

AMBULANCE CO. 108.

Corporal Olin G. Smiley and Private Cecil R. Crispin have been made Sergeants. Good luck, boys!

Private "Pete" Clock, the officers' mess orderly, strolled down the company street the other afternoon with a charming young woman, showing her the sights of the company while men stuck their heads out of tent-flaps shouting: "Hey, Pete, got them dishes washed yet?"

Mess Sergeant Tierney and Private "Phil" Collins sat up late the other Monday evening. "Ed" sat so close to the stove he burned his coat. Eh, Ed?

Private Burt Wine has been appointed the distributing agent for THE GAS ATTACK in the company. Copies on sale at his barber shop every week!

Sport Note: Chief Mechanic F. H. O'Neil thought he was the champion euchre player of the company until he went up against Farrier R. W. Dacey in three games out of five. It was a walk-a-way for Dacey.

Musical Note: The quartette has been enlarging its repertoire. It is now open to engagements.

Sergeant Hankins built a fire in his squad tent the other morning—and then let it go out!

Private Charles Flanagan is in the Base Hospital recovering from an attack of pneumonia. His brother, Robert, and sister, Mrs. Winifred Shea, of Binghamton, N. Y., have been visiting him. C. D.

106TH INFANTRY, CO. H.

Private McCarthy, while on exterior guard duty, broke his rifle. He stumbled over it when he was called to partake of that wonderful cocoa which is served to the guard every night by some very thoughtful ladies. The gun can be repaired, so there is nothing to worry about. What is a gun when hot cocoa is being served?

Fire Chief Deegan's tent caught fire last Sunday. Now he has a brand new one. What's the matter, Chief? Did you require the practice, or did that old tent of yours get on your nerves?

Eddie Crawford makes coffee every night in his tent. The smell of it tastes mighty good, Eddie. We are never thirsty, anyway. C. O'D.

102ND AMMUNITION TRAIN, SECOND CAISSON CO.

The following men have been transferred from 102nd Ammunition Train:

Regimental Supply Sergeant Leon W. Hartough.

Sergeant Mechanic Albert H. Wallack.

Sergeant Agent Harold A. Stewart.

All have been assigned to 1st Company, Supply Train.

A DRIVE ON THE ENEMY.

"I've got to practise on the piano five hours a day."

"What for?"

"Cause pa and ma don't like our new neighbors."—Boston Transcript.

OFFICERS' TRAINING SCHOOL NOW UNDER WAY.

The Officers' Training School has now been under way nearly two weeks. Sergeants and Corporals and Privates from all over camp have taken up their beds and walked over to the white-tented streets of their new home—in the camp of the old 74th.

As time goes on, and the student officers meet the crises in their training careers, The Gas Attack will print special articles on this work by a staff correspondent.

106TH INFANTRY, CO. I.

Co. I kitchen was the scene of a daring holdup New Year's Eve. Cook Yahn Kauth, (German by inoculation but he is trying hard to hide it), is an expert pie baker, and to keep in the good graces of Lieut. Ira I. Hodes, he decided to make two special pies. He did and while they were cooling on the edge of the oven, they did look tempting. Somehow the information leaked out, and shortly before midnight, a heavily armed and disguised band of men, four in number, dashed into the kitchen, and held up Cooks Kauth and Dolan. In less time than it takes to tell, one of the bandits had seized the two pies and fled with his assistants. Thirty minutes later Cooks Kauth and Dolan began to recover from their open mouthed surprise. The raid was reported to 1st Sergeant Massel, who detailed Supply Sergeant Vette (an old sleuth) to investigate. Sergt. Vette claims that to begin he must have a clue to work on. He suggested that two more pies be made and left on the kitchen steps to cool. Whoever took the two pies would be the guilty party. Upon interviewing Cook Kauth, he expressed his belief that Sergt. Vette was a fizzle. Kauth is wondering why he can't draw that extra pair of woolen pants.

A suggestion is made to Company Clerk Corporal Joseph Blum to stop writing so many letters to Jennie, and to get in the game part of the time.

1st Sergeant Edmund S. Massel and Supply Sergeant Edward G. Vette returned to camp December 30, after spending 15 days at the big town. They both advise the rest of the boys, who are thinking of coaxing a furlough out of Lt. Groesbeck, (not Grass-back), not to go home on furlough.

Private Levine misses his old side partner in the laundry business.

Co. I boasts of the champion quartette of soup eaters in the 27th Division. When Sergeant Eselgroth, Privates Sileo, Kavanaugh and Padola get together, harmony reigns.

Cook Kauth would like to go home on a furlough, but he is afraid of either the cops or "Leah." Which it is we don't know, but we can all have our own opinions.

C. O. L.

MILITARY POST-OFFICE.

Everyone has recovered from the Christmas rush. It was some rush. But the boys got their mail on time, so the P. O. men are happy.

George Knappka is the P. O. poet. George composes poems as he sorts mail.

Boston has sent down some of its niftiest dressers to the camp P. O. Joe Walsh still sports the Helen pink shirt he used to wear on Tremont street.

Bill Judge is another Bostonian. You can tell him by his melodious whistle. He seems to know only one tune—"There's a Long, Long Trail."

The 102d Engineers have contributed Special Delivery Frank Callahan to the P. O. No one has figured out how Colonel Vanderbilt gets along without Frank.

Harry Gay says Binghamton got its name this way: A couple of farmers were arguing, when a third passed. He shouted, "Bing him, Tom!" The P. O. men insist on pronouncing it "Bimington."

Jim Ware, the boss of the P. O., comes from Asheville. So does Pop Hawkins, with the warm Southern smile. They admit that Paradise is almost as good as Asheville.

A post card has been received from S. C. Whiteheart, formerly of the registered mail department at Camp Wadsworth, who is now in the postal service somewhere in France. It shows him in uniform.

Carl Storer, of the 105th Field Hospital, is one of the P. O. hustlers. Carl does his work in a military manner, keeping always on the alert and kidding everyone within sight or hearing.

Jimmy Purtell has won a lot of friends by his pleasant grin and his general on-the-jobness.

Buffalo's donation, Vincent Wales, is considered the Apollo of the force. Eddie Burling is the closest of his rivals.

105TH INFANTRY, 'M' CO.

Many are the rumors of marriage, filtering back from the men on furlough. Foremost amongst them, and most persistent are the ones concerning Corps. Reilley and O'Connor. Although both deny any intention or thought of getting "hooked up," still we get letters from home and have our suspicions.

Our cooks claim to be thoroughly efficient in gas work. They claim that Cook Brock Hughes keeps them constantly under "gas," every time he talks.

Corp. Yerrington, the lad with the \$11.00 pants, has wired back that he is laying in a large supply of talcum powder.

Giles Slocum has been transferred to the 1st Battalion at last. He now announces he has given up his "job" with M. Co. and accepted a "position" as orderly.

CORP. F. B. R., Jr.

The Nut number of the Gas Attack will carry a choice line of assorted nuts.