

# PITY THE POOR YAPHANKER

**He Has Lots of Steam Heat and Hot Water But Yearns for Palms and Oranges of Sunny South.**

"Can you beat it? Think of those yaps! Sitting in steam-heated barracks wishing the War Department would send them down to Spartanburg—down to the sunny South, as they put it, so that they could sit under the palm trees and eat oranges that they picked off the trees along the company streets. Can you beat it?"

Naturally we couldn't inasmuch as they stopped raising oranges and palms around Camp Wadsworth some time ago. But Harry—Private Klyne, of the Second Pioneer Brigade Headquarters Detachment—had just returned from a furlough and he had been out to Camp Upton in Yaphank to see a couple of chaps he knew and who had been drafted.

It was as cold in our tent as the heart of the supply sergeant. We'd fed the Sibley the last chunk of pine and had crawled into the blankets—not because we were tired, but because it was too cold to sit up longer.

"Y'know we'd heard a lot about the life of Riley these draft guys were living," went on Harry, "so Bill and I thought we'd give 'em a rumble before we came back to Wadsworth."

"We found the guys we were looking for in one of the big barracks. It was too cold for drill so the fellows were in quarters for the day.

"Get this! At one end of the hall there were a battery of shower baths and bath rooms. Hot water? You said it; enough to float a battleship and hot enough to boil eggs in. And some bath rooms! As finely equipped as any I ever saw! Everything complete—basins and everything.

"On every floor there was a furnace and to every furnace one man was detailed every day to keep it going. And believe me he kept her going. Why, do you see my eyes pop out when I hear one guy holler because the temperature in the place was only 82 degrees. I thought of you guys in the sunny South and laughed myself off the chair. Chairs? You said it.

"Each of those unfortunate patriots had only three blankets and a comforter. Tough, what? Why, do you know, if any of those fellows feel like getting up at night he slips into his bath robe and pokes his feet into slippers and—. What? You said it. Don't have to leave the nice warm hall.

"Well you can imagine what happened to us Wadsworthers when they began to yelp about wanting to go to the sunny South. I started out to look over the rest of the outfit. I was just leaving when I ran into a



"Say, boy! Are you going to the telegraph office?"

"Sir, I'm Major Bobo, of Wofford College. Don't delay me. I'm on my way to Division Headquarters."

"Whadda ya mean, Division Headquarters?"

"Turner's Drug Store."

little old man who had come looking for his son. The old man asked me about the boy and I thought I'd kid him.

"My Mischa iss gedding along fine," the old guy explained. "He iss a big man already in the army."

"'Commission,' I inquired.

"'No,' said the old man, 'choost straidt salary.'

"And say, fellows, the Long Island Railroad sells the Upton men a round-trip ticket to New York for sixty cents. But you have to buy it at Yaphank. I had heard about it but didn't know the whole trick. I tried to buy one of those wholesale rate tickets at the Flatbush avenue station in Brooklyn, when I went out. Nothing doing. Cost \$3.72 if you buy in New York or Brooklyn.

"But I slipped one over on them at that. I bought a single way ticket in Brooklyn and then got in on the cut rates when we started back for New York.

"What do you think of that! Water in my canteen frozen. And to think of those steam-heated warriors back in Yaphank. Squawking because they aren't sent down to the sunny South. Draft men? Hell! Daft."

## CLINTON COUNTY MEN.

The Red Cross of Plattsburg, New York, is desirous of obtaining the names and addresses of all men from Clinton county, in the service.

Address: Private B. L. Betsford, Company I, 105th Infantry.

Beginning next week the Gas Attack will sell for ten cents. And it's the biggest bargain in camp.