

MANY ATTRACTIONS AT BUILDING 95.

It would indeed be difficult to tell just what has made No. 95 so popular this week. On Wednesday evening "The Serbian String Orchestra" from the Second Pioneer Infantry played to a crowded house, while William S. Hart in "What Happened to Father" in five reels amused the fellows.

Howard Ortner, our physical director, is kept very busy these days helping about two hundred and fifty officers and men in their informal games and competitive stunts.

Richard V. Crane, Building Social Secretary, has been organizing all of the available dramatic and musical talent; as a result we have had some excellent entertainments. The "Song Contest" was a great success. The regiments which we serve surely have fine talent. Prof. Libby's class in Mass French is still pleasing the men. The Camera Club keeps up an almost continual performance, the dark rooms being constantly in use.

We are greatly indebted to Capt. Anderson of the 52nd Pioneers, and Lieut. Walters for their co-operation in Bible Study Classes. The Sunday and mid-week religious services are always well attended. The men and officers who attend these meetings surely do enjoy the helpful and inspiring services. If you have not been at Unit 95 recently, come around and get into the game. You will like it. The Staff of 95 are your friends. We will be glad to see you.

**FORMER Y. M. C. A. SONG DIRECTOR
HONORED.**

Robert E. Clark, formerly Camp Song Director for Army Y. M. C. A. at Camp Wadsworth, now acting in same capacity at Camp Hancock, Augusta, Georgia, has been promoted. Besides having complete charge of all the singing at Camp Hancock, Mr. Clark will be in charge of a training school for Y. M. C. A. song leaders at Augusta. He will also supervise the work of song leaders of Army Y. M. C. A. in Southeastern Department.

All of Mr. Clark's many friends at Camp Wadsworth rejoice in this merited recognition of his ability and talent.

ASHEVILLE TRIP A SUCCESS.

The Army Y. M. C. A. at Camp was able to offer a rare privilege to a considerable number of soldiers on Saturday last. Through the co-operation of Mr. Hamerslough, secretary of Y. M. C. A. of Asheville, these soldiers were entertained in some of the best homes in the city.

These men report an exceedingly enjoyable trip, leaving Spartanburg Saturday 4:30 and returning late Sunday evening.

The people of Asheville are high in their praise of the visitors from Wadsworth.

THE SENTINEL.

There stood I, watching, alone with errant thoughts. To my ears came the soft, mysterious song of Night; and in my eyes, turned now to the East, crept the magic spectacle of dawning Day.

O'er the murky outline of a lone pine I saw Night's thick cloak catch upon some ethereal nail and tear; and through the widening slit shone a faint roseate glow, spreading and spreading, as Night vainly struggled to free her ruined garment.

Upon yonder gentle slope I made out dim rows of khaki prisms. There slumbered my mates. How quiet, how peaceful, the scene!

A distant bugle quavered. Its last notes became blurred and lost in a jargon of tooted calls. Somewhere a band joined in the din. Hurrying soldiers began to dot the company streets, gravitating into a formation. Raucous whistles shrilled an urge to laggards. A brief pause, and then the bugles chorused anew.

The eastern horizon became a vision of grandeur, brilliantly opalescent. And as I looked I saw the sun, smiling in golden glory, start lifting above the rim of things.

Entranced by Nature's awakening, my reverie was complete.

But soon an end came to my dreams. I heard the rhythmical tread of marching feet. 'Twas the new relief of the guard. I faced about.

"Number twelve!" said the corporal; and another soldier, sleep still showing in his eyes, stepped forward and took my place.

CORPORAL HARRY T. MITCHELL,
Company L, 107th U. S. Infantry.



Well, what news?
The enemy wanted to borrow some cannon balls.
Did you let them have them?
Sure, they promised to send them back in the morning.