) left de tent. dat guy kin shure trow de bums, o boy. Sum gim-mick dekorat-ted de mess shank wit criss-miss trees on Paddys day, dat fello must-ter had his daits mixed, how do they get like dat. Wate a minit I narely fergot to rite a-bout Oh Shade who duz awl de detales an awl he duzis play wid a tipri-ter in de adu—, gee, I cant spell dat wurd, but u no what tis. Its ware de top kicks go fer dere mourning reports bux an gets de name uv de ginks dat walk dere posts in a mill-in-airy man-ner at de cur-ral. I muss stop now as mess has plaid an I wan to beet I kom-pan-nie in line fer eats, ore he may get dere furst, Tanks.

D. J. M.

BATTERY C, 104TH FIELD ARTILLERY.

This happens to be our first contribution and providing the writer is in good health after the boys read this issue, we hope to hold a regular place hereafter.

In the recent firing, as usual, the Apple-Knockers, "knocked 'em cold," while our K. O. fired problems that "made 'em all step."

General Rumor has informed Private Gilson that we will be "Somewhere in New York" State soon, so "Ollie" has arranged to spend his "week-ends" at home (H. W. Williams.)

The "Megaphone Quartette" meets every evening in Sergeant Hull's tent, under the careful tutoring of "Big George," and promises to develop good singers after a few years practice.

Stable Sergeant Johnson is our hardest working man, and since he has taken up his new duties, the horses are looking in fine condition.

"Buck" Hallman wore a green ribbon in honor of St. Patrick on the "17th" but we were disappointed in having soup, instead of "Irish stew" for dinner.

Quartermaster Sergeant Kimble is with us again with a large stock in store, and due to his sudden change of nature, even the "small guys" aren't afraid to approach him.

"Stay at Home" week is now in progress. Everyone consented to refrain from dice or cards or eating meals in restaurants, etc. The returns will be donated to purchase sugar for our morning oat meal and coffee.

Received word that Private Shields, who went on detached service, has arrived in France O. K. Good luck, Shields, we'll be with you soon.

Things that are impossible—

(1) Trying to make the Mechanics work. (2) Get a hat to fit Van D. Walker (3) To keep Sergeant Hull from that mysterious thing in Asheville. (4) To find anyone with shoes not polished in "C" Battery. (5) To win in a crap game with the "Hudson Street Steve," the millionaire tenor. (6) For Private Brannigan to be a friend of the Quartermaster Sergeant.

Some singers in Sergeant Howard's tent. Caruso is good, but you fellows are better still. (Hope they see through it.)

Contrary to the general rule, our First Sergeant is very popular with all the men, even the Bucks. Our former instrument sergeant has certainly made good in his new position.

Everyone is feeling fine and our popular Mess Sergeant Loomis is serving chow "fit for a king" and the weather here is very good. In general, life here is much more enjoyable than in Camp Wadsworth.

What was "Red" Quick thinking of when he repeated the 10th Commandment to the officer of the day? Observing Lieutenant "Red."

Our newest officers, Lieutenants Sanchez and Breen, are fast becoming very popular, and well liked by all the men.

G. P. W.

HEADQUARTERS COMPANY, 3RD PIONEER INFANTRY.

Did you notice our gallant band leader standing reveille and retreat lately. Gotta hand it to our new skipper, everybody plays the game nowadays.

The boys are all anxious to know if "Dolly" went to Framingham during his furlough. It has been the custom for all Headquarters men visiting Boston, to make the trip out to Dennison Town, some attraction there.

How was the new Liberty Motor a success without the aid of old "Annie" McDermott, Hyde Park's would be Thomas Westinghouse Edison Smith? Now his argument is "Me for the Navy Yard."

The organ grinder from Roach street will have to look to his laurels, for the Roxbury Crossing "Hot Dog Man" is hitting the trail for "Hank the Hermit." Santie Claus remember your Anna needs you home now to wind up those alarm clocks.

Funny how all the "Gloom Chasers" are getting pally with "Baby" Cawthorne lately. Everytime a box arrives or the gold piece is broke the boys decide to move the cots.

All the famous border non-coms are receiving daily instructions in the manual of arms from Old Timer Carney, and to think after all their famous training and that hike to Las Cruces and that Irish water up at the Cement Plant, made famous by the "Dandy Fifth."

"Spurs" Dudley, the boy who promenaded Tremont Street while on furlough with Spiral putts and spurs, is somewhat peeved since he lost his job driving the Adjutant's car.

Sergeant O'Leary Ryan of American Federation of Labor fame will never forgive Washington for the orders prohibiting the wearing of spiral puttees. So "Mother" once more will place them back with the camphor balls.

Barney Keough has failed to answer sick call since the Pioneers have been taken off their daily training the wood pile, and how the boys did regret their release from real work.

Just as we anticipated the Golden haired Lounge Lizzard of Jordan and Marsh fame, has ensnared several of Spartanburg's society buds and making his usual splash. But why abduct Benedict Beale and Detention Camp Saunier?

We have just learned that our "Rumor King" and Ex-Striper is about to depart from our fold, and enter the Signal Corps. How about that much talked of discharge?

Things that never happen—

Sergeant Rainey telling the K. P. to take it easy.

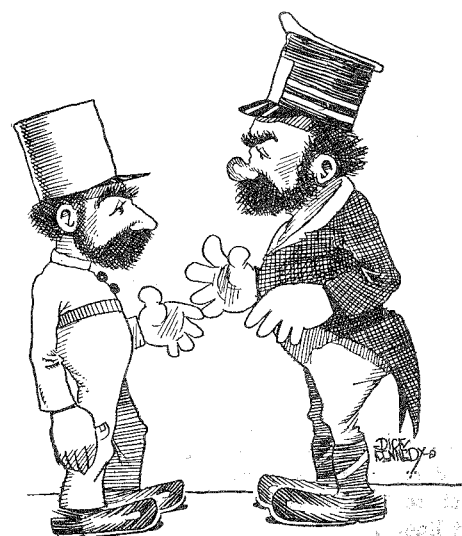
"Bandy" refusing a piece of pie from B Company.

Supply Sergeant Barry getting some clothes for the boys.

"Coo Coo" Hurley's steeds being cleaned.

Joey Bell and his tentmates going to sleep at taps.

UGOCHASSER.



A JOKEVITCH.

First Moujik—"Hurrahsky, for the great Russian revolution! We nicked Nick Romanoff, let the Huns chase us till they are out of breath, and soon we will turn and wallop the Kaiser, and there will be free vodka and—"

Second Kvass-imbiber—"Cut out the Bullshiviki!"

COMPANY L, 108TH INFANTRY.

Mess Sergeant Edwards said that Codfish came from Cape Cod. Tell us, Sergeant, if codfish come from Cape Cod, do oysters come from Oyster Bay?

Sergeant Edwards says he's running short of codfish. How about Freddy going to Cape Cod?

Corporal Tormey is hereby appointed Chief Whistle Blower.

Private Pierce is now firing the Bingle Boiler at the head of the street.

Corporal Poncho Villa Pongratz is still looking for his furlough. Ask the Top, Al, he'll give you one.

The twenty-third squad mourns the loss of Bob Freeman. He's in the Base Hospital with appendicitis.

The twenty-third set aside Easter Sunday for a semi-annual gathering at the bath-house.

There was a social gathering in Company L mess hall Monday night. Top Sergeant Weaver thinks its a good idea to cut out the profanity at formation. We think so too, Sergeant, how about you?

Lieutenant Bentley is wearing a big smile these days. He ought to; no more squads right for him for a while yet. He's now Canteen Officer, succeeding Lieutenant Rignal.

We envy Ray Canfield who has his wife here in town. He is envied by all of us. Sorry we didn't get married now.

Why does Sergeant Holway shake all the wooden boxes Bill Bissell brings in? Something strange about that, Eddie.

Sergeant Simcoe, commanding our fourth platoon, has his mother here for a short stay. But that doesn't stop him from yelling "Hurry up down there, double time!"

A. B. C.

**ENGINEER DEPOT DETACHMENT,
NO. 421.**

Our C. O., Lieutenant Leonard, has moved his quarters up to our street to see that the children behave.

Charlie Hoag has returned from his furlough. He claimed that he had joined the ranks of the Benedicts. We weren't sure until we saw the famous "Mrs." on an envelope.

George Greene is now in the big city. We rather doubt that he too will return with the record of having slipped on the banana peel of marriage. On the contrary we fully expect to see several inches added to his waist line.

Charlie Hoag and Ed Buechner demonstrated the value of long legs when it came to high jumping. They quite outdistanced all competitors.

We are all glad to welcome West's Victrola into our midst, but we can't say that we appreciate the duets which sometimes issue forth from the tent. Don't try to beat the Master's Voice at his own game.

Joe Connors has been selected to do the Harvey Cohn act for us. Joe, we must admit, is rather modest. All he would say when interviewed was: "It's a great little war."

We are inclined to think that Sergeant Eisner is the reincarnation of Simon Legree. He makes a great "slave driver."

Now that our "Thelma from Missouri" has faded into the past, she having hauled down her pennant after the conglomeration of words sent her, we have officially adopted another, known as "Alma from Detroit." Adoption papers are made out in favor of Joe Beyer.

E. A. B.

INFIRMARY, 102ND U. S. ENGINEERS.

Did you witness that exciting game of baseball between the teams of Company C and the Doctors? Big Benson pitched for us and Muldowney caught. The score was 7-9 in favor of the Doctors.

We want to thank Lieutenant Bles for his good work! What's that? You shouldn't thank the umpire in public! Oh, well, don't say anything about Lieutenant Bles then.

Big Ben, you know him, "Meatball," knocked out three home runs.

Sergeant First Class Mund has returned to the fold. He was transferred back from the 106th Field Hospital. Welcome home, Harry. Oh, by the way, you didn't see anything of Heffernan on your way over, did you?

Say, Walter, why did you tell Ben there was a dollar in your box. You know he burnt his up without looking into it.

Say, Shay, what else did you learn out in Indiana?

All the boys have taken on weight since messing with the Engineer Train. It is verei verei goot, I shall eum agin, goo bye.

C. C.

AMBULANCE COMPANY NO. 105

The drill schedule for the past week called for field manoeuvres for Tuesday and shortly after 8 a. m. that day the members of the 105th started for the camp site "somewhere in South Carolina." Captain McKemy and Lieutenant Ballantyne were in charge of the company and Sergeant "Smoke" Zion, pace-maker, insisted on taking all of the many hills on "high" with such good effect that the company arrived at the camp site at 10.30 a. m.

Small fires were soon blazing, mess kits and rations unpacked, and the hungry men were soon on the outside of the bacon, potatoes, onions, and bread that made up the day's rations.

Sergeant First Class Karl H. Buhl and Private "Hoddy" Jones ate so heartily that both fell sound asleep as soon as the meal was finished, and they unconsciously formed the main attractions of the elaborate funeral ceremonies held over them by several of the men who are studying for the undertaker's profession through a progressive Pennsylvania Correspondence School.

At 1:30 p. m. the company started on its return to "Clubhouse Row" and by stiff hiking, reached home by 4 o'clock. Some idea of the pace maintained may be gained by the following conversation between Major Cranston and "Tonsorial" Dessert: Major: "Did you hike very fast?" Tonsorial: "We went past the milestones so fast that I thought we were in a cemetery."

Mess Sergeant Bob Hull's Sunday dinner with real pies put the company in fine condition for the week's work. This was shown in the number of records broken in the hundred yard dash which featured Monday's drill.

First Lieutenant Arthur A. White, Jr., has been assigned to duty as Adjutant of the Sanitary Train and Lieutenant Ballantyne succeeds him as Executive Officer of this company. We congratulate both of them on their good fortune.

Corporal Claude L. Ratnour had the misfortune to break a bone in one of his fingers while playing ball last week.

Since the arrival of his wife in Spartanburg, "Canopener" Louis Peck finds no attractions in Camp Wadsworth.

Sergeant "Heavy" Briggs and Private First Class "Chief" Costello have been detailed for duty at the first aid station at Camp Campobello.

Privates First Class Ernest Littlewood, Louis Harrington and Privates Harold J. Short and Rol Henry have been detailed to the Base Hospital for a course of instruction in dressings.

Wagoners Benson and LaValle were kind enough to help out the kitchen police last Tuesday and their efforts were appreciated by all. Wagoner Benson, who acquired fame as the head radiator man of the division, is now working on a book on "How to Repair G. M. C.'s with Steel Wool and Water."

As a trapeze performer, "Hungry" Bushnell is IT. Ask him to fix the fuse plugs in your tent and watch him go. His specialty is night work.

BATTERY D, 106TH FIELD ARTILLERY.

Private Ehmann is acting Top-Sergeant while the Battery is up at the range. He has twelve men under him. Never mind, Otto, it's near as you'll ever get to be a non-com.

Privates Brown and Schenfield were sent back from the range to attend the "Camouflage School." We guess they are making good as we hardly ever can find them. They must have the right idea of camouflage, all right.

Bugler Madgewick claims he has a sore lip. Never mind, a poor excuse is better than none. We've bought an alarm clock so I guess it'll be all right if you blow retreat for reveille.

Corporal Briggs, "alias" Lady Bountiful, is acting supply sergeant up at the range. It's too bad you just invested \$40 on a new suit before going to the range.

Shelter-Half Weisner, our Supply Sergeant's orderly, arose at eleven P. M. the other night and went out looking for reveille. See, Madge, how you are getting on the "Poor Boy's" nerves.

We wonder where "Cook" Cook and ex-Mess Sergeant Sinsmaier go every evening. We don't worry though as we saw Spartanburg last fall.

"Dizzy" Compton is all excited over his new job as assistant Battery clerk, especially when the mail comes in. It tires him out so running around before mail time telling the fellows they have a package. P. S.—He is also on the job when these packages are delivered and more so when they are being opened.

Pvt. R. L. S.

A request is made for the names of the men who have attended the George Peabody College for teachers to send to their institution their names, addresses, etc.

ARE YOU A MASON?

All members of the Masonic fraternity at Camp Wadsworth are requested to send their names, rank and organization to Mr. D. M. Davis, Y. M. C. A. Unit 93 or to Private H. D. Tucker, Co. D, 106th Infantry, at once.

"Mose" Vedder and Frank "Babby" Henry have gone "nuts" over pictures of movie actresses and their collection is unequalled anywhere in camp. Corporal "Rats" Ratnour, formerly with the Syracuse News Co., furnishes them with the movie magazines at cost.

We understand that Corporal Ratnour is due to spring some Thrift Stamps on us next week.

Sergeant Benny Hale has parted with his sleek pompadour and doesn't know what to do with hands since the big event.

A. K. M.

PHYRAT WILL, HE HAS 'EM DIZZY.

He Invents a Gun that Beats the German 70-Mile One.

Phyrat Will, that's me. The acknowledged world's greatest inventor, acknowledged by myself and others, from my summer home on the Hudson, at Matteawan.

Inventor of the cork battleship, the deadly trained spider, and other exclusive excludities which no sane man would even dare think of, I am about to reveal my masterpiece, which will make the Hunnish 76-mile range gun appear as insignificant as the German General who uses a quarter of a mouse's skin to make himself an overcoat, the same one who tried to bathe in a mess cup, and would have succeeded if he didn't have such a large moustache. This invention of mine, which at present is being used by the Esquimoux in spearing whales, their most thought of vegetable, is one that will make the civilized world, together with the members of the Reichstag, stand on their heads, making the first time these members ever elevated their brains, those valuable brains which college professors should study through a microscope, if such a powerful one could be manufactured.

As to the invention, here it is in an egg-shell:

Gasoline will drive an auto twenty miles on a gallon, so if you put in two gallons, the machine will go forty miles and stop. Now this aerial torpedo of mine, is shot from a twelve-inch gun, and as it leaves the muzzle of said gun, a contact point is touched, which as the torpedo starts on its deadly journey, starts an ordinary automobile engine a-going at such a speed that the torpedo keeps rising and rising, and going and going until—until what? Why, simple—until the gasoline, as in the auto, gives out. So this shell is equipped in the rear end with a gas tank, in which is, packed tight, 204 gallons of gas. So that going twenty miles a minute on a gallon, it travels in three hours and twenty-four minutes, 4,080 miles, then out of gas, it falls, landing a few miles further away, and upon contact with the terra firma, the front end, containing three dozen pounds of TNT, explodes, creating in comparison, as much damage as when a bomb is exploded in an ant-hill.

Now we can readily see the advantage of this blood curdling weapon. From any or all points on the Atlantic coast, our gunners can fire upon Berlin, bombarding that nest of German Headquarters, with a shell every two minutes, for we will have as many of these as a fly has warts. With what result? The surrender of the enemy in twenty-four hours, or there will be a well in Germany with its bottom in Australia.

However, before we start our bombardment, an order will be issued, as were our reserve officers, for all allied troops to leave

SAVE IT FOR THE BOCHES!

Do you ever stop to ponder on the fellows over yonder
Who are happy and contented with their lot?
They don't call the cook a "dub"; they don't kick about the grub;
They don't swear because their coffee isn't hot.

Do you fret because the wood that you burn is not as good
As a fireplace in a fifty dollar flat?
When your daily work is done you can grab your duds and run.
Over there they're not so fortunate as that.

Then to Spartanburg you whirl, spend the evening with a girl,
Grab a taxi back to camp at one A. M.
But the fellows over there, where the bullets fill the air—
Don't you feel a little sympathy for them?

Suppose you had to sleep where the muddy waters seep
Through a crater in a bullet-riddled trench,
And you had to stand all day where the Boches bang away
And the air becomes a nauseating stench.

Now, if you're inclined to grumble, just suppose you take a tumble
To yourself and dissipate that ugly frown.
If you feel down in the mouth, don't forget you're only South,—
Just a little ways from good old New York town.

And in closing let me warn you, there is nothing will disarm you
Like a disposition trained to howl and kick;
When you go across to France, you'll be given ample chance
To vent your rage on Boches mighty quick.

PRIVATE D. L. NASH,
Ordnance Depot.

the trenches, because the earth thrown up by these shells will come down, unlike prices at an army camp, and fill in the trenches, saving the Pioneers the trouble.

It is strange I hadn't thought of this idea before I sent my spider across; it would have saved thousands of our lives, and as many pacifistic speeches, and now I'll have to row out aways and bring back my pet.

When I first mentioned this invention to a magistrate, he locked me up in a padded cell, probably afraid I would sell the scheme to some German spies. At present I am still in the cell, where I will probably remain till the bombardment starts, then I will personally supervise it—the bombardment, not the cell. I am now busy drawing on the walls another startling idea of mine, which will do away with policemen, politicians and lawyers in peace time, so that we can really enjoy what my invention will bring about.

Servantly yours,

PHYRAT WILL.
per Daniel J. Mahoney.

ECHOES FROM THE DUGOUTS.

"Are you digging a trench?" asked the civilian who happened along where several doughboys were doing that very thing.

"No, sir," answered the corporal in charge.

"We are digging a grave for a rookie who was on the rifle range the other day. The lieutenant told him to hold his breath while he fired. The trigger got stuck and here we are."

START WORK ON LIBERTY THEATRE.

Camp Mess Halls Will Have Vestibuled Screen Doors.

Work has begun on the Liberty theater, which is to be erected in camp by the War Department's Commission on Training Camp Activities. The building will be 80 feet by 160 feet in size, and will have a seating capacity of more than 2,500. The work of construction will be pushed as rapidly as possible.

The theater building will be located in the body of woods near the center of camp, and not far from the Knights of Columbus building.

Other important construction work, the authority for which has just been received from Washington, will be the installation of vestibuled screen doors in all the mess halls in camp and in all the wards of the base hospital. More than 2,600 doors will be required to complete this job, and in addition 135,000 feet of screening and 750,000 feet of lumber.

The War Trade Board claims that Germany gets less than a third of the amount of food stuffs she once procured from the neutral countries.

ENTERTAINMENT SOMEWHERE AT THE ARTILLERY RANGE.

On Monday, March 18th, on the very grounds that General Less mustered in the Confederate Army, the 104th and 106th Field Artillery put forth their best efforts to relieve the monotony of life at the range.

The rings was pitched in an open spot, with a thousand twinkling stars for the roof, and instead of electric lights, oil lamps, strung on wires, shed a soft light on the ring.

It was the first of a series of entertainments to be held every Monday night for the amusement of the officers and men. Everyone was in good spirits, from General Phillips and his staff to the lowliest buck private. It was an ideal night; the spirit of Spring was everywhere, the air seemed permeated with good cheer. Both regiments turned out almost to a man. Lieutenant Borde of the French army, who has seen two years service as an artillery officer, and has been wounded several times in action, was present.

At 7:30 sharp the bandmaster of the 106th F. A. lifted his baton and the band started to play one of those raggy jazz tunes that paved the way for a show that for dash and pep would be hard to beat. Appreciation of the band's excellent playing was shown by the frequent bursts of applause after each selection.

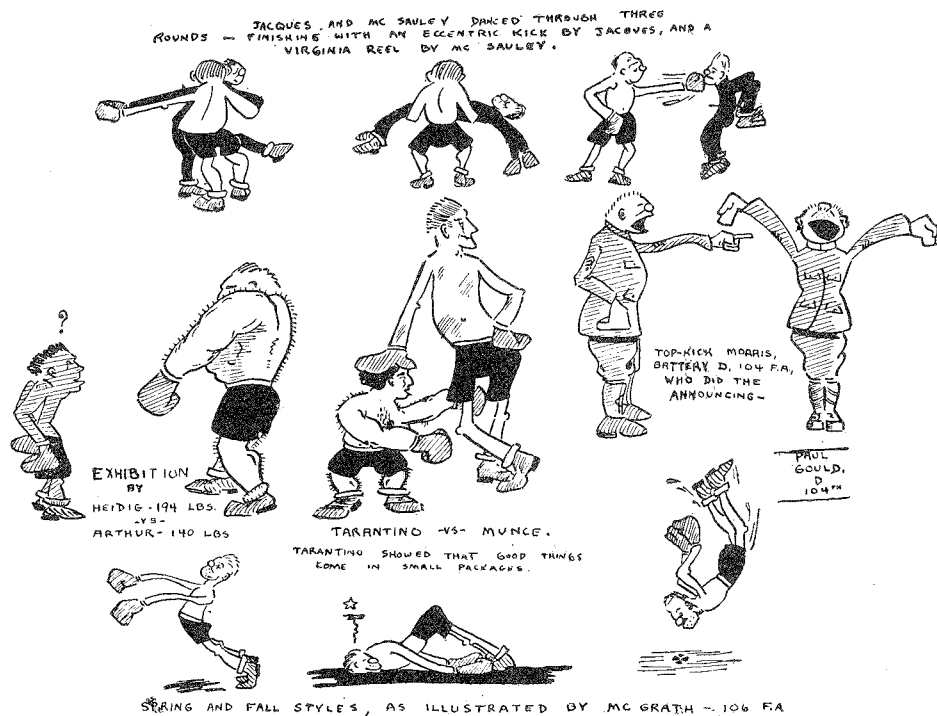
Then the announcer, genial Pete Morris, Top-kick of Battery D, 104th F. A., held up his hand for silence, and announced the first bout. If Joe Humphreys the silver-tongued, of New York, ever heard Pete, he would grind his teeth with rage. By the way Pete, who took your hat? Finder please return said hat, as it has been worn by the Crowned Heads of Europe.

The first bout brought together Broderick, of the 106th and McCormack, 104th. Both boys were in excellent condition and seemed very anxious to mix it. Broderick led with a left hand jab to Mac's eye, which almost closed said optic, after which there was a lively exchange of blows. McCormack got over several heavy wallops, but did not follow up his advantage. He left his body open, whereupon Broderick played a lively tattoo upon his ribs.

Broderick opened the second round with several clean snappy punches that soon took the steam out of McCormack, who was obliged to leave the ring.

The next bout brought McGrath of the 106th vs. Arthur 104th. Arthur was certainly there from the first bell. He chased McGrath around the ring, and at last caught up with him, which in itself was some feat. McGrath was soon convinced that he was no marathon runner and as a fighter, well. . . . After his mess call had been well pounded, he dropped his mitts, and ambled towards his corner, in a dazed manner, murmuring, "It's no Juice." He was certainly game, and everyone was relieved to see him walk out instead of being carried out.

Wallace, from Battery E, of the 104th, then rendered a sentimental ballad, entitled "My



Sweetheart," that made all the boys think of lights, soft music and their own sweethearts. His delightful mellow voice certainly got over. Although handicapped by the absence of musical accompaniment (he left his music home on the piano), he made such a hit he was forced to render an encore. Next "Chew" Shepard, Battery D, 104th, sang a few parodies of his own: "The Gold Bricks in the Army," which was greeted with yells of delight by all the goldies present. Shep had become popular with the fellows through his style of entertaining. He also rendered "On the Good Old Picket Line," a song that made even the stern features of General Phillips relax into a broad smile.

Things were humming along at a great pace, songs and bouts following each other in rapid succession. Between rounds the band had everyone whistling and singing. When Smiling Pete Morris announced Young Leach Cross of the 104th, and Vareuzzo of the 106th, would furnish the fire-works, a mighty roar that made the hills echo, went up. No doubt a few of our own wildcats, up in the mountains, decided to leave for parts unknown, on hearing this, because believe me boy, it was some roar. The referee brought the men to the center of the ring for instructions. It was then apparent that Cross had the advantage of height and reach, but their weights were the same.

In the first round Cross shot two left jabs and a wicked right to the head. Vareuzzo retaliated with several body blows. They battled toe to toe and had the crowd on its feet yelling for a knockout.

The second round found Vareuzzo feeling the effects of Cross's terrific battering. It was only a matter of time before the game little fighter was bound to be rocked to sleep. It showed discretion on his part when he decided at the end of the round to quit. Although beaten, Vareuzzo was far from dis-

graced, and with a less experienced fighter, should make a much better showing.

The next was a quaint little Scotchman, Tommy Towle, of the 104th. He sang Scotch ditties that would have made Harry Lauder look to his laurels. Tommy knocked them off their seats with his accent. He is an entertainer par-excellence. The crowd would not permit him to leave until he had rendered his famous song, about "The Gallant Forty-twa." His original and clever little bit made him a supreme favorite. Here is an entertainer that will continue in the lime-light whenever a surefire hit is needed.

The next on the program was a three round bout between Keins of the 106th and Harding of the 104th. This fight was won by Keins, who by his superior ring ability and clean hitting easily deserved the decision.

One of the star bouts followed. Jacques of the 104th and "Camouflage" McSauley, of the 106th, gave one of the classiest exhibitions of hit-and-get-away boxing of the evening. Jacques outpointed his man, showing him several punches that Mac never thought of. When "Camouflage" entered the ring his gorgeous green tights and yellow and black banded jersey so dazzled Jacques, that he afterwards remarked he didn't know whether to fight him or kiss him.

At the conclusion of this bout, "Terry" Tarantino of the 104th, and Munce, of the 106th, were brought together. Munce towered above little "Terry," and when the weights were announced, had an advantage of thirty pounds. But at the beginning of the first round Tarantino showed that he was afraid of neither man nor beast, and firmly believed in the old adage, "The bigger they come the harder they fall." It was a fierce battle from start to finish. "Terry" continually landed heavy body blows, while on the other hand Munce seemed unable to touch the

(Continued on page 20)



ON THE ROADS TO CAMP.

This illustration depicts clearly the two most prominent features of South Carolina landscape as it scapes in these parts—namely, soldiers and pine trees. How stately and picturesque the big pines loom at the side of the dusty road, along which the soldiers are returning from a hike. Who knows how far they have marched? Is it one mile or twenty? For the first correct answer submitted, the Gas Attack will give a prize of a round-trip ticket on the P. & N. railroad for the first day of the winning contestant's furlough. No fair going to the artist and asking him to slip you the solution on the sly!



“Huns? Hell no! Hornets!”

HOSTESS HOUSE NOTES.

Wednesday, April 3, was “Albany Day” at the Hostess House. There was informal open house all day, and a large number of Albany men stationed at Camp Wadsworth and many Albany ladies visiting in Spartanburg dropped in for what was almost an “old home” day. During the afternoon and evening the 106th Field Hospital orchestra played.

A committee of Albany officers, headed by Lieut. Root and Lieut. Reed, had a large share in making the day a success.

It is planned to follow the success of “Albany Day” with other special days, such as New England Day, special days for officers and wives, for enlisted men and their guests, etc.

LEARN TO “PARLEZ VOUS.”

Mlle. Irene Jestier, through the courtesy of the Hostess House, has made arrangements to give lessons in French at the Hostess House at such hours as will be convenient to pupils desiring instruction. Conversational French, with the idea of teaching the soldiers to ask for the simple necessities of life, when they reach the other side, is the principle of Mlle. Jestier’s instruction. Private lessons 50 cents each, class lessons at prices depending on the size of the class. Address Mlle. Jestier, Hostess House, Camp Wadsworth, S. C.

The GAS ATTACK is the liveliest camp magazine in America. Are you a subscriber? If not, hunt around in this issue for the subscription blank printed on one of the pages. Then act in accordance therewith.

FIRST PIONEER INFANTRY.

A Distinct Honor.

Have you ever stopped to think what it means to be FIRST in anything? Of course you have. “First in War, First in Peace, First in the Hearts of His Countrymen.” How well do we all remember of whom this was said. To George Washington, the Father of Our Country and the FIRST President of these United States, went this distinct honor.

But that was ages ago. We are now living in the present. But the old FIRST still remains a distinct honor wherever it is applied. And that brings us down to our subject of today’s lesson—the FIRST Pioneer Infantry. FIRST! That’s us all over.

It’s an honor to be First in anything. But it’s a Distinct Honor to be the FIRST Pioneer Infantry. And we appreciate this honor, every one of us, from the Colonel of our regiment down to the lowest private in the ranks. We appreciate it and we are going to live up to it.

Owing to the fact that we were only a skeleton outfit up till Thursday of last week, we sort of held back, bashful like, and didn’t want to talk about ourselves. Of course, all the time, we were thinking of this Distinct Honor and making preparations for living up to it. Now that some of our men have arrived we are ready to make known to all other Pioneer outfits, to all other organizations in Camp Wadsworth in particular, and to the world in general, that we are “there with the goods” and ready to deliver it whenever called upon to do so.

The officers and men of the FIRST Pioneer Infantry are taking a keen interest in their

ENTERTAINMENT SOMEWHERE AT THE ARTILLERY RANGE.

(Continued from page 18)

little scrapper, who hobbled about like a cork. In the second round the referee, Jean Zangen, stepped into a wild swing, whereupon the crowd voiced its approval. The pleasure in this bout was somewhat marred at one time, when Munce elbowed Tarantino while the latter was outside the ropes. By his aggressive tactics and bulldog rushes, Tarantino shaded his opponent. Little “Terry” later announced from the ring that he was looking for other worlds to conquer, and issued a defi to meet Heide, the present heavyweight champion of the Division, for ten rounds, in three weeks from that date.

We might say at this time that Heide afterwards had a little workout with Arthur. The big heavyweight’s magnificent physique attracted much favorable comment. Everybody held his breath when little Arthur thought of collecting his ten thousand insurance by coming within reach of one of Heide’s mighty wallops. However, it was all in fun, and this brought to a close the first of what we may hope to be many pleasant evenings, in the future.

GEORGE CLARKE,
Battery D, 104th F. A.

organization, and there’s a feeling of pride in the hearts of everyone of us that we are where we are—in the FIRST Pioneer Infantry. And we are going to have reason to become prouder every day of our lives. For we are not only going to be the FIRST Pioneer Infantry, but likewise the BEST Pioneer Infantry, that the world has ever known. Not only are we going to be best in the military sense of the word, but in everything we do or undertake to do. We refer to such things as athletics, social events, etc. So look out for us. We warn you to clear the path for the FIRST Pioneer Infantry, or the FIRST Pioneer Infantry will clear the path for you. And we don’t make any promises that we will allow anyone to escape getting hurt if they are in our path when we set out to accomplish our mission.

A good example of this determination to be first in everything from now on was the baseball game played recently in which the First Pioneers licked the “stuffers” out of the Second Anti-Air Craft crowd. The fracas ended with the score 3 to 0 in our favor but that doesn’t begin to show how bad we walloped ‘em. Time after time we had three men on bases and could have knocked a home run or something and thus piled up a larger score. But we took pity on the poor souls and held our score down to a measly three runs. The part of it was we showed class—real Big League CLASS. Without any practice beforehand as a regimental team we walked out there on the field and licked those Anti-Air Craft boys with ease. It just goes to show that we have the spirit to carry us through. And we are going to continue to have that spirit. We don’t make any predictions of never suffering a defeat or a setback. But we do promise you that in cases of that kind there will always be a counter attack, and that we will come back just two or three times as strong as we were in our initial drive.

In that first baseball game, which by the way was played between officers from the two organizations because of the fact that our men had not yet arrived, our pitcher, Lieutenant F. S. Tavenner held the enemy to two hits and allowed only one free transportation to first. He was master of the situation at all times. And his team backed him up to the last ball. That’s CLASS. And that’s what we possess. And that’s what is going to make the FIRST Pioneer Infantry the BEST Pioneer Infantry.

Dance Easter Monday.

Easter Monday night the First Pioneer Infantry will hold an officers’ regimental dance at Rock Cliff Club, Spartanburg. The committee in charge of arrangements predicts a big success for our first social undertaking. Ladies, if you haven’t already been invited it’s because we don’t know you. So send in your names at once so that you won’t miss this splendid entertainment. It will be your opportunity to meet some of the finest men in the world—even if we do have to say it ourselves.

K. of C. News

JAMES K. HACKETT VISITS K. OF C.

James K. Hackett, the well known actor-manager, paid his expected visit to the Wadsworth Knights last week, and the results of the visit exceeded the most sanguine expectations.

Not only was the usual capacity crowd present, but the new stage and the outdoor theatre received a real baptism of fire. Generally when the hall is filled that ends it; or it used to under the old regime, but that night there were men standing on the outdoor stage peering and peering through the windows striving with might and main to get an inkling of what was going on, (or as some one less careful of English might say, coming off) on brightly lighted inside. There were men on the porches like the water of which the ancient Mariner so feelingly speaks, and Mr. Hackett appreciated it.

Responding to an outburst as he walked forward after the introduction by Mr. Sexton, general secretary, he remarked, "Well, boys, that's a pretty nice greeting," and indeed it was. After a few friendly remarks he got down to real business and explained the purpose of his appointment as Director General of Dramatic and Musical Activities under the auspices of the Knights of Columbus in all the camps here and abroad. He told of his visits to the other camps along the Eastern coast and spoke of the success which had attended his visit to Camp Upton, and as a sort of encourager he noted that the spirit and pep at Wadsworth were greater and the esprit de corp stronger than at any other camp. Finally he called for volunteers with dramatic or musical experience and seventeen men responded. And this on the night that the dress rehearsal for the divisional show "You know me, Al" was being held in Spartanburg.

He had brought, he told the men, quite a number of one and two act comedies and farces and these he wished the men to read, discuss and select from. The volunteers are to meet Secretary Sexton and organize as many dramatic clubs as possible, choosing men from each branch, or from each regiment if there be enough, as charter members. Each club will start on its plays and produce them on one of the K-C stages. It is hoped that the best of the productions can be sent to New York and the plays given there. From the proceeds of the entertainments it is purposed to establish a fund to maintain similar work in France which will also be under Mr. Hackett's direction.

There was another side to the evening that came later. The 53d Pioneer Band led by Jack Tresize had been furnishing the music and suddenly Jack, who was presiding at the Pie Anna started on a snappy jig and in acknowledgment of the insistent

yells from the boys Mr. Hackett responded with a buck and wing that surprised the oldest of the stagers. After that he sang one of his own songs and then to meet the insatiable demands the boys made him recite Kipling's Mother o' Mine in a way that won approval from every one.

After a while he began to feel that some one should do a bit toward entertaining him and so Private Oberbird of the 108th Infantry, Co. H, came up and sang two songs, Mother Machree and The Little Gray Home in the West. If he is willing, Overbird will be a feature of the K-C shows in the future. Then Nick Furiati played one of his enjoyable cornet solos and dependable Jack Tresize played a piano solo, and after that one on his trombone. The trombone came as an afterthought. The 47th has been getting inoculated and poor Jack having gotten his shot in the arm feared for the false notes that might be struck and "dast" not trust to the piano alone, but his fears were groundless, for both of his pieces were splendidly executed.

A NEW SONG LEADER DISCOVERED.

K-C ran right into one of those gems of purest ray serene the night Mr. Hackett spoke in their hall. It happened like this. Of a sudden came the dull note of dark despair. There was no song leader. What to do. There was no answer. Then like a bolt from the blue, straight to the breach he rushed. Dashing on the stage, dismounting rapidly and throwing his courser's rein to the waiting orderly came Jimmy. It was no other than J. J. Carter, J-R- late of Boston, Albany and points North. Stepping to the footlights with one graceful gesture and a sweep of his hand he had silence and then swiftly, but not silently rushed into the swing of pack up your troubles. After a while a dispute arose between the two sides of the house as to which could sing better or maybe it was louder—or longer. To settle it Jimmy directed one side to start on Over There. In the midst of a mighty shout he ordered the other to start Packing Up Their Troubles, and goodness knows they felt they had enough, so off they started. Milton called a similar occasion "confusion worse confounded" but this was something the editor would not let even Milton call it, much less me. The boys enjoyed it though and the singing, judged from the standpoint of swing and pep was better than anything that K-C has seen these many moons. It was a grand and glorious success. Thanks, James.

BLACKSTOCK ROAD ADORNED.

It is up. And under roof. And ready for OCCUPANCY the new K-C building is what the allies call a Fait Accompli. Who will be in charge is as yet (as this is written), undetermined, but that, as Ashley would say, is a mere detail. Far be it from us to gild the lily or paint the rose or any other such impracticable and hypothetical thing, but when it comes to brightening up the

ATHLETIC ACTIVITIES.

K-C has laid in a full supply of bats, balls, gloves, volley balls, quoits and general athletic paraphernalia, and now that Spring has stopped being at the doors and has actually come in for a little visit any one who longs for any kind of out door games and lacks the means can drop in and ask the man at the desk and have his wishes gratified. The drill fields on all sides furnish ample space at all times, and with a volley ball going no one can well be left out. The more the many-ier, so come every one, and remember the big signs on the end walls.

NEW PICTURES FOR K. OF C.

Arrangements are well under way for a new series of pictures to be shown on the Hilltop, in addition to those which have been furnished through the generosity of Gov. Whitman and many other friends at home. The Washington offices are co-operating with a number of large film service agencies and with the motion picture companies direct, and before long the new pictures will be coming with the same regularity as of yore. Archaic language we freely admit, but get down a good bet the pictures are in a different class. Right up to the minute in every detail. And a new machine to show them with. Therefore, twenty-secondly and in conclusion watch the bulletin and when K-C starts the pictures start coming. It's better to come than to wish you had. Don't wish it. Come.

ARE YOU FROM 5TH ASSEMBLY DISTRICT, NEW YORK?

Request is made for the names and city addresses, also company and regiment numbers, of all men who come from the Fifth Assembly District, New York City.

Deputy Fire Commissioner Chas. W. Culin will visit the camp about April 5th-18th and would like to have the names as above. Kindly send same to

JAMES L. BIRD,
Supply Co., 107th Infantry.

THE SURGEON'S ORDER.

"The surgeon of the regiment was both professional and military in the order he gave the men when he wanted to vaccinate them."

"What was his order?"

"Present arms."—Baltimore American.

particular corner where we are decorating or ornamenting the South Carolina landscape,—well that's us all over. Go down by the artillery camp, beyond the Hostess House just across from the old farm house and have a look. One long, lingering, languorous look. That, mes amis, that is the K-C Hall No. 2 and EVERYBODY WELCOME, from Reveille to Taps, and the other way too for the matter of that—IF you have a pass.

CAMP SPORTS

Edited by F. J. ASHLEY

BIG LEAGUERS HERE.

On Monday, April 8th, the New York Yankees will be seen in action against the strong Boston Braves. The game will be played at the Spartanburg grounds and will start at 3 P. M. Special arrangements have been made to let all the men in camp, who can possibly do so, attend the contest. Two days later, on the 10th, the Pittsburg Pirates cross bats with the Athletics, on the same diamond. The proceeds of both games will be devoted to the athletic and theatrical funds of Camp Wadsworth.

The Pirates look particularly strong this season. No outfield, with the exception of the New York Giants, can show more class in every department, including hitting, fielding and base running, than the Smoky City outfit. The gardens are covered by Carey, the best base stealer in the National League last season; Stengle, another speed merchant, and Hinchman. In the infield they have Cutshaw at second, and Mollwitz, one of last year's finds, at first.

The Athletics will have several young college players in their ranks this season. Both Boston and the Yanks have been displaying more than their usual speed at their training camps.

Admission to the games is 50 cents, grand stand, \$1.00. Tickets are now on sale at the Soldiers' Club, the Athletic Store and the Cleveland Hotel, in Spartanburg, and at the Knights of Columbus and all Y. M. C. A. units in camp.

ARE YOU ONE?

Men in the 27th Division, who have played on college baseball teams or in the major or minor leagues, are requested to send their names to Lieut. George McNulty, 105th Field Artillery, chairman of the Division Baseball Committee.

GAMES WANTED.

To Sporting Editor, Gas Attack:

Co. I (10th N. Y.), 51st Pioneers, would like to book games with any company or regimental team in camp, on Thursday and Sunday afternoons. Co. I has strengthened her team this year and expects to put up as good a showing as last fall, when they met and defeated all teams played. Games can be arranged with Sergeant Fritz. Lieutenant Clark is looking after the boys and expects to have new uniforms in a week or two. The team will line up as follows: Fountain and Hensley, pitchers; Lewis, catcher; McLeod, first base; Zackery, second base; Fitzsimmons, shortstop; Starr, third base; Simmons, Fritz, Peters, D'Amato and Nidds, outfield.

SERGEANT FRITZ,

Mgr. Co. I B. B. Team.

106TH WINS BASEBALL TITLE OF 53RD INFANTRY BRIGADE.

Scores 8 to 6 Victory Over 105th.

The 106th Infantry won the baseball championship of the 53rd Brigade last Tuesday by scoring an 8 to 6 victory over the 105th. Heavy hitting in the pinches and continual loose fielding by the losers helped the Brooklynites to pull out in the lead.

Artie Muddell started on the mound for the 106th, but after three innings was forced to quit. He was touched for six runs in his brief stay. Jack McAuliffe took up the burden then and showed an airtight delivery, holding the 105th hitless while his teammates came from behind and took the game.

The score:

105TH INF.	R.	H.	P.O.	A.	E.
Sulzer, 2b	0	0	5	2	0
Thomas, cf	1	2	0	0	2
Hoffman, lf	2	0	1	0	0
Kemp, c	2	0	3	3	0
Simpson, p	1	2	0	2	1
Thuon, ss	0	0	3	6	1
Denton, 1b	0	1	9	0	0
Groom, rf	0	0	0	0	0
Lynch, 3b	0	1	3	1	0

TOTALS	6	6	24	14	4
105th Infantry	303	000	000	000	—6
106th Infantry	021	300	11*	—	—8

106TH INF.	R.	H.	P.O.	A.	E.
Liddell, lf	1	1	0	0	0
Shyloe, cf	2	2	3	0	1
Cleaver, 3b	2	2	1	1	0
Sullivan, ss	0	1	2	2	0
Onderdonk, rf	0	0	0	1	0
Formosa, rf	0	0	0	0	0
Multy, 2b	0	0	1	0	2
Zackman, 2b	0	0	0	2	0
Hawthorne, 1b	2	0	9	0	0
Cotter, c	0	1	11	1	0
Muddell, p	0	0	0	2	0
McAuliffe, p	0	0	0	0	0
Merry *	1	0	0	0	0

TOTALS	8	7	27	9	3
* Merry ran for Onderdonk in second inning.					

Left on bases, 105th Infantry, 5; 106th Infantry, 9; two-base hits, Thomas, Simpson, Cotter and Liddell; home run, Shyloe; double play, Cotter and Multy; base on balls—off Simpson, 5; off Muddell, 2; off McAuliffe, 2; struck out by Simpson, 2; by Muddell, 2; by McAuliffe, 9; hits—off Muddell in three innings; off McAuliffe, 0 in 6 innings; hit by pitcher—by Simpson, Onderdonk and Sullivan; wild pitch, Muddell; sacrifice hits, Kemp 2; stolen bases, Cleaver, Hawthorne, Sulzer, Hoffman and Kemp.

CAMP JACKSON HAS EDGE ON LOCAL BOXERS.

Wadsworth Fighters Take One Decision, While Home Scrappers Go One Better.

Frank Moran, Division Boxing Instructor, took four of his knuckle pushers to Camp Jackson last Wednesday. While they did not clean up the Columbia camp, they showed their gameness at every period.

The first bout brought together Murphy, of Jackson, and Cuddey, Company F, 107th Infantry. It was a four-round affair, both men weighing in at 120. There were no idle moments and while Murphy was awarded the decision, Cuddey left him a few souvenirs of his visit.

Kiddie Diamond, of the 105th Infantry, met Moore, of Jackson, in the 135 event. Moore is an old hand at the game and had met Battling Nelson, but that did not stop the Wadsworth battler. He went right after Moore and almost had him out, near the end of the first. The Jackson scrapper rallied in the third but Diamond had too big a start on him. Diamond got the decision.

The third fight was at 145 pounds. It was a draw between Moffo, of Jackson, and Jack O'Toole, of the 56th Pioneers. Both men went to it with a will, making it the best bout of the program.

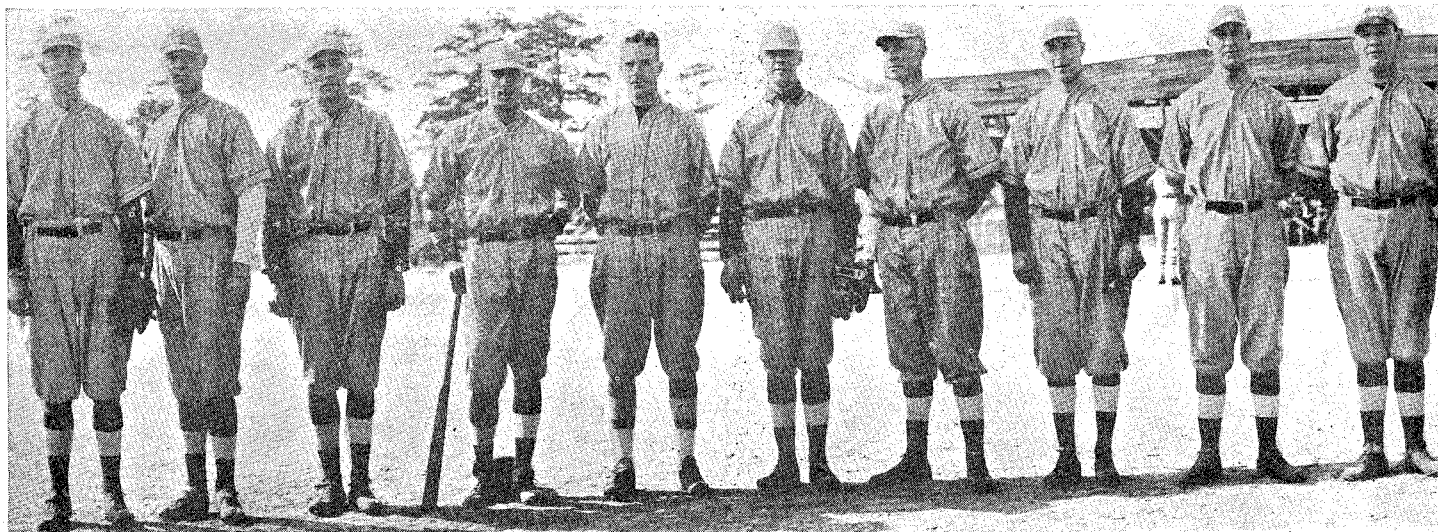
The heavyweights were kept for the final. Buck Ehman, of the 105th Field Artillery, was matched against McCann, of Jackson. Ehman started like a house afire but a healthy right to his jaw quenched his ambition and sent him down for the count in the first round.

MIKE DONOVAN DIES.

New York, March 24.—Mike Donovan, former middle weight champion pugilist and widely known as boxing instructor of Theodore Roosevelt when the Colonel was President of the United States, died of pneumonia at a hospital here early today. He was 71 years old, a Civil War veteran, and for thirty years boxing supervisor of the New York Athletic Club.

Mike Donovan, Jr., is a member of the 102nd Military Police and takes after his father in pugilistic ability. He ranks as one of the strongest heavy-weights in camp.

The GAS ATTACK office has been increased in its dimensions from three and a half feet by two feet to four and a half feet by two and three-quarters feet. This, of course, means a bigger and better paper.



Lt. Schwartz Lt. Potter Stegeman Lt. Cobb Lt. Dunne Lt. Butler Lt. Rickman Lt. Wallace Lt. Hoiron Lt. O'Kane

PIONEER PILL TOSSERS.

The Crack Baseball Team Made Up of Officers of the 53rd and 54th Pioneers.

WADSWORTH WALKER SECOND IN CHAMPIONSHIPS.

After a lay-off of many months Corporal Joseph B. Pearman, of the 105th United States Infantry, a prominent heel-and-toe walker of the Metropolitan district, made an excellent showing in the National Championships of America, held in the Twenty-second Regiment Armory, New York. He competed in the two-mile walk, matching his strides against the best walkers in the East. He finished in second place to Dick Remer, of the New York A. C., last year's winner.

The winner's time was 14:28, while our representative from the 105th Infantry covered the distance in 14:33, only a few yards behind. Rolker, of the Irish-American Club, finished in third place.

Corporal Pearman led the bunch from the three-quarter mile mark to the mile and one-half, and then Remer went to the fore, followed by Pearman. Several times down the straightaways, both men fought it out for the lead and it wasn't until the last lap that the winner could be picked.

On account of being called into service one year ago, Pearman, formerly of the 71st New York, has been unable to pay much attention to athletics. The wet weather in Spartanburg, prior to this race, made the athletic field track difficult for training purposes and under the circumstances he deserves much credit for doing so well in the championships. All the competitors had months of indoor training for this race, on the armory floors in New York.

In the Millrose athletic games in New York last year Pearman did 14:10 for two miles, and there is no telling how much faster he could have gone with two weeks more of indoor practice this year, especially with his added strength and weight.

We are glad to state that his is the best record made by a representative of this division in the National Championships.

PIONEERS PLAY FAST BALL.

In one of the fastest games of the season among the Pioneers, Company I, 51st Pioneers, champions of the Camp last Fall, put a crimp in the record of the 56th Pioneers by winning 5 to 2, last Wednesday. It was the first set-back of the year for the Maine ball tossers. At no time were the Flushing youngsters behind.

Slim Fontain had the Lumbermen eating out of his hands and was aided by armor-plate fielding, Company I tallied in the first. Fitzsimmons hit safely to left, stole second, and came home on Levesque's bad throw. LeConte's triple, followed by Frazier's single, evened matters in the second, but after that the New Yorkers forged ahead.

The score by innings: R. H. E.
 51st Pioneers100 100 200— 5 13 3
 56th Pioneers010 000 010— 2 8 6
 Batteries—Fontain and Lewis; Levesque, DeGrasse and Winch.

104TH FIELD ARTILLERY ON DIAMOND TOO.

The 104th Field Artillery has hurled its hat into the baseball ring, too. Private Neuback, of the Medical Detachment, is the manager and wants to hear from all the local magnates.

R. H. E.
 Co. A, 106th M. G. B..330 012 010—10 11 2
 Co. B, 106th M. G. B..110 200 210— 7 8 3
 Batteries—Sonville and Kyritz; Carroll, Richardson and Ocelik.

R. H. E.
 106th Field Hospital..000 110 100— 3 6 2
 Wofford College.....011 010 30*— 5 5 2
 Batteries—Forbes and Frey; Martin and Rivers.

ACTIVITY ON TENNIS COURTS.

Eight tennis courts are being constructed by the Y. M. C. A. Physical Department. Four of them are located at Unit 271, two at 96, one at 97 and the other at the 102d Sanitary Train.

ATHLETICS AT THE STOCKADE.

Lieut. George McNulty, athletic director of the 15th field artillery, and Frank Moran, boxing instructor of the camp, have organized a Mutual Welfare League for the inmates of the division stockade prison. They visited the prisoners Saturday afternoon, and after handing out friendly advice on the importance of paying strict attention to military regulations and discipline, staged the first of a series of athletic events. The prisoners took great interest in the sport.

Moran gave the prisoners an exhibition of his prowess and demonstrated that he still has a lot of fight left in him, although he announced his retirement from the hempen arena after the recent defeat at the hands of Fred Fulton. At the conclusion of the festivities the prisoners thanked Lieutenant McNulty and Moran for the interest taken in them and gave assurance that their conduct in the future would be of such a nature as to again win the respect of their commanding officers.

VOLLEY-BALL GAINS FAVOR.

Over fifty volley-ball nets and volley-balls have been distributed by Mr. Jenney, of the Physical Department of the Y. M. C. A. for use at his units, at the officers' quarters and in company streets. A growing interest in the game is evident. Leagues have been formed in the 51st Pioneers and in the Machine Gun Battalions.

OFFICERS OF 1ST PIONEERS WANT GAMES.

The officers of the 1st Pioneers have their bats all polished up and are willing to tackle any commissioned outfit in camp. Get in touch with their manager, Lieut. Waldo Burnside.

News of the Y. M. C. A.

EDITED BY RAY F. JENNEY.



E. S. FITZ.

Mr. Ernest S. Fitz, recently appointed Building Secretary of Y. M. C. A. Unit No. 96, was born in Waynesboro, Pennsylvania. He was educated in the public and high schools of Waynesboro, later attending business college in Baltimore, Md. Since graduation, Mr. Fitz has been engaged in business in Baltimore specializing in credit and accounting branches.

Mr. Fitz has always been active in church and social service matters and is intensely interested in all out of doors activities.

Mr. Fitz came to Camp Wadsworth as a general assistant at Unit 97, later being promoted to the position of Building Secretary of Unit 96, which appointment he now holds.

CAMP SHERIDAN FAVORITE ADDED TO Y. M. C. A. STAFF.

Morris H. Issacs, who has been the main factor in boosting Y. M. C. A. athletics at Camp Sheridan, has joined the local physical staff during the past week. For twenty-five years he was boxing instructor at the Cincinnati Gymnasium and Athletic Club and since donning the Red Triangle he has continued his good work. Because of his perpetual good nature and willingness he was dubbed "General Sunshine" by the Ohio soldiers. Mr. Issacs is the father of Captain Stanley Issacs, Company F, 54th Pioneers.

"WHAT IS YOUR LIFE?" SUBJECT OF CAPT. ANDERSON'S ABLE ADDRESS.

The high standard of the usual program at TWO-SEVEN-ONE has been maintained with marked variety. Every department has been represented with a feature of notable importance.

An evening's entertainment furnished by Mrs. A. G. Blotcky and party from the First Presbyterian church of Spartanburg was enthusiastically received by a large crowd of men. The singing of Mrs. Blotcky deserves special mention, and the spirit in which the whole program was rendered made for its memorable success.

Dr. John R. Mackay, of New York City, was the speaker of a recent mid-week religious service. To the many who have heard Dr. Mackay comment is unnecessary. He is a real man with a real man's message, and the close attention accorded the speaker's every word attests this tribute.

Mention must be made of the improvement in the mass singing. The fellows are taking to it with all sorts of gusto, and we were in splendid trim for the coaching of Mr. Robert E. Clark, Y. M. C. A. Camp Music Director, who was with us one evening and ably demonstrated his ability for leadership. The results were instantly effective, and he received gratifying co-operation on the part of the men.

Building Secretary Bonk has been absent on a ten-day furlough, the time significantly spent in Ohio, Mr. Bonk's native state. Mr. Richard V. Crane, a new Secretary from New York, has been assigned to assist the Staff during Secretary Bonk's leave.

Dr. Libby's lecture on "Germany in 1914" was unanimously voted the best of the Educational lectures we have had so far. Dr. Libby is a member of the Wofford College faculty, Spartanburg, and a man of unusual personality. His wide travel and fluent diction provoke superlative interest, and he has the ability to present intimate details in a telling fashion. Dr. Libby was in Berlin when war was declared, and the story of his escape from Germany is a thrilling one. Slides, at the close the lecture, gave interesting sidelights on Germany.

Ours was a rare privilege when Capt. Anderson of the 52nd Pioneers spoke to the Sunday night meeting, choosing as his subject, "What is your life?" Capt. Anderson is a born orator with an individuality that must perforce "drive home" his message. His appearance here was an inspiration, and we look forward to his coming again.

"THE DAWN OF FREEDOM" IN TUNE WITH THE SPIRIT OF THE AGE.

Last week at "97" was ushered in with the picture "The Dawn of Freedom," worthy beginning, and the whole unit was put in tune with the spirit of the age. Tuesday night fanned the flame with a miscellaneous patriotic program rendered by a sextette of Spartanburg people. Their voluntary program was not only greatly appreciated but proved an incitement to a number of the local boys to get into the game with solos and chorus singing. Patriotism ran high. The following night Mr. Clark, Y. M. C. A. Camp Song Director, took up the spirit already rife and swept it into a perfect storm. He had the boys singing forward, backward, sideways and every other way. Dr. John R. Mackay, of New York, was then introduced and for half an hour gripped that great audience with his message on "Play the Man."

Thursday night brought its composite "Movie Program," and with it an enthusiastic, cheering crowd. Mrs. J. E. Lambie, of New York, paused in her world itinerary Friday evening to look in on our boys and bring them greetings from her rambles abroad. They loved the womanly and artistic touch she gave her story. Saturday a normal crowd was present to witness a few local bouts under the direction of Mr. Anguish who was kindly loaned by Unit 92 for the occasion.

Palm Sunday dawned slowly neath dripping skies; but Chaplain Keever was on hand for the Regimental service accompanied by the Trains and Military Police Band. Two hundred men listened almost breathlessly to the message so applicable to the day, while all felt that under the vivid description the Chaplain gave of the present crisis through which we are passing they could almost hear the thunder of the big gun that at that hour was shelling Paris. Passion Week services were announced and men went their way in reverent and thoughtful mood.

Mr. Allen led the singing for the evening service and Dr. Ayres the local Religious Work Secretary, seemed to get near the men with his address on "Living in Sight of Jesus." The spirit of inquiry was in evidence in the requests for personal interviews at the close.

The Personnel of 97 is constantly shifting, not that men do not love the management or can not stay with the unit, but because their training somehow puts them in immediate line for promotion,—Ford to a Chaplaincy,—Burgh to Overseas,—Fitz to Building Secretary for 96, etc. The latest acquisition to fill depleted ranks comes to us from Hancock, New York—Mr. T. D. Crary, a man of rich business experience and special training for "Y" work.

EVENTS AT UNIT NO. 96.

The outstanding event of the week has been the transfer of Mr. Shutt to headquarters as Camp Social Secretary, and the coming of Mr. E. S. Fitz to be our building general secretary. Mr. Fitz has had four months of experience in Camp Wadsworth as a member of the staff at No. 97. In civil life he is a successful Baltimore business man.

There was a rousing sing-song last Thursday evening under the leadership of Mr. Clark, and a most impressive address by Dr. John R. Mackay of New York. Wednesday evening the band of the 57th Pioneers was greeted by a crowded house, and rendered a really wonderful program.

The joint regimental service Sunday was in charge of Chaplain Jaynes. An unusually large number of officers were present, nearly all from the 53rd Pioneers. Their good example is commended to officers and men of other regiments.

Perhaps the most interesting gathering of the week was that of Sunday evening, when after a song service, Dr. Chas. Tyndall, of Mt. Vernon, N. Y., delivered a lecture on ether waves, illustrating it with numerous experiments. He carries with him an elaborate apparatus, some of it rare and costly. Not only was his address a treat to those of scientific tastes, but it was of inestimable religious value, and many a man went back to his tent with new reverence for the Creator of this marvelous world and Author of his own life.

Father Kelly, who was to have been the speaker at the first Holy Week service Monday night was detained by his duties at the hospital, and Chaplain Harper coming in his place delivered a strong and practical message. The movie program Tuesday evening drew the usual crowd. Chaplain Foreman was the speaker at the religious service Wednesday night.

A BIG NIGHT AT UNIT 93.

In a programme replete with many interesting features, Corporal William Casey and "his boys," as they are known, from the Third Pioneer Infantry, scored heavily at Unit 93, Y. M. C. A., on Thursday, March 21st. An elaborate bill of music, song and comedy had been arranged by the corporal and much credit must be given the boys for the clever way in which they put their numbers over. "Casey and his gang," as they are familiarly known throughout the camp and at Charlotte, N. C., where they were stationed before coming to Wadsworth, are from New England and many of them have appeared on the vaudeville stage from time to time.

Building Secretary James A. Moore, who has become deeply interested in the work of the men of the 106th Infantry and the 2d Pioneer Regiment, was largely instrumental in getting Corporal Casey to appear before the Brooklyn boys. Without detracting anything from previous stunt nights held at this unit, it can safely be said that the program put on by the Third Pioneer men was one of the best ever staged at this end of the camp.

ORPHEUS FOUR TO SING AT ARMY Y BUILDINGS.

The Orpheus Four, famous prize winning quartette of San Francisco, are to be in camp from Saturday, April 6th to 9th, inclusive. This quartette sang at San Francisco Exposition, in open competition with hundreds of quartettes from all over the country, was awarded blue ribbon for male quartette work. This is a return engagement to camp for this well known musical organization. They are to be routed through the Army Y. M. C. A. Buildings in camp.

Their programme is planned to suit all musical tastes. These men know the songs that will please soldiers, for they have visited nearly every training camp and cantonment in this country.

The quartette is composed of Messrs. Samuel B. Glass, J. T. Fraser, Berner A. Campbell, H. M. Dudley, of Los Angeles, Cal.

ARMY Y. M. C. A. NOTES.

E. Reed Shutt, who has served for several months past as Building Secretary of Unit No. 96, has been transferred to the Army Y. M. C. A. Headquarters Staff and will take on the work of Camp Social Secretary, having in charge the routing and detail of general activities throughout the Army Y. M. C. A. buildings.

Mr. E. S. Fitz, the able Business Secretary of Unit No. 97 for the past four months, has been transferred from that unit to the Building Secretaryship of Unit No. 96.

We wish both of these gentlemen the largest measure of success possible in their new work, which we are sure they will have, with the co-operation of their associates.

SOLDIER BOOKS.

The GAS ATTACK is getting to be such a humdinger that it is having books sent to it by big publishers to be reviewed.

We have just received from Funk & Wagnalls, New York, two books. One is "Health for the Soldier and Sailor," by Professor Irving Fisher and Dr. Eugene Lyman Fisk, both well known authorities. It packs a lot of useful information for a soldier in a small volume. Read it and avoid the O. D. pill.

The other book is "The Soldier's Service Dictionary," edited by Frank H. Vizetelly, Litt. D., LL.D. which is a short cut to French. Phonetic pronunciations are given. The words are the words we will need to use when we want to order ham and in Paris. The book is convenient in size and can be slipped into a pocket. With it, a man can venture forth into the realms of parlez vous with impunity.

OUTDOOR RING AT UNIT 95.

An outdoor boxing ring and entertainment platform is now under construction at Y. M. C. A. Unit 95. Some good bouts will be staged there in the near future.

THE PRISONERS' EXHIBIT.**Maj. Sharp Conducts Class in Physical Training in the Stockade.**

Maj. J. B. Sharp and Sergt. Maj. Tector, of the British military mission here, gave an exhibition with their class in physical training before Maj. Gen. Carter and Brig. Gen. Mann, who were visitors to camp last week. General O'Ryan and a number of other officers were present.

Major Sharp some time ago offered to give physical training to the prisoners in the camp stockade, and his offer was gladly accepted. He and Sergt. Maj. Tector go to the prison every afternoon about 4:30 and give the prisoners about three-quarters of an hour of training of various kinds. The men seem to appreciate it. The work they get in this way will keep them from growing stale physically during their confinement, and also makes them feel that they are not entirely forgotten or outcast. Many of those now in confinement will yet make good soldiers.

A LETTER TO THE EDITOR.

1 There has come to my attention lately a condition which I think should be brought to the attention of all officers of this division and some definite plan of action decided upon. I refer to the saluting of Army officers by the students of Wofford College. Some students do it and some don't. If it is a matter which is to be left to the discretion of the boy himself, I feel that all officers should cease returning such salutes. If one young man will salute, why don't they all do it? I have no knowledge of what the college regulations may be in this connection and of course it is not compulsory that they salute Army officers. However if Army officers are courteous enough to return such salutes, then surely all students should be equally so to give them.

2. Let's have some more views on this subject and I feel that all of us would be better satisfied to have the thing adjusted to one method of action.

LIEUT. GEO. F. WALLACE.

TEN—SHUN!

What kind of men make up the great American army? What kind of men are we sending to wipe out the Prussian scheme of power?

Have a look at your hidden enemies, the greatest menace to your health and life. Get wise to the BEST WAY to keep yourself free from disease and to "keep in fighting trim."

Watch out for the posters announcing when the Health Exhibit and Steremotorgraph will be in your regiment.

"First Aid" is the title of the illustration that the GAS ATTACK will bear upon its cover next week. It is an unusually striking drawing from the pen of Private Ray Van Buren, Co. E, 107th Infantry.



World Brevities

Edited by J. S. KINGSLEY



FIFTY YEARS OLD.

The University of California is fifty years old and claims to be second in size of registration in America. This university has one of the most beautiful groups of buildings of any educational institution and the campus is called the finest in the world.

MASONS DEDICATE SUN DIAL.

In Camp Johnston the Masons in camp construct and dedicate a fine bronze sun dial mounted on an artistic pedestal. Noted Masons within and outside of camp participated in the impressive ceremonies.

WAR RISK INSURANCE STILL OPEN.

On April 12 the war risk insurance will close and the greatest opportunity ever offered by any community, company or nation will have passed away. The cost of this insurance is about one-tenth that charged by insurance companies. It insures in case of death or in case of disability besides providing for renewal after the war so that it can be continued like any life insurance at a cost lower than the rates of any existing insurance company.

ENGLAND ENFRANCHISES EIGHT MILLIONS.

The new electoral reform act of England not only gives the ballot to women, but also to a large number of additional voters. It is the most sweeping measure of enfranchisement in British history. This measure will double the number of voters in England, increasing the number of voters from 8,000,000 to 16,000,000.

Men who serve in the army may vote at the age of 19; if not in the army the age is 21. Women must be thirty years of age to qualify as voters.

In England there are several kinds of plural voting, for instance a university graduate has two votes, one in his own town and the other for the university candidate, or a business man having a business in one section and living in another section, has two votes, one at home and one where his business is located. Women do not have so many plural votes as do men.

In England proxy voting is allowed in case a person is necessarily absent on election day.

All candidates must deposit \$750.00 as a forfeit if he does not receive an eighth of all the votes on election.

GOMPERS TOLD THE FACTS.

An effort was made by the laborers of Germany to have a meeting of the laboring men of all the fighting nations and talk ways and means of peace. Gompers, feeling that Germany had not only caused the war

and had intended to form a great empire, but had crushed innocent nations and had committed the most terrible crimes ever committed by civilized man, said: "You can't talk peace with us now. Either you smash your autocracy, or by the gods, we will smash it for you. Before you talk peace terms get back from France, get back from Belgium into Germany, and then we will talk peace."

THE MIDDLE CLASS IN RUSSIA.

Russia long ago changed her attitude toward the war by ceasing to oppose the Germans and to begin to oppose all who have either personal or real property. It is said that now former generals and bankers being reduced by the loss of all their property are earning their bread by cleaning streets and by becoming railroad porters. Women who once were in homes of abundance are now in their old age selling newspapers on the streets, while thousands of the middle and higher classes are murdered by the soldiers who once were a defense to Russia. This is democracy run wild. Russia needed reforms but the reforms could have been acquired by other means than by riot and murder. President Wilson hopes to reach the Russian people and to get their attention in order to show them that the whole world, excepting Germany, wishes a greater democracy and a greater equality among classes.

THE SEIZING OF THE DUTCH SHIPS.

As is generally known, about twenty Dutch ships in our American harbors and about half as many more in entente harbors have been seized by the Allies. Necessity is the ground for seizure, the Allies will pay for the same or will return them after the war. Holland has more ships than she can use lying idle in her own harbors and America will allow her plenty of food; besides will see that trade is carried on between Holland and her colonies.

Americans quite generally approve of the act, while opinion is varied in Holland. This seemed the only way to feed Holland and yet to carry on the war, besides the act is justified by international law.

A SEDITIOUS GERMAN PAMPHLET.

There have been hundreds of pamphlets circulated throughout Germany, one of which was smuggled to Liverpool. It was printed and distributed before the last great outbreak. It says, in part: "Peace will come when the lesson is learned by the German people that the voice of Europe can not be denied with impunity. Peace will come when the German people will say to the Emperor: 'We have obeyed you, we have sacrificed ourselves and dear ones and even our ideals and beliefs and traditions—we

have sacrificed all and for what?—Nothing but hunger, and cold, and nakedness, disease and death, and the hatred of all mankind.'"

This pamphlet disturbed the German papers greatly.

TRAINING SCHOOLS FOR TARS.

Our nation is building a great fleet which will require 12,000 new officers and 85,000 men. There will be great need to have trained men for these positions and many schools are introducing the science of navigation in the course of study. In early American education nearly every New England boy studied navigation; later this custom was discontinued, but now there is a demand for a revival. The new schools are located both on the Atlantic and on the Pacific coasts and on the Great Lakes.

AMERICA'S GREATEST ATHLETE DEAD.

Martin Sheridan, one of the greatest athletes America has had, died one week ago. He was America's greatest athlete at the Olympic games when measured by points. He also held till recently the discus record of 141 feet.

ADVISES ALL PARTIES TO BACK WILSON.

Colonel George Harvey, who was once a great friend of Wilson, but who became estranged from him and has bitterly opposed him in his paper, The North American Review, asks both parties to unite in supporting Wilson and advises that there be no election contests this fall.

LLOYD GEORGE SENDS HURRY UP CALL.

Lloyd George cabled to this country calling for reinforcements in the shortest possible time. He states that the British are attacked by an immensely larger force than they have, resulting in the retirement of the British. He says that this battle is the greatest and the most momentous in the history of the world. He believes that it has just begun and is depending upon the American troops to hasten across the Atlantic.

MANY ARE LOSING THEIR FURLOUGH.

In four states laws have been passed which will require all men between 18 and 50 either to work or to go to jail. This law includes millionaires and street loafers. Already the law is being enforced in several communities with good effect. Several other states are considering the passage of similar bills. Many a loafer will lose his job if these laws become effective.

DR. MUCK RUNS AMUCK.

Dr. Karl Muck, the musical director of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, which is no doubt the greatest musical organization in America made himself obnoxious to the American people by refusing to play the National airs at the concerts he was giving. Dr. Muck finally avoided further trouble by playing the Star Spangled Banner at a concert, but the secret service man went to his home and found some papers which caused his arrest and retention in the Cambridge jail till the papers are further examined and Dr. Muck's activities investigated.

WAR- AND PEST-CURSED ARMENIA.

In Armenia it is claimed that already one million children have starved to death, while 200,000 mothers were unable to lend a helping hand. Besides the suffering of the children there are 2,000,000 women who are perishing at a horrible rate. Armenia has been the scene of more and greater suffering during this war than has any other country; in fact poor Armenia has been devastated, plundered and her people have been murdered scores of times during the past decades.

DEPRECIATED MONEY.

The cost of the war is beyond the numerical conception of any person. The cost for a single month is greater than the cost of any great war previous to this world war. Already the paper currency in Russia is selling in New York at a discount of 80 per cent. A ruble worth 52 cents is selling for ten cents. German currency is not for sale in this country, but in Switzerland it sells at a discount of 50 per cent, the currency of France and of Italy is also at a considerable discount. United States and Great Britain have the advantage over other great nations due to their great gold reserves besides being great gold producing nations.

CALLS FOR TRAINING OF FIVE MILLION AMERICANS.

General Wood expresses a hope that America will select and train 5,000,000 men immediately. The American Defense Society approves his suggestion. General Wood says that 40,000,000 men have been under arms at some time since the beginning of the war and that America hopes to furnish 500,000 men soon. He feels that this will be far too few to do much good and far too few to represent this great nation.

A NEW SPEED LIMIT.

A new telegraph apparatus which has been devised but which is a military secret as yet, will transmit over a single grounded wire 6,000 words a minute. This is nearly as much matter as is in some daily papers. The utility of the invention can well be seen when one takes into consideration the fact that a person can learn to operate this new machine in a few hours while the receiving apparatus is automatic and will receive codes or any foreign language as well as the language of the receiver.

FOR SALE OR RENT

IN THE BEAUTIFUL

"Land of the Sky"

Located in the wonderful "SAPPHIRE COUNTRY"
6 MILES FROM HENDERSONVILLE

On the Toxaway Railroad, at Horse Shoe Station, I have 2 DWELLING HOUSES and about 14 ACRES of land (land enclosed with wire fence) which I will sell or rent.

Both houses are very close to the Depot. The upper building, located on Horse Shoe Mountain, has two bath rooms, hot and cold water, toilets complete both upstairs and downstairs. The other house has toilet and bath rooms, with hot and cold water, on the first floor only. The house on the mountain is decidedly the prettiest location in Western North Carolina. The property is located opposite the Vanderbilt Estate. Good automobile roads from Spartanburg to Horse Shoe.

IF INTERESTED WRITE TO

JOHN D. COLLINS
SPARTANBURG, SOUTH CAROLINA

A CIGARETTE CAUSES EXPLOSION.

In New Jersey a million dollar loss was caused by an explosion caused by the carelessness of a workman who threw a lighted cigarette on the floor covered with chlorate of potash which exploded, thus destroying the factory, the Erie machine shops, besides wrecking many other buildings. The careless workman and the tenants of the building who allowed illegal storage of explosives have been arrested and are out on bail awaiting trial.

THE FIRST KHAKI.

The word Khaki means "dust colored," so says Trench and Camp. The coloring agent was discovered by two Englishmen who were experimenting with coal tar dyes. They immediately set to work to apply their invention to the clothing of the British army which first occurred in 1885. The Americans took the custom from the British and further used the same color for the American woolen uniforms, but gave the uniforms an olive color.

THE SUBMARINES GET BUSY.

The past week has been a German week in nearly every respect for not only was her attack on the western front successful to a considerable extent but the U-boat sank 28 British, six French and three Italian ships in one week. Besides the number sunk there were nineteen ships which were unsuccessfully attacked by the U-boat.

OUR ORDNANCE WORKERS.

We have nearly 100,000 persons of which 10,000 are women who are working day and night in two government and three private plants manufacturing rifles and in one government and nine private plants manufacturing cartridges.

They are turning out 72,000 rifles a week and 7,300,000 rifle cartridges a day. Soon there will be turned out 100,000 rifles weekly and 10,000,000 cartridges daily. The United States has now nearly 1,500,000 rifles. This is the world's record in producing ammunition.

U. S. STEEL RAISES WAGES.

The United States Steel Company has decided to raise the wages of its employees \$45,000,000 beginning April 15. This will affect 200,000 workers who will receive an advance of 15 per cent. to their present salary.

SECRETARY BAKER TO PHONE OVER ATLANTIC.

There is being constructed in France a wireless station costing \$2,000,000, which will be powerful enough to send and to receive messages to and from Arlington, which is at Washington, D. C. It will then be possible to phone across the Atlantic. The voice breaks up the air waves and the high electrical power drives these broken air waves across the ocean.

(Continued on page 40)

UNIFORMS

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

For
Uniforms
Breeches
Overcoats

is now ready for your inspection

First-class Alterations
and Repairing

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

Ask Your Brother Officer
He Knows

M. ROTH

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One Flight Up

See

Chimney Rock

First

Then

France

18 Miles by Motor
from
Hendersonville

Chimney Rock Co.
Hendersonville, North Carolina

COMPANY B, 107TH INFANTRY.

We have with us an institution founded on the uncertain pedestal of New York's ancient political days known as "Tammany Hall." Its various members are mysteriously unknown although the suspicious are wont to speak their minds now and then. At present consternation reigns among these tigers of old due to the strange but indisputable hieroglyphics recently discovered on the "Bump Board." (London papers please copy.)

The past two weeks were very much occupied between the trip to the range, which was new and interesting, and the three day "house party" in the trenches which was nothing new, thus failing to attract our attention in the least.

Certain young men who allowed the god Morpheus to overcome them with his hypnotic ways while they "took charge of this post and all government property, etc., etc." will agree that the trenches are a great mistake.

Corporal McLellan has left us to be a sergeant at Division Headquarters. Good luck, Mac!

We are still laying for that mongrel belonging to Corporal Irvine. Already the front lawns of a good many squads have suffered as a result of the pedal extremities of this shaggy looking member of the canine race. Now the question is:

Where did Sergeant Schoen have those blond hairs cut off? And why?

Did you know that Woods was in the trenches?

Why did Holmes go South instead of North on his furlough?

Is J. J. Riley any relation to J. G. Riley? If so, why?

As far as we know there were no riots on St. Patrick's day. However a near-riot almost took place the other afternoon when Corporal O'Brien, who was lately transferred to the Headquarters Company, went galloping by us on a milk-black steed of wavering gait and tearful eye. It was only by means of fixed bayonets that the crowd was kept back.

Speaking of Camouflage, why does Fitzpatrick have to take it up as a special study? If we remember correctly Fitz could make a pick-axe look like a 500-ton girder with the throttle wide open.

Under the guise of what might be called a society news item, Jim Aimer and Ken Day have taken the week off to distribute programs at the Division Show down at the Harris Theatre.

Democratically speaking they are the personification of "Free Lances in Diplomacy."

We have in our midst a certain corporal in the 4th platoon who is the only man in the history of the United States Army that ever gets up before the blood-curdling notes of "First Call" ring out on the morning breeze at 5:45 a. m.

No, he's not on any special detail nor is he a member of the Shower-Bath Club; hence the cause for this early rising on his part is still a mystery.

Now we wouldn't give a good continental, ding-busted darn if he got up at mid-night IF he would only condescend to allow the peaceful and law-abiding members of the company to slumber on in restful sleep. But such is not the case. The corporal begins to feel a little lonesome for want of company so he starts in at the head of the street and wakens you with a lusty yell "Come on me brave lads, up and at 'em!"

When he has traversed the length of the street with his mornning call he awaits the outcome with indomitable courage and unblinking eyebrows.

We are not making any threats nor do we contemplate the shedding of blood but we repeat the motto of the ancient priests of Rome, "Beware the Ides of March."

Note:—All formal notices must reach us before 8 a. m.

Please omit flowers.

There was a time when we would believe most of the rumors floating around. But now with the recent issue of blue "jumpers" we are inclined to be skeptical.

As Ted Murphy says, "Why didn't they tell us that in the first place and we could have brought our old clothes down with us."

The company was very much grieved to hear of the illness of First Sergeant Hutchinson, who was sent over to the Officers' Training School last January and had been doing very well there when he was taken sick. We trust that he will get back to his normal health very soon.

CORPORAL D. VAN R. HILL.

COMPANY E, 51ST PIONEER INFANTRY.

Of late "fall in" means with saws and axes.

Mrs. Daniel J. Cassidy and son, wife and son of Captain D. J. Cassidy, of this Company, are visiting in Kingston, N. Y.

Corporals Pousant and Woodruff are attending cooking school and soon expect to be full fledged "chefs."

Sergeant Charles Pauly and Private Robert Norton are enjoying their furloughs in Catskill, N. Y., and vicinity.

Cook Hugh Glennon has been transferred to our headquarters where he will act as able assistant to First Cook "Poppy" Roe, also formerly of this company.

First Lieutenant Albert C. Fredman is spending a furlough in Brooklyn, N. Y.

Our company comedian, Thomas Genteel, better known as "Charlie Chaplin," is undecided whether to be a bugler, mule skinner or take an S. C. D.

Cook Christiana made fritters for the boys recently. Mess Sergeant Kerr stood by him while mess was being served but much to the surprise of Cook Williams, no riot occurred.

CORPORAL JEAN L. BAPTISTE.

Next week there will be a fine example of artistic photography in the GAS ATTACK. It will contain, among other features, the sort of picture you would like to have in your den if you had a den. Don't miss it.

Equipment for
The Graduates of the Officers' Training School

GREENEWALD'S

The Leading Clothiers to Men, Women and Children

Uniforms, Shirts, Overcoats, Blankets, Etc.

COMPANY I, 106TH INFANTRY

At seven o'clock P. M., March 16th, Company I marched into a handsomely decorated mess hall to a rollicking march rendered by a good part of the 106th Infantry band. The mess hall was appropriately decorated with generous clusters of holly and green crepe paper under the supervision of Sergeant Humphreys.

Needless to say, the repast made up by the cooks and Mess Sergeant was a world beater (in the army). Lieutenant Colonel M. N. Liebmann, 105th Infantry, former Captain of Company I, 23rd New York Infantry, was the guest of the evening. Captain J. F. Langer succeeded in enticing Colonel Liebmann away from his duties long enough for us to own our old commander for the entire evening, greatly to the satisfaction of the men. Captain Langer, Lieutenant Elwood Groesbeck and Lieutenant Samuel D. Davies were the only other officers present.

The entertainment: Carney O'Donnell and Phil Maguire in their new sketch impersonating colored comedians, Carney O'Donnell and Sam Ellis, female impersonator (she had a certain Lieutenant's eye) in songs and dances, Billy Travis at the piano, Dick Grover in songs and stories, Fred A. Clark in songs and banjo selections and the surprise of the evening, Captain Langer in mandolin selections. The band played selected songs all evening and the boys deserved the enthusiastic applause. The entertainers were also a big and welcome surprise to the men as showed by the frequent recalls for encores. Col. Liebmann gave a very interesting and energetic talk on team work and discipline, a talk that was heard and appreciated by every man in the silent mess hall. When Col. Liebmann was finished, the M. P.'s at Spartanburg turned out for what they thought was a riot, but it was only the loud and lasting applause by the men. Captain Langer then talked to the company, dwelt on the very good record made by the company on the rifle range and hoped after seeing the wonderful improvement in the company since last October, that they would keep on improving until we were the best company in the Division.

Hits of the evening, Carney O'Donnell's impersonation of a colored member of the

15th New York Infantry, in a conversation with Captain Langer.

Phil Maguire, during a conversation, "What is the difference between Captain Langer and the piano? No difference. They are both square, upright and grand." Wild applause from the men.

Sam Ellis, female impersonator, flirting with our First Sergeant. The First Sergeant was actually blushing, can you imagine a First Sergeant blushing?

Fred A. Clark in his little song entitled "Just a Trifle," accompanied by his banjo.

Captain Langer in selections on the mandolin. Very few men knew that "The Skipper" could tickle the strings and he took the crowd by surprise.

For a company entertainment and dinner, of the several that I Company has had, Saint Paddy's Eve took the prize.

M. S. E.

COMPANY L, 105TH INFANTRY.

Every man in Company L feels proud of the record that we set for the Division on the range. We have hung up a record that will be hard to beat, and we feel that we are "some shooting outfit." The last day of the shoot was one that we will never forget, we only lacked a few points to beat the highest company to date and a few more to place us in a position that, we think, will never be beaten. Every one showed tension, almost to the breaking point, even the officers could hardly stand still the strain, but we brought home the bacon. It was almost pitiful to see the expressions on the men's faces as they were disqualified on the fourth table. They looked as though they had lost their last friend when the Skipper crooked that little finger of his towards the rear. It reminded me of Silk Hat McLaughlin, starting Johnnie Mae towards the showers. Here is the record, give it the east and west.

Grand total for week of course of instruction:

Qualifications.

Instruction—167-100%.
Table I—167-100%.
Table II—166-99%.
Table III—141-84%.
Table IV—83-50%.

COMPANY H, 51ST PIONEERS.

The "Worst Serious" Quoit Tournament is now on. The "vodeville" team of Lowe and Weeks are prancing along in the lead, closely followed by the "Robin Red Skin" team of Sergeants Burtis and Mangan. Bridgie Webber and Rheumatics Mack are sure of finishing "A la Pittsburgh."

Bugler Tieman killed and skinned a highland moccasin snake about five feet long. After drying it will be sent to somewhere in New York. It will make a swell hat band, Beatrice.

Wonder what that postal card was that Apple-O Joe received the other day? He's been counting on his fingers and talking to himself ever since.

Second handed knives, checker boards, pencils, rubber heels, etc., for sale. Apply Arthur Goodwin, Company Clerk.

We expect to stage a fast bout in the near future between "Drug Store" Caravetta and "Slivers" Thorne.

We hope Sergeant Schopp is enjoying his furlough. Bet it's rye bread and limburger, with a cold bottle every night. Go to it, Bob, we're all lying our chops with you.

Saw Privates Miller and Feeney having a real lesson in Pioneer bridge work today. Keep it up, boys, we are short one team of mules just now, and you are both going great.

Corporal Lane is all set for that furlough. After Mount Vernon it's all aboard for Troy. Let's see,—where did we hear that name before?

This 5:45 reveille stuff is great. Corporal Fleming is now in his glory as he can lead the gang in a good hard day's work, although he has worthy opponents in Corporal O'Brien and Private Skannel.

The members of the storm tent spent about an hour yesterday posing for various pictures. Now, girls, get ready to pick out the one that looks best to you.

After having all of our issued property checked up, we hear Freddie Merritt is short about \$74.36 worth. Who said "Gimmie?" beware—you may not even hear that much.

The latest rumor—"We leave in a week for Bathgate Oval."

L. A. HEITZ.

"Let's Go to the MOVIES!"

What do you want to see? Thrillers, Love Dramas, Custard Pie Comedies, Wild West stuff, Vamp-Pictures, Mystery Photoplays? We have them all.

*And they are all
new and fresh!*

We know what soldiers want and we will see that you get it. A good show not occasionally, but EVERY TIME! Come In Tonight.

Admission Price 15c

The Bonita
Motion Picture Theatre

(Opposite Cleveland Hotel)

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

Send Home A Photograph

Our Work is Unexcelled

THE WITTE STUDIO

**Panorama and Enlarging
a Specialty**

P. E. WITTE
121½ Magnolia Street
Spartanburg, S. C.
Formerly of Troop "I," First New
York Cavalry
Phone 1402

BATTERY E, 105TH FIELD ARTILLERY.

Ed Sullivan, known as the grappling kid, has started intensive training to meet all comers at the wrestling game. If Ed wrestles the way he eats porterhouse steaks he will make the Bigtimers look like cripples.

Doc Gallagher took a flying trip to Gaffney to look conditions over and came back with a smile. What's the idea, Doc?

We have with us one K. P. Bob Cowles, who has talked many a mess sergeant out of a meal. If appetites were promotions he would be a general.

Pete Forsman (The Buzzer Kid) got a tip he was an athlete and started jumping and running. He is a good runner and I hear he got his experience by being chased by cops.

Our corps consists of 29 men, 5 officers and ambitious Private First Class Pierce Aroix.

Private John Farrell, otherwise known as Cork-leg, who was transferred here in January, has been raised to an orderly to one of the officers. Some record for a young man.

Private Joe Quigley was a little peeved on account of seeing his intended brother-in-law's name in a recent copy. Don't be jealous Joe, she'll love you just the same.

Private Walter Shields, a former student of the Long Island College Hospital, is with us. He claims that he is learning to be a doctor. I pity the poor patients.

Gloomey Lon Nolan has just returned from a short visit to Brooklyn, where he went to visit his mother, who was reported to be sick. All the boys are glad to see him back with that winning smile of his.

Oakfield's pride, Bill Stevens, is working in the office now. Bill can be found any night in his tent with Barney Williams amusing the boys by telling them some of his jokes, but Barney can always go him one better.

Private Wauchop, the regular army man, who claims he went into Mexico, is always telling us that when he was at the border how they used to do things. He was Sergeant in the Infantry at that time and all the boys hope that it won't be long until he is wearing the stripes again.

Harold Blaisdell is back from the Base Hospital, where he underwent a slight operation.

Bunk fatiguer Neuback can be found all day long in the "Gimmie tent" holding down his cot. Who thinks I'm lucky, boys?

Olive Hessing, the kid from Indiana, is getting quite tough lately chewing tobacco and keeps Barney pretty busy calling him down for shooting the juice alongside his cot. Are you afraid that you will float out some night, Barney?

Swakee Thompson must be a roof-painter on the outside, he is handy swabbing iodine. The Siggey sisters can be seen each day before meals walking up and down giving the Batteries the once over. What's the matter with Battery E, Sig, have they lost their reputation?

R. F. H.

HEADQUARTERS COMPANY, 3RD PIONEER INFANTRY.

Well, we'll say that Corp. "Billy" Casey went over the top with his "Jazz" Band Saturday night up at Y. M. C. A. Unit No. 95. Tommy Slosson, of "Borstarge Fame," was also in the limelight, not forgetting our John McCormack, Jackie Lynch, and the remaining members of the old "Dandy Fifth" who contributed their share to the program—taking into consideration the show had been arranged on a short notice. Once more we'll have to hand it to you, "George Cohan Casey," you're there, and with the rep you are now making the old "Nickel" back home in Laurence will shoot up a quarter.

The boys on the street are more than anxious to get some of the oatmeal Hughey passed out Saturday morning and ship it, P. Q. D. B. V. D. Berlin, Germany. Nevertheless "Hospital Annie" Chadwick was as usual right there for seconds. You can't beat that boy, pass him the rubber boots bill, he never fails to come in on the second relief.

Fred Mitchell is very desirous of entering the balloon school at Omaha, Neb., as he feels that he should be way above some of the fifiers in "Shevrons" Drum Corps.

Will some kind reader please inform us as to how we can keep "Annie" away from "Cardinal" Newman's barrack bag? Joe says he doesn't object to Chad's touch system but fails to see the idea of keeping his soiled clothes there, there just naturally dirty, not soiled.

"Adorable Mary," Mother Ryan and Dainty Marie greet thee. This is what we look for in that letter to the maiden in Jamaica Plain, who posed with the little Pilgrim not so many months ago.

Things that never happen.

One of the Graveyards Hall Room boys passing the smokes or the eats.

The boy from the Boston Post failing to write Montreal nightly.

Our stable sergeant failing to stand rev-elle or retreat.

"Tell 'em I say Hell-o" Dornlas passing up a good smoke.

Chadwick paying that bill at the Chardon St. home.

Tweet refusing a furlough to Winthrop, Mass.

Our good looking horseshoer admitting that he comes from Novie.

Jigger paying that dollar he cheated his dark complexioned friend out of the other day.

Our Pill Doctor "Kid Hurley" with the thousand dollar smile getting his money.

The world famed "Gloom Chasers" losing their reputation and the brotherly love that they have for each other.

"SCOOPS."

55TH PIONEER INFANTRY NOTES

Captain John H. Knuebel, Company I, has departed for the range at Glassy Rock, S. C., to test rifles found unserviceable and which require the range test. The following officers and enlisted men were detailed to assist Captain Knuebel at the range: Captain Gillig, Headquarters Company; Captain Meyer, Company F; First Sergeant Benjamin Gossett, First Sergeant Harry Maybank, First Sergeant Earl Borron, Sergeant Frank Gudenkoff, Sergeant William Olson, and Sergeant Thomas Charlton.

The pancakes that Sergeant Joe Stone of L Company made the other morning were sure enough SOME pancakes; but you didn't use enough eggs, Joe.

Band Sergeant Major Kenneth Davis and Sergeant Herbert A. Helwig, Company K, reported for duty this week after enjoying a three months furlough for the purpose of studying for the entrance examinations at the United States Military Academy, West Point, N. Y. Both Sergeants claim that they studied hard on an average of at least six hours every day, including holidays.

Shades of Sir Walter Raleigh! And he actually laid his coat down in a mud puddle for the vision in white shoes to walk on.

The "Gas Gang" still hold together on Headquarters Street, but Sergeants Palmer, Griswold and McLernon threaten to pitch a tent nearer the stables if stable call is sounded any earlier.

Sergeant of the Guard: "Do you know your general orders?"

Sentry: "Yes, sir."

Sergeant of the Guard: "What are they?"

Sentry: "The same as last night."

Echoes from Skull Practice.

What is a Parole? Ans.—It's given to a prisoner for good conduct so as to encourage other prisoners to try for same.

The "Cootie Club" paraded on St. Patrick's Day—to the Canteen—where cheer leader "Cutie Close" set 'em up for the members. Although the "Cootie Quartette" hasn't as yet secured an invitation to perform at the "You Know Me, Al" show, they continue to put in a few good licks nightly on their latest acquisition in popular songs: "How I Love a Pretty Face, Take Yourn Away."

Mess Sergeant Hunter Crooks, Company I, makes quite a few trips to Saxon lately where Mrs. Crooks is visiting from Buffalo.

First Sergeant Ben Gossett, Company E, has been relieved from special duty at Headquarters Provisional Depot in order to accompany the detail inspecting rifles at Glassy Rock range.

Revised I. D. R. Left Face. Carry On.

Carranza Canizaro, big boss and all around athlete among the pots and pans in Headquarters kitchen, has changed his mind about getting a furlough to visit his folks in Italy. He is betting that he will be turning them "sunny side up" for the Pioneers in northern Italy before many moons.

Have you acknowledged your Red Cross articles as Quartermaster property yet?

"Doe" Kendall, Regimental Supply Sergeant, rides horseback about every five days. He would devote more time to riding but he and his horse don't seem to be able to strike a mutual agreement as to who owns the saddle. The horse keeps it but Frank is hovering just above it most of the time. As a result he rests up about four days before venturing again.

Color Sergeant "Jud" Strunk claims he always understood that the Colors and the Color Sergeant would be perfectly safe far back of the front line but since shells can be hurled eighty miles now the same grade in the Coast Artillery doesn't look bad at all. Or as Band Sergeant Major Schneider says: "All that's required is your address."

Note to Company Supply Sergeants: No, Regimental Supply Sergeant "Jimmie" Cornell doesn't own all that property he has in his care even if he does give you that impression occasionally. But you will find that the regiment is never short on anything just the same.

After camouflaging the big ditch that wanders through this camp the boys are certain that they are eligible as instructors in that branch of the service.

Lieutenant Arnstein of Company K has been announced as athletic director for the 55th Pioneers and he is looking around for material for a crack baseball team. Boxing and wrestling shows and a track team are also on the way. Lieutenant Arnstein has promoted many big athletic events all over the country and is looking forward to a successful season here.

Sergeant "Bub" Murray of Company C is on furlough in Buffalo and Company C mourns the loss of its champion solitaire player.

Work is progressing on the tennis court and photographs of the detail in charge of the work will be published soon—providing of course that those First Sergeants don't destroy the evidence in the meantime.

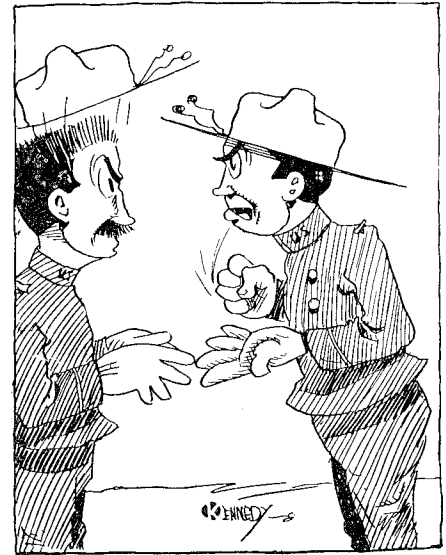
Band practice is again being held daily and aside from the fact that it takes "Monty" from his "garden duty" so much the practice is welcomed by the bandmen. Band Leader John Bolton is wearing a smile again, too.

First Sergeant Ed Hahn, Company K, the Tonawanda outfit, has almost recovered from the effects of the vaudeville show in town last week and has been laughing ever since but then the Keith shows never even hesitated at Tonawanda.

Lieutenant Gilbert in charge of the Canteen passed the cigars last Saturday on his way out of the Canteen.

Musician Joe Ball, trombone artist and jazz player of fame, is a big hit with the boys when the orchestra performs. Joe tells funny stories too, but he just tells them—he don't explain any of his jokes.

Sergeant Bugler Drake was heard quietly getting his "pay-day" call properly dressed up one night last week and as "Cliff" always has the inside dope on the joy day there is much to be thankful for.



**"SOME
Clothes,
Old Boy,**

**Where did you
get that Outfit?"**

"Why at GOLDBERG'S where they give special attention to us fellows in the OFFICERS' TRAINING SCHOOL, in the selection of our clothes and equipment."

"I thought so, for I have seen GOLDBERG'S equipment worn by scores of Officers whose judgment is right."

"I'm sure when the other soon to be Officers see the selections I've made they'll lose no time in getting to GOLDBERG'S to obtain these essentials."

Goldberg's

**Everything for the Officer who
demands correctness in dress**

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your flowers will be de-
livered any place in
the world within a few
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SOME STROLL.

Second Battalion of the 105th Estab-
lish New Hike Record.

The old vets of the National Guard can remember without effort the many stories of wonderful accomplishments that usually followed the old familiar phrase "Now . . . at the Connecticut war game!" More recently, within the past year or so, "When we were on the Border" has been borne with patience and suffering.

Now, however, the second battalion of the 105th Infantry has completed a little campaign of its own which is the pride of every officer and man in it, and, as far as we can learn has established a new record for hiking.

On Thursday afternoon, just after three o'clock, in the midst of a heavy shower, the battalion under command of Captain W. A. H. Ely (of Co. G) left the rifle range at Glassy Rock for a two-day hike to Camp Wadsworth, each man, of course, carrying complete equipment A.

Two days sounded like pretty strenuous traveling, for it meant cutting off a whole day from the schedule that was in effect on the trip to the range.

Seven o'clock that evening Motlow Creek was reached and after supper the march was resumed. One A. M. Wingo farm came into view and a short rest and hot black coffee put the men in such good spirits that the remaining nine miles looked easy.

To the tunes of the old familiar hike songs the march was carried on. A cold sharp wind that blew up put snap and vim into the men as they swung along.

Dawn was just breaking and the buglers blowing first call as the men, tired and happy, stood at attention in their company streets. They swore a solemn oath that "bunk fatigue" would be in order until after Easter, but that night the officers signed just as many passes for town as ever, which is a pretty good criterion of the condition of the men.

General Michie, Lieut. Col. Liebman and Capt. Ely complimented the battalion for its record of thirty-one miles in nine hours and fifty-five minutes of marching, for its perfect discipline and for the excellent condition of the men at the completion of the evening—er—stroll. G. F. McC.

"Nymph-hunting at Chimney Rock" is the title of a feature story in next week's GAS ATTACK. It will be remarkable. It will be the best article published in this magazine since last week.

WANTED TO KNOW.

"What is this stuff anyway?" asked one of the new ordnance men examining the "mess."

"Taste it and see," snapped the mess sergeant.

"I did," said our hero; "that was what aroused my curiosity."

DR. L. C. MINTER
DENTIST

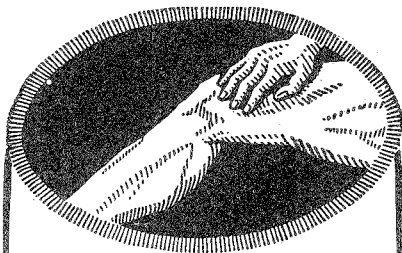
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SPARTANBURG, S. C.

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SPARTANBURG, S. C.



Rheumatic Aches

Drive them out with Sloan's Liniment, the quick-acting, soothing liniment that penetrates without rubbing and relieves the pain. So much cleaner than musky plasters or ointments; it does not stain the skin or clog the pores. Always have a bottle in the house for the aches and pains of rheumatism, gout, lumbago, strains, sprains, stiff joints and all muscle soreness.

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

**Sloan's
Liniment**
KILLS PAIN

Canteen Managers!

Give the Boys the Best
Their Money
Will Buy

OUR LINE OF

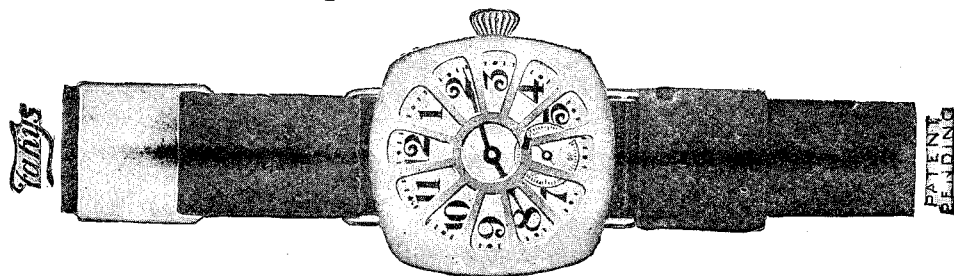
**Cigars
Cigarettes
Candies**
AND
Drug Sundries

Means quick sales and
satisfied patrons

GEER DRUG CO.

Wholesalers of Quality Products

Put Your Watch Behind this Strong Defense— a Fahys Armored Front Watch Case



Your watch is essential in your work. Protect it. See this real watch protection at your jewelers. It is part of the watch. Ask for Fahys Armored Case. *Made in round shape as well as this cushion shape to fit any standard movement of 3-0 and 0 size.*

JOSEPH FAHYS & CO.

Established 1857
BOSTON NEW YORK CHICAGO

COMPANY D, 102ND AMMUNITION TRAIN

Never before mentioned in the *Gas Attack*; feeling lonesome and neglected, must make a few remarks about the boys. Our new skipper Captain Ralderis, and Lieutenant Parker, both formerly of the New York Cavalry, are making 86 willing soldiers of the 86 men of the company. We welcome Captain Ralderis and Lieutenant Parker. Much pep shown since their arrival. We are safe in saying that we now have the best little mess shack to be found in the division. That takes in a lot of territory but drop around and look us over. Ceiling and sides painted pea green, floor and seats camouflaged as mission furniture. Large double 100 buck stove installed in the kitchen and we are now going to fatten up on flap jacks, cakes and pies (?). I have an idea that the officers' mess shack will be put in the discard. Fifteen foot cement floor all around the incinerator. We should stand 100 per cent on sanitary inspections. We are thinking of installing a roof garden on top of said mess shack for the summer months. We are open for the loan of some one's Jazz band. Address offers to Corporal Burns, as he has charge of all issues.

Sergeant Zett of Zett's Brewery, of Syracuse, while rolling a couple of empty oil barrels out of the truck office, remarked as to the amount of business done on the previous day. You are not in the brewery now, George.

Pete White, the company gold brick, wants to learn how to drive one of the new Nash Quads. Try to remember Pete that the accelerator on a motor truck is for a different purpose than the brake on your old motorcycle, although in somewhat the same position.

Bugler Gould has laid away his Gabriel's trumpet to draw the small stone made from the big ones by members of the Stockade union. Give her gas when coming out of the quarry, Freddie.

Hank Keldner and Jim Riley do not play together any more. Hank has graduated and now drives a truck all by himself.

Sergeant "Chappie" Johnson made the remark that he wouldn't mind a mild case of appendicitis so as to get acquainted with the nurses over at the Base Hospital. That's him all over.

"Marty" Gannon won \$114.00 with the cubes marked one to six, but immediately anchored \$113.75 and now carries a check book. Wise boy, Marty.

Goose Gaskel is now living at the camp Q. M. doing guard duty. We now have peace in the tent. Come and get it, Goose.

Grease Ball Mahor is going to leave the officers' mess. Claims that he is putting on too much weight. You will miss those pork chops, special steaks and eggs, Willie.

Clifford Decker thinks that the White truck will run on its reputation. Be sure that your gas line isn't shut off, Cliff, the next time that you want to go anywhere.

We would suggest to the Fire Marshal that he add "Rookie" Decker to his force of fire eaters as "Rookie" is yearning for his old job as fire chief of Hudson, N. Y.

"Barney Oldfield" Snyder is becoming quite proficient in the art of steering a White truck but still grinds the gears while shifting. Don't give up, Clair.

WANTED—A book on how to put an Overland together. Sergeant Lusk has the Captain's car all picked to pieces and laid under his bunk. There was a loose bolt on the chassis some where which hasn't been located as yet.

Rankey and Lappies have decided not to dodge any more details as there will always be more latrines to dig, the company street always can stand policing and we always need a fire in the showers.

Sergeant Murphy is still trying to find out just how to use his bayonet on the Hun. Keep it up, Bill, I'll follow right behind you.

Quite a change, Cooligan, from playing sergeant at the Q. M. transportation and using a pick and shovel around our mess shack.

A. G. P.

COMPANY G, 55TH PIONEER INFANTRY.

Supply Sergeant Daley (our Irish terrier) has been detailed to the "corral." The Stable Sergeant has been wondering why the mules were so restless lately.

Mess Sergeant Rogers of the 2nd Battalion Officers mess has ordered a lounge placed in the kitchen for the use of Private Hunt.

Sergeant Gudenkoff has been detailed to the rifle range to clean the rifles being tested by Captain Kneuble. We miss the little "frenchman" but enjoy the contents of the boxes he receives from Alfred, N. Y.

There are some beautiful ladies visiting our officers street on Saturday afternoons. We are wondering what the attraction is—Our Captain or his rustic furniture?

Lieutenant Johnson says he will make an "avenue" of our company street if they will let him do it. Go to it, Lieutenant, we never did like to handle a pick.

Our Top-Sergeant says he will have to borrow Lieutenant Busch's jitney to carry Lieutenant Garland's mail from the postoffice.

The non-coms have been invited to a chicken supper to be given by company G, 108th Infantry, as soon as they return from the range. We will be glad to renew acquaintances with our old "Skipper," Captain Kean and the old boys.

G. F. L.

COMPANY A, 53RD PIONEER INFANTRY.

Adrian admits he can pass a non-com test, He promotes himself upon his own request.

Corporal Al Court is the brains of the crowd, You'll find him wherever debates are allowed.

Top-kicker Von Osten, you all know him gents,

He ought to write music to "Outa them tents."

AL SUSSMAN.

Our subscription list is growing. The longer the better, for suffering humanity.

The Ultimate in Peanut Candy

DIXIE DANDIE
P-NUT
KRISP
GEORGIA CAROLINA CANDY CO.
SPARTANBURG, S. C.

WARD 24 BASE HOSPITAL.

All the boys here wish Lieut. Galvin a pleasant and enjoyable time, while on his ten-days furlough to visit his home in Kentucky.

Everyone in Ward 24 has to carry out the orders of "High-Ball Parker" under direction of "Kid Flaherty" in co-operating on the cleaning and scrubbing of the ward each morning. We all regret that "Kid Flaherty" is confined to his bed after his operation, but nevertheless, the "Kid" is right there every morning sitting up in bed supervising the cleaning of the ward.

"Levine," the clever Jew from Williamsburg, is trying to believe his friend Ethel, whom he mentions in his sleep, takes up quite a lot of his leisure hours.

Roome's side-partner, McAuliffe, is always the receiver of a pink envelope. We are trying to find out if he has two correspondents, or did the color change? He gets a blue one now.

We are all glad to see "Loury McCarthy" on his feet again. We do not think he will frequent Asheville any more.

Our Ward Master "Gus" is certainly deserving of a commission if any one is. Without him, patinets would not feel contented in here.

Our Mess Sergeant Arnold has by no means a pleasant job. But his two worthy K. P.'s, Banberger and Worme, make it very hard for "Form 17," he regrets he is losing so much money in the army. He is the best-liked patient here.

We all wonder how it is that fellows accustomed to eating in "Maxwell's Busy Bec" can afford to criticize the meals they get in the army.

We can not find out how much per hour Flanders charges to talk to him. We welcome his sweet face every morning like a rainy day.

Our famous horn-blower Bugler Burns finds it very hard to get out of bed, but when he sees a poker game, oh my, he is like a two-year-old on his feet.

Can anyone tell us why Roome is always writing? We have one clue: he receives a lot of mail, but we are more inclined to think the work much lighter.

J. P. McA.

53D PIONEER INF., HEADQUARTERS CO.

This company has again had the pleasure of trimming Co. A, 53d Pioneers at our national pastime, baseball. They decided to quit the game after the fifth inning and have come to the conclusion that Hq. Co. can not only play their band instruments, but can toss the "ole pill" around some. The score was: Hq. Co. 19, and Co. A, 2. Our manager, Musician G. Carmine, would like to hear from other teams in the camp for the purpose of arranging for a few games.

1st Sgt. Allen had his cotton uniform cleaned and pressed. When asked why he had it done so early he replied: "I need it for 'over there.' I expect it will be pretty hot at times and my O. D. Suit is too heavy."

Band Master Mode of the 5th Pioneers paid 1st Sgt. Allen a visit last Sunday night and sprung some of the jokes he expects to deliver at the minstrel which Hq. Co. intends to give in the near future. After hearing Joe deliver the goods Allen said that Mode was losing time. Believe us Joe, you're there.

The Orchestra of the 53d Pioneers is furnishing the music at the Y. M. C. A. while moving pictures are being displayed. It has a big effect, especially when Jack Trezise puts in a few of his barber-shop chords on the piano. If you are lonsome and wish you were at some New York cabaret, take a trip to the Y. M. C. A. any Tuesday night.

Sgt. Miller was defeated as champion bunk fatiguer by Sgt. Mj. Mordey, as it was noticed by some of the amateur bunk fatiguers that Mordey has Sgt. Miller beat by forty ways, and when Sgt. Mordey wakes up he looks like Rip Van Winkle, as it was proven when they found Sgt. Mordey sleeping in Heavy Marching Order. This means that Sgt. Miller, who has held the title belt for some time past, has bowed to defeat and turned the belt over to Sgt. Mordey, our new champ. May you never know defeat, George.

WM. DOMARATIUS.

COMPANY D, 2ND ANTI-AIRCRAFT MACHINE GUN BATTALION.

Second Corps Troops.

Besides the ordinary calls of the day on the daily grind table of C Company appears one known to all the members of the 2nd Battalion as coffee call. Any one desiring to hear this particular call, which is by no means a new one, need only to walk a short distance due east from the Y. M. C. A. Liberty Tent any hour of the day or night.

We understand that Headquarters Company has a new method of disposing of stumps, which they are carefully guarding, as they work only under the cover of darkness. How do you do it? Drive them into the ground with a sledge or draw them out with pencil and paper?

Make the world safe for Democracy, says our Topper. "Stop throwing water out of the tent door, without looking."

In answer to the suggestion that D Company make requisition for a trolley to bring them to mess on time, in last week's **Gas Attack**, we wish to state, that we have the cars and track, but as the batteries are at the range at present we are at a loss to find juice enough to run same.

Sergeant Paul of the Canteen is arranging a marble-shooting contest to be held in the near future, the winner to receive the Sergeant's congratulations and 2 D. B. Co. doughnuts, complete with holes and guaranteed serviceable.

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.

COMPANY B, 3RD PIONEERS.

Sergeant Nate Hurvitz, after a layoff, has had a chance to develop an appetite that is almost fair. At Arcadia last Sunday he managed to eat 36 biscuits, 8 pieces of pie and a few pounds of meat and vegetables, while Corporal "Fat" Smith and Corporal Fred Irving gazed on and talked to the boarding mistress to cover up his sin. What will Hoover do, Nate, when your appetite is fully developed?

Handsome Harry Boushell, the dare devil from Roxbury, Mass., is getting to be a regular husky. When he came to us from Fort Banks he weighed 104 pounds, now he is tipping them at 118. Watch out, Frank Moran!

Somebody told Kid Sharkey that since every one with that name is a natural born hitter so he hereby challenges any Civil War veteran in the camp or in the world for that matter.

Sergeant Fryett, our only blonde Sergeant, has a cute little mustache. He says that if it is not there in quantity the quality is good. Keep it going, Sam.

Sergeants Wood and Hogan, formerly of the M. G. Co., are now trying to master the manual of arms. Pretty tough, eh what?

For the champion chatterbox of the camp we defy anyone to beat Corporal Bliss, our Company Clerk. He can talk more and say less than any one we have seen yet.

Mechanic Walter Mattan, Corporals Smith and Irving and also Sergeant Fred McQuaide are making quite a few trips to Saxon. Although there are some churches there, it is possible there might be another attraction.

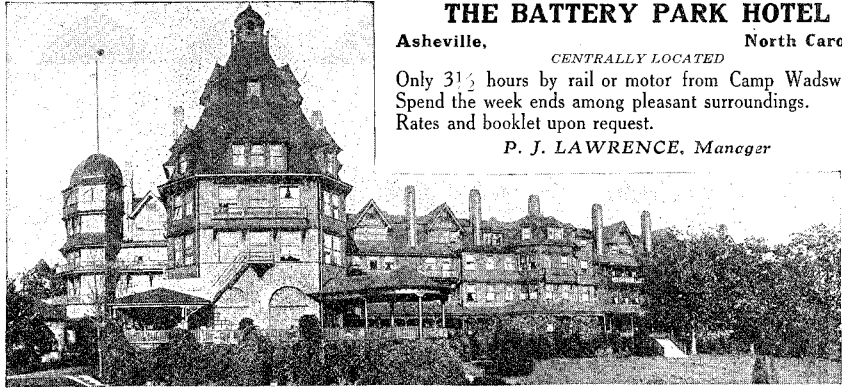
COMPANY C, 3RD PIONEER INFANTRY.

The Company is very fortunate indeed in having assigned to it an officer of long experience in the person of Captain Charles I. Bard, formerly of the First North Carolina Infantry. Although our acquaintance is still of short duration, we are confident that with him at the steering wheel, this company will maintain the high standard of efficiency that has been characteristic of it in the past. Our earnest support is yours, sir.

Now, we don't object to your paying a tailor \$2.76 to refit your blouse, Honorable First Sergeant, but when you make us stand retreat with ours on, just to show us how you look in it, we do object most strenuously, especially as it was a hot afternoon.

We would suggest to Sergeant Pendergast that the next time he sends Bobbie to the Post Exchange for tobacco and apple-o that he give him the exact amount required. Mr. Gaw has a keen sense of humor, and takes a great deal for granted, including the disposition of the change. According to our figures a quarter out of a dollar leaves seventy-five cents, but "Bobbie" somehow or other figured it differently.

Harry Acton, senior First Class Private, is on the sick list with a bruised foot, the result of getting too ambitious at the woodpile. This means that the remainder of the privates will have to work overtime, and it will be hard on the poor fellow.

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P. J. LAWRENCE, Manager

We understand that Sergeant Ray Taffe secured a "try-out" with the Band last Saturday. If we remember right Sousa started his career carrying the bass-drum too, so stick to it, kid.

Sergeant Breen objects to a certain individual who practices "Annette Kellerman's" over his bunk every time he comes into the tent. Why discourage progressiveness, Bill?

We will admit that the estimable gentleman Sergeant Hennrikus, better known as "Happy," is a clever boy, but when he started making the rounds of the married men in the company recently, seeking information about the cost of marriage licenses, etc., we are beginning to suspect something. You know he goes on furlough soon, and—you can never tell.

The fondly anticipated Easter morning celebration is off! Some fiend in human form (as Newton Newkirk would say) stole the "necessary." Sleuth Phillips is working on the case and promises convictions.

We won't venture a name for the stew served to us last Friday, but it is a curious coincidence that the skins of two rattle snakes were found in the garbage can by Bugler LaRock. How about it, Mess Sergeant Nordstrom?

Will some girl write to Sergeant Bob Cunningham, please. He is getting gray wondering when he will get a letter from his little nurse in Canada. Maybe she is in France, Bob, smoothing some other soldier's sweating brow.

We are daily expecting to hear from Sergeant MacClellan, who is home on furlough. But then, he is pretty "busy," and it is a long walk, unless you catch the last car, Jack. If you don't return soon, the First Sergeant will have to install a mail pouch to hold all the letters that have accumulated in the last week. At least eight a day, my boy, and all postmarked from a different place.

A. L. T.

The German-American Alliance has a membership of 3,000,000 in America. An investigation held in U. S. Senate to consider accusations that this organization has received funds from disloyal sources and that it has been active in formulating opposition to the policies and institutions of the United States.

BATTERY D, 105TH FIELD ARTILLERY.

One glance at our daily bill of fare will signify the return of our Mess Sergeant from a furlough. It has been suggested that he be granted another. Why?

Mechanic Galvin returned from his furlough in a very nervous condition; at least the Sanity Experts claim so. What's the matter, Eddie?

A steady file of members of this Battery is going by the "office" tent all hours of the day to take a glance into the smiling countenance of Mickey Doyle. Mike is booked to meet a promising white hope in a three round battle within the next twenty-four hours, and it is the promise of his opponent to camouflage his face.

A remark overheard: "I never feel at home unless I have some dam pick or shovel on my shoulder." Who said this? Mac.

Joy is reigning in one part of the office. Mrs. Top Sergeant is coming down from New York.

Signs of Spring in New York: Furlograms.

One of the happiest men in the Battery is Supply Sergeant Everett. After trying to obtain a furlough since the first of November, he has finally been granted one so that he may go home. Guess we miss the C. & G. E. this month, Ed. What do you say?

There seems to be a difference of opinion in the Battery for some reason. What is it, Pat?

Sergeant Philp and Corporal Wagner can now stay in camp at nights. Respectively, sister and wife, were down on a "furlough" and are going home to-night. Farewell, ladies.

Corporal Ed Rodin kept "D" Battery in the running last Saturday. He won the 12 pound shot put. Keep up the good work, Ed.

"TURKEY" SHEA.

FLEEING DESERTER SHOT.

The Military Police took eight deserters off one freight train passing through Spartanburg last week. One of the deserters, Private J. A. Gash, Co. C, 11th Machine Gun Batt., Camp McClellan, Anniston, Ala., made a break for liberty. He was shot in the hip, and taken to the Base Hospital with a flesh wound.

By the Author of
 "Over the Top"

FIRST CALL
 "Guide Posts to Berlin"

BY
 ARTHUR GUY EMPEY

A book that will do you more good than anything but your own actual experiences

*It will help you before you go.
 It will help you going over.
 And most of all,
 It will help you "Over There."*

From the Sun (N. Y.)

"Over the Top" inspired America to enter the war with all her might and strength. "First Call" explains how our objects may be gained. The first book appealed to everybody everywhere, the second address itself to every American, but more especially to the man under arms.



Order it at Your
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*Like a cool breeze after a hot drill.
 Like a chicken salad after a week of army beans.
 Like a furlough after ten years in the trenches.
 Like a commission after a month of kitchen police.*

It's like all of these things, and more—

It's Zippy and Snappy
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The Gas Attack

*Pronounced by the New York Sun and
 The Literary Digest as the Livest Camp
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Tear off the printed subscription blank, fill it out with your name and address, enclose it in an envelope with a cheque or money order for \$1.50, and the Gas Attack will be sent to you direct.

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April 1918

The Gas Attack,
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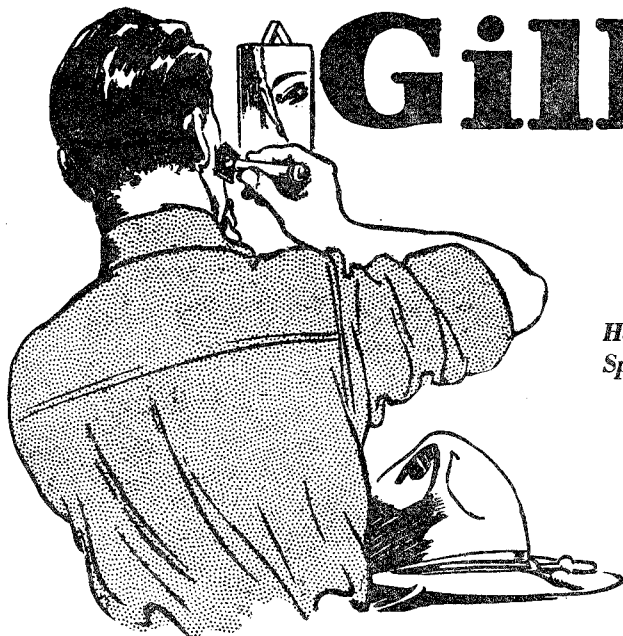
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Gillette Safety Razor

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

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

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

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

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

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

The Army of the United States Is Shaved Clean

NO matter how a man shaved before he went into the Service, he is pretty sure to come out of the war a Gillette user.

The first thing he'll note among his camp mates is that more of them are shaving with the Gillette than with all other razors put together.

He'll see Gillette users in his squad lather up, shave clean, splash the soap off, tuck the razor away, and be standing at attention in the inspection line—all in five minutes.

When he gets Overseas, everything is the Gillette, from the left flank of the British line in Belgium clear around through France and Italy and on the battle fronts of the East.

Soon or late, every man who is doing things comes to the Gillette. They belong together. Ten million up and doing men all over the world had discovered the Gillette before the war broke out. The war simply made the Gillette prove

itself under extreme conditions—as no other razor has or can.

It has thrown the spotlight on the Gillette Blades—on the Gillette principle of No Stropping—No Honing—on the Gillette idea of a simple, compact shaving outfit, no strops or hones to clutter up the kit—on the Gillette contention that a man's daily shave should be an incident and not a ceremony.

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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.*

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AMERICAN CHEMISTS.

When the war began America depended upon Germany for most of the finer chemicals and most of the better chemical, physical and optical instruments; but now there are few chemical processes and combinations which can not only be duplicated, but have even been improved by Americans. We are manufacturing our own medicines, our own coloring agents, our own explosives. We now produce our own chemical glassware of a better quality than that formerly imported from Germany. Germany had for years fostered those chemical industries

which would be beneficial to the art of war. It has taken three years for this country to find itself, but now we can meet Germany in competition. It was Germany's monopoly in the production of chemicals that gave her such an advantage in the beginning of the war. She had made those chemicals which would furnish by-products from which explosives were made, besides furnishing skilled scientists whose knowledge became a great asset in time of war. In the future the Allied nations will not allow any nation to prepare for war by hoarding by-products which in reality are paid for by other nations.

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GAS AND ELECTRICITY FOR ALL PURPOSES

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SPARTANBURG, S. C.

AMBULANCE COMPANY NO. 106, 102ND SANITARY TRAIN.

Lieutenant Pierce, after tolerating the alignment of ambulances for a few days has requested that all drivers before leaving their ambulance, bring them to the "right dress."

Private S. J. Hicks is now engaged in lecturing on "The Value of first aid." His services are in such demand that he finds it necessary to visit Spartanburg every evening. And reveille at 5:45. We don't see how he does it.

Privates "Doc" Early and Roy Thorpe have been assigned to duty with Sergeant Flannery and for one month will study conditions about the mess hall. When this course is completed they both will have earned the rank of "Incinerator Engineer."

Privates (First Class) Charles F. Coyle and Arthur Hunt Cropsey have been assigned to duty with the "Dressing Station" because of their especial qualifications for this work.

Conforming to his usual custom Private Louis Israel celebrated St. Patrick's Day at the home of one of Spartanburg's prominent Gallic citizens.

"Abie" Brestmeir who lately has entered Spartanburg's "society whirl," has been engaged as instructor in dancing at the Enlisted Men's Club. He will be assisted by a Spartanburg young woman who has won fame in the terpsichorean art.

Private Burrill Coppon has returned from his furlough and will again be found stretched out on his bunk. This information is for the benefit of those who do not receive their mail regularly.

Privates First Class Dewey DeHey and Charles Hindt have been assigned to duty at the hospital. Hindt's recent stay at the hospital makes him duly qualified to perform the duties expected of him.

J. F. H.

ETHELBERT JELLYBACK.

(Continued from page 7)

band, playing in quick time one of those dashing tunes which never fail to thrill a fellow, passes in front of the line of officers, stalwart and resplendent in their uniforms but not half so cultured as a Jellyback. See the sunlight catch the silver of the band's instruments and sparkle in the big bass horns. Hear the infectious rhythm of the music. Isn't it delightful?"

I stopped. "That, sir, is the way I would depict the regulations."

"And you'd probably want a battle stopped in mid-action to serve tea and cakes. Yes, Jellyback, it's a grand little idea, but I wouldn't recommend it to the authorities at Washington if I were you. It's too good for them. They wouldn't appreciate it. I'd keep it to myself if I were you."

And, do you know, I believe he was right.

ETHELBERT JELLYBACK, Private.

—C. D.

HEADQUARTERS 54TH INFANTRY BRIGADE.

General Lester has returned to Saratoga on leave of absence. He was suddenly called back due to the illness of his brother, Judge Lester. Lieutenant Colonel Taylor assumed command of the Brigade by virtue of seniority.

Carpenters have finished their work at Brigade Headquarters and the result is a very well arranged office in one end of the mess shack and an officers' living room in the other. The room for the officers is indeed very attractive. The walls are lined with beaver board and painted with a stenciled effect of crossed rifles and fancy designs for a border. A unique lighting system in the form of lanterns containing electric bulbs is a feature. The room has all the appearance of a real homelike living room and the large reading electric lamp on a table in the center of the room adds greatly to the appearance and comfort.

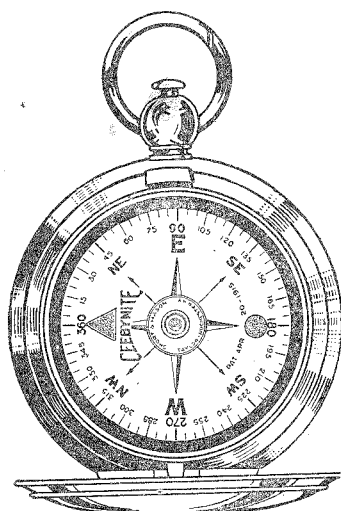
A storeroom or refrigerator is being installed in a dugout under the mess shack which will be a great convenience for the cook. It ought to make a good place for "Ducking Details" says "Gajer Paley." Cook Baumann is master of ceremonies in the kitchen and with the aid of "Oil Bryee" is doing very well in slinging out hash during the absence of Cook Leveille who has been confined to the Base Hospital.

Sergeant Major Laidlaw has returned from a furlough with his game arm still in the splints. He says he sure did have some time despite his handicap and would have stayed several days more but for a very particular reason. He claims the banks of Albany were short of funds and rather than inconvenience his bank by drawing on his account he came back to camp.

I do not know how it is that Flanagan breaks into print so much but the latest one is that a female friend of his came down from Asheville in a machine the other day to see him. She returned without accomplishing her visit. A few days later a very much perfumed note arrived stating that this fair damsel with several others in the party, drove all over the camp trying to recognize "Our Jim" on the road and drill fields but to no avail. She did not remember the organization he was with therefore her visit was fruitless, although she inquired at the Division Stockade. Perhaps this incident was the means of him falling from his horse on Friday last at the maneuvers, who knows? He may have had the disappointment on his mind and forgot to tighten up his cincha strap.

Lieutenant R. J. Easton is making great progress with the School of Equitation for enlisted men which is being held daily on the parade grounds in front of Brigade Headquarters. The whole class has graduated into the saddle instruction and before long many of the men will become accomplished equestrians.

Sergeant Leslie Erhart formerly of Headquarters Company, 108th Infantry, has been transferred to the Veterinary Corps and as-



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SUPPLY CO., 53D PIONEER INF.

"Monk" O'Neill has been scanning the "Lost and Found" column to see if he can find his long lost furlough. Cheer up, old top! You'll get a leave in a year or two.

James Vincent Deegan, our ex-horseshoer, doesn't seem to be able to get straightened out. He certainly has some load to carry around with him.

A. P. Jones, our mess-sergeant in the corral, has been worrying about seven pounds of hay and a quart of oats that are missing. He says he doesn't care if the mules got it, but he has his suspicions. Watch out, Duffy; Jones says you are getting too stout.

"Luke" Broderick won't notice any of his old friends any more since he joined the 104th Machine Gun Battalion. He left an order with Goldstein, the tailor, for a pair of Pink Pajamas. Oh, you, Luke!

Tom Cody, our ex-mess sergeant, had himself reduced so that he could find more time to practice on his tenement-house piano. If he doesn't learn soon, he and his accordion are going to be separated for life.

W. L. L.

signed to the 54th Infantry Brigade. Erhart has had considerable experience around horses and will make a very valuable assistant for Lieutenant Williamson, the Brigade Veterinarian who has been very busy improving the sanitation of the Brigade.

Mac.

COMPANY A, 105TH MACHINE GUN BATTALION.

Major Wright, for twenty-two years connected with Squadron A, has been ordered to the Inspector General's office at Washington. He leaves with the regrets of officers and men.

Ward Farnham, formerly First Sergeant of this company, has been commissioned as Second Lieutenant, and attached to this Battalion. He receives congratulations of all.

Lieutenant J. Fahys Carp has been made adjutant, and Lieutenant Wooster is now attached to Company A.

John Macklin M. O'Callaghan and J. J. Martin are in New York on furloughs.

This company commenced a new schedule of training Monday, March 18th.

William Leshar has been made First Sergeant of this company, to replace Lieutenant Farnham.

Sergeant Sill's condition at the Base Hospital is much improved, and the company hopes to see him about very soon.

Lieutenant Seligman gave the company an interesting talk on Thursday, on "rumors and messengers" doing liason work.

Now is the time for all good men and sweethearts to subscribe to the GAS ATTACK.

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WAR PROFITS TAXATION.

Our country will derive \$1,225,000,000 this year from excess profits in war industries. The war profit tax is new to this war, originating in one of the neutral countries, but rapidly spreading throughout the belligerent countries. The tax on war profits ranges from 20 to 80 per cent. The United States does not have a war profit tax as such, but has a tax on excess profits which ranges from 20 to 60 per cent. on profits above 15 per cent. This form of tax in this country, although far from being as heavy as that in most other countries, yet will raise an amount greater than the income tax.

FIFTEEN YEARS FOR HIS PRIDE.

Harold Mackley, of Holland, Vt., was sentenced to the United States Penitentiary for fifteen years because of his disloyal utterances. He had said that he was proud of his German descent and if he were forced to fight against the Germans, would kill the Americans before he was shot. Rev. Clarence H. Waldron, also of Vermont, was sentenced to fifteen years for his disloyal utterances and for attempting to obstruct the operation of the selective draft.

GERMANS DESTROY Y. M. C. A. HUTS.

At the request of the former Russian government there were started in 100 centers in Russia Y. M. C. A. service. These men have remained in Russia during all the changes there and have had much to do toward keeping a good will between Russia and America. When Germany invaded Russia particular pains were taken to destroy these huts, but the Y. M. C. A. secretaries will not abandon Russia at this time. At several times along the western front the Germans have taken particular pains to destroy these huts, feeling that by destroying these centers they can injure the efficiency of the men.

MUST CUT WHEAT RATIONS.

Food Administrator Hoover says that the consumption of wheat flour in the United States must be cut to 1½ pounds per week per person. The supply must be less than half what it was before the war. This is due to the fact that after having shipped the wheat which is necessary for our Allies there will be so great a shortage that we must cut our consumption as stated by Mr. Hoover.

ANOTHER SCRAP OF PAPER.

Germany, after having made a peace treaty with Ukraine has broken the treaty by keeping her army in this state and by capturing Odessa, the greatest port of all Russia, where the great wheat graneries of Russia are filled with wheat. Germany took possession of the 2,700 ships in the harbor and took charge of all the shipbuilding in the port where several dreadnaughts are being built. Germany demanded eighty-five per cent. of all the grain and sugar; she also demanded a loan of \$5,000,000 from the bankers. These extra terms have enraged the inhabitants who are beginning to resist the Germans. It is hoped that Russia even yet can be won as an ally to the Entente.

THE GERMAN LONG RANGE GUN.

A gun expert who has examined the shells from the long-range guns claims that the calibre is nine inches, that the shell has two compartments, divided by a diaphragm which is pierced at the first explosion, thus causing the second explosion. The shells are about twenty inches long and weigh under 200 pounds. A German military authority claims that this trial was only preliminary to an attack on London, which, by the way, is now 125 miles from the nearest German line of battle.

CANADA PRACTICALLY BONE DRY.

On April 1st all the provinces in Canada became bone dry during the war and for twelve months after the war. Even before the national legislature so decided nearly all of Canada had passed prohibition laws. Only a few localities in Quebec are wet and these will become dry on December 31, 1918. An effort now is started to make the law permanent.

JAPAN SELLS SHIPPING.

Japan, after nearly ten months of hesitation, has decided to sell to the United States 150,000 tons of shipping and will receive for the same 300,000 tons of steel which will be used to rebuild other ships. At first Japan considered the sale of 300,000 tons of shipping, but after the Siberian question arose she refused to sell more than 150,000 tons. Japan will also carry on trade between Honolulu and our Pacific ports which has been closed to them till now.

TROTZKY'S PROPOSAL.

It is reported in France that Trotzky is about to make a proposal to the Entente in which he will propose that his party will aid the Allies in opposing all German propaganda in Russia. France has expressed a willingness to aid all parties in Russia in opposing German intrigue.

MARSHAL JOFFRE AN IMMORTAL.

The Academy in France has elected General Joffre one of the forty French immortals. Although the Academy is primarily a literary institution the agreement on Marshal Joffre was universal and all France enthusiastically joined in the selection.

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Ever buy a UNIFORM that made you think that everybody who looked at you was feeling sorry for you?

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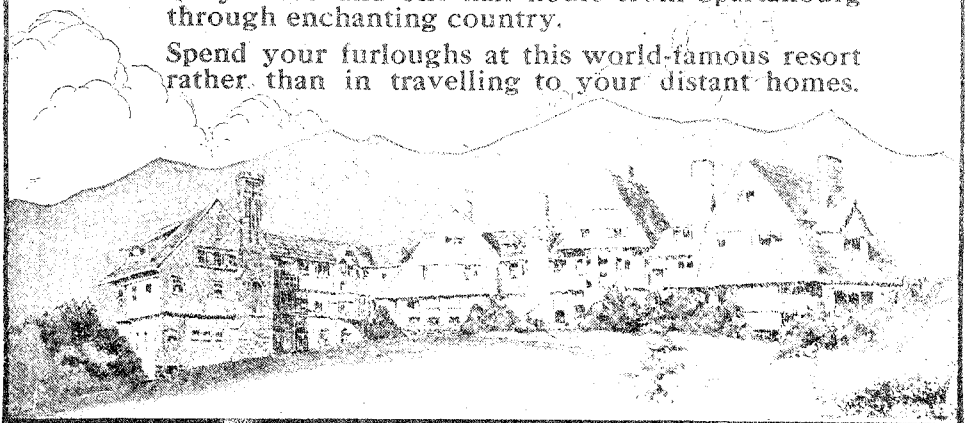
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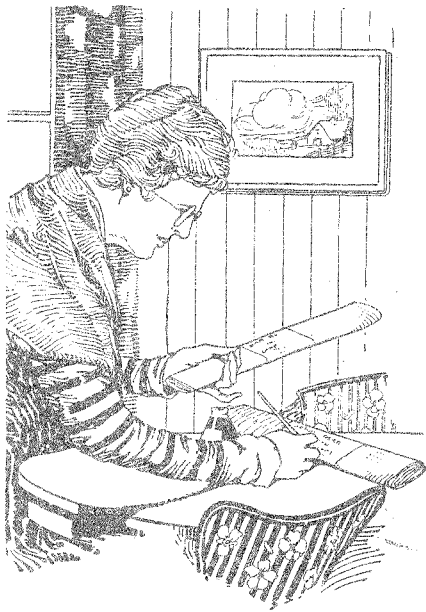
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