

## Boots and Shoes for Officers

Possibly we overestimate the marked superiority, in our stock of officers' footwear. We doubt it.

As pleasing to the eye as they are serviceable, Nettleton's footwear extraordinary, are a mighty good "buy."

U. S. RED RUBBER BOOTS

## WRIGHT - SCRUGGS SHOE COMPANY

126 Morgan Square  
SPARTANBURG, S. C.

## COOL NIGHTS DOWN SOUTH

Do you sleep warm?  
If not call on us for

## COT PADS BLANKETS COMFORTS

WE TREAT THE SOLDIER BOYS RIGHT

## Hammond-Brown-Wall Co.

145 North Church St.

### ON GUARD!

#### The Rookie Speaks.

"Now it's half-past one on a frosty night  
"And it's cold as cold can be;  
"Stars overhead, and the moon is bright,  
"But what do they mean to me?  
"For they've dumped me down on a blooming post  
"Where it's dark and lone and drear;  
"It's nice in camp where the sergeant is,  
"But it's damn poor stuff out here.  
"Now my girl she's home and it's warm there, too,  
"And it's nice as nice can be;  
"But she may be talking to Billy or Hugh  
"And not think a thing of me.  
"For they've put me into a uniform  
"And it's fine all right, all right;  
"I'm strong for the life of a soldier, sure,  
"But I'm sick of it to-night.  
"And I want to go where the bright lights are  
"Where there's fun and grub and noise;  
"But I'm stuck to a blooming siphon house  
"Instead of out with the boys.  
"For the sergeant, he up and put me here,  
"And he says, now hold that down;  
"But I don't want to stay, and I'm going away,  
"Come on, and we'll go to town."  
\* \* \*

#### The Veteran Speaks.

"You make me sick with your yell and kick,  
"You're a hell of a man, you are;  
"You're a good-for-nothing snivelling kid  
"You just made a damn fine speech, you did;  
"You've fixed yourself for a juicy skid,  
"You've just went too darned far.  
"You talk of the cold, well wait till you hold  
"Your gun in an ice-caked mitt;  
"The job's all right if your mind is set  
"And your toes turn out, but you can bet  
"They'll be turned right up in the slush and wet  
"If you even *whisper* 'quit.'  
"You're tired out! Well, I gotta shout  
"At the talks of the likes of you;  
"You've got a cot. You get grub that's hot,  
"And you may believe it, and maybe not.  
"But it's gospel truth. Kid, you bet you got  
"Lots more than some folks I knew.  
"You never ate from a washbowl plate  
"Nor slept on a junior cot;  
"You never done with one blanket—One!  
"We did, my boy, and we called it fun  
"And I'll kick the first darned son-of-a-gun  
"That hollers he don't know what.  
"You wash your face—You're a plum disgrace  
"Your kind—You a soldier! You?  
"Some time next year when the pears is ripe  
"You'll be something more than a slab of tripe  
"You spoil our record you little snipe  
"And I'll lan you, P. D. Q.  
"You'd cut and run for a bunch of fun—  
"And maybe—My God, you pup!  
"You'd shoot the work of a thousand men  
"For a dame and dance and some cats and then—  
"If you ever open your head again  
"Be damned but I'll eatcha up."



"Captain, can I have a transfer?"  
"Why are you always asking for transfers?"  
"I used to go home on the B. R. T."

#### 105TH INFANTRY.

Private Dowling, of the Sanitary Detachment, is in Troy on furlough.

Jimmy White, premier trombonist of the 105th band, has received an S. C. D. Discharge and left. This leaves a vacancy that "Chief" Feyl will find difficult in filling. Jimmy was one of the best musicians in his line that the army has yet produced.

The Hdqr. Co. also loses the services of "Happy" Dennin, the cook, who goes home on a disability discharge.

Priv. Jos. Jones, of F Co., received an S. C. D. this week.

D Co. loses Pvts. Doring, Kane, Marlsey and Meion for the same reason—all of them are Troy boys.

Pvt. Martin, of the Sanitary Detachment, has been transferred to the 105th Field Hospital unit.

Private Martin, of the Supply Co., has taken the Hoover Course in Economy. A Troy friend of his presented him with a lonesome looking Victor Phonograph record. In order to use the record Martin spent fifteen perfectly good dollars for a machine to play it.

Private Wenn, of K Co., reported at sick call the other morning. The doctor asked him his name—

Said Wenn: "Wenn."

Said the Doctor: "Now."

And then Wenn went to the Base Hospital and Wenn don't know when he will come out—Fact.

Lucky Luckhurst, of the Sanitary, is still shoving out the stew three times a day.

Woolen clothing has now been issued to practically all the enlisted men of the command.

"Dutch" Ashley and Pete Rushlow, of Hdqrs. Co., recently paid a visit to friends of theirs in Gaffney, S. C.

Large heaters for the mess halls have arrived and will shortly be in use.

Hot water tanks are being installed along "Bath House Row."

"Oxie" Bernadin, of B Co., has been given a warrant as sergeant. He is one of the best boys in the regiment and will undoubtedly make one of the most popular non-coms in B Co.