

**CAPT. PERCY E. NAGLE, CO. G, 102D
AMMUNITION TRAIN.**

There isn't a man down here at camp, but smiles when he thinks of Percy E. Nagle. If there is a better natured and more generally, well-liked officer at Camp Wadsworth we have yet to meet him.

From the start of his career, he has stood out prominently in every endeavor to which he has given his time and energy.

He rowed on the famous Metropolitan "Eight" of the days of '82-'83 and '84, that famous crew that held many championships and a record of never being defeated.

He has been Commissioner of Street Cleaning for the City of New York.

His military record has been one of progression. It could hardly be otherwise, for a glance at the fighting stock from which he is a descendant, shows man after man who were officers of high rank.

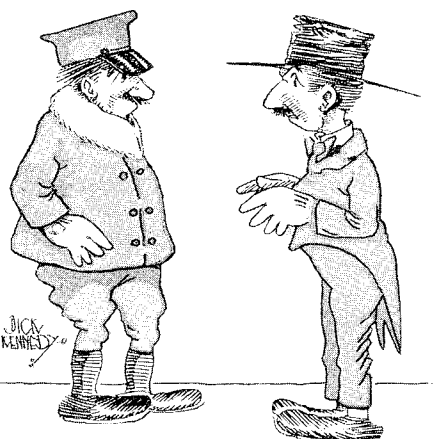
Captain Nagle was born in County Cork, Ireland, and is a direct descendant of Edmund Burke, the greatest patriot in the history of Ireland. He remembers with pride his uncles Admiral Sir Edmund Nagle, K. C. B., and Lieutenant Burton Nagle of the 17th Lancers, one of the survivors of the history-making "Charge of the Light Brigade."

Two of his nephews, one a Captain and one a Lieutenant, have already given their lives to the cause for which we are now serving. A cousin, Sergt. Frank Nagle of the Massachusetts Engineers, was one of the first eight Americans to be killed "in action," in France.

Col. Garret Nagle, a cousin, as a Captain was reported killed at Antietam, and about a year later this report was supplemented by an official order creating him a Major, and not withstanding the early exaggerated account of his death, he lived until 1912, at which time he ranked as a colonel.

Captain Nagle enlisted as a private in the 69th N. Y. Inf. 20 years ago, and rose through the various ranks in the regiment and brigade to the rank of Lieut. Col., which commission he received November 15th, 1912. On July 6th, 1917, he resigned this rank, and on the same day enlisted as a private in the 102nd Ammunition Train, the War Department, waiving all age limit regulations, in his case. On the day of his enlistment in the 102nd Ammunition Train, he was commissioned a 1st Lieutenant, F. A., and assigned to duty with 102nd Ammunition Train, as Battalion Adjutant of the Horse Section. His tireless efforts during the organization of the "Train," and the fund of good nature with which he accomplished his work all through the Ammunition Train's first encampment at Pelham Bay Park, N. Y., and subsequent movement to Camp Wadsworth, stamped him as a man of sterling qualities, and a friend to whom any enlisted man might go, with the assurance that the Lieutenant would give him a square deal.

On February 19th, 1918, Captain Nagle promoted to his present rank and assigned to the command of Company "G," 102nd Ammunition Train.



START WORK ON LIBERTY
Civilian—"Are you helping to win the war?"
Chauffeur—"Sure, I'm doing my jit."

MY TENT.

O dear little tent, I have loved you so long,
With your fireless Sibley and all,
Your olive-drab shelter has filled me with song,

And I always will answer your call;
Your floor may be bumpy and muddy and cold,

Your top may resemble a sieve,
But I wouldn't exchange you for bushels of gold,

And in no other place would I live.

Your sides never keep out the cold winter's chill,

And storms make you totter and sway,
Though nights have been weary and sombre and still,

Your shelter has made me feel gay;
You've comforted errors I've made in the past,

You've filled me with vigor anew,
I'm sure of a pal who will stick to the last,
The best friend I have—it is you.

The day's drawing nigh when I'll leave you to go,

To welcome my fate with the rest,
To charge down the line with the fast and the slow,

To prove that I'm fit for the test;
I always will cherish you—home of my dreams.

I'll remember you best if I fall,
Though I live in a palace that gilders and gleams,

I will still love you better than all.

PVT. H. A. HERTY,
Co. A, M. P.

With him, in his promotion, he carries the good will and best wishes of every soldier or civilian with whom he has ever come in personal contact. He has the respect of every man who ever served under him, and the high opinion entertained for him by Headquarters, is reflected in his recent promotion.

COMBINE MACHINE GUNNERS.

Battalions and Companies to Get Uniform Instruction.

As a result of the recent visit to Camp Wadsworth of Lieut. Col. Applin, of the British army, the three machine gun battalions of the 27th division, and the machine gun companies of each infantry regiment in the division, are to be combined for instruction purposes during the remaining weeks of the division's stay here.

Maj. Edward McLeer, of the 104th Machine Gun battalion, will be in charge as instructor. The new arrangement means that all the officers and men will get the same instructions and develop along the same lines in their work.

It is the practice in the British army to have all the machine gun units of a division under one general command, such as a brigade of artillery. It is not known whether officers of the United States army contemplate such a change or not, but General O'Ryan and the members of his staff, after hearing Col. Applin's lecture, are convinced that the best results will be obtained if the machine gunners are given uniform instruction from now on.

INFANTRY RIFLE RANGE.

**TIGERSVILLE, S. C., ORDNANCE
DEPARTMENT.**

A few days ago Gen. O'Ryan inspected this range and although his stay was short, we are sure the general was pleased. The general's quick eye lit upon a sentry smoking. The next day found that sentry escorted to his meals. Queer what little goes by the general unobserved.

The Ordnance Detachment at the range, consisting of eleven officers and thirteen enlisted men, are competing with the draft army. Barracks, shower baths and (according to Hoyle) cook stoves are the few facilities the detachment have to contend with.

Lieutenant Thompson, of the 107th, sanitary officer of the detachment, started to build a swimming hole. The dam which was a necessary feature in the work looked strong and very capable of holding the water back, but a sprinkle, as the Sod Busters here call a cloud burst, washed the dam away and so the men had to return to the six-inch creek to wash.

The detachment rendered an entertainment at the Baptist college at Tigersville. Although talentless, it brought in return a feed which the men relished and all had an enjoyable time.

Respectfully yours,
CORPORAL H. S. SPAREY.