

Wadsworths Stack On Their Mud, But Would Put Part In Spartanburg

By CHAPLAIN PERCY T. EDROP, 53 Pioneer Infantry

Why is Camp Wadsworth the finest camp in the United States? This question was asked of the writer. He thought at first the superiority of Camp Wadsworth had won new recognition. But the truth slowly dawned that thirty-one other men had been asked the same question about thirty-one other camps.

Plainly the editor of Trench and Camp was trying to be nice, trying to play no favorites. Yet his use of the word finest was his undoing. Far more tactful did a bachelor become after two mothers met, each one with the statement, "Why, that's just what he said about my baby!" Far more tactful did the editor of Trench and Camp become, for the men he questioned are meeting in the columns of his paper and his peridy is being exposed.

No matter what the editor wrote to thirty-one other men, the fact remains that his question was quite proper when it concerned Camp Wadsworth.

Spartanburg? Was ever a name more fitting for a place at which to train the soldiers of the country?

An Improved Climate. (7)

Take for instance the matter of the climate, now that we have approved of the name—only those with a Spartan spirit could have survived it. "Most unusual weather" was the constant comment of the natives. But they could not always be on their guard, and, in moments of forgetfulness, they admitted that the pipes had frozen during the preceding winter. Then they tried a new tack. They tried to pack up their troubles and ours in the old kit bag and smile, smile, smile; for they told us that, in order to keep us from being homesick they had brought the New York climate to the South!

This fulsome praise of Camp Wadsworth is being written in a well-heated room in New York City and the writer is gazing, long after the calendar has summarily dismissed the winter, into a raging snow storm—verses—spelled with a capital "C" and the accent on the first syllable. The girls do not converse. But they are easy to gaze upon. They troop solemnly in on Sunday afternoons and hear lectures by men of great renown on the potential wickedness of the soldiers. They are very well behaved and when one of these aforesaid lecturers told of the awful dangers lurking at every dock and ferry in Spartanburg as the soldiers came to the camp—Spartanburg being an inland community—the girls never even smiled.

Churches Reach "The Inner Man"

There are many churches in Spartanburg, and they have won many converts. Right through the stomachs of the men they have appealed most directly. When chaos reigned in the restaurants and meals were the substance of things hoped for, the churches came forward with the evidence of the things not seen. Good meals at reasonable prices made the churches like oases on the desert of success.

The people are hospitable. They have opened their homes to the soldiers—and then they must have closed the doors, for something has kept the men in Spartanburg.

The soldiers of the New York Division will concede anything. Spartanburg is the finest city in America; Camp Wadsworth is the finest camp in the whole world—anything! But the condition is that they be allowed to escape and to go "Over There."

Next, take for instance the matter of the mud: even as Spartanburg was true to the traditional hospitality of the South, she was loyal to her own variety of mud. And this loyalty produced a mud par excellence. We have heard tales of Flanders mud. There is a story of the man that kicked a cap, uncovering a soldier who had sunk into the mud; and of the soldier who, being assisted from the mud, dragged with him the horse he had been riding; and of the horse that calmly munched some hay he had bitten from a pile upon which he had sought refuge and which had sunk beneath him—but that mud in Flanders is the product of artificial floods and three years of artillery operations. Spartanburg mud is just natural. Like certain storekeepers—storekeepers from the North and the West originally, it must be said in fairness—Spartanburg mud has unusual sticking qualities. It sticks to everything except a Ford and nature is powerless before that product of American ingenuity.

So then, the outstanding features of Spartanburg's greetings to the New York soldiers are her freezing them in winter and sticking them in

Spring. Watchman, what of the Summer?

Did It Not? It Did

Spartanburg is much improved since the coming of the New York troops. It has adopted a slogan, "Spartanburg, the city of success." That slogan is printed on the editorial page of a daily newspaper every day in the week except Monday. After the Sabbath the editor has qualms of conscience and needs contact with the world. But on the remaining days he charges five cents a copy for his paper; and gets it. Hence the slogan.

Yet Spartanburg is successful. Did it not bring to its environs the finest troops in the American army? Chorus from the New York division and the Provisional depot, "It did."

Did it not have the proud distinction of boasting the only National Guard Major General in command of a Division? Chorus, "Three cheers for Major General O'Ryan!"

Did it not succeed in being chosen as the site for another great camp? Chorus, "Hurray for the Pioneers and the Anti-Air Crafters."

All of which brings up the question, "What is a Pioneer?" Chorus from the Provisional Depot: "A man in training to be the first permanently out of Spartanburg."

The Division went in and could not extricate itself. So the Army decided it was necessary to create some entirely new kinds of troops to see what they could do. Hence the Provisional Depot.

Camp Wadsworth is about four miles on a Ford line from Spartanburg. There is a railroad; but it is Primitive and Negligible. Chorus from the natives: "It is owned by Northern capital."

And Spartanburg? Well, it boasts two colleges and a fitting school—no, gentle reader, the fitting school has nothing to do with waists and skirts. It is a boys' fitting school, fitting them for Wofford College. The girls' college is the more interesting to the soldiers. It is known as Converse—spelled with a capital "C" and the accent on the first syllable. The girls do not converse. But they are easy to gaze upon. They troop solemnly in on Sunday afternoons and hear lectures by men of great renown on the potential wickedness of the soldiers. They are very well behaved and when one of these aforesaid lecturers told of the awful dangers lurking at every dock and ferry in Spartanburg as the soldiers came to the camp—Spartanburg being an inland community—the girls never even smiled.

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COURAGE MOTHER!

It's oh, such a beautiful, beautiful day!
The sky is blue and the garden is gay,
And the wind is zinging—or is it my heart?
And its "Courage, Mother, we'll do our part!"
And I think I'll sit by the window and knit
Till the postman comes by.

Oh, I know there will be a letter to-day,
With a little red flag in the corner so gay.
Or perhaps a triangle—its all the same,
And its "Courage, Mother, we'll play the game!"
And so I'll sit by the window and knit
Till the postman comes by.

It's oh, such a gloomy, gloomy day!
The flowers are drooping, the sky is gray,
And the wind is sighing—or is it my heart!

For to wait at home is the mother's part;
And still I sit by the window and knit—
But the postman—has gone by!
—RUBY ELIZABETH HINES.

"The Recruit Says"

ABOUT HORSES

BY PRIVATE BILL MEAGHER
Battery F, 305 F. A. N. A., Camp Upton, N. Y.

Learning to groom a horse from the back down may not give one curvature of the spine but it will insure a 20-20 eyesight.

In lifting the horse's hind legs be careful to acquaint him of the fact. A horse is very fussy about these little courtesies.

A gold brick always wants the stable detail. It's a stall.

There is no regulation restricting one from calling a horse by any name that may come to mind.

While leading a horse without a halter never lose your composure or the horse is liable to step on it.

If you cannot tell whether your horse has the thrush without lifting his feet, you must have a cold in your head.

If my horse has the thrush in his hind legs, no one will learn of it through me.

Mules always have the right of way, or they kick about it.

In cleaning the frog in the hoofs be careful of the hoofs.

Horse sense as a word seems inconsistent. Most horses want to step on the hand that feeds and cleans them.

Stable Guard provides more exercise than any other detail. One must run up and down the stables with the loosed horses until they become too tired to play any longer.

Taking the horses out to be shipped is like watching the funeral of the fellow who wrote that popular ballad "Innoculation."

Never whip a horse. If he kicks you on the rear side turn the other way—you can get up.

You can easily tell a good horse, but not much.

In feeding a horse never wear green gloves.

Ralph W. Rookie, a former stenographer has been appointed orderly to the horses. His duties consist of taking down oats.

A horse with a high forehead and Roman nose is inclined to be studious.

A horse with a large head and body is considered artistic as he should draw well.

A clean-limbed, well-proportioned horse is said to equal in value a squad of drafted men.

A mule costs about \$400 and is considered by the Government worth more than a Depot Brigade Company.

If a mule has to be shot there is a court of inquiry—including almost every officer in Camp. What a private is half-shot the Mess Sergeant and K. P. usually preside over him for a week.

WRIGLEYS

Keep WRIGLEY'S in mind as the longest-lasting confection you can buy. Send it to the boys at the front.

War Time Economy In Sweetmeats—

a 5-cent package of WRIGLEY'S will give you several days' enjoyment: it's an investment in benefit as well as pleasure, for it helps teeth, breath, appetite, digestion.

Chew It After Every Meal

The Flavor Lasts!



Persons Attempting Fraud Will Be Severely Punished

Official announcement has been made by the government that swift and severe punishment will be meted out to persons attempting fraud in connection with the military and naval insurance law.

The first case of this character was brought to light by an investigation conducted by Major S. Herbert Wolfe, Quartermaster Reserve Corps, who was detailed by Secretary of War Baker for special work in the Bureau of War Risk Insurance. The case was that of a woman who fraudulently claimed that she was the wife of a soldier and accepted and cashed Government allotment and allowance checks to which she was not legally entitled.

"Persons fraudulently filling out application blanks will be prosecuted," says a Treasury Department statement.

S. O. S.

Improper care of shoes means abuse of your feet. "Don't bite the foot that carries you."