



South Carolina—As We Expected It and As We Found It

BREAKING THE HEART OF A COOTIE.

Company G, 53rd Pioneers, Has a New Way to Kill 'Em Off.

"One of our first endeavors," write the non-coms of Co. G, 53rd Pioneers, "will be to contribute articles to *The Gas Attack*, of which we think highly." And Co. G, which was formerly Co. G, of the 47th N. Y. Infantry, makes its first endeavor with an account that has to do with cooties, those inelegant little creatures which now and then attach themselves to a soldier in the field.

While in a local hardware store, begin the company's notes, Sergeant McKenna was shown a new type of machine for sterilizing clothing, and of course eliminating "pests." He was obviously quite unimpressed. The salesman asked him whether he did not think the machine a fine one.

"Well enough, perhaps," said he, "but I've got a dodge of my own that is better."

"What's that?"

"Well, wear my shirt two days one way, then they are all inside, see? Turn it inside out, and wear it that way, then they're all outside, aren't they? By the time they've got inside again, I turn it back again, and so I go on and on and at last the marching and countermarching breaks the little devil's hearts and they die."

Cook Loughlin recently blew in from his furlough six days over-due, and when asked for an explanation by Capt. Stockbridge, he remarked: "I was just taking my next furlough on the installment plan."

Sgt. Corboy has ceased to worry about his coming S. C. D. for flat feet, as Cook Loughlin has assured him of a job on a L. I. Duck-farm, teaching little ducks how to walk. We are afraid you'll fail Jim, as you have to know more than a duck to teach him anything.

As the result of something going wrong Supply Sergeant Melloh let out some of his well known profanity, just as one of the Reserve Officers, who was boarding with us for a short time, stepped into his tent. "Sergeant," exclaimed the officer, "cease swearing in this tent, especially while I'm here." Sergeant Melloh, still up in the air, curtly replied, "Sorry, sir, but one of us will have to step outside."

Mechanic Stelling was rejected in our recent examination for a "tin ear." We believe he is faking it, because Sgt. Boldt recently whispered in his ear, "Want a loan of a dollar?" and the result was magnetic.

We would like to have a little more information on the reported elopement of Corp. Funk, our Company "Cluck," and a fair damselle in Spartanburg answering to the name of Helen. Private Cox seems to have the key to the situation, but being naturally dumb no dope can be obtained. What is she doing Charlie, trying to get your allotment? Maybe you made her your beneficiary for that \$10,000.00 insurance.

Does anybody know where Sergeant McKenna goes with that mysterious bundle every morning?

While down on furlough, Corp. Murphy met a few of the fellows recently discharged and found them enjoying the following high-salaried positions:

Ex-Corp. A. C. Schery, distributing pills for Moe Levy;

Ex-Pvt. Dieneman, First-broom in Hitchcock's beanery;

Ex-Pvt. "Dumb-bell" Gunn, polishing ash-cans for the D. S. C.;

Ex-Pvt. "T. B." Loehner, tending bar in Judges;

Ex-Corp. Leitz, exhibiting boy-scout suits in A. S.'s;

Ex-Pvt. Skinner, posing for animal crackers for the Nat. Bis. Co.