

TRENCH AND CAMP

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OUR THANKSGIVING

Last year, ours was a turkey Thanksgiving. This year, it will be a trench Thanksgiving. Between the two lies history and a mighty transformation. But if, with yearning, we reflect Thursday upon the changes twelve months have wrought, and if we miss the comforts and jollity of the old-time holiday, we take this as our comfort: If we may not give thanks for what we have lost—of peace, of pleasure and of plenty—we may the more give thanks for what we have gained—of consciousness, of courage and of character.

We have made the Great Decision. That of itself is something for which to be thankful. While the war goes on, we men of the army and navy shall have no mistaking as to our duty. When the war is over, we shall have no apologies to make. Children can never ask us, doubtfully, what we did in the great war for democracy. Friends will never challenge our future because they doubt our part in this all-changing struggle. Thank God, for bitter or for sweet, for death or for life, for defeat or victory, we have decided for our country—not for our ease!

From the Great Decision has come a Greater Vision. For that, too, we can be thankful. Our flag is no longer a bit of bunting. It is a standard, an ideal. Our country is not a name. It is a living and compelling force. Our nation is not a sentiment. It is a vital engine of righteousness. We have seen. We have learned. We know. And whatever the future may hold for us, we can never lose the vision of America United as we have caught that vision in our camps and on the march. A Greater Vision means the Greatest Opportunity. That is ours. For that we are thankful. Hardships there are, of course, and sacrifices and regrets and doubts and homesickness and a thousand things no man can appreciate until he has experienced them. But on the other side we can reckon the opportunity we have of showing American ideals, of literally transporting the hope of the new world to the despair of the old and of insuring—not only for us, but for all men everywhere—free government and equal rights. We are grateful, not boastful. We understand the task before us and all that it entails. Yet we know we are living in a time when the course of future ages is being shaped and we know that it will be the American army and the American navy that will decide. What man is there, in all the camps—what man of red blood and stout American heart—who does not thank God that in this work he is to have a share? Our thanks for this out-weigh a world of passing personal regrets!

For the Great Decision, then, the Greater Vision and the Greatest Opportunity—for these we thank the God of our Fathers!

SEND IT HOME!

Soldier, if you find Trench and Camp interesting even in the slightest degree, how much more will it be to the folks back home, who are anxious to get all the news and information possible about you and your camp. Send it to them!

ACRES OF SOLDIER DIAMONDS

There is an Oriental legend which tells of a farmer who sold his farm and traveled through the world for years in search of a fabled diamond mine. After wearing himself and spending all his substance, he returned to the old place and found that during his absence acres of diamonds had been discovered under the soil which he had tilled from boyhood.

Already, gems of talent and possibility are being brought to the surface over the widespread human acreage of American soldiers in National Guard and National Army cantonnements. Employers, friends, families are finding that within the men now wearing olive drab whom they thought they knew, are diamonds not dreamed of.

The letters home are revelations. "I didn't think our John had it in him," is the exclamation of a mother as she reads the fine, well-balanced, manly letter, flavored with humor and sprightly with wit, her son in service writes. "I never knew the boy had such talent," exclaimed an employer as he exhibited a message from a soldier but lately in his employ. The letter had been decorated with trench-drawings of life in the camp.

And so the diamonds are brought to the sunlight and flash their lustre in the eyes which often looked but did not see.

When the boys come back, they will come as heroes. But they also will come as men in whom the lessons of new opportunities has wrought wonderful things. Their absence will give them larger visions, more expansive sympathies. It will scrape the earth from gems long buried, and open hidden treasure chests with its golden key. An area of worth long untitled will be discovered, under familiar soil, as the Oriental farmer found his acres of diamonds.

THANKSGIVING WILL BE BIG DAY IN ALL CAMPS

For one day before beginning trench warfare the American soldier will get a chance at one of the allies of the Central Powers, when on November 29, made immortal by Pilgrim Fathers and doctors, Turkey and all its forces will be attacked in force.

The quartermaster corps has taken precedence over the ordnance department in making the preparation, and thousands of pounds of the national bird will be furnished in camps throughout the country. Celery, cranberry sauce, plum pudding, mashed potatoes and the other Thanksgiving accomplices will play their part in making the day a memorable one. In anticipating the yearning for a full celebration which is in the breasts of members of the armies in training, Uncle Sam has not forgotten the men overseas, and 150,000 pounds of turkey have been shipped for a holiday feast.

About forty per cent of the men in camps will be on leave, to enjoy the day with their home folks and friends, and be entertained by the special performances which are being arranged in cities adjacent to the camps for the men in khaki. Rotary clubs, chambers of commerce, army and navy clubs and countless organizations of various kinds will focus their efforts on Thanksgiving Day for the soldiers.

Those who will remain in camp are not to be lacking in amusement, entertainment and home comfort. The Thanksgiving dinner, with a gala touch including decorated menu cards and seasonal garlandings, will center camp activities. The knife and fork will be used by everyone, but will not be the only implements employed. Footballs promise to soar and baseballs to fly over the cantonment grid-irons and diamonds. Every division will have a special athletic program, with marathon runs, cross-country runs and track and field events. Band concerts, special drills, parades and exhibitions will further contribute to making the holiday a notable one.

USING THE HAMMER

A British gunner who had successfully passed the blacksmith's examination, was home on leave, wearing the hammer and pincers on his arm. He was accosted by a civilian who asked him the meaning of the insignia.

"I'm an army dentist," was the ingenious reply.

"I see," said the civilian. "Of course the pincers are for extracting the teeth. But what does the hammer represent?"

"Well, you see, some of the chaps are a bit nervous, so we use the hammer to chloroform them."

CANTONMENT TYPES

THE FELLOW ALWAYS READY FOR INSPECTION

There is a fellow in every outfit who is always ready for inspection. Not that he orders his life with that Day of Judgment as a sole purpose. But he has made neatness a habit. It is second nature to him. He doesn't have to strive after effects, as does the man who hurriedly preens himself for the Big Going-over ten minutes before it is scheduled. He takes it as an incident, and not an object.

This fellow is so thorough in his small personal habits that you feel he will go over the top with equipment polished and his body taut and formidable. He will make that journey with the thoroughness which has become ingrained into his living by the scrupulous attention he's given to little things. He realizes that these small matters compose the stuff of larger ones, and that is why he's careful about them.

He isn't a dude or a sissy. But personal appearance is with him an affair which has deeper significance than the reflection given back by a looking glass. Looking it produces the reaction of feeling fit, and this particular soldier knows that.

He doesn't believe in just surface fitness. He starts with his body. The fellow who is always ready for inspection keeps it with the care and intelligence which glorify flesh and make it a temple of the soul. He knows that cleanliness of mind is related to cleanliness of body. He bathes, therefore, whether it's Saturday night or not. It is a habit with him, as are the other small obligations—shaving, brushing the teeth, cleaning the nails.

His clothing is kept with the neatness which will prolong the life of Uncle Sam's regalia for fighters. Dress shoes are brushed and polished and service boots are kept clean. Blouse, pants, overcoat, hat are dustless and without spot or blemish. Equipment is always in place and faultless. The vicinity of this man's bunk is like a freshly swept, immaculate parlor. He knows that it will help the fellow next him if his own possessions are kept in regular places, if his own corner is brightened.

This chap who's always ready for inspection is a source of pride to his superiors and his comrades. Not only are his duds exemplary, but his life is lived with the care and thoughtfulness which will enable him to face the Last Great Inspection with confidence, courage and hope.

French Fried

In the American soldier mouth, along with the widely advertised but unjustly reviled army bean, the fish ball, the red-hot coffee and cosmopolitan slumgullion. The mess sergeant, of any mess in any cantonment, after the first French lesson:

"Bungare, my brave huns. Come be porty yourselves this bun morning?"

Chorus of "tray good, sarjeng. How's vous portyng?"

Sergeant: "Oh, pretty bun! Nooz avong a swell breakfast porty vous to mangzhay."

Lance Corporal: "Yeah, hay knee pa so rotten. Matze avay you any cream porty the cafe?"

The mess sergeant turns away, muttering an unprintable French word.

Liberal portions of French Fried are passed around at the mess table, somewhat after the following mode de parler:

"This Fransy parleying is grande stuff!"

"Oul, mungzure, it certainm is. Nooz are picking le lang up avong a bunch of regular franzais soldiers."

"Il vaut to be facile pour nous to parlay with those paulyoung quard nooz get on les trenchay."

"Yeah, nous vont avong any trouble parleying avec the franzais after douz or trays other lessons."

"Passy vous le salt lei, you grande stiff up voila a l'autre end de la table. Que the trouble avec you."

"Oul, that's que le say too."

"Slide bas le pain tou voila. Nous want to avay kelleshose to mangzhay! Make it rapidem!"

Ilay bun de parlay any franzais a the table dejourmay."

"Oul, hay not so mal if youz can only ponsay of le right mots de say."

"Je can ponsay de le mots mais knee pa les francase ones."

"Oul, that's le main trouble. Maiz nooz ought to pick les mots up pretty quick."

"Oul."

"Beaucroup obliged."

"Knee pa mention it."

"Aw revoir."

"Bun by."

CO-OPERATE IN FUEL SAVING

Soldiers in National Army cantonnements are aiding the United States fuel administration in its attempt to plug up all fuel leaks. The lumber odds and ends left over from building the cantonnements are being carefully saved to be used during the winter. Brig. Gen. I. W. Littell, Quartermaster Corps, N. A., has assured Fuel Administrator Garfield that all possible firewood is being gathered together to use in keeping the national coat bin replenished at this time, when huge additional quantities of fuel are being needed for war work in factories and for railroad activity. People living near cantonnements have complained that valuable fuel was being wasted, but an investigation by Mr. Garfield showed that the fires were very largely of brush and stumps without fuel value.

SAVE THIS PAPER

Follow up your letter with a copy of Trench and Camp. The folks back home will enjoy it. Mail it to them today.

Thoughts of a Sentinel

Did you ever walk a post or stand watch where there wasn't anything a man would care Except, perhaps, an old concrete machine And a lot of broken terra-cotta pipes? No? Well, let me tell you what it's like: Our camp was just a lot of wooden shacks

(They call 'em barracks, and I guess they're right) Built on a hill beside the railroad tracks. They'd done a lot of digging and the mud

Was something fierce, I tell you, after rain. If a man once paid a visit to the place He'd know enough to never come again.

As luck would have it, they put me on the guard

One cool, clear, brisk October night; They took me back and put me in the woods,

With nothing but the finest and wind and moonlight.

It wasn't really much I had to do, And lots of time to do it in at that— Just set the no one creep up in the dark And put the concrete mixer in his back.

When a fellow's off alone like that at night He just can't help but contemplate a bit

And wonder what the folks back home are doin'

And how it was he got in this outfit, And then his upward glance lights on the moon—

One thought thereafter overshadows all:

A vision of a smiling girl face— Why this should be I do not know at all!

There's something queer about the night express That makes your heart weigh just a little more

It's like you'd caught a pleasant glimpse of home, And some one then had quickly closed the door.

The puffing engine and the twinkling stars Suggest the traveling crowd within, and bring

A longing for the things you used to do When war and armies were mere talk-of-things.

Then, perhaps, you'll count how many steps

Are on your post from one end to the other, And tell yourself that you are "quite surprised."

Then turn around and think of home and mother.

You stoop to stroke a mewling kitten's fur; You shift your rifle to the other shoulder;

You plan the tales for those vague, mysterious children;

You hope to have some day when you are older.

You tire of that and wish that the "O.D." Would come around and talk about the war; You amble up and down, and up and down

Your sole companion is a shooting star. Oh, Youth! your thoughts with dangerous abandon Revert, untwined, to home, and girl, and moon.

You sigh, and deep, dry sigh, and when you do The morning chalk relieves you none too soon.

PRIVATE SMITH, U. S. M. C.

