

INCINERATOR

(Continued from page 5.)

A Pittsburg stogie twixt my lips,
A bundle in each arm;
An officer struts up the street,
I drop all in alarm.
I give a most prescribed salute,
Then with a quiet smirk
He snipes my cigar and boards a car—
'Twas a new civilian clerk.

Little drops of water,
Many grains of sand—
Behold you have a camp site
By official sleight of hand.

The next time
Our Mess Sergeant
Cuts
Up a horse
For steak
I hope he
Won't forget to
Take off the harness.

E. S.

A FEW WORDS ON TRENCHES.**A Glimpse of Our Future Abodes by One Who Has Been There.**

"As for the trenches themselves—well, as the immortal costermonger observed, 'there ain't no word in the blooming language' for them.

"In the first place, there is no settled trench line at all. The salient has been a battlefield for twelve months past. No one has ever had the time, or opportunity, to construct anything in the way of permanent defenses. A shallow trench, trimmed with an untidy parapet of sandbags, and there is your stronghold! For rest and meditation, a hole in the ground, half full of water and roofed with a sheet of galvanized iron; or possibly a glorified rabbit burrow in a canal bank. These things, as a modern poet has observed, are all right in the Summer-time. But Winter here is a disintegrating season. * * * In addition to the Boche, we wage continuous warfare with the elements."

A REUNION

At the Hotel Finch, Spartanburg, a happy reunion was effected over a well served Thanksgiving dinner by Mrs. C. S. Burr, who came South with her daughter, Margery, and Miss Esther Von Glahn, to spend some time with her son, Sergt. Major Reginald I. Burr. There was also included in the party Sergt. Major Herbert Forsch, Sergt. Major H. V. L. Flannery and Private Lester S. Timmins. Mrs. Burr has already been enlisted by Mrs. F. H. Norton, wife of the colonel of the 106th Infantry, to contribute some of her time to make the boys happy at the Christmas festivities.

The people who are coming to the front these days aren't nearly so important as those who are going to the front.—Life.

NO PAY FOR MEN DURING PREVENTABLE ILLNESS.

As part of the work of preventing diseases of every kind, so far as possible, a special examination is being made of every man in camp, and any found to be suffering from venereal diseases of any kind will be sent to the base hospital and isolated until properly discharged. Commanders are to be held responsible for its rigid enforcement. In a recent cablegram, Gen. Pershing recommends that no man suffering from venereal disease be sent to France. In the future men found to be suffering from venereal diseases will have their pay stopped until they have recovered.

SPUNK, SPIRIT AND SONG.

Spirit and spunk are the two big qualities that make a soldier. These two qualities shake all others, and the army with plenty of spirit and spunk is invincible.

Soldiers who go out to their drills and work singing or whistling and return the same way are cultivating an optimistic spirit that will enable them to hold out the extra fifteen minutes that often wins the victory.

Soldiers with spirit and spunk are aggressive, and the advantage in war is with the aggressor.

Join in with the rest. Sing and whistle and you won't have to "forget it." Song stimulates and soothes. It brings your reserve power into play.

The army that sings is happy and healthy. Its morale is good, its enthusiasm high, its fighting spirit on edge. It is the army that conquers.

Spirit, spunk, and song spell success in war.

Sing and whistle!

Sergeant James W. Beckman,
102d U. S. Engineers.

THE MILITARY POLICE HAVE THANKSGIVING DINNER AT CONVERSE COLLEGE.

All of the M. P.'s who have, at different times, guarded the Converse gate, were asked to the Thanksgiving dinner at the college. There were fifty-three of them and the girls gave the entire day to their entertainment. The Seniors were put in charge of the dinner tables, as usual, with the assistance of the Juniors and a few Sophomores. At intervals during the meal the girls stood and sang songs especially written to and for these M. P.'s. Afterwards the Freshmen and Sophomores showed them over the college from the swimming pool through the practice halls, then all girls and M. P.'s gathered around the piano in the chapel and sang everything from "Oh, Johnny," to the "Star Spangled Banner." All too early evening came, bringing the end of a most glorious Thanksgiving day, one that will not be forgotten soon.

Our advertisers have what you want. Tell them you read about them in THE GAS ATTACK.

OUR FIRST TRENCH PAPER.**U. S. Engineers Publish "The Spiker" in France.**

Our ambitions to continue publication of a division paper after we reach Europe have been sharpened considerably by the receipt of "The Spiker."

"The Spiker," the first periodical to be published by American troops in France, is the product of the spare moments of the men of the Eighteenth Engineers, U. S. A., who are engaged, among other things, in rebuilding those French railroads destroyed by the retreating Huns. From this job comes the paper's name, "Spiker."

According to the leading editorial in the issue, dated October 23, 1917, "The Spiker will be continued, unless something unforeseen intervenes, until Fritz yells quits, and will be printed as regularly and as frequently as practicable."

Such, too, may be the publication schedule of the 27th Division paper.

The Spiker contains advice that we, who are yet to see belligerent soil, may adopt with much personal profit. The Paris DON'TS, for instance, warns us not to engage rooms in hotels without first asking the prices and not to think that your hot bath is included in that price. We are told to consult prices on menus before ordering food and to very carefully recount the amount of our check that we may be spared shock.

Again, we are warned that, when ordering a DRINK in a cafe, the price of said drink should be marked upon the saucer on which the drink is served. We must not give waiters fees exceeding ten per cent. of the amount of the bill up to 50 francs (\$2.50); above that amount, tip him but five per cent.

And don't accept outside rates for your pounds or dollars. Change your money for francs in the banks. Otherwise you loose.

In its eight small pages The Spiker prints regimental, sporting and social news. Considering the handicaps that limit the efforts of the fellows publishing it, it is not only creditable but really excellent. The publication and editorial staff includes Jack Burroughs, H. W. Ross, J. W. Shaver, John N. Washburn, A. G. Marsh, F. E. Short, L. E. Churchman, Patsy Carroll, Louis E. Breton, B. W. Hellings, T. W. Palmer, J. J. Cassidy and T. M. Murphy.

John J. Burke, Company B, is identified, evidently intimately, with the cook detail, for thus he contributes:

"You find me where the pan tree grows,
Where tired stems turn up their toes,
Where smashing murphies roll their eyes,
And loaf around with German pies;
I'm quite a cut up. Look for me
At any wholesale butcherie—
I never fail—still more or less,
I always make an awful mess
Of everything I undertake
When life and liberty's at steak."

Buffalonians! The people back home would appreciate THE GAS ATTACK.