

GAS ATTACK

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

Vol. 1

CAMP WADSWORTH, SPARTANBURG, S. C., April 13, 1918

No. 21



“First Aid!”

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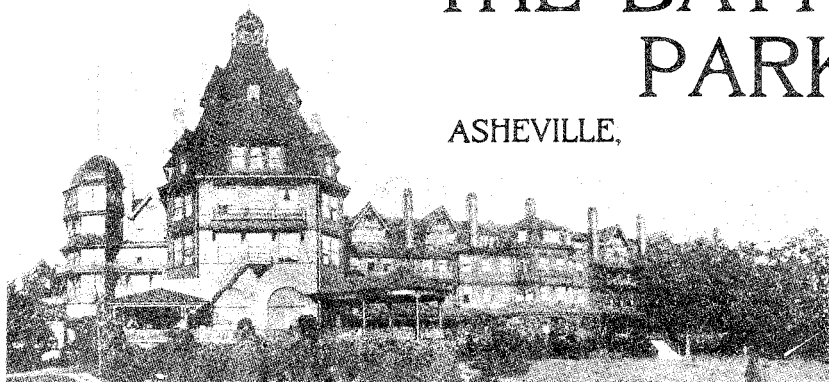
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Now is the time to subscribe for the **Gas Attack**, not only for yourself, but for the folks up North. \$1.50 does the trick for three months.



A NYMPH AT BAY AT CHIMNEY ROCK.

Nymph-Hunting at Chimney Rock

A Day of Exciting Sport in a Carolina Fairyland.

(By Private Richard E. Connell, Company A, 102d M. P.)

Of all outdoor sports, nymph-hunting is perhaps the most fascinating. No game is rarer, shyer, fleetier, and few indeed are the regions where nymphs are now found, for along with pixies, trolls, fays, and satyrs they are rapidly becoming extinct. However, Dr. Morse assured us that an occasional nymph is sighted, flitting through the dogwood groves of his estate, Chimney Rock, so Hugh and I, arming ourselves with our trusty Graflex (the only weapon for nymph-hunting), set forth one fair Saturday on a nymph-hunting expedition.

Dr. Morse met us when we got off the Southern train at Hendersonville. It was an ideal day for nymph-hunting, a day which justified the poet's verse about Carolina having laughter in her sunshine. An expedition of veteran nymph-hunters was waiting in a motor-car, armed with kodaks and a very large basket, which Hugh, a novice at the sport, thought was for keeping the nymph in, but which subsequently developed to be the lunch basket. The party included Mr. Bland, president of the Hendersonville Board of Trade, Mr. Ewbank, Mr. Latham, Dr. Morse, Hugh and me.

Ploughing With Flies.

We whirred away over good roads toward Hickory Nut Gap, winding about wooded hills. Sometimes we saw a patch of ploughed land on the side of a steep mountain, which looked almost perpendicular.

Mr. Ewbank said that the plough was drawn by huge flies, indigenous to that region, as a fly was the only animal that could stick to the landscape. We didn't see any of the flies, but we had no doubt that they exist. It is a country of wonders.

We passed the very spot where, if you pour a bucket of water on one side of a line that water will eventually reach the Mississippi, while if you pour it just the other side of the line it will reach the Atlantic ocean. We could not perform this interesting ceremony as we had brought no water.

The Gods Play Duck on the Rock.

And then we arrived at Chimney Rock. Chimney Rock has been called by travelers the most charming bit of scenery in America. The gods were playing duck on the rock, it seems, and they had just perched this huge boulder on the top of a mountain and were tossing rocks, big as houses at it, when the dawn of our prosaic age ended their sport, and left the boulder there, and about it the huge rocks. Like a finger of stone pointing toward the sky, it sticks out, more than two hundred feet, dominating a green valley through which Broad river wanders.

One reaches it by winding roads which Dr. Morse has had built around and around



Chimney Rock Itself.

the mountain. The ascent is gradual, and Mr. Bland's big car made it without a wheeze.

The top of Chimney Rock is reached by paths cut in the rock and by a stairway. From the top of it one can see miles. Hugh distinctly saw a girl in Hartford, Conn.

Falling Into Kentucky.

If you fell from it, you'd probably land in Louisville, Kentucky. But you aren't apt to fall for there is a heavy rail about the pinnacle. Of course the air is wonderful. You seem on top of the world, breathing not ordinary atmosphere but the sort of ether on which nymphs thrive.

We were drinking in the scene and filling our lungs with the air, when Mr. Latham, whose eye had been sweeping the landscape in the direction of the High Falls, suddenly shouted, "There's one—now."

A Nymph is Sighted.

He meant a nymph. We revolved like so many whirling dervishes, but too late.

"Shucks," said Mr. Latham. "Missed her. She jumped behind that rock." He sadly turned his camera to the next number.

Led by the intrepid Dr. Morse we started for the spot, although it looked as if only a fly could reach it. We went along the Apian Way, a trail cut in the face of the great mountain, our cameras at the ready.

Clinging to the mountain we edged along. A thousand feet below the Broad river churned and gushed among the giant's marbles.

A Nymph at Bay!

Suddenly came a sharp bend in the trail, and as we turned it—there—in the golden

(Continued on page 6)

GAS ATTACK

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CLACKERS AND SLACKERS.

The slacker we know. Whatever his camouflage may be, he can't fool us. We are on to his little game, even though he declare, "The wheels of business must be kept going. I am one of the wheels. I will carry on my wonted peace-time work, until the Government sends for me. If Uncle Sam wants me, he can have me. But until he does want me, who am I to be thrusting my services on him? He is wiser than I. If he needs me, he will send for me. I will stay at my desk, keeping the wheels of business revolving." And so he sticks at his job of selling pickle jars, marketing non-skid shaving soap or whatever branch of BIG BUSINESS he happens to be engaged in. This is probably the commonest type of slacker, who makes his case worse by trying to justify it.

Then there is the man, recently married, perhaps, who suddenly discovers that his wife or family or both are absolutely dependent on him. His wife may have been

drawing a comfortable allowance from her parents. Her parents may be perfectly able to support her, or she may be perfectly able to support herself—as any woman, worthy of the name—should. But technically she serves as an excuse for the man to say, registering noble regret, "I wish I could be in khaki! But how can I leave my wife and little ones?" They are always "little ones."

We know of one such slacker who made this speech to his wife's father, who happened to be a gruff old soul with the right stuff in him. "Hell," remarked father-in-law, "I supported my daughter for twenty years before you ever knew her, so I guess it won't be such a hardship to support her again for awhile."

Very often, we regret to record, the woman is to blame for this type of slacker. "You don't love me, or you wouldn't leave me," she says. Of course, most women have responded nobly, and have given those they loved and themselves to the cause without a whimper. But there are still many, too many, who play upon the sentiment of a man to keep him from doing a man's work.

Then there are the "clackers." Clacking is grouching. It is spreading bear stories.

"The Huns can't be beaten. They are too efficient."

"Do you know, Mrs. Harris, thousands, yes, thousands of our boys started for France and they NEVER GOT THERE! Yes, submarined! Of course, the papers don't say anything."

"Let us pray for an early peace, dear brethren. Are a few acres of Belgian and French soil worth millions of precious lives? Let us make peace now at the most favorable terms possible. In a few months, IT MAY BE TOO LATE!"

So speaks the clacker. He is a repeater of stray bits. Obviously, he doesn't think for himself. And the bits he repeats were all made in Germany and sown here by paid propagandists. This has been proved.

Once again women are in a large measure to blame, for their credulity, misinformation, and their fondness for gossip make them easy victims of the wily Teuton rumor-spreader. Sometimes the papers fall for this type of clacking, as "Life" did in its little Hun-made article "Yaphank vs. Spartanburg."

Of course there is no more place in these times for the clacker than there is for the slacker. None of us are slackers, to be sure, but some of us do a little clacking now and then. We can't afford to—not for a second. We must click, not clack. To gain victory in this struggle, we must believe, think, talk, dream, live victory.

R. E. C.

A Soldier's Letter to His Sweetheart

Dere Mable,

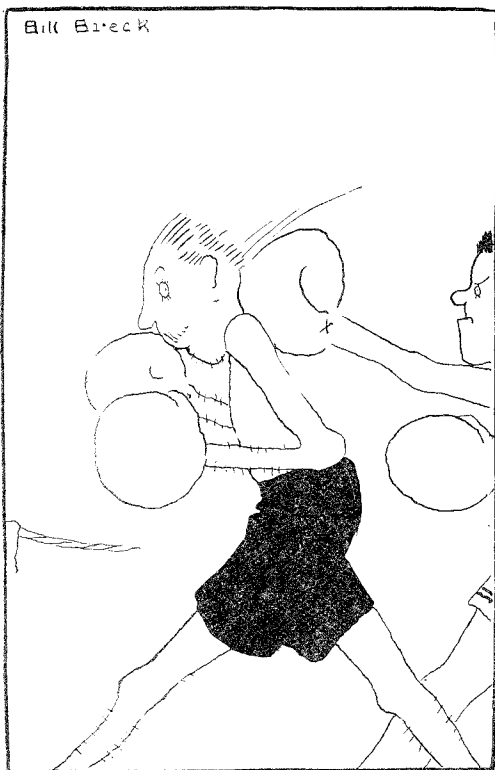
I thought Id write you and let you know they wasnt nothing particular to say. Theyve called of the firing for a few days till they can get some more amunishun. If theyd only scatter a few Germans out there it wouldnt be such an awful waste. Ive fired so much now I guess I could fire anything. Tell your mother the first thing Im going to do when I get home is fire the cook. Same old card, eh Mable?

Its nice and warm here now. We havnt used the Sibley stove for a week exceptin to keep our dirty wash in. An old nigger comes round once a week and takes it out. I cant figger that nigger out, Mable. From the looks of the wash he brings back he thinks I only got one leg and from the looks of the bill he hands me he thinks Im a sen-taped. Angus says hes not all there him-self. Thats why he loses so much.

We had a boxing fight the other night. The lieutenant says they increase the moral. I dont think they do the non coms no good though. Joe Loomis has been talkin so much about how he could lick the whole divishun with one hand behind his back that we got him to go in. I put some money on him at his advice.

I guess he made his mistake in not tyin his hand. Somebody told me he was fast. He was. He outran the other fello all the way. Angus says they ought to make spesh-ul fightin rings with banked corners sos fighters could make better time.

Joe thinks he won yet. He says if he had



"He Outran the Other Fello."

slipped and fell out of the ring on his elbow hed have nocked that fellos head offen his shoulders so hard it would have hurt somebody. Im glad I borrowed the money I bet on him. It might have been a total loss.

Im goin to ask the lieutenant to make me a bugler, Mable, sos I can find where buglers go between meals. Nobody ever sees a bugler except at mess and on payday. Ive asked a lot of fellos but nobody knows what be-comes of them. I wouldnt want to be a bugler all the time. Its too much of a strain on a fellos face. As soon as I find out where they go Ill transfer back as a fighter.

I went into Sparkingsburg the other night, Mable, and went to a dinner that me and a lot of other fellos was ast to. I sat next to a lady what didnt seem to have much on but a lot of jewels as far as I could see. Of course she was sittin at the table, Mable. I looked the other way all the time I was talkin to her cause I didnt want to embar-ass her. I was goin to offer her my coat but I didnt see why I should take cold if she wanted to.

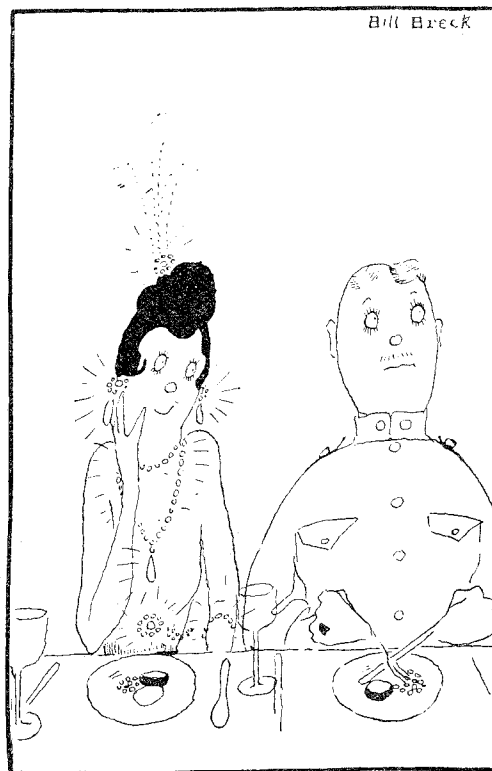
We didnt talk much. Once she looked at me for a long time and then says "You know Mr. Smith, every time I take a hot bath I feel very guilty." All I said was "Because youre not sharing it with somebody I suppose." Then we didnt talk much again.

There was a lady across the table with turtle hide eye glasses what was collectin things for the sufferin in the Palacestein. I asked her why she didnt put an add in the paper askin everybody to send in there old brown derbies. Nobody got it though. I was the only one at the whole table that got a laugh out of it.

Angus McDonald, the skotch fello was there. He says he likes that kind of a party. He is always full of get up and go from the minute he gets there.

I never saw so many dying relatives in my life as is comin by telegram every day. Have you got an epidermic or something up north, Mable. It seems as if everybody I know had been home at least once to help his grandmother die. None of em seem to care much for there relatives, though, from the way they act when there starting home to watch them pass away. I asked the Lieu-tenant for a furlough. He wouldnt give it to me. Got it in for me just like the Captin did. I wish youd telegraph him that you died quietly and could I come up to the funeral "on or about" the middle of the month.

While we was firin at the range the other day a couple of fellos rode out by the tar-gets lookin for shells. It was the first time wed seen anything worth while firin at. Every body was right on there toes. I guess the Lieutenant didnt see em though cause he had us cease firin. Dopey. Thats the way he is all the time. I dont see how were



"Dinner in Sparkingsburg."

ever going to learn nothing if we dont cease our oportunities.

I dont guess theres any use in my askin you if your havin a good time. I dont see how you could be under the circumstances. Just make the best of it Mable and as soon as me and the rest of the fellos can get things straightened out Ill come back and paint the canoe again.

until then

yours faithfully

Bill.

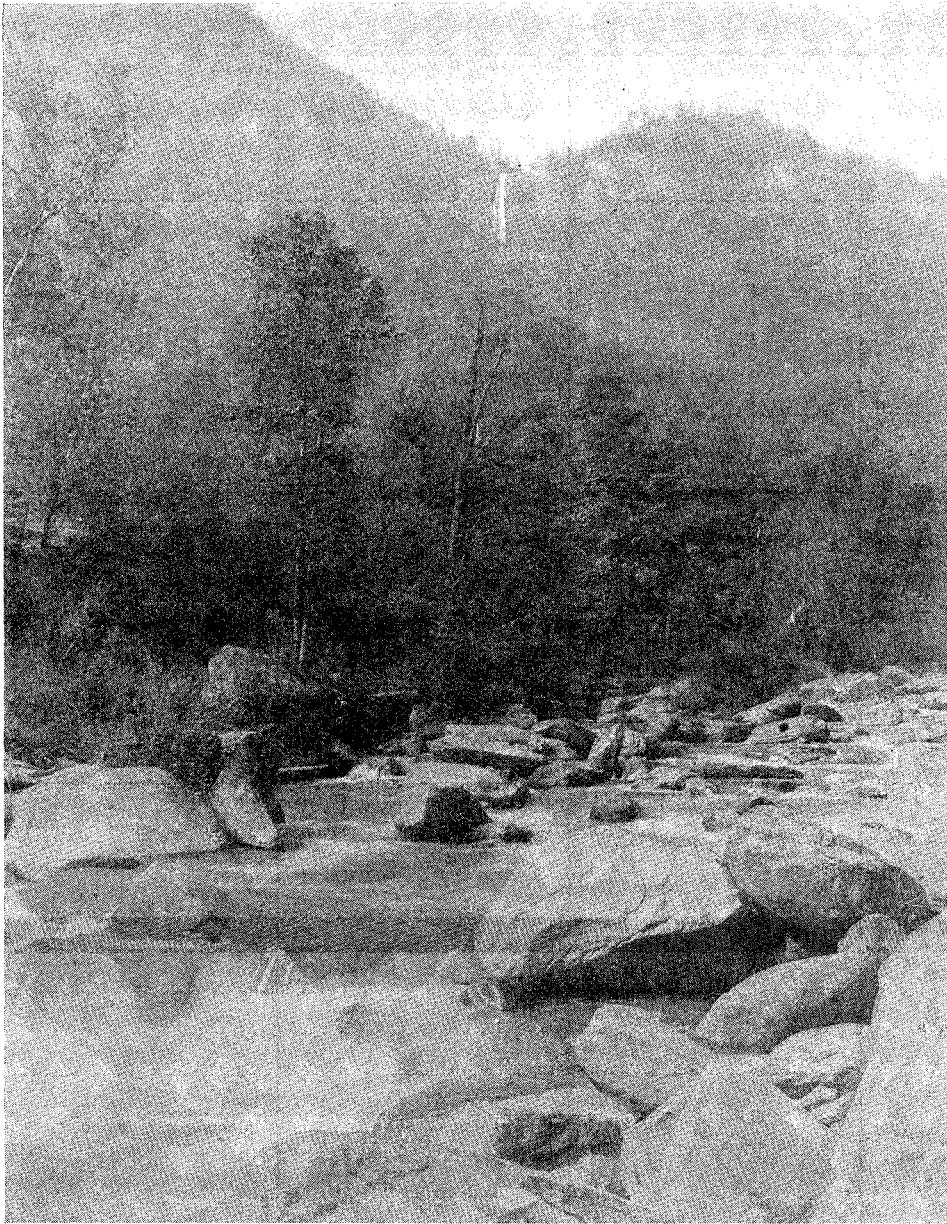
(per E. S.)

FOR THE DANCING SET.

The management of the Overseas Club at Rock Cliff regrets very much the disap-pointment occasioned by the failure of the orchestra on Friday and Saturday evenings of last week.

They hope they have perfected arrange-ments that will prevent any such disap-pointment in the future and they intend to serve punch and home-made cake gratis Friday and Saturday evenings, the 5th and 6th of April.

This club has added so much to the en-joyment of the dancing set and the man-agers propose to renew their efforts to make it pleasant for officers Friday even-ings and for enlisted men who are mem-bers of the club and their guests on Wed-nesday and Saturday evenings.



High Falls, Where the Nymphs Bathe.

NYMPH-HUNTING AT CHIMNEY ROCK.

(Continued from page 3)

sunlight—on a spot known as Inspiration Point—stood a Titian-haired nymph, singing ecstatically, as she gazed down the wonderful valley, where the green ridges grow blue and then fade off in the misty nothingness in the distance. She had not sensed us.

Hugh a Hero.

Hugh was the hero of the occasion. Whipping out his Graflex, he took a fine sight—oh, a very fine sight—and shot. The click of the lever startled the nymph who fled like a fawn, bounding from rock to rock, and in an instant disappearing among the pine trees far up the trail. But Hugh had bagged his first nymph! The hunt was a success. You can see our trophy in the frontispiece of this issue.

Along the Appian Way.

We continued the chase, but we knew it

was useless for no mortal can keep pace with a nymph. Once sighted they flee into some hidden fastness, perhaps some cave deep in the heart of the mountain. To find them is impossible. But we continued along the Appian Way until we came to High Falls—the gods' shower bath—which tumbles in a clear stream down three hundred feet of cliff. The view from the top of the falls, where we balanced ourselves on a flat rock, is indescribably lovely. Hugh and I at once knew where we would live after the war and Dr. Morse promised us cabin sites within view of the falls and Chimney Rock.

Lyric Food.

We had filmed our nymph, seen the Rock, and now but one thing remained to make the day a thorough success—our lunch. Mrs. Dr. Morse had prepared it, and she is a poet when it comes to lunches. Her deviled eggs—stuffed with ambrosia—were sonnets. Her sandwiches were odes. Her cocoanut

cake was an exquisite rondeau. Her coffee a la New Orleans was an epic.

Twilight was falling softly over the mountains when we skimmed down the road, so winding an adder would fracture his vertebrae, but in excellent condition. We sped to Hendersonville—an 18 mile trip—through the cool gloom.

Hendersonville is a live, pretty, town on the Southern railroad, and easily accessible from Spartanburg by motor car. The roads around there are fine, thanks to Dr. Morse who is almost as enthusiastic about good roads as he is about Chimney Rock, which he and his brothers bought some years ago, and which they have developed with excellent artistic sense.

So This is Hendersonville.

The main street of Hendersonville is one any town could be proud of. It is 100 feet broad, with twenty feet sidewalks, but even these aren't broad enough, Dr. Morse told us, for when the throng of summer visitors is out in its white flannels there is hardly room enough for people to pass.

Hugh and I went out Saturday night to be jostled, but we managed to navigate up and down the main street several times without being unduly crowded.

Hendersonville is one of the chief summer resorts of the South, and many leading families have summer homes there.

One particularly charming section is Laurel Park, which has, among its attractions a fine artificial lake, with a bathing beach, a spring board, boats, water and everything. It is at the foot of a mountain of laurel. There are many pleasant little cottages to be had in Laurel Park and in and about Hendersonville, and quite a few have already been taken by the families of officers and men at Camp Wadsworth.

Two young ladies, Kathryn and Mary by name, spent Easter Sunday showing us the scenic beauties of Hendersonville and vicinity, including the Flat Rock district which has some big estates which compare with the Vanderbilt estate at Biltmore. What with the young ladies, and the scenery and the air, we had a very successful Easter Sunday.

While in Hendersonville we stayed at the Kentucky Home. The Kentucky Home is the only hotel in the world where you can get enough chicken. Also, it is about the only one that has a right to call itself a home. Mrs. Brown is in charge of it, and the feminine touch is instantly apparent. (N. B. Hotels and restaurants run by women are invariably better than man-run ones.)

The Kentucky Home is one of a number of good (and not expensive) hotels in Hendersonville.

We came back, proudly bearing the Graflex and the precious film, Sunday evening, and we resolved, as we puffed past Tryon, Campobello and Inman to tell everyone we met that they must not miss a day of nymph-hunting at Chimney Rock while they are in this part of the world.

THE IDEAS OF ETHELBURT JELLYBACK, PRIVATE,

XIX. On the Disaster That Befell Him at Guard Mount

My name is one of the best known in the company. It is, in fact, conspicuous. It is always being posted in the most prominent place, such as the Guard list.

Why is it, I asked the top sergeant, that whenever our company goes on guard I am among those selected for duty? It is a monotonous routine, two hours on and two hours off. The top sergeant replied that it was his private opinion I was "off" most of the time. He laughed when he said it, but why, I am at a loss to know.

I protested that I did not seek this sort of notoriety, that my family had no objection to the name of Jellyback appearing in the Social Register, but that when it came to guard duty and kitchen police and other unaristocratic functions, such publicity was not to our liking.

"Is this to be a formal guard mount?" I asked. Upon receiving an affirmative reply, the exact words of which were "Yep, what's it to you?" I replied that I preferred formal affairs to careless parties in which the social conventions are held in niggard respect.

"Then drag your shanks back to your tent and clean your gun."

Getting Ready for Guard.

The top sergeant was crude in his choice of words, but I know that at the ceremony of Guard Mount it is necessary to have your appearance, from the tips of your shoes to the end of your rifle, as immaculate as if you were going to have your picture taken, even though the walking may be muddy and the rain pouring down in torrents.

Guard Mount precedes the placing of guards about the camp. I do not know why they call it "Guard Mount." It has no relation to a hill or other promontory.

Hastening to my tent, with but a short time to get ready for guard mount, I plunged into my preparations. I had an idea. It was this: the neatest looking soldier at guard mount selected for duty as an orderly; his task is far less irksome than that of the others who have to walk lonely posts all night long; the orderly's work is merely to do little things for the Major, and quite often one finds a Major who is able to do things for himself.

Therefore, I resolved to be chosen as orderly.

"I tossed my rifle to Jim Mugrums.

"I will be too occupied with the details of my uniform to be annoyed by cleaning my gun. Here, clean it for me. There's a dollar in it for you."

"Is that so?" grumbled Mugsrums, "And there's mud and rust in it, too. Whadd'ya think I am? I gotta clean my own gun for guard."

detail is not correct. It is decidedly ragamuffin. Jim Mugsrums looks positively untidy."

This seemed to create a sensation. The commanding officer of the guard said: "Shut up and get back in ranks" and the adjutant looked perplexed. A little later the officer commanding guard said: "Prepare for inspection." This irritated me not a little.

"Sir," I announced, "I am prepared. I have prepared for this inspection as painstakingly as ever a soldier could."

The Surprising Inspection.

The commander began his inspection, paying no attention to my words. I was astonished to note that he found no fault with Mugsrums. He looked into Mugsrums' rifle carefully, turned it over in his hand, and in giving it back, remarked: "That's the best looking gun I've seen today."

Then he stepped in front of me and I brought my rifle up to inspection arms. The commander grabbed it out of my hands in that rough manner so much in vogue at guard mounts, as if I had been clutching a treasure that was rightfully his.

But instead of looking at my gun at once, he stood with his eyes riveted on me.

"Where'd you get that uniform?" he demanded.

"At Ferguson's, Fifth Avenue and Forty-third street."

"Don't you know it's against regulations? Who are you anyway, that you should wear better clothes than any other enlisted man? Don't you know that in outfitting a soldier the purpose is to make every enlisted man look uniform?"

"Yes, sir, uniformly wretched."

(Continued on page 32.)

"Don't let me hear any demurrer, Mugsrums. Do as I say. Haven't I been paying you a princely salary to act as my orderly?"

Mugsrums went on muttering, but he fell to work cleaning my gun for me, while I set about shining my made-to-order shoes, sent me by a well-known Fifth Avenue bootis, and putting on my tailored uniform, designed by my favorite drapers and fashioned out of a grade of whipcord finer than most officers wear. I spent so much time in making my appearance smart that I was the last one to leave the tent. Grabbing up my gun I ran out to the company street, confident that I was the finest looking soldier in the whole country that day. I dare say I was.

He Marches Next to Mugsrums.

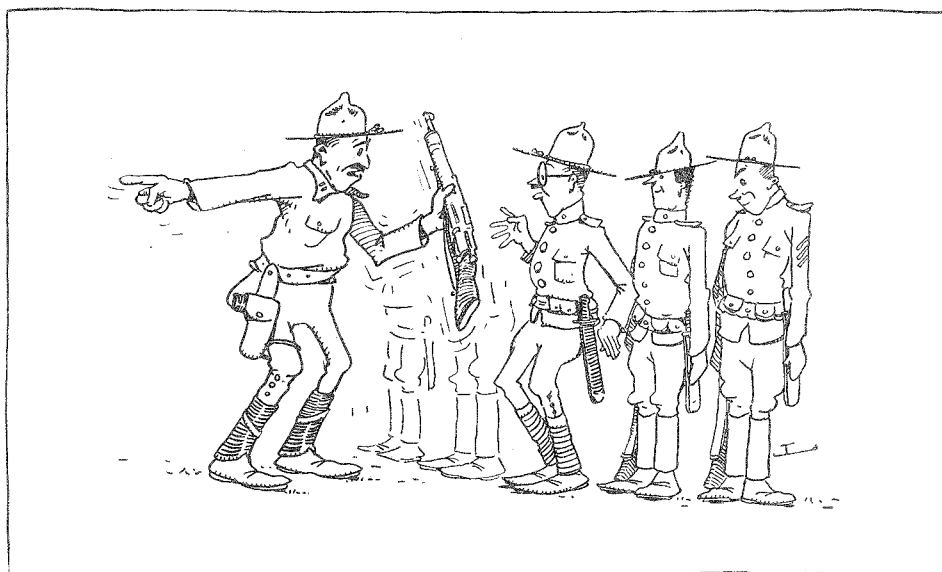
While marching over out to the parade ground I observed that I was next to Mugsrums and that my appearance was in striking contrast to his, for his uniform was wrinkled and dusty and his canvas leggings were badly in need of cleansing. Perhaps he had been too busy cleaning my gun for me to look after his own clothes, but that's not a valid excuse. He should have been more thorough. I was chagrined.

The commander of the detail of the guard lined us up on the parade ground in front of the sergeant major and after giving us "right . . . dress" and "front," saluted and reported.

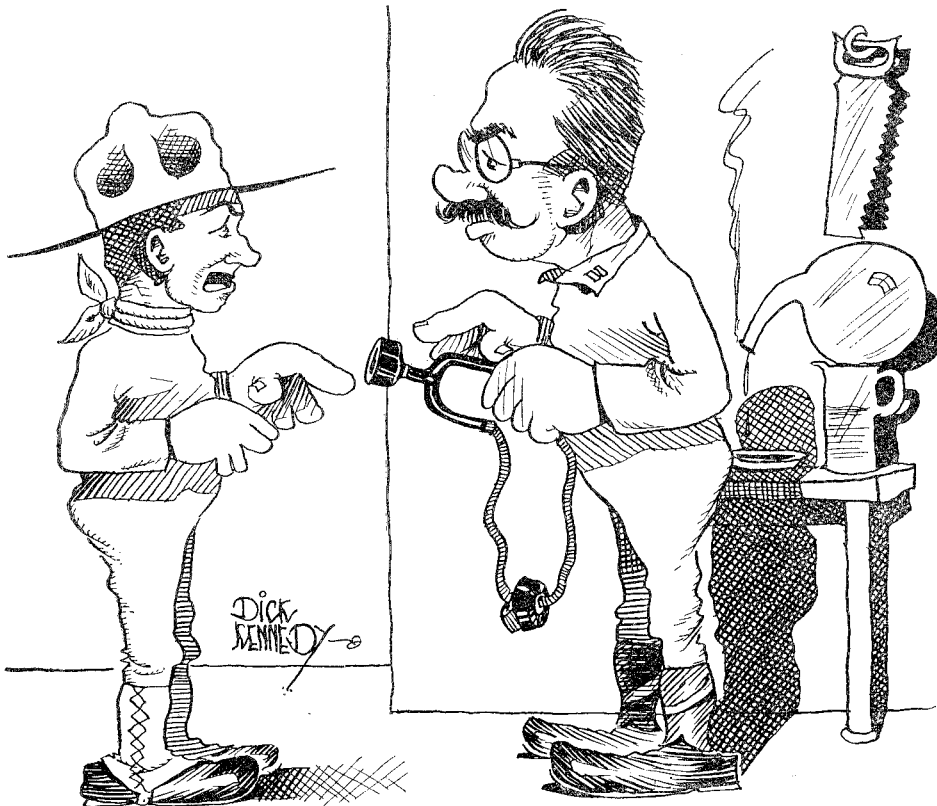
Then the sergeant major gave us "open ranks . . . march" and "front" and reported:

"Sir, the detail is correct."

"No, sir," I shouted, interrupting him as I stepped forward out of the ranks. "The



Ethelburt at Inspection.



The Doc—"Didn't I tell you to take three O. D. pills on an empty stomach?"
The Duck—"I did, Sir, but they rolled off."

OHIO TROOPS COME.

Cheers and Eight Bands Greet 600 Men From Camp Sherman, Ala.

Cheers greeted the six hundred men of the Ohio National guard who arrived here last Wednesday from Camp Sherman, Ala. The men are for the First Pioneer Infantry but have been assigned to the Second Pioneer Infantry temporarily for quarters and rations.

All the men who came volunteered for transfer to the Pioneers. They arrived at Fairforest shortly after 10 o'clock and were met by Captain J. P. D. Shiebler, assistant adjutant of the Provisional Depot for Corps and Army troops, and Captain William J. Evans, of the 54th Pioneer Infantry, who is detailed as assistant to the Depot quartermaster.

Eight of the sixteen Pioneer Infantry bands were also at the station to meet the new-comers. The men were marched along the National highway and down in front of Division headquarters to the headquarters of the Corps and Army troops, where they were reviewed by the officers at the headquarters of the depot. They were then marched to the camp site of the Second Pioneer Infantry, with the eight bands playing "There'll Be a Hot Time in the Old Town Tonight."

The men were assigned to companies, each company taking care of 50 men. It was about 11:30 o'clock when the men reached camp and when mess call sounded

at noon there was a hot meal ready for them.

The men have all been through the intensive training course at Camp Sherman and are in the best of physical condition. They are ready to leave for overseas service on 24 hours' notice. As is customary when new troops reach a camp they will be placed in quarantine for ten days or two weeks. This is done as a precautionary measure.

SMOKE DANCE FOR THE OLD 7TH.

A "smoke dance" was held in the grand ballroom of the Plaza Hotel in New York on April 6th to get cigarettes, pipes and tobacco for the 107th Regiment.

Members of the regiment who were home on a furlough were invited as special guests. Mrs. Anna M. White, of 226 West 97th street, was the chairman of the committee in charge, and the others who served with her were: Mrs. Thos. J. Vivian, Mrs. Robert W. Lyle, Mrs. Eben Armstrong, Mrs. Harvard A. Kehlbeck, Mrs. Pleasant Jordan Gantt, Mrs. Russell Bassett, Mrs. Austin F. Hancock, Mrs. John F. McDougall, Mrs. Charles E. Houghton, Mrs. H. A. Hall, Mrs. Raymond Cavanaugh, Mrs. Bernhardt Wall.

HE WAS SHOCK-PROOF.

Pat and Mike were in a front-line trench which had been under continuous bombardment fifteen hours. Suddenly Mike jumped up, grabbed Pat and shouted above the shriek of the bursting shells:

"For heaven's sake, Pat, scare me! I've got the hiccoughs."—New York World.

OUR OWN ART EXHIBITION.

Wadsworth Academy Will Show Work of Soldier Artists.

Art will be rampant at the Hostess House the week of April 15th, when the first exhibition of the Wadsworth Academy will be held. The Division includes many well known American artists whose work, done under canvas, will be on view. Many new pictures will be shown, in oils, water colors and black and white, and some of the originals of drawings that have appeared in the *Gas Attack* and the *Seventh Regiment Gazette* will be exhibited.

Private G. William Breck, Company B, 107th Infantry, instructor in the Camouflage School, is Chairman of the Academy Committee on Admissions, and all pictures for exhibition must be submitted to him for consideration by the committee. He may be found at the *Seventh Regiment Gazette* office, Mess Shack, Machine Gun Company, 107th Infantry.

Awards of merit will be given to artists whose work is judged to be especially notable.

Among the artists who have already entered pictures are Van Buren, Stout, Illava, Cutler, Breck, Rivera, Hull, Lauten, Emery, Wells, Card, Kennedy, Neal, Dreher, Kunkle, Pyles, and others who have contributed to the *Gas Attack* and the *Seventh Regiment Gazette*.

HAIL MEN OF FORDHAM, HAIL!

All former students of Fordham University are urged to attend a get-together meeting at Y. M. C. A. Headquarters, next Wednesday evening, April 17, 1918, at eight o'clock. Those worshippers of the Ram, whose liking for Kitchen Police and guard duty prevents their horning in, would do well to communicate with Corporal Fred J. Ashley, care of the *Gas Attack*.

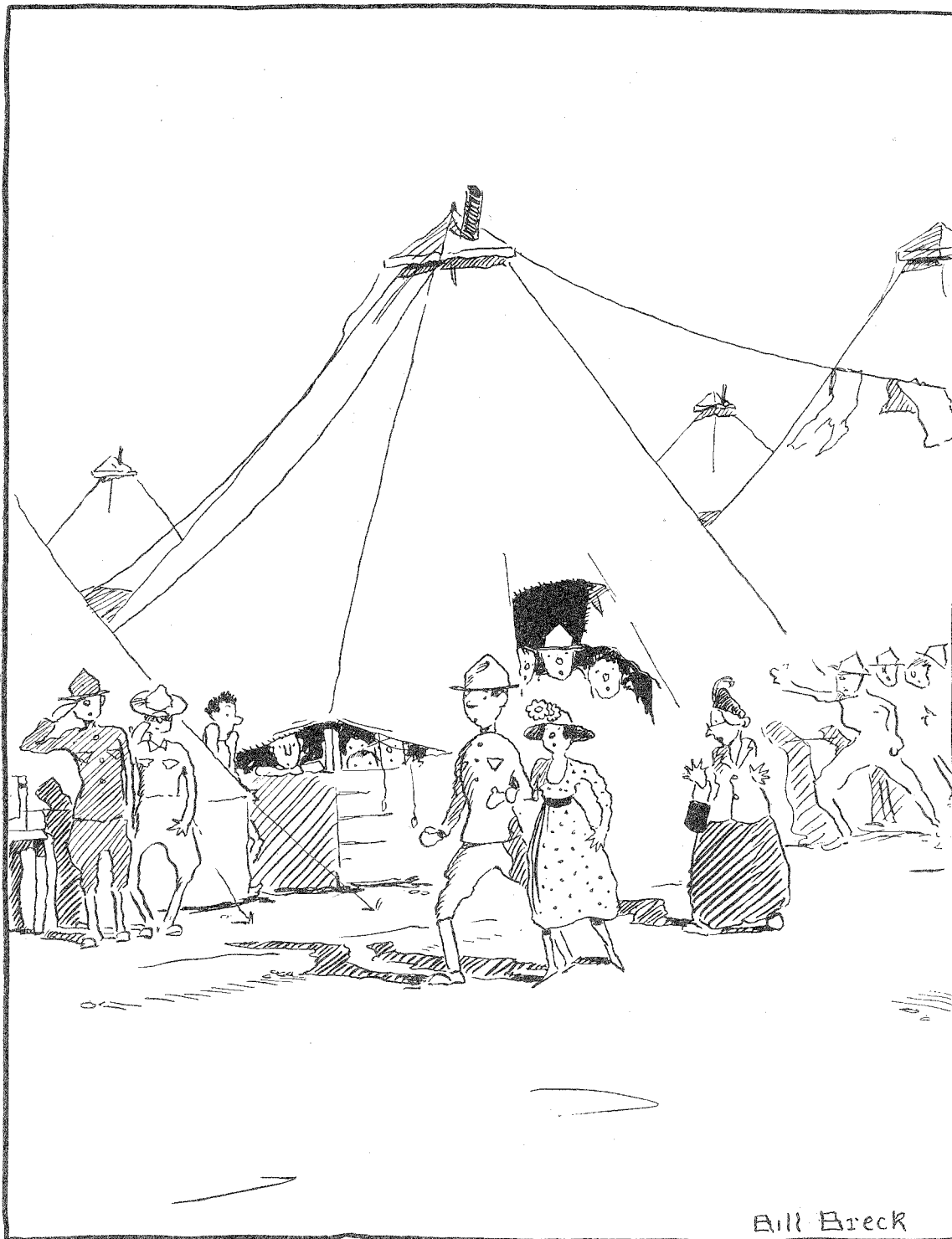
CAPTAIN FRANCHOT AGAIN AIDE.

Captain C. P. Franchot, Company A, 102d Military Police, has been appointed aide-de-camp to Major General John F. O'Ryan, relieving First Lieutenant Juan M. Ceballos, who returns to the Military Police.

"YOU KNOW ME, AL," IN NEW YORK.

"You Know Me, Al," the Division Show, opened at the Lexington Theatre, 51st St. and Lexington Ave., New York City, Thursday, April 11th, to run until the 20th, with matinees on the 13th, 16th, 18th and 20th. The entire cast and orchestra have been taken to New York.

Many men who saw the show during its successful week at the Harris Theatre here are writing to their people in New York advising them to see the first production of the New York Division Theatre.

**VISITORS.**

Isn't it nice when your best girl and her mother come down to pay you a visit? Of course they want to see your tent, and— isn't it a pleasant feeling as you walk down the street and all the boys "rubber" at you and salute as if you were an officer. Of course there is that slightly uncomfortable sensation as you suddenly remember that Joe Harris said he was going down to the showers and Joe isn't at all careful about his costume on such occasions.



"Pig of a Yank! How dare you address me as 'Sauerkraut.' I'm Count von Bunn, of Bad Nauheim!"
 "Huh! Well, I'm Pete Magee of naughty Newport!"

NEW YORK NATIONAL GUARD HELPING OUR RECRUITING.

Governor Whitman Aiding New York Division to Get Good Men.

Governor Whitman is helping to recruit the New York Division, as the following order shows:

STATE OF NEW YORK,
The Adjutant General's Office,
Albany, March 21, 1918.

General Orders, No. 13.

I. The New York Guard is not only performing a valuable and necessary service in training its members for State duty and in guarding the Barge Canals, the New York Aqueduct, railway bridges and various public utilities and munition plants, but also it is at the same time serving the Nation as a training school for the Federal Army. The value of the New York Guard as such a training school cannot be overestimated, especially in the preparation of non-commissioned officers, so essential to a new force like the National Army. Many men after a period of training in the State service are enlisting in Federal service—the United

States thus obtaining recruits with military experience, and the men thus enjoying a training in the New York Guard fitting them for rapid advancement in Federal service. Men of draft age are also finding service in the New York Guard a useful preparation for their duties after being called to the Federal Colors.

II. It is the desire of this office to facilitate in every way the enlistment in Federal service of members of the New York Guard who are willing to so enlist. With this end in view commanding officers will afford every opportunity to members of their commands for such enlistment, granting them passes for not to exceed twenty-four hours for that purpose if on active duty. Discharges, however, will not be granted until the applicants are accepted for enlistment by a United States Recruiting Officer, and upon receipt of official notice of such acceptance action will be taken as set forth in paragraph III of this order. Commanding officers should also establish cordial relations with United States Recruiting Officers and should cooperate with them in obtaining recruits whenever requested to do so.

III. Upon receipt of official notice either from this office or from a United States Re-

SOLDIERS' CLUB CHAIRMAN.

Sergeant Geo. A. Hill, 5th Pioneers, is Elected Head of Enlisted Men's Organization.

Sergeant Geo. A. Hill, of the 5th Pioneer Infantry, was recently elected chairman of the committee of the Soldiers' Club.

While the club has been open for more than three weeks the committee has been acting informally. The new club committee, which will consist of one enlisted man from each organization at the camp, will act as the administrative body under the direction of the War Camp Community Service, which will provide the necessary finances. It is the idea to turn the club over to the club committee to conduct it for the best interests of the club, the officers of the Community Service acting in an advisory capacity.

It was the voice of the committee that too much praise cannot be given General Oliver Bridgman, of New York, for the work he has done to make the organization of the club a success. He has entirely given up his business to devote his time to the benefit of the enlisted men of the camp. The fact that he was for many years the commander of Squadron A, the crack cavalry organization of the country, makes him practically well fitted to bring to light the actual needs of a soldier in a camp community.

Sergeant Hill, in accepting the chairmanship of the committee, outlined the plans that are in the working at the present time for making the club of the greatest value to the men while on visits to the city.

An event of particular importance was the reception to the officers of Camp Wadsworth and their wives and friends, which took place last Friday afternoon from 4 to 6 o'clock.

recruiting Officer that a member of the New York Guard has been accepted for enlistment in Federal service, his immediate commanding officer will at once apply to the proper officer for the discharge of the man from the New York Guard. If the man is on active duty he will be relieved therefrom as promptly as possible. If the man is not on active duty he will be considered as released from State service upon his turning in to his New York Guard company commander, public property in his possession and his discharge will be forwarded as hereinafter indicated. The discharge of an enlisted man accepted for Federal service will be forwarded to the United States Recruiting Officer who accepted the man with request that same be returned for cancellation in the event of the man not completing his enlistment in the Federal service.

By command of the Governor:

CHARLES H. SHERRILL,
The Adjutant General.

"PLEASE, OUIJA, TELL ME."

Hitherto the fellows had contented themselves with ordinary diversions, each whiling away his spare moments—which are spare, indeed, in the army—in some way best suited to his own particular style or temperament. No one means of recreation appealed to all.

Our methods of seeking amusement were legion. A great many among us viewed baseballing and boxing as the most sensible and satisfying of pastimes; others, blessed with a certain elasticity of funds, chose the more confining entertainment derived from cards or dice; others were happier going to the "Big Tent," the Y. M. C. A., or wherever Mary Pickford, Douglas Fairbanks or W. S. Hart might be billed; and still others, many others, seemed content with letter writing or checkers or chess or dominoes or reading.

Then came the day when Herb Winslow, one-time photoplay director and son of a well-known playwright, introduced to the boys the strange little toy that has had 'em all guessing, arguing and wondering ever since. They buzz about it like Broadway buzzes about each successive new and daring ballet.

Herb had imported a ouija board!

Ouija wasn't out of the mails five minutes ere two husky soldiers, nervously eager and expectant, sat opposite each other with the question-answering \$1.50 oracle across their knees. Grouped round behind them were a dozen others, grinning or frowning in a "Show me" attitude. Then one of the players popped the first question, proving then and there the wisdom of the poet who rhymed something about Spring and a young man's fancy. The soldier wondered if the young lady of his dreams loved him.

"Y-es," the ouija spelled out. The soldier loosed a howl of joy. The onlookers fidgeted.

"What's her name, Ouija?" the soldier asked.

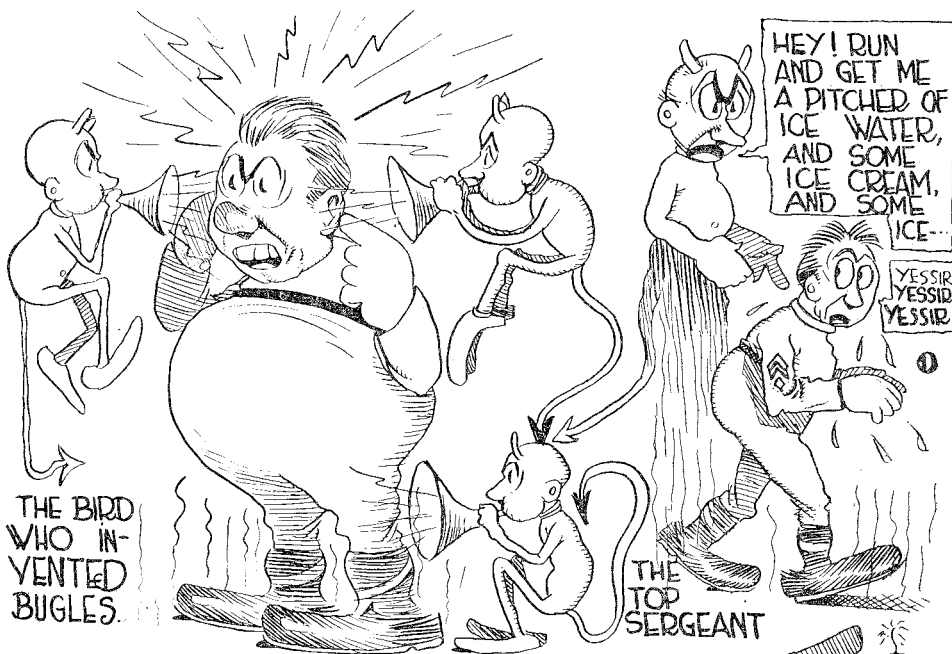
"R-o-s-a-l-i-n-d," said the ouija, and it was right.

"Will we go to France, Ouija?" said the soldier.

"Y-es," said the ouija.

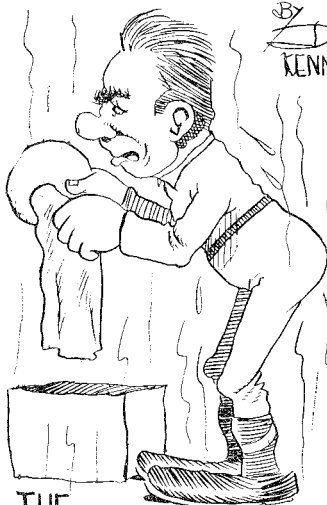
"When will we go to France, Ouija?"

"———." The tiny three-legged table spun over the board in a way that made those doughboys gape, and it spelled out its answer without the slightest hesitation. The censor won't let us disclose the date given, but cheer up: you won't grow grey here.

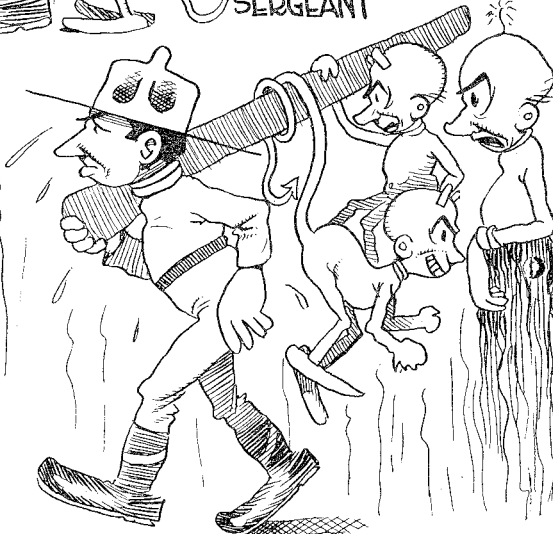


THE BIRD WHO INVENTED BUGLES.

THE TOP SERGEANT



THE CHAP WHO STARTED KITCHEN-POLICE.



THIS FELLOW INVENTED GUARD DUTY.

Let the Punishment Fit the Crime!

Since that first night ouija has had but little rest. It has alternately delighted, surprised, frightened and disappointed every member of the company, and a number of fellows drawn from other companies, as well. It has breathed of romance, marriage and heroism one minute and of death, injury and forlorn heart hopes the next minute.

"That thing has got the dope," says one group. "If there ain't anything to it how-inell do you explain this * * * and * * * that * * * ?"

"Lotta hooley," says another crowd—"damn fake!"

"Subconscious mind's influence, that's all," argues a third faction.

But the fact remains: No matter what the men think, as individuals about this queer device, you'll see all of 'em bent over

it at one time or another, asking it everything, from the name of the parson who will do the nuptial knotting, down to the whereabouts of a lost sock.

It's a psychologist's job to explain why soldiers should take so to such an odd method of amusing themselves—or, if they so regard it—enlightening themselves. Maybe soldiers, as a class, have some of the superstition usually found among actors, gamblers, Southern darkies and others. Maybe it's because they are so darn hard-put sometimes to find an agreeable way of making up for the things they left behind them.

At any rate, if you are curious, come over to L Company's apartments sometime—anytime—and you'll see square-toed men o' war, with none of the earmarks of spook-believers, beseeching a small, square board to help 'em peer into the future.

CORP. HARRY T. MITCHELL.

SCOUTING.

Battles are won through intelligent, continuous reconnaissance, as much as offensive and defensive combat—always assuming troops to be thoroughly disciplined and well equipped.

Be a good scout. Modern warfare requires Infantry and Machine Gun Battalions to do their own reconnaissance, replacing the ideal scout of former days, the alert, fearless and mobile cavalryman, and leaving to Engineer Troops work of a more or less permanent nature.

It is the purpose of the writer to emphasize the individual element of reconnaissance and the necessity for personal application by every soldier, and so we will use the shorter, more American word, "scouting," rather than the more complete word, "reconnaissance." Don't lose sight, however, of the necessity of a thorough study of the regulations and technique of reconnaissance as laid down by the Field Service Regulations and Engineers' Field Manual.

Every soldier must be ready to exercise his latent natural craft, his "Injun" nature or "Yankeeism," if you will, because he may be one of a detail sent out by his commanding officer to get the lay of the land—"to scout." And as "fighting in the dark," lacking knowledge of country or enemy movements, is a hard, losing fight for troops, personal interest should make every man eager to take a chance and obtain all possible information that will result in "getting" the enemy or stopping him.

The leader of the scouting party is told by his C. O. where to expect the enemy, of parties similar to his own that may go out, special information required, where to go, when to return and where to report; and he, in turn, repeats his information to the men accompanying him. The Engineers' Field Manual has already taught him the value of observing roads, railroads, bridges, rivers, woods, telegraph lines, villages, defiles, valleys, ponds, marshes, heights and of enemy positions, and reporting thereon.

Decision quickly arrived at—whether, for instance, information obtained is sufficient to dispatch a messenger or await further developments; hasty, indefinite information is often a hindrance rather than help. Use good judgment—if an enemy sniper or scout takes a pot shot at one of your party, don't send back word; call his bluff. He, too, may be sparring for information. Lay low and wriggle away; you are after information, not battle, but if you believe he has secured the information he was after, signal to one of your party to "stick" him quietly, and in that case be sure you "get him"—dead men tell no tales.

Speed and caution should go together; don't loiter. Each man is safer when making progress (he is a moving target) and besides, if your troops are on the march, the prompt delivery of information will expedite their progress; if they are entrenched, their safety from surprise or their initiative in attack may depend upon what you report. But be careful how you

UNIFORMS FOR THE WOMEN.

By General Pershing's order, the entire canteen work for the army in France has been taken over by the Y. M. C. A. This means that hundreds of new canteens will be opened there by fall.

The women canteen workers have a regulation uniform, of course. This is it:

1 Gray whipcord coat and skirt.

1 Hat, blue or gray cloth.

2 Shirtwaists, blue or white flannel.

1 blue necktie, 1 blue woolen muffler, 1 brazzard, 4 canteen overall aprons, 2 caps.

approach the crest of a hill, how you emerge from a shell crater or a wood: do it gradually.

Observation of the minutest details, as the kind, direction, regularity or straggling nature of human or animal foot-prints; note whether it was a horse or a mule (the latter having smaller feet), trotting, galloping or walking; wheel ruts, whether newly made (sharp) or old (partly filled with dust), up-hill or down-hill—wheel ruts go in continuous trace down hill and irregularly up—whether clouds of dust indicate dismounted or mounted troops or wagon trains; newly felled trees or broken branches, condition of camp fires, if at night; regularity indicating an occupied camp; irregular, bright fires a broken camp, intended to deceive, or fires long before dawn indicating an early start; condition of an abandoned camp, whether disorderly, indicating hurried departure; newly made graves, gauging their losses; of barbed-wire or other obstacles. Watch your fords at streams; they may be undercut for pit-falls—and above all, cultivate your bump of locality, look backwards occasionally—you may have to retrace your steps, so keep yourself oriented, occasionally noting the points of compass.

Resourcefulness should be your middle name. If you lack a compass, use your watch—point the hour hand toward the sun and midway between the hour hand and 12 o'clock, the shortest way around, will be due south between 6 A. M. and 6 P. M., or north between 6 P. M. and 6 A. M. If no sun is in evidence look at trees. The shortest distance from heart of tree and the bark is the north side, easily determined by growth rings; or that side of a tree where the roots plunge abruptly into ground, or fungi or moss abounds in greater profusion, that is north. Roots on the south side lie near the surface, and flowers nestle in their shelter on that side. Or at night look at the stars, at the Dipper or Great Bear—the edge of Dipper (not handle) points to North Star—true north. Again, get your general direction from a known range of hills, or woods, observing their outline for night guidance.

Summing up, ready decision, good judgment, speed and caution, observation and resourcefulness, and last, but not least, team-work. Keep in touch with your party, observe each other's signals and work together. ROBT. B. FIELD, 1st Lt. Eng.

A BALLADE.

(To the Empress Who Sits Enthroned Behind the Cash Register in the Hostess House Cafeteria.)

Oh, ladye fayre, 'tis not for savorie salades,
That I pass by thee with my laden traye;
'Tis not the soupe (I'm rather poor at ballades)
That lures me to thy presence every daye.

'Tis not the hashe ambrosial, that I'm after,
Nor yet the velvet ice-creame nor the pye,
But 'tis the silvery tinkle of thy laughter,
The roguish twinkle of thy merrye eye!

When I come back for "seconds" I'm not needing,

It is not that I crave these nourishmentes—
'Tis not the bodye but the soule I'm feeding—

To hear thy silk voice murmur "Twenty cents!"

—R. E. C.

HOSTESS HOUSE NOTES.

Wednesday, April 3, was "Albany Day" at the House, and was one of the most delightful since our opening. During the day about 600 dropped in and we were delighted to find many Albany people among them. The ball game between teams of the 102nd Engineers and the 106th Field Hospital was intensified by the violent sand storm, otherwise things went off as we had planned.

Iced tea and crackers were served during the afternoon, and the largest number we have served remained for supper afterward. During the afternoon and evening the 106th Field Hospital Orchestra played, and in the evening there was singing also, led by Dr. Clarke.

April 19 will be New England Day here. All New Englanders get ready for the rally. But come over before then if you can.

We have recently become a small sub-station of the Camp Library. The list of books which may be obtained from us is posted on the bulletin.

Were any of you in the groups whose pictures were taken in the cafeteria and lounge the other day? Look on the bulletin and see how they came out.

BRAITHWAITE-ANDERSON.

The marriage of Miss Annie Anderson and Captain Albert Newby Braithwaite, of the British army, was solemnized on the Saturday before Easter at high noon at the First Presbyterian church in Augusta, Ga., Rev. Joseph Sevier, officiating. There were no attendants and immediately after the ceremony Captain and Mrs. Braithwaite left for Greenbriar White Sulphur Springs, Va. Both are well-known in Spartanburg and the above announcement is of interest to a large circle of friends.



W. E. Pyles
Co. 107th Inf.

Militarily Speaking—"A Fine Sight."



News From Division Units



OFFICERS' DANCE OF FIRST PIONEER INFANTRY WAS A BIG SUCCESS.

One of the most successful dances ever held in Spartanburg was that given by the Officers of the First Pioneer Infantry, Easter Monday evening, April 1st, at Rock Cliff Club. As an enjoyable social event it probably ranked highest among any staged in Spartanburg since the arrival of the soldiers. At least that was the concensus of opinion of the guests present, and it is the guests who generally say whether or not a dance is a success.

The music was particularly good. It was furnished by the 1st Pioneer Regimental Band, Sergeant J. R. Conner, leader. The program was well chosen and the music rendered in a first class manner. It was the first time that the Regimental Band has appeared outside of camp since the old First New York band was broken up on account of the transfer of several members of that organization to other units in camp. The old First New York was considered one of the finest military bands that ever came out of Empire State, and the indications are that the 1st Pioneer Band will uphold the old traditions. The guests were loud in their praise of the excellent music.

Most of the credit for the success of the dance is due to Colonel James S. Boyer and the Executive Committee, consisting of Captain Jacob S. Ballman, chairman; Lieutenant John A. White, Lieutenant William A. Wright, Lieutenant Thos. P. McLendon and Lieutenant John E. Bangs. When the Regimental dance idea was first presented to Colonel Boyer it received his immediate sanction and he gave the committee all the support that they could desire.

The patrons and patronesses were Mrs. James S. Boyer, Mrs. Alonzo B. Sessions, Mrs. Walter G. Robinson, Mrs. Louis L. Tafel, Mrs. George Blair, Mrs. Nelson Page, Mrs. William A. Baker, Mr. and Mrs. C. L. O'Neale, Mr. and Mrs. E. W. Reel, Mr. and Mrs. L. L. Allen, Mr. and Mrs. Henry Cleveland, Mr. and Mrs. A. M. Law, Mrs. W. G. Lee, and Rev. and Mrs. W. H. K. Pendleton.

Officer—Now, Jones, you said you wanted a forty-eight hour leave to go home and have a quiet talk with your wife. You have been gone seventy-two hours. What's your excuse?

Jones—Sir, my mother-in-law was there!

Be sure and get enough copies of the **Gas Attack** to send some home. Some day you will be glad.

COMPANY L, 105TH, GIVES DANCE.

The non-coms. were told to report to the 1st Sergt. The "Topper"—in his usual blunt way—told us that the Captain suggested that our Company give a dance and entertainment Monday evening, March 25th, and we could use the new Soldiers' Club. The Captain had arranged for this. This information, I might add, was told to us on a Thursday. That means we had but three days to prepare.

A committee of four was appointed, and I was chosen as one. Now, let me see— The first thing to do was to get the entertainment or "acts." Well, there was "Mickey" O'Donnell. He can get a laugh out of any man in the company. Then we had a pretty good quartette, and again we had some good clog dancers, etc.

Just then I thought of the dance. It occurred to me that in order to make this affair a success we must have young ladies present.

It seemed to me those dances I had attended in town were sadly in need of the opposite sex.

I consulted the "beau brummels" of the Company. Perhaps they could each invite six or more, but the deeper I went into this, the more I became convinced we were up against it for **Girls**.

Getting Girls.

For some unknown reason I took this burden off the other members of the committee. They were assigned to the task of making arrangements with the good old P. & N. for railroad facilities—to get special cars to carry us to and from town. Also to arrange for a "Jazz" band—for a "Jazz," I was told, is always necessary to make a dance a success.

So, then, my detail was to get **Girls**. I went down town to see a young lady. I reasoned she could help me out. Not much assistance here.

It was time to eat, and not being overburdened with change, I visited the Enlisted Men's Club canteen. Ham and eggs and coffee cost but 25 cents.

My seat faced the "Cashier." She may read this, so I shall not rave, but she did look so sweet and kindly.

I thought deeply. Possibly this Miss Red Cross could help me out. So I hurriedly finished my ham and, and approached the Cashier to pay my check.

I asked her if the Red Cross were in a position to serve a light lunch to us Monday evening, and went into details.

Certainly, they would gladly handle this for us, and do "anything to make the dance a success." Here was my chance to tell my troubles and I did. Why, that is easy, I was told and how many young ladies would I want?

SANITARY SQUAD NO. 2.

A few words from the most popular organization in camp—if you don't believe us, ask the doughboys.

Tent No. 2 was honored by a visit Wednesday afternoon by Mrs. Carl Brucker and Miss Eleanor Herrick, both of Orange, N. J. Now that Eleanor has arrived, Jerry Brucker is no longer bemoaning her absence and the boys in his squad will get a much needed rest.

It has been rumored that Maguire's putts are for sale, since his recent trip to Gastonia, N. C.

Little Jimmy Thompson has been spending quite some time at the Base Hospital of late. What's the attraction? We know you aren't sick.

Jack Morrow, the sanitary expert, has departed for the White Lights for a period of ten days. Don't forget your promises, Jack.

Dan Lenihan has had two birthdays this month. Girls, if this keeps up, he will get an S. C. D. on account of old age.

Vince Kane, the Flatbush politician, is very strong for the doughboys. Every time he meets any of them he is always ready to tell them what wonderful soldiers they are.

Spot McNulty has been running around in a Studebaker Six.

Fred Truelove only hears his master's voice when it comes from a bona fide non-com.

Lou Hoods has been offered \$10.00 for his new lid. How about you, Lou?

Jack O'Keefe has been amazed since his arrival in Spartanburg.

K. Y. B. O.

I was too stricken to reply. Miss Red Cross told me she felt sure she could get 50 anyway.

Well, it isn't necessary to go on further than this.

At most 100 young ladies were present. Everybody danced and was merry.

The acts were put on between dances. At the last moment we decided to cut out "Mickey's" act. His talent, we reasoned, goes better in Company Street.

But we had some mighty fine talent and all brought forth much applause.

The dance was a huge success. The ladies were all pleased and the men are still talking about it, inquiring when we will have another.

Our sincere thanks to the Spartanburg Red Cross, to Miss Mary Law and to General Bridgman, of the Soldiers' Club, who helped us so kindly.

CORPORAL ED SARGENT.

BATTERY F, 104TH FIELD ARTILLERY, AT THE RANGE.

This Battery has just finished policing up South Carolina, and to start the new week off right, we have advanced on a seven-mile front into North Carolina, which State we expect to have policed up before the end of this week. Up to the present moment, nothing has phased us, so with the view of going over soon, a little practice will do us no harm before we police up France. With this small thing in mind, no doubt before long we will be policing up Germany. Who knows?

A few fellows, who had the exploring nature in their blood, ventured forth the other day in search of the best still in South Carolina, that is, a still which still had producing qualities, providing the still was still there, and not demolished, as numerous others around here are. A mountaineer was questioned on its direction and distance. "Up yonder," said he. We traveled up yonder. At last, after going quite a way, we ran into another resident, who in turn was questioned. "Two miles, over thar," he rejoined. Two hours were consumed in getting "over thar," but we had not yet reached our destination. We expect he meant two miles into France by "over thar." A young boy was next met and he said, "Up yonder." But we gave it up and never reached "up yonder." So to content ourselves a few gallons of water were poured into one of the abandoned still's boilers, which still remained, and each fellow fooled himself by taking a swig.

We were all dolled up to look our prettiest, polished shoes gleaming in the sunlight, swallow tailed coats fitting snugly on our backs, derbies perched upon our beans; in other words, we were on our way to church, it being that our camp is situated about a mile from the 104th Regiment's. Six Fifth Avenue busses, which we had chartered, were waiting outside at the curb, and away we went. But upon arriving at the camp, to our dismay, we found that church was over—the reason being, as everybody knows—that the clocks had been put ahead an hour. However, to console ourselves, a fashion parade was held on Hogsback Mountain until somebody spoiled the parade by shinning up the Aiming Point and tearing his guardmount breeches.

"Fool 'em, Billie, no more beans." These were the unbelievable words which escaped from our head chef, and immediately our best detectives were put on the job to discover how a Battery could be fed without beans. For three days "Billie" was shadowed and a clue was found. This is how it happened. A careful search of the kitchen was made, also its surrounding vicinity. All the experts on the case assembled to compare notes, and unanimously it was decided that the reason no beans were served was because they had none in stock. This was two weeks ago. Since then we have been feeding great, and all the fellows certainly appreciate the work of the cooks for getting up such appetizing meals.

A Little About Camp Fullpak.

Camp Fullpak is situated on the banks of Mess Hound River, at the base of Hogsback Mountain. It is bounded on the north by the Picket Line, on the east by Mess Hound River, on the south by three or four stills, and on the west by a stiff breeze. Its former name was "Dark Corners," but as this was not suitable for such a pleasant valley, it was changed to Camp Fullpak, by order of the Ladies' Home Journal. Many shootings have taken place here, consequently its former odd name. It was inhabited in olden days by Sunshine Biscuits, who made Haig & Haig. But no man was shot here unless by just cause. One night a traveler happened to pass through here and was met by a mountaineer, who inquired for a match. The wanderer replied that he had none, whereupon he was shot dead, which shows that no shooting is done unless necessary. Camp Fullpak's present population is about 70 souls, although last week it was 74—four immigrant cows visiting camp. It has one large sized bank, the bank of the Mess Hound River; four cafes, which are the stills; also a Major from the Irregular Army, who commands respect upon his approach. Any inhabitant of this camp promptly calls attention when our Major approaches, and that officer promptly returns all salutes. One hospital reclines within its limits, also it is the proud possessor of a dozen rubber boots. May its people prosper.

NODDES.

COMPANY C, 106TH INFANTRY.

At last we have come to life. From now on, we intend to praise those that deserve it and pan those that need it.

We will pass up the cooks, but they better show improvement.

There is a show about to be staged by Private (1st Class) Bush, entitled "Gimmie." The author, being one of the most noted gimmies of the 106th Infantry, promises to put on one of the best shows ever seen in camp.

Some of the leading gimmies in the cast will be Corporals Craig, Kelly, Hame and Zimmer; Privates Lundquist, Reardon, Whitey Christenson, Skee Carlus; Guards H. B. Florence and Walsh.

We are wondering why Privates First Class Bush and Hennessey like kitchen detail. They are always working for it.

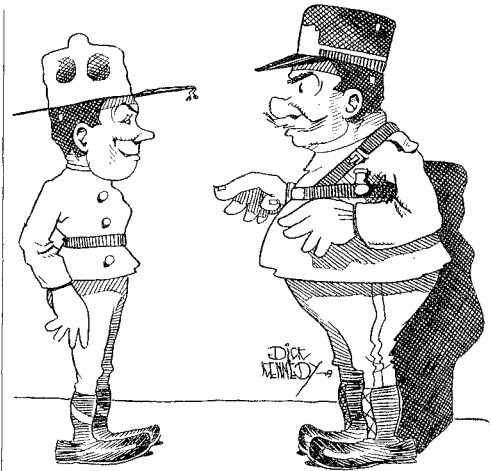
Who got the idea that a coat of paint would make the "racer" go that has a stationary post at the head of C Street.

Ray H., how is the best little girl in the world? We are all with you looking for that daily letter.

Go to it, Artie. You are playing great ball. We are all out there cheering the team on to the championship. It looks good to us.

NEW COFFEE POT.

American soldiers have found a new use for the "tin helmets" issued to them. When their coffee gets cold they pour it into the helmet and hold it over a fire.



General von Iceburg (to American Prisoner)—"Here, you, Yankee dog-pup, call me a taxi!"

The Prisoner—"Well, General, I could hardly call you hansom!"

BATTERY B, 104TH FIELD ARTILLERY, CAMP DETACHMENT.

Battery B's Musical Review:

"The Biscuit Shooter's Revenge".....
..... by Pete Deana
Camouflage War Dance, by Wild Bill Vojik
Spring Fever Two-Step Jimmy Madden
Stable Call March ... by Sergeant Gingerich
The Artillery Growl by Fraser
Ragtime Blues by Jack Naughton
Hobo Rag by Christian
Handshakers' Waltz by McGenty
Yiddish Fox Trot by Loeb
Mail Carrier's Protest.....by Corp. Galka
Clover Kicker's Waltz
..... by "Hickey" Conklin
Stable Boy's Dream by Uncle Henry Curtis
Easter Greetings by Jack Dillon
Over the Hills
..... by Nette, Rose and Riley Trio

Hickey Conklin asked Wild Bill Vojik to write him out the poem, "The Shooting of Dan McGrew." Bill did so and has now lived to regret it. All we hear, from morning till night is, "A bunch of the boys were whooping it up," etc., as fast as Hickey memorizes it. It gets so a fellow can't write a letter to the "only girl" or read a book in peace. Bill threatens to bend a gun over Hickey's head if he doesn't stop his oratory, and the rest of the boys feel the same about it. That's the stuff, Bill, camouflage his eye.

The commuters' rush for the 5:15 has nothing on the rush the gang makes every time a fellow opens a package from home.

Famous Sayings.

"Everybody up," by "First Call" Jake Galka, the peace disturber.

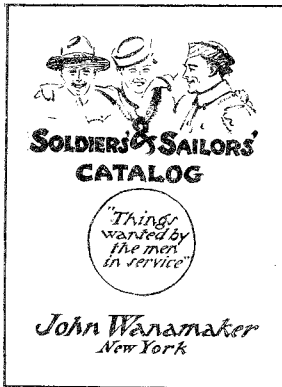
"All out for stables," by our Boy Sergeant.

"Lights out!" entire Mess Hall Chorus, as the hob nail shoes fly through the air.

\$100.00 Reward for the capture of Corp. Galka's whistle.

(Division Unit News continued on page 24 and following pages.)

JOHN WANAMAKER NEW YORK



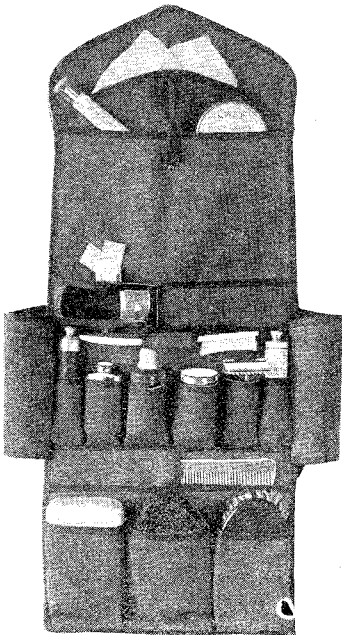
Send for This C

FORTY-FIVE pages of just the articles every soldier wants--th camp and on the line so much more comfortable. All artic The merchandise represents the highest type of productive skill, plu

To the Men at Camp

Write for this catalogue. Through its pages you will be able everything you need just as advantageously as if you were to com thoroughly equipped Military Shop.

There was no article too small to receive our best attention--for i it required almost as much time and patience for us to perfect the size writing case at 25c, as it did the most expensive bedroll.



No. 101—Special Fitted Kit, \$3.90



No. 201—Vest of tan colored deerskin, flannelette lining, \$10.



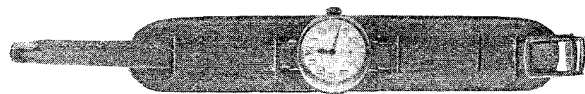
No. 240—Puttees of cowhide leather \$9.



No. 241—Puttees of cordovan leather \$17



No. 234—Wa e



No. 321—Silverplated Watch, \$14; Sterling silver, \$21. Watch Strap of Khaki, 50c—if sold separately



No. 226—Sleeping bag of brown blanket material, \$13.50

COUPON

**JOHN WANAMAKER
NEW YORK**

Please send me your Soldiers' and Sailors' Catalog.

Also send a copy to my folks.

Address

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JOHN WANAMAKER

NEW YORK

Catalog of Soldiers' Needs

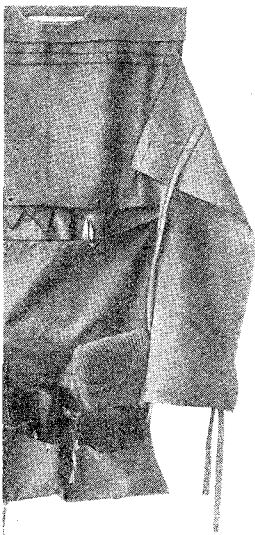
the conveniences he must buy, and the simple luxuries that do so much to make his life at the front were carefully selected by army men--here and abroad--every one is of proved merit. It is the experience of officers and men who have been through enough to know.

This catalog is a boon to those at home who, infused with the war spirit and desire of giving, are always doubtful as to what to send and fearful lest they make useless gifts. It is impossible to make an inappropriate gift from this catalog--every article in it has its welcome assured by its usefulness.

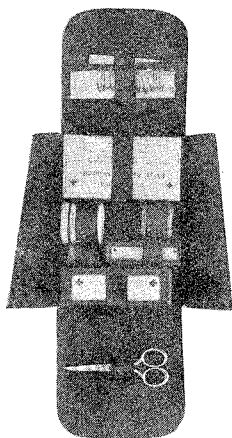
And we attend to all the details. You send us the purchase price and your soldier's address--we deliver direct to him.

Equipment, Kits, Jewelry, Etc.

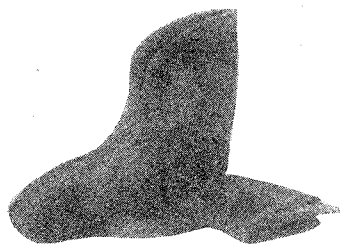
Articles listed below are only a few selections.



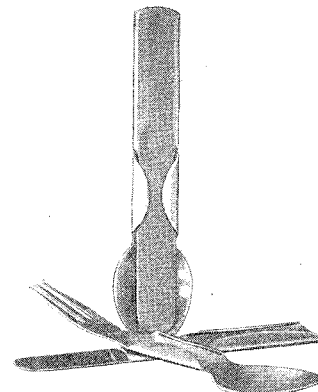
Waterproof Clothes Roll, \$6



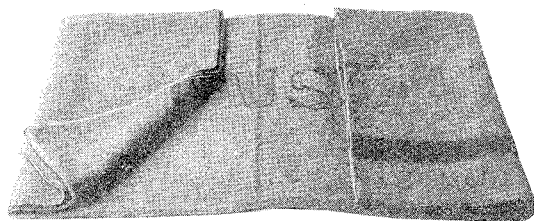
No. 113--First Aid Kit,
\$2.25



No. 216--Bed Socks of
Mackinaw cloth, 85c



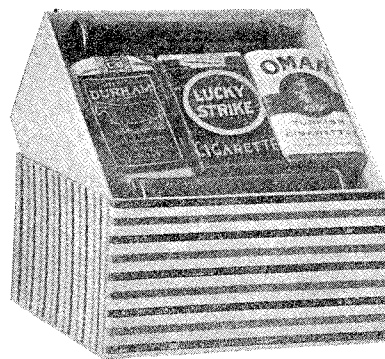
No. 129--Combination knife, fork
and spoon, nickel plated, \$2



Army Blankets, \$6.50 to \$15

Tobacco Service--Food Package Service

Straight from Wanamaker's to the man at camp. Very popular with the folks at home who find difficulty in sending smokes and food. Send the purchase price and your Soldier's address. We deliver direct to him.



No. 147--\$1

Special Box of "Smokes"
\$1.

Illustrated

Also another combination box of "Smokes", \$1. Orders may be placed for practically all kinds of cigarettes.

Food Packages
\$2.75, \$3 and \$4.75

CAMP SPORTS

Edited by F. J. ASHLEY



HIKES HAVE NO TERRORS FOR JOE.

Corporal Joseph B. Pearman Co. I, 105th Infantry (71st New York) at a recent meet for soldiers and sailors in New York, winning a half-mile walk, light marching order, in the fast time of 3:43. In this race twelve of the best men in their respective organizations of the army and navy toed the mark, some starting with handicaps as far as ninety yards.

HEADQUARTERS TROOP NO MATCH FOR 107TH.

The Division Headquarters' baseball team proved no match for the aggregation of the 107th regiment in a game played Sunday afternoon, and went down to defeat by the score of 11 to 6. Johnny Heaslip, of the former nine, displayed his old time form, accepting a number of difficult chances at third base. He drove out a home run in the ninth inning which chased two men across the platter before him. The attraction was witnessed by a large crowd of spectators from the various organizations in camp.

The score by innings:

	R	H	E
107th Infantry ...	1	2	0
Headqtrs Troop ..	1	0	0

The folks back home like the **Gas Attack**. Be sure to send them a copy.

MAINE PIONEERS MEET MASTERS.

The 56th Pioneers formerly the First Maine Artillery, had their winning streak blocked last Saturday by Company D, 105th Machine Gun Battalion. It was the fastest game seen at Camp Wadsworth and went ten innings. The score was 5 to 4.

Until the ninth inning the Manioes had things all their way and led 3 to 1. The Machine Gunners found their range however and opened up with everything they had, tying the score. The 56th tallied once in the tenth but their lead was a short one, the 105th repeating its operations again for a victory. Wenstrom did the twirling for the winning team.

The score by innings:

	R	H	E
Company D ...	0	0	0
56th Pioneers ..	2	0	0

Batteries—Wenstrom and Panly; Langsell and Winch.

SANITARY TRAIN QUARANTINES 2ND FIELD HOSPITAL.

Hitting at the opportune moment while their opponents were making errors of commission and omission gave the Sanitary Train an easy victory over the Second Field Hospital Saturday afternoon by the score of 9 to 3.

Score by innings:

Sanitary Train	2	1	0	4	2	0	0	0	*	—	9
Field Hospital	0	0	0	1	0	2	0	0	0	—	3

Batteries—Smith and Murray; Forbes and Pedlow.

FLUSHING PIONEERS GOING IT STILL.

The baseball team of Company I, 51st Pioneers, went to Greer Saturday and played the Victor Mills team off their feet, defeating them by a score of 7 to 0. On the Victor team were a few former league players and the team had plenty of backers. After the first round, however, when Company I scored four runs the fans suddenly became very quiet. Fountain pitched mid-season ball, allowing only four hits and striking out fifteen batters. McLeod, Peters and D'Amato came across with timely hits.

The score by innings:

	R	H	E
51st Pioneers ...	4	0	0
Greer	0	0	0

Batteries—Victor Club, Gordon, Osteen and Ballenger; Co. I, Pioneers, Fountain and Zackery; Newman and Patrick.

WANT A GAME?

Company I, 51st Pioneers, has a few open dates for camp teams, for Thursday and Sunday afternoons. Games can be arranged with Sergeant Fritz.

PIONEERS READY FOR ACTION.

Preparing Great Doings for Next Few Weeks.

The Pioneer Division will lead her sister organization, the 27th, a merry chase in the athletic line for the next month or so. Harvey Cohn, Division Athletic Director, is fortunate in having live wires on the different committees that will look after the sports in the Corps Camp.

The Baseball Committee, at their first meeting held April 2d in the Knights of Columbus building, elected Lieutenant Logan, Aide to General Sweetser, President of the League. Lieutenant Logan is a well known Harvard football player. Chaplain Carey of the 56th Pioneers was elected Chairman.

Sixteen Regimental and separate Unit teams will start in the League. They are arranged in four groups. The semi-final round will be settled by April 30. The winning nine will have it out with the Champions of the 27th Division.

The Track and Field Committee of the Pioneer Division will open up their season with a big set of Athletic games, Military events and other attractions on Patriot's Day, April 19th. Most of the events will be open to all the Camp.

The Officers of the Pioneer Division will not be outdone by the enlisted men, and will have leagues of their own in the different sports.

Harvey Cohn, Camp Athletic Director, is some busy man these days. The two Divisions have to be worked with separate committees and he has to have two headquarters as his charges are about a mile and a half apart. Holding down two jobs is a small matter for Harvey, however.

CHARLIE CHAPLIN AND DOUGLAS FAIRBANKS, BEWARE!

Two moving picture concerns had their operators in Camp Sunday afternoon taking pictures of the athletic activities. The drill ground of the 27th Division was the stage, and Harvey Cohn was stage manager. Moran had his boxers perform and the 56th Pioneer Infantry sent their boxing class over under the able leadership of Sergeant Paul Fraser. The men put up a snappy drill. Sergenat Major Tector of the English Officers' School had his Physical Training Class on exhibition and the performance they put up could not be improved upon. Pictures were taken of some of the heats in the sprints and the mile walk. The 107th Infantry had a wall scaling team out.

IN CHARGE OF ATHLETICS.

Men Named to Run Sports for Pioneers.

Harvey W. Cohn, athletic instructor for Camp Wadsworth, announced that he had completed his organization for the instruction of the troops of the provisional depot for corps and army troops. Judging from the enthusiasm which the Pioneers manifested, he expects to develop some top-notch athletics. Brigadier General Guy Carleton, commanding the depot for corps and army troops, is personally interested in the fostering of the sportsman spirit among the men of his command and every facility will be afforded the athletic director in his work.

The committee through which Mr. Cohn will work were announced as follows:

Executive committee—Colonel James R. Hawlett, Second Pioneer Infantry; Colonel Fred B. Thomas, 57th Pioneer Infantry; Colonel James S. Boyer, 1st Pioneer Infantry; Colonel R. L. Foster, 52nd Pioneer Infantry; Lieutenant Colonel Myron Cox, 54th Pioneer Infantry; Lieutenant Colonel Holton B. Perkins, Headquarters Second Troops; Lieutenant Colonel W. A. McAdam, 53rd Pioneer Infantry; Lieutenant Colonel Albert Saulpaugh, 51st Pioneer Infantry; Major Charles H. Robbins, Third Pioneer Infantry; Major Whitney, 2nd Anti-Aircraft Machine Gun Battalion; Major Allan Regan, 53rd Pioneer Infantry; Major Gilbert V. Schenck, 3rd Anti-Aircraft Machine Gun Battalion; Captain H. E. Strider, 326 Field Signal Battalion; Chaplain James Caree, 56th Pioneer Infantry; First Lieutenant G. D. Arnstein, 55th Pioneer Infantry; First Lieutenant Fred W. Beaucaer, 58th Pioneer Infantry; Mr. Ray Jenney, physical director, Y. M. C. A.; Father Brennan, Knights of Columbus; Harvey Cohn, division athletic director and First Lieutenant William S. O'Rourke, aide to General Carleton.

Athletic Officers—Lieutenant J. S. Schmalz, 1st Pioneer Infantry; Lieutenant L. G. Patrick, 2nd Pioneer Infantry; Lieutenant Francis W. White, 3rd Pioneer Infantry; Lieutenant Edward J. Clark, 51st Pioneer Infantry; Lieutenant N. R. Schwartz, 52nd Pioneer Infantry; Lieutenant P. D. McCall, 53rd Pioneer Infantry; Lieutenant M. Snyder, 54th Pioneer Infantry; Lieutenant A. D. Arnstein, 55th Pioneer Infantry; Lieutenant J. A. Carey, 56th Pioneer Infantry; Lieutenant Walter S. Shaw, 57th Pioneer Infantry; Lieutenant F. W. Baucher, 58th Pioneer Infantry; Lieutenant H. J. Logan, Headquarters Second Army Corps Troops; Captain A. J. Strider, 326th Field Signal Battalion; Lieutenant Robert E. Williams, First Anti-Aircraft Machine Gun Battalion; Lieutenant Charles A. Rodgers, Second Anti-Aircraft Machine Gun Battalion, and Lieutenant L. N. Upchurch, Third Anti-Aircraft Machine Gun Battalion.



FLEET ENGINEERS.

Harry Jensen and his team of Harriers from the 102nd Engineers. This cross country outfit won the team prizes in both of the races held in Camp. It will supply several of the men who will represent the 27th Division in the Evening Mail's Modified Marathon in New York in the next few weeks.

Boxing and Wrestling Committee—Lieutenant Colonel Timothy J. Donovan, 2nd Pioneer Infantry; Captain J. D. Sullivan, 57th Pioneer Infantry; Captain L. N. Smith, 55th Pioneer Infantry; Captain William J. Evans, 54th Pioneer Infantry; Lieutenant J. S. Schmalz, 1st Pioneer Infantry; Lieutenant H. E. Harrington, 53rd Pioneer Infantry; Lieutenant L. N. Upchurch, 3rd Anti-Aircraft Machine Gun Battalion; Lieutenant Potter, 52nd Pioneer Infantry; Lieutenant Lester A. Porter, 3rd Pioneer Infantry; Lieutenant Curtis, 56th Pioneer Infantry; Father Brennan, Knights of Columbus; Daniel Davis, Y. M. C. A., and Frank Moran, division boxing instructor.

Basket-ball and Volley-ball Committee—Captain Haller, 1st Pioneer Infantry; Lieutenant Segur, 2nd Pioneer Infantry; Lieutenant Francis White, 3rd Pioneer Infantry; Lieutenant O'Kane, 52nd Pioneer Infantry; Lieutenant S. W. Brennan, 53rd Pioneer Infantry; Lieutenant J. R. Ruffin, 53rd Pioneer Infantry; Lieutenant James C. Goddard, 54th Pioneer Infantry; Lieutenant Shancks, 55th Pioneer Infantry; Lieutenant Edgar Curtiss, 56th Pioneer Infantry; Lieutenant R. H. Williams, 3rd Anti-Aircraft Machine Gun Battalion; J. J. Carter, Knights of Columbus, and J. D. Anguish, Y. M. C. A.

Track, Field and Cross Country Committee—Maj. G. G. Holander, 2nd Pioneer Infantry; Captain Philip Sayles, 2nd Pioneer Infantry; Lieutenant McMahon, 1st Pioneer Infantry; Lieutenant Bennett Braude, 3rd Pioneer Infantry; Lieutenant Lewis, 52nd Pioneer Infantry; Lieutenant P. D. McCall, 53rd Pioneer Infantry; Lieutenant Saxon, 54th Pioneer Infantry; Lieutenant

Michaels, 55th Pioneer Infantry; Lieutenant Richard W. Jackson, 54th Pioneer Infantry; Chaplain James Carey, 56th Pioneer Infantry; Lieutenant Upchurch, 3rd Anti-Aircraft Machine Gun Battalion; J. V. Sexton, Knights of Columbus; Herman Stegman, Y. M. C. A., and Harvey Cohn.

Baseball Committee—Lieutenant Burnside, 1st Pioneer Infantry; Lieutenant Miller, 2nd Pioneer Infantry; Lieutenant White, 3rd Pioneer Infantry; Lieutenant Schwartz, 52nd Pioneer Infantry; Lieutenant Cobb, 53rd Pioneer Infantry; Lieutenant Rodgers, 54th Pioneer Infantry; Lieutenant Johnson, 55th Pioneer Infantry; Chaplain James Carey, 56th Pioneer Infantry; Lieutenant Boyd, 57th Pioneer Infantry; Lieutenant Bauchan, 58th Pioneer Infantry; Howard Ortnor, Y. M. C. A.; J. J. Carter, Knights of Columbus, and Lieutenant Logan, Headquarters Second Corps Troops.

Tennis Committee—Lieutenant Julius, 1st Pioneer Infantry; Lieutenant Riker, 2nd Pioneer Infantry; Captain Manners, 3rd Pioneer Infantry; Lieutenant Thomas, 2nd Pioneer Infantry; Lieutenant Cleave, 53rd Pioneer Infantry.

LIEUT. CAMERON BACK WITH HIS TROOP.

First Lieutenant Douglass T. Cameron, division headquarters troop, is relieved from detached service as adjutant of the officers' training camp and will assume command of his troop.

News of the Y. M. C. A.

EDITED BY RAY F. JENNEY.



THOMAS HAMILTON LEWIS, D.D.

Camp Religious Work Director at Wadsworth.

Dr. Thomas Hamilton Lewis came to Camp last week to join the Headquarters Staff of the Y. M. C. A. workers, as Camp Religious Work Director. Dr. Lewis succeeds Dr. Strayer, who returned to his church duties in Rochester, N. Y., some six weeks ago.

Dr. Lewis was educated in Western Maryland College and he became pastor at Cumberland and Baltimore, Md. He left the pastorate to organize the Theological Seminary at Westminster, Md. After spending four years there he was called to the Presidency of the Western Maryland College at Westminster, where he has been since 1886. Under his able direction and owing largely to his unstinted efforts in her behalf this college has made great advancements along every line, in enrollment, number of buildings and endowment. Western Maryland College is a State Institution, co-educational and under the Methodist Protestant patronage, yet non-sectarian. During this long service, with the exception of the last five years, Dr. Lewis taught logic, ethics and philosophy aside from his duties as Presi-

CHAPLAIN HANSCOM EASTER WEEK SPEAKER.

Easter week was a week long to be remembered at 93. Every evening, with the exception of Saturday, a half hour service was held in commemoration of our Lord's last week on earth.

Chaplain Hanscom of the 106th Regiment spoke at each service, and made a profound impression on the men. The most impressive service of the five was held Thursday night. After the regular evening service a communion was celebrated at which nearly three hundred men took the supper. Many of the boys remarked afterwards that it was the most impressive communion they had ever attended.

dent. Owing to the demands because of the increase in growth of the institution it necessitated the giving of this entire time to his presidential duties.

Dr. Lewis is Vice-President of the State Board of Education, of which board the Governor is President. He was the President of the General Conference of the Methodist Protestant Church from 1908-12. He has been a member of that General Conference for the last thirty years. In 1908, as the President of that Conference, he became the center of a great deal of interest in religious circles when he appeared before the Methodist Episcopal Conference and presented a sane, broad-minded and practical proposition for the Union of Methodism. This created so much sentiment in its favor that in 1909 he was asked to appear before the United Conference of the Methodist Church South, where he presented a like proposition. This singular step on the part of Dr. Lewis caused the various Methodist bodies to appoint committees who have been working on this matter since that time. The final meeting of the committees to take place in the near future are awaited with a great deal of interest. Dr. Lewis has written two books, "The Good Life," and "The Divine Credentials."

The degree of D. D. was conferred upon him by Adrian College of Michigan; LL.D. by Washington University of Maryland and D.D. by Victoria University of Toronto. He has a son in service at Camp Devans. The keen desire on the part of Dr. Lewis to serve his country led him to give up his beloved work where he has spent the greater part of his life to come and do his bit for God and country at Camp Wadsworth. The spirit of such a man as Dr. Lewis gives us high hope for the future.

IMPRESSIVE HOLY WEEK SERVICES.

Converse Girls Charm Audience.

The observance of Holy Week displaced everything else on the schedule of No. 96 except the movie program on Tuesday evening. Chaplain Foreman of the First Pioneers was the speaker on Wednesday evening and Chaplain Jaynes of the 108th Infantry on Friday. Both brought stirring and practical messages. On Thursday Secretary Welsh of our own building force gave the address. While the house was not filled, the attendance in each case was good. Saturday evening we had a great treat, when the choir of the First Presbyterian church of Spartanburg, under the direction of Mrs. Blotcky, gave us their full program of Easter music. They were assisted by Mr. G. G. Turrian of the 107th Ambulance Co., violinist. During the last chorus, "Hallelujah, Christ is Risen," the audience remained standing, and at the close gave to the choir, the director and Mr. Jordan, the Presbyterian camp pastor, a hearty vote of thanks.

On Easter Sunday our building was beautifully decorated with Easter lilies and dogwood. The flowers were the gift of the hospital nurses and of officers of the 108th and 53rd regiments, as well as of the Y. M. C. A. headquarters. Four services were held in the building. Holy Communion at 7:40, Chaplain Jaynes in charge; Lutheran Communion service at 9, conducted by Chaplain Keever and Mr. Ryden; regimental service at 10:30, with sermon by Chaplain Jaynes, and a second celebration of the Communion; Y. M. C. A. service at 6:45, with song service in charge of Mr. Clark, and a splendid address by Bishop F. D. Leete of Atlanta. Perhaps most enjoyed of all were a solo and trio charmingly rendered by young ladies of Converse College. Besides these gatherings in the building, our religious work director held an outdoor service Easter morning for the men of Co. B, First Anti-Aircraft Battalion, at the request of Captain Foss, and a service at the division stockade in the afternoon.

Mr. Fitz, our building secretary, is absent this week attending a conference at Blue Ridge, N. C.

IN UNCLE SAM'S NAVY.

Ensign—See the Captain on that bridge, five miles away?

Gun-pointer—Aye, aye, sir.

Ensign—Hit him in the eye with a 13-inch shell.

Gun-pointer—Which eye, sir?

SEVERE ATTACK OF "SPRING FEVER" AT "NINETY-SEVEN."

Ninety-seven has caught the spring fever,—new shades,—windows up,—doors open, and the movies now played on a screen out of doors. Many of the boys are still at the range, but new recruits are dropping in, so each evening finds us ministering to a full house.

Passion Week was a feast of good things. Special services were held each night, Saturday excepted. The climax came with Easter Sunday. Everything had conspired to make it a day of lasting impressions for the boys. The air was crystal pure, and the sun climbed a cloudless sky. All Nature was in joyous mood, and from far afield the liquid notes of the birds were borne on breezes laden with the perfume of awakening spring. At "97" we had tried to bring something of the beauty and fragrance of the woodland within. Every pillar and post was camouflaged with blooming branches. Back of the stage the waxen-white flowers of the dogwood, interspersed with the crimson of the red maple gave a striking effect, while other large receptacles on the stage held arm loads of fragrant bloom. Easter lilies in the glory of full bloom gave the final and appropriate touch to the Easter decorations.

At the request of Chaplain Keever, Dr. Ayres conducted the regimental service and delivered the Easter morning address. Some sixteen volunteers signed the War Roll at the conclusion of this service. Chaplain Shipman closed the day with a compelling address at seven-thirty. Many were the complimentary remarks concerning this address which made its impression on all hearts. He told us of the morning service at the range where the boxing ring was transformed into an out-door auditorium with pine and fir branches banked against the ropes, with an appropriate altar built in rustic style, and a white cross woven from the bloom of the dog-wood as a background. The spice of the mountain air lent spice to the service, and from this woody altar ascended the incense of devout and worshipful hearts.

Mr. Allen, our Building Secretary, left Monday for a ten days' conference at Blue Ridge, N. C.

Dr. Struble, Physical Work Secretary, was summoned to New York the last of the week and will be gone several days.

Paffors, Crary, and Ayres are on the job night and day and will hold the fort pending the arrival of re-inforcements.

The New Social Secretary, Mr. Crary, has enlisted the co-operation of a number of the men in beautifying the grounds adjacent to the building. Huge triangles are now found in the parking, and from these a flood of bloom will soon call attention to the Red Triangle and the fragrance of its work.

LIEUT. JEAN ALCIDE PICARD HERE.

Lieutenant Jean A. Picard, the ex-lieutenant of the French Army who is speaking at camps and camp towns all over this country, under the auspices of the Army Y. M. C. A., has been at Camp Wadsworth this week. M. Picard has spoken 1200 times in the past 12 months, an average of more than three times a day.

M. Picard gave a stirring address on the general subject, "What the American Boys Will Find in France," and his addresses ring with patriotism throughout. His able presentations of facts gave us some first-hand information about the French people, and helped us to correct some of the misconceptions we might have had concerning them or their country.

MADAM GRACE HALL RIHELDAFFER.

Madam Grace Hall Riheldaffer, a noted soprano and grand opera singer, is to be in Camp from April 13th to 17th. She will render a program in each of the Army Y. M. C. A. buildings.

Mme. Riheldoffer possesses a voice of rare quality, of great flexibility and range. She has a charming personality which radiates cheerfulness and patriotism.

Madam Riheldaffer and E. Edwin Crierie, her accompanist, are both artists of national repute.

The program will delight all the soldiers who have the opportunity to hear this wonderful singer.

MUSICAL AND DRAMATICAL ENTERTAINMENT.

Not since the Yule-Tide has a week been observed in such an unusual way at No. 95 as the past Easter week. According to plan there was an address of religious nature each night of the week except Thursday and Saturday nights.

Before each address and service there was a song service in which all the men joined heartily. The addresses were given by some of the strongest speakers that could be gotten in town and camp and their messages went straight home to us.

Perhaps the most interesting and the most impressive service of the week was a Communion Service held for all Christians Thursday night in which ten denominations participated.

Saturday night the 3rd Pioneer Infantry gave a musical and dramatical entertainment for the 4th Pioneers, formerly the Sixth Massachusetts Infantry, in commemoration of their call into the service a year ago. Their entertainment brought a crowd that filled the Y. M. C. A. building to its capacity. Corporal Wm. H. Casey was in charge of the program.

Y. M. C. A. TRAINING SCHOOL AT BLUE RIDGE.

Many Trained Workers Needed for Home and Overseas Work.

On March 25, the first 1918 Officer Reserve Training School for Army and Navy Y. M. C. A. Secretaries opened at Blue Ridge Y. M. C. A. Secretaries Association, Black Mountain, near Asheville, North Carolina, in the heart of the beautiful Blue Ridge Mountains. It is planned to train 200 men for Red Triangle service, either at home or overseas, in this first of a series of intensive training courses offered by the Young Men's Christian Association of the United States in the Southeastern Department.

R. H. King, Associate Executive Secretary and Field Secretary for the Atlantic Coast States Division of the Southeastern Department, representing the Army and Navy Y. M. C. A., will be in charge of the training school. W. W. Alexander, head of the Southeastern Department, bureau of personnel, is conducting the recruiting campaign for Red Triangle Secretaries in the Southland, aided by committees in each of the seven States of the Department—the Carolinas, Georgia, Alabama, Florida, Tennessee and Mississippi.

Four building secretaries from Camp Wadsworth have gone to Blue Ridge for ten days special training. These men are Secretary Allen, No. 97; Secretary Bonk, No. 271, Secretary Jenney, No. 95; Secretary Fitz, No. 96.

LOCAL "Y" WORKERS ANSWER CALL FOR OVERSEAS DUTY.

New York City National headquarters announces that 43 new Red Triangle Secretaries are needed every 24 hours for war work here and overseas. There are approximately 4,500 "Y" secretaries in uniform; 3,000 manning the green-stained huts in American training camps; 1,500 overseas, with 200 more ready to sail. The "Y" workers at Camp Wadsworth take pride in the fact that they are to furnish at least two of that number, and that since December 1st, 1917, a dozen men have left the work here for positions of responsibility overseas.

During the next six months 4,500 new secretaries must be recruited and trained, 850 being the quota asked for from the Southeastern Department.

A most urgent call has been received for 250 Y. M. C. A. physical directors for overseas service at once. In addition to this demand has come the S. O. S. signal for 165 high-grade, first-class men for motor service in France.

Men for these branches of the Y. M. C. A. service must be over the draft age and must be in thorough sympathy with the war.

COLLEGIANS STILL HAVE EDGE ON SOLDIERS.

Wofford College scored another baseball victory at the expense of Camp Wadsworth last Wednesday when they trounced the officers of the 51st Pioneers. The score was 8 to 5. For a while the officers, with a 3 run lead, seemed to have things cinched, but seven tallies in the eighth by the student players turned the tide.

Schwarz did the twirling for the Pioneers and displayed a gilt edge delivery. Errors behind him spoiled all his work late in the game. Wright of Wofford connected safely four times in five trips to the bat.

Score by innings:

Officers1 0 0 3 0 0 0 1—8
Wofford1 0 0 0 0 0 0 7—5

Batteries—Schwarz and Cobb; Martin and Rivers. Umpire, Devril.

It was visiting day at the hospital. The visitors were mostly old ladies, and one of them stopped at the bed of a Tommy and asked him a question he had been asked a score of times before, thus:

"How did you come to be wounded, my brave fellow?"

"By a shell, mum," replied the hero.

"Did it explode?" queried the lady.

"No," answered Tommy, rather bored; "it crept up and bit me!"—Tit-Bits.

CLASSIFIED.

(By Norman M. Moss, Co. 115, U. S. M. C., Santo Domingo.)

A sentry on post was being questioned by the Officer of the Day.

"Do you know your General Orders?"

"No sir."

"What's your name, sentry?"

"H. B. Haberling, sir."

"What rank?"

"Rear rank, sir."

"Captain, the compass needle is most erratic. We cannot tell where we are."

"Devil take it! That's the result of all the crew getting the Iron Cross."—Passing Show.

AUTO RACES HERE.

We are contemplating having a series of auto races at the Spartanburg Fair Grounds, during the second or third week of April. Entries are open to soldier and civilian drivers or owners, whose car and driving experience can come up to the standard of requirements.

There are to be both professional and amateur races of varied distances for money prizes and trophies.

Drop us a card Ye Dare Devils and watch for announcements.

Motor cycle racing also.

Address all communications to Racing Committee in care of Company D, 2nd Anti-Aircraft M. G. Battalion, Camp Wadsworth, S. C.

K. OF C. NEWS

WORK OF THE ASSISTANTS ON THE HILL TOP.

The No. 2 Hall down on Blackstock Road has been opened and each night it is filled with the men from the Artillery Regiments and the Remount Station down across the Trunk Line. It is probable that Mr. Timothy Kearney will be the old secretary to take up new quarters and fly from the parent roof, but his associates are still undetermined. Several new men are on the way and the appointments depend on what General Secretary Sexton calls a multitude of conflicting circumstances.

Another man is coming to take the place of Shriver who has been handling the publicity work and who will leave for France during this month, who left for overseas April 3.

Athletics are waking up as it was hoped they would under the direction of Jimmy Carter. Last week he held a big meeting in the new offices which was attended by the Athletic loving officers of the 27th and Pioneer divisions. Quite a number of plans were suggested and several schemes for awakening inter-organization rivalry were discussed, and it will not be long until there will be real doings in the athletic world at Wadsworth. When the big leagues start we start. But we hope to finish first and begin again on the other side. Come what may the Main Hall is on the way to be the center of Camp Athletic activity and those interested in sports of every kind will do well to keep in touch with Mr. Carter and the officers and men associated with him in fostering his plans.

Private Tom Cody is hard at work on the stage sets on the indoor theater, and even now a very definite idea can be had of the grandeur and splendor that is near at hand. The night that Morey put his show on our foots blazed out in glory for the first time, and when the main and side lights were turned out the gasp of admiration and astonishment that broke from the audience was soul satisfying in the extreme.

K.-C. SECRETARIES IN FRANCE.

The first contingent of the overseas Secretaries has arrived in France to take up their work under the direction of Mr. Walter N. Kernan of Utica. The party included Joseph F. Kernan of Utica; John C. Dawson, John W. Scully, of South Norwalk, Conn.; Arthur W. Frenier, J. Bennet Nolan, T. J. McAndrews, of Utica; John T. Sparks, of Dracut, Mass.; and W. W. O'Neill. All these men have been in the service of the K. of C. War Activities in America for several months, and all are thoroughly trained and ready to establish recreational facilities where ever they may be needed.

Included in Mr. Kernan's force are three women who will devote themselves to office

work in Paris. They are Miss Rosemary Kernan, of Utica; Miss Elizabeth Cole, of Baltimore, and Miss Tessie Romaine, of Washington. These women have undertaken the task that confronts them in the same spirit as have the men, that they may serve God and country and help in winning the war. Other women are to go abroad from time to time on the same mission and from now on a continual stream of K. of C. workers of all kinds will be kept moving to France.

EASTER SUNDAY FIELD MASS.

The Rev. William J. Stephenson, now chaplain of the 5th Pioneer Infantry, said the half past ten o'clock mass at the hall on the new outdoor stage on Easter Sunday. The little white altar had been carried out to the south side of the building and set against the walls. These had been previously hung with white bunting and draped with flags, and all around was festooned slender springlike boughs of dogwood gathered from the woods down along Snake road, and on the hills above the little stream. The flags, the bunting, the white and yellow of the blooms and the fresh young green of the leaves made a wonderful setting for the service, and there under the pines and oaks more than twenty-five hundred soldiers gathered for the Divine Sacrifice. There is no place in camp, perhaps, better suited to such a purpose as the wooded slope rising from the Hall to the main road, forming as it does a natural amphitheater and it was an inspiring and ennobling sight to see the hundreds of khaki clad men kneeling, bare-headed under the blue sky. The sermon was preached by Father Stephenson, who took for his text the gospel of the day.

OUR OWN GAY WHITE WAY.

Private Morey and Jack Tresize with his 53rd Pioneer Orchestra put on another big show at the Knights of Columbus Hall that outclassed all those that have gone before. True it is that Morey's company was made up of old time favorites but it is a trite saying that old friends are best and it surely proves so in these cases. There was Vansant of the 107th with songs, and stories. Jim and Oakley Morey in a comedy sketch, Rube Layton of the Ambulance Companies, with his droll and laughable stuff, Kennedy of You Know Me, Al fame and his castanets. Frank Mulhern who sang a number of songs, Chris Dunn who performed on the violin, Martin Joyce also of the 107th Ambulance who told a number of clever stories in a most amusing way and finally Oakley Morey, Jim's brother, assistant and general Fidus Achates, who sang a song or so to fill out and round out the bill.

(Continued on page 23)

THE FIRST PIONEERS KNOW THEY'RE GOOD.

The Real Tale of Their Ability Told
By Their Own Staff Correspondent.

First Pioneers Go "Over the Top" and Give
'em 'em.

Thirteen hits, coupled with three errors, netted the Officers' team of the 1st Pioneer Infantry 14 runs, which was almost three times enough to win from their neighborly opponents, the Officers' team of the 2nd Pioneer Infantry. The final score stood 14 to 5, with the 1st Pioneers carrying off the long end.

That's the story in a nutshell. But here are some of the details:

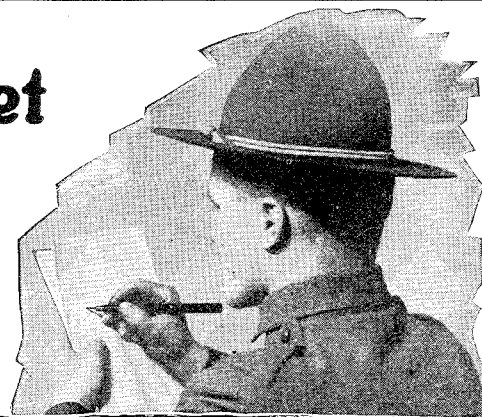
It was good Friday and we really should have had mercy on 'em. And we would have let 'em down much easier, only they started to kid us along in the fifth inning, which made us sort of hot under the collar.

We had first bats and started the game off by pushing two runs across the pan. We let things stand that way until the first half of the fourth, when we figured we needed more exercise so we batted out three more tallies. Then just to show the boys from the Second that we were good fellows we let them have five runs in their half of the fourth. Then it was they started in to kid us.

All through the fifth session they kept wagging their tongues, telling us how rotten we were, and all that stuff. It finally got us peeved, so just to let them know that it was the FIRST Pioneers that they were playing and not some brush league outfit, we opened up in the sixth and shoved five more runs across the home plate. That sort of held 'em for a while. They quieted down considerably. But it only lasted for a couple of sessions. After retiring them in one, two, three order in their half of the eighth on only five pitched balls, we sort of felt that we had "learnt them a lesson." But no they wouldn't mind. They must have still figured that they could rattle our pitcher, but old "Ironsides" Gallagher was calm as a hot July day, and, as was stated before, retired the side on five pitched balls.

Our boys played SOME game. It was the first game this season in which we used old "Ironsides" Gallagher. You see we were just saving him for that bunch from the Second Pioneers. Well, he sure did make 'em feel bad. He allowed 'em only five hits—they were donated—and caused 13 of 'em to fan the breeze. There was never a time during the entire fracas that he didn't wear a smile, which fact made it certain that he was master of the situation. In addition to the above he slammed out a double and a single to help his team pile up a score. Laing and Simrell were the real stars with the club. The former got three hits, a walk and flied out, in five trips to the plate. The latter lined out two triples, was hit by the pitcher

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once and was safe on a fielder's choice in the fourth trip to the pan. Brown secured two safe hits and every other man on the team got one except Julian, who would have got his only the pitcher got scared and walked him on his last time up. Tavenner replaced Rockwell in the 5th and got a base on balls and a single out of two trips to the plate.

Honest, boys, it was easy stuff. We would like to say something good for the boys from the Second. We would like to tell you about some of their stars. But they just refused to shine. The only good thing we can say about them is that they did take their medicine like men. And they want to cross bats with us again, which sure does show they are game, after getting such a trouncing as we did give them.

And now this closes our little write-up. I'll admit we give ourselves a sort of puff, but don't you think we sort of deserve it? We've played only two games thus far but in both we have showed that we were unquestionably the better team. Class, that's us all over. Any other officers' team desiring to give us some practice should get in touch with our manager, Lieutenant Waldo Burnside.

FIRE WATER ONLY.

Clerk (in small-town hotel)—Will you have a pitcher of water sent to your room, sir?

Colonel Bluegrass—Water? What for? Ain't there any fire-escape?—Boston Transcript.

K. OF C. NEWS.

(Continued from page 22.)

Dr. Woolsey was on the job as usual, and assisted by Secretary Carter, led the boys in a number of rollicking roaring choruses; so much so that the windows shook and everybody had a good time. There was one song not down on the program that made the hit of the evening. During an interim some ambitious soul in the second row started off on "The Sidewalks of New York" and the hearts and souls of the boys floated away from the sand and dust of Wadsworth to the rush and roar of the sub and Brooklyn Bridge and peaceful quiet of the lowly Bronx. A particular hit was the playing by Tresize's Orchestra of several numbers from that old favorite, The Chocolate Soldier. When he came to "My Hero" everybody, even Dr. Woolsey, joined in one big outburst of enthusiastic song.

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SPARTANBURG, S. C.

BATTERY B, 104TH FIELD ARTILLERY. (CAMP DETACHMENT.)

We would like to know how "Wild" Bill Vojik would get along without his pipe or cigars. Bill doesn't look natural without a cigar or a pipe of the "Baltimore heater" type, in his mouth.

If the phonograph and dance records in our mess hall hold out, there will be quite a bunch of Vernon Castles developed in our battery.

"Hick" Conklin, the Suffem "clover kicker," and Wyrobrink, whose favorite call is Siek Call, are the original "gim-me" twins.

The following dialogue occurred at the physical examination the other day:

Doctor, to Garvey: "How do you feel?"
Garvey: "Dizzy."

Doctor: "What makes you think you're dizzy?"

Garvey: "Because they call me dizzy."

B Battery's Handshakers: "Who takes the Sergeant out to supper?" One of the stable cops.

"Who sent Corp. Galka an Easter card?"
"We know—" Washington Heights Jack.

Jersey Jack Naughton had his hair cut Sing Sing style some time ago and its growth since then has been disappointing, so to make up for the deficiency on his head, Jack has started growing hair on his lip, with such success that the moustache will soon warrant the use of a currycomb.

Uncle Henry Curtis took an awful fall out of the English language the other night. "Henny" was in his bunk and the light bothered him so, he yelled out to the card players to "distinguish the light."

St. Patrick's Day was fittingly celebrated in our mess shack. The Irishmen, Madden, Dillon, Naughton and McGinty, carried their calling cards (bricks) around with them in the hopes of starting a shindig, but it didn't materialize. The only cloud on the horizon was the fact that a foreigner (Bill Vojik) furnished the music on a mouth organ. Only an Irishman should play Irish tunes, and there's no Irish in Bill.

Wyrobrink, our Governor's Island tailor, wants to know why he gets fatigue for missing one water call a week.

Christian gave us a lecture the other night entitled "Around the United States on a Side-door Pullman."

BATTERY C, 106TH FIELD ARTILLERY.

Our former Mess Sergeant, Oelheim, better known as Chas. Chaplin, 2nd, is now learning to play polo on the picket line, and is being instructed by our well-known Stable Sergeant, May.

Venus de Mancuso, better known as the "Galloping Wop," had his picture taken in tights, and is willing to send his picture to any girl that would like to have one. He hopes in this way to get acquainted with an heiress.

Well known saying by our First Sergeant: "Cut it out, Maclaw, I can't hear myself think." W. J. P.

COMPANY I, 51ST PIONEER INFANTRY.

Johnnie Molinari, the coming lightweight champ of Wadsworth, is out for another championship. He challenges any man in camp on "roller skates" and guarantees to fall 2 to 1.

Our stew artists, Anderson and Parker, tried their hands at "roller skating" the other night, and now our mechanics are busy patching the floor.

Will our Mess Sergeant Strula please stop buying locks for the doors in the kitchen and buy apples for apple pie? You know, Bennie, \$3.50 would buy SOME apples.

Mechanic Hogg has had a little trouble with his feet lately. When the Doc. looked him over he asked him what he did for a living in civilian life. George said he was a dancing instructor, and now we guess poor George will have to work for a living when this war is over.

Will Sergeant Mulready please change his brand of smoking tobacco? Tom, we like smoking but that pipe would kill all the buzzards in South Carolina.

Phil Quinn, the canteen artist, is some salesman. But Phil has been christened the "Ap-pi-o-la" King.

A new disease has been discovered in our Sergeant's tent, known as "Reveilleitus." Ask McLeod; he knows!

Will Sailor King kindly tell the boys why he didn't go to Spartanburg after a board the other day? Ask Sergeant Demerest; he knows.

Lewis & Fountain, our battery, will stick closer to the street from now on, I guess. Both are gluttons for cleaning the Mess Hall.

Joe Rich had a soft detail Wednesday night. He was to report to headquarters at 7 P. M., dressed neatly. Joe told everyone he was to be one of the ushers at the Harris Theatre. Poor Joe. He can handle iron beds. Can't you Joe? Joe is also known as the "Flower Girl of Company I."

Frank Bowron just returned from the hospital after an operation and is looking forward to 30 days at home. Now every time we see Frank, he always asks, "Did you hear anything?"

Will the Volley-ball players please keep off our lawn? Tent No. 5.

Mechanic Methven, the "goggle artist," painted his truck and is going around all puffed up.

Bob Walsh is known as the King of Details. Ask Sergeant Martin; he knows.

Joe Shechy will soon be giving free exhibitions on trick bicycle riding. All Joe has to do is to get the bicycle. No coaster-brake on this one, Joe.

Color Sergeant Tucker, formerly a member of Company I, was awarded a 25-year service medal, and Sergeant Daniel Campbell re-

CAPTAIN HACKLIN.

Captain Walter F. Hacklin, medical reserve corps, having reported to headquarters, depot for corps and army troops, is assigned to temporary duty at the base hospital.

COMPANY B, 105TH MACHINE GUN BATTALION.

The Company's sincere congratulations, Lieutenant Reynolds, on your promotion. This may seem a little late in coming, but our composer was knocked cold for a few days and so we were unable to send this in before.

The First Sergeant has "it" and most of the officers have gone to the Range, so "Tom" is now enjoying a few days of quiet convalescence, after having had a visit from Spartanburg's mysterious epidemic.

Since Sergeant Brown's debut at the Sergeant's Table, he's been telling some of the most "subtle" jokes we've ever had occasion to hear. They're always just a little beyond our comprehension. A clever boy, "Our Bert."

We had SOME spring shake up and all seem well pleased except those same few.

Old man Duruz is slinging a pen in Tent No. 1 for awhile, first class assistant to Thomas.

Our "Prune Hound" Rupert had better watch his step or he'll lose his title, for Walter Garlan is running a close second these days.

Newlywed Larry is now enjoying the second month of his matrimonial voyage and hasn't been seasick yet.

Now that our lawn, after much care and watering, looks like the Mall in Central Park, someone please tell us how to cut the grass, for Supply Sergeant Dick claims that after looking over the tables of Fundamental Allowances, that there doesn't seem to be any lawn mowers in them.

Old man Cox blew his family to a wild party at the Hostess House and the evening was enjoyed by all. Sergeant Major Tector and Sergeant Henderson of the Canadian M. G. Corps joined the party later and discussed topics of the times and a FEW others. We'd like to know about the FEW others.

Eddie Cochran is our "Champ Canteener." If you meet him on the street and ask him where he is bound for, you always get the same reply, "Canteen."

Neville's looking sad these days. Why? Oh! He's broke and can't have his usual hour or two of poker these balmy spring evenings.

O. F. T.

COMPANY B, 107TH INFANTRY.

The following news item appeared in the New York World, of April 1, 1918: "New York adopted daylight saving yesterday without the merest incident to ruffle its temper."

Now we can all readily understand why dear old New York's temper should not be ruffled, because the only human beings entitled to get ruffled are those who recline in the shadow of an army tent.

The further fact that we lost that extra hour's sleep on our only morning of rest (?) was bad, very bad; the various comments on false economy heard that memorable morning shall go down in history.

Another slight difficulty caused by this

daylight saving is in securing enough flashlights and lanterns for the "Street Police" on their morning promenade in search of stray cigarette butts, etc. It has been suggested that a high-powered light be installed on the roof of the mess shack to enable the street cleaning department to pick their burdensome way along. Let there be light!

Last week we had a holiday and B Company did not go on guard.

How come Cyril? How come?

Since Supply Sergeant Brunig left on his furlough, R. H. Woods has been seen to laugh occasionally. The worried look has left his face and he can be seen any morning reclining on the rafters of his tent reading "The Ladies' Home Journal." It's the old story about the cat being away.

Corporal Irvine was transferred to the M. P.'s a few days ago and just to show us all that his intentions were still good, he would have nothing less than an automobile drive right up in front of his tent for him. How did you get that way, Pat?

We understand that Roy Beach likes to play "Three-deep."

Bill Breck would call these afternoon maneuvers of ours "A study in Blue."

But a study in "Blues" was the look on Estey's face the other afternoon when he rushed breathlessly up to Captain Blythe with the wild report that Captain Fallon had about four dozen prisoners cornered in an old barn who "refused to be captured."

Latest reports from the Associated Press, however, make the official statement that Pat Estey, after making his report, returned to his patrol on the double, and heedless of all danger, he rushed to the barn and single-handedly captured the enemy. In fact the hole is still in the side of the barn where our hero, in his terrific plunge, tore his way through, much to the distress of the Jersey cow in the last stall.

Did you-all enjoy the wiles of Juanita the other night? The hair-raising stunts reeled off had all of the audience up on their feet most of the time.

As far as that goes most of the said audience were on their feet all of the time, because they couldn't be any place else under the circumstances.

Those who were unable to see the picture from the rear could at least hear Joe Sill's private monologue and thereby got the gist of it anyway.

"You know me, Al," says Cascio to A. S. Johnston.

"'Tis true! 'Tis true!" says the "Busted Sofa," wiggling his left ear in great ecstasy of deep emotion.

The result generally is that Cassidy has to haul Albert out of the Sibley and hold Cascio back at the point of the bayonet.

On or about the night of April 2, 1918, one electric light bulb was lost, strayed or stolen from the domicile of the First Squad, First Platoon.

Fair warning is hereby given the culprits who borrowed, exchanged or naturally swiped said light and unless it is returned within five days, foul means must be resorted to.

The much-heralded bout between "Rusty" Rohlin and "Quivering" Quackenbush is scheduled to take place on July 4th. All rights reserved, including ringside seats.

Music will be furnished by Larry Hoyt's Jazz band with McClure at his old position at third base playing the trombone.

The winner will probably receive ten days on the street and K. P. for a month.

Sergeant Odell has been detailed to drill recruits over at the old camp of the Second Battalion of the 102nd Engineers.

We also hear from reliable sources that Sam is going to be detailed for life to the "one and only girl" very soon.

We all wish him the best of luck and heartiest congratulations.

A surprising number of husky chests developed during the process of the taking of pictures of the First Battalion. Mechanic Cook broke off four buttons on his coat as a result of the severe strain on his lungs.

Doll claims that he spent his furlough on Staten Island but we couldn't believe that of anybody. Ask "Dad" Heath, he knows what a hardship it is.

Sergeant Morgan and Corporal Hepburn are still rattling the old piano keys. They are hoping to be able to take the piano along with them to France. If they ever play "Paddle-Addle," in the front line trenches, Fritz will just naturally walk out and surrender in order to hear the encore.

How's the grass growing around your front lawn?

CORPORAL D. VAN R. HILL.

Letter One to Catholic Soldiers

Among you boys in training are thousands who will want to send home a suitable gift before starting for France. You don't know what to buy. You'll go floating around, picking up all sorts of nicknacks you don't want because you don't know what you do want.

Why not send father, mother, sister, brother, wife or sweetheart a remembrance with no nonsense about it? Something that will last, and be used daily; something with real sentiment in it; something with solemn thought in it; something of religious significance; something that will call up the image of the absent one at the time he most wishes to be remembered—the time of prayer.

Nothing fits these requirements like a rosary; nothing *except* a rosary fits them *at all*.

We make rosaries \$1 to \$50; good ones, \$2.50; better, \$4 and \$5; solid 10k gold, \$20; 14k, \$25; new "pearl," \$10. That last is wonderful; the "pearls" look exactly like real pearls for 1,000 times the money, and will wear a lifetime, more, too; it is the ideal gift for First Communion, graduation and weddings. Can be seen by sending the price, to be returned if not wanted. Rosaries will be engraved free and sent to you in a handsome case or direct to your friends. Illustrated catalog for full information. Wish we could print it all here. As to our reliability we refer to our friends at Camp Wadsworth, Lieut. J. F. Greaney, Co. L, 107th Infantry, and Sergeant A. G. Roian-delli, Co. F, 105th Inf.

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AMBULANCE COMPANY NO. 107.

Charley McKenna, our popular fistic artist, broke into the limelight Sunday on the parade grounds by giving an exhibition bout before the movies with Fred McDermott of the 106th Field Hospital Company. Having boxed before the camera, "Mac" now makes a wild dash for the mail every day, hugging in his breast the fond expectation of receiving a flattering offer from the Triangle Film Corporation.

Sergeant Bolin has been dispossessed for non-payment of rent by the tenants of Tent No. 3, and he is batching alone in the little tent at the head of the street from whence issues the company orders in the name of the Top-Sergeant. The old gang wish him the best of success and good fortune in his new capacity.

Fasensfeld and Tillinghast, soul mates and exponents of the form divine, are putting in zealous hours tuning up for their new spring dance. "Fasie" as the irresistible Shepherd lutes the Fairy Queen feet of "Tillie" all over the lot in the chase for the Golden Gum Drops. This pair sure are educating their feet.

Ingram, our painless dentist, is offering big money for molars for experimental purposes. Since the overture "Doc" has lost his Pull with the boys.

LeRoy (on recent manouver)—"What are those patients over there. Mostly Femurs?"

Dick Cronin (Speed King of the Dressing Station). "No. All Infantrymen."

On Brigade Manouvers last week near Tyger River this company evacuated forty patients in the record time of three minutes to the man. The work was well done, and Lieutenant Russell was complimented on the showing made.

Lieutenant Smith, C. O., reported for work Saturday following a ten-day visit in New York City. A reliable tip is breathed around that while in the big burg the Boss chartered a Staten Island ferryboat for our transportation to the Virgin Islands, to which place we depart for on December 1, 1926, to do guard duty.

John Oakley Morey, one time Chord King of this outfit, is more than holding his own in the Divisional Veterinary Corps, to which branch of the service he was recently transferred. Oakley is missed from our opera troupe de luxe. In company with Sergeant Jim Tracy, also a former one of us, he occupies a neat little office opposite Headquarters.

Geo. Elsaser is spending the spring season at the Divisional Bastille, where he hopes to find rest and time for meditation. The visit is the direct result of missing a most important engagement with the C. O.

The Cook's Tent has undergone a surprising metamorphosis since last week. Repeated paragraphs in the Company Log Book bordering on the uncomplimentary mein, which later caused torturous fatigue, no doubt, instigated the dolling up. The tent is now a masterpiece of beauty, and for a few days ought to be a fitting place of abode. Kilbride sent to the Q. M. Department at

55TH PIONEER INFANTRY.

Band Leader John Bolton was hurriedly summoned to Buffalo on account of the severe illness of his wife.

Assistant Band Leader Frank Schultz wakened all his tent mates the other night and conducted "The Old Grey Mare" to a safe arrival at the corral to the delight of the squad who finally woke him up, too. Frank will be a great band leader some day.

Sergeant Arthur Murray, Company C, returned from a ten-day furlough with a greater respect for the warm climate of South Carolina. Art forgot to take his overcoat with him and ran into snowstorm in Buffalo.

Sergeant Albert Haak, Company D, also returned from furlough lately, and the full details of his return can be obtained from Sergeant Charlie Blyle, or ask First Sergeant Lawrence Haberer of D Company, he knows.

Sergeant Ollie Palmer is so far the champion in Headquarters street with the gloves. An eighteen-foot ring has been set up for the sport and bouts are held every night to determine the championship of the regiment.

First Sergeant George Lohouse, Company G, was ordered by wire from Washington to report immediately to that city for duty with a Signal outfit making final preparations for foreign service. The good wishes of the regiment are with you, George.

Musician Duncan Boyne has also received instructions to be in readiness for instant departure with a unit of the Quartermaster Corps.

First Sergeant Charlie Close, of Company C, still gets that letter every day, and when he doesn't—well, don't get in the way, because there are plenty of extra details.

The officers and enlisted men played a ball game last Saturday, but the scorer got tired of counting the runs after the first inning—the runs made by the enlisted men. It was hardly an equal contest, though, because the going was heavy and the canvas leggings wore "hobs."

Washington for a miniature submarine to be used while he is working in the company office during a rainstorm. The office-tent is a cross between a sieve and Niagara Falls.

Frank Sheridan is assisting Electrician Bierne of the Division Show somewhere in America. Frank fell for the nifty pony on the left end.

Life's Mysteries Go On Forever.

Brown's Breeches.
Right Dress.
Baehmann's Biscuits.
Yaphank Pants.
Litter Drill.
The Furlough List.
South Carolina Dogs—Number and Kind.
"Acting Private" Ascher Mannheim.
The Log Book.
Kellermann's Girls.
Orders to Move.
The New Pack.
Handy.

G. F. B.

COMPANY A, 102ND SUPPLY TRAIN.

"Reisenweber's squad" had its usual Saturday night entertainment. Dizzy Boylan and C. F. Walsh had things their own way.

Sergeant Stewart and T. Gorman were there with a punch.

Privates Pop Rogers and Stump Juniper F. Walsh have been promoted to Corporals. "Atta" boys, keep up your good work!

Nig Warren, our famous Baseball Star, does much better at K. P.

Birdie Weber has taken to the art of cooking.

Our student cook, H. Davis, is there. We must give you credit, Howard.

Also Student Cook David McFrazier "is aces" in making corn fritters.

After all winter, at bunk fatigue, Mike Devancy has taken up a new spring training in setting up exercises.

"Lour Jimimo," our "Bachelor Friend," after returning from his long furlough, has informed us that he got married.

"Stump Jumpers" F. Walsh and H. Davis were on their furloughs, visiting Mount Marcy, three miles from Lake Placid.

Cook Christian is now doing bunk fatigue at Base Hospital. We all await your return, "Harry."

J. W.

BATTERY F, 105TH FIELD ARTILLERY.

Well, we "done" it again. At last week's inspection, Major Wright brought the officers—commissioned and otherwise—of our Battalion to show them how a shelter tent ought to look at inspection, and we showed 'em.

Columbus had nothing on our Battery Clerk Tietz, who has discovered that our general Supply Sergeant was once a butcher boy, much to the chagrin of Sergeant Clinton Esten Marshall.

Horseshoer John Timlin hereby hurls a challenge to exacting Corporal Paxton. "You've been doing a lot of talking lately, Paxton. Make good."

It appears that while Lieutenant Farrell's horse, "Pimento," is all right for short rides, Lieutenant Shecan's "Paddy" horse takes the long ones.

"Life's Mysteries."

When will Mess Sergeant Groll smile?

Who stole Sergeant Hennessy's electric bulb?

Why was Gallagher made a cannoneer?

Why does Mechanic Cobb wait until Taps to write his "only"?

Why did the "M. P." stop Sergeants Hirt and Loughced at Campobello?

Who is our "First Cook"?

Why does Corporal Jacob receive more mail than any other man in the Battery?

"Well Known Sayings" by Sergt. Mills.

"When I was in Macon, Georgia."

"It's been regulation since 1776." That's long before our time, Pop.

"Kelly, you're an Irish agitator."

"All out; it is time to go to bed."

SERGEANT T. H. P.



Throat dry? Voice husky?
Lubricate with

WRIGLEY'S

It refreshes and sustains. Aids digestion.

Wrigley's Spearmint
Wrigley's Doublemint
Wrigley's Juicy Fruit

The Flavor Lasts!

CAMP QUARTERMASTER DETACHMENT CORPS.

The game played on Easter Sunday against the Motor Truck Co. No. 331 proved to be very interesting after the second inning. It looked at first that the Q. M.'s would have a regular 27th Divisional parade as Pitcher Otte was an easy mark; however, after Pitcher Lehy took the box, business picked up for the "Truckers." The pitching of Lieutenant Collier and the four-bagger made by Blakely, were the features of the game, which ended in our favor—20 to 10. Batteries for Truck Company: Otte, Lehy, Baly and Erbell. For Quartermaster: Lieut. Collier, Smith, Glatzmeyer.

What's Hudson's first name? U—do—no.

Since Congress has passed an act stating that Father Time should have a 60-minute start each day, twilight sleep will become very popular round "these parts." Already I have noticed several doing "bunk fatigue" while the sun's last rays lingered upon the horizon. Breakfast by moonlight sounds very romantic, but "there ain't no such animal" 'round Sparkingsburg.

Sergeant Earl Scheuer, a la "aide de camp," is still in our midst, telling his English jokes and using Daniel Webster's most choice words. Have a heart, Earl, and come down to earth. You are shooting over our heads.

How "Wood" you like to take a "Long" "Crews" up the "Hudson" to "Mulvihill." Well, put on your "Kelly," hide your "Jewels" and "Trotti" along. It will only cost two "Franks," including a "Gross" of "Dusenbury" wine, served by a baby "Doll," with a "Rose" in her "Haire." We will hire a "Hall" and "Scheuer" her with "Cohn," after which a "Lieut. Monk" from the "Nunnery" will fire a "Cannon" sending "White" "Smook" and "Shills" down to "Tennessee." On our return "Dav—is" going to "Grant" "Evans," who will be "Waring" a smile and feeling like a "Newman" a bit of "Wilson," that's all—signed Fitzgerald, alias Red—per Simmens.

The Corporal from Alabama informs us that there is enough coal in Jefferson county, by heck, to supply the world for eleven hundred years. This must be very gratifying to

Mr. Garfield, but like most of your fairy tales, we think "someone has been kidding you."

Such sighs as, "Oh, if my Edith were only here," and "I wonder what my Peggy is doing now," and "I would give my life to see my Lizzie," come to my ears on all occasions. It is true that "In the spring a young man's fancy lightly turns to thoughts of love," but it's some sad sight to see a love-sick "Sammie."

Our very diligent fireman, P. B. Sewell, is "firing up" on all occasions. His specialty seems to be manipulating the heavy artillery on Sundays. Keep up the good work, we like to see you holding up your end.

The famous blonde Scotchman, Jimmy Robertson, says, "I am witty, but the gink who wrote 'Snowbound,' was Whittier." Old stuff, but we will have to hand it to you, Jim, even if you are from Paterson.

Don't forget about our "open air" movies. The picture shown on last Tuesday night was a "pippin" fresh from Broadway. All men in camp are cordially invited, and we hope to see the S. R. O. sign out on every "feature" night. These pictures are the best productions on the market and well worth your time. Come and enjoy them with us.

E. D. T.

M. S. T. U. 319 Q. M. C.

"Teedee" Duer, from furlough, reports the ladies still recognize a private.

Eddie Ingold could start a Canteen with the box of eats received last week. That is, he might have had not "Sooner" Cary been bunkin' in the next stall.

Count Rekouski will be loaned to any company contemplating side shows. The noble Russian "swallers" pancakes en masse.

The "MUSTS" will soon be heard from, for a baseball team is being organized with our C. O. as Coach. All teams are challenged and your own in particular. Drop a line to the "Top."

Purely purposely patiently pleads Papa Pensock pointing poignantly, "Wrap Leg-gins!!" Perdition !*!*!*

The mail has increased, and we feel it is due to "Paderewski" Roth who entertains us while we write.

RYE STRAW.



World Brevities

Edited by J. S. KINGSLEY



LAUNCHING SHIPS.

Thirty-one ships were launched in this country during January and February, and one a day during March, each ship averaging 3,000 tons. Chairman Henley promises a speeding up of the ship program immediately. Japan has 113 idle shipways which are doing nothing for lack of steel. These now will get busy for our country has purchased over one hundred thousand tons of shipping from Japan and will sell her in return steel sheets and plates for ships.

LARGEST WOODEN SHIP IN SOUTH.

At Orange, Texas, the war mystery, the largest wooden ship ever built in the South was launched the first week of March. It is a 5,000-ton ship, constructed out of 1,400,000 feet of Southern pine. It is built according to a new type which uses only small timbers, thus increasing the capacity and lessening the feet of lumber used.

AMERICA HAS A BIG GUN.

America will soon have a big gun which will shoot a shell one inch larger in diameter than the great German gun. It will shoot fully as far as the German gun shoots and can be moved comparatively easily.

THE GERMANS HALTED.

After two weeks of terrific fighting in which the Germans used their utmost efforts to break through the allied lines, although the German divisions were hurled by the hundreds against the Allies, yet they have been halted for the present at least.

The fate of the war and possibly the direction of history depended upon the outcome. If the Allies were beaten Germany might have won the war and civilization which represents democracy, equality and justice would have been a thing of the past. Fortunately, the almost unprecedented bravery of the English when opposed by a force which numbered in some cases ten to one, held fast and turned the tide of the battle and possibly of the war.

General Foch now says that the Germans are completely stopped, all is going well and the tidal wave is broken. General Hindenburg, representing the German military authorities, asserts that Germany will now be insured with a political and economic future which can not be taken from her.

Another drive is expected by the Allies and they are preparing for it. The Allies, in turn, expect to deal no uncertain blows against the German offensive. The American press universally asserts that the administration will speed up the sending of Americans overseas to help out the Allies as soon as possible.

THIRD LIBERTY LOAN DRIVE.

Last Saturday the Third Liberty Loan was launched in every hamlet throughout the country under the auspices of parades, mass meetings, ringing of bells. President Wilson made a wonderful speech at Baltimore. Several counties and smaller cities had the entire amount subscribed before Saturday night, although the drive did not really begin before Monday morning. Among these localities were the County of York, Pennsylvania; the Town of Glen Ridge, N. J.

The first loans were taken chiefly by the richer people and by the banks. It is now hoped to make this loan far more popular.

GREATER HARMONY OF ACTION IN WAR.

The recent great battle demonstrated one thing and that was a lack of sufficient unity of action between the English and French armies. The Germans saw this lack and poured great forces upon the point where the two lines met, resulting in nearly severing the two lines of battle. Since the battle arrangements have been made to warrant greater harmony of action in the war. Italy wishes a contingent of American forces.

A SINGING REGIMENT.

The Fifty-ninth Infantry, commanded by Colonel B. W. Atkinson at Camp Greene, is known as the Singing Fifty-Ninth. This regiment has attracted considerable attention because of its singing on all the marches. The morale of the regiment is said to be high and the boys have much "pep." Should not Wadsworth have a singing regiment or, better yet, should not the Twenty-Seventh Division be known as a singing division?

AMERICAN POP.

Five million bottles of pop will be sent overseas for the American soldiers in France to be sold in the canteens. There will also be on sale 2,100,000 pounds of sugar, 1,200,000 pounds of flour, 75 tons of coffee, 2,500,000 packages of chewing gum, 321,000 tins of condensed milk, 212,000 cans of fruit, two hundred moving picture machines, one hundred phonographs and 2,500 records. The Y. M. C. A. has ordered a single order of \$240,000 for athletic supplies to be offered the boys without cost.

FIFTEENTH ANNIVERSARY AND GOING SOME.

Fifteen years ago the Wright Brothers completed the invention of the airplane. The idea was not new, the principles were known for ages, but the plans were not

possible till an engine, light and powerful, could be produced.

Fifteen years have passed and now we frequently hear of planes going five hundred miles without stopping, or rising to a height of four miles, where the air is less than half the surface density, or carrying hundreds of pounds of explosives to be hurled down upon enemy munition factories or supply trains.

PACIFISM'S REWARD.

The Bolsheviki desired to close the war and to cease all strife. Germany signed a treaty of peace with Russia, but what was the kind of peace which Germany gave to Russia? First, Russia was dismembered, losing every port of importance; secondly, Russia had to pay great damages and make great promises, but the peace she procured was not peace, but invasion for Germany did not remove her troops when peace was signed, but immediately invaded Russia, seized her valuable stores of grain and munitions and treated her as a subject nation.

ANNIVERSARY OF DECLARATION OF WAR.

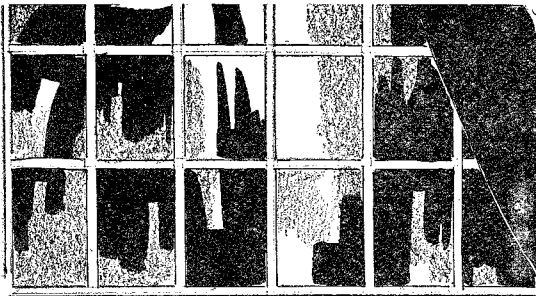
One year ago, April 2d, President Wilson presented to Congress his war message which set forth the American claims against Germany. He accused Germany of breaking solemn official promises, of conspiracies formed in America to burn and to blow up American industries, to hamper our industries by creating strikes and riots, to send spies into every center of political and industrial activity, to attempt to dynamite our canals, bridges and munition factories, to urge Mexico to join with Germany in aiding in dismembering our Union by promising a portion of our country to Mexico, to inflict the most cruel and murderous submarine warfare to disregard all sense of moral decency and humanity.

HIGHWAY BUILDING.

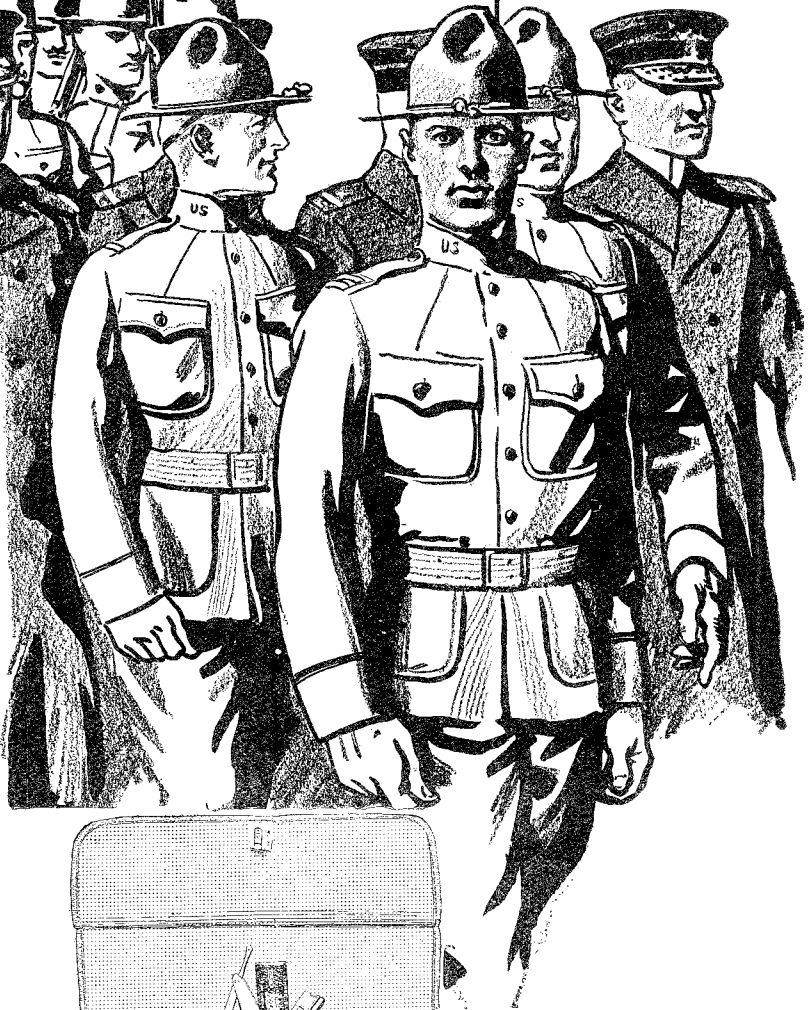
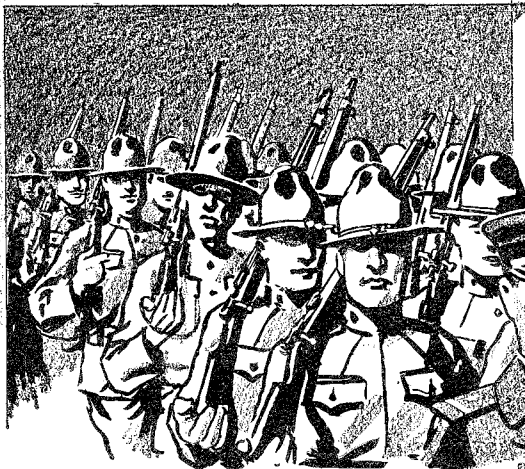
Last year the Federal Government paid out for road building \$75,000,000, out of which New York received \$4,000,000. This New York allotment will be used in enlarging and converting Long Island and Hudson river systems.

MORE WHEAT.

New York will sow 100,000 acres of spring wheat this year to help out the wheat need. The State has not grown much spring wheat but will now undertake the production. It is expected that the crop will produce three millions of bushels this year.



DURHAM - DUPLEX



33 Stars in the Durham-Duplex Flag

They have marched away from us—one captain, two lieutenants, four ensigns, two sergeants, one corporal and twenty-four enlisted men. They are a source of pride to us—these boys who have accepted service in the National Army and the Navy. Their stars on our Service Flag, their names on our Roll of Honor, their positions awaiting them—only faintly evidence our appreciation of their sacrifice.

So large a percentage of commissioned and enlisted men in the Government service demonstrates the ability of Durham-Duplex workers to make good in any sphere. Courage and devotion like theirs are convincing indications of the character of the organization they represent and the efficiency of its workmanship. We gladly testify that neither finest materials nor modern equipment could make the Durham-Duplex Razor what it is today without the loyal co-operation of such men as these.

We have been proud to call the Durham-Duplex "America's Perfected Shaving Instrument." Durham-Duplex Blades are indisputably the longest, strongest, keenest blades on earth. Users will also agree that these deliver the 100 per cent shave for no better reason than that they are made by 100 per cent men.

DURHAM-DUPLEX RAZOR CO.
190 Baldwin Avenue, Jersey City, N. J.

CANADA	ENGLAND	FRANCE
43 Victoria St.	27 Church St.	56 Rue de Paradis
Toronto	Sheffield	Paris



Uncle Sam Soldier Kit

Regular Durham-Duplex Domino Razor with safety guard, stropping attachment, package of three Durham-Duplex blades, in rubberized khaki cloth kit, with extra pockets for other toilet articles—fits the pocket. At dealers, or enclose price to us, \$1.00.

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 American Field Hospital
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**1ST ANTI-AIRCRAFT MACHINE GUN
 BATTALION.**

A word or two about the 1st Anti-Aircraft would not be amiss at this time. The reason we haven't been able to make our debut before this date is because we have been kept pretty busy. Policing is the favorite pastime in this outfit, and as for details, this is where they manufacture them. However, when our guests arrive we all hope that they "will keep the good work going."

Cosmopolitanism reigns supreme in the "1st Anti." It's a miniature Rainbow Division. Blonde Reifel hails from Syracuse and used to pull the sculls for the Varsity. Big Burly Neff is a product of Oklahoma, at one time champion cow-puncher and steer rider of said state. Sergeant Reader was raised in the home of Anheuser Busch and as a Civi entertained the patrons of some of the cabarets, in his spare time, with his silvery tenor voice.

Private Peterson, better known in the theatrical world as "Novelty Clinton," joined us two weeks ago, giving up his profession and coming all the way from Old New Yawk to join the bunch. Our friend ranks as the champion high kicker of the world. He is also a trick and fancy jumper of some renown, having exhibited in sixteen different countries. One of his favorite stunts is to jump into a suit of clothes in "20 seconds." Clinton is also the originator of Rag Picture sketch, so popular in Vaudeville. He's a Veteran of the Spanish-American War.

Babs Malone, our husky Sergeant Major, is a native of Harlem and is big enough to handle two jobs. Sergeant Hickman hails from the wet State of Kansas. His laugh is almost as contagious as a disease. Sergeant Reiley is the Official Canteen Bartender. Who suggested that he should change his name to Goldstein?

Our esteemed Canteen Clerk, Patrick Grangel, is Yiddish and emigrated from County Kerry. Pat is very lonesome these days. His friend, "Chetz," the pet monkey, is home on furlough. Supply Sergeant O'Connor comes from the Keystone State. He's a typical Supply Sergeant. Sergeant Swim and Mechanic Skerrett have done their bit in the Regular Army, out in Hawaii, but they are very modest about their experiences.

Reading over the above, it sounds like Duke's Mixture (who said Bull Durham?).

We are all glad to see Corporal Cooper back from hospital, after his operation, and we all wish him a quick recovery. Sergeant E. M. Jones, late of the Show Me State, has been practicing the Goose Step around camp for the last two weeks. Why do you sit so near the door at mess, Jonesy?

E. T. J.

BAND CONCERTS RENEWED.

Band concerts have been resumed in the Cleveland Plaza band stand and General Guy Carleton has assigned sixteen bands from the troops of his command for this series and Major Rich is arranging the roster.

A MOVIE IN CAMP.

The opening of the Picto Theatre, near the Postoffice and Division Headquarters, Camp Wadsworth, on Saturday, April 13th, is awaited by the thousands of movie fans in the camp.

William F. Niel, formerly general manager of the Strand, Bijou, Rialto and Harris Theatres, Spartanburg, has severed his connection with these amusement houses and will give his entire time and personal attention to the Picto.

Mr. Niel states that he has booked some of the best screen stars in filmdom for his house, including Alice Brady, Clara Kimball Young, Mary Miles Minter, Wm. S. Hart, Geo. M. Anderson, Charlie Chaplin, Fatty Arbuckle, William Russell, Eddie Polo, and Bryant Washburn.

The Picto will run continuously from 2 p.m. to 10 p.m., showing film productions selected especially for the soldiers. Every Friday, beginning April 18th, an episode of the "Bull's Eye," a walloping good serial, featuring the Western hercules, Eddie Polo, will be shown. And every Monday thereafter an episode of "Vengeance and The Woman," another serial with plenty of punch in it will be offered.

The boys who have to stay in camp will have an opportunity of seeing the latest film productions and hearing splendid music for an admission of 15 cents and no war tax to pay.

WHERE CREDIT IS DUE.

**Bandmaster Roche is Real Organizer of
 First Cavalry Band.**

Bandmaster William A. Roche, the efficient leader of the Trains and Military Police crack band, is peeved, and rightly so. Someone, he says, has been stealing his thunder.

One Harold Stern, leader of the Park Avenue Hotel orchestra, is the baton waver that Bandmaster Roche is gunning for. Harold, says Mr. Roche, is trying to swipe credit for organizing the First Cavalry Band. Harold claimed that distinction in the New York papers recently. When the news percolated into the Military Police camp where Mr. Roche and his gay musicians live, the air was purple for a while while Mr. Roche presented his compliments to Mr. Stern.

As a matter of fact, the credit for organizing the First Cavalry Band rightfully belongs to Mr. Roche, who for years has been recognized as one of the best band leaders in the country.

Sergeant-Major—Now, Private Smith, you know very well none but officers and non-commissioned officers are allowed to walk across the grass.

Private Smith—But, Sergeant-Major, I've Captain Graham's oral orders to—

Sergeant-Major—None o' that, sir. Show me the captain's oral orders. Show 'em to me, sir.—Liverpool Post.

COMPANY M, 108TH INFANTRY.

Well boys, we're off again. Seventy-two hours in the trenches, interior and exterior guard on the same day, and finally the long-looked for trip to the rifle range.

I heard one of the boys say, "We are going to the happy hunting grounds," meaning the range. The Corporal of his squad, who is known as Eagle-beak, said: "This isn't a pioneer outfit, you poor boob. Don't you know that the pioneers fought the Indians on the hunting grounds? Them Germans might be Indians, but that gun that shoots 76 miles isn't no bow and arrow, by any means."

Have you heard about our Thirty-Day Club? If not, a properly addressed post card to Private Frank Mineo will be all that is necessary. After holding a friendly council with the Captain, I am not sure, but I believe they decided that from date to further notice, the initiation fee would be either \$3.00 or \$6.00 per month. There are numerous privileges granted upon becoming a member, such as shower baths (hot, maybe, and cold). Then there is the modern exercise, which is commonly called by the poorer class "kitchen police," and quite a few others.

There has been a rumor about camp that Cook Caypliss is to give an exhibition at Converse College, on the proper way to play the beautiful little ballad known throughout the world as "Chop Sticks."

We finally settled the dispute as to when we are going to leave. The following is our dope:

There has been so many wild tales about
As to when we were going to pull out,
That now, at last, the truth is known.
We'll print it, that all may read and groan.
We know it is so, for an officer said
That Flossy Kelland, who makes his bed,
That while coming up in a car
He had heard Corp. Zahn tell Sergt. Barr
That while he was getting a lemon ice
In a drug store that day, he heard Neil Tice
Tell how only the night before
Jim Hutchinson told Sergt. Moore
That while he was in the Y. M. C. A.
He heard Corp. Albring say
That the day before he heard Jim Toole,
Who was over at the bayonet school,
Say a chap he knew in Company I
Had got it straight from the Supply
That one of their men who had been away
And just got back the other day
Had come to him and said that he
Had got it straight from Francis Mee
That Kenneth Sheldon heard Johnny Kane
Say that he heard Sergt. Dean explain
How Ed Ramsay that night had said
That just before he had gone to bed
He had heard the "Top" and Corp. Jones
A-murmuring in their lowest tones,
And he had happened to catch the phrase,
"It ain't going to be many days,"
And then a lot of words, alone,
Like, "Paris," "Guns," "Transports," and
"Home."

And so we know, without a doubt,
That the 108th will soon pull out.

—E. S. SCHREINER.



KEEP YOUR MATCHES DRY

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

Made for loose wood safety matches.

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



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

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

BATTERY E, 105TH FIELD ARTILLERY.

Mess Sergeant Corti has put another one over on us. He has invented a new camouflage bean, called the pinto bean. They have no taste but they walk, talk and dance, which makes things more even.

The Sergeants of Battery E, outside of the Horse and Can't Get Any Clothes Sergeants, are still waiting for a box of cigars that one of our Senior Sergeants forfeited as a result of an agreement at a Saturday inspection. Come across, Riechers.

His regularity in submitting contributions to the *Gas Attack* is to be admired. His quips are brilliant, full of original wit and he promises to be a satirist, par-excellence, before many moons have passed. More power to your future, J. K. Perhaps after this cruel war, who knows but a prominent newspaper of New York will offer J. K. a bonus (not salary; that sounds too plebeian) for helping the lovelorn and convincing them that Cupid is an ancient myth, etc. He is a good little convincer. Pop Pansegrau rises to ask if the incident of the strayed socks slipped your memory, J. K.? He throws a little light upon the subject, saying that on the eventful night, being unable to sleep, he happened to see them lavalierre out of the tent unassisted and the rest is unknown. This accounts for your sockless day. We hear that steel-wool is good for sharpening wits. Get wise to yourself, Jack Keegan.

PRIVATE JOHN J. ARNOLD.

COMPANY H, 105TH INFANTRY.

"Battler" Reesler says that his worries are over now, concerning the matter of going "Over There." In the late great Hun drive, the British retreated nine miles and it took them four days to do it in, while Company H was able to retreat from the rifle range a distance of 33 miles in less than ten hours, and the Huns could never keep up that pace.

Since their return from the range "Hooker" Smith's aggregation of stellar stars have played two games of baseball, in both of which the team representing Company H was victorious. The defeated teams were Company K, 105th Infantry and the 102nd Field Signal Battalion.

Again the company is off to the woods. This time it is the maneuvers at the Artillery Range, which attracts our attention, and if the men of the Ninth Squad are as able to dodge cannon balls as they are work, there is nothing to fear in the line of casualties.

The up-state members of the company wish to participate in a no-license campaign, which comes off some time this month, and such well known temperance advocates as "Jop" Phoenix, "Bill" Reiff and "Yellow" Kaufman are taking a very active part in securing for the soldiers the opportunity of landing "Demon Rum" a knockout.

With the reputation we are acquiring for endurance, discipline and everything that makes up a soldier, we imagine the feelings of the Kaiser and the Crown Prince when we arrive on the western front. A. D. A.

Picto Theatre

Near Postoffice and Division Headquarters
Camp Wadsworth

Feature Moving Pictures and Music

ONLY **15c** ADMISSION

"Pictures With a Punch"

COMPANY G, 108TH INFANTRY.

G Company, as usual, walked away with the bacon on their recent trip to the range. We alone qualified more men than the balance of the battalion collectively. And as far as hiking was concerned, you might ask any man who participated in the hike back into camp Friday. The pace was said to be too slow, so it was immediately made faster, and from that time on, G Company stepped it out with the rest trailing along behind. A look into the ambulance, upon their return, might have given you some idea how that pace was felt in the main body. The noted absence of "TOMMIE'S BIG PRIVATES" in the ambulance, tells a story all its own. The survival of the fittest. That's us all over, Mable.

A mystery has been solved! The first day at range it seems one of our cooks missed a camera case. Being only a common, everyday, leather camera case and surely not gifted with legs, Pete decided that it couldn't possibly have walked away. That night a notice appeared on the bulletin board requesting information regarding the missing article. 'Twas after supper when the "Buck" who had lost the most teeth from the meat pie which Pete had dished out that evening, promptly gave all the information necessary to unravel the tangible affair.

"Parson" Daley and "Sonny" Mullen left on their long delayed furloughs Saturday. Theoretically speaking, Jim's just about slidin' 'em down, while Son explains the horrors of the last seventy-two hour trip into the trenches. But keep your hands down, Son, please.

The "Daughter of the Regiment" is feeling out of sorts these days. They say mysterious happenings, centering around the "Better Half" back in Kodak Town, is to blame for the unusual gritty disposition of the fair one.

Our "Boy of the Red Table" looks much better and further since the arrival of his new set of eyes. Patience is always rewarded. They were ordered on the Border, last year, weren't they, Hubert?

Since the return of our long Insurance man from his furlough, weird sounds have been coming from that noble Ninth Squad. It

sounds like a violin. Take some good advice from Bugler Prior and stay away from that second tent with it. Mechanic Trott has an unlimited supply of Irish Confetti on hand.

Sergeant Foubister sleeps strapped to his cot since he arose during one of our coldest nights and, while still slumbering, raised the sidewalls of his tent to allow the fresh air to pass through. Bill evidently dreamed he was still at the Little Ol' West Shore.

Our "Top" has become quite a ball-player. As a first baseman Holke hasn't a thing on him and when it comes to hitting, say! Baker isn't in it. In a recent game with our old rivals, in the last inning, with two men out, the score tied and the bases full, Frank strutted nobly to the base, club in hand, amid cheers and "Come on, Frank, just a little single," and other such remarks. One of those ear-to-ear grins broke out on his face and confidence was written all over him. The excitement was intense, the cheers of the multitude, deafening. "At a boy, 'Top' ol' kid," "Back up, fielders." "Good-bye, little ol' pill." But alas! There must have been a hole in that club, 'cause "Top" missed once, "Top" missed twice, and "Top" missed three times and out. Amid the cheers of the opponents could be heard, "Darn old dust had to blow into my eyes just as I swung."

Chin resting and lounging in general are things of the past since the Top's tent became a veritable "Luna Park." They say there's 500 volts, but who can believe Lothian?

The event looked forward to with greatest interest these days is that Big Company Banquet, which was to have come off on the 20th of the month but which had to be postponed because of eleventh hour orders to leave for the Range. According to the committee on arrangements, which includes such able men as Big Bob Criddle, Big George Spillane and that amiable Corporal Paul Johnson, two weeks' more time has served to make it a much more elaborate affair than original plans had called for. Here's hoping, anyway. We don't get chicken every day.

SERGEANT H. C. OSTRANDER.

ANTI-AIRCRAFT OFFICERS WINNERS.

The officers' baseball team of the 106th Infantry came out on the wrong end of a 9 to 3 score at Wofford College grounds last Saturday. They were humbled by the recently organized nine of the Second Anti-Aircraft Battalion. Shorty Wilson, a pitcher who towered six feet and four inches over the mound, twirled for the winners, allowing only two hits and accounting for eight strikeouts.

As a result of their setback, the doughboy officers were forced to foot the bill of a monster dinner for the Machine Gunners at the Cleveland after the contest.

The score by inning follows:

	R	H	E
106th Infantry	...	0 0 0 1 0 2 0 0	—3 2 5
A. A. M. G. Bat.	...	0 1 0 5 0 0 3 0 x	—9 8 2

Batteries—106th Infantry, Brennan and Prill; Second Anti-aircraft Machine Gun Battalion, Wilson and Parker.

A LIMIT TO HIS DEVOTION.

(By Corporal Ernest Otis, 36th Co., C. D. L. I. S., Fort Terry, N. Y.)

It was during a sand storm that a private took refuge in one of the cook shacks. On entering he saw the lid was off the kettle in which the slum for mess was cooking. "Say, cook," he said, "why don't you put the lid on that stuff? It will get full of sand if you don't."

The cook looked up from the eggs he was frying for his personal consumption and said: "You just mind your own business. You were sent here to serve your country." Whereupon the private meekly replied: "Yes, but not to eat it."

NO TIME FOR DELAY.

(By Private Clarence G. Tyson, 20th Company, 154th Depot Brigade.)

The other evening a certain private who had been away on a 36-hour furlough got back to camp at 10 instead of 8 p. m. As he hurried along toward his barracks, a sentinel shouted "Halt!"

"Halt, nothing," answered Jones, "I'm two hours late now."

ETHELBERT JELLYBACK.

(Continued from page 7.)

At that he began to look at my gun. Then he looked at me. He pulled out the bolt and glanced into the chamber. He put back the bolt and glanced at me. He frowned. He looked bayonets at me.

"Fall out and go back to the company street. Report to the captain. You've got the dirtiest gun I ever saw. It's never been cleaned."

And it wasn't until I was half way back to the street, publicly humiliated, that I discovered it wasn't my own gun I was carrying. It was Jim Mugsrums'.

ETHELBERT JELLYBACK, Private.

—C. D.

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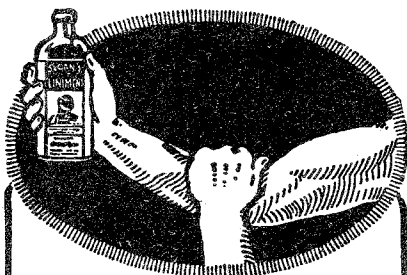
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