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SPARTANBURG, S. C.

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SPARTANBURG, S. C.

The  
South Carolina Light,  
Power and Railway  
Company  
FURNISHES

ALL THE

# ELECTRICITY

USED AT

## CAMP WADSWORTH

### COMPANY B, 107TH U. S. INFANTRY.

In the first place suspicion arose in our minds when we were marched in from drill a half hour before recall. This unheard-of event (except in those special and rare cases of inoculation, lectures or an issue of soap and rattles or something from the supply tent) caused a wavering of the formation as we "squads lefted" in front of the Topper's tent.

Then Sergeant Donovan broke the glad news—a nice little hike to the artillery range for the boys so we wouldn't get soft in the feet, but really for the purpose of going under a real, honest-to-mustard barrage fire.

We pulled anchor the next morning at 8 A. M. and everybody was feeling as good as possible under the circumstances except Johnny McGlue, whose furlough had been cancelled at the last minute so he could honor us with his august presence as we ambled merrily on our way.

"Oh! it wasn't the fact that I had a date in Queens," said Johnny with one eye on the pop bottle in F. Copeland's pack, "Just the principle of the thing."

This statement was greeted with a hearty cackle from "Judge" Mulqueen. In fact the "Judge" kept us all in good spirits with his unlimited line of chatter and his repeated requests for a song from Bert Brady's squad. (We won't attempt to describe the vocal outbursts that came forth from the husky throats of those warblers as we're still trying hard to forget the noise they made.)

It was a good day for hiking because of the cool weather and cloudy sky, but the forty-five minute rest at noon was a welcome halt to all of us and for once that hardtack tasted good.

There was a canteen just back of where we were eating—but a canteen for about five minutes only; at the end of that short period it looked like the inside of a waste-basket.

When we started out again, old "Light-foot" Weinstein spent a few minutes with each squad all the way down the line, filling in the blank files here and there until wild howls of protest from the rear caused him to reconsider his present position and make a strategical retreat further back.

We made camp about 3 P. M. and having tired of cussing out A Company for various reasons, we retired to our quarters for peace and quiet.

Statistics show that there were 3,682 hip-holes dug during the course of the night.

The next day at noon saw us at our final resting place at the Engineer's camp where we "pup-tented" in a drizzling rain.

As a result of a heated argument concerning the price of eggs in Australia at the beginning of the war, Cook Tipson pushed Cook Van Auken into the babbling brook back of the kitchen. Whereupon Cook Van Auken reciprocated and threw Cook Tipson into the same brook.

And they (not the cooks) were even selling us N. Y. papers that far from civilization.

We manoeuvred up and down about four-

teen different mountains on the following day—this time we hiked for ten minutes and rested for fifty. Mess was quite noticeable because of its absence.

According to Elleman, we did nothing but run up all the hills in sight and then slow up for a short ways and then another run. We were beginning to wonder why they did not double time us all the way just to get the hang of it.

The only "casualty" under the barrage fire was the sudden loss of R. H. Wood's wind when we reached the top of the hill.

"Lotta nonsense," says Robert to Jack Sheeky, as he hung limply over the limb of sun-burnt pine tree, "Ought to grade this hill—too hard on the men."

Of course there was a mystery connected with the camp; this time "the house where you get the egg sandwiches." We couldn't seem to account for all the females in and around its four walls. The 4th squad of the 1st platoon tried hard to clear up the mystery but came back with mournful expressions on their usually sunny countenances.

As for that hike back, none of us will forget if we go through ten years of the war and still remain alive. Some claim it was twenty-four miles and others twenty-six, but we did it in seven hours and forty-five minutes, walking time.

Redenberg says that he would just as soon have ridden as far as he was concerned.

And those hills! Oh! boy! Oh! boy! and Stanley Mann said that we would be going "down hill" all the way. We went "down hill" all right, but we went up about six times as many hills as we went down.

We were very much chagrined to think that you should deceive us in this way, Stanley.

"'Bout fo' mo' miles," was the inevitable answer to our questions as to the remaining distance to camp—always the same, even though we had hiked along for an hour before repeating the question. Sort of gave us the idea that we were playing tag with the end of the column.

Didn't that lil' ol' cot look good after four nights of "diggin' in?"

Just so the packs won't get moldy they have got us taking them out for an airing each day at drill now.

With new parts, arsenal numbers, etc., to get on to, Saturday morning inspections ought to be rather interesting.

CORPORAL D. VAN R. HILL.

"The Frinchmen are sure wan grand polite race."

"And did wan of thim lend yiz a dime?"

"No, but I slammed wan on the jaw and he gave me his calling card and said he would sind two men to wait on me."

Send this copy of the **Gas Attack** home. Let them know what the New York Division is doing.

The other girls are getting the **Gas Attack** from their o. d. admirers. Why isn't yours?