

K. OF C. CLUB HOUSE OPEN TO ALL.

By Joseph A. Cummings,
Secretary K. of C. at Camp Wadsworth.

That 30,000 men from New York, all regular fellows, can entertain themselves better than any outside artists is the theory on which the Knights of Columbus Hall, located between the Redpath and the Red Triangle tents, is being managed. When the building was opened, the latchkey was thrown away—you know what we mean—and the old "Everybody Welcome" sign means just that. The K. of C. building is a clubhouse for everybody in camp, officers and men, and all are taking advantage of its offerings. There are reading and writing tables, free stationery, a cozy fireplace, and a player-piano and a graphophone which are sending forth zippy music all the time.

Spartanburg is a long way from Broadway, too far for us to get the first-class talent to which the boys of Camp Wadsworth are accustomed when they are back home. If the best were obtainable, professional entertainers would appear here. Second raters don't belong. The men in camp are better themselves. And we are having the men in camp to provide our entertainments. Not all the talent has been located yet, but in a few days a regular schedule of entertainments will be announced—all by men in khaki for the men in khaki.

Rev. George A. Crimmen, the Knights of Columbus chaplain for Camp Wadsworth, has now taken up his residence at the K. of C. building. Father Crimmen will be at the service of all the men in camp at all time. He will hear confessions at stated intervals and will celebrate two masses every Sunday morning. The bulletin boards will always contain all information about services.

The present plan is to have one night every week, probably Sunday, given up to religious services. Formal entertainments, to which all men are welcome all the time, will be held probably two nights every week, and on the other four nights the hall will be open for "quiet" entertainment, letter writing, singing, reading and "just settin' around."

K-C wants to see everybody use the building. Any man is free to use this building to entertain his callers at any time. No dances have been held in camp yet. That is no reason why there should not be one any night in the K-C hall, provided anybody can arrange to get some of the right sort of girls to pay us a visit properly chaperoned.

Two Austrian regiments which speak different languages, mistaking each other for the enemy, fought throughout the night. The result was a heavy loss on either side before the error was discovered.

At the Hempstead poor farm several inmates went without their tobacco, which was their only luxury, in order to purchase an American flag.

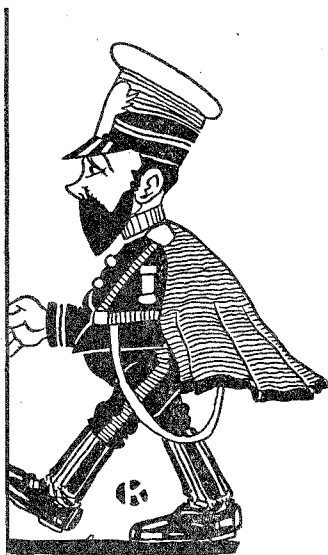
Forty thousand words, 8,571 sentences for a jitney—in THE GAS ATTACK.

FIRE!

The camp had pulled the blankets over its head and was dreaming about its 18 ounce ration of turkey the night before Thanksgiving when the fire call sounded. In civilian life if we were obliged to get out of bed every time a paper barrel started to light up the night anywhere in the city we would probably write a letter to some one about it. In the army, however, it is easier to get up than write official letters. So the camp got up. Each man grabbed A's water bucket and handed it to B. This is the usual thing and helps along immensely. Then everyone counted off and reported to the top sergeant and the top sergeant reported to the Captain and the Captain reported to the regimental adjutant. The regimental adjutant having no one to report to went to bed again and pulled the regimental blankets over his head.

Some inquisitive person then asked where the fire was. An investigation was set under way. It was discovered that a contractor's store house over by the remount station had burned to the ground while the division was forming. The division stood in line until the fire had completely died out and then went to bed again.

In order to save time and trouble investigating the locality of fires at the time of their occurrence THE GAS ATTACK will publish each week a list of fires and their whereabouts so that the men of the Division will know exactly what fires they have been fighting.



GENERAL NUISANCE.

The guy who picked out Spartanburg for a camp site because of its "warm, balmy climate." Sentenced by a general court martial, made up of 30,000 privates in the 27th Division, U. S. A., to push an O. D. pill with his nose from Nome, Alaska, Tozzzzkkiski, Siberia, via the North Pole, clad only in a porous plaster and a pair of chevrons.

He is further sentenced to salute all walri met en route and to recite the General Orders to every Esquimo he meets. Also, his rations will consist of ice cream, ice water, and oysters, and such further punishment as the court martial may direct.

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