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A. S. Burleson, Postmaster-General.

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

Any Saturday or Sunday Afternoon in Camp
A Little Journey to the Land of the Sky

Taking the Air at Asheville, the American Simla

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

Since Marco Polo, Doctor Cook, Elbert Hubbard, Julian Street, nor any other travel-writer of note had never, so far as I could find out, pilgrimaged to Asheville, Leff and I decided we would, so, one misty Saturday last week, we got passes from Lieutenant Baldwin, I borrowed Sergeant Max Averbeek's paris-green furlough leggins, and Leff and I left for Asheville on the 4:30 train on the Southern Railroad.

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

I mention this because any story about Asheville must necessarily be a story about air. This Leff and I found as soon as the train, drawn by two engines, puffed up the last mountain and brought us to Asheville. We noticed the air as soon as we stepped out of the station. One whiff of it makes a private feel like a general. Two whiffs—and you feel sorry for poor old John D. who has only sixty million a year between himself and the poor house. Three whiffs—and you ask somebody to page Jess Willard for you to bang about. Leff and I took about three billion whiffs! Enough.

Asheville Air.

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

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

An Ozone Jag.

Leff and I stood out in front of the station, gulping in the atmosphere. We had soon accumulated a regular ozone bun. The cares of life dropped from us. The stars Park Hotel, which stood out on its hill like the House of a Thousand Incandescent—a great, rambling, much-plaizened building, with nothing stiff or formal about it. It is called the Battery Park because it is situated on a hill where, in the civil war, the battery of General Porter boomed defiance. It commands a magnificent view. Miles away across the valley rise Mt. Pisgah and the Rat, a mountain which gets its name from its striking resemblance to a rodent.

One can see the wonderful Vanderbilt estate, Biltmore, in the hazy blue distance. Indeed, the story goes that Mrs. George Vanderbilt, while passing through Asheville looked out from the porch of the Battery Park and became so enchanted by the vista that she bought thousands of acres, now the Biltmore estate. The next morning, Sunday, Leff and I stood on the very spot where she stood, and regretted that we could not buy a few square miles of landscape, but regrets are only momentary in Asheville, for all one needs to do is inhale deeply and the cool, pure air chases the glooms. Another story about the founding of Biltmore, is that Mr. Vanderbilt hired three experts to make a tour of the country to find what place in the temperate zone had the finest climate and could grow the greatest variety of trees, shrubs and flowers. This commission, so a fine old Southern judge told us, picked out Asheville.

(Continued on page 8)
GAS ATTACK

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

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Major General John F. O'Ryan

Publication Committee—
E. W. Leslie, Chairman. J. S. Klingsley, Editor-In-Chief.

Regular Staff—

Art Editor—

THE MEXICAN SERVICE MEDAL BILL.

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

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

J. S. K.

OUR ARMY.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Dere Mable,

It's so foggy we can't fire at the range. I don't see what difference that makes though. I havn't seen nothing since we started but a bunch of trees in front of the guns. I'm going to write you a letter if the top sergeant don't remember that he aint put me on no detail. We leave the guns out all night. Just sos well have something more to guard I guess. We're supposed to take turns guarding. As far as I can make out that means me and the rest of the battery alternate every other night. I suppose they think some of the mountain ears is goin to take one of the guns and go drivin with it. Angus McDonald, the skotch fello, says they have to gard them sos they wont go off. That sounds kind of silly to me though, Mable.

I been raisin a mustash. That is I was until yesterday when I cut it off while I was shavin and thinkin of you. I was sorry cause it was comin good. You could see it as plain as day with the naked eye. (Thats just an expression, Mable.)

I told him if he knew about it so far ahead I ought to know how we stand. We may have to go at the house kind of gradual. Buy the blinds first say. But then again, though, but cotton. I guess I'll wait till I get to France.

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

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

I've started savin again. Mable, for the little white house with the green blinds. Last month I saved a dollar eighty six ($1.86). That with five dollars ($5) I borrowed from Joe Loomis makes almost six ($6) dollars. I aint the kind of a fello thats always botherin his girl with money matters. I believe in keepin business out of the home. Close. Thats me all over, Mable. But in the bigger things I think you ought to know how we stand.

We have to gard them sos they wont go off. That sounds kind of silly to me though, Mable.

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

Me an some of the other fellos went to a mountin ears party in a little town near here the other night. There was a lot of girls there with funny noses. When they saw us they all ran in a corner and laffed at us. That made me kind of sore cause we hadn't invited ourselves but been ast. That lady that ast us said the girls had there old coat. It looks as if the kids head was on the stove most of the time. Angus sais she greases the griddle with it. I dont know about that but the mountin ears is awful tough people.

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I've started savin again. Mable, for the little white house with the green blinds. Last month I saved a dollar eighty six ($1.86). That with five dollars ($5) I borrowed from Joe Loomis makes almost six ($6) dollars. I aint the kind of a fello that there makin the cups rough on the bottom now sos you think there sugar in them. They cant fool me though. Quick. Thats me all over.

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

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

Yours till I write again

Bill

THE PSYCHOLOGY OF BEING SHOT.

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

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

With the American soldiers in France, fighting the Huns, there arises an interesting question. What is going to be done to help the wounded from feeling such great love for the Germans that they'll want to die? If a German shoots one of our boys, the latter will probably say: "How I loved that man! And how depressed I now feel, that he has shot me. I shall roll over and croak."
OPTIMISM AND THE O. T. S.

How the Student Officer Hides His Hopes Behind Catalogues

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

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

Listen to him:

"When I get home I'll—"

"When this war is over I'm going to—"

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

"When I get over to France I'll—"

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

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

Where Optimism Is Camouflaged.

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

To be sure it is camouflaged with an ill-fitting outermantle of unconcern. It runs amuck beneath a ton of pessimism and that is fitted for a commission indicates that he is sufficiently well balanced to understand all that sort of thing.

Your Chin in the Air.

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

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

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

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

Strange Figures on Paper.

You stroll over to the school Saturday afternoon to see your old bunkie George Waffus—Sergeant Waffus of Company J. You come upon George unawares. George is busy with pencil and paper. Already he has filled five or six sheets with figures—unsatisfactory figures, evidently. George has crossed out set after set.

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

George hastens to hide his paper. Great is his haste. He tucks away the mysterious pamphlets. His face flushes a trifle. But George is damned glad you came over and showed him the Sibley into which he flips his cigarette. Incidentally he has brushed to the floor the mysterious pamphlets and there they lay, front page up, for your astonished eyes to read.

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

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

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

(Continued on page 23)
For thirty long days I tended the incinerator, Ethelburt Jellyback, the scion of a great family.

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

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

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

“Cheer up, Ethelburt,” said the smudgy-faced private, Jim Mugrums, “the good die young.”

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

“Say, Ethelburt, can you lend me two bits ‘til Saturday?”

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

“I will not only give you two bits,” I replied, “but I will give you two dollars if you will do something for me today. Hold yourself in readiness to relieve me at the incinerator for a half hour this afternoon. It may be for only fifteen or twenty minutes. I will let you know when the time comes. And the two dollars shall be yours at once.”

The Ladies Arrive.

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

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

“There’s Ethelburt!” they cried, swooping down on me with many plausible exclamations. I greeted them hospitably.

“Fancy meeting you here, I said. “How quaint!”

“OH, Ethelburt, show us around your company street, won’t you, dear boy? And tell me, why do they call it the company street.”

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

Ethelburt’s Lecture.

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

(Continued on page 40)
We left at half past three for Spartanburg Hotel, and plied a wicked knife and fork. Mr. Ummpp, Mr. Wafff, Mr. Blevitch, etc.

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

“The rose is red,
The violet’s blue,
The air is pure,
The water, too.”

The water, too.

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

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

The Quaint Manor.

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

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

The American Simla.

You remember Simla, in Kipling’s stories of English army life in India. Simla is the city in the mountains where officers send their wives and families, while they are at their work in various Indian garrisons. It is a sort of carnival city—a place for rest and a good time. We strode back down the hill, passing the charming Manor, on the way. The Manor is an “English Inn in America” and has a quaint atmosphere about it. A comfortable place, the Manor. You stroll in and out as if you lived there. No Turk tries to pry you lose from your hat or your bag. No brazen lungs of youngsters bellows “Mr. Blevitch, Mr. Unnpph, Mr. Wafff, Mr. Blevitch, etc.” in your ear. Just to go inside and sit near the open fire rests you.

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

Even a Private Can Do It.

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

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

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

Mr. Buckner, Booster.

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

The American Simla.
THE WASH ROOM AT THE RANGE.

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

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

Walking up toward division headquarters, we met officer after officer. I tipped my hat gracefully to each one until a second lieutenant came along and gave me a ten-minute drill in saluting. She asked me why I always saluted first and also why I didn't salute some of the soldiers at all. I didn't want to admit anything so I told her I saluted first because she was with me, and when I didn't highball at all, I thought I could lick the neglected soldier. She was satisfied. We only met 766 officers after that.

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

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

"What mess do you mean?"

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

A blank look was her only answer and I'll wager the unspent portion of my next year's pay that Susie today does not know whether she was with me, and when I didn't highball at all, I thought I could lick the neglected soldier. She was satisfied. We only met 766 officers after that.

After resting up a while to let our stomachs settle, we passed the last infantry pay that Susie today does not know whether she was with me, and when I didn't highball at all, I thought I could lick the neglected soldier. She was satisfied. We only met 766 officers after that.
THE TIME TO ATTACK.

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

Son—"Say, Pop, kin I have a nickel?"

WAR CORRESPONDENT GONE.

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

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

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

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

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

SONG OF MARCHING INFANTRY.

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

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

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

—Private Charles Divine.
A Doughboy's Notes

Recently I happened along back of the 167th Infantry where near the dummy figures of the Huns Sergeant Major of the British Army was instructing a group of men in the use of the bayonet.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

9. When you have stayed so late that you're sure they aren't going to ask you to stay for supper, look at your fingers. Is the house beautifully lighted? If not, you're safe. On the other hand, if the house is dark, you know you're welcome. A short visit may be just what's needed.

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

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

One man recently was back in New York City on a furlough, and after saluting was on five separate occasions, stopped by officers and complimented on his salute.

That man in camp is a fine soldier, and the ear marks of his efficienly stood right out in his saluting.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Proof of the Pudding.

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

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

Then they joined the army.

Ho! For Ham and Eggs!

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

To see the sundry thousands of dough-boys and leathernecks that stream into Sparta-nburg on the off-days as fast as legs or wheels could carry ’em, one might think that sundry thousands of “best girls” had arrived in town. But only a favored few go to meet friends of the charming sex; the rest are simply participants in the usual ham-and-egg rush.

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

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

The Hunt in the Mountains.

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

“Wait till I looks in the coop and sees if them chickens has laid enough eggs to go around,” said the white-whiskered mountain-cook to every group that came his way.

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

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

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

Cheer up and chirrup, boys—Easter is near!

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

PI KAPPA ALPHA.

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

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

Geo. B. Lilly (Alpha Pal),
Corporal, Company C, 107th Inf.

OUTCLASSED.

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

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

**KEEP AWAY FROM MOONSHINE.**

This Soldier Didn’t and His Spree Cost Him Six Years In Jail.

While under the influence of moonshine secured while his regiment was at the Hog-back mountain range in February, Wagoner James A. Payton, 168th Field Artillery, stole two pocketbooks, and shot a mule in the face, killing the animal. Last week he was found guilty by a court martial, and was sentenced to six years in prison at hard labor.

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

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

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

**MUST TAKE MORE CARE OF SHOES**

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

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

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

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

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

A RYMBEL OF THE BASE HOSPITAL.

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

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

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

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

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


SYMBOL FOR UPTON MEN.

77th Division Chooses Statue of Liberty as Its Distinguishing Mark.

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

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

**PAY ALLOTMENTS DELAYED.**

More Than 60,000 Letters of Inquiry Impede Sending of Checks.

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

Distribution of January checks was completed February 18.

**AMERICANS IN FEVER TEST.**

Volunteer Subjects Are Inoculated for Trench Fever.

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

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

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

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

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

**MUSIC IN THE AIR.**

The camp now boasts of sixteen full bands including those in the Division and those in the corps and army troops. It is planned to mass them all soon into one huge burst of sound. Sandmaster Sutherland of the 194th Field Artillery who made such a splendid success with the massed bands of the Division will conduct. The massing of these bands will mean about 1,000 musicians playing at once. Can’t you hear them coming across the parade ground, crashing into "Stars and Stripes Forever!"

Officers and non-coms of the Division are to be given special instruction in the metric system, the system of measurement which prevails in France.
CAPT. PERCY E. NAGLE, CO. G, 102D AMMUNITION TRAIN.

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

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

He rows on the famous Metropolitan “Eights” of the days of ‘82-'83 and ‘84, that famous crew that held many championships and a record of never being defeated.

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

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

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

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

Col. Garret Nagle, a cousin, as a Captain was reported killed at Antietam, and about a year later this report was supplemented by an official order creating him a Major. And notwithstanding the early exaggerated account of his death, he lived until 1912, at which time he ranked as a colonel.

Captain Nagle enlisted as a private in the 80th N. Y. Inf. 20 years ago, and rose through the various ranks in the regiment and brigade to the rank of Lieut. Col., which commission he received November 15th, 1912. On July 6th, 1917, he resigned this rank, and on the same day enlisted as a private in the 102nd Ammunition Train, the War Department, waiving all age limit regulations, in his case. On the day of his enlistment in the 102nd Ammunition Train, he was commissioned a 1st Lieutenant, F. A., and assigned to duty with 102nd Ammunition Train, as Battalion Adjutant of the Horse Section. His tireless efforts during the organization of the “Train,” and the fund of good nature with which he accomplished his work all through the Ammunition Train’s first encampment at Pelham Bay Park, N. Y., and subsequent movement to Camp Wadsworth, stamped him as a man of sterling qualities, and a friend to whom any enlisted man might go, with the assurance that the Lieutenant would give him a square deal.

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

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

MY TENT.
O dear little tent, I have loved you so long,
Your olive-drab shelter has filled me with song.
And always you will answer my call,
With your fireless Sibley and all,
And storms make you totter and sway,
And I always will answer your call;
Your sides never keep out the cold winter's chill,
And in no other place would I live.

Your shelter has made me feel gay;
Though nights have been weary and sombre and still,
Your top may resemble a sieve,
And in no other place would I live.

Your floor may be bumpy and muddy and cold,
But I wouldn't exchange you for bushels of gold,
Your olive-drab shelter has filled me with song.
And in no other place would I live.

The day's drawing nigh when I'll leave you to go,
To welcome my fate with the rest,
To charge down the line with the fast and slow,
I will still love you better than all.

PVT. H. A. HERTY,
Co. A, M. P.

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

COMBINE MACHINE GUNNERS.

Battalions and Companies to Get Uniform Instruction.

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

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

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

INFANTRY RIFLE RANGE.

TIGERSVILLE, S. C., ORDNANCE DEPARTMENT.

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

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

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

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

Respectfully yours,
CORPORAL H. S. SPAREY.
News of the Y. M. C. A.

EDITED BY RAY F. JENNEY.

DR. JOHN R. MACKAY.

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

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

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

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

ARE YOU A PHI GAM?

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

MORRIS H. ISAACS AT CAMP WADSWORTH.

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

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

"Captain Isaacs was formerly with the First Ohio Infantry, but when that regiment was disorganized he was transferred to Camp Wadsworth and assigned to Company F, 58th Pioneer Regiment. For one of the few times in his life his father, Morris Isaacs, asked a favor and that was that the Y. M. C. A. permit him to leave his work at Camp Sheridan and come to Camp Wadsworth to engage in Y work that he might be near his son."

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

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

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

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

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

AN APPEAL FOR RED CROSS WORKERS.

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

THE GERMANS ARE INDIVIDUALLY DOUCILE AND COLLECTIVELY DAUNTLESS," SAYS DR. A. P. BOURLAND.

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

These companies sent programs are still ongoing. They will surely be great when they arrive. Three companies now have committees at work.

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

After the usual religious service last Thursday evening, Mr. Pafford of Unit No. 57 introduced Dr. A. P. Bourland of Washington, the head of the Southern Chautauqua Association. Dr. Bourland gave an intensely interesting address on "The Character of the German People," describing them as "individually docile and collectively dauntless."

His advice to the soldier was "put your officers out of the way, rattle and disorganize him, and you will find Fritz a helpless coward. He can do nothing except in and with his unit."

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

Holy Week is to be marked at 56 by religious addresses on five evenings, with moving pictures Tuesday, and Saturday evening a program of Easter music by the choir of the First Presbyterian Church of Spartanburg.

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

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

The Louisville Y. M. C. A. is sending 144,000 baseball bats to the French front. Arrangements have been made for their transportation to the Lorraine sector. Louisville is the bat manufacturing center of the United States and is the birthplace of the famous Louisville "slugger."

Several of the different types of sticks included in the lot are named after players who have exchanged the spiked shoe for the trench boot.
THE RANGE IS TRULY IN THE "LAND OF THE SKY," SAYS SECRETARIES ALLEN AND AYRES.

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

One of the interesting events of the day's order is the championship game of quoits played on the one hand by Chaplain Shipman and Captain Allerton who claim the championship of the 104th F. A. regiment and on the other hand (usually the left) by such officers as may have sufficient either of hope or of darkness. One noticeable difference between the range and Wadsworth is that the "any laundry" cry is given by the Caucasians instead of Africans. Volley ball seems to be a popular game, and the net beside the Y. M. C. A. tent is in constant use.

Four miles from camp in a pocket in the hills is located a camp of three companies of the 162nd Supply Trains. Secretaries Allen and Ayres visited the camp Sunday, making the trip on horse in the afternoon. The boys seem to be very comfortable there looking after the wood intended for fuel coming from an area of about twelve square miles. The secretaries carried with them, paper and envelopes, Gas Attacks, pencils and other supplies.

Checkers has again become popular at "Ninety-seven." There are twelve sets in hand and it is the usual thing for all or nearly all of these to be in use every evening. A team of chess players from Spartanburg visited the building on Saturday, March 16th. The visitors walked off with the honors, having secured thirteen points against eight for "Ninety-seven." Some of the soldier boys were absent, so that a full team could not be put in the field. It is expected, however, that a trip will shortly be made to Spartanburg, when it will be necessary for military reasons for the civilian team to be even better prepared if they expect to accomplish a like result.

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

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

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

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

GAS ATTACK

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

Last week saw a little of the old time "pop" at No. 95. On Friday night Dr. Mac­Kay, of New York City, gave a stirring mes­sage to a good crowd of men. Among the many interesting and helpful things that Dr. Mackay said was the wonderfully true ad­monition of the old French motto: "Do not let your good stand in the way of your best."

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

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

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

A bit of welcome news came over the wire Monday. Frank Rice, our efficient social work secretary, is coming back to us. We are sorry Mr. Rice couldn't get to France but we will all be glad to see him back to Unit No. 55.
THE PIGEON SECTION.

Correspondence From a New Branch of the Signal Corps.

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

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

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

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

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

The following are the men picked for the Pigeon Section of the 37th Division and are attached to Division Headquarters:


A little incident occurred between "Diamond Jim" Brady and "Si" Thorn, the well known gambler from the West, who also keeps a large cattle ranch in Pennsylvania.

Brady, who sells lots in civilian life to help keep his gentlemanly fingers covered with "ice" stones, immediately upon his arrival from the 102nd Supply Train, spied old "Si" and quickly came to the conclusion that an opportunity of getting rid of a lot had come his way. Only last summer "Jim" had evidently waited 4 long hours for the tide to go and to snap the photo of this "dandy" piece of ground which he showed "Si." "Si" studied the picture for sometime, then rumbling through about a thousand papers displayed before the Eagle eyes of Brady a photograph of a huge bull and offered it in exchange.

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

DANGEROUS DAN McGREW

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

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

Red Nolan and Jack McGurn are delighted with the locality of their tent, bordering on the creek, as it puts them in mind of dear old "Lavender Lake." 102nd Inf. Division headquarters.

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According to the story, each man of the eleven enlisted men selected because of their knowledge of various work connected with the repair and upkeep of automobiles. Their machines shop and repair depot is being rapidly constructed near their quarters and good work is promised by the command as soon as their plant is completed.

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


MECHANICAL UNIT ARRIVES.

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

Machine Shop Truck Unit 219 Q. M. C. arrived in camp last week from Camp Meigs, Washington, D. C., and have been "billeted" in barracks near the remount station.

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

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

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GAZINTA.

One gazinta two; two gazinta four.

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

Three gazinta six; four gazinta eight.

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

Pay-roll gazinta the adjutant, the adjutant gazinta a trance;
If we get paid by the twentieth,
It's only by a chance.

—MACNABB.

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—MACNABB.
LET 'IM SLEEP!

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

I am.
Do I get it?
I do—NOT.

Why?
I'll tell you—listen.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Corporal Red McCarthy, the "Irish Comedy," is entertaining the sick at ward 19—B. H. "Red" is on the road to recovery after an operation for Hernia.

Private "Roly" Fox won the corduroy and kid myself into going asleep. I count to 436 and finally feel the grip of Morpheus upon me and then—"Harmony" what?—Trino in B street comes to life, or death, and agony prevails over more.

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

"Halt—who is there?"
Reply, "Officer of Day."
Fox—"Take distance to be recognized."

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

BATTERY A, 105TH FIELD ARTILLERY.

After many, many months of gold-bricking, Private Joel Tydeman has landed the position of dancing partners for the 4,000 artillery men that were assembled there. All proved very well until Private John Tracy of Battery E, 105th F. A., who noted in the capacity as waiter at the lemonade counter, shouted at the top of his marvelous voice, "Come and get it, it's free." In the grand rush that followed the casualties were numerous. In looking over the injured there were found to be twenty-eight suffering from fracture of the skull, thirty-two with broken legs and fifty blinded from having fingers pushed into their eyes.

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

J. K. J.
NEW Q. M. CLUBHOUSE.

Other News Notes From the Camp Quartermaster Detachment.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

COMPANY E, 100th INFANTRY.

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

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

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

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

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

Supply Sergeant Werdann is busy refusing cots. Everybody wants to turn in early, but that isn't exactly the word to use for it. Some of the men were turned away because of so much spare time for practice.

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

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

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

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

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

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

COMPANY B, AMMUNITION TRAIN.

Sharp Shot from Private T. A. Eliasen.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

It is only because we have not had a press agent that you have not had columns upon columns of Battery F news, the 104th Field Artillery. Now we will come from under "a hush." Do not think that a Brisbane has been brought to light. No, it is only one of the 150 men, who have been questioned by "fond relatives" concerning the lack of notes, that is writing those few words.

Since January 5th, Battery F has been attached to the Officers Training School as the instructing battery. Doesn't that sound well? We arrived at our new campsite only to find that the drainage system installed by our predecessors had not been a success. The mud was a foot deep. However, our road and drainage experts with the aid of a warm sun and a stiff breeze soon made the street a Broadway of the camp. It is now a pleasure to stand retreat under the instructing battery. Doesn't that sound well? The duty of the training school has been many and various—but we won't waste valuable space telling you everything we do.

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

GAS ATTACK

55TH PIONEER INFANTRY.

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

The recent change in schedule which advanced the first call for Revelle from 6:30 to 5:45 A.M. was eagerly welcomed by the permanent K. P. who claims that it gives them greater opportunity to think up other delicacies for our table.

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

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

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

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

The regimental canteen recently opened has been a big success from the start. Lieutenant Gilbert is in charge and is ably assisted by Sergeant "Art" Wills of Company A, Band Sergeant Schwab, and Musicians Lauer and Ostergat. The location of the canteen at the head of the 55th Pioneer regimental street next to Y. M. C. A. building No. 95, affords a splendid opportunity for business. In addition to that, the Whitman station of the P. & N. railroad is at the end of Supply Co. street. To accommodate the patrons of the P. & N., the 55th Pioneer Canteen is open every night until the 10:20 train from Spartanburg arrives at Whitman Station.

Regimental Sergeant Mayor Horan has the most zest of office he keeps things on the go all the time. Get those pay rolls in on time and he'll get you your money on the first of the month every time.
MAINE PIONEERS LATEST ATHLETIC LEADERS.

Have Carried Off Everything In Sight Since Arrival Here.

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

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

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

Their latest conquest was a 19 to 8 battle with the 106th Infantry from New York. The doughboys were a leg weary crew when the Yanks decided to make peace. The Maine players are sure that there must be some strong teams in camp. They have not met them yet but are willing to do so. They do not stop there. They maintain that they are the leaders in boxing and wrestling as well and judging from their recent entries in the Camp tournament they are entitled to their opinion.

FORMER CUB STARS WITH 106TH BASEBALL TEAM.

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

| Score by innings— Company C: ... 023 114 006—10 11 2 Company A: .. 300 000 006—3 6 3 Batteries—Muddell and Florence; Snider and Grero. |

SUPPLY TRAIN SURPRISES 106TH SOCCER STARS.

The 106th Infantry's soccer team, which has been looked upon as the ultimate winner of the Division tournament, was put out of the race, last Saturday, when the 103rd Supply Train put up a 4 to 2 victory. It was the first time the doughboys have ever allowed their goal line to be crossed. The championship of the 27th Division now lies between the Supply Train and the rapidly improving Sanitary Train eleven.

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

FLUSHING SOLDIERS THROW BIG SCARE INTO WOFFORD.

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

Score by innings— R. H. E. Co. I, 51st Pioneers .... 100 006 002—3 6 2 Wofford College .... 300 001 000—4 6 1 Batteries—Fountain and Lewis; Outz and Rivers.

WOFFORD COLLEGE TAKES ANOTHER GAME FROM PIONEER OFFICERS.

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

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

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

| Score by innings— R. H. E. Wofford .... 100 020 000—3 5 2 Officers .... 006 000 000—0 10 5 |

105TH SUPPLY COMPANY CLOSES SEASON WITH VICTORY.

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

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

The line-up:

Supply Co., 105th Inf. Co. I, 51st Pioneers (24) (29) Gaynor ............ L.F. .... Simmons Morris ............ R.F. .... Fritz Duval ............ C. .... McLeod O'Neill ......... R.G. .... Runge Kendrick ......... L.G. .... Hinley Field Goals—Morris, 5; Kendrick, 1; Duval, 1; Gaynor, 1; Simmons, 2; Fritz, 3; Hinley, 2; McLeod, 1. Foul Goals—Morris, 7; Simmons, 3. Referee—Ortner, Army, Y. M. C. A.

OFFICERS OF 106TH CLAIM TITLE.

The baseball team composed of officers of the 106th Infantry advises that it is, without doubt, the best commissioned nine in the camp. They have delegated Mr. Jenny of the Y. M. C. A. to hunt up prospective victims for them. In order to get the best players of the regiment for their team they have started a series of inter-battalion contests. In the opener, the Second Battalion had a runaway from the Third, winning 22 to 6. Third Batt. ............ 0 1 1 0 0 4—0—6 Second Batt. .......... 4 3 7 6 0 2 X—22 Batteries—First Lieutenant Brennan and Captain Conroe; First Lieutenant Callahan and First Lieutenant Hochst.

CO. I, 51ST PIONEERS AT IT AGAIN.

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

31ST PIONEERS LEARN TO USE MITTS.

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

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

By Fred J. Ashley.

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

The boxing enthusiasts of the Camp want the featherweight title decided once and for all. They have heard enough and read enough on all sides and have been able to judge just how good all concerned are realistically. What they want to know is how good they are physically—and that develops all. They have heard enough and read enough on all sides and have been able to judge just how good all concerned are realistically. What they want to know is how good they are physically—and that develops all. They have heard enough and read enough on all sides and have been able to judge just how good all concerned are realistically. What they want to know is how good they are physically—and that develops all. They have heard enough and read enough on all sides and have been able to judge just how good all concerned are realistically. What they want to know is how good they are physically—and that develops all.

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

Our two latest contributions follow.

Mr. F. J. Ashley,

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

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

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

Most respectfully yours,

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

COMPANY “E,” 52ND PIONEER INFANTRY.

Barney Williams claims that Kiddie Diamond is indulging in nothing but talk. Barney fails to remember that right in the
Major General John F. O'Ryan and Staff Officers

Recent Guests at Asheville.

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


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

Luncheon for Gen. Bridgeman.

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

The 106th Field Artillery gave a dance at the Soldiers' Club. Mrs. Charles L. Phillips assisted in the evening's entertainment.

Dinner Dance Given for Miss Holmes.

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

GETTING RECRUITS.

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

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

In Division Society

Mrs. Charles P. Loeser, Editor.

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

HOSTESS HOUSE NOTES.

Those in Charge Repeat Their Invitation to All Soldiers.

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

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

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

Things were very quiet about the office in the early afternoon a few days ago. The secretary at the desk was wondering what would happen next when a soldier came in, looked about, leaned over the counter, and in a low voice and a confidential manner said, "If any one wants, er—private gamble"—the secretary straightened up in her chair, "Yes?" in her most encouraging manner.

"I will be down at the Finch Hotel." With a grin the secretary replied, "Yes, certainly, Mr. Gamble."

P. O. CLERK STORER WEDS.

Private Carl Storer of the 106th Field Hospital Corps, one of the soldier-clerks at the camp p. o. was married recently in Spartanburg to Miss Phyllis M. Davy, of South Trenton, N. J.

HOOVERIZE ON THE SHOES.

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

"Shoes turned into quartermasters for repair, will, if practicable, when repaired, be returned to the organization from which received for reissue to their original wearers."
Easter Sunday, March 31st, and Flowers

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

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

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**LETTER FROM FRANK SHETTERHALF.**

Dear Editor:

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

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

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

- "Eat O'Sullivan's rubber breakfast food and win the war,"
- "Buy W. S. S., sell them when you have enough to get a two-tone piano, and help your government win the war."

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

Yours for more furloughs, FRANK.

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**HOW TO TELL THEM.**

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

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

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**GAS ATTACKING IN OUR OWN TRENCHES.**

Real sure-enough gas attacks are being tried on the infantry men during their 72 hours tours in the camp trenches. The men have to indulge in watchful wakling all the time, or the gas will make their eyes smart and remind them unpleasantly of a goat eating garlic in a glue factory.
The German attack was toward Amiens which has one of the most famed cathedrals in Europe. Had the English lines been badly shattered Friday Paris could have been invaded.

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

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

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

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

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

Major General Wood has returned to America, having recovered from his wounds. He praises the American soldier for his skill and spirit. The General has gone to Washington to report his visit to France.

He is the commanding General of the Eighty Ninth Division at Camp Funston, Kansas.

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

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

Although Secretary of War Baker was advised and warned against going into the trenches which were under fire yet he felt it was his duty to do so. He accordingly visited the trenches and saw conditions as they are in the first line of battle.
Western Allies. Upon this campaign she has placed her fate, while the American Chief-of-Staff feels sure that the Allies will ultimately win.

Wild rumors came into camp with coloring so grotesque that few could believe the reports, therefore General Haig was deceived. Later, more sane reports showed that 500,000 Germans opened an attack against General Haig's British sector. The British lines were compelled to bend back a mile or so, but they were not broken at any place. A few prisoners were captured on both sides and the casualties were not so great as at first reported. General Haig reports that his lines are making a gallant defense in meeting a terrific assault.

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

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

WHAT NOT TO SEND ABROAD.

In order to reduce the amount of shipping to be sent abroad the Postoffice Department has advised that nothing should be sent to soldiers abroad which can be purchased at canteens abroad. These articles are: Biscuits, books, brushes, bouillon, candies, candles, canned goods, holiday cards, chewing gum, chocolate, cigarettes, cigars, combs, dental cream, soft drinks, flashlights, fruits, handkerchiefs, jam, knives, leather goods, malted milk, condensed milk, evaporated milk, mirrors, nuts, pipes, razors, shoe polish, shoe laces, soap, sponges, tobacco, towels and woolen gloves.

Colonel Repington estimates that the Germans suffered from 1,800,600 to 2,200,000 casualties while the British lost about 700,000 to 800,000, and the French about the same. Although 1917 was a quiet year, yet it was a very unfortunate year for Germany. America will have about as many men as Germany has had in Russia, but the question for us to answer is how can we get our troops to France by boat to meet the Germans brought from Russia to the Western front by train.

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

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

GETTING THINGS DONE IN AMERICA.

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

Then the government has need of skilled mechanics so there have already been enrolled 30,000 skilled workers. There is need of 1,900,000 more men in agriculture so the Farm Service Bureau must seek these out of the villages and cities. There are 2,000,000 boys to be placed into some service which will be the more useful to the country at large. There are 8,000,000 women and young men who are ready to help when the call comes. There is a call for 12,000 college women to take up nursing for service here and abroad. The government is arranging all of these various industries and is furnishing the vacancy with a candidate and is giving the candidate his most efficient job.

AUSTRIA'S TREATMENT OF HUNGARY.

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

U-BOATS WITH WIRELESS.

The German U-boats are now able to send wireless messages by means of a gas balloon which lifts the aerial a thousand feet in the air. Thus it will be possible to send a message 5,000 to 4,000 miles. Such a communication between submarines would be very useful to an enemy surrounded as Germany has been.

A LAND PERISCOPE.

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

THE NEW DEEP SEA SHELLS.

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

ALASKA DOES HER PART.

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

U-BOAT MURDERS.

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

Hello, Fellows!

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

Harry Curley

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

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

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

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

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

There are no seconds, the first will fill you.

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

Yours for a good feed,

Jacks
A DRAMA IN GLENDALE, ALSO IN TWO
ACTS AND A FEW SCENES.
Scene—Glendale, S. C.
Time—Sunday, March 10, 7.00 p. m.
Cast of Characters:
Captain Whoosis. } Three Guardsmen.
Captain Whatstil.} Sergeant Takame.
Wait Powell } An native.
Townpeople, negroes, etc.
ACT I.
Scene 1. The scene opens with the populace gathered together in their usual manner at the town square. Captain Whoosis and Whatstil and Sergeant Takame are looking for excitement. One of the natives approach our adventure-seeking trimmively, thusly:
Native—"What yo' all lookin' fo'?"
Captain Whoosis—"We would like to see a little life."
Native—"Yo' all lookin' fo' a little fun?"
Captain Whoosis—"You've struck it, that's just what we're looking for."
Native—"Well, now, I'll tell yo'. We all have a sort o' boob in this town who's not specially keen fo' de army. He's been drafted with de ins' lot but they done h'aint called 'em yet."
Sergeant Takame—"Well, what about it?"
Native—"Wall, I 'speet that if yo' all come down this side street and ask for Walt Powell and just kinda tell 'em yo' all goin' to take him with you, wall, I reckon as how—-"
Captain Whatstil—"Enough! Now, men, let's get started.
Scene 2. Captain Whoosis and Whatstil and Sergeant Takame walk around the town and approach the populace, seventeen in all.
Sergeant Takame—"Can you men tell me where Walt Powell lives?"
Native (steps up)—"Why, res. I am Walt Powell. What yo' all want?"
Sergeant Takame—"You know you've been drafted Powell, and we're here to take you along. Get whatever belongings you may need.
Captain Whatstil—"Enough! Now, men, let's get started.
Scene 3. Wherein Captain Whoosis and Whatstil and Sergeant Takame enter and find the native sitting on a bench on the town square.
Scene 3. The scene opens with the populace gathered together in their usual manner at the town square. Captain Whoosis and Whatstil and Sergeant Takame are looking for excitement. One of the natives approach our adventure-seeking trimmively, thusly:
Native—"What yo' all lookin' fo'?"
Captain Whoosis—"We would like to see a little life."
Native—"Yo' all lookin' fo' a little fun?"
Captain Whoosis—"You've struck it, that's just what we're looking for."
Native—"Well, now, I'll tell yo'. We all have a sort o' boob in this town who's not specially keen fo' de army. He's been drafted with de ins' lot but they done h'aint called 'em yet."
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Scene 2. Captain Whoosis and Whatstil and Sergeant Takame enter and find the native sitting on a bench on the town square.
A LETTER FROM MIKE, COMPANY D, 105TH INFANTRY.

Sure! I'm a pup. I know it—you needn't rub it in. But some day, I am going to grow up, and be a real dog. Sergeant Krasnisk, our top sergeant, says I'm a bull dog. I'm glad of that. I don't want to be a collie—they're such a darn fool dog. Jumpin' round all the time. I'd rather sleep and eat. That's why I like Sergeant Hobby. He's the smartest, and gives me lots to eat. I get along better right here—I would not hang out with that tough bunch at the Officer's mess. I'm a company dog, I am.

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

His name is Rudolph.

My name's Mike.

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

Easter Rosary

The Vatti new-"pearl" rosary is as fine, (to look at and for wear) as real pearl costing thousands of dollars. While, with a gleam of pink in the "pearl." It's a wonderful. You can't imagine the beauty of it. Its only defect is its cheapness! Rolled gold or silver, $10; solid 10 kt. gold, $25; 14 kt. gold, $30. It puts mother-of-pearl to shame and is guaranteed a lifetime. The ideal Easter, First Communion, Graduation or Wedding gift.

You can see it by sending the price; to be returned if not wanted.

TATTI ROSARY Co., 108 Fulton St., New York.
There was great excitement in the office of the 105th Ambulance Company last week when sparks from an overheated stove set the tent on fire. Lieutenant Ballantyne came to the rescue with the ‘‘skipper’s” wash basin and irreparably wreaked Lieutenant White’s manuscripts and data and incidentally put out the fire. Wonder where the clerks were during the excitement? It is understood by the company that Lieutenant Ballantyne is now seeking our ‘‘skipper’s” job as fire chief of the Sanitary Train.

Our chief “can opener,” “Lefty Louie,” is showing signs of life. We lay it to Grape-nuts.

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

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

Many of our men have something that they can show to prove that they enjoyed the past-time. Private Mochenheim received from Private McCormack the prize souvenir of the whole entertainment.

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

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

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AMBULANCE COMPANY NO. 107.

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

In the supreme art of individual cooking
there were many tragedies, comedies, and
super-melodramas. All these, of course, come
under the general head of experience, and the
awful destruction of good food may in time
be compensated for by the lessons so intimate­
lly taught. Cooks Bachmann and Gresham and
Shaeffer gave out the menu prior to each
meals, and coming as it did from their lips so
ly taught. Cooks Bachmann and Gresham and
Shaeffer gave out the menu prior to each
meal, and coming as it did from their lips so

headquarters detachment.

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

Indoors sports are not in it when an Apple
Knocker and Green Pointer discuss Border
Days. The General will discover good fire
works for use in the front line trenches when
"Over the Top" is ordered. Barrage Fire
Timmins and Flannery have covered most of
the Division.

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

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

ON THE HIKE.

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

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

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

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

COMPANY B, MACHINE GUNNERS.

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

Parson Osterburg has gone back to Division Headquarters for a few days and only eats, sleeps and rides here. As an equesstrain John is certainly a good eleclonist.
Acting Mess Sergeant Lamoreaux is certainly a loyal soldier, for any mess sergeant who will sacrifice his leather puttees and serve them as steel as he did last Saturday deserves credit.

The company would like to know if anyone can tell us where Carroll took supernumery bugler Kiernan over last week-end.
The "old Troop gang" is all busted up, "Woody" transfurred, Naitingale discharged, Acting Corporal Kennedy gone to Arizona for a change of air and Jack Leeder is going to school. "Bahooving" Russell sits around strumming his mandolin and Jack McGill accompanies him on the anvil. Little Dick writes letters most of the time to the "girl he left behind," and tries to figure out how long the war is going to last. Barny is happy those days as he has just gotten a new horse and when not on the picket line arguing its good and bad points will be found in Tent No. 20 reading "The Restless Sex," by Rupert Hughes. "Tommy" is seen hammering the keys again in the Top's tent and mourns the loss of a razor his mother sent him. About ten true soldiers forgot to answer Reveille last Friday and spent the week-end in camp "due to the inclement weather."
Our idea of a wonderful time in the army is to be a student at the Liaison School. No details, no guard, no nothing, all we see them do is eat, sleep, and draw their pay.

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

We welcome to our midst the boys from the old 1st Cav and are glad our battalion has been strengthened by boys from the old 1st Cavalry.
W. A. D.

O. F. T.
AMBULANCE COMPANY NO. 108.

Lieutenant Bagley was in camp for a short stay Saturday.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Horseshoer Rapp has returned from his furlough.

Morgan still holds them pretty good. "I'll stay. Give me three." "Lemme" Scudder and Buck are conducting the famous "Hoakum, Pokeum, Soakum," a combination that makes Monte Carlo look like a back number. Sergeant Doyle was enthusiastic until he found by actual count that his little ticket had 980 competitors.

R. M. L.

COMPANY C, 3RD PIONEER INFANTRY.

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

Sergeant James Dennis Phillips is still on the trail of the human fiend who tied a rope onto the end of his cot the other night, and is in his glory when explaining how the famous "Hoakum, Pokeum, Soakum," a combination that makes Monte Carlo look like a back number. Sergeant Doyle was enthusiastic until he found by actual count that his little ticket had 980 competitors.

W. Y. P.

GAS ATTACK

MACHINE GUN COMPANY, 108TH INFANTRY.

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

Sidelights on the Game.

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

Spiller as a baseball player is a good cook.

It is up to some one to give Edith County a little more kitchen work as it seems to improve his baseball qualities.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

The Asheville
Laundries

Offer Four Days' Service and First Class Work

Leave Your Package at The Following Places
Sanitary Train Canteen
107th Inf. Post Exchange
108th Inf. Post Exchange
American Field Hospital
E. S. Reeves—Linen Room
58TH PIONEER INFANTRY.

Shades of the First Connecticut Infantry Make Their Appearance.

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

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

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

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

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

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

FIELD HOSPITAL COMPANY, NO. 106.

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

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

Our company dance held at the Spartanburg Country Club last Thursday night was a great success, which is due to the committee, of which Lieutenant Reed was chairman. "Turk" Kelly has been requesting passes to town. This has all happened since the company dance.

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

PRIVATE HOPELESS CAREY ORIGINATED A NEW WAY TO GET OUT OF WORK.

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

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

Private Clifford's ear drums are caved in ready to grab our little bunch of onions and are back home again with their former mates.

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

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

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

GAS ATTACK

It's the Blade that Does the Work

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

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

$1.00 New—Special—Complete.
Kabuki Service outfit includes Gem Damaskeen Razor complete with seven blades and shaving and stropming handles. Only $1.25 in Canada.

ON SALE IN THE CAMP CANTERBYS

Canadian Branch, 165 St. Catherine Street, W. Montreal.

COMPANY C, 105TH INFANTRY.

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**K. of C. News**

**IMPROVEMENTS COMPLETED.**

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

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

**ST. PATRICK’S DAY CELEBRATED.**

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

The vaudeville program was as follows:

- Gaston Turrian, 107th Ambulance, "The Little Frenchman with the Violin."
- Fred Banker, 106th Field Hospital, classical singer.
- Nick Firiati, 53rd Pioneers, cornet solo.
- Holton and McVie, 106th Ambulance, songs and stories.
- Stuart Brown, 106 Ambulance, imitation of Low Dockstafer.
- Layton and Moss, 105th Ambulance, "The Rube and the Actor."
- Babe Rogers of the old 6th Massachusetts, songs and stories.

**MR. ROUHAN AT UPTON.**

Harry Rouhan, senior secretary in length of service, who came down to Wadsworth from the wilds of Brooklyn last October, has been assigned to one of the K. of C. Buildings at Camp Upton.

**NEW SECRETARY ARRIVES AT WADSWORTH.**

The new secretary has arrived. He is Mr. James J. Carter of Boston. Mr. Carter has been doing recreational work in several of the cities of the North and has recently been connected with the recreation centers and playgrounds in Albany. For several seasons he has been coach for a number of school athletic teams in and around New York. He is a graduate of the Normal School for Physical education of Battle Creek, Michigan, and under his direction a tremendous increase in the athletic activities is looked forward to with interest.

**JOSEPH J. CUMMINGS DIES.**

His many friends, made during his term of service as General Secretary at this Camp, with regret announce the death of Mr. Cummings. When the building was opened here he took charge. It was through his inspiration that the K. of C. activities started on their course so auspiciously. He was of draft age and, leaving here, went to Camp Upton where he entered the officers’ training school, at which he would have received his commission in April.

**NEW BUILDING AT ARTILLERY CAMP.**

Down on Blackstock road, near the Artillery Camp and the Hostess House, the new K. of C. building is rapidly approaching completion. New secretaries are expected to arrive in the next few days.

**REV. EDWARD DALTON COMMISSIONED.**

Rev. Edward P. Dalton, recently K. of C. Chaplain at Wadsworth, has received his commission as first lieutenant in the United States Army, and has left Spartanburg for his new post. He will be assigned to one of the regiments at Camp Gordon, in the 82nd Division, and will soon leave for France. Our best wishes go with him. His successor has not, as yet, been designated.

**LUTHERAN EASTER COMMUNION.**

A field communion service will be held Easter Sunday morning at 9 o’clock by Chaplain E. F. Keever of the 102d Trains and Military Police and Rev. E. R. Ryden, Lutheran camp pastor. The service will take place on the grounds just east of Y. M. C. A. Unit 96, near the 108th Infantry. All Lutherans in Camp Wadsworth are urged to attend, and all others are cordially invited.

The Easter communion service will be the last to be held for some time by Camp Pastor Ryden. He returns to his parish in Jamestown, N. Y., April 1, to arrange for a permanent leave of absence from his congregation. He hopes to return to Camp Wadsworth to resume his work here by June 1. During his absence it is probable that Rev. Arthur Hoffman of Charleston, S. C., will be sent here by the National Lutheran Commission as Lutheran camp pastor.

**FROM THE DIVISION PRISON.**

Captain Alson Shankz has been relieved at the prison by Captain Riffe of the 188th Infantry. Every one connected with the prison is loath to see Captain Shankz leave. His successor has been associated with prison work for many years as an executive.

First Lieutenant Carl Loeks, of the 106th Machine Gun Battalion, has been promoted and assigned to a supply train in this division. His many friends rejoice with him and wish him success in his new unit. Lieutenant Walter L. Glass, also of the 106th Machine Gun Battalion, has been detailed to the Division Stockade Guard to succeed Captain Loeks.

Sergeant Carroll Mouton, of Company D, 107th Infantry, is able to be around on his crutches, after an injury to his right foot received in a baseball game. "Hick" is said never to miss a mess call and his increasing weight and unfailing good nature bear out the truth.

Acting Sergeant Brown is in the bosom of his family in the wilds of Brooklyn.

Sergeant Arthur Petersen, the big blonde Coney Island giant, thought Sergeant Baack was a bugler. After Charley blew a call, "Pete" concluded he was mistaken.

Boxing at the stockade these days is worth seeing. Equipment has been provided by the M. C. A. Young Marlow has left us, but others like Zuzio, Prichys and many others and always on hand to provide as good bouts as are seen anywhere in camp.

Private “Apple Knocker” Smith is taking lessons on the 45 automatic pistol. Everybody hides during his lesson period.

Acting First Sergeant A. P. Brame’s idea of a day off is to make out a guard detail some day, have men left over, and no kicks. He lives in hopes.

Clerk O’Donnell took a trip to Atlanta the other day on official business. He had the time and money to combine pleasure with business, and enjoyed a well-earned vacation.

**A SUGGESTION AND A POME.**

Hello, Gas Attack:

May I suggest something? Why not have a “want” column? Where the soldiers can state their wants. Huh! I have six pairs of wristlets that I want to give away.

Anyway, I’m sending you a pome. Please print it if you can, it’s a matter of great seriousness.

Remember, dear, when you went away,
That you wouldn’t smoke, or swear or squeal,
While fighting for democracy.

Now, listen, dear, one thing I forgot.

Write me quick, and promise me, Earle.
That in the cast of “You Know Me, Al,”
You WON’T be a chorus girl!

—Japonette.

Very truly,

JAPONETTE LUDMAR,
315 W. 113th St., New York City.
Have You Seen the New Gillettes
Specially Designed for the Fighting Man?

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

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

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

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

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

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

Let a man spend just one week in the service—then give him free choice of all the makes of razors there are, hold on to it—every time. There’s something like seeing the Gillette idea work out in the experience of thousands of men—under extreme conditions.

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

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

There isn’t a regiment in the field today under any of the Allied Flags but numbers more users of Gillettes than of all other razors put together. There isn’t a condition that a man could find in his shaving—heat, cold, sunburn, wind-chap, water scarce or bad—but has been met by the Gillette thousands of times in its nearly four years of war service.

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

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

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COMPANY H, 105TH INFANTRY.

The company is at the range again, probably breaking records for they were broke every other way before they went, as the ghost had failed to walk yet with the February pay. All the sick, lame and lazy were forced to go and many a broken heart strews the road between Camp and the Range.

Sergeant Wilson claims he is going to get married as soon as the slaughter ceases in Europe as now he has become used to supporting a wife by playing the violin where there being none volunteered to play the violin there being none in sight. But one was procured by disturbing Sergeant Klineck, looking for another furlough. He must have some attraction in Woodhaven. Why don’t you marry the girl Bill and then you could have her down here. It must be tough to be in love.

Sergeant Schwanz having enough knowledge of the grocery business has resigned from the management of the Regimental Canteen and is now acting Top Sergeant of the company. We notice that he doesn’t smoke so many fine cigars nor look so prosperous since he quit. Is it any wonder that there are a number looking for his job.

Our Supply Sergeant, William Klineck, is looking for another furlough. He must have his chance to be a hero. We have him of the hills in dear old Prospect Park. He will be able to paddle a swan boat on the Seine near gay Paree.

Our acting First Sergeant Artie Bellis has double decker bunks in his tent. Aren’t you afraid of getting the office bunch sea sick ARS.

With Sergeant Barkuff and Jewett and Corporal Bishop recommended for commissions in the Quartermaster’s Corps as the result of the recent examination and Sergeant Cross and Spencer and Corporal Allen still holding on at the Officers’ Training School, the prospects are that Company H will soon lose six popular men and their friends will only be too glad for an opportunity to SALUTE them.

March 25th marks a year since both the “Second and Seventy-First” regiments were called into Federal Service and although the men probably do not realize it themselves, the gradual hardening, as the result of the intensive training, has been going on, and the comparatively soft men of a year ago are now ready to contend with almost any hardship.

When “Bucky” Harrison returns from the range he will have to discontinue the use of tobacco because the Y. M. C. A. has been all cleaned up during his absence.

A. D. A.

COMPANY H, 55TH PIONEER INFANTRY.

Pop Keyser, Company H, clever mechanic and linguist, after waiting six months for his discharge has finally secured that elusive bit of stationery. The boys are grieving for they will miss being filled to sleep by the sound of argument that took place every evening between him and our beloved Mess Sergeant over the affections of a certain feminine person.

Sergeant Meyer who has just been appointed Mess Sergeant, is studying the art of camouflage and has done so well in a short time that he has succeeded in making bologna stew appear like the old Irish variety.

Sergeant Charles Dreitlein was a friend of Sergeant Christie until a short time ago. Christie invited Dreitlein to accompany him on a visit to some of his friends in town. During the course of the evening Dreitlein volunteered to play the violin there being none in sight. But one was procured by disturbing and awakening a kind neighbor across the street. Dreitlein besides losing a friend in the company is wondering how many months his salary it is going to take to pay a stranger in town for the loss of one violin.

Our famous fiddle, “Reveille Feet” Bully and “Eat us out of home and kitchen” Dick were told the other day that they were to be discharged from the army. Both agreed that nothing that listens so good could possibly happen.

Our well-known Q. M. Sergeant, Dan Cream, has his troubles since the return of the Battery from the range. It is “Sergeant, can I change these shoes?” “Sergeant, I lost my O. D. shirt.” “Sure,” says Dan “you’ll find it on the end of your pay roll. What do you take me for, your valet?”

Corporal Purdy still insists upon having Sunday school for the boys.

Corporal Nimmo is wearing leather eves.

Corporal Mackey is using camouflage on his lip, as it saves time when shaving.

Ex-conductor Matt Caddo is still reaching for the register cord in his dreams, and says "Two for the company and three for me." Keep it up Mogul Matt. You’ll soon be able to buy a Piper, which you can use to get out on line early for Reveille.

Sailor Barren, formerly of the Prospect Park Swim Fleet, was at home at the range, as looking at the mountains there reminded him of the hills in dear old Prospect Park. Be of good heart, Sailor, as pretty soon you will be able to paddle a swan boat on the Seine near gay Paree.

Our acting First Sergeant Artio Bellis has double decker bunks in his tent. Aren’t you afraid of getting the office bunch sea sick Artie?

Dumb bell Breman was asked the other day where he got the mask, and he replied, “Dat ain’t no mask, that’s me map.”

Where is “Grave Digger” Meyer? He has not been seen since the resurrection of Private Compello.

J. PIERPONT M.

VETERINARY CORPS DETACHMENT

AUXILIARY REMOUNT DEPOT 307.

The Veterinary Corps Detachment of Remount 307 hereby gives notice that it is going to come into the limelight. It is a comparatively new branch of the service and an interesting one, and the boys are hustling to learn the tricks of the trade. The wild ones of the Remount hold no terrors for them and the wilder they come, the better they like them, be it horse, or mule, bar none.

One misinterpretation of army duties came to our notice the other day. A certain young soldier wrote home and told his mother that he was on kitchen police. She immediately wrote back, telling him how proud she was of him but to be very careful and not to shoot anyone. Some of us have lost another chance to be a hero.

CORPORAL ELSTON,

Friday, March 15th, going North, Company "B" 102nd Engineers being the fortunate songs and entertained with her Parisian talks. Lieutenant Stonebridge was given ten days leave in order to visit the Big Town. Frank Davis, by the use of some magic art, also drew a ten-day furlough. Hope he doesn't spoil that uniform we lent him.

Bradsen, Karta and Armstrong came charging through the door of their tent locked in each other's arms as though in deadly combat. The only thing killed was our hope of seeing a lively fracas. It wasn't even a draw, for neither gladiator struck a blow up to the time they agreed upon a truce.

The sanity experts were not in the least deceived by our antics and we were all declared mentally fitted for the world fray.

Handmaster Schaefer is evidently a pessimist. Sometime ago he applied for a discharge, and then, without waiting for the application to wind its tortuous way through the military channels, he bought himself a new uniform. All he needs now are the bars and black and gold cords.

The rough riding class of the company non-coms is coming around fairly well. Some of the N. C. O.'s show a strange inclination to test the hardness of mother earth with various parts of their anatomy. Especially during a part of the drill when one would expect them to be astride their mounts.

Tulio Fuligni has received a Distinguished Graduate's Certificate from the School of Camouflage and has been made regimental instructor.

Sergeant Berman and Corporal O'Phelan have rigged up a wireless outfit and are receiving messages from distant points. Maybe this is the cause of his forgetfulness. We have an oddity in the Company. It is some sort of a self-congratulatory crank, but we have yet to see the other half.

The Headquarters Company challenges any team in the Company to play them baseball, for any amount, some of it in money.

To whom it may concern: Owing to the scarcity of eggs and the high cost of ham, no ham and eggs will be served at breakfast.

Who won the indoor baseball game between the Second squad and the Headquarters gang? Give the answer to Sergeant Hutchison.

The Headquarters Company offers $50 to the team in the Company to play them baseball.

Battery C, 106th Field Artillery.

Our Acting Supply Sergeant, George Sauter, has become a confirmed Hooverite. His first act for economizing was to stop buying cigarettes. He now bans them. If you don't believe me, ask Harrison, he knows.

Our clerk, Robert T. Hall, having received a pass from our First Lieutenant, to go to Spartanburg to see his wife, whom he had not seen for a week, celebrated the event by getting a hair cut. He is now trying to get his quarters knocked back from the barber as he states he did not need it.

To whom it may concern: Owing to the scarcity of eggs and the high cost of ham, no ham and eggs will be served at breakfast until further notice.
BRONX COUNTY CONTRIBUTES TO ATHLETIC FUND.

Bronx Batteries Now Able to Properly Equip All Athletic Teams.

A monster boxing and vaudeville entertainment was held for the purpose of collecting money for the athletic fund of the 2nd battalion of the 16th Field Artillery (formerly 2nd N. Y. F. A.) This unit, commanded by Major Wilbur T. Wright, is the pride of the Bronx and the only army organization recruited entirely in that county.

The benefit was the idea of Captain Alphonse Weiner, formerly adjutant of the new 2nd Battalion, 2nd N. Y. F. A. He enlisted the services of the Bronx's leading citizen and sportdom's shining light, Billy Gibson. The latter went into the game with the zeal and heartiness that has made him the foremost of promoters, and those present were treated to twenty interesting bouts between the best known boxers in the world.

Among the knights of the padded mitt who did their bit were: Benny Leonard, champion lightweight of the world and boxing instructor at Upton, Battling Levinsky, instructor at Camp Devens, who defrauded his own expenses in getting to the armoiry, as did Lew Tender, lightweight contender from Philadelphia; "Irish Patsy" Cline, Joe Jeannette, Frankie Callahan, Kid Griffo, Freddy Reese, K. O. Eggers and Cleve Hawkins.

Joe Stecher, champion wrestler, and Kid McPartland, old time "champs," officiated as referees.

A collection was taken up which netted nearly $1,400. A cartoon, by Ripley, symbolic of the occasion, was auctioned off to Gibson for $100 and a sketch by Bob Dugan sold for $50.

Very few of the boys knew of the activities being carried on in their behalf, and they were all pleasantly surprised when informed of the receipt here of the proceeds. They could have cheered no louder if they had been told that they were to leave at once for the battlefields.

Major Wright, in a telegram of thanks to Mr. Gibson, said, "Your heart would have been glad and you would have felt amply repaid had you seen the happiness it caused and heard the cheers for our own Billy Gibson."

An appropriate telegram was also sent by the major to Captain Weiner thanking the latter for the efforts of himself and his men. Needless to say, the boys down here are grateful to the artists who helped make the affair such a success; and to the Bronxites who contributed so readily.

BIG LEAGUERS COMING SOON.

The Boston Braves and the New York Yankees will play at the Spartanburg Fair Grounds on April 8th while the Pittsburgh Pirates and the Philadelphia Athletics appear on April 10th. All the teams have guaranteed their first string players. The games will be held under the auspices of the War Camp Community Service, the Camp Wadsworth Athletic Association and the 27th Division Theatrical Association.

The receipts will be devoted to all three bodies. Admission, fifty cents and one dollar. Tickets will be on sale at the Cleveland Hotel, The Enlisted Men's Club, the Athletic Store opposite the Cleveland, and at Harvey Cohn's Chateau at Division Headquarters.

BRONX COUNTY CONTRIBUTES TO ATHLETIC FUND.

The baseball players of the 102nd Engineer Train scored a 10 to 6 victory in their opening game. They were opposed by Company B, 102nd Engineers. The mule-charmers got away to a bad start and at the end of the fourth inning were three runs behind. However, they found their pace in the sixth and after that all had their heavy artillery going continuously. Bolster and Edgren accounted for several of the tallies while Funk on the mound managed to keep the B batters in place.

Lee Foley, the Fordham Prep mainstay of last Spring, twirled for the losers.

ETHELBURT JELLYBACK.

(Continued from page 7)

"The crude fellow who is playing house­maid to the boiling is one of a detail known as kitchen police. Quaint phrase, kitchen police. Of course, in civil life you sometimes find a policeman in your kitchen, especially when the cook is of Irish descent. But never do you find a half dozen or more men doing kitchen police, as you do in the army. This particular fellow is named Mugrams. They give him this nasty job because he is most fitted for it. He—"

"Don't get personal," piped up Mugrams, glaring at me.

"He takes an almost unbelievable joy in his duties. He exults in it, I may say. He begs and beseeches the captain to give him this work every day—"

"I'm off'n the stuff!" shouted Mugrams, who suddenly began to strip off the fatigue uniform from his khaki.

The ladies drew back, horrified, evidently thinking his disrobing was going to be complete.

Mugrams flung the blue overalls at me viciously. "These things ain't mine, ladies," said Mugrams. "They're his'n. Lie only paid to wear 'em. But now he can jump back into them as soon as he pleases. Jump, Jelly! If the cost fits, put it on. It don't fit me."

Mugrams went whistling down the street.

ETHELBURT JELLYBACK.

(C. D.)
SUMMER-WEIGHT (SKELETON-LINED) UNIFORMS

Three Majors
Four Captains
Several Lieutenants

all ordered summer weight UNIFORMS within one week. Placing your order now is a wise move. It gives you plenty of time for the careful tailoring a good fitting UNIFORM must receive. Skeleton coats, silk lined, are cool and comfortable.

Telephone or call and we will show you the largest selection of desirable O D'S in the city. Tropical cloth, summer serges, etc.

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