

*Relief of
distress*

GAS ATTACK

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

Vol. 1

CAMP WADSWORTH, SPARTANBURG, S. C., April 20, 1918

No. 22



NOTICE TO READER--When you finish reading this magazine, place a one-cent stamp on this notice, hand the magazine to any postal employee, and it will be placed in the hands of our soldiers or sailors at the front. No wrapping, no address.

A. S. Burlison, Postmaster-General.

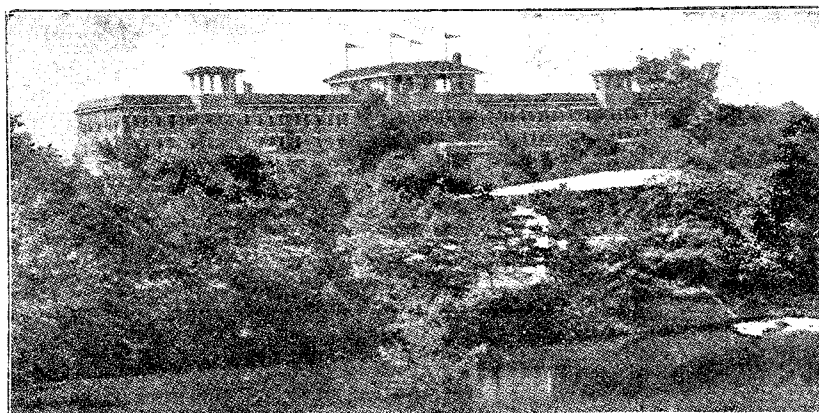
"A Little Close Order Work"

PRICE TEN CENTS

CHICK SPRINGS HOTEL

CHICK SPRINGS, S. C.

Camp
Wadsworth
12 Miles



Camp Sevier
4 Miles

Opens the middle of April at the urgent request of military authorities to care for army men and their families. Chick Springs, famous for years as a Southern resort owing to the curative qualities of the water, is located on the direct line of the P. & N. Electric Railway (station on hotel grounds) midway between Spartanburg and Greenville.

The hotel is new, modern and situated on the crest of hill overlooking a large open air swimming pool and well-kept lawns with the Blue Ridge Mountains as a background only a short distance away.

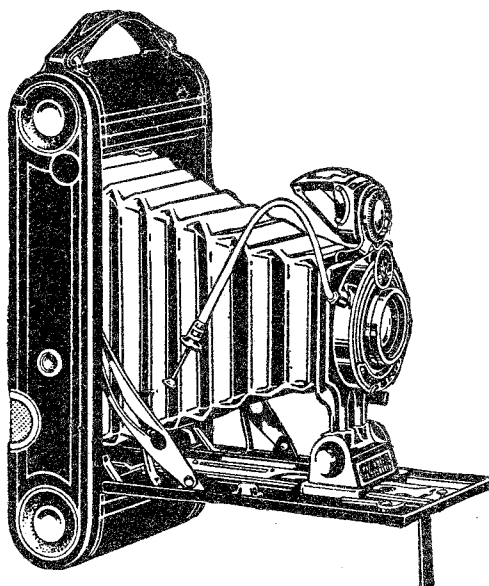
Chick Springs Hotel will be operated on the American Plan and will be the social center of all military activity, with two cedar hardwood dancing floors, private dining rooms, roof garden, orchestra and open air attractions.

Owing to the crowded condition of Spartanburg and Greenville immediate reservations are suggested.

Under Management of W. C. MacKENZIE, Formerly Strand and Shelburne Hotels, Atlantic City, N. J.

First Aid To The Soldiers

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



TOILET ARTICLES

Tooth Brushes
Tooth Paste
Creams and Powders
Ligon's Toilet Articles
of best quality for
ladies.

SAFETY RAZORS

Gillette
Gem
Ever-Ready
Auto Strap
Enders and Penn

LIGON'S

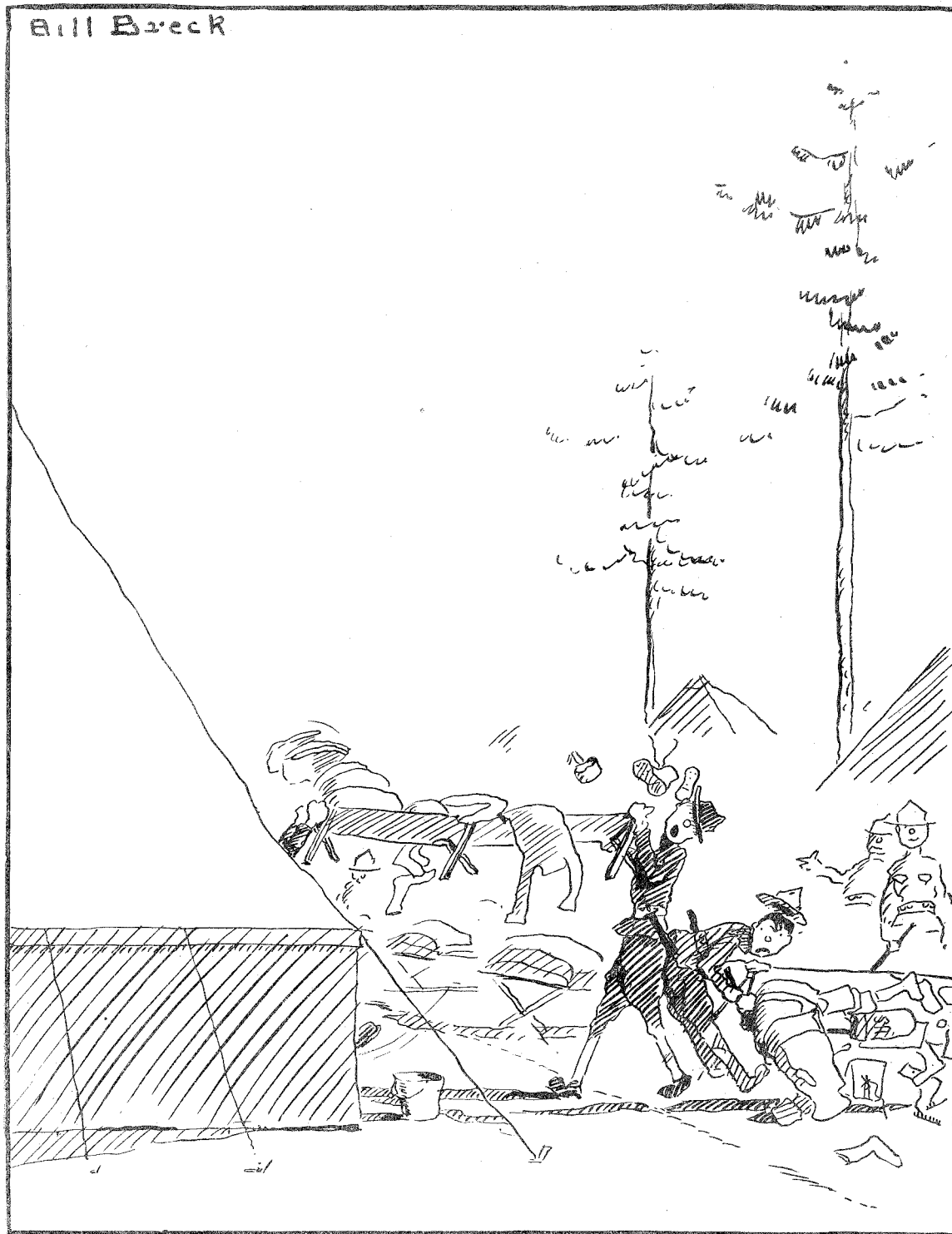
PRESCRIPTION SPECIALISTS AND FIRST CLASS DRUGS

Corner of North Church and Main Streets

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Are you sending the GAS ATTACK home? Nearly everyone in Camp is.



SATURDAY MORNING INSPECTION.

There are a number of pleasant little things connected with Saturday morning inspection and not the least of these is the ceremony of "getting out the cot." Let it be said that thoroughly to know one's cot, one must (with the help of some other "one") perform this duty 99 Saturdays in succession. A cot is a playful little creature, always squeaking. When being "taken out" it usually becomes agitated and bucks, unseating your nice, careful layout.

HITS AND RASPBERRIES AT THE RANGE

Private Davenport, O. T. S., Tells of Hiking, Shooting, Eating and Sleeping Up There.

Of course we beat all records. There is no use arguing about that. We refuse to listen. Every company, battalion and regiment that ever pitched its pup tents at the base of Glassy Rock and made a shamble of that rifle range, comes back claiming all the championships — hiking, shooting, wind, frost, eating and sleeping.

The 105th lays claim to the hiking championship. The 107th contends that its accuracy with the old Springfield made the mountaineers admit that there never was a rifle in that section of the Blue Ridge until the 107th arrived. The 108th insists that no other outfit could have done as well as they and lived. The 106th claims everything—doesn't specify; just listen to what you have to say and then declares that it did much better and did it oftener.

Well, if troops not actually engaged in combat ever accumulated more experiences in one fortnight than did Companies A and B, Officers' Training School, in their hike to, their sojourn at and return from the rifle range, those troops were ashamed of it because their experiences were withheld from the public.

Playing Tag With the Foe.

After pumping several million rounds of ammunition at the smallest and most indistinct targets that the world had ever produced, we chased a retreating foe up, down and around every mountain we could find. We had a go at the targets with automatic pistols and discovered that they are most effective weapons when handled by some one who knows how to use them. Even so, we ruined several of the range's best targets.

We topped off our official programme by witnessing a withering barrage fire by the field artillery guns. This latter event was a nice informal affair. We were led through some miles of mountain pass and formed in company fronts on a field whereon the shells were to fall. The guns were sequestered three miles back. A battalion of the 105th Infantry was squatted at the edge of the field. To the front, on a low ridge, lay a row of dugouts.

It was a glorious day and we were a bit hike-weary. The sun was delicious. We flattened ourselves in the sand and dozed off. Maybe there is some sensation more pleasant than to be thoroughly dirty, thoroughly tired and thoroughly satisfied and thus to fall asleep in warm sand beneath a kindly sun. If there be that more pleasant sensation we want to know about it.

Barrage Fire.

The barrage broke over our heads as we snoozed. We awoke. For a half hour

shrapnel bit that field like fleas attack a mountaineer's dog. We were well protected by medical corps men and their ambulances. Our protectors were lurking on the flanks looking expectantly first at us and then at the shrapnel shells.

"Just our luck," growled one of the M. C.'s, "to have one of you guys busted bad. In that case we'd have to drag you down the mountain to the hospital shack and it's damned poor dragging and my feet are sore and you guys aint got much sense anyway and is liable as not to get busted bad."

But the barrage was a most friendly affair. Nobody was injured. This despite the fact that we were squatted within a couple of hundred feet from where the shells were striking.

"No luck; no luck," commented our friend of the ambulance. "All this climb for nothing and nobody ain't even overcome or nothing. A lot of dumb-bells; that's what these O. T. S. guys are. Ain't got sense enough, they ain't. Glad none of them can be officers in the Medical Corps. Gawd help the poor dough boys."

Blue Ridge Appetites.

True to form, our schedule at the range was in keeping with the O. T. S. schedule for the past three months. It was absorbingly interesting. Not a moment of daylight was saved despite the fact we set our watches for the new system on April 1. Every second of the daylight that found its way over the broad brow of Glassy Rock was spent and to our advantage. The only thing we couldn't satisfy was appetite. Nobody could satisfy appetite as it exists in the Blue Ridges. There isn't that much food in the world.

And there is no reason for going into details about the range practice. Every man in the division, or almost every man, knows the joys and sorrows of hits and raspberries by this time.

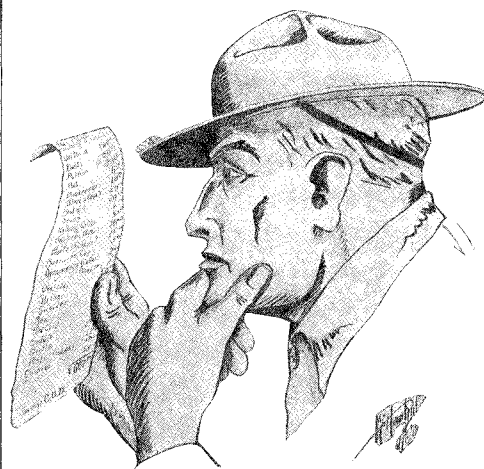
So this space may be utilized whereon to hold forth about those nights. Without stooping to exaggeration, I maintain that no such nights—not forgetting the well-known Arabian nor the Ten in A Barroom—ever came to pass. Most of us were more or less well acquainted with the business of going to bed as issued. To retire as issued means exactly what the phrase suggests—to hit the bed-sack sans shoes, blouse and hat only.

To Bed "As Issued."

But it remained for those nights at Glassy Rock and on the hike to and from the range to see us abed shod and hatted. The day might be radiant. The sun might be tropical. But the night stole up upon one like a cruel message from the north coast of Greenland.

The day of the great mountain manoeuvre was ideal until late in the afternoon. About four o'clock a likely breeze began

(Continued on page 31)



COST OF A COMMISSION.

Budget for Typical Outfit for the New Officer.

Down at the Officers' Training School—and elsewhere, too, where optimism raises its hopeful head—serious young men are figuring out just how much it is going to cost them when they get their commissions. The *Gas Attack* has compiled a little expense account for the newly commissioned officer. The articles for which prices are given are not the most expensive, nor the least. They are good, standard stuff.

1 uniform (serge)	\$ 35.00
1 uniform (cotton whipcord)	20.00
1 overcoat (heavy)	50.00
1 trench coat or rain coat.....	30.00
1 campaign hat	6.00
1 garrison cap	4.00
1 pair dress boots	35.00
2 pairs of shoes	24.00
1 pair leather puttees	15.00
1 pair of spurs	3.00
1 pair of rubber boots.....	6.00
2 O. D. shirts	8.00
1 cot	4.00
1 bed roll	20.00
2 blankets	25.00
1 trunk	15.00
1 toilet kit	5.00
1 mess kit and carrier	2.00
1 compass	3.00
1 pistol (with holster)	22.00
1 pair gloves	4.00
2 ties	1.00
Insignia	5.00
Belt	12.00

Total

And then, of course there are various other items such as sox, underwear, collars, white shirts, whistle, flashlight, binoculars, tent comforts of various sorts, which bring the total around \$400.

Note:—At the request of the Business Manager of the *Gas Attack*, your attention is called to the fact that all these articles are advertised in the *Gas Attack*.

GAS ATTACK

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THE MILITARY SALUTE.

An Ancient Custom and One Full of Meaning.

(By Dr. John R. Mackay.)

Some soldiers fail to see the significance of the salute in the army. They can not quite see the need for it, nor what it adds of value to their service. Like most things this can best be appraised by knowing the origin of it.

Sometimes it is explained to the men, "Oh, well, you do it out of respect to the uniform—what you really salute is the uniform!" But this is not quite true. It is Uncle Sam's uniform and must therefore be respected, for in respecting it one shows respect to that which it represents, and that is the honor of the country.

But the salute is a little more significant and a little more personal than that. Nothing makes a very hearty appeal to a man unless it is associated with the touch of a personality. And this is just what really gives the salute its value—it is recognition of personality—it is recognition of an acknowledged personal worth.

The salute had its origin in the days when men wore armor. Part of that armor was a visor. As this was closed to protect the face, men could not know each other except by certain marks of distinction placed upon their armor. These marks indicated the positions of trust and responsibility in which these men had been placed. Certain qualifications of leadership, of bravery, of military genius, merited recognition from King or Commander. Such recognition was indicated by marks upon the armor. These marks were, therefore, the proofs of certain outstanding qualifications, which the commander had noticed and which in this way he sought to honor. These distin-

guishing marks gave them rank. But a man of lower rank felt that what the Commander had thus honored he also ought to recognize. He wished to express his appreciation not merely of honors bestowed but of personal qualities which had merited the honors. This he did by raising his own visor when approaching one whose armor emblems indicated his worth and his honors.

But this act of raising the visor was more than the mere recognition of an honor bestowed—it was also a friendly act, in that the man expressed his trust and confidence in thus removing the protection from his face. He put himself at the mercy of the one whom he thus honored. In response to this the man of higher rank raised his visor also, and thus showed the honor was appreciated and the courtesy welcomed. Here was a tribute to personal worth, and a friendly appreciation of it.

The raising of the visor necessitated a sliding upward movement of the right hand. This became the form of the early salute. To-day it has taken on the snap and precision necessary to our times. But there is no reason for eliminating out of it the thought that makes it the recognition of personal worth, a friendly act and the appreciation of a courtesy.

The salute, therefore, belongs rather in the realm of personal worth, and is not a mere tribute to the uniform.

A QUESTION OF DOLLARS AND CENTS.

"Enlisted men, 50 cents; Officers, \$1.00." This sign is sometimes seen at entertainments in Spartanburg. The supposition is that all officers are plutocrats. This, as the Hunting of the Snark (one of the greatest poems in any language) puts it, "is a sentiment open to doubt."

Take a case very much in point at this time. A large number of good soldiers are on the verge of getting commissions as a result of ability plus hard work at the Officers' Training School. Not a few of them, as the most casual census will show, are up against a stiff financial problem. Stated in its simplest terms, it is this: Where is the money coming from to pay for my outfit?

On page 3 of this issue of the **Gas Attack** a carefully compiled budget shows that the initial outlay for an officer's equipment is close to \$400.00. Of course this doesn't include depreciation and replacements which, in the course of a year will amount around \$200.00, or even more. This means that a second lieutenant must spend about one-third of his first year's salary on equipment. His food costs him nearly another third. Then there are allotments, insurance, Liberty Bonds, etc.

Yes, a second lieutenant can hardly be accused of being a war profiteer. It is safe to say that the average buck private (without a private income) is in better shape financially at the end of a month than the average second lieutenant (without a private income). A private income is a convenient thing, a desirable thing, when it comes from one's own efforts, but it should not be a requisite in the army.

Most of the men getting commissions in the O. T. S. were salaried men. Now, after having been in the ranks for eight or nine months or more they are required to buy some \$400.00 worth of equipment and to live on a more liberal scale than when they were in the ranks, on a salary, which in these high costing times is not by any means princely.

None of these men want to make any money out of the war. They have given much already and are willing to give more, even to the greatest gift in a man's power. It is an undoubted hardship for many of them to buy the equipment their position demands. They should not be subjected to it. We, who have no shoulder bars and no financial problems because of them, in all altruism, believe that the Government should equip its officers as it does its enlisted men.

R. E. C.

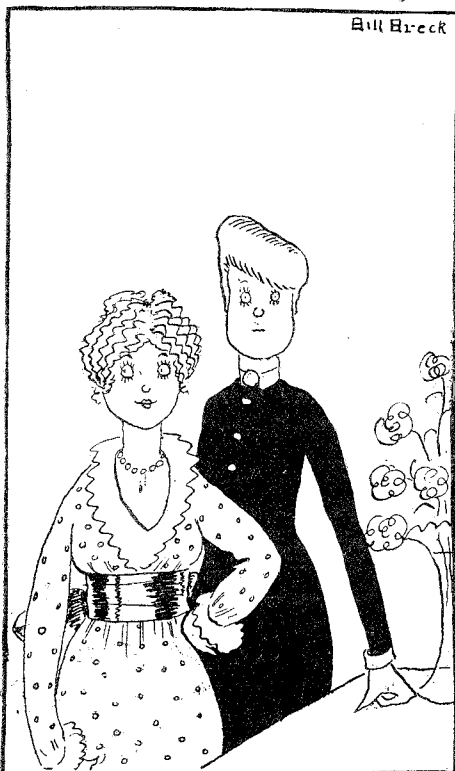
A Soldier's Letter to His Sweetheart

Dere Mable:

I am bustin into societie up here at the range. This needent make no difference between you and me though. There aint nothing stuck up about me but my hair. Thats all right so long as its good and wet. Last Sunday while I was takin a bath in a little town near here the minister ast me to dinner. Not while I was in the tub, of course, Mable. Just after. He ast Joe Loomis too. He had to really cause he was with me. Hes not a regular minister. Hes got a lot of money and pointed shoes an is down in the mountains for cronik axmuth. Awful highbrow, Mable. Dont know who Ring Lardner is and changes the needle after every record.

The minister has two daughters, both girls and a wife. One of the girls is good looking and the other is more like youd expect. I guess shes a pillow of the church. Joe was ast for her while I amused the good looker. Any one but Joe could have seen that. Not him. He kept buttin in an makin an ass of hisself.

We was ast for dinner at hapast one. Joe thought it would be politer not to run in an eat an run out like it was a canteen so we went a little early. About noon. They played highbrow pieces on the foneygraph. The kind that has only one tune on them an cost so much that everybody has to lissen. Joe dont know nothing about music of course. Right while K. Russo was havin an awful time he says if theyll speed it up a little he like to have a dance.



"Two daughters—both girls."

The minit we sat down to dinner Joe started tellin one of his stories about how he almost got killed one time. They was all waitin for him to shut up sos the minister could say grace before the soup got all cold. Joe thought they were listenen to him. Thats something that aint ever happened to him before. He kept draggin it out and draggin it out. The only thing that finally stopped him was he forgot the point. Then the minister put his nose in his soup and began sayin grace. Joe thought he was talkin to him and kept askin "Hows that and what say" all the time he was prayin.

I aint never goin out with that fello no more. I guess thats safe cause he wont never be ast. All the time durin dinner he kept sayin, "My gawd I hate to make such a hog of myself." Then the minister would look like hed lost some money and my girl would giggle. The ministers wife passed him some stuff she said was real old spider corn cake. Joe said he didnt care how old it was. Since hed been in the army hed got sos he could eat anything. Then he thought a while an says he guessed it must have been a relief to the spiders to get rid of them. Nobody said nothin. Just to show his poyse Joe took his fork out of his mouth and speered four pieces of bread across the table.

He was all for keepin the same plate through dinner and gettin up an helpin. Said he knew what it was like to be in the kitchen on Sunday. They forgot the coffee till dinner was over. They didnt like to waste it I guess bein war times so the ministers wife ast us if wed like to go into the drawin room an have it. Joe said he wasnt much at drawin but My gawd if he sat round makin a hog of hisself any longer theyd have to give it to him in a bed room.

They gave us coffee in egg cups. Seein I wasnt payin for it I didnt guess it was my place to say nothin. Manners. Thats me all over, Mable. We got talkin about one thing and another. I was tellin them about the war and when it was goin to end. Joe was sittin on the sofa with the other daughter pickin the sole of his shoe. I felt sorry for him cause I knew hed be lookin at foty-graphs pretty soon if he didnt buck up.

The ministers wife asked me what I thought of wimmins suffrage. I said I thought it was a good thing but you couldn't tell. Thats the beauty of always keeping read up on these things. If you happen to get outside the army for a little while and meet some intelligent people you can talk on pretty near anything. Then she turned to Joe and ast how he felt. Joe jumped like somebody sprung out at him an says "A little sick to my stummick thanks but thatll be all right as soon as things set a bit."

The good lookin one said she thought our officers was awful cute. I guess she never seen our lieutenant. She said she just could



"They forgot the coffee till dinner was over."

not resist them. I says, quick without thinkin it up "of course, its against the law to resist an officer." That got them all laffin an they forgot Joe for a little while.

Both the daughters sang a duet. Joe says that was the best thing about it. They got through twice as quick. We got laffin so hard that I says I guess wed have to go sos to be in time for mess. Then Joe got awful polite and backed over a rubber plant an says "My gawd excuse me." He wont never be ast again.

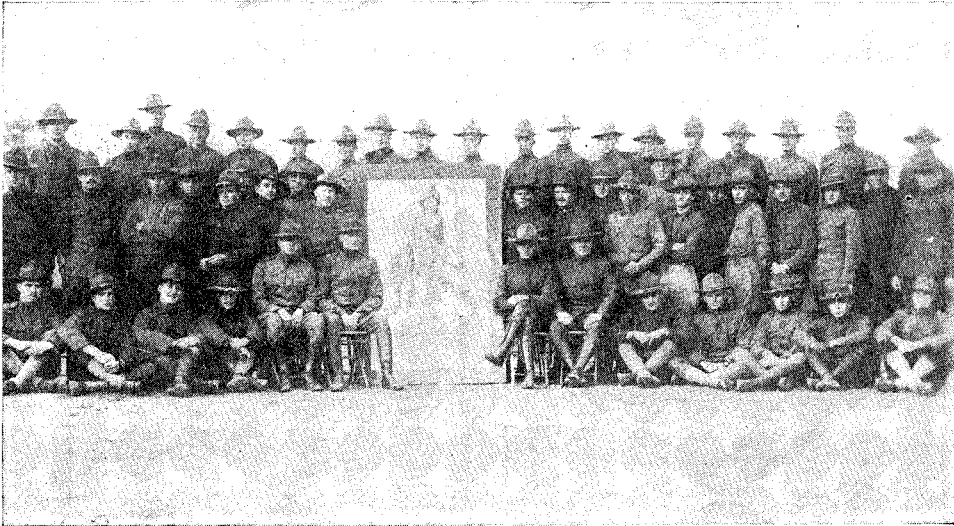
Ive been wonderin for a long time, Mable, why the audience officers all wear spurs. They don't ever ride a horse of course. I ast Angus McDonald, the skotch fello, the other day and he says its to keep there feet from slidin off the desk. Aint that a funny custom?

I guess were goin to begin shootin again pretty soon. The Lieutenant says the artillery is goin to have a Brigade problem and the infantry is comin up from camp for it. I guess weel all take a lot more interest in the shootin if theres something worth while to fire at.

yours in spite of better things,
Bill.

P. S. Joe Loomis just got a letter that smelt and what do you suppose Mable? It was from the goodlookin daughter askin him to come over to dinner next Sunday all alone. I guess there not as high brow as I thought.

Bill.
Per E. S.



First Class to Graduate from Wadsworth Camouflage College.

WORLD LEVITIES.

(Edited by Matthew Matteawan.)

New York.—Private Phineas T. Potter, of Camp Wadsworth, was highly commended by Magistrate Murphy in night court last night when Private Potter was brought before him on a charge of playing duck on the rock with half a dozen cabaret singers and waiters in Sector's, a well known Broadway food-castle. Private Potter told the magistrate that he was sitting innocently in the cabaret eating lobster salad and pistache ice cream, when Isaac Isaacs, a cabaret singer, of 18765 Vyse Avenue, The Bronx, dressed in the uniform of a first lieutenant, came out and sang "Take Me Back to Carolina, Where the Weather Can't be Finer!" Isaacs is resting comfortably in Bellevue Hospital. He will recover.

Four chorus men, also dressed as officers, came to the rescue of Isaacs, and Private Potter larruped them for a row of skyscrapers. He was using a barrage of bottles against a drive by the waiters when the reserves arrived.

Potter was subsequently taken to Yorkville Police Court by Patrolmen Dooley, Toole, O'Toole, O'Dooley, Dowd, O'Dowd, Finn, Finnerty and O'Finnerty. He was immediately discharged by Magistrate Murphy, who praised him for his action. Magistrate Murphy once spent a winter in Carolina.

Washington, D. C.—A special commission has been appointed to examine an invention of Prof. Heeza Proon, which will, it is believed, revolutionize the art of rifle cleaning. Professor Proon, by crossing the common field mouse with the rare gowanus caterpillar, has produced an animal which

he calls the rifle-mouse. It has six legs, a bushy tail, and stiff hair. It gets angry very easily. Professor Proon's idea is to supply each soldier with a rifle-mouse. When the soldier wants to clean his rifle barrel, he calls the rifle-mouse names. This makes it very angry and its hair bristles. He then places it in his rifle barrel, where it runs back and forth, cleaning the barrel perfectly with its stiffened hair and tail. The government is reported to have offered Professor Proon a large sum for the exclusive use of the rifle-mouse. His home is in Waverly, Mass.

Chicago, Ill.—Edgar Blatt, 27, a song writer, was arrested today for violating the conscription laws by failing to appear for examination. Magistrate Williams, before whom Blatt was arraigned, scored Blatt for being a "slacker" and held him for trial. Blatt is well known as the author of "I'm Glad I Raised My Lad to be a Doughboy," "Good-bye Sally, Round Old Glory I Must Rally," "I'll Go Over the Top for the Stars and Stripes, for Mother, Omaha, and You—" and other successful patriotic songs.

Berlin.—Otto Schweibeldunkelhundfleisch and Karl Kartoffel, went into bankruptcy to-day. They were well known ticket speculators, who invested their entire fortunes buying front row seats for the Big Drive.

Helmetta, N. J.—Jesse Moron, a farmer, set a new world's record April 1st, when, in one day, he pointed a loaded gun at a friend in fun, rocked a boat in which he was rowing two elderly aunts, tickled a mule's rear ankles with a feather, smoked a pipe in a powder-house, pulled a chair from under a man who was about to sit on it, got married twice, and said that he hoped the Americans would make peace soon, because the Kaiser can't be beaten. He is under observation.

R. E. C.

PARADE FOR LIBERTY LOAN.

Among Those Present Was Amos, Who Is Up On Military Matters.

The parade which marked the opening of the Third Liberty Loan drive in Spartanburg drew spectators from the agricultural districts for miles around. It was a good parade. The men marched with snap and precision. (This is the only parade story ever written in which the parade was not described as "an impressive spectacle").

Amos Teator was there from Fair Forest to give the procession the optic. Amos brought a large stock of misinformation and chewing tobacco with him. He ate great quantities of the latter, as he dispensed the former.

"See them fellers," said Amos as a captain and a lieutenant strode by at the head of a company. "Them's sergeants; or mebbe, corpals. Yes, they must be corpals; they hain't got no guns."

As each officer passed after that Amos announced to everyone within twenty feet of him.

"See 'im? He's a corporal."

One battalion of the 107th Infantry was preceded by a band which bore the letters FIRST VERMONT on its bass drum.

"There they go," cried Amos. "Them's Green Mountain Boys! Yessiree, big fellows every one of them. They grow 'em big up there—much bigger than in New York. Notice how much bigger they are than New York fellers?"

Amos had some good news about the machine guns when they passed.

"See them," he cried, "them's aut-O-matic machine guns. Shoot? Yessiree, shoot twenty miles. And fast? Say, they shoot a thousand shots a minute."

Amos was a patriot. "Just wait till them boys get over there," he declared. "A few of them regiments will give the Kaiser something to worry about. Just you all wait."

He was not up on military etiquette, however, for when the first colors went by his black felt hat stayed abaft his buzz-saw hair-cut. A soldier explained to him that when the flag passes, civilians remove their hats.

Whereupon Amos took his off for every guidon that passed.

It was a great day for Amos and for Spartanburg.

ARE YOU A SHRINER?

All members of the A. A. O. N. M. S. at Camp Wadsworth are requested to send their names, rank and organization to Private Joseph F. Holder, Company L, 107th Infantry, or Mr. James Nelson, Church St., Spartanburg, S. C.

THE IDEAS OF ETHELBURT JELLYBACK, PRIVATE,

XX. On How He At Last Sets Forth Upon a Furlough

It is the common practice among us soldiery to kill off a relative so that we can go back to Broadway on a furlough.

In order to get a five-day furlough it is necessary to put an end to at least one grandmother or the equivalent in two and a half cousins. To get ten days leave you have to bring about the death of one grandfather plus a mother-in-law or a father. And to get a fifteen-day furlough you must wipe out your whole family.

Being unfitted by nature to adopt this campaign of frightfulness, I for one, resolved to rebel against these conventions.

"Captain," I said, "I want to go to New York on a furlough. I confess I have no telegram from my mother telling me she is dead. Nor is my father at death's door. As a matter of fact my entire family is in a depressing condition. They are all alive and frightfully healthy."

It Is a Dilemma.

"H'm!" commented the Captain. "Yours is an unusual situation. Have you a wife?"

"Oh, mercy, no, sir!"

"Then you don't expect the arrival of twins, do you?"

"I hadn't thought of it, sir."

The captain pondered.

"How awkward!" he said. I grew desperate.

"But there is a little child, about nineteen. Maybe you have seen her, sir. She once smiled at me. She's the second from the left in the opening chorus of Ziegfeld's——"

"You may start on your furlough tonight," said the Captain.

A fever of activity seized me, and the Government has not yet discovered an inoculation to prevent it. I looked for my laundry and couldn't find it. While I was in the midst of my hurried preparations who should suddenly come running down the company street but Dickie Darling, my chum. He told me that he, too, was starting on a furlough and that he wanted me to stop off with him for a week-end party on the way North. We were to be the guests of a prominent family who have a big country home. Eagerly I acquiesced in the project.

"And I will take Mugrums along as our orderly," I said. "He can get a 48-hour pass over Sunday and then return to camp after we are through with him."

Mugrums agreed. So we set out, Dickie and I and Mugrums. We were fortunate in picking out a train that was only six hours late in reaching its destination. If we had been unlucky we would have been sixteen hours late.

They Arrive.

A big automobile was waiting for us at

the station with a liveried chauffeur. As we were driven towards the big house on the private estate I cautioned Mugrums about his conduct.

"Remember, Mugrums, that you are my orderly, and Dickie's, too, and that you are to make yourself busy with our luggage while we are being welcomed by the host and hostess and the other members of the household. You will probably sleep in the servants' quarters and——"

"As you were, Ethelburt!" piped up Mugrums. "That stuff don't go with me any longer. I quit as orderly right now, and you gotta treat me like one o' the party or I'll queer the whole thing. I'll tell 'em you're only a buck private and you ain't entitled to an orderly and that I ain't your orderly and, moreover, I'll send a telegram to the Captain and spill the beans!"

Mugrums was in earnest. I was in horrors. I conferred with Dickie.

"The only thing we can do," he counselled, "is to introduce Mugrums as a third member of our party, crude fellow that he is, and hope for the best."

The Fatal Introduction.

So that was the way we went ahead.

"Mrs. Dollarsworth," said Dickie to the hostess, "I have brought with me a friend, Mr. Jellyback, and—and another—er—soldier, Mr. Mugrums. Allow me to introduce them."

"How do you do, Mrs. Dollarsworth," I said, greeting her pleasantly. To my astonishment Mugrums pushed forward.

"Lemme give your mit a flop," he said, seizing Mrs. Dollarsworth by the hand. "Anybody what can sport a house as flossy as this is, I gotta hand it to, whether you got the money honestly or not."

Mrs. Dollarsworth drew back, puzzled. Mugrums hung to her hand and kept jerking it up and down as if simulating the action of a pump-handle. "I'm for you," he went on, "and this veranda just about takes my eye. The view is fine from here, ain't it? But then, you can't feed yourself on the view alone, can you? Though mess sergeants would try to do it if they could. What've you got to eat in the house? You know us soldiers, we're fighting for three great principles: breakfast, dinner and supper."

Mrs. Dollarsworth collapsed. She lay on the floor in a swoon, having been overcome by the extraordinary torture of Mugrums' repeated handshakes.

The servants were dumbfounded. Dickie and I were too amazed to move at first. It was Mugrums who was the first to act.

"Somebody oughtta pick 'er up and carry her to her bunk. She's had a fit."

Dickie and I with the help of the servants, carried Mrs. Dollarsworth to a couch and administered smelling salts to her. Mr.

Dollarsworth appeared and was greatly shaken at the condition of his wife. He wanted to know the cause of her seizure. I was loathe to tell him the truth.

"I'll bet I can tell you what made her pass out," spoke up Mugrums. "I'll bet she ain't gotta thing in the house to eat!"

ETHELBERT JELLYBACK, Private.

—C. D.

PASSOVER SEDAR.

On Wednesday evening, March 27, 1918, Sedar service was held at the Soldiers' Club in Spartanburg. Two hundred and seventy-five soldiers were present to participate in the service to celebrate the freedom from Egypt of the people of Israel. This was perhaps the first time in the life of the men that they were not with their own family in their own home.

The regular Sedar service was conducted by Lieutenant Margulies, assisted by Mr. Paul Goldman of the Jewish Welfare Board. All the essential courses of the Passover, including the ceremonial dishes, were served to the men by the ladies of Spartanburg.

Major McCord, Chaplain of the 107th Infantry addressed the boys showing the likeness between the freedom from Egypt and the present struggle for world liberty. Mr. E. W. Leslie, Head Secretary of the Y. M. C. A., was present and spoke of the warm co-operation existing between the Y. M. C. A. and the Jewish Welfare Board at Camp Wadsworth.

Soldiers of all faiths were present. It has always been the ambition of the Jewish Welfare Board to show the greatest possible feeling of friendship toward all soldiers and to live up to the true spirit of Democracy.

JEWISH WELFARE BOARD NOTES.

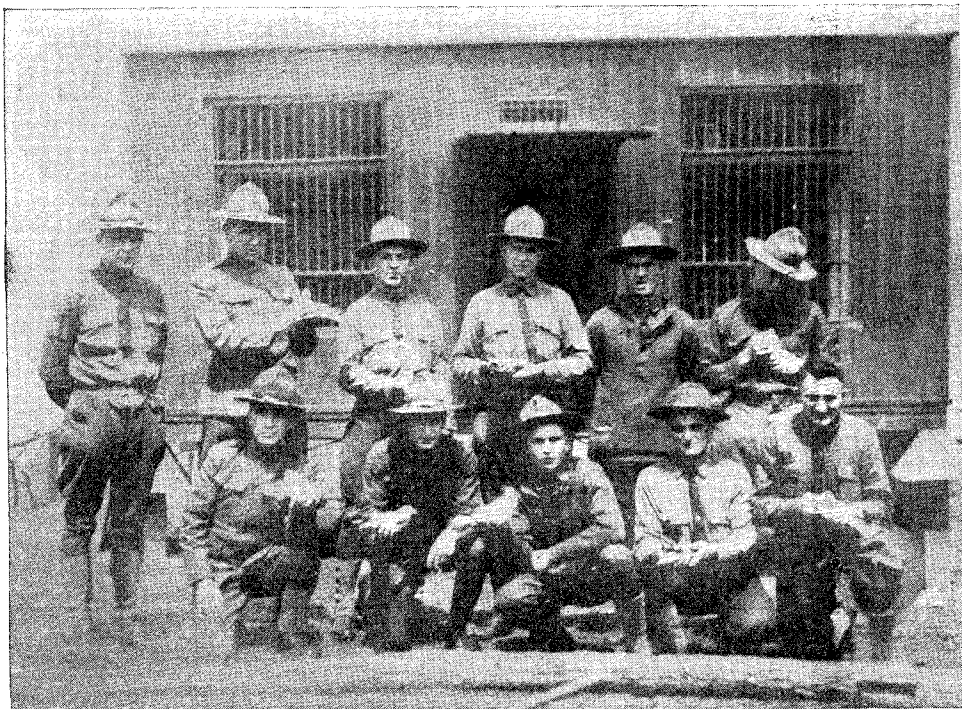
Sabbath services will be held on Friday evening in the Little White Church near the Liberty Tent Theatre, at 7 P. M. Rabbi George Solomon, resident rabbi of Camp Wadsworth, will speak.

If you are in town on Friday evening, come to the service at Temple B'Nai Israel, corner Union and South Deane streets, at 8:30 P. M. All soldiers are welcome.

The Temple is open every evening of the week. Drop around and spend a pleasant few hours or even minutes.

Address all communications to Paul Goldman, Jewish Welfare Board, care Y. M. C. A., Camp Wadsworth. We shall always be very glad to hear from you.

Look for the fellow with the blue shield in the circle on his left sleeve, stop him, and you will make a new friend.



Pigeoneers and Their Fleet Messengers.

ROAD WORK WITH THE PIGEONEERS.

Bird Men Here Busy Training Feathered Messengers.

There is no truth in the report that one of the pigeon-tamers of the Pigeon section, Signal Corps, is in the Base Hospital as a result of being kicked by one of the pigeons. The section is intact and on the job. Bucking pigeons are being broken every day, and made bridle-wise.

The pigeon remount station is that little green building not far from the camp post office and the wireless station, and has tin rat-guards on the posts that support it.

The men in the pigeon section are quartered with the Division Headquarters Troop. The work they will do in the field is considered one of the most important branches of signaling, and more than one of us is apt to be grateful to the fleet, feathered messengers that these bird-men are training.

Pigeon-training is a delicate art. The pigeoners here (they like to be called pigeoners), have a flock of young thoroughbreds in their charge. When the birds came here they had never seen anything but the inside of an egg and the inside of a box.

The pigeoners, many of whom have flown racing pigeons all their lives, tackled the job of making dependable messengers of the green birds. Their task is to develop the birds so that if the birds are liberated with a message any place within a thousand

miles of Spartanburg, they will speed back here and report promptly at the loft. A pigeon that is A. W. O. L. is absolutely no good. They must return at once to their home nest so that the message can be delivered. Well trained birds do not lose any time about starting for home. A flirt, a flutter, a whirl and they are off almost as fast as the bullets.

The Sweet-Tempered Pigeoneers.

The birds are taught to love their home nest. Pigeoneers never strike their charges. They speak to them only in gentle voices; they call them only endearing terms. Pigeons are not mules. The home nest represents FOOD to the birds. To get the best results the pigeons must be a little hungry when they start on their errand. The need of food speeds them up. Hunger makes them "trap" quickly. They trap when they push through a little wire gate, which electrically rings a bell announcing the arrival of a messenger. Teaching the birds to trap at once is now the principal work of the pigeoners.

They give the birds road work, i. e., send them up for flights around the loft and then rattle a pan of corn to bring the flock back to the loft. Those that are slow in returning to "trap," do not get any corn. After a bird has missed out on mess a few times for his slowness, he gets it into his head that it is a good thing to trap promptly.

The pigeon section is composed of the following expert pigeoners: Corporals Swain, Haggas, Sheehan, Taintor, and Privates Juber, Brady, Weiss, Thorn, Vanderveer, Odell, Heninger, and Swain.

Saving scraps over here will save the scrap over there.—S. O. S.

MAJ. GEN. O'RYAN LAUDS 105TH INFANTRY.

Praises Men for Good Shooting, Hiking and Discipline.

Major General O'Ryan was so pleased with the work of the 105th Infantry on its trip to the range that he has written a letter of commendation to the commanding officer of that regiment as follows:

April 9.

Commanding General, 27th Division, U. S. A.
Commanding Officer, 105th Infantry, Camp
Wadsworth, S. C.

Commendation of 105th Infantry.

1. Please convey to the officers and enlisted men of your regiment my commendation of the manner in which the regiment has performed its duty during the past few weeks. Its record has been satisfactory from the beginning, but during the period mentioned its discipline, rifle practice, combat exercises and marching abilities have placed the regiment on a high plane of efficiency.

2. In the combat firing exercises on Thursday, April 4th, 1918, the regiment fired a large amount of service ammunition in broken country, including much wooded land, and its attention to detail and fire discipline were such that no accidents occurred. On Friday, April 5th, 1918, the regiment occupied a position prepared to assault an outlined enemy trench system on a front of 500 yards. The assault was preceded by a barrage fired by the batteries of the 104th and 105th Regiments of Field Artillery. Although the field batteries fired 480 rounds of shrapnel over the heads of the regiment, some of which burst within 65 yards of its first wave, the discipline and zeal of the command throughout were marked and worthy of special mention. The advance of the regiment in three waves behind was satisfactorily executed.

3. The 105th Infantry gives every promise of being an efficient, dependable unit in actual combat.

(Signed) JOHN F. O'RYAN,
Major General.

In that "Sahjunt at Camp Pike" a correspondent discovers a dear old friend, and recalls the following anecdote: "Pat, doing guard duty, was asked by his sergeant if he had seen the colonel in that part of the camp. No, he had not; but two hours later, when an officer passed, Pat asked: 'And who might you be?' Drawing himself up: 'I am Colonel Smith.' 'Oh, sure, you're the colonel, are ye? Well, you're going to get hell. The sergeant's been looking for you for two hours.'"

Do not stint the soldiers in the trenches by wasting food in the camps.—S. O. S.

THERE IS HOPE.**A Pertinent Letter to the Editor from Captain Goodman.**

To the Editor, Gas Attack:

Dear Sir: In your edition of March 24, 1918, there appeared an interesting article entitled "The Camp Pastor's Story." After reciting many of his experiences about camp, the writer draws his article to a close by narrating an incident intensely pathetic and heart rending.

The case is cited of a young man who has sought a noble end without employing one of the main means of reaching it, this is of seeking to be a soldier without a religion. Having given him a setting in a "vestibule of hell," he leaves there with "the mark of the plague upon him, never to be removed in this life." To a sympathetic Y. M. C. A. worker this lad is quoted as saying: "I never want to look my mother or my sisters in the face again." Thereupon this above mentioned Y. M. C. A. worker tells the boy that if it were his case he would "go to France, sell his life as dearly as possible, and leave his body there." With a climax of tear-filled eyes, the story closes with this unhappy ending: "That's just what I would like to do, but I'm no good as a soldier. They won't let me go. Ready to die for his country, and not fit to do that."

Our object in writing is not to question the genuineness of the incident; rather is it to set forth the falsity of the principle which may be drawn from this narrative, namely, that syphilis is incurable. Nor shall we infringe upon the ground of the theologian by discussing the moral issue which might be raised by what seems an overt counsel to suicide on foreign soil. Sufficient for us shall be the medical aspect of the article.

Let our premise: All modern medical authorities concur in the statement that syphilis can be cured. True, time was when a syphilitic was considered a leper in the community. His case was considered disgraceful and incurable, and he was set aside even in some cases by his own family. But time and the development of medical science have given to the world the means whereby the disease may be cured, and its transmission from generation to generation positively halted.

As it can be effectively cured in civil life, much better can it be cured in the army. A certain ward is set aside in the Base Hospital for its exclusive treatment, and here are to be found the means devised by science to stamp out this most dreaded of dreadful diseases. The existence of this ward, its work and its wonderful results are facts known to so many, that the gross ignorance thereof exhibited in the article is well nigh reprehensible.

MAJ. GEN. O'RYAN URGES SUPPORT OF THIRD LOAN.

Major General John F. O'Ryan has asked every officer and enlisted man in Camp Wadsworth to take a personal interest in the third liberty loan campaign, which opened Saturday. The bulletin follows:

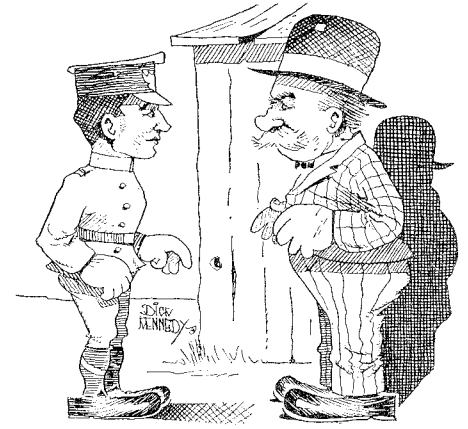
"A third liberty loan campaign will be conducted throughout the United States, commencing on April 6, 1918, and continuing for a period of three or four weeks. The importance of subscribing to this loan can not be too forcibly impressed upon everyone. The men of the army should be especially concerned with the success of this campaign, inasmuch as it is understood that the major portion of the money raised by means of the third liberty loan will be expended by the government for equipment, supplies and other materials that the army will require.

"It is the desire of the camp commander that every officer and enlisted man take a personal interest in the result of the campaign. It is understood that a great many men in this camp can not themselves purchase these bonds in view of their personal obligations under the war risk insurance act for allotments to dependent relatives, premiums for insurance, and also allotments for liberty loan bonds, second issue. However, every officer and enlisted man can render valuable assistance by writing a letter to at least one friend or a member of his family, requesting their aid in making this great loan a success by obtaining subscriptions from at least ten other persons. By so doing, a substantial subscription for liberty bonds should be secured."

Again, syphilis need not necessarily predicate disgrace. Many of those so afflicted have contracted it most innocently, and why a general conclusion of disgrace should be drawn, or left to be drawn from a particular case of moral turpitude, is beyond our power of reasoning. It is a grave violation of the fundamentals of logic.

The physicians connected with this Base Hospital and assigned to work among the syphilitics are men of wide experience and many of them are known nationally for their research work along these lines. They are men of the type who would gladly furnish to the Camp Pastor and the Y. M. C. A. worker information for their future guidance, information of the sort which may cause them to send back to the ranks a man filled with patriotic zeal and fervor, rather than one needlessly haunted with morbid thoughts, and consumed with the idea of sending himself to perdition without a chance.

S. J. GOODMAN,
Capt., M. R. C., Base Hospital.



"Too bad about the Wofford College corps."

"How so, Agammenon, how so?"

"They can't have any regimental supply sergeants."

"And why not, Polonius, why not?"

"None of them have arms long enough to wear the chevrons."

HEAVY PENALTY FOR SOLDIER FORGERS.

For passing bogus checks aggregating \$1,500, Privates Ira D. Brall, William H. Randolph and George D. Katzmann, all of Company D, 102nd Engineers, have been severely punished by a court martial. Their sentence was made public last week. Brall and Randolph received seven years in the federal prison at Atlanta, Ga., and Katzmann five years.

AN APPRECIATION.

A few words in behalf of the good work done at the Stockade by the men associated with the Army Y. M. C. A.

These men do their bit by serving as secretaries of the Y. M. C. A. activities throughout all Military Camps in this country and abroad.

They give their time to the welfare of the boys in khaki, by having places of amusement built for them, supplying writing material, moving pictures, and church services.

Their work in behalf of the prisoners, deserves great praise. These prisoners who are confined for offences committed against the military service, appreciate the work these men do, in their behalf. They are supplied with all kinds of sporting paraphernalia, writing material, books and all sorts of magazines.

V. C. WELCH,
2nd Lieut. 27th Division Stockade.

CALL FOR YOUR LAUNDRY.

There are many who have left laundry at the New York Laundry, a list of which may be had on inquiry. Those who left such may get the same by calling at the office of F. F. Floyd, North Church St., Spartanburg, S. C.

CAMP SPORTS

Edited by CORPORAL F. J. ASHLEY

BRAVES AND ATHLETICS WIN AT FAIR GROUNDS.

Yanks Succumb to Former in First Exhibition Contest, While Pittsburgh is Victim in Second.

Two Big League games were played at the Spartanburg Fair Grounds during the past week. They were staged under the auspices of the 27th Division Athletic Association, the 27th Division Theater, and the War Camp Community Service. The proceeds from the contests will be divided among the three organizations.

The first of the Major League battles was held Monday, the Boston Braves and the New York Yanks holding the stage. Interest ran high among the spectators, the Massachusetts Pioneers rooting for the "Bean-eaters" while the rest of the crowd spurred on the Gotham nine. It was a 1 to 0 decision for the Braves. Home-run Baker, the husky third sacker, whose bat has decided a few World Series during the last five years, was responsible for the Yankee's setback when he juggled Konetchy's drive with two men on the bags.

On Wednesday the two Pennsylvania teams crossed bats. This time the American Leaguers found the combination, romping off with a 4 to 2 victory. It was a more interesting contest than the Yank-Brave affair and there were few idle moments.

Bezdek, the Pirate manager, tried Jacobs on the mound and it was few innings before he found his bearings. In the opening frame the Connie Mack crew nicked him for three runs. Adams started the twirling for the Philadelphians. In the second he got into a badly exposed position when he passed McKechnie and Blackwell and hit Caton but weakness in the pinch cost the Pittsburghers their chance. They managed to find themselves for two runs in the seventh and started again in the eighth only to run into a fast double play.

During the game a baseball autographed by the New York players was auctioned. It went to Captain David Killion of the 53rd Pioneers for \$17.50.

Both games by innings:

	R. H. E.
New York	0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0—0 5 1
Boston	1 0 0 0 0 0 0 0—1 4 0

Batteries—Mogridge, Love, Thormahlen and Ruel; Nehf, Canavan and Wilson.

	R. H. E.
Philadelphia	3 0 0 0 0 1 0 0—4 9 1
Pittsburgh	0 0 0 0 0 0 2 0—2 7 5

Batteries—Adams, Myers and Perkins; Jacobs, Carlson and Blackwell.

PIONEER BASEBALL SCHEDULE.

The sixteen baseball teams of organizations in the Provisional Depot for Corps and Army Troops have been formed into a league. The teams have been equally grouped into four classes— A, B, C and D.

CLASS A

53rd vs. 54th, Thursday, April 11th, Field 1.
 5th vs. 57th, Thursday, April 11th, Field 2.
 53rd vs. 57th, Sunday, April 14th, Field 2.
 5th vs. 54th, Sunday, April 14th, Field 1.
 53rd vs. 5th, Thursday, April 18th, Field 1.
 54th vs. 57th, Thursday, April 28th, Field 2.
 53rd vs. 54th, Sunday, April 21st, Field 2.
 5th vs. 57th, Sunday, April 21st, Field 1.
 53rd vs. 57th, Thursday, April 25th, Field 1.
 5th vs. 54th, Thursday, April 25th, Field 2.
 53rd vs. 5th, Sunday, April 28th, Field 2.
 54th vs. 57th, Sunday, April 28th, Field 1.

Diamond No. 1 is located south of Liberty Tent.
 Diamond No. 2 is located south of Knights of Columbus building.

CLASS B.

58th vs. 56th, Thursday, April 11th, Field 3.
 52d vs. 55th, Thursday, April 11th, Field 4.
 56th vs. 52d, Sunday, April 14th, Field 4.
 55th vs. 58th, Sunday, April 14th, Field 3.
 58th vs. 52d, Thursday, April 18th, Field 3.
 56th vs. 55th, Thursday, April 18th, Field 4.
 58th vs. 56th, Sunday, April 21st, Field 4.
 52d vs. 55th, Sunday, April 21st, Field 3.
 56th vs. 52d, Thursday, April 25th, Field 3.
 55th vs. 58th, Thursday, April 25th, Field 4.
 58th vs. 52d, Sunday, April 28th, Field 4.
 56th vs. 55th, Sunday, April 28th, Field 3.

Diamond No. 3 is located immediately south of the 54th Pioneer Infantry.

Diamond No. 4 is located north of First Pioneer Infantry.

CLASS C.

3d vs. 4th, Thursday, April 11th, Field 8.
 51st vs. 326th, Thursday, April 11th, Field 7.
 4th vs. 51st, Sunday, April 14th, Field 8.
 3d vs. 326th, Sunday, April 14th, Field 7.
 3d vs. 51st, Thursday, April 18th, Field 7.
 4th vs. 326th, Thursday, April 18th, Field 8.
 51st vs. 326th, Sunday, April 21st, Field 8.
 3d vs. 4th, Sunday, April 21st, Field 7.
 4th vs. 51st, Thursday, April 25th, Field 7.
 3d vs. 326th, Thursday, April 25th, Field 8.
 3d vs. 51st, Sunday, April 28th, Field 8.
 4th vs. 326th, Sunday, April 28th, Field 7.

Diamond No. 7 is located north of 51st Pioneer.
 Diamond No. 8, west of 106th Infantry.

The games in Class D will be played on Diamonds No. 5, situated north of 1st Pioneer and east of diamond No. 4, and on Diamond No. 6, located south of the 55th Pioneer Infantry. Games shall commence promptly at 2 P. M. on the afternoon of the days scheduled and failure to put in an appearance by 2:30 P. M. will cause forfeiture. League ball teams will have preference on these diamonds. Regimental teams will have second choice, and Company teams third choice. For further information see First Lieutenant Malcolm J. Logan, Headquarters Second Corps Troops, President of Baseball League, Chaplain James Carey, 56th Pioneer, chairman of Division Baseball league, or Harvey W. Cohn, Camp Athletic Director, Division Headquarters.

INSIGNIA FOR DIVISION'S ATHLETES.

Acting upon a suggestion from General O'Ryan, it has been decided to award Divisional insignia to all the athletes in the 27th who display exceptional prowess. The same method of selection will be put into practice as that used by the larger colleges and universities.

The insignia will be a replica of the Division emblem. It will be about six inches in size and will be piped with the color of the arm of the service the winner is a member of.

The members of all teams winning Division titles and men who do particularly well in open competition will be eligible for the decoration.

CAMP WADSWORTH IN MAIL MARATHON.

Team from Spartanburg Will Compete in Military Class.

Harvey Cohn has made plans to enter a team in the Modified Marathon to be run under the auspices of the New York Evening Mail on May 4th. It is the eighth annual renewal of the classic of the hill and dale art. Because of the great number of athletes who are training for the big events of Uncle Sam this year, a special military class has been added to the list. It is open to all enlisted and commissioned men in the Army, Navy, Marine Corps, National Guard or National Army. A large silver cup valued at \$100 and presented as a Martin Sheridan Memorial, will go to the winner. In addition there will be special prizes for the first ten soldiers to reach the finish, together with several team awards.

All the Northern camps and cantonments have entered large representations and the 27th Division is not going to be outdone. Harvey Cohn has been out scouting for good harriers and has brought together a fast nucleus for a good sized team. He can be seen at his shack concerning entry.

Captain Tupper, the New York Division's recruiting officer up in Gotham is anxious to have the 27th well represented in the race and with men like Nick the Greek and Vic Voterstas in our midst there is no reason why we can not finish in the lead. The captain has donated \$25.00 to help send the men North and several other officers are following suit. All contributions will be acknowledged in these columns. Checks may be sent to Lieutenant Harold DeLoiselle, 106th Infantry, Treasurer of the 27 Division Athletic Association, or to Harvey Cohn.

BOXING IN REGULAR SCHEDULE.

A daily class of boxing has been added to the schedule of all the infantry regiments. It is considered a big aid to developing bayonet ability. The Pioneers also intend to adopt the new method of training and Frank Moran is busy putting 500 of their non-coms into a position where they will be able to act as company instructors. A class will be inaugurated at the Officers' Training School to put the future "warlords" into sufficient trim to knock their charges into shape.

THE KAISER'S REGRET.

The Kaiser (as he faced the final punishment)—"My one regret is that I didn't have another million lives to offer for my country."—Life.

News of the Y. M. C. A.

EDITED BY RAY F. JENNEY.



ROLLIN H. AYRES.

Religious Work Secretary at "Y" Unit No. 97.

The Rev. Mr. Rollin H. Ayres who came to Camp Wadsworth on March 1st, 1918, and was assigned to "Y" Unit No. 97, as Building Religious Work Secretary, was educated at Baker University, Baldwin, Kansas. After his graduation from this university he entered the South Kansas Methodist conference in 1900. While a member of this conference he served two charges, doing good work, doubling the membership in both charges. He was transferred to the Colorado conference where he ably served four years. From there he was called to Hunter, Colo., and following a successful ministry he was appointed state superintendent of the Anti-Saloon League for Wisconsin. After two years of effective work in organizing the state along these lines he returned to the active ministry. For the last five years he has been the pastor of the First Methodist church at Sterling, Colo. He not only done a most successful work here as a pastor, but has been a leader in all civic movements. The last two years he has been in constant demand all over the state as a speaker in the interests of the Red Cross, Liberty Loans, and Army Y. M. C. A., etc.

On March 1st he was released by his church on full salary for a period of six months, to do Army Y. M. C. A. work overseas, but was sent to Camp Wadsworth by the War Work Council.

Although Dr. Ayres has been with us only a short time, he has made many friends and helped things to hum at No. 97.

SPEAKING FOR VICTORY.

JEAN A. PICARD SPEAKS AT LEAST FOUR TIMES EACH DAY WHILE AT CAMP WADSWORTH—NEW VIEW OF FRANCE GIVEN SOLDIERS IN WORD PICTURES—"THINK VICTORY, SPEAK VICTORY, WORK VICTORY, PRAY VICTORY."

This is a period of intensity. Intensive training has been in evidence in camp for many months, but it was not until Jean A. Picard came to Camp Wadsworth that there was intensive speaking. From the fourth of April till last night Jean A. Picard, disabled French officer, now on detached service, with the army Y. M. C. A., has been taking the camp by storm with his wonderful addresses and talks.

Every man in camp who has heard these inspiring lectures has been given a new view of France. Every soldier who heard the talks went back to drilling feeling more than ever that drilling was necessary and that it must be mastered.

Lieutenant Picard called attention to the fact that discipline was the backbone of a soldier, and on that depended the result of their efforts.

Every man who had the privilege of hearing Lieutenant Picard will always remember the great theme of his talks, and will be continually recalling his significant statements. "Think Victory, Speak Victory, Work Victory and Pray Victory," was the epitome of his message.

MANY NOTED ATHLETES TO SUPERVISE SPORTS OF FIGHTING MEN IN FRANCE.

Many men prominent in the athletic world in recent years have enlisted to supervise the outdoor sports of America's fighting men abroad and will sail soon for France to take up their work, under the auspices of the National War Work Council of the Y. M. C. A. Among them were David R. Fultz, Brown's former football and baseball star; Frank Quinly, baseball coach at Yale; Ellery C. Huntington, for many years Physical Instructor Colgate University; Coach Jack Magee, Bowdoin; Harold M. Short, famous in Princeton baseball annals a score of years ago; and Archie Haben of Michigan national 100-yard champion in 1903 and star performer in the Olympic games at St. Louis and Athens.

TWO MORE "Y" SECRETARIES LEAVE FOR FRANCE.

The Army Y. M. C. A. at camp has lost two exceptional secretaries in the recent drive made by the National War Work Council of Y. M. C. A. to obtain physical directors for over seas with the U. S. troops.

John L. Anguish, Building Physical Director at Unit 92, left last week to look after business matters before sailing for "Over There."

Mr. Anguish came to Camp Wadsworth about January first and since that time has been doing a fine piece of work with the Engineers Machine Gun Battalions, and the other outfits which Building 92 serves.

Mr. Anguish has had considerable experience in Y. M. C. A. and athletic work. For three years he was General Secretary of 55th Street Railroad Branch of Y. M. C. A. in Chicago, later resigning to become a director in famous East Park Playground system of Chicago. Just before Mr. Anguish came here he was one of the executive heads of Boy Scouts of America in Chicago.

F. A. Cunningham is the other secretary to answer the urgent call for men in France; he also left camp last week. Mr. Cunningham before coming to Wadsworth was a successful Baptist Pastor in Providence, resigning to enter Y. M. C. A. war work. Mr. Cunningham, before coming to Wadsworth, took the war work course at Springfield for one month. Mr. Cunningham came here about the middle of November and since that time has been Building Religious Work Secretary at Unit 92, and in that capacity he was popular with all the fellows.

While the loss of these two men is keenly felt, nevertheless Army Y. M. C. A. staff is proud to think that Wadsworth is to be so ably represented. It is indeed a privilege to be chosen to direct athletics and recreational games among the soldiers of our expeditionary forces in France.

The task of supervising the recreational games and athletics among the soldiers of our expeditionary forces in France has been turned over to Y. M. C. A. by General Pershing, just as he previously did the post exchange and canteen service.

MOVEMENT OF TROOPS.

She (her head on his uniformed shoulder) —You haven't told me where you were last night! And you promised you'd keep nothing from me!

He—I can't tell you, dear. Against orders to reveal movement of troops.

GREAT BOXING AT 97.

The Saturday evening program of boxing at the Ninety-seventh Y. M. C. A. hut was a regular night of the simon pure pugilistic article.

The crowd gathered in early. They had evidently heard that Mike Donovan was to be on the program.

Morrison of Company E, 102nd Ammunition Train, and Chester Rosicky of Company B, Supply Train, were the first to mix the fray for three rounds. It was an even match, and a lot of good, clever work was shown by both these boys. The third round ended with both the fellows going fast.

The second bout of the evening was one of the fastest boxing exhibitions seen here recently. Marriott, of Company M, 107th Infantry, was matched with Joe Shanklin, of Company D, Supply Train. The odds were in favor of Shanklin, who drove a right to the jaw in the third round.

The third mill was staged between Samuelin of the Supply Train, and Morrison, who had already taken on Rosicky for the opening rounds of the evening. The honors of these three rounds should be given to Morrison, mostly on his weight.

The fourth and final bout was a regular heavy weight affair between Mike Donovan of Company A, Military Police, and Johnson, of Company L, 107th Infantry. Johnson appeared to weigh about 180, about fifteen pounds heavier than his opponent. Donovan proved that he could live up to a great reputation in great style, and though he never intended to land the old kick effectively at any time, he made a lively thing of it throughout. Johnson deserves mention for some mighty clever boxing against his man, and you can look for a real live boxer if you want to get a man along in his class.

CHRISTIAN SCIENCE READING ROOM.

The Christian Science Camp Welfare Committee have established welfare rooms on the second floor of the Harris building next to the postoffice on North Church St., Spartanburg. These rooms are for the use of soldiers (who may be interested in Christian Science) for reading and writing purposes. All of the authorized Christian Science literature is placed in these rooms.

Services also are held on Sunday morning at 11:00 o'clock in these rooms.

The Christian Science Camp Welfare worker, Mr. Horace A. Negus, headquarters, Harris Building, will be glad to get in touch with any soldiers who may be interested in this welfare work.

For information regarding the services to be held in camp, please call on Mr. Negus.

WAR RUINING THE ARMY.

Sergeant (one of the old school)—"It's the war that's ruining the army, sir—us having to enlist all these 'ere civilians."—London Opinion.

GOOD MUSIC BY THE 53RD PIONEERS MAKES THE MOVIES DOUBLY ATTRACTIVE.

The music of Easter Day ushered in a week at No. 96 in which musical events have had a prominent place. Three movie entertainments in succession have been enlivened with musical programs rendered by the orchestra of the 53rd Pioneers, Corporal Jack Trezise is the conductor of this gingery organization. The other members are Corporal Nick Furiati, Sergeant Eugene Droesch, Corporal Wm. Kesselbach, Corporal Victor Wehr, Sergeant Henry Schandt, and Corporal Chas. Spinning. The Y workers are indebted to them for much generous help.

Wednesday evening another splendid band concert was given by the 58th Pioneers band, under the leadership of Sergeant Earl E. Morse. Hats off to these New Englanders when it comes to the joyful noise.

The educational work has been growing in effectiveness, with increased interest in French, and classes in elementary branches for new troops. The masterly address of Lieutenant Picard on Saturday evening was the outstanding educational event of many weeks, and his three reels of pictures showing "On the Trail of the Hun," brought the number of movie events for the week up to four.

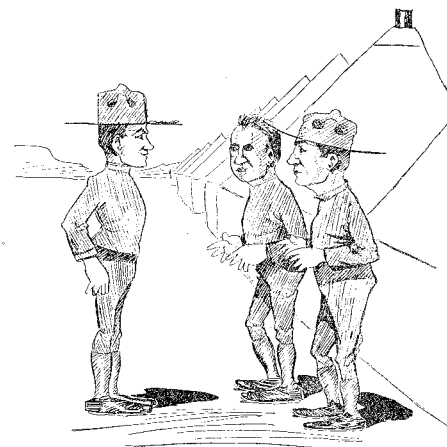
The usual religious services have been held. Chaplain Ballantine on Thursday evening gave an address that was much appreciated. Chaplain Jaynes was the preacher Sunday morning, and Secretary Welsh in the evening. Before the evening address Mrs. E. E. Purington of Auburn, N. Y., sang "Softly and Tenderly Jesus is Calling." She has a rich voice with a wealth of feeling that reached the men's hearts.

Secretary Fitz has been absent during the week, attending a Y. M. C. A. conference at Blue Ridge, N. C. In his absence the social secretary, Mr. Ralph P. Mackenzie, who is the senior in service of our force, has been the efficient head of the organization. With only two lawyers on the staff now instead of three, 96 still contrives to remain at peace with all the world outside of Germany.

FIRST-HAND GLIMPSE OF FRANCE. MASSES MAKE MOVES TO MASTER FRENCH.

With the new recruits coming into Camp we find increasing numbers waiting on every program. The week has not been disappointing in the "bill of fare" provided for the boys. Dr. Thomas Lewis, the Camp Religious Work Secretary, gave his initial address at our Unit on Wednesday night. The boys gave him most courteous hearing, and they knew from his address that he had sensed the situation, and would be able to be of great service to the Camp.

The "Over There" picture on Thursday night was the most compelling patriotic reel that has been shown. If there is a slacker in the Nation he should be put under guard and marched to the next place where



Inspector-General (sternly)—Does this tent leak?

Dubbins (very awed)—Oh, no sir; that is, sir, only when it rains.

this picture will be shown. He wouldn't need a second dose.

Friday night brought us the "Jazz Band," and a "Jazz Band" it was, full of rollicking merriment for the boys, and seldom have all felt more at home and enjoyed the freedom of an informal program more than this.

Our Educational Secretary (Mr. Pafford) got busy on Saturday and in the absence of our Physical Work Secretary, put on a boxing program Saturday evening, consisting of four bouts. Everything went off in fine form and a most enthusiastic audience registered their approval. The unusual demand for baseball equipment throughout the week indicated that there is much doing in the local field along this line of sports.

Sunday morning the Military Police Band under the leadership of Sergeant Roach, was present to aid in the Regimental service conducted by Chaplain Keever. Lieutenant Jean A. Picard, the wounded French officer, blew in like a whirl-wind Sunday night and between addresses at two other units the same evening gave us a glimpse of France and the world war such as can not be gleaned from printed page. The audience was on tip-toe. And one of the by-products of the address was a request for the organization of a class in French with one hundred and thirty-five petitioners. Dr. Libby of Wofford College met the class for their first lesson on the following evening and instead of having one hundred and thirty-five there were at least four hundred eager listeners and students. This bids fair to be the beginning of a great work. The Unit is most highly favored in securing the services of Dr. Libby whose gracious manners and splendid scholarship fit him in such an exceptional way for this work.

Mrs. Jenkins (whose son has been wounded by a sniper). "I calls it treachery, Mrs. 'Arris, settin' on a tree and pretendin' you are a leaf."—Punch.

News From Division Units

DINNER BY GEE.

(Meaning Company G, 108th Infantry.)

Company G, 108th Infantry, gave a dinner last week. It was a delayed dinner, two weeks old in fact, but it was a good one. Everything, from soup to cigars and the song program, was on hand in the mess shack, March 20, when march orders were received at 6:30 o'clock that evening for G Company to accompany the First Battalion to Glassy Rock rifle range the next morning. Company B was in quarantine. So G Company packed up over night and marched. The mess sergeant was lucky enough to dispose of his chickens and ice cream to a Third Battalion company that had a party in contemplation. Company G won honors at the range and, being anxious to get back to enjoy the postponed dinner before the regiment was ordered to march somewhere else, the company nearly walked the First Battalion off its feet coming home. The subsistence de luxe committee immediately resumed communication with the supply depots and Captain T. V. Kean stood back of the following committee, which was to blame for the entertainment: Chairman, First Sergeant F. O. Perrin; Jinner, Mess Sergeant T. D. Curry; decorations, Sergeants N. J. Dixon and E. R. Sage; program, Corporal G. J. Spillane; entertainment, Corporal R. W. Criddle and Private C. E. Johnson.

When the pie inspectors were assembled, at 7:30 o'clock, they found the company mess shack a bower of pine boughs and dogwood blossoms, interwoven with long streamers of red, yellow and green crepe paper. The lights were softened by colored paper shades and the plain board tables were disguised by spreads of the same color effect. At each plate was a small gift in the form of a pipe, tobacco, candy or writing paper, which came from the Women's Auxiliary of Company G, in the city of Buffalo. The menu was a credit to even such honorable cooks as Big Baird, Hungry Halt, Pete Schuiten and Victrola Smith, and from the first signal for attack the moppers-up unswallowed their swords only long enough to point toward the outer works for more. There was cream of tomato soup, roast pork with dressing, creamed carrots, lettuce, creamed corn, boiled beets, sliced tomatoes, celery, olives, pickles, grapefruit, apples, Evan's ale, mince and apple pie a la mode, coffee, cigars and cigarettes.

Captain Kean presided as toastmaster and there was music by the Jazz Band de Luxe of the 106th Infantry; the Ukelele Trio, Messrs. McLaughlin, Conn and Ransome, of the 107th Infantry, and songs, stories and impersonations by Corporal McCormick and Private O'Donnell, of the 106th, and Cook Tony Terminello, of the 108th Infantry.

Company G's Fine Record.

On Tuesday evening, March 19, Company

COMPANY M, 108TH INFANTRY.

Perhaps it may be of some interest to know that Pete Burke, the "Bolsheviki" son of Neptune, has again loomed up into the limelight, by exercising his wonderful voice, by the cry of "Union Forever."

"Pep" Ross, known in society circles as Eaglebeak, or "Drop-over," is terribly worried these past days, as he has tried all minor tactics, to get over to the base again. We are beginning to think he loves the comedy, in Ward 15. So far he has been unsuccessful.

At our last entertainment, announcement was made "that 'Dizzy' Thompson was invited down street to a party." If he goes, the hostess should not forget to have chicken.

Kid Dunn, the 23rd squad wonder, has taken a leading part in the role, "Why not join the D. P. W.? We're used to the shovel and broom." The company's wish for success follows him.

"Is there any mail?" "No! But we have fine pies."

Do You Know Any of Them?

Roberts' Pets;
The Boy Detective;
Sergeant Steans;
Bolsheviki Wonder;
Such a darling from a boy;
Weary Willie;
Shina "Kapiton."

They all
belong to us.

E. S. SCHREINER.

G, 108th Infantry, received orders, at 6 o'clock, to accompany the First Battalion of the 108th, to the range, in place of Company B. With only a few short hours to prepare, the company was ready the next morning at 8 o'clock and proceeded to Glassy Rock.

The range was reached on the afternoon of Friday, March 22. On Saturday morning began the five days' shooting, and determined not to be beaten before strange officers and men, every man of the company entered into the work with true Company G spirit. There was some good work done by Companies A, C and D, but when the smoke and dust cleared away on Wednesday, the 27th, Company G emerged victorious and there were none to dispute her supremacy, and the records show that the number of men qualified by Company G was greater than the number of qualifications in the other three companies combined.

We might mention the last day of the return hike to camp, when Company G led as advance guard, but it is enough that we had them beaten in the shooting; but we are satisfied with having established a record as hikers as well as marksmen and hope the Major's horse wasn't injured by the pace we set, and from which no Company G man fell out.

W. T. W.

COMPANY D, 102ND AMMUNITION TRAIN.

Company D has withstood the re-organization in fine style and every thing is dandy. We now have two new sergeants, 10 new corporals, 33 new wagoners (which in the ammunition train means expert truck drivers), and 36 first class privates. Satisfaction reigns supreme which means a lot for any organization and we are conservative when we say that we will show a record that will keep the other companies in the train on the jump, to even tie.

Since Abram's debut as company clerk the usual amount of talcum powder, toilet waters, hair tonic, foot ease, and the requisites of a beauty parlor have increased and he is now quite the belle of the company street.

Harold Ham is now one of the official cooks of the company and is there when it comes to stirring up the corn bread, biscuits, etc. Try out your culinary art on a few apple pies Hammy, old fellow.

John Green has returned from his furlough and will soon be in shape to ladle out the lima beans to us again. He came back empty handed through no fault of his own, and the reception committee were very disappointed.

Lieutenant Parker is back with us again, after a brief illness. He is minus his mustache and at first glance looked half undressed but we are glad to see him back on the job again.

Guess the officers are planning on staying here in the "funny South" for some time to come as they are having a rustic fence built around the officers' quarters, which makes their houses look all dressed up. Flowers are being planted, grass sown and cinder paths being layed out. When it comes to being "homey" you must hand it to the "ambition train."

When we are assigned to trucks "over there" and each driver is responsible for the condition and appearance of his truck we will take just as much pride in them and will always have them in condition.

"Lady Hazelton" keeps himself noticed by his loud and boisterous laughter. He does enjoy his own jokes so well, he has been playing in the kitchen and by his appetite has earned himself the title of champion "Pantry Rat."

"Hoover" Weist, our mess sergeant, now wears a pair of blue overalls. We think he is camouflaging as he does love his new chair.

A. G. P.



Corporal Clancy—"Well, well, if it isn't Otto, the waiter that short changed me at Luchow's Rathskeller three years ago!"

Otto—"What of it, Yankee pig-dog?"

Clancy—"Otto, what's the date today?"

Otto—"April 20th, 1918."

Clancy—"Well, Otto, about face and double time, or on April 20th, 1919, you'll be one year dead."

HEADQUARTERS COMPANY, 3RD PIONEER INFANTRY.

Pickles, your sweetheart is calling you.

Charles Frohman Dillingham Mackay is gradually recovering from his nervous breakdown, caused by his last production. Strange, Lavander, that David Belasco failed to sign you up years ago; you could have at least told him the TIME.

The jazz bands, as usual, are still battling for the 1,000 mark and now we have just learned that a flock of kid-gloved Gothamites, who promote weekly dances at a very select club, have signed up our boys until their departure from this camp.

Well, Perry old kid, you done it and you sure did do it good. All the boys in the company wish you and Mrs. Tufts all the happiness in the world. Right here we want to apologize for Sergeant Manton's forgetfulness and lack of memory, but this mail job is too much for the old freight clerk.

"How are you I am fine Tony" met the Chaplain and did not fail to stand up for his loyalty as a member of the Bashful Club.

If shrapnel and shell take the same effect on Sammy Smith as Hennessy's Three XXX's, we can imagine what kind of letters the folks at home are going to receive. We might also state that the ex-Detective's methods in obtaining evidence were somewhat crude.

The boys are now wondering whether that deceased relative of Hugh Rainey's, who left him the grapefruit farms, also wished any beef stew or liver farms in the same will.

Well, Hospital Annie looked long enough for a special detail job and he's got one at last, and a peach at that. Chad now has nothing to do between the hours 11 P. M. and 6:30 A. M. It's an old saying, everything comes to him who waits, and after his experience in Gridley's and the Waldorf, we'll say he is some waiter. Ding Ding, the Humboldt avenue nickel duster and short-change artist, ask "Cozy" Fairclough and he'll tell you all about it.

Indications point out that they are actually trying to fill us up, at least with the Colonel, Major and three Captains. Well, at that, seeing that we are losing Dolly Gray, their assignment here might be the reason.

Tweet longed for a furlough and he got one. Some furlough, at that, but did you hear that the black-haired railroad breakie also got married during his visit to Winthrop, Mass.?

If General Pershing wants a man to dig Kaiser Bill's grave, there is one ex-Gloom Chaser, Kid Stevenson, who is the man ably fitted for the task. We were sorry to see George Harris depart from us, but we well know that he will live up to G Company's reputation.

Things That Never Happen.

Milo failing to sing his usual ballad for the benefit of the boys.

"Daddy" Jack Hillman, giving Chadwick any satisfaction. Ask Jack, he knows.

Our Top failing to dress up the line.

"Dolly" Gray admitting his marriage to that Newton damsel.

MIKE.

The Mascot of Co. D, 53d Pioneers, Takes His Pen in Paw.

Dear Editor:

Life is full of surprises!

Golly! Every day I learn something new. Soon I'll know as much as Corporal Hillmann, with all the books he's got. I started to go through one of them the other day an' he got sore. Said they weren't made to eat. Funny—Sergeant Haakensen said he devoured them!

I'm in the Pie an' Ears. We're Infantry, only we don't "infant." That's what Rudolph says. He's that German spy I told you about, an' some day he and me are going to have a fight. Conceited— Just cause he hangs out at the Officers' Mess he thinks he's got a commission. That Daschund blood in him is slowly getting my goat! Tried to make me stand at attention yesterday. I told him it wasn't in the I. D. R. Well, it isn't. Doesn't say anything about the hind legs in the I. D. R.

Heard Sergeant Middleton reciting his General Orders yesterday. I told him he didn't need any general orders—he ain't a General. He says he has to know 'em to get a qualification card. Funny world—can't go to Spartanburg unless you know a lot of stuff about posts. I know every post 'round here, and I ain't nearly as old as he is!

Say Editor, why does anybody want to go to Spartanburg, anyway?

I just heard Lieutenant Carothers say that he didn't. He was very positive about it. I can't understand it at all, cause he an' Sergeant Brown an' Sergeant Hawrey went out hunting for Spartanburg yesterday. They got a team from the Supply Company and drove six miles out into the country, and then turned 'round and drove back again, without finding the town at all! Just went in the opposite direction—took 'em three hours an' made 'em all sore! An' Sergeant Brown says it's some kind of a shame they don't put springs in army wagons!

Funny things—these human beings! I'm glad I'm a dog.

So long.

MIKE.

per H. T. K.

Butsey O'Donnell getting one whole night's sleep.

Mercury attending a wedding reception without a plug of STAR.

Chad and Babe going to sleep nights without their usual arguments.

Our curly-haired Sergeant Bugler missing his usual place at the head of the mess line.

SCOOPS.

53RD PIONEERS.

The officers of the 53rd Pioneers have been hiding their light under a bushel, so I thought I would lift the lid and give you a peep at some of them. The last three days of March were celebrated by the officers, who were formerly in the 47th New York Infantry; the 29th being the anniversary of the organization of that regiment in 1862; the 30th of March, 1898, saw them in the Spanish-American; the 31st was their first anniversary in the war with the Huns.

At a recent meeting of the "Fly by Nights," a discussion arose involving the honor of holding the title of heavy-weight in the officers' class, there being two claimants, Captain Wilson and Captain Chase. A very noisy argument ensued until Major Corwin discovered that the man making the most noise was the smallest officer in the bunch, little Doc Liza. He was red in the face from shouting and waving his arms, so he was elected, to settle the issue. During the evening, Captain Chase gave an imitation of Egyptian music, which so pleased Captain Wilson that he persuaded Captain Young to present Captain Chase with a ladies' bicycle, and to prevent jealousy, Captain Sieber was presented with the brown derby, for his very retiring disposition.

There is still one prize to be awarded, a beautiful blue pitcher, which is a Field Officers' prize, and they are all in the going, and going strong. I suppose some evil morning Major Muren will come into the mess shack and claim it, but if the flap jacks are cold and the butter flinty, Major Reagan will run him a close second.

We also have with us Captain Stockbridge, who holds the undisputed title of Champion Entertainer of the Fair Sex, but he is getting out of practise because of lack of material to work on. We also have a lieutenant who is known for his Uncle Tom's Cabin fame. He just loves to attend French Class, and is the first in, and the first out, and has himself well trained. He can tell the exact second when Professor Leby closes his book, and nobody has to wake him up, either. And then we have Captain Jackson. We can always tell when mess is over; Bill blows Recall. Of course you know Colonel Delamater, our Colonel! He is from Texas and has recommended a weapon for the Pioneers to use, which he guarantees—a Big Elm Club, and he says it works better with the bark removed. Then comes Captain Wright, the Adjutant. He conducts a PEP Class. He feeds on ginger snaps and drinks ginger ale with a dash of Tobasco sauce, and is so full of pep and clicks so hard he has sore heels. And now, my dear friend, Doctor Jones. He is the most generous man I know, and takes fiendish delight in filling your arm full of bugs, and then asking you to "have another."

Well, I guess I had better lay off, before some misguided, unpoetic soul uses an Elm Club.

G. S. C.

HEADQUARTERS FIRST PROVISIONAL BRIGADE, ARMY TROOPS.

(Editor's Note.—The Gas Attack is not responsible for the way Spring affects young men.)

Winter which has erstwhile nestled in the lap of Spring, has fled to his home in the North, and now Sprightly Spring woos Summer, who coming on apace, has already decked the trees with green leaves and buds, and the Sunny South has come to claim its title. This beauteous aspect of nature is peculiarly noticeable about our cute little Brigade, for in the front yard of the Commanding General there stand three large shade trees, which are not only the delight but the boast of the General and his Staff. Beneath the largest is a rustic bench, and during the heat of the day it is comfortable to seat ourselves thereon and discuss the future of our country.

The trees are wired for electric light, and every once in a while a band concert is given there. It is observed that the concert programmes contain concert waltzes, marches, and popular music, but "Der Wacht ahm Rhine" is taboo. One of the men suggested that the trees could be improved by hanging thereon the Kaiser and his General Staff.

Wagoners Kratz and Wallen have been figuring out by algebra and geometry the best way to manage mules. Mules are peculiar in this, that the safest place about them is a mile behind their rear. Jack Grouch, the wheel-mule, is as his name implies, but although every effort has been made to cultivate the friendship of Dynamite, he still persists in holding himself aloof from the low society of mule skinnners, but lately he is becoming docile, condescending to take his feed-bag without giving one a battle.

Private Walton is delighted with his new mare. She is as green as a country maiden, and having as yet never been a bride, is not bridal wise.

The Sergeant Major's horse, "Blondy," so called because he has spun gold hair like Chambers describes his heroines, has been completely spoiled. Formerly lump sugar was a satisfying tid-bit for this sorrel, but now he has entered the Huyler's class, and the Sergeant Major is going broke buying bon-bons.

Corporal McGinn is still worrying about the fact that there is work to be done, but the enlisted personnel worry because he worries about it. However, he and the rest of the men keep the Brigade grounds and property in regular army shape. We were about to say "ship-shape," but as the papers say there is a shortage of ships, we can not appropriately use that simile.

Nothing delights Sergeant Tiernan more than carrying the guidon when out on review, but with the rest of us he wishes he could give the Bosch a sight of it.

Privates Schwenck and Whigan are now on furlough and promised to bring back all the news from Yonkers and Kingston. Private Tobias said that Chatham Centre is the seat of war, because while on guard duty up

REMEMBRANCE.

From the "Medical Remnants" of the Old 14th N. Y. Infantry.

We were thirty-one at Sheepshead Bay before we came away.
We added two, for three are with the "Sixty-ninth" to-day.
The welcome order came to move to Caroline's fair state.
But below the Mason-Dixon now, we number only eight.

For eleven to the Hundred Seventh Infantry were sent.
We lost eight more to the Hundred Sixth Artillery. So it went.
Base Hospital and the Hundred Fifth Artillery took a pair.
It seems we tried to give 'most every outfit here a share.

Our own Headquarters Company, and the Depot Surgeon, too;
They each took one and left us—left just eight—and left us blue.
The Remount, too, got jealous; from the Seventh they took four,
And the Seventh lost another to the Vet'inary Corps.

McCormick, 'Zim,' and Wilson, on the firing-line in France,
We'll tell you how we've missed you, if we ever get a chance.
Sergeant Howard, at the Base, you're always in our thoughts,
And Sergeant Kobe, of the Hundred Fifth, F. A. "supports."

Townsend, Matthews, Joyce and Kuhn, at the Remount you are with us,
For we all belong to the Old 14th, no matter how they split us.
The Depot Surgeon took you, Al; Headquarters nailed you, Joe;
But at least, you two are with us, no matter where we go.

Sullivan, Farrell, Hyland, Nolan, Thompson, Quigley, Shields and Hensing,
When the Hundred Sixth Artillery meets the Huns you'll have them guessing.
Cleverley, Rooney, Schelhorn, Gardner, Puleo, Clarke—and 'Chris'—V. C.,
You'll help the Hundred Seventh lean on Fritz across the sea.

You've left behind you Sergeants Gilroy, Noble—and now, Pierz;
First Class Privates Milde, Walsh and Cook.
Privates McNamara, Stanley—Gee! but it was fierce,
For we'd grown to know each other like a book.

But it's not good-bye, just "Au Revoir," to you we wish to tell.
God keep you 'til the bugle sounds "Recall."
And when we've got the Kaiser detailed, shov'ling coal in Hell,
May the final muster-roll contain us all.

PRIVATE 1ST CLASS, THOS. A. MILDE,
M. D. 2nd Pioneers.

in that section he sat on a hornets' nest. Cook Delancy is studying the manual for army cooks and bakers, and expects to serve up some fancy Ritz-Carlton messes when the mess starts in this little bailiwick. Private Lynch, better known as "Stumpy," adorns the Adjutant's office and is becoming an able-bodied assistant. Private Hafley has an odor of refinement about him, at a dollar a bottle. We are under the impression he used to be a salesman for Eau de Cologne, and are suspicious that he will take a bottle within as a prophylactic against being gassed.

Privates Acker and Foster were experimenting with Sibley stoves, with the idea of trying to burn wet wood. To extract the moisture they experimented with kerosene, and Private Acker's right hand is now improving, although still in bandages.

Private Walsh has just returned from the Base Hospital, having been treated for a strained back. This is a nice thing to have handy, when he is detailed to the wood pile. Privates Bauer and Christiana are still studying the physiology of their horses, while we all insist that the hygiene is more important.

Otherwise, everything is O. K., Private Groff being just attached. He is willing to bet that the General's horse, "Whistle," can beat anything in horseflesh in camp. We can not cover his bet, as horses are not allowed to fly faster than a walk. But wait till we get to the other side.

LOUIS GOODMAN,
Regimental Sergeant Major.

ALL QUIET AT THE FRONT.

The hobo knocked at the back door and the lady of the house appeared. "Lady," he said, "I was at the front——"

"You poor man!" she exclaimed. "One of war's victims. Wait till I get you some food and you shall tell me your story. You were in the trenches, you say?"

"Not in the trenches. I was at the front——"

"Don't try to talk with your mouth full. Take your time. What deed of heroism did you do at the front?"

"Why, I knocked; but I couldn't make nobody hear, so I came around to the back."



World Brevities

Edited by J. S. KINGSLEY



Total estimated expense of the United States Government in the first year of war, without loans to the allies, is \$12,067,278,679.07.

During the first year of war the United States Army has increased in actual strength from 9,524 officers and 202,510 enlisted men to 123,801 officers and 1,528,924 enlisted men.

Total appropriations for War Department since April 6, 1917, \$7,464,771,756.48; withdrawals from the Treasury by the War Department from June 15, 1917, to March 9, 1918, were \$3,006,761,907.15. The latter figures do not represent actual expenditures or obligations, but merely withdrawals from the Treasury.

The first contingent of the expeditionary forces landed safely at a French port 88 days after war was declared.

American troops went on the line for their baptism of fire 187 days after war was declared.

American troops permanently took over a part of the firing line as an American sector in January, 1918.

Annual pay of the army now exceeds a half billion dollars.

Production of 10,000 new automobile trucks is in progress for the army, in addition to purchases of 3,520 passenger cars, 6,126 motorcycles, and 5,040 bicycles, with appropriate repair and replacement equipment.

During the first year of war Army expended \$60,000,000 for horse-drawn vehicles and harness; more than \$50,000,000 for horses, mules and harness. Expenditures for fiscal year ending June 30, 1919, for fuel and forage estimated at more than half a billion dollars.

Quartermaster recently purchased 61,000,000 pounds of prunes and dried beans, and 273,000,000 cans of tomatoes, condensed milk and baked beans. Other purchases include 40,000,000 yards of mosquito bar, 75,000,000 yards of olive drab, 20,000,000 woolen blankets, 31,000,000 pairs of woolen drawers, 50,000,000 pairs of heavy stockings, 11,000,000 wool coats.

Ordnance program includes the purchase of 23,000,000 hand grenades, 725,000 automatic pistols, 250,000 revolvers, 23,000,000 projectiles for heavy artillery, 427,246,000 pounds of explosives, 240,000 machine guns, 2,484,000 rifles.

Machine guns are being produced at the rate of 225,000 a year, 3 1-2 inch guns at the rate of 15,000 per year.

Army Ordnance Supply Division handles monthly 10,000 carloads of material.

In less than three weeks after enactment of selective-service law the male population of the country within draft age, approximately 10,000,000 men, presented themselves before some 4,000 boards and registered.

Cost of drafting army and Provost Marshal General's operations was \$10,000,000; cost per man accepted for service \$4.93.

During 12 months Army hospitals increased from 7 to 63 in number and from 5,000 to 58,400 beds; 30,000 more beds are being added.

Two weeks after war was declared contracts had been made covering the requirements of an Army of 1,000,000 men, this material comprising 8,700,000 items.

Our 14-inch guns weigh nearly 95 tons, and are 58 1-3 feet long, costing \$118,000.

Two powder plants to cost \$45,000,000 each are under construction.

War prisoners and alien enemies numbering 2,040 are now confined in three barracks in Georgia and Utah.

Psychological examinations of 150,000 officers and men have been made.

To February 20, director General of Military Railways had placed orders for railway supplies valued at \$142,000,000 and with an aggregate weight of 754,000 long tons; the General Engineer Depot to February 1 issued 9,500 orders for material valued at \$202,000,000.

For training troops in cantonments, 1,000,000,000 rounds of ammunition have been bought.

Army medical training schools have been created with capacity of 21,000 officers and men, 15,000 enlisted men, and 6,000 officers already trained and graduated.

Of 63,203 candidates for officers' commissions at two officers' training camps, 44,758 were successful; a third series is now in progress with 18,000 attendance.

Young Men's Christian Association, Young Women's Christian Association, and Knights of Columbus huts are fixtures in the life of every soldier and sailor; hostess houses have been built in 32 cantonments and camps; 16 liberty theaters are running in Army camps and 15 are ordered constructed; all camps have athletic fields, one having 26 gridirons.

Average monthly disbursements by Ordnance Department of the Army during the first year of war were over \$69,000,000.

The Signal Corps has sent thousands of trained pigeons to France.

One type of gun with its carriage has 7,990 parts, exclusive of accessories.

Through a card catalogue system, 109,487 men have been transferred out of Army divisions into technical units to function according to individual educational, occupational and military qualifications.

Quartermaster expended or obligated \$53,960,857 for construction and repair of hospitals.

Present average daily mail handled by the Adjutant General is approximately 85,000 pieces.

In 16 cantonments 650,000,000 feet of lumber were used.

Some 300 woolen mills are working on Army contracts.

Over 20,000,000 pairs of shoes have been ordered for the Army.

Treasury Department floated \$6,616,532,300 subscriptions to Liberty bonds.

Loans to a total of \$3,882,900,000 had been made to co-belligerent nations to end of 1917.

Government now operates 260,000 miles of railway, employing 1,000,600 men, and representing investment of \$17,500,000,000.

Bonds, certificates of indebtedness, war-savings certificates and thrift stamps issued by the Treasury up to March 12 totaled \$8,560,802,052.96.

The United States Government had loaned to foreign governments associated in the war on March 12, 1918, \$4,436,329,750.

To March 12 the War-Risk Insurance Bureau had issued policies for a total of \$12,465,116,500 to the armed forces.

Allotments and allowances to soldiers' and sailors' dependents paid by the Government in February amounted to \$19,976,543.

Total deaths in the army from April 6, 1917, to March 14, for all causes, was reported by the Adjutant General's Office to be 1,191. Of this number, 132 were reported as killed in action, and 237 died or were lost at sea. The total number wounded in action was 404. Thirty-five men have been reported as missing; 28 of them are said to have been captured.

Strength of the Navy to-day is nearly 21,000 officers and 330,000 enlisted men; strength a year ago was 4,792 officers and 77,946 enlisted men.

The total number of persons now in the Naval Establishment exceeds 425,000.

THE WAR SITUATION.

There has been no decisive stroke as forces can be seen by the layman up to this time along the Western front. While Germany has driven back the Allies lines a dozen miles and is still slowly crowding them backward inch by inch there is no doubt but that it is costing Germany far too much for the gain she gets.

Germany did not get what she set out to get. She can not gain a final victory unless she gains a decisive victory within the next six months for division after division must be going across the Atlantic from America. Munitions are being rushed to France and the Allies need not fear a lack of food. The Allied side of the war is a growing factor while the German side must be a decreasing factor, therefore it is now or never for the Germans and they are using their supreme efforts to win before the Americans can be of much aid to the Allied cause.

But they will not win. They will find that Allies are better fitted than they were two years ago at Verdun when they clobbered the Teutons.

Many seem to think that the Germans are preparing for a great naval battle for reports are coming to the Allies that they are coaling all the navy and they are preparing for a dash outward.

Estimated total expenditures of the Navy during first year of war: Disbursements and outstanding obligations, \$1,881,000,000.

American destroyers arrived at a British port to assist in patrolling European waters 28 days after the declaration of war.

There are now four times as many vessels in the naval service as a year ago.

Nearly 73,000 mechanics and other civilian employees are working at navy yards and stations.

Estimated pay of officers and men of the navy for the first year of the war \$125,000,000.

When war was declared, 123 naval vessels were building or authorized, and contracts have been placed since that time for 949 vessels.

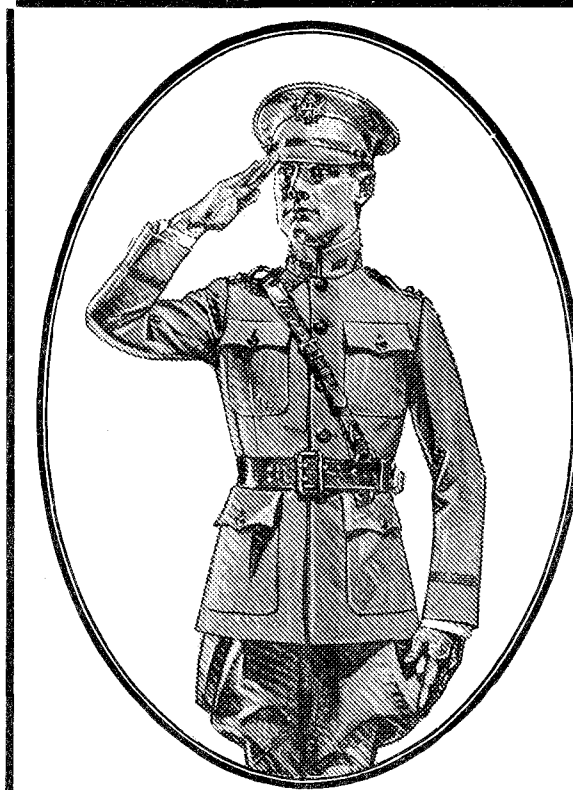
More than 700 privately owned vessels have been purchased or chartered by the Navy.

The Navy ration in 1917 cost \$.438, as against \$.37648 in 1916.

During first three months of 1918 Navy Paymaster cleared \$185,000,000 for Navy supplies and contracts.

Paymaster General of the Navy drew checks for more than \$30,000,000 in one day—February 23—for munitions; total advertised purchases for the Navy for 1915 were \$19,000,000.

Total weight of steel thrown by a single broadside from the Pennsylvania to-day is 17,508 pounds; maximum broadside of



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**116 E. MAIN STREET
PHONE 237**

largest ship during Spanish-American War was 5,660 pounds.

More than 11,000 manufacturers bid for Navy business.

Six new authorized battleships are designed to be of 41,500 tons, the largest battleships in the world.

Our 35,000-ton cruisers, 35 knots, will be the fastest in the world, their speed equaling the fastest destroyers.

Prompt repairs of 109 interned German ships, partially wrecked by their crews, added more than 700,000 tons to our available naval and merchant tonnage.

During the year nearly 60,000 letters, many including detailed plans, were received from the inventive genius of the country by the Naval Consulting Board concerning methods for combatting the German U-Boats.

The Navy has developed an American mine believed to combine all the good points of various types of mine, and is manufacturing them in quantities.

Naval communication service operates all radio service; 5,000 youths are studying radio telegraphy at two naval schools.

Medical officers numbering 1,675 are members of the Medical Department of the Navy. Navy maintains 12,000 hospital beds and 5,000 are being added.

Casualties in the Navy and Marine Corps from April 6 to December 31, 1917, include 5 naval officers and 139 enlisted men, killed or died from wounds. No officers were reported as wounded in action, but 10 enlisted men were so reported.

Before the war a total of \$1,500,000 had been appropriated for air service. Congress has made \$691,000,000 available for aircraft production in the first year of war.

More than 70,000 acres of land in this country has been planted with castor-bean plants to produce sufficient oil for aircraft.

Air personnel increased from 65 officers and 1,120 men to 100 times that number in first year of war. Eleven kinds of schools have been installed.

Over 20 large companies are manufacturing airplanes, 15 are producing engines, and more than 400 are producing spare parts, accessories and supplies.

CAPT. HOLBROOK RESIGNS.

The resignation of Captain Rossiter Holbrook, of Company C, 106th Infantry, has been accepted by the War Department. Captain Holbrook tendered his resignation to Lieutenant-Colonel John B. Tuck, acting commander of the 106th Infantry, on March 29.

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Large assortment of
Gabardine, Serge
and Whipcord Uni-
forms are open for
the inspection of the
O. T. S. boys. Quali-
ty and fit that any
officer will be proud
of : : : : :



*See our full line of
Boots and other
accessories before
getting your outfit*

**Goldberg's**

*The House that Caters to
the Needs of the Soldiers*

In Division Society**CAPTAIN McWILLIAMS A
BENEDICT.**

The first military wedding on the Camp reservation was celebrated last Tuesday afternoon in the chapel constructed by the 102nd Engineers. Captain John I. McWilliams, one of the most popular young officers in the 27th Division, stepped out of command and started taking his orders from Miss Mary Quinn Keogh, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. John Keogh, of Brooklyn, N. Y., and twin sister of Army Field Clerk Charles Keogh, Headquarters 27th Division. Lieutenant-Colonel Maloney, Division Surgeon, acted as best man, while the bride was attended by Mrs. John J. Daly, wife of Major John Daly, Division Ordnance Officer. Reverend William Patrick Brennan, chaplain at the Knights of Columbus Hall, performed the ceremony. It was attended by the entire staff of the 27th Division, together with the French and British Military Missions at Camp Wadsworth.

Captain McWilliams is a product of the ranks. He started in the 23rd Regiment, N. G. N. Y. about eight years ago and has been on the rise ever since. He is Supply Officer of the 102nd Sanitary Train, just at present. His critics say he is so much on the job that he had his "Good-Man Friday," Sergeant Joe Sabetear, following up the wedding party collecting all the old shoes that were thrown so he could swap them for new ones at the Camp Quartermaster's.

OFFICERS' BENEFIT BALL.

The officers' ball given at the Soldiers Club was one of the most brilliant affairs of the spring season. The occasion was a welcome to the entire Pioneer division as well as for raising funds to further equip the Soldiers Club. A number of the generals and their wives were present and many prominent in army circles.

**DELIGHTFUL DANCE GIVEN BY THE
107TH FIELD HOSPITAL.**

The members of the 107th Field Hospital entertained their friends at an enjoyable dance given at the Soldiers Club. Excellent music was furnished by one of the camp bands. The chaperones for the evening were Mesdames R. Z. Cates, T. M. Evins, C. O. Hearon, Rosa Gault and W. S. Manning.

*** DANCING PARTY.**

Miss Mary Stivers, daughter of Major and Mrs. Stivers, who are residing on Pine street, entertained at dancing for a group of friends.

Lieutenant J. C. Rickman, Lieutenant Potter, Lieutenant J. L. Huxley, Lieutenant J. H. Higgins and Lieutenant Ralph G. Sieber, of Camp Wadsworth, spent the weekend in Asheville.

102ND ENGINEER TRAIN ENTERTAINS.

The 102nd Engineer Train recently had the honor of entertaining some visitors from home at dinner.

On March 24th, Mrs. Joseph A. Powers, of Troy, New York, was the guest of Lieutenant William F. S. Root, Commander of the Train. Mrs. Powers is the mother of Mrs. S. M. Pike, wife of Captain Pike, 52nd Pioneer Infantry, Mrs. Charles A. MacArthur, wife of Captain MacArthur, 105th Infantry, and mother of Lieutenant Wm. Tibbetts Powers, 108th Field Artillery, 28th Division, Camp Hancock, Ga. Mrs. Powers is on a visit to her daughters in Spartanburg, and Lieutenant Powers at Camp Hancock. Captain and Mrs. Pike and the Misses Evelyn and Sally Pike and Mr. Albert Powers were also guests of Lieutenant Root on March 24th, 1918. On March 31st, Mlle. Janet Martine, of Paris, France, well known actress, was a guest of the Train. On March 25th Mrs. William G. Keens, of Albany, New York, wife of Lieutenant William G. Keens, 1st Pioneer Infantry, and son, Billy Keens, Jr., were guests of the Train at dinner. Mrs. Keens is President of the Ladies Auxiliary. She presented the Train with a new Guidon, of regulation pattern, which was purchased by the Auxiliary and brought down from Albany, N. Y., by Mrs. Keens, who made a most charming and appropriate presentation address. The Train was frequently honored by visits from Mrs. Harvey Garrison, wife of Major Garrison, Commanding the 1st Battalion, 102nd Engineers, who takes a keen interest in everything pertaining to the Train. Mrs. Garrison recently hemstitched the new table linen for the Officers' Mess.

**GENERAL AND MRS. SWEETSER GUESTS
OF HONOR.**

Mrs. Henry Gaylord Elliott, Mrs. Maurice J. Swetland and Mrs. Charles P. Loeser were hostesses at a dinner given for General and Mrs. Sweetser, Colonel and Mrs. Stover, Lieutenant Colonel Perkins, and Captain and Mrs. Stoehr, at their home, 153 Alabama street.

**FIFTY-SECOND PIONEER INFANTRY
DANCE.**

The commanding officer and officers of the 52nd Pioneer Infantry (12th N. Y. Infantry) entertained at dancing for their friends at the Soldiers Club.

**FIFTY-THIRD PIONEER INFANTRY
ENTERTAINS AT ROCK CLIFF CLUB.**

The members of the 53rd Pioneer Infantry gave a delightful dance at Rock Cliff Club which was greatly enjoyed by many of the army circle.

MEDALS WE CAN WIN OVER THERE.

List of Insignia Authorized for U. S. Soldiers in France.

General Orders, No. 6.

War Department,
Washington, January 12, 1918.

1. By direction of the President the following decorations and insignia are authorized:

(A) Distinguished-Service Cross.

A bronze cross of appropriate design and a ribbon to be worn in lieu thereof, to be awarded by the President, or in the name of the President, by the commanding general of the American Expeditionary Forces in Europe to any person who, while serving in any capacity with the Army, shall hereafter distinguish himself or herself, or who, since April 6, 1917, has distinguished himself or herself, by extraordinary heroism in connection with military operations against an armed enemy of the United States under circumstances which do not justify the award of the medal of honor.

Service Medal and Chevrons.

(B) Distinguished-Service Medal.

A bronze medal of appropriate design, and a ribbon to be worn in lieu thereof, to be awarded by the President to any person who, while serving in any capacity with the Army, shall hereafter distinguish himself or herself, or who, since April 6, 1917, has distinguished himself or herself by exceptionally meritorious service to the Government in a duty of great responsibility in time of war or in connection with military operations against an armed enemy of the United States.

(C) War-Service Chevrons.

A gold chevron of standard material and design, to be worn on the lower half of the left sleeve of all uniform coats, except fatigue coats, by each officer and enlisted man who has served six months in the zone of the advance in the war, and an additional chevron for each six months of similar service thereafter. Officers and enlisted men of the Aviation Service on combat-flying duty in Europe will be credited for the war-service chevrons at the time they may be on duty.

The Wound Chevron.

(D) Wound Chevrons.

A gold chevron of pattern identical with that of the war-service chevron, to be worn on the lower half of the right sleeve of all uniform coats, except fatigue coats, by each officer and enlisted man who has received, or who may hereafter receive, a wound in action with the enemy which necessitates treatment by a medical officer, and an additional chevron for each additional wound; but not more than one chevron will be worn for two or more wounds received at the same time. Disabling by gas necessitating treatment by a medical officer shall be considered to be a wound within the meaning of this order.

Medals of Honor in France.

2. During the present emergency, whenever a recommendation for the award of the medal of honor reaches the commanding general of the American Expeditionary Forces in Europe, he is authorized to cable his recommendation for immediate action and to hold the papers until a reply is received. In the event that his recommendation is approved, he will note the action taken in his indorsement when forwarding the papers in the case and will present the medal to the recipient as the representative of the President, or will delegate a suitable officer to act in that capacity.

In any case where the person recommended for the award of the medal of honor is at the time of the recommendation apparently fatally wounded or so ill as to endanger his life, the commanding general of the Expeditionary Forces in Europe is authorized to act immediately upon the recommendation as the representative of the President, afterwards reporting his action by cable.

3. Whenever a recommendation for the award of the medal of honor is approved by cable, and whenever a report is received announcing the award of the distinguished service cross by the commanding general of the American Expeditionary Forces in Europe, and whenever the distinguished-service medal is awarded, such award, with a statement of the circumstances in each case, will be announced in general orders of the War Department by The Adjutant General of the Army without unnecessary delay.

May Be Posthumously Awarded.

4. The distinguished-service cross and the distinguished-service medal may be awarded posthumously to persons killed in the performance of acts meriting such award or to persons whose death from any cause may have occurred prior to such award. The medal so awarded will be issued to the nearest relative of the deceased person.

5. No individual will be entitled to more than one distinguished-service cross or one distinguished-service medal, but each additional citation in War Department orders for conduct or service that would warrant the award of either of these decorations will entitle the person so cited to wear upon the ribbon of the decoration and upon the corresponding ribbon a bronze oak leaf of approved design, and the right to wear such oak leaf will be announced as a part of the citation. Other citations for gallantry in action published in orders issued from the headquarters of a force commanded by a general officer will be indicated in each case by a silver star three-sixteenths of an inch in diameter worn upon the ribband of the distinguished-service cross and upon the corresponding ribbon.

Forwarding of Recommendations.

6. Recommendations for the award of the distinguished-service medal will be forwarded to the Adjutant-General of the Army through regular channels.

7. When an officer or enlisted man is admitted to a hospital for treatment of a wound, or when an officer or enlisted man is treated for a wound without being admitted to a hospital, the commanding officer of the hospital, or, in the latter case, the medical officer who treats the wound, will furnish the commanding officer of the wounded person with a certificate describing briefly the nature of the wound and certifying to the necessity of the treatment. This information may be furnished to commanders of higher units in the form of certified lists and will be transmitted by them to the commanding officers concerned.

8. Commanding officers will forward to The Adjutant General of the Army, through military channels, lists in duplicate of those officers and enlisted men of their commands who have been honorably wounded in action, with a statement in the case of each individual, showing time and place wounds were received and organization in which they were then serving. Whenever a report is made of an action, it will be accompanied by the above-described list, and by certified copies of the medical officers' statements described in paragraph 7.

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Take Dry Tablet Ink with you. With this tablet ink and your water bottle you always have a supply of perfect writing ink with you.

It comes tucked away in the end of the barrel of every

"SWAN SAFETY"

MILITARY FOUNTAIN PEN

—the only pen carrying its own ink supply in the form of SWAN INK TABLET AMMUNITION.

Enough for six to seven hundred sheets of writing. One tablet—plus water—makes a barrel full of ink.

Be sure to see this pen and ammunition at any stationers, jewelers, or druggists. If you cannot obtain from your dealer order direct from the Manufacturer, enclosing remittance.

Price complete, \$3.00. Extra refills Swan Ink Tablet Ammunition in wooden tube 15c per tube.

MABIE, TODD & CO.

17 Maiden Lane, New York 209 S. State St., Chicago
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Ink Tablet Ammunition

Granting Rights to Wear.

9. Upon receipt of lists of wounded the commanding general of the American Expeditionary Forces in Europe is authorized to grant the right to wear the wound chevron to the persons concerned, and he will note his action by indorsement in forwarding the papers.

10. The right to wear the wound chevrons shall be confined to those who are authorized to do so by letter from The Adjutant General of the Army or from the commanding general of the American Expeditionary Forces in Europe.

11. The war-service chevron and the wound chevron shall be as described in paragraphs 13 1-2, and 84 1-2, Special Regulations No. 42 (Uniform Specification) (see Changes No. 2); will be worn as described in paragraph 74 1-2, Special Regulations No. 41 (Uniform Regulations) (see Changes No. 2); and will be furnished as directed in subparagraph 6 of paragraph 66, Compilation of General Orders, Circulars, and Bulletins, War Department, 1881-1915.

Verifying Rights to Wear.

12. Requests for the issue of purchase of these chevrons will be accompanied by a list of the persons for whom they are desired, for the information of the commanding officer who authorizes the issue. The officer, before approving a requisition or a purchase, will verify the right of the persons concerned to wear the chevrons requested. Requests for authority to wear the wound chevron on account of wounds received prior to the present war will be forwarded with all available evidence to The Adjutant General of the Army for verification through the War Department records and appropriate action.

13. Section XI, General Orders, No. 134, War Department, 1917, is rescinded.

(210.5, A. G. O.)

By order of the Secretary of War:

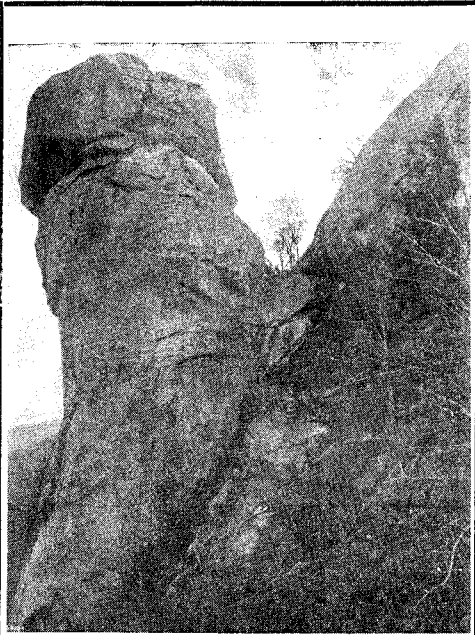
JOHN BIDDLE,

Major General, Acting Chief of Staff.

Official:

H. P. McCAIN,

The Adjutant General.



"See Chimney Rock First—Then France"

The Most Charming Bit of
Scenery in America

18 Miles by Motor from Hendersonville

Chimney Rock Company

HENDERSONVILLE, NORTH CAROLINA

The
South Carolina Light,
Power and Railway
Company
FURNISHES

ALL THE

ELECTRICITY

USED AT

CAMP WADSWORTH

COMPANY B, 107TH INFANTRY.

We are proud of the fact that we are in Company B. We are proud of the fact that we are in the 107th U. S. Infantry. We are proud of the fact that we are in the 27th Division.

Yes, and we're justified in this pride after the showing made by this regiment on Saturday, April 6th, when we paraded through the streets of Spartanburg in honor of the first year of America's entry into the war.

Suffice it to say that Company B marched and that the 107th demonstrated its ability and fitness as it never did before.

The mysterious attraction over at the Hostess House is beginning to present a serious problem. The number of "social lions" increases each day with such heartbreakers as R. H. Woods and Mechanic Cook as the ring-leaders. An investigating committee will be appointed in the near future to find some remedy for this appalling calamity. **Pax Vobiscum!**

Corporal Schmidt having returned from a furlough the company is expected to resume its regular duties once more. Some doubt is expressed as to whether his subject for the week will be "squads east" or "squads west." Probably both.

And now it's chess that's occupying the minds of Sergeants Bissell and Benson. Hot arguments as to the various powers of the king and queen take place each night much to the distress of Bill Curran, who, being a staunch Democrat, doesn't see it for a minute.

Who is Bujak and what for?

We would like to know how Arty Hillyer got that job last pay day.

If the New York Yankees stop over long enough we're liable to lose "Arel" and Eddie Raynor to say nothing of their side-kick "Shorty" Cunningham.

The company agents (don't know whether its press or not), Joe Crowley, Sheekey, Roeder and McDonald were slightly annoyed by a two-day hike of their own last week. Kind o' rough on the boys to fool 'em like this. Jack Sheekey swears that his pack weighed 143 pounds. Yes, Jack, we all felt the same way when we were in the army, too.

Overheard in the kitchen:

Van Auken (from somewhere under the stove): "Where's the meat?"

Tipson (counting out 215 beans for the next meal): "Don't know, ask Higgins, he used it last."

CORP. D. VAN R. HILL.

FINALS IN BOXING TOURNAMENT.

Finals in the 27th Division Boxing Tournament will be staged in the large outdoor ring on the Parade Grounds, on the afternoon of April 27th. Gold and silver medals will be awarded to the first and second string teams. Decisions will be reached in the featherweight, lightweight, welterweight, middleweight, light-heavyweight, and heavy-weight classes.

COMPANY M, 106TH INFANTRY.

The programme for this number exclusively deals with the following subject: "Furloughs, Past and Present."

It is easily imagined that Private Emlock boarded the right train in New York, only by intercession of some good-natured friend, but it is a mystery how he managed to get in camp from the Spartanburg railroad station.

Corporal Charles (Bobby) Eldridge is with us again after being in New York for over thirty days. This is seconds. His regular furlough took effect about Christmas time. Nobody knows how he got the extra thirty, the only thing that stands prominently is that he got away with it.

By order of Lieutenant Stevens, from now on, furloughs requested by fake telegrams have a poor chance of success. All cases will be thoroughly investigated before any furloughs are issued.

Acting First Sergeant Hawthorne made a list of the names in the order in which furloughs will be given to the men. It looks as though the names are picked out by lot. Yours truly applied for one since January 22, 1917, and now was placed 15th on the list. We have no right to kick, anyway; one can not expect too much from a top sergeant.

We saw Private Zettler down town just before he left. He was in a restaurant doing away with a big meal. Zettler is one of our student cooks.

Private Beers will spend several weeks in New York and have all expenses paid besides. The lucky dog is a chorus man in the cast of "You Know Me, Al."

Corporal Edward McCormack promises the people of Borough Park that he will be home to take part in that minstrel show. He thinks he will, anyhow.

T. A. F.

TOO BUSY BETWEEN MEALS.

"What do you think of the Army as far as you have gone?" inquired a sergeant of a newly arrived recruit at camp.

"I may like it after a while, but just now I think there is too much drilling and fussing around between meals," was the reply.

CAMP WHEELER MEN HERE.

Six hundred former national guardsmen have arrived at Camp Wadsworth from Camp Wheeler, Macon, Ga. The men were formerly of the Georgia, Florida and Alabama national guard and had been assigned to the 121st, 122nd, 123rd and 124th Infantry regiments.

Enough of the men to bring the First anti-aircraft machine gun battalion up to full war strength will be assigned to that unit while the remainder will be assigned to the First Pioneer Infantry. For the present all the men have been attached to the Second Pioneer Infantry for quarters and rations.

All the new men have been through the course of intense training at Camp Wheeler and are in first class condition.

PICTURES!

Camera Habit Makes Soldiers Film-Flammers.

One Sunday afternoon not long ago I sat in one of those delightfully unmilitary rocking chairs on the veranda of the Hostess House discussing a discussion with Bill Breck, soldier-artist and artist-soldier, famous as both. Being there to look as well as to talk things over, we couldn't help noticing the group of ten or a dozen soldiers and girls that trooped gaily down the broad steps and onto the road.

They moved off in the direction of the P. & N. station in a column of squads, changing their minds in a few minutes, however, and executing right by twos. Then a bit further on they deployed into a line of skirmishers, ambling along in that fashion until one of their number produced a camera. That was the signal, it seemed, for an assembly to the right.

"You can't get away from it," mused Bill; "no group here in camp would be complete, much less happy, if there wasn't a camera handy."

The Picture Taking Habit.

It's a fact. Picture-taking in Wadsworth is more than a fad—it's a habit. The soldier that doesn't own a camera is a rarity. Said cameras are so universally owned (and carried) in camp as to seem almost as common as a government issue. The vest-pocket size is the most prevalent type, despite the fact that vests and vest pockets aren't altogether voguish hereabouts.

On every hike, on every trip into the training trenches, on every maneuver—wherever he goes, your soldier insists upon toting his snapshotter with him. More often than not, he doesn't get a chance to take a picture while in the line of duty; but, just as he carries water on the march knowing he won't be allowed to drink it, he would no sooner leave behind his camera than he would his canteen.

The camera-owning soldier's desire to have himself filmed in all manner of poses is insatiable. On sunny days he keeps his tent-fellows busy. He wants himself snapped with and without his rifle; he wants a few taken of himself while shaving, while washing clothes, while peeling potatoes, while digging, while—well, in a word, he wants a photographic history of himself in this war.

Artistic Poses.

Every now and again, though, he tires of doing all the posing. Then he magnanimously lines up a few of his friends and tells 'em to look pretty. Sometimes, mayhap, he and his camera will feel the lure of the wanderlust, on which occasions they fare forth to preserve in picture this or that tree, rock, mule, mess-shack or person that may strike the soldier's artistic fancy.

The poor dogs and goats that haunt the incinerators and drill grounds by day and the community sleep by night have the hair round their necks worn thin where they are



Over the Top—and at 'em!
with
WRIGLEY'S
Nerves tense—teeth set tight,
with WRIGLEY'S for a bumper
—up and over—to Victory!
The Flavor Lasts

WRIGLEY'S THE FLAVOR
SPEARMINT
THE PERFECT GUM LASTS
MINT LEAF FLAVOR
THREE KINDS

grabbed and held with a strangle-hold while successive camera fans obtain a likeness of them.

Every letter mailed home contains at least a few prints mother or Lulu, the best girl in the world, is keeping. Fortunately, most of them are labeled. I say "fortunately" because many prints go home that show, say, a couple of dim figures breasting a heavy fog that wouldn't mean anything to mother and Lulu if it weren't for the "Bill So-and-So" explanation scrawled on the back.

Whenever one or another of the regiments in camp turns out for a review the camera clan turns out in force. They crowd along the sidelines and elbow each other all over the lot in an effort to capture a vantage point. You will also see them shinning up trees and telephone poles, or fighting for a place on the roof of some nearby shack. Newspaper camera men haven't a thing on this camp tribe when it comes to enterprise.

Bill Breck was right. (See paragraph three.)

CORP. HARRY T. MITCHELL,
Co. L, 107th U. S. Infantry.

102ND ENGINEER TRAIN.

"Scotty" Easson, the "Fatty Arbuckle" of the Train, is a busy man these days. He has been added to the clerical force of the Train, and believe me, Scotty is there when it comes to pushing the pen. "Old Boy" Fitz is on the INCINERATOR this week and he is a bear on wood chopping and you can bet that there is never any of that Kitchen Soup left when Fitz Old Boy's work is done at night.

The "Kitchen Mechanics" (student cooks) are a busy lot and a merry four. You should hear them sound their "A!" Our two cooks, Little Lewi Kent and Will Bishop are a hard working pair and are mostly responsible for all the good Eats that the Boys are getting.

Private Everette C. Steele of Company F, who is a former member of the Train, and who has been quite sick for the past three months, is on detached service with the Train.

W. J. C.

U Boats and wastefulness are both a menace to the Allies.—S. O. S.

NOTES FROM THE STOCKADE.

Our esteemed Mail Clerk, Schroeder, had his hair cut by the prison barber and the way it was cut it looked as if the barber had a grudge against him and for the measly sum of fifteen cents he had his solid ivory dome badly chipped.

First Sergeant Duffy is in bad with his lady friend. It seems that he had a date Friday evening with her, and Friday afternoon he washed his shirt and some one stole it. He is now sporting a sleeveless sweater. Tough luck Duf.

Bugler Burns was asked to give an impersonation of "Cohen on the Telephone" and from the way he did it, we think he blows Reveille in the morning in Jewish as the men do not understand it and there are many absentees at roll call.

Sergeant Peterson has issued a challenge to all men in the 27th Division who think they can sleep longer than he can. Sergeant Bremer has taken Pete up on his challenge and up to the present time Pete has it on Bremer about 7 hours.

Have you seen the Mustache Mess Sergeant Snyder has been sporting around lately? Some of the girls at the carnival told him he looked real cute and now Snyder is spending his nights at the carnival. (That's all he does spend.)

Cook Genete is fast becoming a real cook. We do not know what we would do for eats in case he should ever lose the can opener.

Private Elliott having returned from his furlough, has taken up his duties as canteen sergeant and is now looking ahead to spend the fourth of July with his wife, providing business is good.

Why is O. D. looking so downhearted these days. Some one told him his wife left him and married a sailor. Now O. D. is trying to get a furlough so he can go and shake hands with the tar and try to sell him the ring.

The boys at the Stockade miss Clark the medical orderly, who is at present confined at the Base Hospital. The boys all wish him a speedy recovery as they think there is no one in the Division who can hand out O. D. pills faster than Doc.

Well-known saying at the Division Stockade:

Ninety—ninety—take him away—next.

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

Send Home A Photograph

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Cigarettes
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Drug Sundries

**Means quick sales and
satisfied patrons**

GEER DRUG CO.

Wholesalers of Quality Products

104TH FIELD ARTILLERY.

Sergeant Cusak was kicked by a mule. Mules are the only ones that can hit a non-com without getting in trouble.

John Daly, the hard working office man of the Supply Company has been promoted to a Corporal. Is this the reason why you don't work nights no more, Joe?

The landscape Quartet has finished its work and have returned to their batteries for duty again. Some work boys. The officers have complimented you.

Color Sergeant Sands is quite a visitor down this way. Are you down here buying for the officers' mess?

Somebody suggested that all the orderlies known as dog robbers should wear some insignia on their sleeve. Private Mauro, Battery E, suggested the trade mark of the Victor Talking Machine: "His Master's Voice."

The Division Theatrical has overlooked Private Potter of the Medical Detachment. He hails from Boston, the home of culture.

Corporal Green, C Battery, is fast becoming the pitcher of the detachment. He hit a home run the other day and they are still chasing the ball.

"Pretty Baby" Landow and "Donkey" Doyle fight no longer. Doyle is now attached to Headquarters Troop.

Private Milton Ruton likes Special Duty. He says there is much chance to loaf. Pop Williamson overheard the remark, and Milton is now doing guard duty. Silence is a virtue.

Our own sextette: Poladino, Prendinano, Polizzo, Tramatulo, Abondola and Balzano. It is a pleasure to hear them in the latest sonnet from the pen of Thomas Woechekowski of Battery C, the Polish playwright.

Bugler Bacon suggested to the Veterinarian to have G. B. Wilson smuggled into the Remount Depot and dip him.

Don't try to break through the lines when Sergeant Fout is on guard. He is on the alert, and he will make you walk up to Post No. 1 to "advance and be recognized." Them's hard words, but one must obey.

Corporal Wildhagen registered his usual Monday kick why he was detailed for guard twice in one week. Figures mean nothing to him, but as a good soldier he promised to do his bit in spite of his objections. That's the spirit, Corporal. We need more men like you.

"Camouflage" Shattuck likes the course so well he wants to go back to the second school.

Our detachment of 330 men has a fine record. Every man in the detachment is insured.

Famous dogs:

— of war.

— for supper.

Private Hack's bum —

Siberian —

A somewhat impromptu joke was sprung by our Supply Officer the other day: The clerk showed him a communication, and asked whether the Captain read it. The Captain replied: "I don't have to read it. I read Life before."

106TH FIELD HOSPITAL.

A volley ball league has been formed in the company and is composed of eight crack teams. The team winning the pennant is to be presented with a silver trophy at the end of the season.

Lieutenant Nealon is suffering from an attack of canteenitis, owing to the fact that he is in the same domicile as Lieutenant Reed who is the manager of the Sanitary Train Canteen.

"Ethelbert" Private McCollum, says the camp is sort of home-like since he returned from his furlough. The reason for that is because his brother-in-law resides in the tent next to him—discovered.

"Confidence" Private First Class Raymond Joyce returned to camp a proud soldier. Congratulations from all Ray, but make sure she becomes a Red Cross nurse.

"Codger" Private Matthew Burns expects to have a lawn party in front of his tent sometime. We'll wait until the grass is gone, Matt, otherwise it would be trampled on—the poor grass.

"Iz" Private Harold Bahn, is planning a device to enable one to eat while wearing the gas mask. How about drinking soup, too, "Iz"? Going to devise something noiseless?

"Elephant" Private Lester Raline, the Aspirin king, has all the influence necessary to keep him in the kitchen permanently. Lester says the source of influence is unknown to him. Cheer up, Lester, "murder will out."

"Hank" Private Alger, the Commodore of the Voorhesville Yacht Club, is now being fitted with a pair of wooden boats, which will enable him to do double time with the Company on drills.

"Theresian" Private First Class John Kirchner upon returning from a recent furlough, included a pair of shoes when sending his laundry to the wash. He never used to make such unreasonable mistakes.

J. V. B.

BONAS, R. I. P.

An Obituary, From Motor Truck No. 444.

Makes known its first bereavement, in the death of its mascot.

Bonas was a native of Memphis, Tenn., and enlisted there to do his bit, "for the great cause, but was taken sick en route to join his chosen company and died two days after arrival. He was a thoroughbred English bull, and was exceptionally well liked for his good breeding and gentle manners. Private Chris Killiard was Bonas' master."

We regret the transfer of Captain Allerton, but our loss is the Sanitary Train's gain.

Private Kannary pronounced canary), A Battery, has asked to be transferred to Headquarters Company. The birds of a feather flock together. Who said Cookoo?

Bugler Riley when asked why he doesn't get a new hat, answered that he is waiting to get "over there" and get a tin derby.

FRENCHIE.

COMPANY C, 3RD PIONEER INFANTRY.

Sergeants MacClellan and Hennrikus are laying extensive plans for the founding of a huge Wet Wash plant in New England after the war. "Mac" is very fond of washing clothes, and often cleans other fellows clothes for the asking. He sends his own to the laundry. They are going to make a specialty of baby clothing. Pay attention J. J. P., A. L. G., J. D. P. and others.

Corporal Jefferson is going to Charlotte for a few days soon. He claims he is going to be married, but we won't believe it until it happens. No, Jeff, you can't fool us that way.

We are all glad to hear that Corporal Gaw's future bride has been appointed a platoon chief in the business section of a parade to be held in Boston soon. She must have got a little "dope" on the side from Arthur L. in close order and the manual of arms, while he was home on furlough.

Sergeant Ray Taffe received an Easter card signed "Becca." Who is she, Ray, the heroine of Sunnybrook Farm or just the Ragman's daughter?

The whole company has been outfitted with rubber boots. We can now sleep five minutes longer with these additions to our reveille "quick hitch."

Sergeant Pendergast is the proud possessor of a fine gold fountain pen, sent to him by the "girl he left behind." Was it a reminder to write oftener? We all envied him the pen until he woke us all up one morning at three o'clock, raving in his sleep about the pen and uttering endearing terms about a certain young lady. We are now thankful that she didn't send a baseball bat.

All of our privates, Raymond F. Gibbons by name, enjoyed a short vacation at the Base Hospital last week suffering from that peculiar illness known in the South as "mope" and in the north as just plain "laziness."

Cook Arthur V. Tornrose is an expert in the Camouflage line. He can make a spoonful of sugar look like a cupful, and when he serves you a helping of pudding he thinks you have found special favor in his eyes, until you go to eat it, and then you find you have barely a man sized smell.

Corporal Hyde sent his trunk home recently in compliance with orders and his better half almost had a fit, thinking her Clarence had departed for France. No such luck, Mrs. Hyde.

Corporal Arthur Levi Gaw is looking for a transfer to the Remount Station. In civil life he is a mule skinner at the Brighton Stockyards and says he is perfectly at home with a cleaver in his hand. He says "Bill" Breen reminds him of one mule that he broke three cleavers trying to skin, because his hair was so tough it required sledge hammer blows to cut through it.

A. L. T.

**BATTERY F, 104TH F. A., ATTACHED
O. T. S.**

The gun sections have returned from the range. Once more the battery is re-united. Now I can duck to the woods with the Corona and write a few more "notes." With a full battery I am never missed and besides there are 140 other able bodied men (to say nothing of the non-coms) to do the work. A colonel saw me headed towards the woods with the little Corona case and said: "For heaven's sake, Bugler, will you practice until you can really blow that bugle." Inasmuch as I was ducking I took Thompson's call for him without a comeback. Since Cerro has ceased his duties as cook, we might suggest bugling for the balance of his career in the army (especially as the latter concern has no use for opera singers.)

Saddler Tarsitona having made a name for himself in the old country as a trapper, tried to make the same "rep" over here. At the range he built a trap assisted by Jack Young. "Tars" won't allow me to describe it but I'll say it was a good one. He didn't catch any animals in it, but give him a chance. He was only up in the wilds for three weeks. What was it, "Tars," that you did say you found in your trap?

Sergeant "Gus" Tracy said he would not exchange Muller for any other man in the battery for his section. He said something about circuses charging admission for less of an attraction. What odds will you offer for Jackson, "Gus"?

A passing note: Corporal Milne has been called "the best-looking man in the battery." This remark comes from very high authority, too.

Our work with the school is nearing an end and we hope we have set an example for the "rookie officers" that they will remember when they have the bars and batteries all their own. There is a feeling among the men of F Battery that our work at the school has been for men who deserve commissions if anyone ever did. It has been for our own bunch—enlisted men of "The New York Division." We wish them all the greatest success in whatever they may "land" through the O. T. S.

I cannot close without at least mentioning Corporal Cananico's name. Then too, if we didn't the writer would have to do without that cigar.

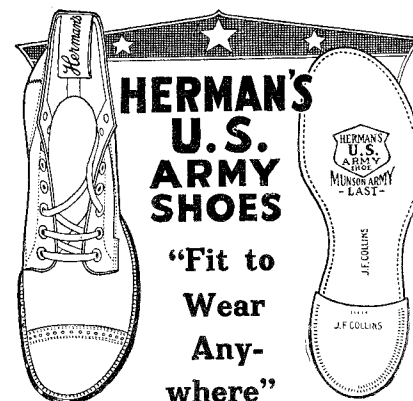
MESS HOUND.

FIELD HOSPITAL NO. 105.

At the suggestion of Top Sergeant Tracy an entertainment was presented by this company on March 21, having for its main purpose the bringing together of the men of the Sanitary Train to try to instill that feeling of good fellowship that goes well towards producing harmony amongst organizations.

The success of the show was due chiefly to the activities of First-Class Private A. Houser, who secured for us the services of Sutherland's famous band, and also the many vaudeville artists who performed so brilliantly.

We owe a word of grateful appreciation to Mr. Sutherland for the excellent program se-

**Comfort and
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Every man who wants to keep his feet **easy and efficient**—free from corns, stiff joints, ingrowing nails, galled heels and blisters—should wear **Herman's**.

The Munson last on which this Regular Army shoe is built is the result of four years of experiments with 2000 marching men.

The materials are the best known. The workmanship is that of experts who make **army shoes exclusively**.

Herman's

Stand up better in service and give longer wear for the money than any other shoe you can buy. **Don't accept substitutes.** Insist upon the well known Shield Trade Mark and the name "**Herman**" which has identified the best army shoes for 20 years.

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John A. Walker
Abe Myerson

lected for this occasion, the rendition of which was enthusiastically received.

To Sergeant Leach and First Class Private Leyden the credit belongs for furnishing the stage lighting and effects.

From Corporal Derx's spirited walking on recent hikes, it seems evident that chevrons are a good cure for rheumatism.

Elmer Hansom's rumors don't seem to take these days.

We sympathize with "Art" Houser and Davidson for being compelled to take a furlough with the division show.

"Oldsmobile" Naylor still "ducks" the drills. Wonder how long it will last?

"Mystery" Waas has returned from a ten-days furlough, and on his leave he discovered an excellent arch supporter. It's made of brass, round and shiny and usually occupies fifteen feet at the base of certain mahogany fixtures.

J. L. F.

STRAIGHT DOPE FROM OVERSEAS.

Stars and Stripes, A. E. F. Paper, Gives Valuable Tips.

Here's some advice, straight from overseas, printed in The Stars and Stripes, official newspaper of the American expeditionary force in France:

"Some of us have been over here a good eight months and more. Most of us have been over for at least half that time. The rest of us have been over here for varying amounts of time, and all of us long enough to be in a position to hand you a little friendly advice about how to prepare for the trip, what to expect over here, and what not to expect.

"Here, then, are a few hunches from some old and seasoned campaigners:

"Throw away your 'parley-vo' books and forget all the French the Y. M. has been teaching you in your cantonment huts this winter. You won't need it. We have the natives so well acquainted with United States now that they understand everything we say—even when we get unduly accurate on one another's ancestry. Even if you do get stuck there's only one way to learn French—that is to talk it, and make it up as you go along. In the course of time you'll get at least half of what you want.

"Begin to take baths right now. If you've got about six weeks before sailing time, start in to take one bath every day and two on Sunday, and manage to ring in four extra ones in between times. That will equip you with a good fifty-two baths, giving you an average of one a week for a year, which is the minimum prescribed by regulations. Baths in France are as hard to find as celebrators of Yom Kippur in an A. O. H. convention; so bathe while the bathing is good and handy.

"Another time-saving device. Start in writing letters now—now, while you've got time. Date them all well ahead and pack them neatly in your haversack. Then, when you get over here, your correspondence won't interfere with your touring. Just reach into your haversack and pick out one when the date on it comes around, shoot it in and have it censored, and it's done.

"The description of France, and so forth, you can get out of any of our old letters, or out of the stuff the war correspondents send over. Don't try to be original; people don't like it. Besides, in the army individuality is a sin.

"Along the same line as letters: Have your postcard photos of yourself taken before you sail. You can borrow the make-up, tin hat, gas masks and all the rest, from the guy in your regiment who's had them issued to him, or from cocktail-time ready to start the night's labors.

"Have your feet, teeth and eyes thoroughly looked after before you come over. If any one of the three sets is not satisfactory,

don't bring it. Turn it in to the quartermaster and get a new one. This applies particularly to teeth.

"See your last musical comedy, dance your last dance and eat your last pie and doughnuts. You won't run across any of those commodities while you're over here, and it may be pleasant to look back on them. Enjoy them, then, while you can, but enjoy them lingeringly, and wring the last bit of pleasure out of them all. But don't, when you come over here, start to tell us about them, or we'll bean you!

"Put one deck of cards in every pocket you possess and one up each sleeve. In that way you will be sure to have at least one full deck to use on the ride over. There is nothing else to do, except to stand ship's guard every other day and bob for whales.

"Get the wrist-watch habit, if you haven't already.

"Start in now to play three or four Janes, picking them not for looks or dancing, but for knitting capacity and ability to direct parcels in a neat, clear, round hand that can't be misunderstood. In that way, and that way only, can you be sure of sweaters, socks, wristlets, mufflers and tummy bands sufficient to last out the war.

"Come on over; the going is fine!"

BATTERY F, 104TH FIELD ARTILLERY. (ATTACHED TO THE O. T. S.)

We have been to the range. Now we feel that we know about all there is to know about artillery and are ready to send over a barrage that the doughboys of the 27th will be proud of. Even amongst the cooks there is a feeling that we are fit for foreign service.

Before leaving for the range, there was much speculation as to whether or not the Student Battery would take the carriages up. However, the "powers that be" decreed that the students would walk and our Battery would drive. Strange as it may seem, we fell right in with the scheme. Lieutenant Pulleyn lead the students and kept well ahead of the Battery to Motlow's Creek. The next day the hike was completed—the students still enhoof. From what I overheard, I take it is a pretty good walk up to Glassy Rock and return.

We camped in one of the most beautiful spots of the reservation. It was in a small valley about two miles west of the artillery camp. As you looked down the narrow valley, from the end in which we were camped, Hog Back could be seen at the end of the narrow V. It was certainly a pleasure to spend two weeks surrounded by such wonderful scenery.

After calibrating our guns, firing was started in earnest. The Student Battery was assembled at the observation post and after each problem was fired, a critique was held. In these talks, the whys and wherefores of each change of data were explained by the Battery Commander. The gun sections surely

did their share to show them rapid and accurate firing. The way the shells battered up the targets was enough to show that everyone was working together for results. After spending twelve days at the range, half the Battery returned with the Student Battery. The gun sections remained to fire in the Brigade Problems. Everyone enjoyed the trip because it was different from our everyday drill.

Of course our tent floors had to be guarded while we were away, so our amiable Corporal, by name, Canonicio, was left in charge of the whole four men. They tell me it was an impressive sight to see him line his battery up for retreat.

"Rosey" was in charge of the Q. M. shack while Sergeant Bannon was at the range. There are reports about that "Rosey" opened his heart and allowed the Battery to draw clothing any time they needed it.

Corporal Lattimer is receiving mail from someone, who uses a different shade of ink each time. The following colors are now on record: black, blue, green, purple and red. Let us in on the color scheme, will you?

There is a reward offered for the person who can explain what made Breakspear appear so jolly very suddenly while he was at the range. Address H. S.

"Red" McGuire couldn't understand why they made him throw that unexploded 4.7 shell in the brook. Especially after he had dragged it three miles into camp and "nothing had happened." "Red" has been reading the Gas Attack, so I guess he was about to get the hammer.

MESS HOUND.

Letter Two to Catholic Soldiers

You may wish to send an appropriate gift to sister or friend who is about to make her First Communion, or to a sweet girl graduate or as a wedding gift. As white is the popular color for these dainty occasions there is nothing nicer or more appropriate than a Vatti new "pearl" rosary on silver. It's a wonder. You can't believe, you can't imagine, the beauty of it. White with a gleam of pink in the pearl. It is as fine (to look at and for wear) as real pearl costing thousands of dollars. Its only defect is its cheapness! It puts mother-of-pearl to shame and is guaranteed a lifetime. Should anything happen to the "pearls" in any way at any time, we will replace them free of charge.

You can see it by sending the price; to be returned if not wanted. Or, we will have it engraved and send direct to your friends in a handsome plush case.

Best rolled-gold or silver \$10; 10 and 14-karat solid gold \$25 and \$30. Send for illustrated catalog showing several hundred different styles and colors of rosaries at all prices from \$1 to \$40.

As to our reliability we refer to our friends at Camp Wadsworth, Lieut. J. F. Greaney, Co. L, 107th Infantry and Sgt. A. G. Rolandelli, Co. F, 105th Infantry.

VATTI ROSARY Co., 106 Fulton St., New York.

WHAT THE CENSOR WILL BLUE-PENCIL.

New Regulations Govern Giving Out of News About American Troops.

With the American Army in France.—The following are the most important provisions of the new censorship regulations:

"It is the policy that all information not helpful to the enemy may be given the public. The basic principle requires that all articles must meet these four conditions:

"First: They must be accurate in statement and implication.

"Second: They must not supply military information to the enemy.

"Third: They must not injure the morale of our forces here or at home or among our allies.

"Fourth: They must not embarrass the United States or her allies in neutral countries.

"The foregoing conditions apply to every article written. The specific rules which follow are intended to explain them but never to be considered as permitting the publication of anything which conflicts with these four conditions.

"There will never be identification by numbers or organization.

"Concerning troops in the line, identification will be only as announced in the official communication.

"Concerning troops in training, there will be no identifications by sections such as 'New York troops' and 'Ohio troops in cable dispatches.

"When it is obvious to the censor, that in consideration of the time element no military information will be given to the enemy by articles sent by mail, there can be identification of small groups, as 'New England troops' and 'New York troops.' Reference can not be made to troops of the National Guard or the National Army or regular organization.

"During this war we have only one army, the United States Army.

"As to individuals, a name can be used whenever a story materially is obviously helped. The determination of this is in the hands of the censor, not the writer.

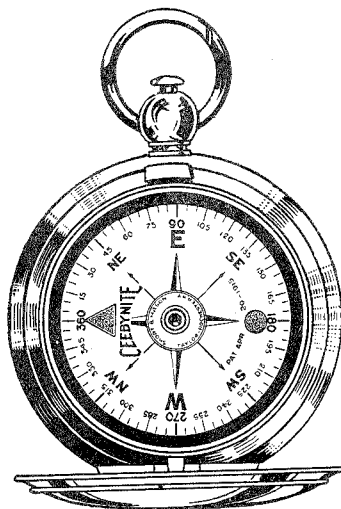
"Places can be mentioned only to a limited extent. Within the advance zone no sector shall be said to have any American troops in it until the enemy has established it as a fact by taking prisoners.

"Ship movements, real or possible, will not be discussed. Plans of the army, real or possible, will not be discussed.

"Numbers of troops as a total or as classes will not be discussed except by communicate.

"The effects of enemy fire will not be discussed except by communicate.

"Articles for publication in Europe will be scrutinized carefully to make sure that they do not hold possibilities of danger which the same stories in the United States would not hold. This applies not only to



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In Daylight or Darkness*

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Thin model; white metal hunting case, strongly hinged; jewelled, floating aluminum dial; cap automatically lifted off point when

case is closed, eliminating unnecessary wear. *The north and south points treated with luminous radium material, enabling points to be read at night; does not have to be exposed to light to become phosphorescent as do other compounds.*

**\$3.50 AT DEALERS OR PREPAID
GOLD FILLED CASE \$6.50**

Go to your local dealer first. If he cannot supply or will not order for you, don't be swerved, remit direct to us, the sole manufacturers. One will be promptly forwarded, safe delivery guaranteed.

Taylor Instrument Companies

SOLE MANUFACTURERS

Rochester, N. Y.

No. 157

MACHINE SHOP TRUCK UNIT 319,

Q. M. C.

For some strange reason Chenoweth loses that stiffness about mess time.

"Cotton" Baer, "Frenchy" Boismier, Eddie Ingold, "Neb" Osborn, and "Papa" Pensock have been promoted to the grade of Sergeant, Q. M. C.

Yes, we were beat in our first ball game, but not easily. We were trimmed by the Remount to the tune of seven to one. During the first seven innings the game was a good one, real ball being played, Teedee Duer scoring the only run on a double by Sergeant Redwine. But later! O Lady! Lady! How those Mule Skinners can bunt!! Coupled with a few pardonable errors five runs were scored by them in eighth and two in the ninth and we must bow to defeat. Of course the lineup must appear. Duer, C. F.; Hager, 2nd; Bauhaus, S. S.; Redwine, C.; Duffy, L. F.; Pensock, 3rd; Johnston, 1st; Ogden, R. F., and Roth, P.

We are looking for games. Drop us a line.

"Eache" Cheney, the Raven of our outfit, is on furlough.

Your co-responent,

RYE STRAW.

military information, which thus would be in the hands of the enemy within a day after writing, but also to an emphasis on small exploits."

WARD 24, BASE HOSPITAL.

We are waiting the return of our Ward Surgeon, Lieutenant Sandell. We trust he had a pleasant time on his furlough.

Many thanks to Lieutenant Phipps, who has been with us for the past ten days. His stay has been short, but pleasant.

Our two doctors, Cunningham and Leslie, with the help of our able assistant, Flanders, are sure some "dope-wielders." We wonder why they are not wearing bars.

Our beloved Ward Master, "Gus," has taken up the delicate art of strike-breaking.

Somebody in the ward heard reveille one morning, and thought it was fire call. We wish the bugler in the Hospital Detachment would blow a little easier; it disturbs our slumbers.

Talk about your "Division Show." It is not in it with Ward 24. We have Joe Murphy, the dramatic artist; Jim Smith, the whiskey tenor, and more favorites. We are lulled to sleep every night by Leslie, Caruso's only rival, with his John McCormack stuff.

If the P. & N. is looking for an ambitious newsboy, it should apply to G. Borgia, Ward 24.

Now we know why Flanders goes out dressed up every night. Be careful, Flanders, you can not support a wife, etc., on \$30 a month, although you may be able to make a living with your good looks.

J. F. Q.

"Let's Go to the MOVIES!"

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

*And they are all
new and fresh!*

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

Admission Price 15c

The Bonita
Motion Picture Theatre

(Opposite Cleveland Hotel)

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

SOUTHERN COOKING.

I had heard a great deal about southern cooking, though never before had I a chance to try it out. Naturally, I have been "always on the alert" for an opportunity to compare the culinary art of the South with that of the North. It was my desire to dine with a real southern family as a test; rather than having to base my conclusions upon the "stack o' wheats" that are turned out by the lunch room on Spartanburg's busiest corner. The opportunity came.

It was in the Blue Ridge Mountains that my friends and I first tasted food prepared by an old Southern family. It was just across the line of the reservation in which the artillery of the 27th peppers away at the distant targets, that we found the little house where we could feast. It was after a hard day's work (and I say this for the benefit of the gun sections) of laying wires and establishing telephone communication, that we sat at the cloth-covered table at Mrs. X's. We are introduced to the residents about the range by our map, which clearly shows the name of the occupant alongside of the house. Very clever scheme. Widows are designated as such and the only thing omitted from the useful data is the "date and reason of birth."

We were not the only crowd there to enjoy Mrs. X's cooking. No, there were other hungry artillery men eating. A large plate of hot biscuits were placed before us and they were delicious. I must admit that they were better than any I had ever partaken of before. As the meal progressed, I became more and more convinced that all that I had been told about Southern dishes was true. I mentioned the difference to the bunch and they agreed that the people below the Mason-Dixon line were better cooks than those in the colder climates. And so, we departed quite filled with biscuits, eggs, bacon, pancakes and pudding, all agreeing upon the question that had remained in my mind unsettled for so long.

We became steady patrons at Mrs. X's, because we wanted to take advantage of our find. One day we arrived hot, tired and thirsty, only to find many waiting to be served with the delicacies that only a Southern hand can turn out. We waited. Soon, however, my thirst got the best of me and I was forced to venture into the kitchen in quest of water.

I shall never forget that moment when I crossed the threshold where the food I had enjoyed was prepared. I was shocked. All my ideas about Southern cooking went to smash. They say, "A fool there was," etc., and now I realized I was he. Can you imagine what I saw?

Well, though I dislike to, I will tell you. Standing over a rolling board, wielding a rolling pin on a lump of dough, was a mess sergeant from our regiment. And besides, there stood another soldier sweltering before a stove, frying bacon and eggs. They worked there in their spare time.

H. B. WILLIAMS.

COMPANY C, 105TH INFANTRY.

Private O'Haire is learning to sing a new song composed by himself, entitled "My Louise."

Sergeant Hawthorne put in several busy hours camouflaging the effects of our hike from his clothes, with scrubbing-brush and shoe polish.

Corporal Sherman says he can't say much about war, but he has a fixed opinion of what these hikes are.

Private Noonan suggests the cooks serve us with our breakfast in bed. He can't see the sense of everybody having to get up so early.

Private Heimberg wishes Sergeant Britton would install oil-stoves for the kitchen, as he gets very tired chopping wood. Well, my lad, answer reveille and you won't have to do it.

Private Mosca won a camera for 10 cents and then made a holler because there was no film with it.

Now that Mess Sergeant Britton has his new stove installed maybe we'll get those long delayed pancakes for breakfast.

Private Wiseman arrived in camp in first class shape with the exception of several blisters and a soleless pair of shoes. Outside of that, he was all right.

Corporal Sweeney spent a fine evening in town at Private Glynn's expense. Joe says he won't bet on any more sure things.

Private Cavanaugh fell for an old one when he went to the Supply Sergeant for a half a dozen post-holes for the corral.

Cook Wistrand can't see where the new time affects the cooks any, as they are working night and day, anyhow.

S. G. W.

ANANIAS & CO.

A Civil War veteran sends the following to Trench and Camp:

We had a man in our company (D, 21st Iowa) whom we will call Hugh, for that was his name. Every time he drew his pay until it was all gone he was of no manner of account to the branch of the service to which he belonged, nor to any other branch of the service, for the matter of that.

It became impossible for him to obtain a pass, so he had to run the guards. That became monotonous after a while and he resorted to the following plan to get out:

He went to the colonel's tent and said: "Colonel, I just got a letter from my wife saying that our little boy was very sick and she wanted to know if I could get a short leave."

The colonel knew this man and at once replied: "Why, Hugh, I just got a letter from your wife asking me not to let you go, as you would spend all your money and not send her any."

Hugh stood for a moment in blank amazement. Backing toward the door, he asked: "Colonel, may I say a word or two?"

"Certainly," replied the colonel.

"Well, all I've got to say is that there are two big liars in this tent, for I have no wife."

FIFTY-FOURTH PIONEERS.

In our Mess Hall, Sergeant Cleeve has joined the old soldiers at the second table, now making it a sextet. The ages of these men added, would look like the number on an identification tag. The other five members are Sergeant Prudent, who carries weight for age; Sergeant Pendleton, who has trouble keeping his seat on a combat wagon; Sergeant Robinson, who furnishes the marmalade; Sergeant Revelle, who doesn't know what he is asked, and Sergeant Hering, who put the "o" in fogies. Any one of these old gentlemen would make a kind grandfather.

At the circus in town we noticed Sergeant Kelly looking at the fat man, who weighs 710 pounds. Kelly was wondering what would happen if he had to issue clothes to a man who is nearly one hundred pounds heavier than Sergeant Prudent.

They say the stout sergeant tried to hit the bell by hitting the machine with the hammer, but underestimated his hitting abilities, and with a mighty heave sunk the machine out of sight.

Not to mention our two good looking sergeants too much, but they were there. Yes, and it seemed as though Sergeant Lounsberry was buying all the dolls for the pretty girls he was with, and Sergeant Stearns wasn't very far behind, coming home with enough jewelry to start another canteen.

Sergeant Thompson is home on a thirty-day furlough, so A Company is blamed for everything that Headquarters Company loses, even if it is only one sock from the clothes line. That's what they get from having a one-legged man in the company.

Sergeant Cress, who recently married, is now in the Base Hospital for a long period. Is it to be, Married—Base Hospital—S. C. D.?

For the first time in history, we were paid on the first of the month. Yes, on the first day. The men all thank the Supply Officer for obtaining the money so quickly.

Our hot water shower-bath is coming along slowly. We think the builders are timing the work, so that it will be completed just one day before we leave these premises, some cool Tuesday about the middle of August. Then the whole regiment can clean up before we move.

D. J. M.

GOOD BOY, SERGEANT.

French officers are telling a story about an American sergeant who tried to stop a boche raid alone. He did not succeed in stopping the raid, but he diverted it. He was in a French dugout on an errand from a neighboring American dugout. He had just started back along the trench when he saw the Germans coming. He fired a hundred rounds into the Germans before getting to the American dugout, diverting the raiding party; which got into the French front line instead of the American trench.

13 Below To 130 Above

There is only one dentifrice that can be absolutely relied upon to withstand all climatic changes and that is

Albodon

This dental cream is ideal for soldiers. It stands highest in tooth cleansing and polishing properties. It is perfectly manufactured. Whether you are sent to Panama or to the Hawaiian tropics, or to the freezing north of the Vosges Mountains, ALBODON will not alter. From 13 below to 130 above, with the cap on or off, it undergoes no change—it never hardens.

ASK ANY DENTIST ABOUT IT.

PRICE 25c A TUBE. FOR SALE AT

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



HEADQUARTERS, SECOND ANTI-AIRCRAFT MACHINE GUN BATTALION.

The newest mystery in the Battalion is, where did Sergeant Rice acquire that bone-twisting salute of his. The wagoners claim he expects to hold down the exalted position of premier aerobat in one of our large circuses after the war is over.

Now we know what the Supply Sergeant did with our old shoes; no, they were not repaired. They appeared on the bill of fare as beef hearts. Some are wondering if the Mess Sergeant's heart is as tough as those he served.

The original "Atlas" has been found. Only this one does not carry the weight of the world on his back, only that of a Battalion, although many have their doubts. Yes, Sergeant Roach is the one.

Oh, where, oh where, did "Buck Taylor" get that terrible fog horn voice? Was it while he was with the Marines in China or on one of Uncle Sam's warships?

We had some doubt about "Coffee" Call returning to us when he went on furlough, but he fooled everyone; although the interesting sights of the big city delayed him several days.

The "10th Regiment Twins" still continue to hold out in the canteen and have their daily arguments with the patrons.

PIONEERS CELEBRATE BIRTHDAY.

The members of the Headquarters company, 53rd Pioneer Infantry celebrated the first anniversary of the mustering of the regiment into the federal service with a banquet at the Broadway restaurant, on the night of April 1st.

Colonel B. F. Delamater, commander of the regiment, was the toastmaster of the occasion. The speakers beside him included Captain James C. Wright, regimental adjutant; Captain James E. Wiley, commander of the company; Captain Charles R. Coffin, personnel officer of the provisional depot for corps and army troops, formerly commander of the company, and Color Sergeant William Kirkman, who has been with the regiment for 29 years.

ODESSA, ODESSA, WHO HAS ODESSA?

Russia's Black Sea Fleet is lost and neither friend nor foe pretends to know where it is located. It is not known who holds Odessa, the great Black Sea port which is important to either party. The Germans have held it and were seizing the vast supplies of grain and oil in the city. The banks were taken and Germany was said to begin establishing herself therein when the Russians made a counter attack against their recent enemy-friends. Who holds the city now is the question.

Just as Fast as The Oven Can Bake 'Em

That's Evidence of the
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However, Quality is Never
Sacrificed for Quantity
Production

DIXIE PIES are always
the same standard
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**Insist on Dixie Pies
at Your Canteen**

DIXIE PIE BAKING CO.

SPARTANBURG, S. C.

FLORIDA VEGETABLES

WE ARE receiving car load shipments of fresh Florida vegetables and can take care of your order on short notice.

We especially invite the Mess Sergeants to inspect our stock. We have fresh snap beans, new potatoes, cabbage, celery, squashes, cukes, carrots and also a complete line of fruits.

PEARCE-EDWARDS CO.

PHONES 83 and 84
Wholesale Only
SPARTANBURG, SOUTH CAROLINA
We Make Deliveries to Camp Wadsworth
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New York Pool Parlor



22 New Pocket
Tables

Tables Sixty Cents
per Hour

115 E. Main St.
Next to Woolworth Store

COMPANY H, 106TH INFANTRY.

Company H, 106th Infantry, has just completed a three-day trip in the trenches and they claim to have the record of all kinds of weather while they stayed there.

Our Mess Sergeant, Hoover Fox, is feeding the men with that good old home stuff and they never feel underfed, no matter where they get it, or how. We had a dinner of chicken and the surroundings last Sunday which made all the men feel as if they were home once again.

Mechanic Johnno Nugent, the 4 foot, 3 inch soldier, can do more work and more gabbing than any three other men in the company. Johnno is just getting over his furlough and he is just making good.

Dick Kaskell, the Bayonet Champ., is getting back into form again after his stay in the Base Hospital and claims that he could lick those six men over again with his bum leg and all. The nurses in the Base were the only ones that made Dick sorry to leave.

Corporal Kehoe, the second king of the company, is over at the Stockade as Guard and we are wondering why he bangs the back door of our kitchen on nights off. No seconds, hey Kehoe?

Fire Chief Allen claims he is going back, as he can not smell the smoke from the incinerator down at his tent. It sure takes the City Hall to get some people the life of Reilly.

Corporal Jack Perry came near being a benedict while home on a furlough, but we don't know whether she told him "No," or not, but he came back very much downhearted. Better luck next time. Let's Go.

It is rumored that the Supply Sergeant, Moore, is soon going to give out some supplies without asking "Where's the one you got last?"

Our Poets Laureate Cople and Evans are good prison chasers when it comes to writing poems. J. N.

FEW SLACKERS.

Provost Marshal General Crowder's report to the Secretary of War shows that out of the 3,082,949 selective service registrants called by local boards for examination for the first draft 2,830,655, or 91.82 per cent., appeared, while 252,294, or 8.18 per cent., were reported as failing to appear. Analyzing this 8.18 per cent., General Crowder shows that 150,000 of the 252,294 were aliens; most of whom left the country to join the armies of their native land, and that a great majority of the Americans who failed to appear were unable to do so because they had already accepted commissions or enlisted in some branch of the nation's fighting forces. In conclusion, the statement is made that less than 50,000 real slackers were included in the 252,294 absentees.

TRANSFERRED.

Second Lieutenant Cary Walradt, 107th Infantry, is transferred to the 105th Infantry.

AMBULANCE COMPANY NO. 107.

Sergeant Logan has returned from New York. Drivers, watch your step.

"Doc" LeRoy and Eddie Hobbins are in New York this week calling on old friends in the vicinity of Washington Square. Each one is pledged to do what he can with the dispensers of "Red Ink" relative to hoarding a few bottles in the cupboard until we get home again.

The Mighty Have Fallen, Long Live the Musicians. Oscar and Patsy have put away the trumpets, and are slinging hash in the mess hall. "'Tis true, 'tis pity, and pity 'tis, 'tis true." Thus are our gods destroyed and our cities leveled to ashes. War is indeed a hellish thing. No more the church call we all stopped in our tracks to thrill—no more the taps like a mother's tuckin in. Others will come, no doubt, but the fame of the loved claims a place no other can touch.

Lieutenant Russell is back with us once more following a gripping touch of fever, which held him prisoner in the Base Hospital for over a week, and the boys are every one glad to give him a royal welcome home.

Sergeant George Theiss is pushing Nat Goodwin off the boards and giving old Henry the Eighth of Merrie England a run for his money in the matter of gathering in the once-weaker sex. Last Sunday the handsome non-com in question was discerned in the streets of Spartanburg with six beauties clamoring for his attention. Not a distress signal did he fly, nor was anyone as much as invited to partake of the sweets. Latest reports have him living, but specify that his return to camp was akin to a reception for the Kaiser in a Belgium town—after the war.

Hugh Ramsay is suspected of having a corn planter friend in the mountains. The other night he woke the members of his tent up to help him apprehend a dog which he claimed was trying to climb in bed with him. Despite his insistence the fellows could locate no dog—odd here where dogs are more plentiful than in Turkey—and they stoutly maintain Hughey is wise to the ways of the natives who "should worry" about this prohibition stuff. G. F. B.

SURPASSING SKILL SHOWN.

Although French bomb throwing experts consider sixty yards a good distance to hurl a hand grenade with accuracy, large numbers of American soldiers in the trenches have demonstrated their ability to throw them ninety yards and hit the objective three times out of five. Shot putting and throwing the discus materially aids soldiers in hurling grenades and these two field events probably will be given prominence on the athletic programmes in the various training camps in the United States during the spring and summer.

HOW THE GREAT HAVE FALLEN.

Members of the former Russian Imperial family living in Crimea have been placed under guard, they are not allowed to visit each other. They are exiled to a place in the Ural Mountains and are compelled to work under direction of armed guards.

HITS AND RASPBERRIES.

(Continued from page 3)

pouring through the mountain passes and raised the sand a bit. An hour later that breeze had developed into a hurricane. At eight at night the hurricane had died out and a cyclone had taken its place. It takes a lot of argument to make people believe that a wind could do what that wind did. But half a dozen of us experienced the amazing sensation of having our blankets blown from around our bodies and into the pine woods a hundred yards away.

The Playful Zephyrs.

Exactly four shelter tents remained loyal to Company B and stuck by us through the night. Company A looked like a household auction when reveille sounded. There were those who were ready to take affidavit that Glassy Rock had moved at least two hundred feet south during the night and we discovered at daybreak that the old Colonial Mansion that had stood at the foot of the company street had given up the ghost and collapsed into kindlings.

By the time this story appears, the Officers' Training School here will have ceased to exist or, at all events, will be about ready to become history. We arrived back in camp after a hike guaranteed to call upon all the feet and shoulders a well trained man could produce. We did about 40 miles in two days with packs that would have caused the International and Amalgamated Mules Protective Association to get together in executive session to talk strike.

Bed, Bed, Beautiful Bed.

It is quite safe to say that even George Creel could not muster sufficient adjectives to express just how good those cots of ours looked to us when we pulled into the company street. Nothing that the Biltmore, the Astor, the Waldorf nor the Plaza can produce in the way of beds could have looked any better.

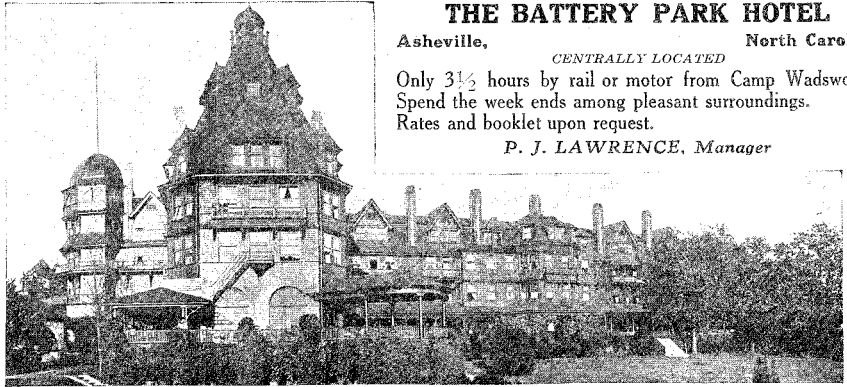
Provided you are a good strong youth and a glutton for punishment and interested in this O. T. S. it is fair to assume that you have read this far. It is likewise safe to conclude that you have found this to be the rottenest story in the history of evil efforts. But consider— Who in the world can write a story of a hike to the range, knowing that the result of three months of really hard work is about to be realized.

The hike was only an incident, after all. I am trying to say something clever about that hike and the range and Glassy Rock and the beauties of the glens and crags and ever there floats across my mind the ever present; the never absent question.

You've heard a lot of that blase stuff—you know.

"Personally, I don't care one way or the other. If I get the commission, well and good. If I don't—back to the company. It makes no difference in my gay and festive life, M'boy."

You've heard all that Bulsheviki stuff, haven't you? Well, take it from me, it IS Bulsheviki. Any man who, after that three

"It's Famous Everywhere"**WHAT ONE BOND WILL DO!**

The following figures give one a definite idea of what his or her loan to the government by the purchase of Liberty bonds will accomplish when used by the war department.

One \$50 bond will buy trench knives for a rifle company, or twenty-three hand grenades, or fourteen rifle grenades, or thirty-seven cases of surgical instruments for officers' belts.

A \$100 bond will clothe a soldier, or feed a soldier for eight months; or purchase five rifles or thirty rifle grenades, or forty-three hand grenades, or twenty-five pounds of ether, or 145 hot water bags, or 2,000 surgical needles.

A \$100 and a \$50 bond will clothe and equip an infantry soldier for service overseas, or feed a soldier for a year.

Two \$100 bonds will purchase a horse or mule for cavalry, artillery or other service.

Three \$100 bonds will clothe a soldier and feed him for one year in France, or buy a motorcycle for a machine gun company.

Four \$100 bonds will buy an X-ray outfit.

One \$500 bond will supply bicycles for the headquarters company in an infantry regiment.

A DRAMA.

Jones (rushing up in great excitement)—
"Oh, captain, captain—"

Captain—"Have you the first sergeant's permission to speak to me?"

Jones—"No, sir—but—er—"

Captain—"Then you will have to get it."

Jones goes off at double time and returns in five minutes.

Jones—"Sir, Private Jones has the first sergeant's permission to speak to the captain."

Captain—"That's much better. Now, Jones, what is it?"

Jones—"Sir, your tent is afire!"

months grind, really feels that way shouldn't have a commission anyway. If, by any chance, he does get his bars with that spirit pervading him, our friend of the ambulance had the right idea—

"Gawd help the poor doughboys."

W. A. D.

WHERE HE BELONGED.

The old Soldier was telling of his thrilling adventures on the field of battle to a party of young fellows, one or two of whom were skeptical as to his veracity.

"Then," he said, "the surgeons took me up and laid me on the ammunition wagon and—"

"Look here," interrupted one of the doubtful listeners, "you don't mean the ammunition wagon. You mean the ambulance wagon." But the old man shook his head.

"No," he insisted; "I was so full of bullets that they decided I ought to go in the ammunition wagon."

PRIVATE FRED BECKER,
106th U. S. Inf., Co. M.

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KEITH VAUDEVILLE
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2 **Solid Hours** 2
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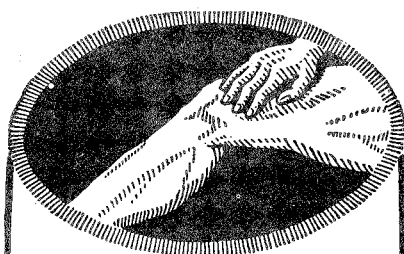
TELEGRAM

Dards

Florists for 44 Years
at Madison Ave.
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NEW YORK

Telegraph your order
direct to Dards and
your flowers will be de-
livered any place in
the world within a few
hours.

Telegraph and Cable Address
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Rheumatic Aches

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

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

**Sloan's
Liniment**
KILLS PAIN

AN ARMY DICTIONARY.

Bunk-Fatigue—Heaven.

Fatigue—Hades.

Cook—A man who was a chauffeur in civil life. Men who were cooks in civil life are invariably made chauffeurs in the army.

Kitchen Police—An institution for kindling hate against the Kaiser. One day on kitchen police changes a lamb into a roaring lion, a pacifist into a Roosevelt.

Retreat—Something that has to be stood. In the sense "to run away" this word is obsolete in the American army.

Sergeant—(See unexpurgated dictionary. This one is for family use.)

Coffee—A fluid which looks like cocoa, smells like tea and tastes like mud.

Private—The only known creature that has less privacy than a goldfish.

Tent—A cloth hut where men try to hide from the Top Sergeant. It has only two temperatures—too hot and too cold. If it had a mean temperature, it would be very mean.

Pay Day—A mirage; the private has visions of spending thirty bucks, but finds that owing to insurance, Liberty Bonds, and allotments he owes the Government \$1.70.

Rifle—An instrument for collecting dirt.

Guard—the only man in camp to whom everybody is a friend.

Incinerator—A device which makes the whole camp smell like an abattoir and which covers the kitchen with soot in order to boil away a gallon of water that the cook washed his hands in.

Mule—A reptile with a private's love of work and a sergeant's disposition.

Saturday Morning—An occasion on which the Captain has a sudden and deep curiosity about your sox.—Judge.

HEADQUARTERS TROOP, 2D CORPS TROOPS.

Sergeant Barry went to town last Saturday night and knocked 'em all dead with his new truckman's coat. Sergeant Barry is a member of the Arlington, Mass., police force. He will show you the picture of the whole force. The other cop is a pretty nice looking chap.

Hungry Joseph is mail orderly but his principal occupation seems to be at the mess shack. \$5.00 reward is offered to anyone who can prove that he ever refused something to eat.

Orderly Nilson is a happy man. His wife arrived in town today. Don't forget, you are still a soldier and must spend some of your time in camp.

Fat Allen rode a horse today. Wonders never cease.

Cook La France invites the camp to partake of his special brand of Boston baked beans. The boys all say they are good but would rather have something to eat.

Clark, Marshall and Fallon still continue to manicure the horses.

Every time you peel your potatoes raw, the Kaiser thanks you.—S. O. S.

RESTRICTIONS OF TRADE DUE TO WAR.

Transportation, both on land and on sea, is the all-essential activity by which America can hope to be of great use in the war. The Allies must be fed; they must have raw materials for their factories; they must have munitions for their armies. The United States must send armies to Europe and must support them besides furnishing them with munitions. Each soldier needs five tons of merchant marine to keep him in the army, therefore a million men need five millions of ship tonnage and two million will need double that quantity. Our country can only, with difficulty, meet the requirements today with a small army in Europe with the shipping she possesses while it will be a year before she will get the five million tonnage mark. The question is not how long it will take to drill one or two millions of men for over seas service, but it is how soon can each man be conveyed overseas, and have set aside for his support 5 tons of shipping. The government is planning to restrict all shipping to and from Europe in order to render our present shipping most efficient. Unnecessary products will be refused transportation; the manufacturing of such commodities as require bulky raw materials while the finished product is small, will be so changed that the manufacturing will be where the raw materials are found. The government has also planned to cut railroad transportation to more essential products. The restrictions will be removed when sufficient shipping facilities are provided.

Secretary Baker announces that the first installment of the 20,000 airplanes has been completed and is on its way to Europe. This is six months ahead of the schedule time.

THE RUSSIA OF YESTERDAY.

Russia before the revolution had a territory covering 8,600,000 square miles which supported 181,000,000 people. There were 52,000,000 in European Russia who live in the territory from which they drove the Finns. The northern section is known as the "Black Earth Section." Southern Russia was once inhabited by the Tartans, who also were driven out by the Russians. The Cossacks were refugees and outlaws two generations ago, who settled in the valley of the Don in the Urals and in Siberia. These people have declared their independence from Russia proper. There are about 8,000,000 Poles in Western Russia who now are being placed under German rule. There are 1,200,000 Lutherians who are now independent of Russia and bound by treaty to Germany, there are 5,000,000 Jews who, until recently, had no political rights and were not allowed to live in upper East Russia. Although Russia has 25,000 miles of railroad yet in proportion to size the United States has five times that much. In proportion to size Germany has three times as much as the United States.

"Any Back Numbers of The Gas"

We are asked this question so often, that in self defense we must admit that we have no more copies of Nos. **5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10.**

Any one wishing copies of the other issues can buy them at the Gas Attack office [Y. M. C. A. Headquarters.]

SET OF 15 ISSUES—\$1.00

Banking Logic

If the number of soldiers coming into our Bank, daily, is an indication of satisfied customers, we must be giving "Service Plus."

Place your account
with the

**CENTRAL
NATIONAL BANK**
SPARTANBURG, S. C.



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

The Manor

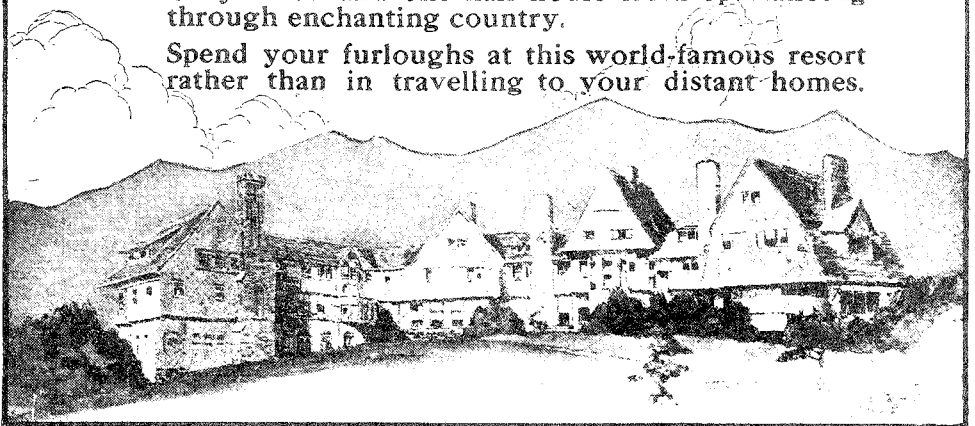
Albemarle Park, Asheville, N. C.

In America - - An English Inn

"In the Land of the Sky"

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

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



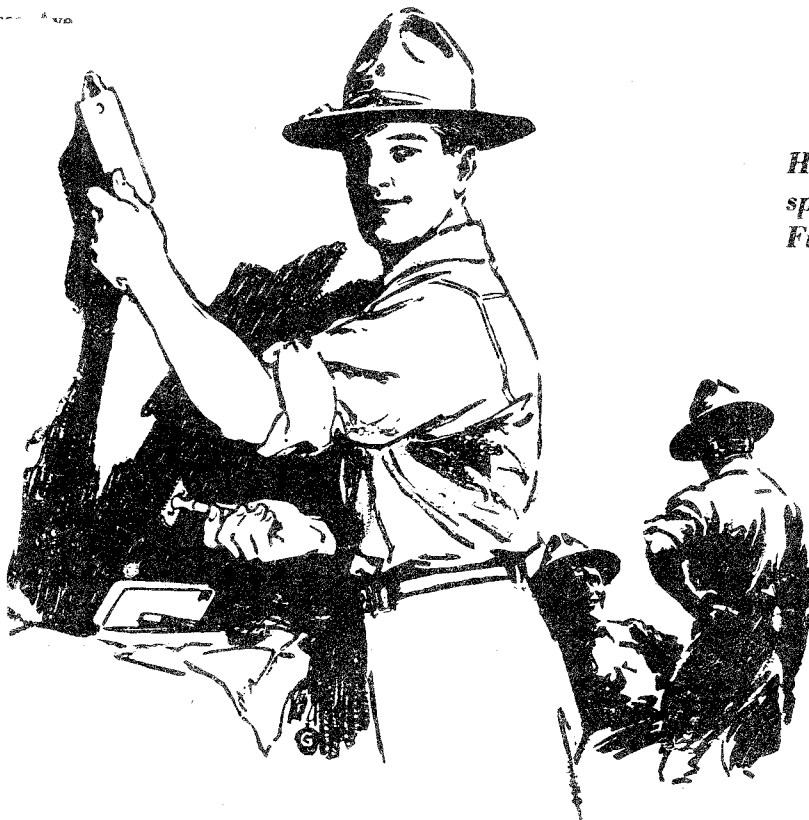
TELEGRAM

Dards

Florists for 44 Years
at Madison Ave.Fatig
Cook
life.
in

Gillette Safety Razor

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



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

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

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

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

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

No One Has More to Contend With in His Shaving than The Fighting Man

AND nobody knows better the bracing effects of a clean shave.

His shaving water may be cold, it may be hard, his skin wind-chapped or tender from sun-burn. Yet, on every Allied Front, and on every Allied battleship, he keeps himself clean-shaved—and he uses the Gillette Safety Razor.

The Gillette has solved and simplified every shaving problem put up to it by the boys in

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