

EIGHTH MASS. INFANTRY REACHES SPARTANBURG

Spartanburg, S. C., Feb. 17.—The Eighth Massachusetts infantry, now designated as the Fifth regiment of pioneer infantry, arrived at Camp Wadsworth this afternoon from Camp Greene, Charlotte, N. C.

This is the first of the six skeletonized New England national guard regiments to be transferred from Camp Greene to Camp Wadsworth to arrive. The others will probably follow during the week. The Eighth Massachusetts is under the command of Colonel William H. Ferr.

COMPANY C, 4TH INFANTRY.

After perusing the contents of Trench and Camp my eyes collided with an article concerning Company D, of our regiment, and no sooner was I through, when I saw another article describing the different characters of Company D. It made me feel peevish to think that our neighbor companies would beat us to an allotment of space in the esteemed journal of perils and gems. Speaking of perils and gems, why that is what our company is composed of. I can cite many H. and G. merits.

There must be something wrong with Sergeant Bennett, he didn't pull us out of bed last Sunday morning. Corporal Kraus had cold feet the other day. He was put in charge of the snow detail, and he stuck to it.

Company C is howling to go to France. It's too bad there isn't a town by that name around here.

Bugler Gerard is to leave us soon, and we regret to see him go. He is a buny little man.

Private Lontkosky will soon be a millionaire if he keeps that barber job. He has all the money in the company already.

Private Yelovack is sure one eater. Sergeant Lee made him eat a whole pie Sunday.

Private Abbott is still in the base hospital. We are all hoping to see him back within the next few days.

Bugler Martin has been stricken hard by the fact that he got a letter

COMPANY C, 50TH INFANTRY.

More rain, more snow—what do we care? In the meantime, less drill.

Hard tack is now in style. For further information see Private Wintersgill and Sergeant Kuhn.

Private Smith, who was transferred to the ammunition train, says he doesn't like the idea of carrying big shells around and learning to do right and left-face again.

Private Kamensky, who is taking a course in engineering, always has his overalls dirty, especially on the seat of them.

Private Harsche is a pretty lucky boy. Every time a detail comes out his name is always on the top.

The fourth squad claims that they are the most complete squad in the camp. In that outfit you can find a canteen clerk, a mechanic, a bomb thrower, an ammunition man, a dog robber, an engineer and a big equare-cornered corporal. Still, they are happy.

Corporal Meyer, who is over in the trenches, is right back on the job he had before he came into the army. He was a pick and shovel artist in the first place.

No wonder Finney is a corporal. He hasn't nerve to be anything or do anything. He even asked the lieutenant for a cigarette the other day.

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from home saying that his old girl were all married.

Private Augustine is now the official special duty man of the company.

Private Hufnagel, who just returned from an A. W. O. L., reports that he was out of luck from the standpoint of a good time.

Private Gordon is still with us. "Old Pan Handle Pete" is a good iron trail man at that.

Private Wintersgill saved the lives of four prisoners while on guard the other day. His gun wouldn't work.

Private Christensen is on a furlough, telling the people what he does do and what he does not do. He's a pretty good old skate, even though the hair on the top of his head is all gone.

Since cook Haamason has gone there are no more cases of indigestion.

Private Stoner, our librarian, has succeeded in breaking two Victrola records during the last two days.

Private Fenton has received a nice big sweater. We are betting that the cold weather is all over.

Corporal Robert Race received a nice seven-dollar box of candy from a lady this week. How soft. He ain't worth "seven cents"—some say.

Sergeant Young and Corporal Keilerman have been transferred to the machine gun company. This pair of farmers say that they are going to win the war with these thunder sticks. Go to it boys, we are right with you.

REGIMENTAL BASKETBALL LEAGUE RESUMES PLAY

Physical Director Taylor announces that the regimental basketball league will resume its schedule upon the lifting of the quarantine. The schedule calls for four more games for each team, and it is anticipated that the crowd will be as large as ever upon the resuming of the schedule. The games will go right on from the point where the schedule was interrupted, the Base Hospital playing the First Conn., and the First Vermont meeting the Sixth Mass.

HEADQUARTERS COMPANY, 14TH MACHINE GUN BATTALION.

It seems to us that if the weather keeps up a certain guy from Cleveland, Ohio, is going to ask to get fired or laid off as he seems to think it's too nice to work.

Sergeant Major Jennings says he will get a ball team out of headquarters company even if he has to play all the positions himself or have Shapiro do it.

We are still wondering how Shapiro was made cook. He cooked some eggs in his tent the other night and his guests are still wishing they hadn't eaten them.

Hadley, the mysterious man from Cleveland, Ohio, and Shapiro, the runner from New York, certainly do make some team, between them they have the fans laughing all through the game, some of the antics they do are masterpieces.

McVicker, the Boy Scout from Massachusetts, is elected the official mascot. Hope he brings us luck.

DIPPY DASHES FROM COMPANY A, 12TH MACHINE GUN BATTALION.

These are strenuous days. Clarence Davis says that since Company A has taken the "right dress" fever he wakes up mornings with his left hand on his hip.

When it comes to explaining machine gun emplacements "Cap" Good, alias Keene, wins first laurels. A certain officer told him that his ideas are excellent but his language lacked dignity.

George Young is surely out-busking Hubback in growing varieties. Since he started out to be a peroxide blonde his hair has turned a dozen different shades. However, he still has hopes. Go to it, George, somebody may think you are a hare if the peroxide holds out.

Sergeant Davis is surely his fine parade-ground voice. His specialty is that classy "redum right"—he. But he is right at home when it comes to taking the gang out to police up on such occasions. The dapper sergeant carries a young microscope so that he can see that inviolate match stick

Starting with our first sergeant, there isn't a more capable man in the regiment than "Top" Sergeant George MacDonald, who pilots this outfit of black jack and crap shooters. We also have by far more talent in this company than any other in camp. I say this without fear of contradiction.

Editor please do not be backward about publishing this for fear of causing animosity, for this is a well known fact throughout the regiment when we have such strong arm men with us, of world-wide fame and conceded by all as being one of the foremost athletes in America—and Spain. Yes, Sergeant Blystone once fought a band of pirates off the coast of Chili Con Carnal, and in the seventeenth round when the gong sounded, Sergeant "Bly" was the proud possessor of twenty-two scalps. This may be exaggerated, but these were the facts obtained through our correspondent stationed at the River of Doubt. Our representative in the field of matrimony the honors go to Sergeant Louis, who, like a sailor, has a sweet-heart in every port. A good share of the fair sex reside with Louis, and sometimes they request that he send them a Rembrandt of his "map," but little Louis is wise for he realizes that his acquaintances would be cut short were any of these fair damazels to put their respective glimmers on Louis' map.

Have you ever heard our quartet? Well, if you don't, you've missed big-time harmony. It is hard to believe, but "don't" come from miles around to hear it sing, but that is no fault of ours as we have been practicing long enough to sing at the Palace theater on Broadway, New York. In fact, we have already decided to fill an engagement there, although the Palace theater manager doesn't know it. This famous quartet is composed of the following artists, Eddie Ekelund, formerly of the American quartet; Sergeant Robinson, also of the American quartet; Sergeant Murray Klein, famous impersonator of Bert Williams, and Corporal Rowan, lead. I think I am justified in my boasting of Company C, 47th infantry, and if I am not, it will all come out in the wash, for it doesn't pay to worry.

COMPANY "M," 30TH INFANTRY.

Keely, the slugger, sometimes known as "Fug," is still with us and holds his record for sleeping and "seconds" as well as he holds his "rep" with the "mitts."

Since Private Simms has been given two chevrons he is reported to have made application for a hat somewhat larger than he previously wore. Of course we can't tell about this, but it might be so at that.

Steve is some cook. He is especially good on boiling water. He gets it so tender.

The Machine Gun company (formerly of Company M) was attacked yesterday coming back from drill by a troop of mosquitoes. As a result Corporal Turner was injured. No other casualties are reported to date. It is understood that an armistice was declared.

11TH MACHINE GUN BATTALION.

The game was well played considering practice that each team had. There were about 125 men reported for play, which indicates the possibility of a good team in the battalion as soon as all can be given a try out. Company A certainly had the edge on the game in this first contest, winning handsly by the score of 9 to 2.

Company B says they are glad that they are able to drill and not have to wade through mud up to their knees.

Corporal Cherry has been made sergeant so now the boys of the company will have to sit up and hustle around.

John Westman has been made sergeant and he says the job is the fun as there is no drill.



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