

GAS ATTACK

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

Vol. 1

CAMP WADSWORTH, SPARTANBURG, S. C., March 30, 1918

No. 19



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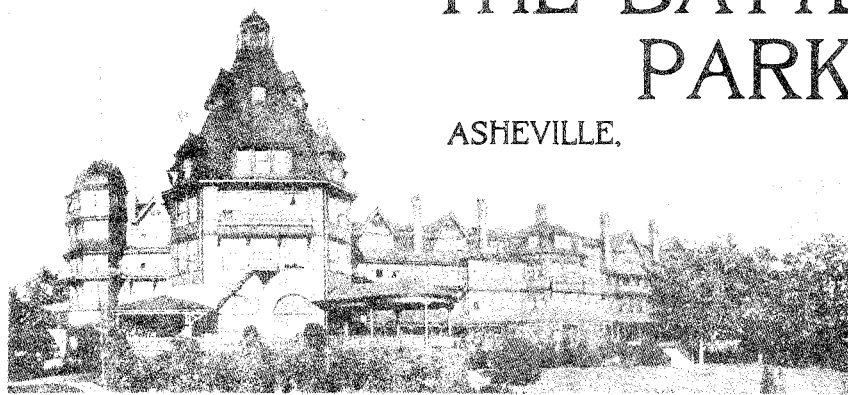
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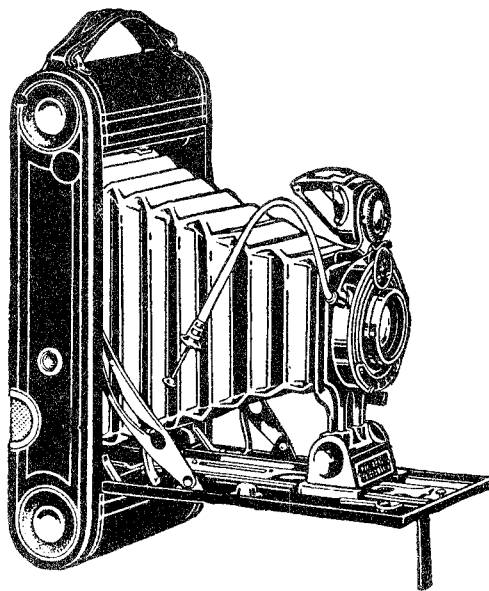
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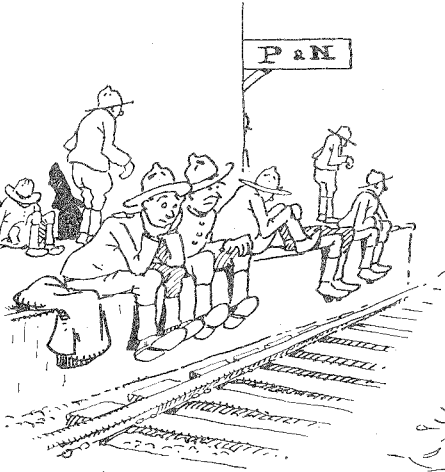
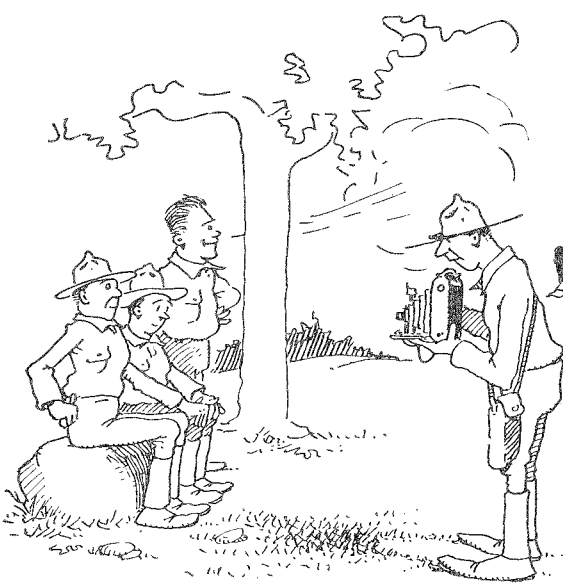
Corner of North Church and Main Streets

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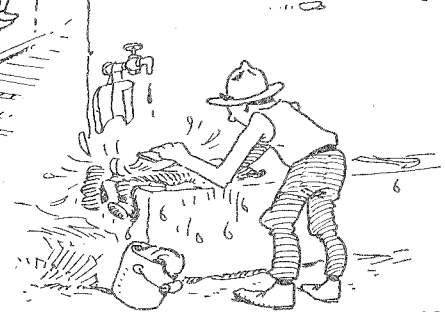
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The Gas Attack for next week will be—the Gas Attack for next week! Don't miss it—or you will be without it!

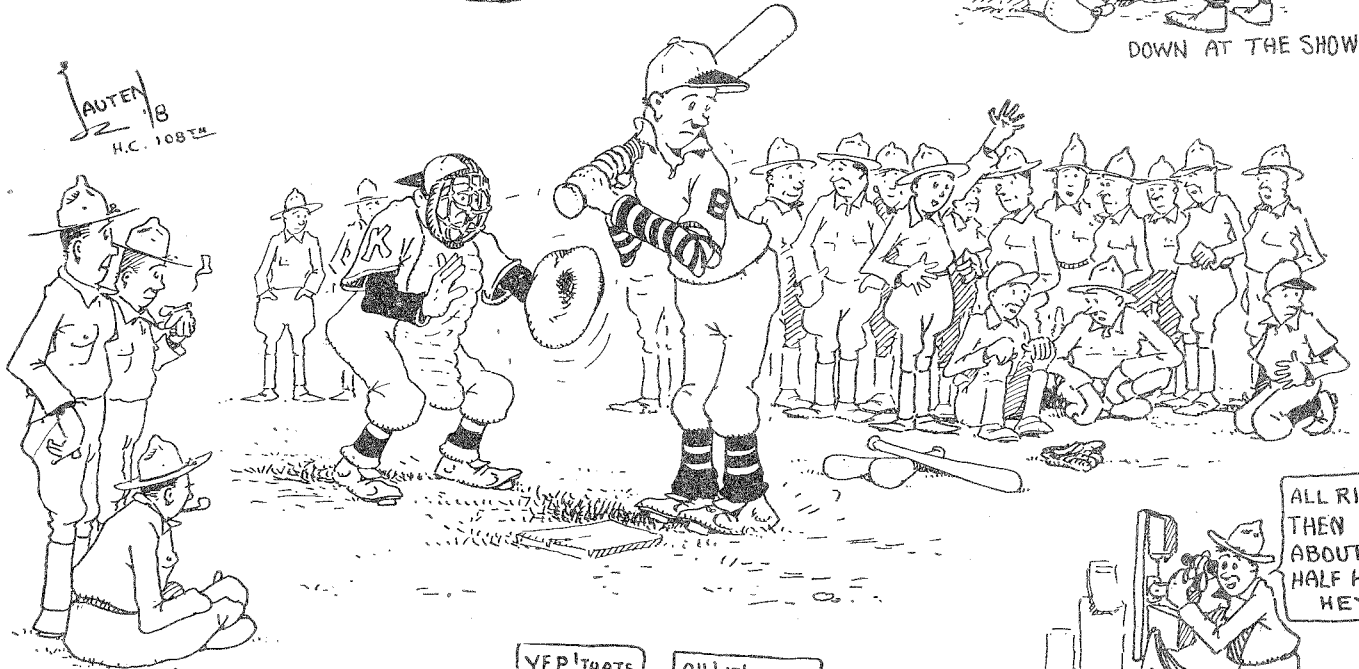
GAS ATTACK



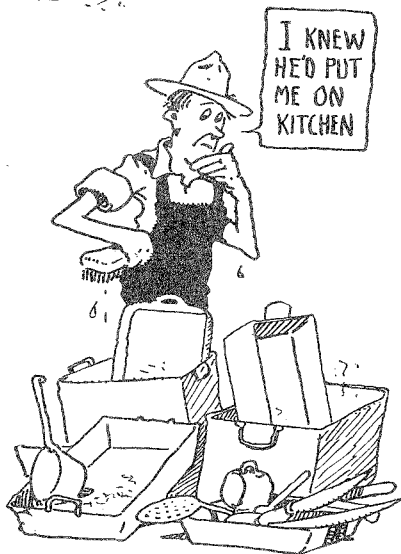
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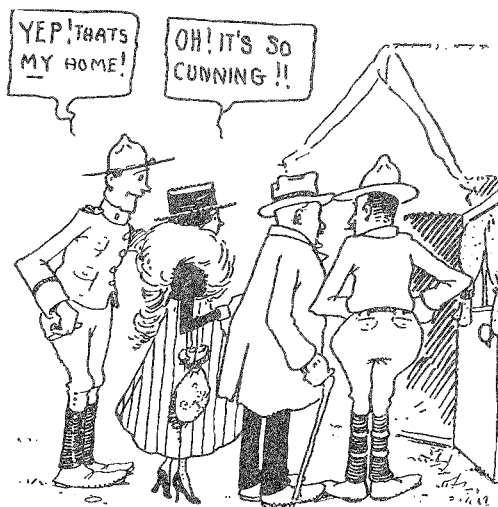
DOWN AT THE SHOWERS



ALL RIGHT THEN IN ABOUT A HALF HOUR HEY!



I KNEW HE'D PUT ME ON KITCHEN



YEP! THATS MY HOME!

OH! IT'S SO CUNNING !!

VISITORS -



THE GAS ATTACK

Any Saturday or Sunday Afternoon in Camp

A Little Journey to the Land of the Sky

Taking the Air at Asheville, the American Simla

(By Private Richard E. Connell, Co. A,
102nd M. P.)

Since Marco Polo, Doctor Cook, Elbert Hubbard, Julian Street, nor any other travel-writer of note had never, so far as I could find out, pilgrimaged to Asheville, Leff and I decided we would, so, one misty Saturday last week, we got passes from Lieutenant Baldwin, I borrowed Sergeant Max Averbeck's paris-green furlough leg-



THE MANOR.

gins, and Leff and I left for Asheville on the 4:30 train on the Southern Railroad.

The trip up was very much like any other southern railroad trip—we were an hour late. An oriental-looking young man shared our section with us—it was a sort of state-room, the only thing we could get for the Saturday trains to Asheville are always jammed—and he had a morbid dread of fresh air, so he hermetically sealed us in with him, while he smoked a series of black gas-bombs, which Leff opined were called La Incineratoros.

I mention this because any story about Asheville must necessarily be a story about air. This Leff and I found as soon as the train, drawn by two engines, puffed up the last mountain and brought us to Asheville.

We noticed the air as soon as we stepped out of the station. You can't help it. One whiff of it makes a private feel like a general. Two whiffs—and you feel sorry for

poor old John D. who has only sixty million a year between himself and the poor house. Three whiffs—and you ask somebody to page Jess Willard for you to bang about. Leff and I took about three billion whiffs! Each!

Asheville Air.

It is hard to describe Asheville air in ordinary terms, to compare it with ordinary sensations.

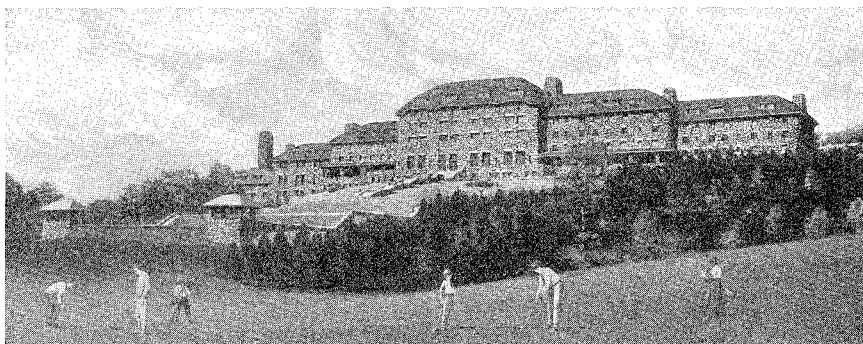
Did you ever glide gently down a white coral lane of a balmy moonlit night, thru bowers of roses and sweet-peas, in a solid gold Rolls-Royce, with J. P. Morgan as your chauffeur, with Billie Burke fanning you with a fan made of apple-blossoms, and with Mary Pickford keeping your crystal goblet filled with Moet et Chandon, while the Boston Symphony, following in noiseless Fifth Avenue busses, jazzily playing, "This IS the LIFE!" That's the way Asheville air makes you feel!

An Ozone Jag.

Leff and I stood out in front of the station, gulping in the atmosphere. We had soon accumulated a regular ozone bun. The cares of life dropped from us. The stars

Park Hotel, which stood out on its hill like the House of a Thousand Incandescents—a great, rambling, much-piazzaed building, with nothing stiff or formal about it. It is called the Battery Park because it is situated on a hill where, in the civil war, the battery of General Porter boomed defiance. It commands a magnificent view. Miles away across the valley rise Mt. Pisgah and the Rat, a mountain which gets its name from its striking resemblance to a rodent.

One can see the wonderful Vanderbilt estate, Biltmore, in the hazy blue distance. Indeed, the story goes that Mrs. George Vanderbilt, while passing through Asheville looked out from the porch of the Battery Park and became so enchanted by the vista that she bought thousands of acres, now the Biltmore estate. The next morning, Sunday, Leff and I stood on the very spot where she stood, and regretted that we could not buy a few square miles of landscape, but regrets are only momentary in Asheville, for all one needs to do is inhale deeply and the cool, pure air chases the glooms. Another story about the founding of Biltmore, is that Mr. Vanderbilt hired



GROVE PARK INN.

seemed nearer. Indeed, they were, for Asheville is half a mile high. We smiled, and bowed at all passing Ashevilleilians. We made screaming jests about everything we saw. I wish I could remember some of them.

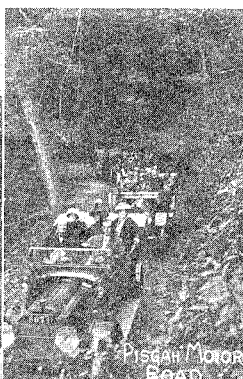
We took an automobile up to the Battery

three experts to make a tour of the country to find what place in the temperate zone had the finest climate and could grow the greatest variety of trees, shrubs and flowers. This commission, so a fine old Southern judge told us, picked out Asheville.

(Continued on page 8)



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GAS ATTACK

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THE MEXICAN SERVICE MEDAL BILL.

Great interest is being shown in the bill for Mexican Border Service Medal by members of the United States Senate and House of Representatives. The **Gas Attack** has received many letters from United States Senators and Congressmen congratulating it upon its campaign for a suitable recognition by the Government of the service of the men who answered the President's call for duty along the Mexican Border during the summer and winter of 1916-17.

It is understood that Colonel Thomas S. Crago, Congressman-at-Large from Pennsylvania, has introduced a bill in the House of Representatives that is a modification of the bill of Congressman Francis, of New York, to the extent that it eliminates the four months' requirement. That is, Colonel Crago's bill would give the medal to all troops that served on the border under the President's call, irrespective of the length of time spent on that duty. The amendment will undoubtedly be accepted by all the friends of Senator Calder and Congressman Francis, as it was found that some of the best regiments on the border did not remain actually on duty there for a period of four months and under the original draft of the bill these regiments would have been eliminated which, to say the least, would have been unfair. Colonel Crago is a member of the Military Affairs Committee of the House and is a very well known National Guardsman. He served throughout the Spanish-American war as an officer of the 10th Pennsylvania Volunteers in the Philippines and upon the return of that regiment also served for many years as Lieutenant Colonel of the 10th Pennsylvania Infantry. He is prominently known throughout the National Guard of the United States due to his activities in Congress. Those who have been active in the attempt to secure recognition for the soldiers who served on the border are to be congratulated in having Colonel Crago's support in this movement.

J. S. K.

OUR ARMY.

By First Lieutenant Robert B. Field, Company C, 102nd Engineers.

An enormous fighting machine, already numbering over 50 Divisions, composed first of our professional army built around the small but efficient regular army of two years ago, next the volunteers of the professional and business world, our national guard who imbued with the real spirit of preparedness, have since the birth of the nation, kept alive the spark of patriotic nationalism, that our great business people allowed to smoulder almost to the point of extinction, forgetting that civic duty carried with it a debt of personal service, and sacrifice if need be, necessary to national existence; and finally nor least of all the drafted masses whom the Nation has assembled under the designation of the National Army, making universal the obligation of military service.

These forces are being gradually trained and disciplined, welding together a force awaited by our European Allies not merely as a reinforcement, but as a mighty army of a powerful people, that will forge its way through the trained forces of our Teutonic enemies, until a world peace can be made possible.

A fighting machine—yes, of human elements each so co-ordinated that the life training of each man is being gradually fitted as a cog into the gear of an engine that gathers speed as each imperfection is detected and corrected until when at last complete, its momentum will be irresistible—constructive and destructive.

Consider for a moment these human elements of the Army's machine; first the private recently described as the arms and legs of the Army—the motive power—then the non-commissioned officer who, as the back-bone of the Army are as springs and piston drives, and lastly the commissioned personnel, the officers, the brains or guiding hand at the throttle; every man of this group should be proud of his part that goes to make up the whole. A sloven or obstinate soldier is as a broken sprocket or grit in the bearings retarding the operation, a non-com without punch and snap, is as valueless as a leaky piston or spent spring in a well-designed engine, and an officer with a beclouded vision or untrained mentality makes a poor engineer, or even fireman for that matter, being unable to anticipate what may be around the curve, whose shaky hand at the throttle can not drive the engine any great distance without disaster.

Until each man does ALL of his bit and persuades his fellow soldier to do likewise, we cannot have an irresistible Army. Arctic sledge dogs, even while in the harness, fight the slacker who refuses to pull with the crowd. Will you risk your life and delay the peace of your country because a few men in your outfit refuse to pull with the crowd, or will you make them do it? It is up to you.

Don't let the European slur that our army is an undisciplined mob go without a challenge that you can back up. "Buck up" and attend to the minutest detail of military duty and service (those words go together). Salute the colors and those who officially represent the Government back of those colors; it is your honor and your life at stake.



A SOLDIER'S LETTER TO HIS SWEETHEART.

Dere Mable

Its so foggy we cant fire at the range. I dont see what difference that makes though. I havnt seen nothing since we started but a bunch of trees in front of the guns. Im going to write you a letter if the top sargent dont remember that he aint put me on no detail. We leave the guns out all night. Just sos well have something more to gard I guess. Were supposed to take turns garding. As far as I can make out that means me and the rest of the battery altercate every other night. I suppose they think some of the mountin ears is goin to take one of the guns and go drivin with it. Angus McDonald, the skotch fello, says they have to gard them sos they wont go off. That sounds kind of silly to me though, Mable.

I been raisin a mustash. That is I was until yesterday when I cut it off while I was shavin and thinkin of you. I was sorry cause it was comin good. You could see it as plain as day with the nakid eye. (Thats just an expreshun, Mable.) In a couple of places I could catch hold of it. They say nothin grows very good down here though, but cotton. I guess Ill wait till I get to France.

The Lieutenant told us today that when we got over there wed all have to read meters. I cant see what thats got to do with artillery. That used to be Joe Gluckoses business though. Hes teaching me how. He thinks maybe if we study up theyll make us meter speshulists. Speshulists dont have to get up so early. Angus says he thinks they put meters on the gas shells. That shows how systematic they are.

And they say there goin to give us Infield rifles. I think they got it mixed up with baseball. It seems as though when you join the artillery you join everything else at the same time. I suppose the next thing theyll do is learn us a little navigashun.

Ive started savin again, Mable, for the little white house with the green blinds. Last month I saved a dollar eighty six (\$1.86). That with five dollars (\$5) I bor-

rowed from Joe Loomis makes almost six (\$6) dollars. I aint the kind of a fello thats always botherin his girl with money matters. I believe in keepin business out of the home. Close. That's me all over, Mable. But in the bigger things I think you ought to know how we stand.

We may have to go at the house kind of gradual. Buy the blinds first say. But theys one thing about it. Ive been ruffing it so long in the army that there aint no kind of hardship thatll bother me.

The mountin ears has funny customs, Mable and yello dogs without any stumucks. Angus an I was out ridin last Sunday lookin for a still an got cold. We stoped at a cabin an a fello came out with a round hair cut an says "Howdy, boys, wont ye light and strip?" Angus says that he didnt have no figger for that but wed come in an get warm. Eh, Mable?

Once in a while when we cant eat what the cook gives us which is most of the time, we go down the road to a mountin ears wife what makes pan cakes. She always carries a kid under her arm like an over coat. It looks as if the kids head was on the stove most of the time. Angus sais she greases the griddle with it. I dont know about that but the mountin ears is awful tough people.

Me an some of the other fellos went to a mountin ears party in a little town near here the other night. There was a lot of girls there with funny noses. When they saw us they all ran in a corner and laffed at us. That made me kind of sore cause we hadnt invited ourselves but been ast. That lady that ast us said the girls had there old close on and was ready for anything. We played old made till half past nine. Then the lady what ast us brought in a bowl of apples and our hats. She said the girls was all nice and they couldnt galyvant round all night and get talked about.

The Lieutenant told us that in a couple of weeks the whole artillery brigade is comin up and there goin to have a Garage fire. I told him if he knew about it so far ahead that there wasnt no excuse for such a thing. Though I should think that would be all a garage would be good for around here. You cant tell the lieutenant nothin though since the Captain went to Fort Silly to learn something and left him in charge of the battery. I think the athority has gone to his head. Angus says its gone where its least crowded.

I read the other day, Mable, that there makin the cups rough on the bottom now sos youll think theres sugar in them. They cant fool me though. Quick. Thats me all over.

Dont feel you got to stop knittin me things just because I cant use them now. You cant tell when well have another winter. Besides it gives you something to think about when your sittin talkin.

Im sending you a new piece on the phoneygraph that I got in the ten cent store. Its called "look out, Germany, Im comin." It gives you an idea of the way I feel. I got to stop now an go an see some fellos in another battery. I just herd the top sargent blow his whissle.

yours till I write again
Bill

THE PSYCHOLOGY OF BEING SHOT.

Baltimore, Md.—Medical and surgical experts at the Johns Hopkins Hospital, and particularly a United States Army Surgeon who is taking a special course of study at the institution with reference to the effect of gunshot wounds, are watching the condition of Margaret Bamberger, a maid at the institution, who was shot three times by her sweetheart. They believe that the results in the case will help to prove or disprove an interesting psychological theory.

The theory, according to statements made by the physicians, is that if the young woman truly loves the man who shot her she probably will die, while if she does not love him she will have a better chance for life.

The reasoning in the first instance is that the mental depression caused by the fact that one she loved had injured her would prove to be too great, in addition to the shock of her injuries. If she does not love him, her hate for him, the doctors said, would naturally cause her fighting instincts to be aroused and she would battle for life.

With the American soldiers in France, fighting the Huns, there arises an interesting question. What is going to be done to help the wounded from feeling such great love for the Germans that they'll want to die? If a German shoots one of our boys, the latter will probably say: "How I loved that man! And how depressed I now feel, that he has shot me. I shall roll over and croak."

"You Know Me, Al," the Division
Show was presented at the Harris
Theatre March 25-30.

OPTIMISM AND THE O. T. S.

How the Student Officer Hides His Hopes Behind Catalogues

You've heard of optimism. You know what an optimist is. Back in civil life you used to call "Smiling Sam" Billgus an optimist. Or you thought of "Jovial Joe" Judge as an optimist. Sam and Joe are, of course, mere creations of the moment to fetch back to your mind your favorite optimist of your store-clothes days.

I know neither a Billgus nor a "Jovial Joe" but I know the type. But the optimism you encountered in civil life was a two percent solution of the army brand. The soldier—the American soldier—is the world's champion optimism. His favorite topics of conversation and argument begin with the most uplifting of adverbs—WHEN.

Listen to him:

"When I get home I'll—"

"When this war is over I'm going to—"

"When I get my next furlough it's me for—"

"When I get over to France I'll—"

And so on ad infinitum. You can give him thirty days in the bull-pen or a week of kitchen police, or deny him a pass to town or confine him to quarters, and the optimistic philosophy that somehow or other accrues to the soldier by virtue of his enlistment, quite obliterates the sorrows of the immediate present and sets him to speculating upon the possibilities of the future. And always the future is brilliant.

All of this is as it should be—as it will be always.

Where Optimism Is Camouflaged.

But there is one section of Camp Wadsworth where optimism abounds as nowhere else.

To be sure it is camouflaged with an ill fitting outer garment of unconcern. It runs amuck beneath a moth eaten blanket of assumed indifference. It is denied until you are almost convinced that it has been buried beneath a ton of pessimism and that it is a myth generally.

I refer to the Officers' Training School.

We are on the last lap. Within a month, it is argued, the majority of us will know just what our military futures comprise. Some of us will get commissions. Some will not. Some of us will go back to the ranks and start in readjusting ourselves to the ranks.

It is going to be tough going either way.

The chap who gets his commission must be imbued with the fact that he is not yet a capable officer. He has received the rudiments of his new profession. Thereon he must build. He is no more the competent platoon, company or battalion leader than

the newly graduated law student, medical student and engineering student is the complete lawyer, physician or engineer.

So much for that. The very fact that he has shown the O. T. S. instructors that he is fitted for a commission indicates that he is sufficiently well balanced to understand all that sort of thing.

Your Chin in the Air.

For the chap who fails to measure up to the high standard required; for him who is returned to his company to resume the duties he quit when the school opened, the road is going to be quite as rough—probably a bit rougher.

He would not be human if he were not disappointed. And it's going to take a lot of the old pluck to go back with your chin in the air and a sincere resolve to be, in the ranks, just as willing, as cheerful and as enthusiastic a soldier as you decided to be were you commissioned. It stands to reason that those of us who return to the ranks will reach there better soldiers—by some few million per cent—than we were when we were sent over to the school.

But there's not a man in the school who, far down in his heart, doesn't believe that he'll make good; that he will emerge with the assurance that he is recommended for a lieutenantancy at least.

Yet you cannot get any of them to admit such optimism and therein lies the story.

Strange Figures On Paper.

You stroll over to the school Saturday afternoon to see your old bunkie George Waffus—Sergeant Waffus of Company J. You come upon George unawares. George is stretched forth upon his cot. Bunk fatigue? Not at all. George is busy with pencil and paper. Already he has filled five or six sheets with figures—unsatisfactory figures, evidently. George has crossed out set after set.

Tucked beneath George's leg are a couple of pamphlets. New books on machine guns or automatic rifles or grenades or trench warfare or mine warfare or liaison or something, no doubt. And George, doubtless, is figuring longitudinal and lateral dispersion. Or trench layouts. Or the multitudinous phases of battalion attack. Or range finding formulae. Or something, anyway.

George hastens to hide his paper. Great is his haste. He tucks away the mysterious pamphlets. His face flushes a trifle. But George is damned glad you came over and how are you, anyway?

"How are they coming, George?" you demand. "What are they going to make you—a Colonel or something?"

"Who? Me?" replies George, emitting one of the finest specimens of the forced laugh you have ever heard. "Who? Me? Quit spoofing a tired student, Bill. Lay off the josh stuff. I'm tired and was just lying here figuring out some dope about—about a thing I was thinking over—about some dope

we fellows were arguing about, you know. Oh, it wasn't anything interesting, Bill. Hoy are you anyway and how are things over in the company? Ed back from his furlough? Sit down, Bill."

Why Is George Nervous?

Something wrong with George. Wasn't nervous like this over in the company. Used to hawl 'em out in great shape. Nothing could get George's goat. Something wrong! Something wrong!

"What do you hear about things, George?" you ask, abruptly. "Where do they send you fellows—to the National Army or do you get commissions in the National Guard? I haven't heard a thing except that you are coming over to the company for a week or two to take up the work of the first sergeant, the mess sergeant, the supply sergeant and the company clerk while you are waiting for the President or somebody to sign your commissions."

"Now look here, Bill," groans George. "Can that stuff about sure thing commissions. The chances are 999 in 1,000 that I'm coming back to the company to stay. I fell flat on my handsome face on the latest examination—the one we had Friday night. Easy enough and fair, Bill. I haven't any kick. But I'm missing on three cylinders, somehow, Bill. The old bean seems numb. Can't get going. Bill, between you and me, I'm about through. I may finish the course. But commission? Nothing to it, Bill. They'll never recommend me."

"Ah, cheer up, George," you laugh. "You're a bit fed up on study and work. You're a bit worried and—"

Those Mysterious Pamphlets.

George leaps to his feet and paces over to the Sibley into which he flips his cigarette. Incidentally he has brushed to the floor the mysterious pamphlets and there they lay, front page up, for your astonished eyes to read.

"Who's worrying?" snorts George. "Bill, I thought you knew me better. Worry? Oh, Gawsh. Bill, between you and me, I haven't given the blooming thing a thought. If they slip me a commission, fine. If they don't—well, back to the old company. One way or the other; it's all the same to me, Bill."

George's voice grows more firm. A look of resolve is in his eye.

"Bill," he resumes, "I'm here to do my bit. If they want me to be an officer—that's me all over. If they want to send me back, you hear no bellow from George Waffus. I will say this, however, Bill. I could hold down a commission as well as a lot of guys I know and that's not sawdust, either. But as for my chances—forget it, Bill, forget it. And don't forget that I never asked anybody to be sent over here. It's all one to me—sergeant or lieutenant, Bill. Heard from home, lately?"

(Continued on page 33)

THE IDEAS OF ETHELBURT JELLYBACK, PRIVATE,

XVII. He Tends the Incinerator and Gets Mugsrums There, Too

For thirty long days I tended the incinerator, I, Ethelburt Jellyback, the scion of a great family.

For thirty long days I was the stoker of the fires, as punishment for what my captain regarded as misdeeds. For thirty long eons—quaint word, eons—I was forced to get up before reveille and don a fatigue uniform. I was forced to ply with wood that rectilinear structure of bricks which stands at the head of the company street. I was forced to keep its fires roaring, to burn the empty tin cans and then smash them—there is nothing aristocratic about burning tin cans—and to heat water for the wash tubs in which the men clean their mess tins after every meal. I lost appetite, weight, and dignity.

I reached some philosophical conclusions. One of them was that the chief function of an incinerator is to belch forth enormous quantities of pungent smoke which always blows into your eyes, no matter where you stand. Also, that fatigue uniforms are loose fitting suits of blue material originally tailored for fat men. I am not fat.

Ethelburt's Soul Rebels.

My soul rebelled at wearing such crude garments. I was not accustomed to it at home; so why should I permit it here? Therefore, I telegraphed to my tailors in New York and instructed them to make me up a blue suit according to the measurements they have long had of me.

"Make it of blue flannel," I wired, "with a neat stripe in it, cuffs for the trousers, a pinch-back coat, with long rolling lapels, and patch pockets."

The prompt arrival of the suit revived my flagging spirits. I could now dress in a manner more befitting a Jellyback, despite the annoying nature of my erstwhile occupation. Donning the neatly-tailored suit, I stood at ease in front of the incinerator, feeling that through the gift of my unusual ideas I could rise superior to my surroundings.

"What time does the dancing begin?"

It was my captain speaking. He stood looking at me strangely.

"Dancing?" I repeated. "I don't understand, sir."

"I thought you had just stepped out of the country club. It must be my mistake, Jellyback. Where'd you get the clothes?"

"I had them made, sir."

"But they aren't regulation."

"No, sir. They fit me."

"I thought there was something wrong. Go back and put on the ones the supply sergeant gave you."

Ethelburt Gets Another Idea.

I went back to my tent, depressed. I hated to put on those other—those other uncouth things which—well, I might as well say it once and for all—those things which are nothing more or less than overalls. There, the truth is out. And one can't look smart in overalls. I defy you to.

I knew that some smart women from town were coming up to visit camp that afternoon. I feared they would see me tending the incinerator in that awful suit. The day before a party of ladies had almost come upon me before I discovered them, and in the party were several who knew me. I had been obliged to flee precipitatedly into the mess shack, where I hid until they passed.

"Cheer up, Ethelburt," said the smudgy-faced private, Jim Mugsrums, "the good die young."

"That is probably why they were good. They never had to tend the incinerator."

"Say, Ethelburt, can you lend me two bits 'til Saturday?"

I looked at Mugsrums. This crude little fellow, whom I used as my orderly until he got me into so much trouble, was always trying to get money with which to play a ridiculous game called craps. As I saw the eagerness on Mugsrum's countenance, an idea came to me.

"I will not only give you two bits," I replied, "but I will give you two dollars if you will do something for me today. Hold yourself in readiness to relieve me at the incin-

erator for a half hour this afternoon. It may be for only fifteen or twenty minutes. I will let you know when the time comes. And the two dollars shall be yours at once."

The Ladies Arrive.

That afternoon I saw the party of social leaders approaching. They were strolling down the regimental street on a tour of idle inspection. I raced to my tent, threw off my overalls, and sent Mugsrums back to my post.

Then I strolled leisurely back to the head of the street just as the ladies turned in and stopped, looking around.

"There's Ethelburt!" they cried, swooping down on me with many pleasurable exclamations. I greeted them hospitably.

"Fancy meeting you here, I said. "How quaint!"

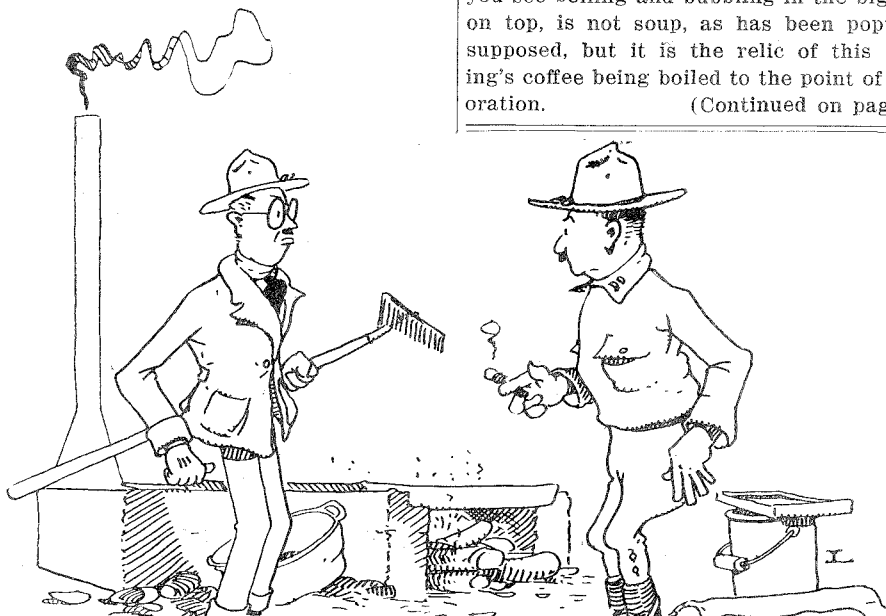
"Oh, Ethelburt, show us around your company street, won't you, dear boy? And tell me, why do they call it the company street?"

"With pleasure. They call it the company street, my dear Mrs. Willowy, because it is here we receive our company. First let me call your attention to one of the most weird monuments of the army. I refer not so much to the blue-clad fellow there—" pointing to Mugsrums, who was putting wood on the fire—" as to the object on which he is bestowing his care. It is the incinerator. I believe it is listed on the quartermaster's books as "incinerator, smokey, one."

Ethelburt's Lecture.

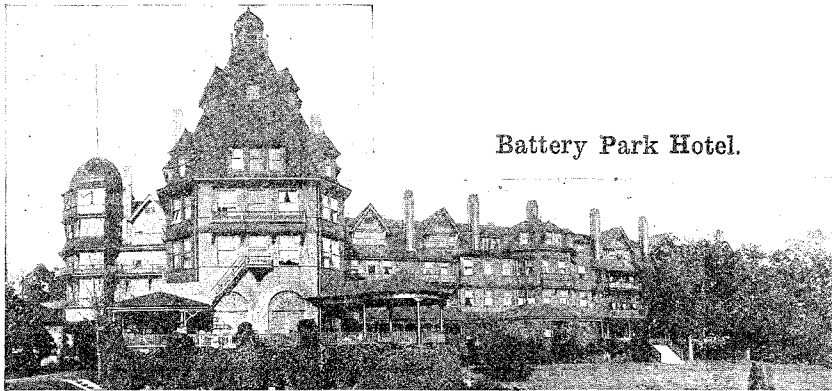
"A fire must be kept going in it constantly, whether it is needed or not. Otherwise an inspector will come around, frown at it, and make a note in a book. The fluid which you see boiling and bubbling in the big pans on top, is not soup, as has been popularly supposed, but it is the relic of this morning's coffee being boiled to the point of evaporation.

(Continued on page 40)



"What time does the dancing begin?"

"It's Famous Everywhere"



Battery Park Hotel.

"ASHEVILLE."

(Concluded from page 3)

Asheville Appetites.

Leff and I will think about the breakfast we had that Sunday morning, when we are over in France, and the thought alone will nourish and sustain us. They brought us a menu like a mail order catalogue, and, like gallant soldiers, we didn't duck a detail on the list from strawberries, through eggs, through steak, through wheat cakes until we wound up with great tankards of steaming coffee.

It was the squarest meal we had ever directed an enveloping movement at. But that is the way Asheville air affects you. You can't help eating—especially as the hotels are mostly on the American plan. Eats with

The Inn.

After breakfast, Leff and I floated up toward Sunset Mountain, to where the celebrated Grove Park Inn rises like some red-roofed monastery. The Inn is monastic only in its rough-hewn stone exterior and the simplicity of its lines. It is made of great boulders, cobble-rocks, hunks of stone, thrown together by the gods of the Mountains. Inside, there is nothing suggesting hair-cloth shirts of penance, black bread or anything monastic. All is luxury and gayety. The Great Room, which seems to cover acres, is supported by square pillars of rough stone. It is lighted with great bronzed dishes of light. To go up in the elevator, you enter what appears to be a stone chimney. There is a genuine moonshine still on exhibition in one nook. It was dormant.

We saw some of the bed-rooms, which the manager has mercifully left unadorned by the usual hotel pictures. We missed the hotel art; we missed "Meditation," showing a gawky female in a Mother Hubbard, sitting in a boat and staring at the water;

we missed The Horse Fair; we missed the picture of the St. Bernard who has just saved the child, and who has "such an intelligent expression."

Asheville Water.

To walk about the Inn is a liberal education in literature as well as in deep-breathing. Some literary person has sprinkled the stones with aphorisms and epigrams, which peep out at one from unexpected places.

Leff immediately wrote a little verse to go on a rock but the manager wouldn't promise to have it painted on. It went,

"The rose is red,
The violet's blue,
The air is pure,
The water, too."

The water, by the way, is the dampest, most delicious water ever. Asheville, which is ordinarily not inclined to talk about itself, admits that only one microbe has been found in the Asheville water since 1896—and he was a good little microbe, who died of lonesomeness. The list of things that aren't in the water but which might be, reads like the pharmacopoeia. It is very consoling to know that the fluid with which you are liberally irrigating your system hasn't a trace of nux vomica, exophthalmia or ars poetica in it.

A fine golf course stretches out in the front yard of the Inn. We didn't dare play for Leff felt so strong that he was afraid of beaming one of the boys in Spartanburg with a massie shot.

The Quaint Manor.

We strode back down the hill, passing the charming Manor, on the way. The Manor is an "English Inn in America" and has a quaint atmosphere about it. A comfortable place, the Manor. You stroll in and out as if you lived there. No Turk tries to pry you lose from your hat or your bag. No brazen lunged youngster bellows "Mr. Blevitch, Mr. Ummpph, Mr. Waff, Mr. Blevitch, etc." in your ear. Just to go inside and sit near the open fire rests you.

Leff and I went back to the Battery Park Hotel, and plied a wicked knife and fork. We left at half past three for Spartanburg on the train, and had a picturesque ride through the mountains.

Even a Private Can Do It.

The trip doesn't cost much. You can get a good room and three of the finest meals you ever surrounded for five dollars a day. The railroad fare is a couple of dollars. The air is free. And it is the air that is worth coming miles to sniff.

Once you get up to Asheville, which is a modern city of 30,000, there are many ways to amuse yourself. You can get an auto for three dollars an hour and drive to Biltmore, or through the mountains to Esmerelda, Hickory Nut Gap, Bat Cave, Waynesville and the other delightful spots that dot that region. Or you can rent a horse and ride through the trails of pines. There's a dance on every night at one of the hotels, which have big ball rooms, and good music—and some girls. Asheville is a noted winter-summer resort for Northern people, especially New Yorkers, and Leff and I saw some ladies down there that made us weep on each other's shoulders out of pure homesickness.

Asheville has an enterprising Board of Trade of which Mr. Buckner is the dynamo. Mr. Buckner is loath to talk about the charms of Asheville. Oh, very loath. He started in by telling us the story of the Asheville man who enlisted in the Heavenly army, and then asked to be transferred from Heaven to Asheville. The man's wish seemed perfectly natural to Mr. Buckner.

Mr. Buckner, Booster.

I've seen a few boosters. I knew a Seattle man who, back in 1912, used to take walks in the country around Boston and carve on every prominent rock he came to, "Seattle—Bigger than New York in 1915"; I have known Californians who believed that anyone who wasn't a native son was probably a moron. But they were knockers and calamity howlers compared to N. Buckner, Esq., of Asheville, North Carolina. Incidentally, Asheville has a community advertising tax, so all the people help spread the good news about the water and the air.

The American Simla.

You remember Simla, in Kipling's stories of English army life in India. Simla is the city in the mountains where officers send their wives and families, while they are at their work in various Indian garrisons. It is a sort of carnival city—a place for rest and a good time. Leff and I decided that Asheville would make a good Simla for Camp Wadsworth. Cottages may be had furnished or unfurnished and week-ending there is quite feasible. By motor or rail it is but three and a half hours up there. You can get a motor car to take a party up there for \$35, which isn't so much if you split it seven ways—and the ride is gorgeous.

Asheville is a good place to know about. Better try an ozone jag up there in the Land of the Sky sometime.



THE WASH ROOM AT THE RANGE.

After the little red disk has been waving violently at you the greater part of the afternoon, up at the rifle range in the mountains, and after you have finished eating your beans and sand and cleaned your sulky gun, you disrobe and descend to the camp wash room. While washing your neck the soap escapes and floats down stream. Somebody comes along and steps on the clean towel you have been saving for three days with an eye to these particular ablutions. Possibly your foot slips and you have a bath de luxe. At any rate, with time and patience you scrape the especial portion of South Carolina top-soil from the exhibition part of your body and triumphantly ascend to the "street" again—washed!

Doing the Camp With Susie

My old friend Susie was down to take a look at this part of the country. We bummed around the city awhile before coming to camp because she was bound and set to show me the similarities between Spartanburg and Skinner Switch, N. J., where her father busts sod. Becoming well-nigh delirious for fear some M. P. would ask to see my pass, was obliged to speed up our visit in the city. So I borrowed the street commissioner's whistle, hailed a jitney, and told my company to fall in. The driver being in charge of quarters, took two of mine, and hit up the serpent trail. We went at a terrific rate, arriving at the camp limits in less than two hours. We pulled up at one of the latest Southern curbs—a red clay bank bordering a ditch. Susie roller-skated over to a tree while I ran the barrel up the side of a slippery knoll after a remarkable escape from the mud because of my hobble nailers.

Walking up toward division headquarters, we met officer after officer. I tipped my hat gracefully to each one until a second lieutenant came along and gave me a ten-minute drill in saluting. She asked me why I always saluted first and also why I didn't salute some of the soldiers at all. I didn't want to admit anything so I told her I saluted first because she was with me, and when I didn't highball at all, I thought I could lick the neglected soldier. She was satisfied. We only met 706 officers after that.

Just then a wagon drawn by four mules passed. The driver was shouting at them in true mule language. After Susie had removed her hands from her ears, she asked me if those buildings over there were mule barns. Sighting down the line of her finger, I saw the target was a row of the machine gun battalion's mess shacks.

"Why Suse, that's where the soldiers get their mess."

"What mess do you mean?"

"Well, here's a typical mess," says I, "we get baled hay or oatmeal in the morning, fruits in season at noon—beans the year round, and chewed cuds at night, which resemble hash. Now what do you think of that?"

A blank look was her only answer and I'll wager the unspent portion of my next year's pay that Susie today does not know whether a mess shack is a barn or a secondhand store. I didn't take her inside of one for fear she might see the mess sergeant counting up his roll of bills on the table—private profits from the mess fund, and wonder why I get only thirty per. So much for my cleverness in setting her mind at ease concerning the mess shacks.

We had lunch at a canteen—a hen house as she put it. Her beautiful, gaping mouth broadened into a smile when I bought her six bottles of pop.

After resting up a while to let our stomachs settle, we passed the last infantry

regiment. By this time she knew more about drill than I do, because I informed her liberally of its intricacies. Aside from being unable to make her understand how a skinflint right dresses past a corpulent corporal, and how squad every direction is executed, she had enough grasp of the subject to write a new set of regulations.

And so the day went on. She was the Chinese audience and I the Mexican orator. We put infantry companies out of action by refusing to give up the road. We put the Engineers into action by stepping on a dugout roof and caving it in. Many were Susie's new experiences and, as many others have found, I had to spend the day in telling lies and twisting truths to make acceptable excuses.

I had to walk back to Spartanburg with Susie because we couldn't locate a buss and the flashlight battery which runs the P. and N. had run out. Susie left on the evening train thanking me overwhelmingly for my hostility, probably meaning something about being a hostess. She did the city and camp. I did a week's kitchen for being absent without leave.

Oh, it's a cruel war.

PVT. J. A. ELSASER,
Co. B, Ammun. Tn.

CANTEENS CAN'T GO.

Post Exchanges in Camp Will Soon Be Closed.

All the post exchanges in Camp Wadsworth must be wound up and all stocks of goods on hand disposed of before the division leaves for France. It was announced some time ago that post exchanges would be permitted to carry their merchandise overseas, but now it is announced that this cannot be done, probably on account of the scarcity of shipping space. A telegram has been received from the war department which says:

"Letters dated February 15 promulgating authority for carrying post exchange merchandise overseas with organizations is suspended. No post exchange merchandise will be taken."

Some of the post exchanges in Camp Wadsworth have large stocks of goods on hand, and as it is expected that the division will not be here more than a couple of months or so longer, there will probably be some lively sales before long.

NEW YORK EDISON MEN.

All those formerly employed by the New York Edison Co. will please write to Mr. Wendell, care Meter Dept., Bronx. Write and hear what the Edison Co. is going to do for its boys in the service.

THINK WAR IS HERE.

Negroes Excited by Recent Sham Battles Outside Camp.

The sham battles, combat work, and field maneuvers which have been taking place recently outside camp have excited the negroes. Some of them thought the war was raging here now.

Scouting parties go several miles from camp in working out the various problems, and some times they cut across lots in great haste and hide in buildings and climb trees, and do various other things in order to observe the enemy without being seen themselves. The negroes have never seen anything like this going on before.

The other morning a platoon stopped to rest on a street corner near some negro houses in the outskirts of the city. Some negro women, seated on a porch, were astounded when the soldiers came up.

"Say, sergeant," asked one of the men, "how many did we kill in that skirmish back down the road?"

"Not more than six, I think," replied the sergeant, "but I am sure there were at least two dozen seriously wounded."

A fat old negro woman on the porch went gray with fear.

"Folks," she exclaimed, "dis is awful. I'm gwine ter pray."

Just then a scout up the street sounded his whistle and the platoon went off at a double quick. As they went over the brow of the hill, they fired a volley of blank cartridges, having sighted the enemy.

And as they marched away, after the noise of the firing had subsided, they heard the old negro woman praying lustily.

SCHOOL FOR SHARPSHOOTERS.

Capt. H. H. Johnson, of the British military mission, has gone to the rifle range at Glassy Rock, to organize a school of sharpshooters. There will be about 125 men from each of the infantry regiments in the school at the start. The number will be increased later on as the men get more rifle practice.

The infantrymen of the Twenty-seventh division have been making some wonderful records as marksmen. The percentage of sharpshooters, it is said, is probably larger than in any other division in the army.

Captain Johnson will take those who have qualified as marksmen and train them in sniping and scouting. The range at Glassy Rock is admirably suited for such purposes, being mountainous and heavily wooded.

Captain Johnson will remain at Glassy Rock and continue his school until the division is ready to leave for France.

MAJOR BERRY RETURNS.

Major Chas. W. Berry, commanding the 2d battalion, 106th infantry, has returned to duty after being on sick leave for more than a month. Maj. Berry has fully recovered from his recent illness.



THE TIME TO ATTACK.

Father—"Listen to this dear. Great Britain is spending thirty-two million dollars a month and France is spending thirty million, and——"

Son—"Say, Pop, kin I have a nickel?"

WAR CORRESPONDENT GONE.

Dan Carroll Returns to New York— Bruce Rae Left Flat.

Dan Carroll, staff correspondent of the New York Herald, has been recalled to his office.

He came to Spartanburg when the first troops of the Twenty-seventh Division began detraining last September, and remained here as the Herald's correspondent all through the winter months. He left for New York City last week.

Carroll made many friends among the officers and men of the division. He assisted Bruce Rae, the Times correspondent, with the division, in writing the "Fifty-fifty" column in the Spartanburg Herald, and once he grew so famous as to have one of his poems reprinted in the Gas Attack.

The lonesome fellow who sits in the lobby of the Cleveland Hotel these days is Bruce Rae. He is the last of the metropolitan newspapermen to remain here.

SONG OF MARCHING INFANTRY.

Some day you'll get an order, and it's bound to bring delight,
When you take the road to somewhere and the end is not in sight;
A hundred twenty footsteps in a minute's rhythmic walk,
And marching at attention, boys, you aren't allowed to talk,
But your feet will beat a marching song, a-swinging smart and spright;
Oh, put it down and pick it up, left—foot—right.

Your guns will catch the sunlight and your feet will catch the tune,
And your blood will be a-singing when the sun climbs up to noon.
Now the guide has got the cadence, and the boys have got the step,
And they're marching to a road song that goes "hep! hep! hep!"
And though your feet be weary when the column halts at night,
Oh, put it down and pick it up, left—foot—right!

Oh, canteens full of water when you're going on a hike;
The thought of it's a comfort, and the wetness you will like;
Oh, fill 'em up, and fill 'em up, but don't you drink a drop,
For the man who drinks upon the march will be the first to flop.
Your haversack is heavy, but your heart is always light,
Oh, put it down and pick it up, left—foot—right!

—Private Charles Divine.

HOW TO BE A PARLOR SNAKE.

Rules Laid Down for Social Successes By One Who Succeeded.

When we are seized with that reckless mood, and long for the gay life of the city, and finally we are gripped by this longing so hard that we get a pass from our good C. O. and hie us to Spartanburg with all of its wickedness and glamour. When we breeze up and down the main thoroughfare for a few round-trips and salute all of the officers in the 27th Division, and between salutes meet several fellow buck-privates with prepossessing girls upon their arms, When we recollect what a devil we used to be with the flappers of our good old native town, it is only natural that we return to camp wondering how in the name of all that is gay, and reckless, they manage to do it.

We broke into society the other day, and broke back out almost immediately. That others may profit by our mistakes we have compiled the following rules, the pursuance of which will enable a rank beginner to become a parlor snake and a lounge lizard at once.

1. Pick out a likely looking church and sit well toward the front so that everyone will be sure to notice you. Join in the hymns so loudly that everyone in the congregation will wonder why you arn't in the choir. On your way out elbow and crowd everybody. They will think it must be fine to be so big and healthy.

2. When the deacon with pretty daughter invites you home to dinner, don't accept until you see whether anybody else asks you. When you do accept, give them the impression that you are willing to give up your good meal at camp to bring a little joy into their uneventful lives.

3. When you climb into your host's flivver, be sure to tell them about the big eight cylinder car you don't own back in New York State.

4. When you arrive at their home toss the old service hat into a corner and open the conversation by some such remark as "This is a pretty swell shack" or "Well, when will dinner be ready?" Something that will at once put your hosts at ease and show them that you are capable of directing animated conversation.

5. When dinner is announced make a dash for the table. They will know by this that you are hungry and will feed you accordingly. Use the knife freely during the meal and take pains to eat the soup loudly and distinctly as becomes a man of breeding. Don't bother to have things passed to you—grab for them. People are crazy over this cave-man stuff.

6. Manage to do most of the talking. Give them the impression that your father owns the Woolworth building; and that your family live in a palatial mansion on Fifth avenue. They'll never guess that your former experience in life consisted in knocking apples and picking clover in Afton, N. Y.

A Doughboy's Notes

No. 1. On Saluting.

Recently I happened along back of the 107th Infantry where near the _____ dummy figures of the Huns Sergeant Major Tector of the British Army was instructing a group of men in the use of the bayonet.

He was explaining some thrust point or other and his whole body was actively engaged in the exertion of the movement when suddenly an English Major appeared from out of the group to speak to him, and I saw the Sergeant Major come to attention and salute.

Until I saw the Sergeant Major salute, I really thought I was fairly slick at it myself, but since then I am diligently taking a post graduate course.

His salute was a real inspiration. It seemed to raise him instantly still higher in my estimation of him as a fine alert trained soldier.

A trained soldier must have a sound trained body and a quick working brain. He must be in perfect control of himself at all times, and be alert. The Sergeant Major's salute seemed to advertise for him that he possessed these requisites.

The Major had appeared before him quickly, but just as quickly there was a click of heels, his arms dropped to his side and he was all attention. Not a muscle quivered, his head was erect and his eyes were focused directly on the Major as his right hand came up briskly in a proper hand salute.

And yet, I am sure, the salute was no effort on the part of the Sergeant Major. He really meant it and that right in itself is the root of all success.

7. To the soldier who can tell the largest and ornamental lie about himself, the **Gas Attack** will donate a thirty-four piece brass band for advertising purposes.

8. Be sure to explain to your entertainers just why you aren't an officer. Knowing you, they naturally wonder why a man of your parts remains a mere private. With a little ingenuity this may offer you an opportunity to bring down the brass band.

9. When you have stayed so late that you're sure they aren't going to ask you to stay for supper, look at your Ingersoll wrist watch and exclaim, "Gosh, it's only six o'clock, but I've got to call on a lot of girls tonight, so I'd better start out."

It is our opinion that these rules embody the secret of real social success. Our mail has been clogged or crowded, or whatever the mail gets, with questions on etiquette and we have used great care to give our opinions on these matters which require such thoughtful attention.

E. F. L.

Some of us seem to take it a salute is a salute and that ends it, but just the same, there is a vast difference.

If a man extends his hand and grasps your hand in a firm, hearty hand-shake, you know he means it, and if you salute in an absolutely proper and snappy manner, we know you mean business, that you are a trained soldier, and that you want your salute to prove it. And don't forget the salute does.

One man recently was back in New York City on a furlough, and after saluting was on five separate occasions, stopped by officers and complimented on his salute. That man in camp is a fine soldier, and the ear marks of his efficiency stood right out in his saluting.

They say on the other side they judge the degree of discipline among a whole division by the way it renders salutations.

I really agree with a little proverb of a friend of mine that "When a thing is very easy it is a bit hard." There certainly is nothing very difficult about attaining an absolutely correct and snappy salute and yet there are many of us who deviate a bit from the correct way. It is so easy to open the fingers, bend the wrist extend the elbow out too far, etc., etc., that a good many of us, I fear, have fallen into incorrect habits. So why not a little more practice?

A famous coach of a college rowing crew a few years back, simply couldn't seem to get the men to rectify their faults as well as they should. Then he thought of having the men see their own faults with their own eyes and so he had a long mirror placed full length next to the rowing machines. The crew then watched themselves work, and after a week the crew had improved a hundred per cent.

I wonder if equally as good results could not be obtained in saluting with this same method. A large mirror could be installed in each regimental camp and once a week for a spell have each company spend an hour or so getting acquainted with their own salutes. Let Private Jones salute Private Jones! He may be surprised to find many faults with his salute and Private Jones if he is a good man will salute Private Jones next time in better style.

And if you note it is always the boy who says "Pooh, Pooh!" to such ideas that calls his division a bunch of boy scouts, and somehow always manages to stay a buck private in the rear rank.

Luckily this individual is vastly in the minority and it is the general efficiency of the majority which carries him along.

It is the boy who has the blood of a real live soldier throbbing in his veins and shows it even in such a simple performance as saluting, I hope to go over the top with.

ARMY APPETITES.

When the Allies' ax eventually finds its proper place in the neck of Mister Hohenzollern; when the boys of the Empire Division return from over yonder and Broadway's lights perk up again—when this war is all over, Billy Muldoon is going to feel the pinch of competition.

Some enterprising birds in this division will, by way of feathering their nests, acquire some pyramidal tents, some Sibley stoves and then set in at training dyspeptic gentlemen of means for the retrieving of appetites lost.

Billy Muldoon's methods are effective, 'tis true; but when this new school of body-builders sets up shop some of our well-known pill peddlers are due for a season of mourning. And where the heart is willing and the purse prepared, acidity of the stomach and anemia will vanish.

Our friends, Muldoon's prospective rivals, merely will have to imitate their old drill masters. They'll take their podgy, puffing patients and give 'em daily doses of a panacea consisting of six parts close-order drill, one part trench-digging, one part wood-chopping, one part kitchen police and one part setting-up exercises. At the expiration of thirty days of this treatment (satisfaction guaranteed or money refunded) the erstwhile sour-bellies will be storming the cook-shack for seconds of burnt snappers. They'll be able to eat anything from slum to roast-horse with harness—aye, more than able-eager is the word.

Proof of the Pudding.

Plenteous proof of all this is to be had on every side here in Wadsworth. Indeed, you need go no farther than your own trench mirror for conviction. Honestly, now, aren't you a bit better at storing grub than you used to be when you looked under the dresser every morning for your collar button? I'll lay odds on it!

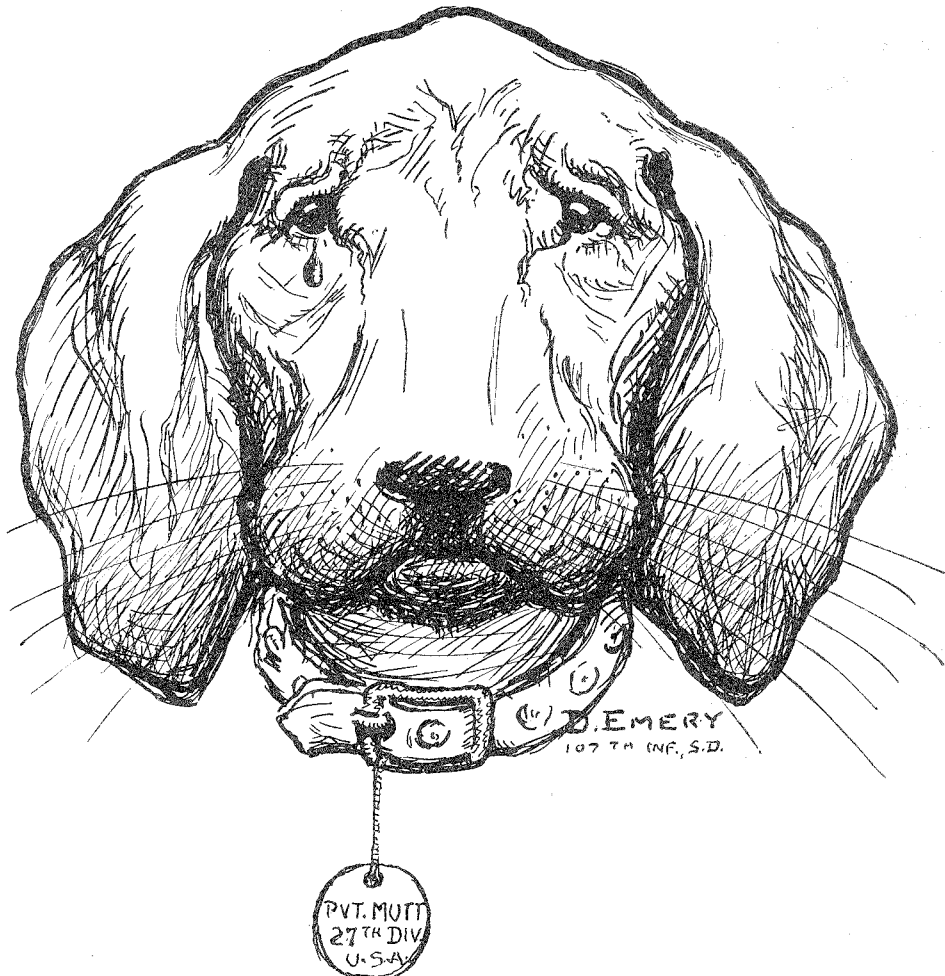
I know platoons of fellows here—and I guess I'm no different—who were wont to nibble in a half-bored, indifferent way some of the daintiest titbits Jules or Andre or Henri could produce. Everything they ate had to have a couple of layers of seasoning. Even then the chances are they'd something iced to agitate the palate. They would have sniffed contemptuously at prosaic ham-and-eggs or the like.

Then they joined the army.

Ho! For Ham and Eggs!

Down here you see these same men fussing with the cooks for another spoonful of cornmeal, or something equally plebian. Ham-and-eggs is (or are) the epitome of toothsome morsels; and even the lowly griddle-cake becomes a bite of which to dream.

To see the sundry thousands of dough-boys and leathernecks that streak into Spartanburg on the off-days as fast as legs or wheels could carry 'em, one might think that sundry thousands of "best girls" had arrived in town. But only a favored few go to meet friends of the charming sex; the



"Why Can't I Go Across?"

rest are simply participants in the usual ham-and-egg rush.

Like the toper who counts his nickels as so many mugs of lager, so we Wadsworthians figure our monthly pay as so many decks of fags and so many stacks of wheats and orders of ham-and—. Consequently, when we send a snapshot to mother or to Theodosia, our "intended," we are mistaken for Roscoe Arbuckle.

Eating as many eggs as we do it seems only natural that we should be expert in judging the average egg's age. I thought we were, too, until I learned better up at the rifle range. Eggs are like mules—you can't tell much about 'em unless they are very bad, and then you keep away from 'em.

The Hunt in the Mountains.

When we got to the range, the boys in our company combed every mountain and hillock of the country adjacent camp, looking for—ham-and-eggs. They found a place in short order, and thenceforth walked the two miles to it to feast.

"Wait till I looks in the coop and sees if them thar chickens has laid enough aigs to go around," said the white-whiskered mountaineer cook to every group that came his way.

Then the boys would eat their fill, smacking their lips and telling each other what a joy it was to get real fresh-laid eggs. Mmmm! There was all the difference

imaginable between the coop and the storage varieties!

Came a day, however, when someone, in snooping around to determine the cleanliness of the old man's kitchen, spotted three or four cases of eggs labeled, "Swift & Co."

The egg-hunters looked somewhat sheepish when they heard the truth, but nary a one as I could see permitted the disclosure to ruin his appetite for ham-and—.

Cheer up and chirrup, boys—Easter is near!

CPL. HARRY T. MITCHELL,
Co. L, 107th Inf.

PI KAPPA ALPHA.

"Will all the Brothers of Pi Kappa Alpha Fraternity communicate with the undersigned for our mutual benefit and better acquaintance?

Are you a Pi Kap? If so, I want to know you.

GEO. B. LILLY (Alpha Psi),
Corporal, Company C, 107th Inf.

OUTCLASSED.

"Well, old Crimson Gulch seems very quiet and orderly," said the traveling salesman.

"Yes," replied Bronco Bob. "When so many of the boys is away handling machine guns it doesn't seem worth while foolin' with a little toy like a six-shooter."—Washington Star.

KEEP AWAY FROM MOONSHINE.**This Soldier Didn't and His Spree Cost Him Six Years In Jail.**

While under the influence of moonshine secured while his regiment was at the Hogback mountain range in February, Wagoner James A. Payton, 105th Field Artillery, stole two pocketbooks, and shot a mule in the face, killing the animal. Last week he was found guilty by a court martial, and was sentenced to six years in prison at hard labor.

Major General O'Ryan in approving the sentence, wrote:

"Although the evils and dangers of liquor, and particularly of so-called 'moonshine liquor,' have been pointed out repeatedly to the soldiers of this division, this man disregarded these warnings and imbibed of such liquor until he became intoxicated and committed the acts referred to. Drunkenness does not condone such acts, which have reflected great discredit upon the organization to which this soldier belongs and upon this division as a whole. It is trusted that this sentence will constitute a warning to soldiers of this division who may be tempted to follow the lead of this man. The good name of the thousands of soldiers of this division who hold themselves in restraint at all times demands the summary punishment of the few who would reflect discredit upon them.

"The sentence is approved and will be duly executed at the station of his command."

MUST TAKE MORE CARE OF SHOES

The following letter has been received at Division headquarters from the acting quartermaster of the army.

"Carelessness has existed in the care and fitting of shoes; therefore must request more careful attention be given these important points in order to insure correct service. It must be realized that most of the criticism and trouble with shoes is a result of scorching and burning them.

"Heat ruins leather and rots wet leather, causing the leather to decompose in an unbelievable manner if one does not thoroughly understand the reaction that takes place.

"Shoes must be inspected regularly to see that waterproofing substance is applied often and that the men are not placing shoes near the heating apparatus. Our shoes are the best that can be made of leather, and if properly cared for, will give the maximum service expected."

Major William J. Donovan, with the American Expeditionary Force in France, who formerly commanded Troop I, 1st New York Cavalry, has been given the French War Cross for bravery in action.

A RYMBEL OF THE BASE HOSPITAL.

When days of March bring buds of May,
We've seen the winter's fall.
Whene'er we may we find a way
To leave the detail of the day
And play a little ball.

We play a little Firemen's Ball;
We off go to the Tent.
We do not weigh the cost at all,
But dance with ladies fair and tall—
The fare is not a cent.

Ah me! It is a pleasant scent,
And mess-kits must be clean.
So after meals we're sent to where
Sweet incense lifts upon the air
And curling smoke is seen.

But most of all I love the scene
When twilight settles down.
We stroll into the old canteen
And settle down—or, up, I mean—
And then we stroll around.

And then we stroll around the square,
Or stroll asquare; it makes
No odds. We see the nurses there,
And patients out to take the air,
It air so good to take!

Corp. A. F. SMITH,
Det. Med. Dept., Base Hospital.

SYMBOL FOR UPTON MEN.**77th Division Chooses Statue of Liberty as Its Distinguishing Mark.**

Camp Upton, L. I.—A reproduction of the Statue of Liberty with the numeral "7" on each side has been chosen as the official symbol of the "Metropolitan" or Seventy-seventh division. The idea was supplied by Major Lloyd C. Griscom, the division adjutant, and the design was made by Captain J. S. S. Richardson, the division intelligence officer.

When it comes time for the division to go abroad copper stencils will be made and every piece of the division baggage will be stamped with the emblem. War Department orders recently issued required all national army divisions to adopt an official symbol.

PAY ALLOTMENTS DELAYED.**More Than 60,000 Letters of Inquiry Impede Sending of Checks.**

Washington.—Preparation of February pay allotment and Government allowance checks for dependents of soldiers has been delayed by receipt of more than 60,000 letters of inquiry concerning the payments, and two weeks more may be required to complete the work.

Distribution of January checks was completed February 18.

AMERICANS IN FEVER TEST.**Volunteer Subjects Are Inoculated for Trench Fever.**

In announcing that it has been definitely determined that the disease called trench fever is transmitted by lice, the American Red Cross Research Committee sets forth other facts regarding the disease revealed by the experiments in which sixty-eight American soldiers, voluntarily inoculated, acted as subjects. These facts are formulated thus:

The disease is a hitherto unknown form of fever; it is transmitted through the bites of body lice to human beings. The infecting agent is in the blood, occurring most abundantly in the first forty-eight hours after infection. The infecting agent is held back in bacterial filters. The disease, although called trench fever, may be transmitted by lice brought from countries where no trenches ever existed, as subjects bitten by lice hatched from eggs brought from England developed the same symptoms as those bitten by lice from the trenches.

The fever has been responsible for great loss of man power at the front, and the discovery of its cause is regarded as of incalculable value to all the allied armies, as preventive measures may now be applied, as in the case of the mosquito, after that insect had been proved a carrier of yellow fever germs.

The volunteers infected with the disease suffered, as do all men who have the trench fever, but not a single one among them complained.

"One can not speak too highly of these volunteers," a member of the Research Committee said today. "They were subjected, first of all, to the strictest surveillance, were put upon an extremely restricted diet while undergoing the first disagreeable experiences, and were in anxious suspense while waiting for the painful period of the disease to set in. It was this suspense that caused the only murmurs of impatience."

MUSIC IN THE AIR.

The camp now boasts of sixteen full bands including those in the Division and those in the corps and army troops. It is planned to mass them all soon into one huge burst of sound. Bandmaster Sutherland of the 104th Field Artillery who made such a splendid success with the massed bands of the Division will conduct. The massing of these bands will mean about 1,000 musicians playing at once. Can't you hear them coming across the parade ground, crashing into "Stars and Stripes Forever?"

Officers and non-coms of the Division are to be given special instruction in the metric system, the system of measurement which prevails in France.

**CAPT. PERCY E. NAGLE, CO. G, 102D
AMMUNITION TRAIN.**

There isn't a man down here at camp, but smiles when he thinks of Percy E. Nagle. If there is a better natured and more generally, well-liked officer at Camp Wadsworth we have yet to meet him.

From the start of his career, he has stood out prominently in every endeavor to which he has given his time and energy.

He rowed on the famous Metropolitan "Eight" of the days of '82-'83 and '84, that famous crew that held many championships and a record of never being defeated.

He has been Commissioner of Street Cleaning for the City of New York.

His military record has been one of progression. It could hardly be otherwise, for a glance at the fighting stock from which he is a descendant, shows man after man who were officers of high rank.

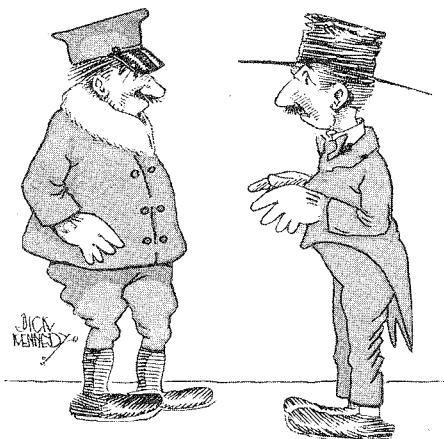
Captain Nagle was born in County Cork, Ireland, and is a direct descendant of Edmund Burke, the greatest patriot in the history of Ireland. He remembers with pride his uncles Admiral Sir Edmund Nagle, K. C. B., and Lieutenant Burton Nagle of the 17th Lancers, one of the survivors of the history-making "Charge of the Light Brigade."

Two of his nephews, one a Captain and one a Lieutenant, have already given their lives to the cause for which we are now serving. A cousin, Sergt. Frank Nagle of the Massachusetts Engineers, was one of the first eight Americans to be killed "in action," in France.

Col. Garret Nagle, a cousin, as a Captain was reported killed at Antietam, and about a year later this report was supplemented by an official order creating him a Major, and not withstanding the early exaggerated account of his death, he lived until 1912, at which time he ranked as a colonel.

Captain Nagle enlisted as a private in the 69th N. Y. Inf. 20 years ago, and rose through the various ranks in the regiment and brigade to the rank of Lieut. Col., which commission he received November 15th, 1912. On July 6th, 1917, he resigned this rank, and on the same day enlisted as a private in the 102nd Ammunition Train, the War Department, waiving all age limit regulations, in his case. On the day of his enlistment in the 102nd Ammunition Train, he was commissioned a 1st Lieutenant, F. A., and assigned to duty with 102nd Ammunition Train, as Battalion Adjutant of the Horse Section. His tireless efforts during the organization of the "Train," and the fund of good nature with which he accomplished his work all through the Ammunition Train's first encampment at Pelham Bay Park, N. Y., and subsequent movement to Camp Wadsworth, stamped him as a man of sterling qualities, and a friend to whom any enlisted man might go, with the assurance that the Lieutenant would give him a square deal.

On February 19th, 1918, Captain Nagle promoted to his present rank and assigned to the command of Company "G," 102nd Ammunition Train.



START WORK ON LIBERTY
Civilian—"Are you helping to win the war?"
Chauffeur—"Sure, I'm doing my jit."

MY TENT.

O dear little tent, I have loved you so long,
With your fireless Sibley and all,
Your olive-drab shelter has filled me with song,
And I always will answer your call;
Your floor may be bumpy and muddy and cold,
Your top may resemble a sieve,
But I wouldn't exchange you for bushels of gold,
And in no other place would I live.

Your sides never keep out the cold winter's chill,
And storms make you totter and sway,
Though nights have been weary and sombre and still,
Your shelter has made me feel gay;
You've comforted errors I've made in the past,
You've filled me with vigor anew,
I'm sure of a pal who will stick to the last,
The best friend I have—it is you.

The day's drawing nigh when I'll leave you to go,
To welcome my fate with the rest,
To charge down the line with the fast and the slow,
To prove that I'm fit for the test;
I always will cherish you—home of my dreams.
I'll remember you best if I fall,
Though I live in a palace that gilders and gleams,
I will still love you better than all.
PVT. H. A. HERTY,
Co. A, M. P.

With him, in his promotion, he carries the good will and best wishes of every soldier or civilian with whom he has ever come in personal contact. He has the respect of every man who ever served under him, and the high opinion entertained for him by Headquarters, is reflected in his recent promotion.

COMBINE MACHINE GUNNERS.

Battalions and Companies to Get Uniform Instruction.

As a result of the recent visit to Camp Wadsworth of Lieut. Col. Applin, of the British army, the three machine gun battalions of the 27th division, and the machine gun companies of each infantry regiment in the division, are to be combined for instruction purposes during the remaining weeks of the division's stay here.

Maj. Edward McLeer, of the 104th Machine Gun battalion, will be in charge as instructor. The new arrangement means that all the officers and men will get the same instructions and develop along the same lines in their work.

It is the practice in the British army to have all the machine gun units of a division under one general command, such as a brigade of artillery. It is not known whether officers of the United States army contemplate such a change or not, but General O'Ryan and the members of his staff, after hearing Col. Applin's lecture, are convinced that the best results will be obtained if the machine gunners are given uniform instruction from now on.

INFANTRY RIFLE RANGE.

**TIGERSVILLE, S. C., ORDNANCE
DEPARTMENT.**

A few days ago Gen. O'Ryan inspected this range and although his stay was short, we are sure the general was pleased. The general's quick eye lit upon a sentry smoking. The next day found that sentry escorted to his meals. Queer what little goes by the general unobserved.

The Ordnance Detachment at the range, consisting of eleven officers and thirteen enlisted men, are competing with the draft army. Barracks, shower baths and (according to Hoyle) cook stoves are the few facilities the detachment have to contend with.

Lieutenant Thompson, of the 107th, sanitary officer of the detachment, started to build a swimming hole. The dam which was a necessary feature in the work looked strong and very capable of holding the water back, but a sprinkle, as the Sod Busters here call a cloud burst, washed the dam away and so the men had to return to the six-inch creek to wash.

The detachment rendered an entertainment at the Baptist college at Tigersville. Although talentless, it brought in return a feed which the men relished and all had an enjoyable time.

Respectfully yours,
CORPORAL H. S. SPAREY.



News of the Y. M. C. A.



EDITED BY RAY F. JENNEY.

DR. JOHN R. MACKAY.

John R. Mackay was born in Scotland. He came to this country and spent two years in a high school in Rhode Island, then he returned to Scotland and spent eight years in Edinburgh University, in the New College and in the United Presbyterian College in Edinburgh. He began his ministerial work by organizing the second Presbyterian church in Providence, R. I. After seven years he was called to the First Presbyterian Church, Glens Falls, N. Y. After nine years in that famous old church was called to the North Presbyterian Church, New York City. The tenth anniversary of Dr. Mackay's work in New York was celebrated at a most enthusiastic reception given his wife and himself on February 14th, 1918. At this time Dr. Mackay was the recipient of a purse of \$1,150.00 from the congregation. In May, 1917, the men of the church presented Dr. Mackay with a beautiful six-cylinder Oldsmobile car. These gifts and the reception show how warmly Dr. Mackay is appreciated in his own church.

Dr. Mackay received recognition from New York University in bestowing the degree of D. D.; and Waynesburg College in bestowing the degree of LL. D. Dr. Mackay is a member of the New York City Rotary Club, and the X. A. Fraternity. He is vice-president of the college board of the Presbyterian church which is made up of 57 colleges. He is a member of the Church Extension Board which has the disposition and trust of several millions of dollars, including the trust and disposition of the Kennedy fund of over two millions of dollars.

The North Presbyterian Church has the honor of having the greatest number of service stars on its flag of any Presbyterian church in the New York Presbytery—there are 167. More than 40 of these boys are or have been at Camp Wadsworth. To see many of these boys, to take a helpful message to them and other boys, the church gave Dr. Mackay six weeks' leave of absence, this time to be spent at Camps Lee, Wadsworth and Gordon.

We were glad that Dr. Mackay could be with us, and we know that it was a good thing for many of us that he spent a short time at Camp Wadsworth.

ARE YOU A PHI GAM?

If so, kindly send your name, rank and organization at once to Major Frank Keck, 29 Broadway, New York City.

MORRIS H. ISAACS AT CAMP WADSWORTH.

In the "Sheridan Revielle" of March 10th is the following:

"Morris H. Isaacs, just about the biggest hearted man in Camp Sheridan, who has endeared himself to almost every soldier in the Buckeye Division, is leaving for Camp Wadsworth, Spartanburg, S. C. He goes to join his son, Captain Stanley Morris Isaacs, left old friends and abandoned everything that he might be with him.

"Captain Isaacs was formerly with the First Ohio Infantry, but when that regiment was disorganized he was transferred to Camp Wadsworth and assigned to Company F, 54th Pioneer Regiment. For one of the few times in his life his father, Morris Isaacs, asked a favor and that was that the Y. M. C. A. permit him to leave his work at Camp Sheridan and come to Camp Wadsworth to engage in Y work that he might be near his son.

"Mr. Isaacs gave up a very profitable business in Cincinnati, and went to Camp Sheridan last fall when the First Infantry Regiment was ordered there, in order to be with his son.

"The story of attachment of this father and son is one that is not often equalled. They have always been pals.

"Mr. Isaacs' knowledge of boxing and his ability in the art of self-defense made him a valuable man at Camp Sheridan where he most successfully conducted for the Y. M. C. A. a great boxing and wrestling tournament for the entire Buckeye Division. And he has done it all with no other recompense than the joy it afforded him in doing something for some one else.

"Mr. Isaacs has expressed his regret at leaving Camp Sheridan, and everyone there is sorry to see him go. However, he is happy that he is to be with his son again."

The Army Y. M. C. A. here is glad to have with them this "grand old man" and wish to assure him a most hearty welcome. We trust that his days here at Camp Wadsworth may be as happy as those spent at Camp Sheridan. Get to know "General Sunshine"; this is the name the Buckeye boys have rightly given to Mr. Isaacs.

AN APPEAL FOR RED CROSS WORKERS.

It is earnestly requested by those in charge of the work rooms at the Red Cross that the army ladies come and do their bit in this great and needy work. The Red Cross chapter on Magnolia Street calls you—"Come and aid our boys."

"THE GERMANS ARE INDIVIDUALLY DOCILE AND COLLECTIVELY DAUNTLESS," SAYS DR. A. P. BOURLARD.

96 has celebrated the arrival of spring by the installation of a sanitary drinking fountain. It has worked full time from the word "go."

These company stunt programs are still a-coming. They will surely be great when they arrive. Three companies now have committees at work.

With one battalion of the 108th at the range we shall feel a bit lonesome until the long-expected new troops arrive to fill up the 53rd Pioneers. We are all ready to give them a welcome.

After the usual religious service last Thursday evening, Mr. Pafford of Unit No. 97 introduced Dr. A. P. Bourland of Washington, the head of the Southern Chautauqua Association. Dr. Bourland gave an intensely interesting address on "The Character of the German People," describing them as "individually docile and collectively dauntless." His advice to the soldier was "put his officers out of the way, rattle and disorganize him, and you will find Fritz a helpless coward. He can do nothing except in and with his unit."

On Sunday evening Dr. Briggs, of Buffalo, the Baptist camp pastor, gave an address quite unique in its autobiographical touches. It exactly met the need of many men.

Holy Week is to be marked at 96 by religious addresses on five evenings, with moving pictures Tuesday, and Saturday evening a program of Easter music by the choir of the First Presbyterian Church of Spartanburg.

Company Bible classes have been organized in four companies of the 108th, and more are coming. The men who have tried it find it worth while, and discover that it fits in well with the military program, and with a soldier's needs.

Y. M. C. A. SENDING SLUGGERS TO FRONT.

The Louisville Y. M. C. A. is sending 144,000 baseball bats to the French front. Arrangements have been made for their transportation to the Lorraine sector. Louisville is the bat manufacturing center of the United States and is the birthplace of the famous Louisville "slugger." Several of the different types of sticks included in the lot are named after players who have exchanged the spiked shoe for the trench boot.

THE RANGE IS TRULY IN THE "LAND OF THE SKY," SAYS SECRETARIES

ALLEN AND AYRES.

The scribe for the Gas Attack hailing from "Y" Ninety-seven emits the following: That mountainous country is more pleasing to the eye than the plains, and that those who are privileged to go to the range in the mountains of South Carolina, particularly during the present prevailing pleasant weather, are better favored than those of us who must remain behind in the more or less flat mud and sand of Camp Wadsworth. This statement arises from the fact that the writer has just had the pleasure of visiting the artillery range for a too brief period of time. Arriving at Campo-Bello after an amount of going ahead, backing up, waiting, etc., sufficient to bring the hour of arrival to such a time as would not be recognized from the time table, we were conducted by Lieutenant Volkland of the 104th F. A. Supply Company to a repast which he assured us was an every day occurrence but which no one without an independent income could afford to get in Spartanburg. Indeed we doubt that the menu would be obtainable in the "City of Success." We further observe that when it comes to transportation of one's own person a mule team, providing as it does a full view of the road one is supposed to be traveling on, is vastly preferable to a motor ambulance with all curtains drawn, which at the end of an eight-mile trip leaves one with the sensation of having successfully commenced a rough ocean trip. We found the artillery boys enjoying the "simple life." Living as before the days of electric lights with the darkness illumined by the yellow glow of the wick-ed lamp or of the wax candle, or the fitful firefly gleam of the ever-present flash light. A trip at night means toes tangled in torn up roots or shins "barked" by coming in contact with some hardwood tree. Many excellent specimens of Indian arrow heads have been found as perhaps in later years specimens of the projectiles of these days may be picked up by others.

One of the interesting events of the day's order is the championship game of quoits played on the one hand by Chaplain Shipman and Captain Allerton who claim the championship of the 104th F. A. regiment and on the other hand (usually the left) by such as may have sufficient either of hope or of resignation. On the day in which observations were taken it was noted that Lieutenant Delaney and Major Austin had obtained a degree of skill which seemed to shake the optimism of the champions.

Messrs. Darrow and Oakes of the Y. M. C. A. Unit No. 100 which is serving the Artillery regiments are enthusiastic over range life having lived through cold weather, and mud, mule deep. The tents are filled each night and while not as commodious as the Wadsworth building, yet folks can at least get very close together.

One noticeable difference between the range and Wadsworth is that the "any laundry" cry is given by the Caucasians instead

of Africans. Volley ball seems to be a popular game, and the net beside the Y. M. C. A. tent is in constant use.

Four miles from camp in a pocket in the hills is located a camp of three companies of the 102nd Supply Trains. Secretaries Allen and Ayres visited the camp Sunday, making the trip on horse in the afternoon. The boys seem to be very comfortable there looking after the wood intended for fuel coming from an area of about twelve square miles. The secretaries carried with them, paper and envelopes, Gas Attacks, pencils and other supplies.

Checkers has again become popular at "Ninety-seven," there are twelve sets in hand and it is the usual thing for all or nearly all of these to be in use every evening. A team of chess players from Spartanburg visited the building on Saturday, March 9th. The visitors walked off with the honors, having secured thirteen points against eight for "Ninety-seven." Some of the soldier boys were absent, so that a full team could not be put in the field. It is expected, however, that a trip will shortly be made to Spartanburg, when it will be necessary for the civilian team to be even better prepared if they expect to accomplish a like result.

Chief among interesting events of the week was the coming of the new Religious Work Secretary, Dr. Rollin H. Ayres, of Sterling, Colorado. Dr. Ayres comes directly from his pastorate, a live man sent to us from a big, live church in the West, and fills up the wide gap in this unit made by the absence of Rev. Charles Ford, now an army chaplain stationed at Fortress Monroe. Ayres made his debut Sunday evening in a stirring and forceful address to a representative bunch of our heavy artillerymen, and was accorded a most cordial welcome by the fellows after the message.

David T. Burgh has gone to France. Burgh was a regular fellow, too. No wonder he qualified for overseas. Lots of men would not have taken Dave for a minister—the way he got out and got under in all that sloppy weather when he first came to us in his citizen's clothes back there eight weeks ago. He's gone back to Maine to get married and tell his wife good-bye, and sail. And it's bon voyage from his friends. That's us.

Educationally speaking, Unit 97 is marching along. Pafford has got his class in short-hand taking dictation right along, on a course of ten weeks instruction. The classes are so arranged that new men can enter any time, and still not interfere with the progress of the others. Other classes which were well organized at the time the 106th Artillery boys went to the range have been reorganized out of the 105th men who returned to Camp, and the Ammunition Train and the Supply Train whom we have always with us. Classes under way now are French, Algebra, Spanish and English.

Dr. A. P. Bourland, Director of the Chau-tauqua of the South, stopped off with us for a couple of days on his way South, and gave three lectures on Germany and the German people.



Oakes is Gassed

"DO NOT LET YOUR GOOD STAND IN THE WAY OF YOUR BEST," SAYS DR. MACKAY, OF NEW YORK.

Last week saw a little of the old time "pep" at No. 93. On Friday night Dr. Mackay, of New York City, gave a stirring message to a good crowd of men. Among the many interesting and helpful things that Dr. Mackay said was the wonderfully true admonition of the old French motto: "Do not let your good stand in the way of your best."

Sunday, March 17th, was a busy day. Chaplain Harper held a communion service at 10:45 A. M. Chaplain Hanscom held his regular regimental service. The evening service was addressed by Mr. F. J. Knapp, building secretary of Unit No. 92. Mr. Knapp made a fine address to a very good sized crowd.

Among the new men who have come to Camp recently is the 13th Pennsylvania Infantry band. This band was welcomed to our building Monday night, March 18th, and to say they made a "hit" would be putting it mildly. Leader Samony and his men gave a fine, well-balanced program. The features of the evening were solos by Mr. Shuteck on the trombone, Mr. Bauer on the violin, accompanied by Mr. Sampson on the piano. Seldon has a musical program attracted so much favorable applause.

Another feature at No. 93 added this week is a boxing class for officers. Mr. Davis, our athletic director, has 25 officers enrolled in this class. The class meets three times a week. Jack Driscoll, of the 2nd Pioneer Regiment, is the instructor.

A bit of welcome news came over the wire Monday. Frank Rice, our efficient social work secretary, is coming back to us. We are sorry Mr. Rice couldn't get to France but we will all be glad to see him back to Unit No. 93.

News From Division Units

THE PIGEON SECTION.

Correspondence From a New Branch of the Signal Corps.

Editor Gas Attack:

The Pigeon Section of the Signal Corps seems to be unknown to a large majority of the men in camp.

We therefore are taking this liberty to write you concerning this practically new branch of the U. S. Army and also regarding the eleven enlisted men selected from over 800 applications for this all-important work.

It is a well known fact that Homer and Carrier pigeons are being used to great advantage on the battle fields of France.

Invariably telegraph wires are destroyed by bursting shells and the wireless messages are made indistinct and unplain by the terrible conglomeration of noises during the big battles. It is in these instances as well as scouting trips that the Carrier pigeons prove their great value.

An aviator will go out to look for new enemy movements and instead of returning to report his findings, he will release one of the birds, who carries the news back to the lines, thus allowing the aviator to continue his trip and secure further discoveries. These important little messengers require the best of care and very careful training.

The following are the men picked for the Pigeon Section of the 27th Division and are attached to Division Headquarters:

Corporal Wainwright Swain, formerly of Co. A, 106th Inf.; Corporal Sheehan, formerly of 102d Supply Train; Corporal Taintor, formerly of Co. K, 107th Inf.; Corporal Hogas, formerly of 104th Field Artillery; Private Cliff Swain, formerly of Co. A, 106th Inf.; Private Vandiveer, formerly of Co. E, 107th Inf.; Private Henninger, formerly of Co. I, 106th Inf.; Private O'Dele, formerly of Co. E, 107th Inf.; Private Juber, formerly of Artillery; Private Brady, formerly of 102nd Supply Train; Private Thorn, M. G. Co. of 105th Inf.

A little incident occurred between "Diamond Jim" Brady and "Si" Thorn, the well known gambler from the West, who also keeps a large cattle ranch in Pennsylvania. Brady, who sells lots in civilian life to help keep his gentlemanly fingers covered with "ice" stones, immediately upon his arrival from the 102nd Supply Train, spied old "Si" and quickly came to the conclusion that an opportunity of getting rid of a lot had come his way. Only last summer "Jim" had evidently waited 4 long hours for the tide to go and to snap the photo of this "dandy" piece of ground which he showed "Si." "Si" studied the picture for sometime, then fumbling through about a thousand

DANGEROUS DAN MCGREW

E Battery, 105th F. A., Dramatizes Service.

In the tent next to the creek that runs through the 105th F. A. camp site in E Battery street there was enacted by the occupants the story of Dangerous Dan McGrew. Dug Long took the leading part, Teddy Schich, Pansygrau's side partner, was the woman known as "Lou." Red Nolan, who lost his wonderful "golden locks" up at the range, played the part of Dangerous Dan. Hen Curran, alias "Gene the Barber," played the music box, and almost knocked it through the floor. Things were running along in great shape until it came to the part where the lights were put out. Two shots were fired, but this was not all, our corporal who was just about to enter the tent got hit with a foot locker, our audience, Jack McGurn, got presented with a hob nail.

Red Nolan and Jack McGurn are delighted with the locality of their tent, bordering on the creek, as it puts them in mind of dear old "Lavender Lake" (Isowanus Canal) Co.

Corporal Di Roberts has chevrons painted on his boots. It's a good thing he isn't a general.

Sergeant Braig, alias The "Clutching Hand," the Geraghty society officer of the Fifth Section Detail, is still after Schich for playing hooky from school.

Our Top Sergeant Jim Harper had the mechanics make him a chest for his whistle and he also added three men to the battery guard. This speaks for itself.

Bill Weinburg, the furlough kid, received a cake. Geo. Black, after eating a piece, complimented Bill by saying: "It's pretty tough when we have to eat this."

H. W. C.

papers displayed before the Eagle eyes of Brady a photograph of a huge bull and offered it in exchange.

Brady laughed to himself as the papers were signed and the agreement made. Each took the photo of his newly owned property and they glance now and then at the pictures with pride. However it is hard to figure out just who did get the better of the transaction, for old "Si" photographed the "Bull" from a Bull Durham advertising sign in Pittsburgh. Guess there will be some surprises after the war when both go to claim their bargain.

PIGEON SECTION SIGNAL CORPS,

Per E. C. C.

MECHANICAL UNIT ARRIVES.

Will Establish General Repair Depot for Camp Automobiles Preparatory to Overseas Duty.

Machine Shop Truck Unit 319 Q. M. C. arrived in camp last week from Camp Meigs, Washington, D. C., and have been "billeted" in barracks near the remount station.

Lieutenant H. E. Dickerman, Q. M. C., N. A., in command, was called to Washington from Camp Johnston, Jacksonville, Fla., to form the unit now casually attached to the Camp Quartermaster.

The enlisted personnel consisting of twenty-five enlisted men were selected because of their knowledge of various work connected with the repair and upkeep of automobiles. Their machine shop and repair depot is being rapidly constructed near their quarters and good work is promised by the command as soon as their plant is completed.

This unit will not be permanently stationed here but is preparing itself for overseas duty and while here will do much needed work on camp machines. In France they will be armed with automatics and will work close to the front lines. They will be equipped to move with our advancing armies, having cargo trucks, portable work sheds, etc., thus being a moving garage, so to speak.

Seventeen states are represented by men in the unit. Armour D. W. Redwine is 1st sergeant; John W. Bauhaus, Thomas E. Duer and John Pensock, corporals, while Chas. F. Bear, Henry J. Blakely, Bud J. Boismier, Earl E. Cary, John Chenoweth, E. H. Cheney, Elie DuFour, Leon A. Duffy, Carl J. Hager, Edward Ingold, John S. Johnston, Peter S. Kehrer, James F. Noll, Clarence W. Norris, Lemuel L. Ogden, Glenn E. Osborn, Eugene Rekouski, Frederick Roth, John Roth, Hobart Webb and William H. Weir make up the remainder.

GAZINTA.

One gazinta two; two gazinta four,

My name gazinta the black book
When I goes in the sergeant's door.

Three gazinta six; four gizanta eight,

Nothin' gazinta my mess pan
When I'm fifteen minutes late.

Pay-roll gazinta the adjutant, the adjutant
gazinta a trance;

If we get paid by the twentieth,
It's only by a chance.

—MACNABB.

(Robertson, E., 105th.)

LET 'IM SLEEP!

From That Correspondent of Co. C,
108th Infantry.

I am.

Do I get it?

I do—NOT.

Why?

I'll tell you—listen.

I lay me down to sleep, (Gee, I'm tired) my lamp lids close, I begin to doze—I feel the welcome drowsiness overpowering my tired muscles, and I'm about to enter the land of nod, when—the silent atmosphere is rent asunder with YEW.*-YIP.*-YRWE—some leather lunged peanut vender in "D" company street, next door, for no reason whatever rips off a series of Pawnee Bill's yells that makes my hair stand (I'm not bald) but lays me liable to an S. C. D. or a grave yard kimona Sh-Sh I've got a weak heart. I sit up with a start, listen intently, ask myself, gee are we attacked?—but, no, the German measles are at the B. H. closely guarded.

Again I'm in pursuit of slumber; I coax and kid myself into going asleep, I count to 436 and finally feel the grip of Morpheus upon me and then—"Harmony" what—Trio in B street comes to life, or death, and agony prevails once more.

Then next door is our own company, some poor weather beaten gink is exercising his one lung in yelling—Corporals up for O. D. Liquor—Corporals up for O. D. Furloughs. Quiet reigns once more, but only for a minute. E company starts in with their victrola strains of "The Old Grey Mare" reach me, and golly I'd like to smash that dinged machine. Quiet—what's that?—oh—only some guy in the band practicing scales on his cornet.

I glance at my watch (not wrist one) half past taps—Leven thirty and no sleep for yours truly.

Say, why can't these guys be transferred to ward 15—B. H.? They welcome that kind over there. The doc does to them what I like to do—feed them rest pills.

"Hoover" Krause, our noted mess sergeant, put one in the Groove when he sprung the following on one of the Q. T. C.'s.

They had eggs for breakfast—yes—they—and the O. T. C. asked Hoover if the eggs were fresh. Hoover replied "Must be, I just laid them on the table."

Corporal Red McCarthy, the "Irish Com-edy," is entertaining the sick at ward 10—B. H. "Red" is on the road to recovery after an operation for Hernia.

Private "Roly" Fox won the corduroy pocket-book the other night (Saturday). Fox was walking post about 11:30 p. m. Observing some one approach the following order was issued:

"Halt—who is there?"

Reply, "Officer of Day."

Fox—"Take distance to be recognized."

Hey, Mooney," cried Sergeant Caton, "How many men in your squad?" "Seven," replied Corporal Painful Pete. "Send half up to the kitchen," hollered Caton.

Ted Drumm answered sick call. The doctor prescribed medicine to be taken two weeks running, upon arising in the morning. Drumm claims it's a hard job to swallow two pills while running the length of the company street.

Corporal Brower was told to report at infirmary after he had his teeth inspected.

With one knee on his chest and a drill in his mouth, the Dent D. remarked, "This tooth was filled once before. I find copper fillings. Eddie sobbed—"Gee, Doc, yer down to my collar ornaments."

Sergeant Stull, just back from a Hundred Dollar Furlough—George's photo in a Syracuse paper caused many a girl's heart to beat faster. How about those letters, George, eh?

Yer can't tell what you may have to resort to after the war. Learn telegraphy.

Captain Farmer and First Lieutenant Shaw have rigged up ticker from their tents to officers of Co. B. Maybe it is for instruction work—and then—

"Cause for worry"—That is what our Lieutenant Grass said when the jumps run schedule took effect. Now you can see our captain and lieutenant out on trial runs using as a speedway the officer's street near the tents. Much dust is raised.

Story, Michels, Hogan and Meyer occupants of unnecessary corporals tent usually enjoy a night feast of bread, jam and cocoa.

According to Cook Allen this won't last long, for he has put a lock on the pantry door. "No more of that old Mother Hubbard stuff for me."

Maybe Allen thinks the boys don't buy the supplies at the canteen. Maybe yes.

Trouskie found a cheap way to travel. Traveled from Spart. to Syracuse on a piece of paper that cost nothing—and will return on it too. Yep—Joe has a RR pass. Gee, some people are lucky.

"Chief" Powles of the noted Oneida tribe of Indians left us for "over there."

"General Mdse" Mabie still continues to direct the movements of our army—on paper. No telling where our army would be, if Mabie quit talking.

"Casey" Jones had a battle with the enemy—German Measles. Casey won and is now marked duty.

Understand Schaefer is trying for a furlough. Reasons—to get married. Some guys don't know when they're well off.

CORPORAL JACK MEYER,
Co. C, 108th Inf., U. S. A.

BATTERY A, 105TH FIELD ARTILLERY.

After many, many months of gold-bricking, Private Joel Tydeman has landed the position of guidon. Not being contented with this soft job, he has retired to the Base Hospital for a vacation. We are waiting for him to find something easier than the Base Hospital or marry a couple of nurses.

S. E.



Private Bill Spudd's dream after absorbing a jar of jam, three bottles of ginger ale, one chapter of "Over the Top," two peach pies and an ice cream cone.

BATTERY E, 105TH FIELD ARTILLERY.

While on old guard fatigue last Tuesday morning the first sergeant gave the corporal in charge the order to have the men clean up the battery street of all the old papers, rags and garbage. Some how or other this clean-up detail overlooked Barney Williams.

Corporal Charlie Morrell, the most handsome man in the 52nd Field Artillery Brigade, and who is called by the ladies of Spartanburg, the Paul Swan of the 27th Division, has been awarded the honor of carrying the Red Cross banner in the parade which is to take place in Spartanburg some time in April. It is to be remembered that Charlie is an old timer when it comes to carrying banners. For the last ten years he was head banner carrier of Billy's Chop House, 149th Street and Third Avenue.

Thursday evening, March 14th, marked the opening of a series of dances given for the enlisted men of the 27th Division which was held at their new club house on Main street. The affair proved a great success. The Spartanburg social set attended in great numbers, there being as many as two present to act as dancing partners for the 4,000 artillery men that were assembled there. All proved very well until Private John Tracy of Battery E, 105th F. A., who acted in the capacity as waiter at the lemonade counter, shouted at the top of his marvelous voice, "Come and get it, it's free." In the grand rush that followed the casualties were numerous. In looking over the injured there were found to be twenty-eight suffering from fracture of the skull, thirty-two with broken legs and fifty blinded from having fingers pushed into their eyes. The number found to be suffering from minor injuries were dressed by the doctors who were called in and left for camp. All in all the affair proved a great success, the men returning to camp in good spirits, all with the hope that another enjoyable evening will present itself shortly again.

J. K. J.

NEW Q. M. CLUBHOUSE.

Other News Notes From the Camp Quartermaster Detachment.

The fighting Q. M. is getting a shot at drilling these mornings. I said drilling, but that isn't exactly the word to use for it. You regulars and otherwise should take a day off to watch the Rookie squads do squads East and West. Every move a picture.

There was a meeting held on Monday, Sergeant McLaughlin as chairman, to decide upon a suitable site for the new Q. M. clubhouse. After some discussion it was agreed upon that the building should be just off the main roadway, about half way between the magazines. This building will be 50x100 feet and for the use of the Q. M. Corp. only. One of the main features will be an open air "movie" and the best available pictures will be shown. The entire camp is invited to these pictures and we trust that many of the men will take advantage of same.

Now that Sergeant Tom O'Rourke has been made sergeant overseer of the plumbing bunch we feel sure our pipes will be in the pink of condition and we are plum proud of you, Tom.

Big-hearted Charlie Steinmetz was detailed to special duties Sunday. Assisted by Sergeant Moore, he performed his task in a very soldierly manner.

The many friends of Private Gross are invited to visit his onion patch in warehouse No. 6. Nothing like showing your patriotism, Grossy, in a strong way.

Has anyone noticed the "road louse" down in front of No. 25, these chilly mornings, covered with an O. D. blanket? Is it a camouflage or just to keep off the dew?

Dad Kramer has been hitting 'em up here lately. She is O. K. Dad, but my advice is not to ride running boards. We are happy to hear of your son's good fortune in getting a commission. Luck to him.

Patrick O'Grady, formerly of the ammunition train, has received a commission as 2nd Lieutenant, and is now on the high seas, bound for "somewhere in France."

The Q. M. baseball team is beginning to "round up" in fine shape, and although the first team has not been definitely drawn, it is understood that 15 men have been measured for uniforms, and our prospects look very promising. The game with the Remount had to be called off Sunday, on account of rain, which was a great disappointment to us. We invite challenges from any of the teams in camp and promise to give nine innings brim full of pep. There is a second team being formed, with Sergeant Peterman as captain. This team is scheduled to play the Feld Bakery on Sunday, March 24th, on the Q. M. Oval at 3:00 p. m. If arrangements can be effected, the First Q. M. team will play the Remount with the following line-up:

COMPANY E, 105TH INFANTRY.

Well, the company was in the trenches for their 72-hour period. What! You didn't notice it? Well, perhaps then you noticed the baffled and amazed look on the English and French officers and non-coms. That was caused by us. One of said English officers lost \$10 on our stay, too. And he is of Scotch descent, so you can realize that we were on our toes all the time.

While we were in there, someone told Red Mack that there was three kinds of mess-kits. One for firsts, one for seconds, and one for thirds. Red said he was inspecting gas masks, but the mess-kits got a better inspection. He and Hungry Heffernan had a battle at each meal for the leadership of the mess line.

Corporal Payez was our non-com. Every time the wind would blow, somebody would wake Joe up and ask him if it was dangerous. Joe finally concluded that no matter what way the wind was blowing it would be dangerous for the next gorm that woke him up.

Lucky thing for Joe though that there was no enemy attacks following the gas attacks, because one night he was awakened by the gas alarm and in his hurry he put on Company Clerk Marsh's shoes. Fearlessly Joe rushed into the midst of the gas, but on taking a corner in one of the traverses on high, one of the shoes turned sideways and Joe was stuck. The Pioneers on detail next day were the only ones who could relieve the situation.

The first day we were in there, the gas alarms worked wonderfully. During the day time we ran them on the Penn. R. R. schedule. "Every hour on the hour." But at night we went them one better and had them every half hour.

Supply Sergeant Werdann is busy refusing to accept any cots. Everybody wants to turn theirs in because they have no further use for them. Last week we used them one night (Thursday) and the next morning we had to go out and battle the 108th Regiment. Methinks that they have a shortage of cots over there and that they didn't know we were home again. We fooled them, though.

During the exciting battle Eddie Jordan, the 39-year-old wonder, was outpointed by one of the referees. Eddie claims that he could have licked an army if there was no referees around to make him be captured.

Osborne, catcher; Morton, pitcher; Edwards, pitcher; Blakely, 1st base; Mulvihill, 2nd base; Gleason, short stop; Denton, 3rd base; Barilla, center field; Ward, left field; Maher, right field; Waring and Miller, utility; Gross and Kelly, subs.

Any communications may be addressed to either Captain Mulvihill or Manager Tom Dorsey, care Camp Quartermaster Headquarters.

TROTTI.

COMPANY B, AMMUNITION TRAIN.

Sharp Shot from Private T. A. Elsaser.

Who in the 27th Division has not heard of Campobello and Gowansville? Everyone knows that Gowansville is up the road a piece from Campobello, and that the range is up the road a speck from there. In these two unpretending little villages, Co. B is stationed fifty-fifty, with the manly occupation of loading and transferring baggage to and from the range.

A few days ago, our human oak tree—Batty by name—when handling a three-foot mirror belonging to the 107th, slipped and knocked the driver to the ground, and then stepped on the poor mule, actually pinning him to the earth. His 13 1-2 shoe, supplied personally by the Quartermaster General, is a veritable trip-hammer. With such men in the company, the 107th might as well bring chiffoniers and all.

Then too, Mackay, another of our husks, wants a lot of work, to get rid of the twenty pounds he gained during his furlough at the base hospital.

The Campobello Plumbing Co. has added hair cutting to its line. Several saucers are included in the new equipment to help guide the razor. Victims to their wily arts are policed by Billy Williams and Jim Slattery who are fine barbers and accept I. O. U's.

The chevron industry received a big boost some time ago when Corporal Brefka was made.

George Klee and "Buck" Randall are hereby accused of propogandaism. They are aiming for a reversal of reville and taps so they may sleep through the day.

Major Oats is the only enlisted man in our company of that rank. He issues oats from a thimble. Until it was discovered that Sergeant Faville was planting an oat lawn in front of the top tent, the major—alias Private C. E. Austin—reported a shortage of 26 oats.

High Privates Pop Carruthers, McElver and Bortle would like to get into communication with all the men in the division who saw border service. They want cues for new yarns begun with "when I was down on the border."

Fine horseshoe links have been constructed at the Gowansville cantonment and several ringer and hubber stars have been unearthed. Mess Sergeant McGee is the singles champ, because of so much spare time for practice.

Privates Singleton and Sopham hold the leading positions in Campobello society with Springer and Rizzo close seconds. They are masters in the etiquette of cotton bee socials.

April 8th is hereby declared card-shower day. Send all mail to Private Bill DeMers. He loves it.

We have several former members of the famous Russian Women's Battalion of death—among them, Sergeant Gurley, Privates Darling, Marion Rich, Francis Kuntz, Francis Cook, and Pearl Austin.

J. A. E.

BARRACKS BAG MYSTERY.

Battery F, 104th F. A., Presents a Perplexing Problem.

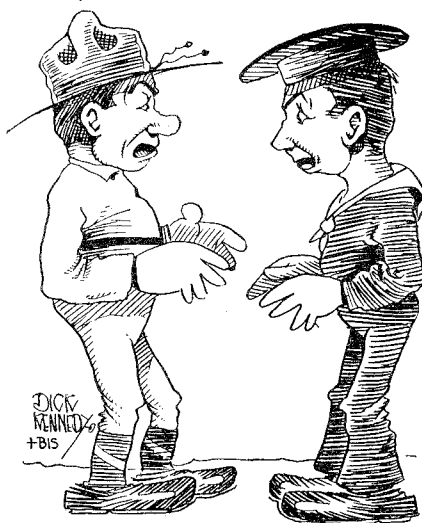
A few months ago we discarded our boxes with their many shelves and locks for the w. k. & j. c. barrack bags. These bags are wonderful contrivances but they must have been invented by a man who only owned one suit of B. V. D.'s. They say the Gas Attack has a circulation of 20,000 copies. We wonder if there is not someone who reads (and enjoys) this magazine that can come to our rescue and solve a most important question. Why is it that if you lay an article on the top of your barracks bag in five minutes it will be at the bottom of all your belongings. The writer has tried to fathom it out on all the theories possible but without any success at all. A laboratory test was made by the Special Detail a few weeks ago. A carefully marked pair of socks (you know, the kind that were knitted by the "sweetest, etc.") were laid by A on the top of a tightly packed barracks bag. B was placed on guard over the bag and A left the tent. The latter returned in 15 minutes and B swore before the committee that nobody was seen at or near the bag. However, A was unable to find the socks where he had placed them. Upon emptying the contents of said bag the socks were found carefully rolled in with a pair of breeches. It is a mystery, but nevertheless a fact. Cannot some kind reader help us out? Perhaps one of you are a friend of the famous Houdini. Could he explain it?

It is only because we have not had a press agent that you have not had columns upon columns of Battery F news, the 104th Field Artillery. Now we will come from under "a bushel." Do not think that a Brisbane has been brought to light. No, it is only one of the 180 men, who have been questioned by "fond relatives" concerning the lack of notes, that is writing those few words.

Since January 5th, Battery F has been attached to the Officers Training School as the instructing battery. Doesn't that sound well? We arrived at our new campsite only to find that the drainage system installed by our predecessors had not been a success. The mud was a foot deep. However, our road and drainage experts with the aid of a warm sun and a stiff breeze soon made the street a Broadway of the camp. It is now a pleasure to stand retreat on the high and dry thoroughfare.

The duties of the battery at the training school have been many and various—but we won't waste valuable space telling you everything we do.

Our Top Soak, Sergeant Malley, is learning some of the latest pokes and stabs at the Division School of the Bayonet. He tells us they keep him going pretty steadily all day. It is a good thing Kenny wasn't assigned to the work.



Soldier—"How bad are you?"
Sailor—"There are only two bad men on this ship and I am both of them."

COMPANY H, 51ST PIONEERS.

The Storm tent (buglers, mechanics and cooks) are the same old bunch that started house-keeping at the Arsenal.

"Rheumatics" Mack must have sold his book on crap shooting to a certain party, by the way said party is making passes.

Bugler Tieman only missed Reveille seven times last week. Cheer up, Georgie, the weeks are going to be longer.

"Apple-O Joe" Bellesheim still writes his letters by candle-light after Taps. If he mislays that candle Sadie gets no letters.

Supply Sergeant P. N. (Painful & Noisy) Young has returned from a furlough with a smile that won't come off—cause "The girl and the Minister." Congrats from the Storm Tent, Percy.

Pop Lowe, the "Yiddish Nightingale," is looking worried again. Cheer up, there's worse details than K. P.

Incinerator Sergeant O'Brien has been reduced to an every day Corporal.

Three motorcycles are being used at the school. The job of running them seems softer than even our congenial clerks' work. George wonders what makes the blame thing run alone for 100 yards before falling. Especially after he has suddenly given her the limit of gas and has just as suddenly been left behind—hitting the ground with a thud.

Sergeants Humphreys, Smith, O'Brien, Corporals Schilling and McGill are learning a great deal about artillery at the School. The Battery wishes them the best of luck.

A monkey chase took place in the street last week when a mascot of a neighboring regiment broke loose. The little episode made Corporal Cananico a trifle homesick. We haven't discovered the reason as yet, though someone suggested that perhaps he had been in the hand organ business before the war.

One of our sergeants has a brand new O. D. whistle. They say he was trying it out in the woods. MESS HOUND.

55TH PIONEER INFANTRY.

The officers of the Third Battalion tendered a get-together party to Major Lyman A. Wood the other evening on the occasion of the Major's birthday. The chairman of the arrangements, Captain John H. Knuebel, Company I, even adducted a piano to make the affair a success. With the aid of First Sergeant Earl Borron and Mess Sergeant Hunter Crooks of I Company, the officers' mess hall was decorated with wild (?) flowers for the occasion. The 55th Pioneer Orchestra furnished the music for dancing and Privates Detig and Parrish of C and M Companies sang several solos.

The recent change in schedule which advanced the first call for Reveille from 6.30 to 5.45 A. M. was eagerly welcomed by the permanent K. P. who claim that it gives them greater opportunity to think up other delicacies for our table.

Colonel Arthur Kemp is on a leave of absence and no doubt has been giving good reports about the skeletonized 74th regiment to its friends in Buffalo. Colonel Kemp is keenly interested in the Pioneer work and has built up a splendid officers organization since the full complement of officers arrived.

First Sergeant Joe McAvoy, Company L, certainly hates publicity. He was discovered last Monday boiling his chevrons—no, don't get it wrong, they are boiled you know to make them smaller—not to bleach 'em out.

Color Sergeant Jack Wall who was reduced to Sergeant at his own request and transferred to Company I, claims that he is in the best outfit in the regiment; and Private McLean, who is the whole enlisted strength in that company, agrees with him that it is a fact.

First Sergeant Harry Ashdown of Company F, and First Sergeant Martin Mulligan, Company M, both student officers at the Officers Training School, dropped in to see the boys last Sunday on their "day of rest." Both sergeants are in the best of condition and both are looking forward to rejoining their old regiment as commissioned officers very soon. It is hoped that this will be the case as Harry and Mart, as the enlisted men may still name them, will get a rousing reception when they report here for duty.

The regimental canteen recently opened has been a big success from the start. Lieutenant Gilbert is in charge and is ably assisted by Sergeant "Art" Wills of Company A, Band Sergeant Schwab, and Musicians Lauer and Ostertag. The location of the canteen at the head of the 55th Pioneer regimental street next to Y. M. C. A. building No. 95, affords a splendid opportunity for business. In addition to that the Whitman station of the P. & N. railroad is at the end of Supply Co. street. To accommodate the patrons of the P. & N., the 55th Pioneer Canteen is open every night until the 10.20 train from Spartanburg arrives at Whitman Station.

Regimental Sergeant Major Tom Heard has the classiest office in the Division and keeps things on the go all the time. Get those pay rolls in on time and he'll get you your money on the first of the month every time.

CAMP SPORTS

Edited by F. J. ASHLEY

MAINE PIONEERS LATEST ATHLETIC LEADERS.

Have Carried Off Everything In Sight Since Arrival Here.

Speaking of baseball, we have been looking over the newly arrived team from Maine, the 56th Pioneers, formerly known as the First Maine Heavy Artillery. No sooner had they arrived in Camp Wadsworth than they began to lick everything in sight. They started in with the 52nd Pioneers, a New York regiment, and after the Yanks had lasted through nine innings of patronizing jibing from the Gotham outfit the score stood 21 to 4 in their favor.

The next victims of the Maine battlers were the diamond experts of the 4th Pioneers, the old 6th Massachusetts. Up until the sixth inning it looked like a cinch for the Cape Cod team, but after that the Manioc found the range and it was all over but the cheering. This time they led 9 to 4.

In an effort to defend the good name of their state, the 3rd Pioneers, formerly the 5th Massachusetts, took up the argument next, but it was no use. The 8th Massachusetts, now camouflaged as the 5th Pioneers, also got into the whirl, with a like result. In each case the Maine sluggers found things so easy that they were too modest to even announce their big leads.

Their latest conquest was a 19 to 8 battle with the 105th Infantry from New York. The doughboys were a leg weary crew when the Yanks decided to make peace.

The Maine players are sure that there must be some strong teams in camp. They have not met them yet but are willing to do so. They do not stop there. They maintain that they are the leaders in boxing and wrestling as well and judging from their recent entries in the Camp tournament they are entitled to their opinion.

FORMER CUB STARS WITH 106TH BASEBALL TEAM.

Dick Cotter, a former catcher of the Chicago Cubs, was the star in the game last Sunday between Companies A and C of the 106th Infantry. He played shortstop on the latter team and was a big aid in bringing home a 10 to 3 victory. Muddell, another old-timer from the International League, was on the mound for the winners.

Score by innings— R. H. E.
 Company C.....022 114 000—10 11 2
 Company A.....300 000 000— 3 6 3
 Batteries—Muddell and Florence; Snider and Grero.

SUPPLY TRAIN SURPRISES 106TH SOCCER STARS.

The 106th Infantry's soccer team, which has been looked upon as the ultimate winner of the Division tournament, was put out of the race, last Saturday, when the 102nd Supply Train put over a 4 to 2 victory. It was the first time the doughboys have ever allowed their goal line to be crossed. The championship of the 27th Division now lies between the Supply Train and the rapidly improving Sanitary Train eleven.

The 106th with its college lineup working in good shape had things all its own way during the first half. When the period ended the score was 2 to 0 in its favor. Immediately after the start of the second half the whole aspect of the contest changed. The Buff Cord players got into second speed and while the footmen were floundering around, unable to get anywhere near the goal, the speed kings tallied four times.

FLUSHING SOLDIERS THROW BIG SCARE INTO WOFFORD.

Company I, 51st Pioneers, an aggregation from Flushing, Long Island, which has been making itself famous in the athletic annals of the camp, met Wofford College on the baseball field a week ago Wednesday. Although defeated by the collegians, the soldiers gave them a big scare in the ninth inning when they came within one run of tying the score.

Score by innings— R. H. E.
 Co. I, 51st Prs.....100 000 002—3 6 2
 Wofford College.....300 001 00*—4 6 1
 Batteries—Fountain and Lewis; Outz and Rivers.

WOFFORD COLLEGE TAKES ANOTHER GAME FROM PIONEER OFFICERS.

The strong Wofford College baseball team scored another victory at the expense of the Pioneer officers last Saturday. This time the staff of the 51st Pioneers supplied the victims for the college players. The score was 3 to 0.

The Woffordites jumped into the lead in the first inning. With two out, Vaughn walked, stole second, and rode home on Ebberle's double to deep left. The other two runs came in the fifth.

Ebberle, Vaughn and Bozeman featured for the Southerners, while O'Kael, Swartz, Hiorons and Cobb starred for the officers.

Score by innings— R. H. E.
 Wofford100 020 00*—3 5 2
 Officers000 000 000—0 10 5

105TH SUPPLY COMPANY CLOSES SEASON WITH VICTORY.

Company I, 51st Pioneers, Meets Downfall in Last Game.

Company I, 51st Pioneers, met an unexpected defeat on the basket-ball court in the closing game of the season. The Supply Company, 105th Infantry, upset the dope by winning 24 to 20. At the end of the opening period the Pioneers were leading 13 to 9 but they found it impossible to withstand the onslaught of their heavier opponents near the end of the game.

The line-up:
 Supply Co., 105th Inf. Co. I, 51st Pioneers (24) (20)
 GaynorL.F..... Simmons
 MorrisR.F..... Fritz
 DuvalC..... McLeod
 O'NeillR.G..... Runge
 KendrickL.G..... Hinsley
 Field Goals—Morris, 5; Kendrick, 1; Duval, 1; Gaynor, 1; Simmons, 2; Fritz, 3; Hinsley, 2; McLeod, 1.
 Foul Goals—Morris, 7; Simmons, 3.
 Referee—Ortner, Army, Y. M. C. A.

OFFICERS OF 106TH CLAIM TITLE.

The baseball team composed of officers of the 106th Infantry advises that it is, without doubt, the best commissioned nine in the camp. They have delegated Mr. Jenney of the Y. M. C. A. to hunt up prospective victims for them. In order to get the best players of the regiment for their team they have started a series of inter-battalion contests. In the opener, the Second Battalion had a runaway from the Third, winning 22 to 6.

Third Batt.0 1 1 0 0 4 0— 6
 Second Batt.4 3 7 6 0 2 x—22
 Batteries—First Lieutenant Brennan and Captain Conroe; First Lieutenant Callahan and First Lieutenant Hochist.

CO. I, 51ST PIONEERS AT IT AGAIN.

Company I, 51st Pioneers had another hot time in its last baseball game. This time the players of Company M, 108th Infantry were sacrificed to the glory of the Flushing warriors. The score was 21 to 4. The Pioneers got a total of seventeen safe hits, while the best the doughboys could do was four.

1ST PIONEERS LEARN TO USE MITTS.

Classes have been started at Unit 93 in both boxing and wrestling. Separate sessions have been arranged for the officers and enlisted men. The First Pioneers have supplied all of the entrants. Jack Driscoll is handling the boxing, while Sergeant Berry is directing the catch as catch can enthusiasts.

FEATHERWEIGHT BATTLERS STILL GROWLING.

Barney Williams' Rivals Tired of Debating Demand Scraps Instead of Words.

By Fred J. Ashley.

Recently the *Gas Attack* sporting editor has been swamped with letters, relative to the Camp Wadsworth featherweight problem. Our three most insistent contributors have been Barney Williams, the present title-holder, and the managers of Hughey Rodden and Kiddie Diamond, his two most prominent rivals. Each man seems to be trying to get the other "all het up" and have him start something, but no one seems to be taking the initiative as far as settling all preliminaries goes.

The boxing enthusiasts of the Camp want the featherweight title decided once and for all. They have heard enough and read enough on all sides and have been able to judge just how good all concerned are rhetorically. What they want to know is how good they are physically—and that develops into a case of "put up or shut up."

We are sure all the men interested want the matter brought to a head. The only solution is a fight to a finish, a method which will be perfectly agreeable to the athletic authorities. The fighters are here, the ring is ready, Frank Moran would only be tickled silly to officiate and there will be thirty thousand interested fighters at Wadsworth finally satisfied. The *Gas Attack* offers its service in ending the preliminary, once and for all.

Our two latest contributions follow.
Mr. F. J. Ashley,

Dear Sir:—The "*Gas Attack*" of the 16th printed an interview with "Barney Williams," (Battery E) in which he stated he would meet Rodden as soon as Rodden would agree to a match. In it was the knock that Rodden "likes to talk a good deal." To the boys of Battery B this was one huge joke, and not playing square with Rodden. Hugh Rodden, as we know him, is a quite plain fellow, a good soldier, not a blusterer, always willing to give advice, and instructions in the "manly art." He doesn't drink, smoke or dissipate in any way. A real clean living chap—an example of what clean living and boxing will do for a man.

As we understand it Rodden is to meet Williams shortly. We are all looking forward to it. We all figure Rodden the better of the two. May the best man win.

In all justice to Hugh Rodden something might be printed to give others the chance to judge a man as he really is.

Most respectfully yours,
CORPORAL T. E. DONOVAN,
Battery B, 105th F. A.

COMPANY "E," 52ND PIONEER INFANTRY.

Barney Williams claims that Kiddie Diamond is indulging in nothing but talk. Barney fails to remember that right in the

108TH INFANTRY BASEBALL LEAGUE.

The companies of the 108th Regiment have organized a baseball league. Sixteen teams are in the field and each one is confident of being able to win the regimental pennant. The first meeting of the magnates was held at Y. M. C. A. No. 96. One man from each company was present. The league was officially organized and a schedule of games drawn up by Mr. Stezeman, physical director of No. 96. Each team will play every other team in the regiment once, four games being played every Wednesday, Saturday and Sunday. Umpires from among the officers of the 108th were chosen, and an official ball was decided upon. Chaplain Jaynes was elected president of the league and Corporal Wickersham, Co. D, was chosen secretary and official scorer.

MULLINARI AND MACK IN SIX FAST ROUNDS.

Johnnie Mullinari and Red Mack appeared in a special six-round bout at Unit 95 last Monday night. Mack was at Mullinari all the time but failed to find any weak spots in the Flushing champ's defense.

"Big Tent" on their last meeting, he said, "I have already fought Diamond three times and do not care to meet him again." Why? Is it because Kiddie is too hard for him? Diamond is now matched to box Johnny Mullinari in a 15-round bout. This is the boy who Williams told "to go and get a reputation." Everyone who has seen this boy in action is convinced that if they meet, Barney can "kiss his belt good-bye." Diamond is taking this boxer on, regardless of his good showing with larger men.

Diamond will box Williams, any number of rounds, to a finish if necessary, immediately after his present match, providing Barney comes to earth again. By the way, I always thought Barney was in the Artillery instead of the Aviation Corps?

Williams is not passing the "buck" to us, it was passed to him long ago and now he is trying to "camouflage" it through the *Gas Attack*.

SERGEANT F. M. SHORT,
Co. E, 52nd Pioneer Infantry.

COAKLEY TAKES 4 SECONDS IN 105TH TRACK MEET.

Artillery Show Big Improvement in Monthly Competition.

Coakley of Battery F starred in the athletic meet held by the 105th Artillery last Saturday. The events were closed to the men of the Bronx-Brooklyn unit. Coakley was unable to get home first, in any of the races, but in each case he was nosed out of a victory by a few inches.

Lieutenant George McNulty, the old Brooklyn athlete, was sponsor for the meet and succeeded in getting a big field for each event. Harvey Cohn and Frank Moran, the Division athletics directors, officiated.

The Summaries.

75-Yard Dash—Wehrman, Battery F, first; Coakley, Battery F, second, and Eddie Mossier, Headquarters Company, third. Time 8 4-5 seconds.

Mile Run—Booth, Headquarters Company, first; Sands, Battery F, second, and Herman, Battery F, third. Time, 4 minutes 2 3-5 seconds.

440-Yard Run—Waters, Battery F, first; Coakley, Battery F, second, and Jacobs, Headquarters Company, third. Time, 55 1-5 seconds.

880-Yard Relay—Headquarters Company, Weinberg, Van Netten, Booth and Mossier, first; Battery C, Wallace, Harris, Sackman and De Camello, second, and Battery F, Tietz, Wehrman, Coakley and Matchi, third. Time, 1 minute 49 1-5 seconds.

Running Broad Jump—Simon, Brigade Headquarters, 18 feet 1 inch, first; Coakley, Battery F, 17 feet 1 inch, second, and Wehrman, Battery F, 16 feet 9 inches, third.

Shot Put—Roddin, Battery D, 39 feet 5 1-2 inches, first; Coakley, Battery F, 38 feet 9 inches, second, and Waltham, Battery C, 38 feet 4 inches, third.

Running High Jump—Purdy, Battery A, 5 feet 8 inches, first; Folsman, Battery E, 5 feet 2 inches, second, and Brown, Battery B, 5 feet 1 inch, third.

AT THE RIGHT PRICE

BASEBALL UNIFORMS

The Athletic Store

(OPPOSITE THE CLEVELAND HOTEL)

In Division Society

Mrs. Charles P. Loeser, Editor.

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



Maj. Gen. John F. O'Ryan and Staff Officers

Recent Guests at Asheville.

Major General John F. O'Ryan with his staff officers, and the massed bands of the 27th Division were delightfully entertained over the week-end by the people of Asheville. There were a hundred pieces in the band which was under the direction of Francis W. Sutherland, director of the 104th Field Artillery band.

Third Pioneers Give Concert for Brig. Gen. Guy Carleton.

Officers of the Third Pioneer Infantry gave a band concert for Brigadier General Guy Carleton, commanding the provisional depot for corps and army troops. The officers marched in a body from their camp to General Carleton's headquarters and the introductions were made by Colonel W. W. Stover, commanding officer of the regiment. The Third Pioneers have one of the best bands in camp and some splendid selections were given.

Luncheon for Gen. Bridgeman.

Mrs. Walter Schoelkopf entertained at luncheon at the Cleveland Hotel for General Bridgeman, who recently arrived in the city to assume the management of the enlisted men's club. The guests included Mrs. Wainwright, Mrs. Carrie Earle, Dr. Rosa Gaunt, Lieutenant Paris, Dr. A. D. P. Gilmour, Mr. H. B. Carlisle, Chaplain Shipman and Mr. Laurence, of Lines.

The 105th Field Artillery gave a dance at the Soldiers' Club. Mrs. Charles L. Phillips assisted in the evening's entertainment.

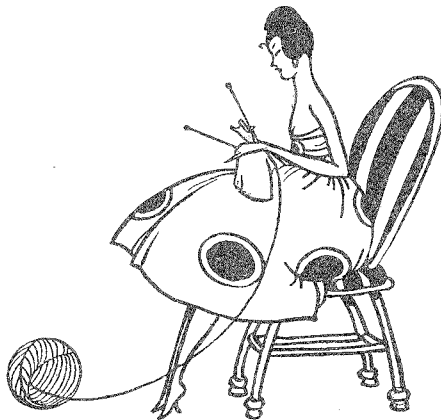
Dinner Dance Given for Miss Holmes.

Miss Holmes, of New York City, who is the guest of her sister, Mrs. John F. O'Ryan, was entertained at a dinner dance given by Mrs. Walter Schoelkopf at the Cleveland Hotel. Fifty guests were invited for the evening.

GETTING RECRUITS.

Recruits are coming in steadily in response to the hard and intelligent work being done by the New York Division's recruiting mission now in New York state, with headquarters in New York City, Albany, and Buffalo.

CARD CASE LOST—Containing cards valuable to owner. Please return to Mr. Calhoun, Church of the Advent, Spartanburg.



STREET DANCES AT HENDERSONVILLE.

A delegation of men from the Hendersonville Board of Trade paid a recent visit to Camp Wadsworth. They extended an invitation to the soldiers to visit their town whenever opportunity and a few hours leave permit it, and they displayed many an attractive photograph of the charms of Hendersonville and Chimney Rock.

These same men from Hendersonville, N. C., are now working on a plan to have street dancing in their town, with the music by bands from Camp Wadsworth and Camp Sevier.

The plan is to have Saturday night street dances, properly regulated, as a means of recreation for the soldiers of nearby camps.

UNIT NO. 92.

During the week general spring cleaning has taken place at Unit 92—the floors scrubbed and oiled and the tables and desks have received a coat of dark oak stain which has given an improved tone to the building.

Flower gardens about the building to make it more homelike are being planned for and the boys in the various regiments have offered their services on holidays to make them. This spirit is greatly appreciated by the "Y" for it makes the boys feel they have a real part in the up-keep of their home.

Holy Week and Easter will be memorable this year by added services. The following clergymen will be the speakers: The Rev. Dr. G. A. Briggs, James Moore Building Secretary of Unit 93; The Rev. Mr. E. E. Reyden, the Rev. Mr. Jordan, Dr. Tyndall and Dr. Legg.

HOSTESS HOUSE NOTES.

Those in Charge Repeat Their Invitation to All Soldiers.

All the Albany men in camp will be specially interested to know that contributions from that city to the War Work Campaign of the Young Women's Christian Association were put into the Hostess House here in Camp Wadsworth. People in Albany have a particular interest in this Hostess House because so many of their men are here. Be sure you come over and find out all about it or you'll be in difficulties when the home people question you about it. Don't wait until you have guests to bring over. Do it now.

While we are about it, we'll tell everybody once more that the Hostess House welcomes all the officers and men of the camp whether they have guests or not. Come over any time for a chat or rest by the fire or on the porch, according to the weather and your feelings. Come over to eat in the cafeteria; but come between 12:00 and 2:00 or 4:00 and 7:30, please.

Recently we have added to our staff Mrs. Joseph H. Beall of Bronxville, New York, who is acting as associate hostess.

Things were very quiet about the office in the early afternoon a few days ago. The secretary at the desk was wondering what would happen next when a soldier came in, looked about, leaned over the counter, and in a low voice and a confidential manner said, "If any one wants, er—private gamble"—the secretary straightened up in her chair, "Yes?" in her most encouraging manner, thinking interesting things were coming, when he continued, "I will be down at the Finch Hotel." With a gasp the secretary replied, "Yes, certainly, Mr. Gamble."

P. O. CLERK STORER WEDS.

Private Carl Storer of the 105th Field Hospital Corps, one of the soldier-clerks at the camp p. o. was married recently in Spartanburg to Miss Phyllis M. Davy, of South Trenton, N. J.

HOOVERIZE ON THE SHOES.

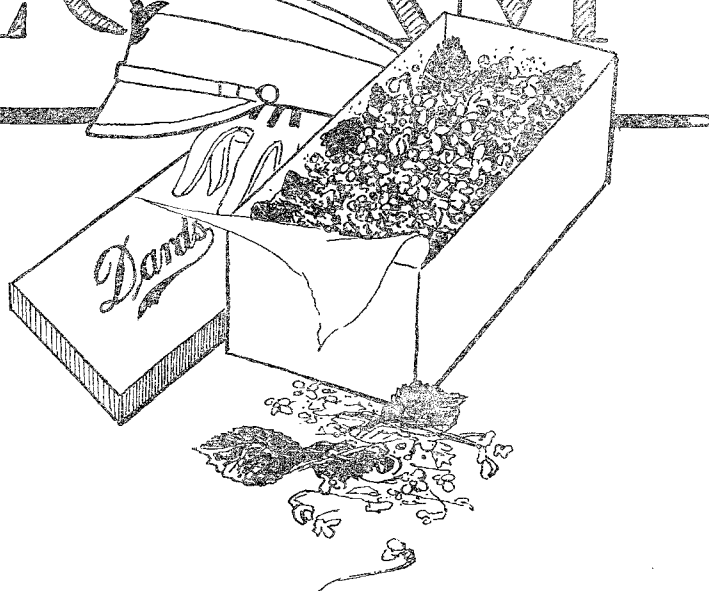
The following paragraph of a war department general order is published for the information and guidance of all concerned:

"Shoes turned into quartermasters for repair, will, if practicable, when repaired, be returned to the organization from which received for reissue to their original wearers."

TELEGRAM

Dard's

Florists For 44 Years
 AT MADISON AVENUE AND 44th STREETS
 (Opposite Hotel Biltmore)
 NEW YORK



Easter Sunday, March 31st, and Flowers

Telegraph your order direct to Dard's and your flowers
 will be delivered any place in the world within a few hours

Telegraph and Cable Address **Dardsflor, New York**

REMOUNT STATION NO. 307

We are now using horses instead of mules, which have been turned into the corrals.

The two old soldiers—Frank Lovella and Forage Doudy—were after each other's scalp for the supremacy of the Remount, and are the talk of all our boxing critics.

Scene: Wagon Train stables.

Time: Right after feeding time (horses).

Referee: "Count" Raimer.

ROUND ONE.

They shook hands with a smile on their face,
 And went to it, at a terrific pace,
 Each of them, swinging like a gate,
 Hitting too soon, or too late.

ROUND TWO.

As the battle was coming to a heat,
 Doudy's face, and Frank's fist did meet.
 And the way he did him up was a crime,
 But the referee had to butt in, and call time!

ROUND THREE—Finis.

'Mid the cries of the crowd on the fence,
 The way they mixed it up was immense.
 But as the dust finally cleared away,
 At Frank's feet, poor Doudy lay.

Joe Moran is now in the canteen, and "Shack" is driving the Rocky Mountain wagon.

Furloughs are being held up, for the present.

Naughty things are being said of our Indiana "Slim," who is growing bigger every day.

Johnnie Kilohe has a new job—looking after the two mares. If there is any doubt as to where he was, why, he was down to the mares.

Charlie Deith is going on a furlough—soon.

"Mame" Nash is getting ambitious of late. Keep it up, "Mame."

T. E. N.

HOW TO TELL THEM.

Lieutenant J. W. Bunkley of the U. S. Navy has brought out a book "The Military and Naval Recognition Book," which in picture and text shows how to recognize at a glance the rank, etc., of any allied officer, and any officer of our enemy. Military customs and courtesies are also explained. It is a valuable hand-book and should be in the library of every company. It is published by D. Van Nostrand, 25 Park Place, New York.

LOST—High School Ring, with monogram L. H. S. '13, in camp. Please return to Private C. Schwartz, Co. C, 108th Infantry. Reward.

LETTER FROM FRANK SHETTERHALF.

Dear Editor:

"Don't salute, I'm only Frank Shetterhalf." But you see I am back from another furlough spent in New York.

That word "spent" is a good joke, for it has a double meaning, hey, Ed? But I just wanted to tell you all that the town is still considerable city and the people as fine as ever—though they all miss some one who is in service.

The ad writers are the boys that were bitten by foxes as infants—according to the old Neapolitan version—and their line now carries an up-to-the-minute patriotic strain such as:

"Eat O'Sullivan's rubber breakfast food and win the war," or

"Buy W. S. S., sell them when you have enough to get a two-tone piano, and help your government win the war."

You know what I mean, don't you, Ed? Mildly capitalizing patriotism, n'est-er pas? They sure are quick, though.

Yours for more furloughs, FRANK.

GAS ATTACKING IN OUR OWN TRENCHES.

Real sure-enough gas attacks are being tried on the infantry men during their 72 hours tours in the camp trenches. The men have to indulge in watchful waking all the time, or the gas will make their eyes smart and remind them unpleasantly of a goat eating garlic in a glue factory.



World Brevities



Edited by J. S. KINGSLEY

The confiscation of the Dutch ships by Britain and by America has aroused much feeling in Holland against America. America has heard nothing from Holland since the seizure beyond a protest from the Dutch. A speaker in Holland advises Holland's breaking off diplomatic relations with America.

A despatch from Tokio states that Admiral Austin M. Knight, commander of the U. S. Asiatic fleet, has purchased all the available shipping on the Russian coast which totals 650,000 tons.

The French have decorated the graves of the score Americans who have fallen upon the field of battle. The Americans are buried near the firing line. Above their graves are crosses on which are fastened identification discs.

The Turk women are organizing a female battalion which will have women officers. This battalion will be separate from the men and will work behind the lines.

Vassar University will have a summer school for the instruction of nurses who will supply the need in this country and France. There is a demand for 5,000 college women to take this course.

The German forces which were marching toward Petrograd, on learning that Petrograd was deserted and that the capital had been removed to Moscow, turned their journey toward Moscow. There are three forces coming toward this new capital. Although Germany has signed a treaty of peace with Russia still she sends her forces into the capital of that country. This is another example of Germany's regard for treaties.

In order to facilitate shipping the President has forbidden the importation into this country eighty-five of the least useful articles. This limitation will free about 1,500,000 tons which otherwise would be dead as far as carrying on the war.

The British Admiralty reports that the submarine since the war began has sunk 5,000,000 tons more than all the Allies have been able to build. This is the condition that England and America must meet. America has not accomplished much yet because there have been over a thousand strikes in ship-building industries. It seems now that both labor and capital are ready to make a supreme effort to relieve this condition. Mr. Hurley, of the Shipping Board, promises now that there will be a gain in tonnage beyond what the submarine can sink. Then there has been added 600,000 tons of Holland's shipping and 600,000 tons of shipping which has been purchased on the Pacific. Then, also, the President's proclamation which forbids the shipping of unnecessary articles will add another million and a half tonnage to our efficiency. Then, also, the perfection of the deep sea bomb which is expected to destroy submarines much more rapidly than before, will help the Allied cause. If all will work with nearly 100 per cent. efficiency then the shipping problem will soon be solved.

An American battalion of Jewish soldiers is being formed to go to Palestine and guard the holy land under the British flag.

A South Dakota law provides that the idle men in the cities be conscripted and sent to the farms to work. If any one avoids the law he will be subject to a fine of \$1,000 and to an imprisonment of three months.

A United States Cruiser on the Pacific seized a 40-ton motorboat which had on board a German crew, German flags and rifles. The boat was probably intended for a raider. It once belonged to the University of California, but was sold and sent to San Diego and then sailed to Mexico where it was fitted out.

British airmen last Thursday had a battle with German craft, in which struggle the British downed 22 planes of the enemy. The Allied airmen shoot thousands of rounds into the German troops and kill many infantrymen. One British airplane downed four in battle, although the observer was killed and the pilot was wounded.

Pope Benedict has made a plea for lasting peace in his Easter message to the United States, which he sent through the Associated Press. He quotes the message of the Risen Savior to his disciples: "Peace be with you." He wishes for a lasting peace to be based on the foundation of justice, the fear of God and the love of humanity.

The German attack was toward Amieus which has one of the most famed cathedrals in Europe. Had the English lines given way Amieus might have met the same fate as did Rheims and her wonderful cathedral.

Paris must have been exceedingly anxious during the recent battle for the French had left the defense of their capital to the English. Had the English lines been badly shattered Friday Paris could have been invaded.

In one place along the battle line the Germans are said to have thrown nine divisions against one British division, but the British single division was not penetrated. In another place eight divisions were thrown against two English divisions who also held fast.

The British were far superior to the Germans in air fighting for the German planes were driven from the field while bold English airmen swept down and poured machine gun fire upon the German ranks.

The Catholic drive for \$2,500,000 has already reached a mark of \$2,150,000, and will surely reach the longed for goal. John D. Rockefeller gave \$50,000 toward this fund.

French and British monitors have sunk four German warships near Dunkirk. One of the Allied boats was crippled. The British have bombarded Ostend to ward off a seaplane attack on Helegoland Bight.

President Wilson fixed the price of wheat at \$2.20 per bushel, but Congress reconsidered the price and changed the price to \$2.50. This will raise the price of flour and bread and since flour and bread are fundamentally necessary to life, this advance will raise the price of nearly everything manufactured and will possibly also cause more strikes in our industrial world.

Major General Wood has returned to America, having recovered from his wounds. He praises the American soldier for his skill and spirit. The General has gone to Washington to report his visit to France. He is the commanding General of the Eighty-Ninth Division at Camp Funston, Kansas.

Warner Miller, ex-United States Senator, died last week at the age of 84. He was a leader in politics in the State of New York for many years. He was once a candidate for governor in that state, but was defeated by David B. Hill.

Miss Anne Morgan has been awarded with the second cross for her aid to France during this war.

Although Secretary of War Baker was advised and warned against going into the trenches which were under fire yet he felt it was his duty to do so. He accordingly visited the trenches and saw conditions as they are in the first line of battle.

WORKING OUT WAR EFFICIENCY.

The Council of National Defense was created by Congress in August, 1916, but did not come into its own until March, 1917. It was created so that in time of need there might be immediate concentration and utilization of the resources of the nation. Secretary Newton D. Baker is the chairman of this council and his first act was to ask each state to form a council within its borders to inventory and organize all the industries and resources of the state. Much of the war efficiency has been brought about through these councils.

Seventeen ships were finished for the new merchant marine last month and twenty-three will be finished this month. The increase will be steady from this time.

The drink bill of Great Britain during 1917 was \$250,000,000 more than for the preceding year.

Eight states have ratified the Prohibition Amendment; New York did not ratify it, a vote was taken to refer it to the people for ratification but it was lost by a majority one. Delaware also has failed to ratify the amendment. In order to ratify the national amendment 48 states must vote and 36 states must ratify the amendment.

Porto Rico will send 13,000 men to the war. She is very proud of her record.

There was a plan to exhibit a system of trenches in Central Park, New York, when the next Liberty Loan is launched. Many landscape artists have offered the scheme, but it has been decided that art must step aside until the war is over.

THE GREAT GERMAN ASSAULT.

The great drive has begun with terrific slaughter along the fifty-mile British salient around Cambrai. It is rumored that the losses on both sides are unprecedented in the world's history. General Haig commanding the British has held his lines intact against forty German divisions supported by the greatest artillery offensive ever before resisted.

Von Hindenburg has begun his great attempt to crush the Western front, and with him are the Kaiser and General Ludenburg. It is Germany's supreme moment and it is possibly her last great effort to defeat the

Western Allies. Upon this campaign she has placed her fate, while the American Chief-of-Staff feels sure that the Allies will ultimately win.

Wild rumors came into camp with coloring so grotesque that few could believe the reports, therefore no one was deceived. Later, more sane reports showed that 500,000 Germans opened an attack against General Haig's British sector. The British lines were compelled to bend back a mile or so, but they were not broken at any place. A few prisoners were captured on both sides and the casualties were not so great as at first reported. General Haig reports that his lines are making a gallant defense in meeting a terrific assault.

The Germans hurled division after division against the English forces who met the enemy with machine guns, artillery and gas bombs. The artillery assault of the Germans was the most terrific of the war; the Germans had batteries stationed every 12 yards, the guns being of the best Austrian type. Among the German forces were noticed Austrians, Hungarians, Bulgarians and Prussians, who became fine targets for the English during the assault, which lasted till late at night and was raging when these news items closed. The English first lines of trenches were taken by the Huns, but the first line of trenches is not regarded as very important and were probably given up for the arrangement of a battle defense. The Germans claim that they have captured 16,000 British prisoners, but we must not forget what poor counters Germans are when they count the prisoners of their enemies. They must have counted the Italian prisoners four times over for they reported their victory in Italy four times its real size. They did the same in Russia and in Belgium. The Germans also count everything as guns if they are the Allies' guns, for they count every small field piece which are not generally reckoned by the Allies. As to the report that a German gun is shooting 75 miles, it must be remembered that this is nearly four times the range of the previous greatest guns and any change so radically different is either improbable or else it marks an epoch in explosive apparatus not dreamed of. The manipulation of a gun of that character would be so difficult it would be worthless. The angle of elevation would be so great or the speed of the projectile must be so increased over the speed of projectiles from previous styles of guns that the report is incredible.

The heaviest fighting probably has not yet been done for the result is not decisive. The battle may rage for days or weeks or for months before a decision is reached. The Allies have been wishing an assault by Germany and have said that they were fully prepared to meet any assault.

WHAT NOT TO SEND ABROAD.

In order to reduce the amount of shipping to be sent abroad the Postoffice Department has advised that nothing should be sent to soldiers abroad which can be pur-

chased at canteens abroad. These articles are: Biscuits, books, brushes, bouillon, candies, candles, canned goods, holiday cards, chewing gum, chocolate, cigarettes, cigars, combs, dental cream, soft drinks, flashlights, fruits, handkerchiefs, heaters, jam, knives, leather goods, malted milk, condensed milk, evaporated milk, mirrors, nuts, pipes, razors, shoe polish, shoe laces, soap, sponges, tobacco, towels and woolen gloves.

Colonel Repington estimates that the Germans suffered from 1,800,000 to 2,200,000 casualties while the British lost about 700,000 to 800,000, and the French about the same. Although 1917 was a quiet year, yet it was a very unfortunate year for Germany. America will have about as many men as Germany has had in Russia, but the question for us to answer is how can we get our troops to France by boat to meet the Germans brought from Russia to the Western front by train.

In 1915 Professor Ostwald, of Leipzig, predicted the falling to pieces of Russia and the taking of her parts by Germany. He said that if this did happen that Germany would get the greatest reward that one could imagine. The prophecy has become true. It probably was not half so much prophecy as propaganda.

In making a treaty of peace with Russia and Finland, Germany procured the following: Germany is to have claims to all railroads, telegraphs, fortresses, Russia being compelled to renounce any claim to them. Russia agreed to remove all troops from Finland.

GETTING THINGS DONE IN AMERICA.

War changes the life and surroundings of every citizen in the United States. Some industries are nearly wiped out of existence while others are so changed that one would hardly recognize them. In such a great change there must be loss, but the government is seeking to lessen the loss and confusion by organizing commissions which are intended to aid in this rearranging period. For instance, Secretary of Labor Wilson, has organized an employment service which will aid in redistributing 4,000,000 workers from vocations of peace to industries of war.

Then the government has need of skilled mechanics so there have already been enrolled 30,000 skilled workers. There is need of 1,000,000 more men in agriculture so the Farm Service Bureau must seek these out of the villages and cities. There are 2,000,000 boys to be placed into some service which will be the more useful to the country at large. There are 8,000,000 women bread winners in this country who are ready to help when the call comes. There is a call for 12,000 college women to take up nursing for service here and abroad. The government is arranging all of these various industries and is furnishing the vacancy with a candidate and is giving the candidate his most efficient job.

AUSTRIA'S TREATMENT OF HUNGARY.

Hungary, according to repeated articles printed in the Hungarian press, is not only tired of the war, but feels that Austria has not only used Hungary to gain autocratic and unholy ends, but now is turning against Hungary and is planning to take away what independence she did possess. Hungary is asking for freedom in imports and exports, freedom in industrial activities, freedom in management of railroads and canals and an equal consideration in affairs of government.

U-BOATS WITH WIRELESS.

The German U-boats are now able to send wireless messages by means of a gas balloon which lifts the aerial a thousand feet in the air. Thus it will be possible to send a message 3,000 to 4,000 miles. Such a communication between submarines would be very useful to an enemy surrounded as Germany has been.

A LAND PERISCOPE.

One of the recent war inventions is a war land periscope which folds like a telescope. It can be erected anywhere, but preferably in a tree while the observer can safely draw the observations at the foot of the periscope.

THE NEW DEEP SEA SHELLS.

For a long time it has been known that a shell explosion deep in the sea would be fatal to a submarine, but the trouble was to send the shell into the water, for if shot even at a slight angle it would rebound or glance off its course. The only way was to drop the shell vertically. Now by changing the shell so that it will bite the water when it strikes it can be made to enter the water and thus it becomes effective in its work of destruction.

ALASKA DOES HER PART.

Fifty years ago the United States purchased from Russia Alaska what was then regarded as a barren land, but was purchased to please Russia, which was America's friend. Now it is very fortunate that Russia does not own Alaska, because of the vast resources Alaska is furnishing us, especially during this war. There are 64,000 acres of land suitable for wheat and cereal raising, she furnishes minerals amounting to \$20,000,000 yearly. She will furnish coal for all our shipping on the Pacific coast besides furnishing coal at all the Pacific ports at half the prices now paid for the same. She is starting a great industry of raising reindeer which will be used for meat. She is the chief center of gold production and furnishes salmon enough yearly to supply all the trade of the United States.

U-BOAT MURDERS.

According to a report given in the House of Commons 14,120 non-combatants have been murdered by the U-boats during the war up to date.



"AT-A-BOY!"

Hello, Fellows!

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

Harry Curley

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

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

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

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

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

There are no seconds, the first will fill you.

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

Yours for a good feed,

Jacks

HEADQUARTERS COMPANY, 52ND PIONEER INFANTRY.

Where do we go from here, boys, where do we go from here? Ask Color Sergeant Bob Evans, he knows. Oh, yes, the original scandal monger flashed a brand new one on us the other day and having been sworn to secrecy it would not be soldierly of me to divulge the info. However, rest assured that all ye Pioneers will be inhaling the essence of the briny deep before many more moons.

Since the arrival of the 5th Pioneer Infantry, occupying the camp site contiguous to that of the 52nd, Mr. O'Neill, our esteemed Band Leader, has shown no mercy in denouncing the weird vibrations of their fife and drum corps every morning at reveille. Of course, First Sergeant Joe Connor's whistle at Fatigue call is none too pleasing to the ears of the other members of the company, but everybody respects Joe's physical prowess and he very seldom has to blow more than once. (Where's my whistle, Donk? Your whistle—une, deux, trois, quatre, etc.) Ha! Ha!

Hats off to our Cook Toby. Anybody who is capable of making the ordinary victuals as palatable as he can is entitled to the respect due a mother and the same can be said of Mess Sergeant Joe Becker, who looks the part more so than our dear Toby.

Delving further into the personnel of the Headquarters Company we have in our midst one Color Sergeant Joe Niedfeld. If bunk fatigue constituted a part of the routine duties Joe would be considered the busiest man in khaki, but unfortunately our Adjutant is inclined to think otherwise, much to Joe's regret. Our able-bodied Supply Sergeant, Charlie Mayer, who is much more efficient at drawing a good hand in a poker game than he is in drawing supplies for the company, still maintains that Astoria, L. I., is part of the United States. We don't like to argue with Charlie because he has Drum Major Frank Farrell of that village to uphold him, but would it be asking too much to have them explain the "story" of Astoria? Perhaps Sergeant Major Jack Peterson can help us out of our dilemma.

H. THIEBAUD.

COMPANY M, 2ND PIONEER INFANTRY.

First Sergeant Hanley, we are sorry to state, is home on a furlough, because of the death of his father.

Sergeant Quirk, by reason of his excellent showing in the recent mule parade, has been advanced to the grade of Acting First Sergeant.

Information has been received that applications are being considered for the positions of Mess Sergeants in the Chinese Army. Sergeant Lombardi was among the very first to file his application.

Mess Sergeant McKay, with his mandolin, Private Belley, with his saxophone, and Cook Anderson, with a Jews Harp, have started a Company Orchestra. We wish they hadn't.

Supply Sergeant Brown is trying out as pitcher on the Company baseball team. He has developed considerable form and speed.

COMPANY K, 106TH INFANTRY.

Old Boy Satchelback Duryear, has brought the satchel to the front since seeing his name in the **Gas Attack**, consequently becoming chesty. Last night there was a big raid on the kitchen, in which the highwaymen brought away with them the chow which was meant for the morning meal, such as eggs, ham, flour for wheat cakes, thereby leaving (the detachment of the company left in the street, while said company was in the trenches) without breakfast. Cook Brown became very angry, and threw Corporal Doherty out of the kitchen. Corporal Doherty landing in the arms of the Company Broom, Private Curti. Since the robbery in the kitchen many sleuths have been busy tracing footsteps which led down as far as the company tailor's tent.

Mess Sergeant Coyle seeing the write up in **The Gas Attack** about him, got very chesty, and immediately changed the menu of stew to steak. Thanks for getting wise, Kelly.

Mechanic John Lee pulled a good one on the K. O. by saying that he had a lot of work to do on the Flivver, thereby getting away from the trench duty for about 48 hours. You simply can't beat "K's" mechanics.

We have the honor of sending Private Ketcham on recruiting duty in Brooklyn. Just think that they had to come to Company K for a man for this job—there is K. pep. Well we are all hoping that Old Boy Ketch will remember that it was K's name that he landed the job.

We earnestly beg Sergeant Rider's pardon for our words in the last issue of **The Gas Attack**, saying that his original name was never-work-Al, but since seeing him endeavoring to add a column of figures about a mile long on the new scheme for making up payrolls, we have decided that his name should be changed to I think-I'll-work-Al.

CORPORAL A. F.

With Sergeant A. M. Browne, as catcher, the Company battery should be able to do up in the proper color any games in which they may participate.

Sergeant Horstman is also developing baseball talent. He can now catch on an average of three flies out of fifteen.

Sergeant Harper, we suspect, is working for an S. C. D. His hearing is very poor about 5:45 A. M. each morning.

Sergeant Berge has shown us the secret of his strength, youth and beauty. He neglects no opportunity to sleep.

Bugler Garret wishes that every morning were rainy. It is easier to slip into boots than it is to lace up shoes and leggings.

Private (First Class) Kinney is carefully nursing a tender nose. It makes "details" lighter.

Sergeant Leonard is still hobnobbing with the Future Greats at the O. T. S.

H. A. J.

A DRAMA IN GLENDALE, ALSO IN TWO ACTS AND A FEW SCENES.

Scene—Glendale, S. C.

Time—Sunday, March 10, 7.00 p. m.

Cast of Characters:

Captain Whoozis. }
 Captain Whatsit. } Three Greadiers.
 Sergeant Takeme. }
 Walt Powell Anative.
 Townspeople, negroes, etc.

ACT I.

Scene 1. The scene opens with the populace gathered together in their usual manner at the town square. Captains Whoozis and Whatsit and Sergeant Takeme are looking for excitement. One of the natives approach our adventure-seeking triumvirate, thusly:

Native—"What yo' all looken fo?"

Captain Whoozis—"We would like to see a little life."

Native—"Yo all mean yo'd like a little fun?"

Captain Whoozis—"You've struck it, that's just what we're looking for."

Native—"Wall, now, I'll tell yo'. We all have a sort o' boob in this town who's not specially keen fo' de army. He's been drafted with de las' lot but they done h'aint called 'em yet."

Sergeant Takeme—"Well, what about it?"

Native—"Wall, I 'speat that if yo' all come down this side street and ask for Walt Powell and just kinda tell 'em yo' all goin' to take him with you, wall, I reckon as how—"

Captain Whatsit—"Enough! Now, men, let's get started."

Scene 2. Captains Whoozis and Whatsit and Sergeant Takeme walk around the town and approach the populace, seventeen in all.

Sergeant Takeme—"Can you men tell me where Walt Powell lives?"

Native (steps up)—"Why, yes. I am Walt Powell. What yo' all want?"

Sergeant Takeme—"You know you've been drafted Powell, and we're here to take you along. Get whatever belongings you may need and report back here to me in ten minutes."

Exit, Walt Powell.

ACT II.

Ten minutes later.

Scene 1. Native approaches at double time with carpet bag and umbrella in hand. It proves to be Walt.

Captain Whatsit—"Now, if you will just put your duds down for a few minutes, I will examine you and we shall be ready."

Sergeant Takeme, after Walt has put down his belongings—"Remove your coat, Powell, and step up here."

Powell, beginning to sag in the knees removes his coat and steps before Captain Whatsit who immediately begins by examining the conscript's heart which is found to be beating about two hundred and forty (240). Sergeant Takeme then orders the man to remove his shirt and shoes.

As the shoes come off the reveries of our newly made examining board suddenly come to an end when the last car for Spartanburg pulls into the square and starts to leave.

The examination suddenly ceases and the

COMPANY A, 105TH MACHINE GUN BATTALION.

On March 4th this company went out on a practice all-day hike, under complete equipment.

The marching order was in machine gun formation; vanguards and "points" being established, as though passing through hostile country. About 11 o'clock the company went into action under a heavy downpour of rain. The weather marred several problems which Commanding Officer Bigelow was intent upon working out, and at 12.30 temporary quarters were taken in an abandoned mill where the men partook of their rations. The company returned to camp about 5 p. m.

March 8th we entered the trenches for a 72-hour stretch of duty. The company was divided into three platoons of four squads each. Each gun squad took up its place in its assigned position, and day and night were on constant guard, the object being the defense of the 106th infantry in case of attack. Several gas attacks were received, and the usual mode of procedure that is gone through "over there" was practiced.

Saturday night we left the trenches to hear a lecture by Colonel Applin, a machine gun officer of the British army. It is certain that many felt very proud of the title "Machine Gunner" when he closed.

Much credit is due to the mess sergeant and cooks for the food which was served under rather trying conditions.

The company returned to camp Monday, March 11th, at 9.30 a. m.

Private Robert Suckley had Sergeant Grant of the French army at his French class, last week.

Private MacDougall passed through here en route for Camp Wadsworth after a short visit with friends and relatives up "North."

Corporal Waller and Private J. J. Martin "eventually" attended the Rock Cliff dance on Saturday evening.

Was Corporal Waller seen dickering about the price of food in the church of the Advent Tuesday evening?

Heard Along the Company Rialto.

Private Clay—"What's it to you?"

Private Carr—"Don't be a demphool."

Private Wood (interviewed)—You know when I joined this army, they misrepresented things, they didn't say anything about kitchen police, fatigue, etc., they just said I'd ride a horse.

Private Mathison—"Who's got a cigarette?"

Private Burton—"And the queen said to the king, etc."

Horse-shoer Barth—"Yah!"

Private Whitehead—"Ah now Sergeant, I ain't had a Sunday in three weeks, and I just came off guard."

PRIVATE J. G. RUSSELL.

board boards the car amidst the echo of the greatest excitement Glendale has ever known.

Privates A. D. Reiners, Co. B, 106th Machine Gun Battalion; J. M. Sprengen, Co. C, 106th Infantry; J. Berlese, Co. C, 106th Infantry.

COMPANY C, 105TH MACHINE GUN BATTALION.

Although quite rushed with polo, tennis and battalion hikes, many of us have found time to turn to the great and thrilling outdoor sport of bombing as a slight diversion from military tactics, wig-wag and two mil taps. Aside from making road maps it's about the most exciting thing we do, and we hope Mr. Throckmorton will become as famous with the piece of metal as his brother has with the racket.

Great prospects—Burton. As a matter of instruction why not practice throwing rock cliffs on one of your many nights out?

The news of Captain Whitney's transfer to the 107th Infantry came as a great blow to us all, and we feel his loss keenly. While he was out at Ft. Sill this winter attending the Machine Gun School we had many doubts as to his being returned to us, especially after the squadron had suffered the loss of so many of its best officers.

The Captain was a most popular man throughout the Battalion and every one, officers and men, miss the winning smile and charming personality of Stanton Whitney—Rumor 545 says he may return.

Our week-end and more in the trenches brought forth many thrills. Napoleon Boileparte Ross almost lost his temperamental squad when the inrush of water reached their hole in the ground, but this did not worry Eddie, he still demanded that they stand at rigid attention, while up to their waists in water, until properly relieved, as it was Stand To, and Eddie is, if anything, Regulations-personified. Mr. Devlin must have had a bully time as Charlie has been crying "Me for the Navy next time" ever since the Liason School broke up.

Soapy Burns, West Point '14, figured prominently in one of the many Gas Attacks. Fully an hour after the attack had been launched a Sergeant notified Burns that he should have given the alarm. Immediately Burns hurled the impromptu alarm, consisting of six tin cans, into the dugout, greatly alarming Costello—Yale '15, who rushed to the opening of the dugout and greeted the squad in his usual pleasant manner.

Speaking of Asheville, I am not going to mention Private Sabin, as he like our illustrious friend, Sergeant Ethelbert Jellyback Loeser, hates publicity.

Spring has Come—I am assured of it after seeing Dick Sheldon carrying his legging to the mess shack the other morning. They say it was the first time you slept without FULL PACK since November.

Al Riley is backing Rumor 546—That we will encamp at Saratoga Springs before April Fools Day. Can you imagine this gang at the races next August with their Thirty per, less Allotment, Insurance, etc. However, have the canteen furnish N. Y. Central time-tables.

Next week—"Flitting," by Vincent Astor Lloyd—Company D, please note.

W. A. I.

A LETTER FROM MIKE, COMPANY D, 53RD PIONEER INFANTRY.

Sure! I'm a pup.

I know it—you needn't rub it in.

But some day, I am going to grow up, and be a real dog.

Sergeant Krumsiek, our top sergeant, says I'm a bull dog. I'm glad of that. I don't want to be a collie—they're such a darn fool dog. Jumpin' round all the time. I'd rather sleep—and eat.

That's why I like Sergeant Hobby. He's the new Mess Sergeant, and gives me lots to eat. I get along better right here—I would not hang out with that tough bunch at the Officer's mess. I'm a company dog, I am.

You know, there's the craziest bunch of nuts in this camp. There's one dog I met this morning. Gee, I was scared! I was sleepin' peaceful on the bottom step of the mess shack, right near the thing they call an incinerator, when this animal came, and stuck his nose right into me. His face was as big as a house! He seemed friendly, and told me his mother was a dachshund, and his father a New Foundland. Said he'd been born in America, and was a citizen. I think, I'll watch him. One can't be too careful about these Germans.

His name is Rudolph.

My name's Mike.

Never mind my past. It's none of your business. I was born in the army, and that's more'n you were. But say, I'm glad I struck "D" Company! I was walking along the street out in front, one night, just after a feller blew a pretty tune on a horn, and things got awful dark, when all of a sudden

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 G, 105TH INFANTRY.

Company G again won the flag awarded each week to the best kitchen. This week's success establishes the record for the regiment—winning the flag three weeks in succession. The boys salute the kitchen force to whom the credit belongs.

G company should have some real good cross-country runners when Lieutenant Maxson is finished with them. Every morning he leads the boys over the hills for a good stiff run. At first the boys did not take kindly to the idea, but now they are eating it up.

Sergeant Sam Passero is a distinguished graduate of the Divisional School of the line. He is now busy with a regimental class instructing in physical and bayonet training.

Sergeant DeForest is another G "boy" to graduate from school with honors. Walter found the Chauchot a most interesting study. He is now one of the regimental instructors on the Chauchot rifles.

Sergeant "Father" Clancy is now in fine condition for his match with Walter DeForest, but Walt won't go on the mat until his hair protector arrives.

J. Sylvester Fleming is most discouraged with the news that his ingrowing toe-nail will fail to get him an S. C. D. He is now relying on his dandruff to pull him through. "Ain't that a caution?"

Corporal Hugh McGuire is captain of our baseball team.

Hughey is anxious to book some games. Baseball managers please note.

William Cowieson of G Company and Green Island, went home on a furlough and deployed so successfully in the heart of Miss Florence Rooney of Watervleit, that the fair damsel surrendered. Bill immediately married the captive. Good luck, Bill!

Al Mathias, Joe Condo, Jim McDowell, Hughey McGuire, all boys from the "Berryfield," are now full-fledged corporals. Gloversville papers please note.

The Cot Bender.

The newest game that the good Lord sent is called "Lying in your cot until it is bent." Discovered in A. D. nineteen eighteen, By Snoozer Glynn, the cot's guardeen.

When the meals are over and there's no place to go,

Phlop—into the cot goes "Snoozer Joe."

R. V. H.

someone yelled: "Halt! Who's there." "Dog of the Post," I says. "Advance, dog of the Post, to be recognized!" So I came up to him and he looked at me, and then he hollered: "Corporal of the guard, No. 5." And pretty soon another guy came along and they talked awhile, and I heard them say, "Mas-cot" and a lot of other stuff I was too sleepy to understand, and then the other feller picked me up, and carried me away. His name was Boyle, and he told me mine was Mike. I didn't know it then, but I do now.

So I've been in "D" Company ever since.

'Scuse me—here comes a nut I don't know. See you later.

MIKE.

"A" BATTERY, 104TH FIELD ARTILLERY.

Now we know why "Shorty" McMillan was selected as the man from A to go to the Camouflage school. "Shorty's" mustache has disappeared. "There's a reason."

Cheer up, Mac, that pink letter will probably come soon.

Pickles is sighing over the loss of one O. D. cot. Tough luck better look—harder for it "Dill," maybe it camouflaged.

Private Shafer requests the following to be published: I have been in the service two years. I have never been in the jug, and I have never had a furlough. Won't somebody please help his case along?

Edison must have got his inspiration for a talking machine by listening to McAulay. There's never no run down to him.

Private Compton wishes now he retained his birth in the base hospital. No light duty here, "Bill." All work.

Pomeroy of the 3rd is still selling jewelry. He's got hands full of it. Not enough profit in "gold bricks."

B. A., "A," 104th F. A.

COMPANY A, 102ND AMMUNITION TRAIN.

Squad leader Private Frank St. Pierre of the tenth squad has learned the manual of arms and stands revielle now.

Sergeant Stewart, our benevolent truck-master, posed this morning for a time exposure—we hope for the best.

Private Joe McGarry, who was recently married, is growing a mustache now—heavy responsibilities.

Cooks Jim Kelley and A. Nick Christensen are doing considerable bunk-fatigue since they have been issued student-cooks.

Acting Corporal Adrian still has his Palm Beach uniform and a new Stetson for his heavy dates down town.

Mail Orderly Private R. Frey is having more trouble with the mail down town than at camp; probably it's mostly fe-male; no wonder we don't get any mail service.

Onieda, N. Y., has produced another artist in the art of domestic science in the form of William G. Hess, student cook.

Bandsman Biron is quite agonizing with the trombone lately. The squad has offered him vaseline for the slip-horn to sooth the misery.

R. I. F.

EASILY SPOTTED.

The lieutenant was instructing the squad in visional training. Seeing a detail about 400 yards away he said, "Tell me, Number One, how many men are there in that trench-digging party over there?"

"Thirty men and one officer," was the prompt reply.

"Quite right," observed the lieutenant, after a pause. "But how do you know one is an officer at this distance?"

"'Cause he's the only one not working, sir."—London Opinion.

AMBULANCE COMPANY NO. 105.

There was great excitement in the office of the 105th Ambulance Company last week when sparks from an overheated stove set the tent on fire. Lieutenant Ballantyne came to the rescue with the "skipper's" wash basin and irreparably wrecked Lieutenant White's manuscripts and data and incidentally put out the fire. Wonder where the clerks were during the excitement? It is understood by the company that Lieutenant Ballantyne is now seeking our "skipper's" job as fire chief of the Sanitary Train.

Our chief "canopener," "Lefty Louie," is showing signs of life. We lay it to Grapes-nuts.

The company is now being instructed in calisthenics a la Converse College by Lieutenant White since his return from special duty.

Our Yiddish Corporal, "Izzie" Ratnour, finds it hard to talk above a whisper since his right arm has been in a sling.

Lovers of good music should stroll to the mess hall when "Betsy" Moss and "B-ville" Frawley render "The Lost Chord." They have the Syracuse Rendering Co. stopped a mile.

"Mable," one of the company's canine mascots has converted part of "Handsome" Jack Layden's developing room into a parade ground and now has nine rookies doing litter drill there daily. Jack has been blamed for many things in connection with his dark room but this is the grand finale.

"Rosie" Phelps changed his socks the other day and they shortly afterwards turned up missing. When last seen they were heading in the direction of the shower. We understand he took his semi-annual bath last week, and since hasn't been seen at drill call. Too bad he sunk the rainbow.

The drill dodgers, otherwise known as Wag-ners, had to doff their mackinaws one day last week and wield pick and shovel, much to their chagrin. Rumor has it that the cooks and clerks will shortly join them in their course of instruction, including "fours right" as given by our Topper "Neewah."

Sergeant Benny Hale has gained several laps on Bill Bentley in their sleeping contest as he hasn't showed up for drill call for several days. Sergeant Blint is running a close second to Benny. The contest closes April 1st.

ALLEN K. MARKS.

COMPANY M, 106TH U. S. INFANTRY.

Bugler Heller called the Sergeant of the guard and reluctantly made this statement: Sergeant, I can't blow fire call, but in case of necessity let me know, and I'll call a fellow from Headquarters who knows how, and he will blow it for me.

One of the reasons why Sergeant Scharf is so popular is this: Roast beef and mashed potatoes.

This company, being quarantined, is enjoying a few days of rest. Undoubtedly the other companies are all jealous, but if they were only wise, they could profit of the time we are idle to catch up with us.



KEEP YOUR MATCHES DRY

The E-Z-Ope Match Box keeps your matches and strikers as dry as dust. It grips the matches so they can't fall out, is flat enough to fit snugly in your pocket, and is so simply constructed it can be opened with one gloved hand.

Made for loose wood safety matches.

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



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

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

Saturday afternoon, to break the monotony of the confinement, Lieutenant Stevens suggested some boxing bouts. They proved a big success, and, if it is true that boxing is of the greatest importance in a bayonet charge, we pity the poor Germans who will buck up against this bunch.

Many of our men have something that they can show to prove that they enjoyed the pastime. Private Machenheim received from Private McComack the prize souvenir of the whole entertainment.

J. J. Murphy proved to be a much better actor than he is a boxer. In boxing he was stopped in just about five seconds, but we'll be darned if anybody can stop him when he starts reciting.

T. A. F.

WAR RISK INSURANCE DETACHMENT.

Just a minute please—are you insured? Those are the words that have been keeping us awake nights, and when we slept, we were busy shoveling out insurance applications.

Now that the biggest part of the work in camp has been done, we do not want to be forgotten, so this is our contribution:

Of course you all know Harvey—what? Sure, Private Harvey Hancock, the guy who chews his cigar when you come in and tell a sad story about not getting your allotment and when you have finished he says, "Vell, it's your own fault." He is there

though when it comes to insurance, and keep it up, Hanny old boy, you'll be wearing bars yet! And—then there's Dingbat—he's still on the job—although he doesn't wear silk shirts now, "like he used to when he was in civil life, etc., you know." Still, he has that happy faculty of getting the girls at Converse interested in him. Frankie Fitzpatrick, that wizard of the fists, is training hard—yeh, he's training all right! He used to be a light weight but if he keeps on he'll be in the "heavy" class, then, Frank Moran, look out for your rep. Frank is a good scout but he gets talkative about Taps—"you know him all over." The Hall Room girls in our tent are on the "outs" but then us girls do have our tifts. Chubby Springer, who weighs about 240 pounds, is still talking aviation—we think he'd be better in a submarine. Johnny Neale is a speculative and optimistic guy, he's figuring how to save money enough to get a furlough—we notice he hasn't gone to town in a couple of weeks.

The World's expose of the German propaganda made the people gasp but—all the schemes the Germans used had nothing on the inventive mind of the Insurance Officer of the 27th Division in his endeavors to have a 100 per cent insured camp, and if he doesn't get it, it won't be his fault.

J. H. N.

See
Chimney Rock

First

Then
France

18 Miles by Motor
from
Hendersonville

Chimney Rock Co.
Hendersonville, North Carolina

I Take Pleasure in

Announcing to

The Boys

in

Khaki

The Opening of My

Dental Offices

in the

Chapman Building

Dr. L. C. Minter

Spartanburg, S. C.

Rooms 305-306

Phone 147

AMBULANCE COMPANY NO. 107.

This company benefited hugely by the two day's hike and problem worked out last week by the Sanitary Train. Among other things the sweet joy of a night's lodging in a pup tent came to many of our "rooks" for the first time, and, no doubt, the memory will linger when many another pleasure of army life has quite completely vanished like a new pack of "butts" in a crowd. The ground was hard. There is no denying that. And then a minimum of blankets did not conduce for all the comforts of home. One of the older heads suggested to young Phil Traynor that he carve himself out a shape in the earth fitting his Adonis-like form, and Phil was up three-fourths of the night hewing and hacking at the earth. Every time he dug himself in, his partner took a leap after one of the purple seals he was catching in his sleep, and poor Phil had to readjust himself to a new environment, as 'twere. The long-legged of the command also learned considerable regarding the canine-bungalows. Billy Dehms and Chris Dunn contrived to sleep in circles, each wrapped around the other in such complexity that it took three mechanics to straighten them out in the morning. Newton didn't get wise to the geometry of these two, and during the night a sentry two streets below found his feet wandering among the multitude of tents seeking the man that owned them.

In the supreme art of individual cooking there were many tragedies, comedies, and super-melodramas. All these, of course, come under the general head of experience, and the awful destruction of good food may in time be compensated for by the lessons so intimately taught. Cooks Bachmann and Gresham and Shaeffer gave out the menu prior to each meal, and coming as it did from their lips so nonchalantly, it sounded prepossessing. But it was another matter to make the simple story come up to form when all we had was the raw material, a tiny blaze, and a mess-kit. The inevitable end in most cases was hash of indeterminable ingredients, but with hungry men the same as with a drowning man, anything goes in a pinch, and everybody got along after a fashion. Eddie Hobbins when half-way through a mess of potatoes, onions, oat meal, bacon and rice (not to mention lesser articles like earth, twigs, small stones, moss, and pine needles) discovered he was eating the bottom of his mess-pan, which had gone to pieces under the arch-insult. Dan Boone Cutler made up a concoction called by that worthy scout "Mountain Lion Angel Cake," and it looked rather gentle to the spectator. But after Dan had partaken lightly, a swift change transformed him, and, grabbing up his trusty tomahawk he went wildly over the hill brandishing the weapon and uttering the fiercest of war-cries. Apparently he was on the trail of ten thousand red-skins.

A good many of the fellows believe the cooks instigated this trip, and in truth the results bear out the thing admirably. Never has the food tasted so good. A day following the excursion one fellow almost praised the

cooking in the presence of the kitchen crew. That would never do at all. But here and there in secret conclave incense is burned to the men who run the big end of army life.

Nick Courtney, who runs the business end of our outing party here in Spartanburg, but who is chiefly known as the man who handles furloughs, went to town on a business trip the other evening, and when he returned the occupants of Tent No. 1 had his equipment all neatly packed in the corner where it would be safe from molestation. There was a misunderstanding relative to the length of his stay, so his mates tell, hence the precaution and care taken with his belongings. Nick after finding his cot and blankets doing duty as a back yard smartly awakened the tenthold with a 4x4, and proceeded to correct the error pertaining to his absence.

Corporal Frank Beirne is Charge d'Affaires of the electrical end of the Division show, and he is envied. He was selected to be the Master Electrician some time ago, and his evenings have all been spent in the Harris Theatre in town where the rehearsals have been pulled off. This young man is chesty over the choice, and, naturally, concedes it is a wise one.

"Silver" Silverman did not correctly anticipate the call for mess the other day and when the blessed music sounded down the street and across the alley this lengthy sen of Epicurus nearly broke a leg hot-footing it to the feast before his co-eaters made away with the ambrosia. "Silver" has only one worry in the army, and that is the stupendous one of grub. To him the quotation would read, "Tell me what you have for dinner, and I care not who makes your laws."

G. F. B.

HEADQUARTERS DETACHMENT.

To date there has been little said of the activities of the Headquarters Detachment. Chief Walsh is commended for having raised an efficient family out of men from every unit in the Division.

Indoors sports are not in it when an Apple Knocker and Green Pointer discuss Border Days. The General will discover good fire works for use in the front line trenches when "Over the Top" is ordered. Barrage Fire Timmins and Flannery have covered most of the ground as far as trench tactics are concerned. Knock 'em dead Sam is there with the "Clep 'em down," you hold 'im Pap, I'll swat 'im. Five and two Charlie has had many pupils in the last week, instructions are picking up, "In the bushes, papa."

Fearless McGuirk (Potato King) is still making his daily trips down town. Baldy Gus Tock has ceased using Sloan's liniment for his hair. Is there any improvement Gus?

Old Diz Kane arrived back from his week-end trip to Asheville looking kind of seedy. What happened Diz?

Butts and Chubby are still arguing who's the smallest man in the Division. Butts will win out if Chubby doesn't keep out of the mud.

A. E. S.

O. T. S. OPTIMISM.

(Continued from page 6)

Your eyes are still riveted upon those pamphlets. You are about to call George a four-ply, ingrown liar, and point to those pamphlets by way of proof. George is about to turn around. Thereby he will see those pamphlets on the floor. There will be a lot of argument then. George will surely be put to it to explain them away.

But comes from outside the voice of the platoon sergeant.

"Student Waffus. Student Waffus."

"Here!" cries George. "Here, Sergeant."

"Report to the Adjutant's office, immediately," snaps the platoon sergeant.

George looks a bit concerned. The adjutant, hey? What can the adjutant want with him? The adjutant, hey?

"Strouble, George," you inquire solicitously. "No trouble, I hope. What's the adjutant want with you?"

George doesn't reply instantly. He even fails to see the tell-tale pamphlets. George is a trifle nervous, to be perfectly fair about it.

"Trouble?" says George. "Trouble? No trouble—that I can think of. Likely wants me about something or other. Maybe registered letter. Sure! That's it, registered letter. Not that I care, Bill. If it's anything, I've done, I'll tell him I'm ready to go back to the company this afternoon. Ha, ha, Bill. You can help me carry back my junk."

George leaves in great haste and nervousness.

Shoulder Bars!

And there lie the pamphlets. Pamphlets? Rot!

Catalogues! That's what they are. Catalogues from Brooks Brothers, Abercrombie and Fitch, Rogers Peet, Altman's, The Army and Navy Co-operative Stores—all of them showing the latest in military equipment from gold shoulder bars to Sam Browne belts. And, included, were price lists of officers' equipment.

The columns of figures on George's paper? Computations and calculations, to be sure. Here George has figured that it's going to cost him \$400. Later he has cut it to \$325. No, he has forgotten, extra boots, a raincoat and a barracks cap. It will amount to \$425.

George returns. It was nothing but a registered letter, after all. You accuse George of dissembling, ground and lofty lying, of stalling and shooting the merry old bull. You declare yourself off George for life.

George makes a terrible mess of explaining. He was just amusing himself with some catalogues that someone had sent him by way of a joke. That's all. Anybody who said he had written for those catalogues is a liar. That's all.

And there you have it—the brand of camouflaged optimism that prevails throughout the O. T. S.

W. A. D.

ON THE HIKE.

A strange road, an open road, by hedges or by fills,
A sunlit wave of gleaming guns that climbs the rolling hills;
The unknown windings, sudden turnings, houses shining white—
"I like 'em all," says Private Pease; "it helps the appetite."
"Forward!" says the Major, a-riding on his horse.
"March!" says the Major, who doesn't walk of course.

The faded, dusty leggins flashing white across the ground,
In even rows the column goes; there's scarcely any sound
Except the tramp . . . tramp . . . tramp . . . of feet upon the dust,
The road that leads where censors' scissors never gather rust.
"It's strange," says Private Pease, the while his hob-nailed gunboats
thump,
"I joined the standing army but I'm always on the jump."

Perhaps you know the selling of a great infernal fire,
But did you ever see us hike through sandy roads or mire?
The sun is burning hot above and frying eggs below,
And Private Pease suspects a growing blister on his toe.
"Route step!" says the Major. "Hell!" says Private Pease,
"I'd like to see the Kaiser do it on his hands and knees."

Unhook your sling, and swing your rifle up against your back,
And, marching at the route step, lads, we all can take a whack
At singing of the songs we've heard and some we never knew,
But keep your gun from worrying the fellow back of you.
"Battalion, halt!" the Major says, "fall out now, men, and rest."
"And that command," says Private Pease, "I execute the best."

—Private Charles Divine.

COMPANY B, MACHINE GUNNERS.

We note a number of olive drab figures buzzing and arguing around Vought's old "Boiler" these days and much noise, so we hope to see it moving soon. As a suggestion we think they might offer it to the government for training purposes, so that the boys could get use to artillery fire.

Parson Osterburg has gone back to Division Headquarters for a few days and only eats, sleeps and rides here. As an equestrian John is certainly a good elocutionist.

Acting Mess Sergeant Lamoreaux is certainly a loyal soldier, for any mess sergeant who will sacrifice his leather puttees and serve them as steak as he did last Saturday deserves credit.

The company would like to know if anyone can tell us where Carroll took SUPERNUMERARY BUGLER Kiernan over last weekend.

The "old Troop gang" is all busted up, "Woody" transferred, Nightingale discharged, Acting Corporal Kennedy gone to Arizona for a change of air and Jack Leeder is going to school. "Bahooving" Russell sits around strumming his mandolin and Jack McGill accompanies him on the anvil. Little Dick

writes letters most of the time to the "girl he left behind," and tries to figure out how long the war is going to last. Barny is happy these days as he has just gotten a new horse and when not on the picket line arguing its good and bad points will be found in Tent No. 20 reading "The Restless Sex," by Rupert Hughes. "Tommy" is seen hammering the keys again in the Top's tent and mourns the loss of a razor his mother sent him.

About ten true soldiers forgot to answer Reveille last Friday and spent the week-end in camp "due to the inclement weather."

Our idea of a wonderful time in the army is to be a student at the Liaison School. No details, no guard, no nothing, all we see them do is eat, sleep, and draw their pay.

The fourth tent is mourning the loss of "Bill" Wilcox for in addition to losing an old friend and a good pal, they miss the eats his "sister" sent so often.

We welcome to our midst the boys from the 104th and hope to know them better and assure them we are glad our battalion has been strengthened by boys from the old 1st Cavalry.

O. F. T.

SEVERAL POST EXCHANGES

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

FILM DEVELOPING AND PRINTING

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

Camp View Post Cards
are making a big hit.

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

Burkhardt's
108 Kennedy Pl.

The Asheville Laundries

Offer Four Days' Service and
First Class Work

*Leave Your Package at
The Following Places*

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

AMBULANCE COMPANY NO. 108.

Lieutenant Bagley was in camp for a short stay Saturday.

Corporal Hensberry, who always has his weather eye open for the fair sex, has struck up quite an interesting correspondence with one of the chorus in a popular Broadway production. The fair damsel recently sent him a picture of herself which caused a sensation. Success to you, Corp.

Private Pendlebury and Bone are on detached duty, "submarine chasing," up at the Base Hospital. Pendlebury was selected for this branch of service owing to his ability in keeping his sea legs when taking to a wet deck. If rumors are correct, Corporal Mount is no novice in this respect.

Private Wagstaff of late has been acting in the capacity of stable orderly to Sergeant Chaffee. "Waggy" will even leave his mess to look after Gyp's welfare.

Four "rookie" mules were brought in Monday to join the ranks of our long-eared aggregation.

Saturday night our friend Foster, while indulging in bunk fatigue, raised slowly up and gazed sleepily upon the unconscious form of Corporal Hensberry. Moved by compassion, remorse or some other emotion, it is said that he began to weep.

Private Wells on Saturday afternoon announced to everyone within sight and hearing that his was the best team of mules on the picket line. Likewise Schumacher delivered a eulogy on the past, present and future of the "Camouflaged Camel."

The Pine Hill boys have shaken off their usual feeling of lethargy and become quite active this week.

Dacey showed his colors on March 17th by appearing at mess with a green hat-band.

Mechanic O'Neil readily responds to the name of "Daddy."

Horseshoer Rapp has returned from his furlough.

Morgan still holds them pretty good. "I'll stay. Give me three."

"Loupie" Scudder and Buck are conducting the famous "Hoakum, Pokeum, Soakum," a combination that makes Monte Carlo look like a back number. Sergeant Doyle was enthusiastic until he found by actual count that his little ticket had 980 competitors.

R. M. L.

MACHINE GUN COMPANY, 108TH INFANTRY.

Last Saturday Lefty Eggert scouted up a baseball team and we have the pleasure to announce that the M. G. Co., 108th Infantry, met and defeated Company K, 108th Infantry on the well known diamond of the 102nd Engineers. The score was fairly close, 9 to 5, and only the old fans who were on the sidelines can testify as to the ripping sort of a game it was.

Sidelights on the Game.

To begin with there is no reason in the world why the company can't cop the championship of this division and if nothing more than for the following reasons.

Spiller as a baseball player is a good cook. It is up to some one to give Eddie Coonly a little more kitchen work as it seems to improve his baseball qualities.

We all know Lefty meant to spear that fly but probably the thoughts of all the money he spent on those two nurses back home blurred his vision.

"Rabbit Foot" Farley sure did foot it around the bases on that home run, and Nibs Sanders tried hard to duplicate the feat but slipped up on the home stretch.

Dizzy Fredericks ses, "By gad, they can't call me dizzy anymore, not after the way I caught that fly ball any haow."

Perhaps if some one asked us how we won the game Saturday we would say we had a better team and better players than the other fellows, but then again perhaps it was because we had somebody on the sidelines that somebody being Lieutenant MacKay, who was cheering for the fellows to the last minute, and we guess we are not far from wrong in saying that such little incidents do more to make the real machine gunners and all that the line of machine gun service stands for than anything else in the world.

Bud Cuddihy was there with the old whip via third to first.

It is strange how a fellow respects his pass privilege. In the last inning it was up to Corporal Flynn to wallop the ball or lose such privilege and he did (we mean he connected).

With the machine gun spirit working at full speed and everybody supporting the baseball team from across the street down to the savory place where all rumors originate from we can beat 'em all.

W. V. P.

COMPANY C, 3RD PIONEER INFANTRY.

Who started the rumor that our Sanitary Sergeant, Jim Phillips, was going to be a cook? Don't tell your wife, Jim, or she will expect too much of you when the war is over.

Sergeant James Dennis Phillips is still on the trail of the human fiend who tied a rope onto the end of his cot the other night, and just at the interesting part of his dreams, yanked him out through the rear of the tent. In getting back into bed Jim upset a bucket of water and got his feet wet.

Our Supply Sergeant gets us all flustered when he starts talking "G. C. M.," "N. Y. C.," "N. C. O. & P.," "V. O. C. C.," etc. We

don't know whether he is talking army or railroads. In private life Bill is a railroad man, and is in his glory when explaining how "69 was running late" or "42 was running in two sections" or "25 dropped a journal making the cross-over east of Tower 9." He also served time at the Base Hospital at Greene, and for a long time after used to pull the old gag of "going up to see a fellow I know," but the "fellow" didn't write much like a man, William.

We are all waiting for Lent to be over, to see how Sergeant Pendergast will take it. Take what? Oh, ask Gaw, he knows.

58TH PIONEER INFANTRY.**Shades of the First Connecticut Infantry Make Their Appearance.**

Yep! Our first appearance in the Gas Attack. We are the skeleton of the First Connecticut Infantry risen from a red mud grave at Camp Greene and rechristened the 58th Pioneer Infantry at Camp Wadsworth, awaiting some flesh in the way of some 3,000 rookies who are to be drilled in the manual of the pick and shovel.

Sergeant Eddie Flannery says the Base Hospital is the best little hospital he was ever in and that he had an awfully nice time. No wonder, Eddie, six M. D.'s couldn't find anything the matter with you, and helping the nurses wash dishes and everything for three days isn't so bad.

Sergeant "Candy" Yerrington had a hunch—bought blue paint to decorate his sea chest but like all amateur paint slingers couldn't stop with the chest and now Company K property looks like an Arizona sunset.

Ask a Fifty-eighter "What's Purcell Avenue" and watch him grow pale. He thinks you have an idea that thoro fare, the result of many happy (?) hours of labor and quarts of honest Pioneer sweat, should be extended another hundred feet and may tell the Colonel.

Sergeant Sheeky, the pride of South Manchester, is in training for the hundred yard dash. Good luck to you, Bill; you always were some runner.

"Big Dick" Brain, the bone rolling Supply Sergeant, ran a quarter into \$5.50 the other day. He was so proud he bought a dead rabbit hair cut and now sleeps with a towel on his head to ward off ingrowing hair. Not satisfied with that, he elected himself manager of the baseball team and swears it's the best "lil team" in the camp. We are from Missouri, Julie.

Sergeant Brigadier McSweegan got a swell idea one rainy morning. Poured crude oil on the floor because that made it easier to sweep and keep clean. That was alright but he forgot to mix water or kerosine with the crude oil—result said floor looked like the back end of a garage on a Sunday morning for a week, and non-skid chains became the vogue in that tent.

FIELD HOSPITAL COMPANY, NO. 106.

The men of the company are making arrangements for a vaudeville performance to be held at the Harris Theatre.

A very pleasant evening was spent by the company in our mess hall last Saturday night when the 105th Field Hospital members were our guests. An entertainment composed of some of the talent of both companies was very much enjoyed.

Our company dansant held at the Spartanburg Country Club last Thursday night was a great success, which is due to the committee, of which Lieutenant Reed was chairman.

"Turk" Kelly has been requesting passes to town. This has all happened since the company dance.

"Temperature" William Nead arrived back in camp from his furlough with a broad smile.



For "Active Service"

It's the Blade that Does the Work

NO matter what razor you use—it's the *blade* that counts. If your blade is right you are assured of a good shave—if it's a Gem Damaskeene you make assurance doubly sure.

In sealed, waxed-paper wrapped package—dust, rust and moisture proof—each blade and blade edge protected. Seven blades, 35c. 50c in Canada.

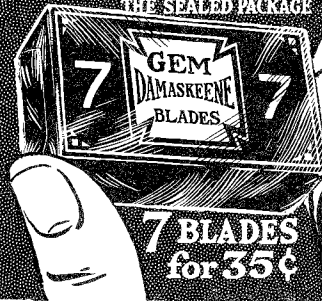
\$1.00 New—Special—Compact. Khaki Service outfit, includes Gem Damaskeene Razor complete with seven blades and shaving and stropping handles.

Outlet \$1.50 in Canada.

ON SALE IN THE CAMP CANTEENS
Gem Cutlery Company, Inc., New York
Canadian Branch
591 St. Catherine Street, W., Montreal

GEM
GEM DAMASKEENE RAZOR
BLADES

THE SEALED PACKAGE



Private First Class Hobey Bender is hereby relieved of his duties and title as "Deacon" since being on detached service with the Disbursing Officer of the Train in assisting him in auditing the payrolls. Incidentally he relieves "Turk" Kelly of his former title, "Payrolls," and takes it unto himself with many objections. Let us hope we get paid as promptly as last month, in the future.

"Shorts" Henk, who dispenses the chow, will find it quite difficult, when back in civil life, to handle large ciphers, due to the shrinkage of his right arm in handing out the rations at mess time and the lengthening of his left arm with which he serves himself.

The men of the company underwent the hike Monday and Tuesday to the range like real veterans. It was quite a novelty for the men, having to cook their own meals and many proved that they were ably fit for K. P. and the like.

"Acting Private" Leonard will prove himself a capable clerk to one of our merchants on South Pearl street when we return if he continues assisting in furnishing the men with their clothing. The Acting Private thinks that the shoelace manufacturers should adopt a standard size for shoelaces. J. V. B.

COMPANY C, 105TH INFANTRY.

Private Hopeless Carey originated a new way to get out of work. In order to prove that his fever was high he stuck the thermometer in a cup of hot water. And he got marked quarters.

Private Dacy has only one wish and that is for the buglers to take a trip to the Catskills and do the Rip Van Winkle.

Private Clifford's ear drums are caved in from listening to Private Pheland rave about his ingrown toe-nail and how he enjoyed having it removed.

Gradually the inmates of Luna Park are being released from durance vile and are back home again with their former mates.

Well, as Sergeant Harris says, we're all ready to grab our little bunch of onions and pull out any time now.

At the end of our hike from the rifle range we were reviewed by General O'Ryan. Although tired and a bit leg-weary, we managed to find time for a smile.

While eating his supper in the dark, Private Gallagher made a mistake and started to eat Corporal Phillips' trench shoes.

K. of C. News

IMPROVEMENTS COMPLETED.

All the big improvements at the K. of C. are now completed. The sleeping porch is built, wired and even bedded, and on moonshiny nights the secretaries may be seen stretched out in the canvas hollows of an army cot.

The Open Air Theater on the south is a thing of beauty. It is planned to have a big open air mass on Easter Sunday. Three new rooms are now in use and General Secretary Sexton is rejoicing in the privacy of his new office which he tells his friends, is on the Mezzanine floor. The big stage on which there are to be boxing bouts, and all manner of shows, is in place.

ST. PATRICK'S DAY CELEBRATED.

The Patronal Feast of Ireland was appropriately observed here at the Hall. Private James Morey of the 107th Ambulance Company arranged for a vaudeville entertainment with performers chosen from the medical departments of the 27th Division. During the evening the music was furnished by the Orchestra of the 53rd Pioneers, led by Corporal Jack Tresize, assisted by Sergeant Eugene Drosch, Corporal William Kesselbach, Sergeant Major Fred Davenport, Sergeant Henry Schandt, Corporals Chas. Sinning, Victor Wher and Nick Firiati. One of the musical features was the playing of the Hot Time in the Old Town Tonight in various times, fox trot, one step, waltz, funeral march and wedding march.

The vaudeville program was as follows: Gaston Turrian, 107th Ambulance, "The Little Frenchman with the Violin."

Fred Banker, 106th Field Hospital, classical singer.

Leroy and Company, 107th Ambulance, "The Hunter," a parody on the Fauna! Naturalist.

H. L. Gomon, 105th Ambulance, ventriloquist.

Nick Firiati, 53rd Pioneers, cornet solo.

Holton and Melville, 106th Ambulance, songs and stories.

Stuart Brown, 106 Ambulance, imitation of Lew Dockstader.

Layton and Moss, 105th Ambulance, "The Rube and the Actor."

Babe Rogers of the old 6th Massachusetts, songs and stories.

MR. ROUHAN AT UPTON.

Harry Rouhan, senior secretary in length of service, who came down to Wadsworth from the wilds of Brooklyn last October, has been assigned to one of the K. of C. Buildings at Camp Upton.

NEW SECRETARY ARRIVES AT WADSWORTH.

The new secretary has arrived. He is Mr. James J. Carter of Boston. Mr. Carter has been doing recreational work in several of the cities of the North and has recently been connected with the recreation centers and playgrounds in Albany. For several seasons he has been coach for a number of school athletic teams in and around New York. He is a graduate of the Normal School for Physical education of Battle Creek, Michigan, and under his direction a tremendous increase in the athletic activities is looked forward to with interest.

JOSEPH J. CUMMINGS DIES.

His many friends, made during his term of service as General Secretary at this Camp, will learn with regret of the death of Mr. Cummings. When the building was opened here he took charge. It was through his inspiration that the K. of C. activities started on their course so auspiciously. He was of draft age and, leaving here, went to Camp Upton where he entered the officers' training school, at which he would have received his commission in April.

NEW BUILDING AT ARTILLERY CAMP.

Down on Blackstock road, near the Artillery Camp and the Hostess House, the new K. of C. building is rapidly approaching completion. New secretaries are expected to arrive in the next few days.

REV. EDWARD DALTON COMMISSIONED.

Rev. Edward P. Dalton, recently K. of C. Chaplain at Wadsworth, has received his commission as first lieutenant in the United States Army, and has left Spartanburg for his new post. He will be assigned to one of the regiments at Camp Gordon, in the 82nd Division, and will soon leave for France. Our best wishes go with him. His successor has not, as yet, been designated.

LUTHERAN EASTER COMMUNION.

A field communion service will be held Easter Sunday morning at 9 o'clock by Chaplain E. F. Keever of the 102d Trains and Military Police and Rev. E. E. Ryden, Lutheran camp pastor. The service will take place on the grounds just east of Y. M. C. A. Unit 96, near the 108th Infantry. All Lutherans in Camp Wadsworth are urged to attend, and all others are cordially invited.

The Easter communion service will be the last to be held for some time by Camp Pastor Ryden. He returns to his parish in Jamestown, N. Y., April 1, to arrange for a permanent leave of absence from his congregation. He hopes to return to Camp Wadsworth to resume his work here by June 1. During his absence it is probable that Rev. Arthur Huffman of Charleston, S. C., will be sent here by the National Lutheran Commission as Lutheran camp pastor.

FROM THE DIVISION PRISON.

Captain Alson Shantz has been relieved at the prison by Captain Riffe of the 108th Infantry. Every one connected with the prison is loath to see Captain Shantz leave. His successor has been associated with prison work for many years as an executive.

First Lieutenant Carl Loeb, of the 106th Machine Gun Battalion, has been promoted and assigned to a supply train in this division. His many friends rejoice with him and wish him success in his new unit. Lieutenant Walter L. Glass, also of the 106th Machine Gun Battalion, has been detailed to the Division Stockade Guard to succeed Captain Loeb.

Sergeant Carroll Moulton, of Company D, 107th Infantry, is able to be around on his crutches, after an injury to his right foot received in a baseball game. "Hick" is said never to miss a mess call and his increasing weight and unfailing good nature bear out the rumor.

Acting Sergeant Brown is in the bosom of his family in the wilds of Brooklyn.

Sergeant Arthur Petersen, the big blonde Coney Island giant, thought Sergeant Baack was a bugler. After Charley blew a call, "Pete" concluded he was mistaken.

Boxing at the stockade these days is worth seeing. Equipment has been provided by the M. C. A. Young Marlow has left us, but others like Zuzio, Prichys and many others and always on hand to provide as good bouts as are seen anywhere in camp.

Private "Apple Knocker" Smith is taking lessons on the 45 automatic pistol. Everybody hides during his lesson period.

Acting First Sergeant A. P. Bramer's idea of a day off is to make out a guard detail some day, have men left over, and no kicks. He lives in hopes.

Clerk O'Donnell took a trip to Atlanta the other day on official business. He had the time and money to combine pleasure with business, and enjoyed a well-earned vacation.

SERGEANT E. S. S.

A SUGGESTION AND A POME.

Hello, Gas Attack:

May I suggest something? Why not have a "want" column? Where the soldiers can state their wants. Huh! I have six pairs of wristlets that I want to give away.

Anyway, I'm sending you a pome. Please print it if you can, it's a matter of great seriousness.

Remember, dear, when you went away,

All the things you promised me,
That you wouldn't smoke, or swear or
squeal,

While fighting for democracy.

Now, listen, dear, one thing I forgot.

Write me quick, and promise me, Earle,
That in the cast of "You Know Me, Al,"

You WON'T be a chorus girl!

—Japonette.

Very truly,

JAPONETTE LUDMAR,
315 W. 113th St., New York City.



Gillette Safety Razor

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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COMPANY H, 105TH INFANTRY.

The company is at the range again, probably breaking records for they were broke every other way before they went, as the ghost had failed to walk yet with the February pay. All the sick, lame and lazy were forced to go and many a broken heart strews the road between Camp and the Range.

Sergeant Wilson claims he is going to get married as soon as the slaughter ceases in Europe as now he has become used to supporting TWO, insinuating that one of the popular "gimmie" Sergeants depends entirely for a living.

Manager Fred (Hooker) Smith gives fair warning to the other baseball teams of the 27th Division to beware, for on the return from the range his men will be out-fitted in their natty new uniforms, and you won't be able to see them for the dust.

With Sergeants Barkuff and Jewett and Corporal Bishop recommended for commissions in the Quartermaster's Corps as the result of the recent examination and Sergeants Cross and Spencer and Corporal Allen still holding on at the Officers' Training School, the prospects are that Company H will soon lose six popular men and their friends will only be too glad for an opportunity to SALUTE them.

March 25th marks a year since both the old "Second and Seventy-First regiments were called into Federal Service and although the men probably do not realize it themselves, the gradual hardening, as the result of the intensive training, has been going on, and the comparatively soft men of a year ago are now ready to contend with almost any hardship.

When "Bucky" Harrison returns from the range he will have to discontinue the use of tobacco because the Y. M. C. A. has been all cleaned up during his absence.

A. D. A.

COMPANY H, 53RD PIONEER INFANTRY.

Pop Keyser, Company H, clever mechanic and linguist, after waiting six months for his discharge has finally secured that elusive bit of stationery. The boys are grieving for they will miss being lulled to sleep by the sound of argument that took place every evening between him and our beloved Mess Sergeant over the affections of a certain feminine person.

Sergeant Meyer who has just been appointed Mess Sergeant, is studying the art of camouflage and has done so well in a short time that he has succeeded in making bologna stew appear like the old Irish variety.

Sergeant Charles Dreitlein was a friend of Sergeant Christie until a short time ago. Christie invited Dreitlein to accompany him on a visit to some of his friends in town. During the course of the evening Dreitlein volunteered to play the violin there being none in sight. But one was procured by disturbing and awakening a kind neighbor across the street. Dreitlein besides losing a friend in the company is wondering how many months salary it is going to take to pay a stranger in town for the loss of one violin.

Our Supply Sergeant, William Klauck, is looking for another furlough. He must have some attraction in Woodhaven. Why don't you marry the girl Bill and then you could have her down here. It must be tough to be in love.

Sergeant Schwann having enough knowledge of the grocery business has resigned from the management of the Regimental Canteen and is now acting Top Sergeant of the company. We notice that he doesn't smoke so many fine cigars nor look so prosperous since he quit. Is it any wonder that there are a number looking for his job.

BATTERY E, 104TH FIELD ARTILLERY CAMP DETACHMENT.

Private Bob Schaffner, alias "Fireside," has found a new place to rest, known as the "Pullman Club."

Corporal Raleigh and Private McGinley are now camouflagers in New York. We call them painters.

Our cowboy, Joe Warth, threw another horse last week, but did not know enough to get out of its way when it fell.

Our Corporal, (Toney) Bezold, has to get up 10 minutes before first call to put on his "Spiral Puttees." Can you beerit.

Private Bravemen, slips, I mean, Costello, is now nursing a bad shoulder. Let this be a lesson to all you jockeys.

Famous sayings, heard at the first Sergeant's tent:

"Any mail." "Am I on guard again." "Can I have a pass." "When is the next call." "Can I get a canteen book."

We all envy our old pal "Drip" Subers, you can bet he is doing up New York the best he can in fifteen days.

Private McGuinness hasn't had a Sunday off since he came back from the range, and that's one month.

Private Sid Turner is now lame with a fractured wrist. It doesn't pay to do calisthenics on combat wagons, especially when they are moving.

Private Joe Lovett is now having his troubles acting as "Battery Clerk."

Private Bob Litteral don't answer reveille now-a-days for the simple reason he reads magazines too late at night.

Our famous "Rag Bum" has been discharged, "pretty lucky." It did not take us long to find one to fill his place. Bill Slevin now holds the honors.

Corporal Brown, better known as cruller legs, must be laying down on his bayonet exercise—he only broke one bayonet this week.

Private Dan Pereira's aunt sure does bake "some cake."

Our Sergeant has a new puzzle. How can eight men, groom, water, feed, and exercise 101 horses in two hours. Address all answers to Sergeant Cusack.

All information kindly received as to where our Sergeant and Corporal go to on Sundays. They go out mounted, but no one knows where.

It is impossible to keep Private Carlson quiet, because he made Adjutant's orderly.
McG.

BATTERY A, 105TH FIELD ARTILLERY.

Our famous duet, "Reveille Feet" Butler and "Eat us out of home and kitchen" Diack were told the other day that they were to be discharged from the army. Both agreed that nothing that listens so good could possibly happen.

Our well-known Q. M. Sergeant, Dan Cream, has his troubles since the return of the Battery from the range. It is "Sergeant, can I change these shoes?" "Sergeant, I lost my O. D. shirt." "Sure," says Dan "you'll find it on the end of your pay roll. What do you take me for, your valet?"

Corporal Purdy still insists upon having Sunday school for the boys.

Corporal Nimmo is wearing leather chevrons.

Corporal Mackey is using camouflage on his lip, as it saves time when shaving.

Ex-conductor Matt Caddo is still reaching for the register cord in his dreams, and says "Two for the company and three for me." Keep it up Mogul Matt. You'll soon be able to buy a Flivver, which you can use to get out on line early for Reveille.

Sailor Burren, formerly of the Prospect Park Swan Fleet, was at home at the range, as looking at the mountains there reminded him of the hills in dear old Prospect Park. Be of good heart, Sailor, as pretty soon you will be able to paddle a swan boat on the Seine near gay Parce.

Our acting First Sergeant Artie Bellis has double decker bunks in his tent. Aren't you afraid of getting the office bunch sea sick Artie?

Dumb-bell Brennan was asked the other day where he got the mask, and he replied, "Dat ain't no mask, that's me map."

Where is "Grave Digger" Meyer? He has not been seen since the resurrection of Private Compettillo.

J. PIERPONT M.

VETERINARY CORPS DETACHMENT**AUXILIARY REMOUNT****DEPOT 307.**

The Veterinary Corps Detachment of Remount 307 hereby gives notice that it is going to come into the limelight. It is a comparatively new branch of the service and an interesting one, and the boys are hustling to learn the tricks of the trade. The wild ones of the Remount hold no terrors for them and the wilder they come, the better they like them, be it horse, or mule, bar none.

One misinterpretation of army duties came to our notice the other day. A certain young soldier wrote home and told his mother that he was on kitchen police. She immediately wrote back, telling him how proud she was of him but to be very careful and not to shoot anyone. Some of us have lost another chance to be a hero.

CORPORAL ELSTON,
Vet. Corps, Remount No. 307.

HEADQUARTERS COMPANY, 105TH FIELD ARTILLERY.

Now, gentle reader, we're not an organization of self-congratulatory cranks, but we surely do have to chuckle with glee when we recall the spectacle of all the officers of the regiment being brought into our street to view what was considered a model layout.

Sergeant Niedenuhr's exquisitely furnished 'ut and Blase's fully equipped dressing bureau (four foot mirror, etc.) drew forth considerable comment.

Lieutenant Court has been placed in charge of athletic activities and the outlook for success in that line is pretty bright.

Lieutenant Stonebridge was given ten days leave in order to visit the Big Town. Frank Davis, by the use of some magic art, also drew a ten-day furlough. Hope he doesn't spoil that uniform we lent him.

Bandsmen Kurtz and Armstrong came hurtling through the door of their tent locked in each other's arms as though in deadly combat. The only thing killed was our hope of seeing a lively fracas. It wasn't even a draw, for neither gladiator struck a blow up to the time they agreed upon a truce.

The sanity experts were not in the least deceived by our antics and so we were all declared mentally fitted for the world fray.

Bandmaster Schaefer is evidently a pessimist. Sometime ago he applied for a discharge, and then, without waiting for the application to wind its tortuous way through the military channels, he bought himself a new uniform. All he needs now are the bars and black and gold cords.

The rough riding class of the company non-coms is coming around fairly well. Some of the N. C. O.'s show a strange inclination to test the hardness of mother earth with various parts of their anatomies. Especially during a part of the drill when one would expect them to be astride their mounts.

Tullio Fuligni has received a Distinguished Graduate's Certificate from the School of Camouflage and has been made regimental instructor.

Sergeant Berman and Corporal O'Phelan have rigged up a wireless outfit and are receiving messages from distant points.

The sweaters sent as Christmas gifts by the Red Cross Society have just arrived. They ought to keep our bodies warm during the frigid summer months.

CORPORAL SAMUEL E. CHASIN.

102ND ENGINEER TRAIN.

Another one of our neighbors left us last Friday, March 15th, going North, Company "B" 102nd Engineers being the fortunate ones. A farewell dinner was given to all the officers of Co. "B" by Major Garrison at the Mess Hall of the Engineer Train.

2nd Lt. Waters of Company "B," who is Supply Officer 1st Battalion Engineers, is messing with the officers of the Engineer Train. The Train had as its guests Mademoiselle Janet, the little Parisian stage artist on the 19th of March. After dinner was served "La Petite Francaise" sang a few songs and entertained with her Parisian talks.

COMPANY G, 106TH INFANTRY.

First Sergeant MacNaughton and Sergeant "Scream" Miller are going to run a show in opposition to the Division Performances, and can be seen rehearsing any evening in the Topper's tent. We'll admit that one-half of the team can make us laugh anytime he wants to. We have yet to see the other half act.

There is a great amount of rivalry between the Second and Third Platoons for honors in most everything, and the Second has so far copped "the bacon" in everything except baseball. The Third has now beat them twice. The score of the last game was something like 32 to 27, and amongst the noticeable features were the umpiring of Corporal Schmidt and "Gas Attack" Bill.

Two of our officers, Lieutenant Vincent and Lieutenant Doty, are over at the Base Hospital recovering from operations, successfully performed. The best wishes of the Company are that they are with us soon again. The Company has been very short on officers lately, but we have been getting along very nicely, thanks to us non-coms.

We saw Privates Bud Underhill and Al Murphy in Corporal LaQue's tent the other night, singing "Just Break the News to Mother," accompanied by LaQue on his banjo. If they had "Pop" Eastman and Johnnie Schulz with them, they would have had an Old Man Quartette that couldn't be beaten.

Who won the indoor baseball game between the Second squad and the Headquarters gang? Give the answer to Sergeant Hutchinson.

The Headquarters Company challenges any team in the Company to play them baseball, for any amount, some of it in money.

We have an oddity in the Company. It is a case of forgetfulness, the like of which we have never seen or heard. A certain Sergeant goes home on a furlough, comes back, tells us he got married, and can't remember in what church, or where the church is, that he was married in. But he raves about his wife all day; such hair, such eyes, such teeth and so forth. Maybe this is the cause of his forgetfulness.

CORPORAL W. B. W.

BATTERY C, 106TH FIELD ARTILLERY.

Our Acting Supply Sergeant, George Sauter, has become a confirmed Hooverite. His first act for economizing was to stop buying cigarettes. He now bums them. If you don't believe me, ask Harrison, he knows.

Our clerk, Robert T. Hall, having received a pass from our First Lieutenant, to go to Spartanburg to see his wife, whom he had not seen for a week, celebrated the event by getting a hair-cut. He is now trying to get his quarter back from the barber as he states he did not need it.

To whom it may concern: Owing to the scarcity of eggs and the high cost of ham, no ham and eggs will be served at breakfast until further notice.

CORP. WALTER T. PLADY.

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BRONX COUNTY CONTRIBUTES TO ATHLETIC FUND.

Bronx Batteries Now Able to Properly Equip All Athletic Teams.

A monster boxing and vaudeville entertainment was held for the purpose of collecting money for the athletic fund of the 2nd battalion of the 105th Field Artillery (formerly 2nd N. Y. F. A.) This unit, commanded by Major Wilbur T. Wright, is the pride of the Bronx and the only army organization recruited entirely in that county.

The benefit was the idea of Captain Alphonse Weiner, formerly adjutant of the new 2nd Battalion, 2nd N. Y. F. A. He enlisted the services of the Bronx's leading citizen and sportdom's shining light, Billy Gibson. The latter went into the game with the zeal and heartiness that has made him the foremost of promoters, and those present were treated to twenty interesting bouts between the best known boxers in the world.

Among the knights of the padded mitt who did their bit were: Benny Leonard, champion lightweight of the world and boxing instructor at Upton, Battling Levinsky, instructor at Camp Devens, who defrayed his own expenses in getting to the armory, as did Lew Tendler, lightweight contender from Philadelphia; "Irish Patsy Cline, Joe Jeannette, Frankie Callahan, Kid Griffo, Freddy Reese, K. O. Eggers and Cleve Hawkins.

Joe Stecher, champion wrestler, and Kid McPartland, old time "champs," officiated as referees.

A collection was taken up which netted nearly \$1,400. A cartoon, by Ripley, symbolical of the occasion, was auctioned off to Gibson for \$100 and a sketch by Bob Edgren sold for \$50.

Very few of the boys knew of the activities being carried on in their behalf, and they were all pleasantly surprised when informed of the receipt here of the proceeds. They could have cheered no louder if they had been told that they were to leave at once for the battlefields.

Major Wright, in a telegram of thanks to Mr. Gibson, said, "Your heart would have been glad and you would have felt amply repaid had you seen the happiness it caused and heard the cheers for our own Billy Gibson."

An appropriate telegram was also sent by the major to Captain Weiner thanking the latter for the efforts of himself and his men. Needless to say, the boys down here are grateful to the artists who helped make the affair such a success; and to the Bronxites who contributed so readily.

CORPORAL SAMUEL E. CHASIN,
H. Q. Co., 105th U. S. F. A.

ENGINEER TRAIN WINS OPENER ON DIAMOND.

The baseball players of the 102nd Engineer Train scored a 10 to 6 victory in their opening game. They were opposed by Company B, 102nd Engineers. The mule-charmers got away to a bad start and at the end of the fourth inning were three runs behind. However, they found their pace in the sixth and after that had all their heavy artillery going continuously. Bolster and Duggan accounted for several of the tallies while Funk on the mound managed to keep the B batters in place. Leo Foley, the Fordham Prep mainstay of last Spring, twirled for the losers.

ETHELBERT JELLYBACK.

(Continued from page 7)

"The crude fellow who is playing housemaid to the boiling is one of a detail known as kitchen police. Quaint phrase, kitchen police. Of course, in civil life you sometimes find a policeman in your kitchen, especially when the cook is of Irish descent. But never do you find a half dozen or more men doing kitchen police, as you do in the army. This particular fellow is named Mugrums. They give him this nasty job because he is most fitted for it. He——"

"Don't get personal," piped up Mugrums, glaring at me.

"He takes an almost unbelievable joy in his duties. He exults in it, I may say. He begs and beseeches the captain to give him this work every day——"

"I'm off'n the stuff!" shouted Mugrums, who suddenly began to strip off the fatigue uniform from over his khaki.

The ladies drew back, horrified, evidently thinking his disrobing was going to be complete. Mugrums flung the blue overalls at me viciously.

"These things ain't mine, ladies," said Mugrums. "They're his'n. He only paid me to wear 'em. But now he can jump back into them as soon as he pleases. Jump, Jelly! If the coat fits, put it on. It don't fit me."

Mugrums went whistling down the street.

ETHELBERT JELLYBACK,
(C. D.)

TEDDY IS MISSING!

To Former Members of 12th N. Y. Infantry: "Teddy" the little fox-terrier and mascot of Company D has been missing since Tuesday, March 5th, and it is believed that he is held somewhere in camp. Teddy enlisted at Buffalo, New York, on June 29th, 1916, while the 12th was en route to the Border and was with the men ever since. The still remaining men of the old company are anxiously waiting for the dog's return and wish that if you have seen Teddy since March 5th or can give any information whatever, please notify at once Sgt. Joe Rankin or Cook Gleason, Co. D, 52nd Pioneer Infantry.

COMPANY A, 102ND SUPPLY TRAIN.

"Lefty" Liddane, one of the Gip's, has been selected as an instructor of the bayonet.

Our new bugler only blew one call since he has been here; don't believe "Goldie," Wisner, he is trying to kid you. No one ever put salmon in his horn, he just forgot himself, and thought that he was peddling fish again.

What made "Cupie" Whalan get up the other morning? He was seen out on the company street, almost dressed, at 8 o'clock.

"Kid" Mac Gowan removed his O. D. mustache the other day and one-half of the company passed him by without a rumble; looks as if he was trying to kid us that he is a boy. Nothing doing, Mac.

The two stump jumpers from Lake Placid have returned again after trying the Hospital Corps for a very short time. What was the matter, Fred and Howard?

"Engineer" O'Brien was Sergt. of the K. P. the other day. Did any of the boys see him running up the hill to get his office? He said that the oatmeal and macaroni stick to the pots some thing fierce.

"Loop Eye" Quinn, our famous cook, always lets the boys know when he is on the job, as he burns it for a trade-mark.

"Nig." Warren, the pride of the ball team, and the once guardian of the keystone sack, does not do so well at throwing the hand-grenade, but with a baseball, he can throw it over the first base man's head at least ten feet.

The basket-ball game, between the Sergts. and the Over the Hill Squad, was won by the Sergts. by the score of 12 to 11, and it was some game, too, for comedy. The game in the first half stood 9-0 for the Sergts., but oh, my. In the second half, their tongues were hanging out a yard, in fact, one lad insisted that they were wearing red flannel undershirts, Bleeder Warren of laundry fame, threw four goals without opposition from Longlay.

Poor De Luxe, not being satisfied with the trimming they received from Corpl. Gulick's Squad, had to risk death and challenge the Sergts. to a game, there is no use of dwelling on the agony. They were beaten by the score of 26 to 3. Enough said, they are now the De Gink Squad.

EDDIE GULICK.

BIG LEAGUERS COMING SOON.

The Boston Braves and the New York Yankees will play at the Spartanburg Fair Grounds on April 8th while the Pittsburg Pirates and the Philadelphia Athletics appear on April 10th. All the teams have guaranteed their first string players. The games will be held under the auspices of the War Camp Community Service, the Camp Wadsworth Athletic Association and the 27th Division Theatrical Association. The receipts will be devoted to all three bodies. Admission, fifty cents and one dollar. Tickets will be on sale at the Cleveland Hotel, The Enlisted Men's Club, the Athletic Store opposite the Cleveland, and at Harvey Cohn's Chateau at Division Headquarters.

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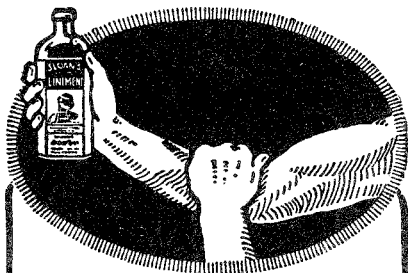
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