

**DIVISION HEADQUARTERS TROOP.**

Bugler Jimmy Watterson has agreed to reduce his visits to the fair unknown at Gaffney, North Carolina, to two a month.

Si Hunter, of Walden, N. Y., has been successful in his efforts to put away at least twelve eggs every morning. On the one day hot dogs were substituted for the hen fruit he made up for it by partaking of at least five "seconds."

Fire Commissioner Walter Rettker has been worn out by his experiences as chief fire inspector of the Administration Building, and he is now considering a soft berth at the Army Building in Washington.

Chauncey DePew, chief aide of Pop Wilson in the kitchen, has decided to let some one else burn the beans, while his beloved boss, Sergeant MacKissey, is going to instal a time clock for the special benefit of the K. P.'s.

Les Hunt is planning a trip back to Mayor Hylan's own city, "Brooklyn." He is much disturbed by the report that gunmen are scarce in the Big Town, and in view of his well known work in camp he is recommended as an ideal representative of the "Good old days."

Hugh Stange intends to shun all skin games since he was forced to prolong his visit in the kitchen because some one dumped the peels back into the potato pot.

Sergeant Springer has at last really arrived among the "Big Guns." He is now trying to explain to the mail clerk of the 106th Field Artillery why it is that all those little pink enveloped letters must of their very nature be addressed to him. The sergeant is one of the foremost advocates of a Turkish campaign.

It is now known why Jake Wagner has never been questioned in town about the leather puttees he is sporting. The only time he wears them in the streets is between the troop auto and a certain parlor door.

The camp experts are seriously considering a change in the tenth general order. They want it to read: "In any case not covered by instructions to call Sergeant Ames."

Howard Stark, who called a M. P. recently to dispossess some of the troopers from their own car is unsatisfied by his lazy existence here and has decided to hold a little war all by himself. All the members of the fourth tent go to bed these nights with their trench shoes on, waiting for one of Howard's cute little midnight skirmishes.

The Gas Attack at great expense has finally secured the services of Emil Smilie, the famous script dispenser. His first contribution follows:

"Christmas came and with it the many comforts in smoking cigars, cigarettes, pipes and tobacco, but when New Year's day appeared, the comfort of a good smoke was enjoyed by those in tent No. 10 with the

gift of a Sibley stove pipe full of soot. Experts of all trades appeared, but to find the range expert was an oversight and the squad was camouflaged for further orders. A cool head and a clear pipe may be applied to a Sibley stove."

**47TH INFANTRY.**

The following has been tagged to Corporal Ebirt of K Company. While doing guard duty in Yaphank he was taking his detail out one night and had posted them all but one Son of the Old Sod, Bill Casey, by name. Him, he ordered to stand guard at a certain corner. Looking around, Casey noticed a sign reading, "Post No Bills."

"Oi say, Corporal, yez can't lit me stay here, don't yez see that sign?"

Sergeant Tucker of the Band made a request recently for a new outfit. "It's a shame," he told the supply Sergeant, "the way I have to go around in these togs."

"Why, they are as good as the other members of the band have," replied the Supply Sergeant.

"That's all right," said Tucker, "I have to lead them, and I should be dressed to 'beat the band.'"

Company K and Company I are now messing together. When several arguments start at once the mess shack sounds as if it was tenanted by a lot of wild "Ki I's."

Corporal Shapiro tells on one of his friends, Ikey by name, who was in the Base Hospital suffering with the measles:

"Can anybody see your friend?" he was asked.

"No," he replied, "he wouldn't see anyone, he is afraid he might give his friends the disease—and giving anything away isn't his strong point."

Sergeant Alexander, of Company I, recently told a raw recruit to keep his eyes from looking down at the ground.

"I don't know what to do," said the recruit, "first it's keep your eyes from the ground, and then it's watch your step; how can I do both?"

**GETTING AWAY WITH IT.**

His Sister's Chum: "But Mr. Farnum, who put all of those horrible holes in the tents?"

Corporal Farnum: "The Germans with their devilish ingenuity. You see Miss Simpkins a Boche inventor, a Herr Sibley, sold the government a bum contract for a bunch of his patent stoves for army pyramidals. The holes are the result of our using the diabolical contrivances for three months past."

H. S. C.: "Isn't that too perfectly awful?"

C. F. (Unabashed): "Oh, no! The scheme miscarried and has really provided us with a wonderful and unexpected ventilating system. Even the 'closed-flap' boys are feeling the benefits of a more intimate contact with the balmy Southern elements."

—R. W.

**AMBULANCE CO. 108.**

Lieut. Jones left the company on Friday, the 4th, to go to New York City, where he will be assigned to Bellevue Hospital for instruction in surgical conditions.

Lieut. Buell went north on a leave of absence two weeks ago.

Society Note: Private James C. Oles and Miss Elizabeth M. Gibson, of Bainbridge, N. Y., were married at the beginning of the New Year in the parsonage of the First Baptist Church, Spartanburg. Miss Ethel Welden, of Binghamton, N. Y., and Mrs. Mary Knight, mother of Private Edward Knight, were present, as were several members of the company.

Musical Note: Private C. Francis Savercool wrote home for his mouth-organ, and got it.

Farm Notes: Private Rutherford Platte has started to grow another moustache. Eight new mules have joined the company. Private "Ernie" Ling, who delved deeply into the classics and fine arts when he was a student at Cornell University, has received the appointment of mule skinner. The competition was keen, and Private Ling is receiving the congratulations of his friends upon having achieved this post. "Kid" Allen has had the same honor bestowed upon him.

Sergeant Chaffee is enjoying his new corn-cob pipe. His tent-mates haven't as yet reported on the subject.

Sergeant "Mike" Doyle got the box he was expecting.

Private Frederick Doolittle, of Dark Corners, was a recent visitor in the company street.

**BATTERY B, 106TH FIELD ARTILLERY.**

Our cooks are all in white again. Let's hope the white uniforms don't encounter the O. D. chow.

Our Mess Sergeant is back from the Base Hospital after a long rest from eating the food prepared under his supervision.

We understand that a horse stepped on the head of "Red" Decker. The horse was reshod right afterwards.

R. E. A.

**COMPANY G, 105TH INFANTRY.**

Acting Corporal Delka recently received a most wonderful necktie from one of his friends. It is a neutral tie in every respect, as every known color is represented. Perhaps the fair doner thought that he belonged to the "Rainbow Division."

**NOTE TO CONTRIBUTORS.**

THE GAS ATTACK can not be responsible for manuscripts and drawings submitted for publication. Our staff is small and we are so busy that it is impossible to send back stuff we can't use. We get a lot of manuscript. We'd like to get a lot more. But please don't ask us, just now, to send back your contributions. If we can possibly use them, you may be sure we will.