

**"OUR** object is, of course, to win the war, and we shall not slacken or suffer ourselves to be diverted until it is won. As a nation we are united in spirit and intention. I pay little heed to those who tell me otherwise. They do not touch the heart of anything. They may safely be left to strut their uneasy hour and be forgotten.

**"A supreme moment in history has come. The eyes of the people have been opened and they see. The hand of God is laid upon the nations. He will show them favor, I devoutly believe, only if they rise to the clear heights of His own justice and mercy."**—Excerpts from President Wilson's message to Congress in which he asked for a declaration of war against Austria-Hungary.

Trench and Camp

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A NEW TRADITION

At a meeting in one of the large National Guard camps the other Sunday evening a brilliant preacher, with a national reputation for eloquence, was the speaker. He was no longer eloquent—instead he was unorthodox. His finely turned phrases had given place to a torrent of slang. Almost at times he was on the ragged edge of profanity.

But he was highly pleased with himself. Leaving the building in company with a chaplain he said in substance, "I think I am able to appeal to men."

Then the chaplain's turn came. He wanted to know why the speaker had assumed, because the men wore uniforms, that they were debased; why he had descended from the heights he trod at home to the level of the gutter; why the speaker could not understand that the uniform was a mark of distinction instead of disgrace; and, in fine, why so many speakers assumed that soldiers necessarily were bestial.

The speaker attempted an explanation, but the chaplain cut him short with the retort: "If he had been preaching from his own pulpit he would not have dreamed of addressing these same men in the manner that had characterized the talk just given."

At first the speaker would not admit that he had erred. He spoke of the crimes that had always been associated with the soldiery, he told of the misdoings that always characterized the grouping of men. But the chaplain insisted that the American soldier was a man very different from the traditional soldier. Because he was different, said the chaplain, he would not pillage and assault. Briefly the American soldier was a man taken from homes just as good as that from which the preacher came. It was very early in his military experience for all the training to be disparaged.

The talk of the speaker and the chaplain was interesting for another reason, than for its purely personal concern. It reflected an opinion that was well established in the minds of many: As soon as a man donned a uniform he necessarily became debased. Some of the large cities near camps and cantonments, while proud of their own men, because they knew them and sending them off with cheering and with weeping, dreaded the arrival of those scheduled to train in the vicinity—but only because they did not know them.

For weeks after the troops began to arrive and it was seen that they were just as worthy, trust and esteem as were the boys that had been drafted and that had gone with the local Na-

tional Guard troops, the townspeople doubted their discovery. But now the behavior of the soldier has firmly fixed their place in popular understanding.

Cities and towns are proud of the proximity of the camps and cantonments.

The behavior of the American soldiers at home augurs well for their restraint abroad.

It has made a new tradition for the soldiery.

A HERO IN SILHOUETTE

A great arsenal was threatened. Flames already had destroyed a building. One explosion followed another. Beneath the feet of those on the arsenal grounds was enough explosive to destroy a city.

On guard at the arsenal were raw troops. They were young men who had voluntarily enlisted for service in the National Guard. Only a negligible percentage could boast any military experience.

Yet they rose to the demands of that midnight alarm. They formed fire lines and prepared for the work of prevention and rescue.

Thousands of civilians, men and women employed in the arsenal buildings, hurried from their places to the grounds, and into the city streets. They saw flames leaping high above the tallest buildings. They saw a quick flash here, another there. They heard heralds of impending doom, the explosion that came with great frequency.

The raw troops went on unconcernedly. The danger was just as great for them, greater in fact. The one thing to do was to save the magazines. If those great storehouses went up ruin would be complete.

Cool and collected the Commandant of the arsenal viewed the firefighters as they worked. He was a well-disciplined man. Every suggestion he made was the result of a quick but careful survey. So completely in possession of himself was this army-trained man that he was overheard to remark, "We had planned to tear down this ruined building. If we can confine the flames the fire will prove a blessing instead of a disaster. It will actually save money to the government."

Looking up at the building he spoke of, the Commandant saw a sheet of flame. Silhouetted against it was the figure of a soldier.

It was a National Guard private. With his bare hands the soldier was picking burning brands from the roof of the magazine; and he was kicking away cinders. Also he was directing by gesture for his voice could not be heard—the streams of water so that the walls would not become overheated.

Beneath him lurked death—not alone for him, but for his comrades and for thousands of others, perhaps.

The magazine was saved. Disaster was averted. Some of the young man's comrades were eye-witnesses of his bravery. Few outside the regiment know the story. But the Commandant of the arsenal has told the authorities in Washington and it may be that this young hero will wear one of this world's most coveted military medals.

Yet he never saw a battle line. Those of the soldiery who are left to serve in this country may believe that the tasks to be done here are not worth-while. They may resent the fact that they are not chosen to be on the battlefield. Let the lesson of this hero, now only in silhouette but soon to be completely identified, teach that our tasks and duties are what we make them and that there is opportunity for real and worth-while service no matter where we are.

PATRIOTIC HAWAII

Hawaii has furnished a remarkable example of patriotism. She has contributed more than twice her quota of volunteers to the army and navy and asks that credit for them be waived so that more of her 26,337 eligibles for selective service may be taken into the National Army.

SEND IT HOME

Trench and Camp contains the news, gossip, chatter and humor of the camp in which you are living. Do you know anything else that would be more acceptable to the members of your family? Send this paper home.

CANTONMENT TYPES

THE MISPLACED PRIVATE

YOU know the Misplaced Private. He is a relative of the fellow who, when in civil life, knew how to run the office better than the boss.

He should be a general or a colonel, but by some oversight of the War Department he is wasting away in the ranks. He says so himself. Or, if he doesn't admit it openly, everything he does and says implies that he is a big calibre gun, being wastefully used as a side arm. Every thing that he does is a grave mistake. This fellow has intimate, first-hand dope that it is a grave mistake. This fellow has intimate, first-hand dope that it is a grave mistake. This fellow has intimate, first-hand dope that it is a grave mistake. This fellow has intimate, first-hand dope that it is a grave mistake.

For The Misplaced Private never agrees. He always has something better, not for any other reason than that it's his own—his idea, his opinion, his little, single-track notion. His ideal is himself, exalted, lofty, superior.

What a blessing that he is Misplaced, and not where he thinks he should be. His sort will always be lower than self-esteemed worth deserves, according to his estimate. That assurance delivers us from the menace of The Misplaced Private.

The Listening Post

Soldiers in the various camps and cantonments are requested to send the latest camp stories to the main office of Trench and Camp for publication in its columns. Address your contributions to Room 564 Pulitzer Building, New York City.

Following are some stories that are told by soldiers about actual experiences in the field:

WEARY

A company commander, in charge of negro troops, became deeply sympathetic for them after four hours of intensive drilling. Standing in front of his men he made this statement: "I don't want to be too hard on you. I will excuse from this afternoon's drill any men who do not want to go out, but this will not happen every afternoon. I am doing it because I don't want to drive you too hard at the start. Let those who don't want to go out step forward one pace."

Instantly every man except one stepped forward. The captain looked at his troops and thought that among them there was one at least who had the makings of an exceptional soldier. Looking at the lone man, he said: "Johnson, how does it happen you don't step forward?"

The answer was drawled back: "Boss, ah's jus' too tired."

HE REMEMBERED

The same company commander went out one night to find out how the guard duty was being done. Suddenly a deep voice rang out calling, "Halt! Who's dead?" "Friend," was the response. "Advance, friend, and be re-organized," was the answer. "Going to the sentry who had challenged, the captain—after establishing his identity—said: "What are your general orders?"

The colored soldier, hesitated a moment, then he said: "You know, boss, das funny, but ah knew dem yer' well when ah started out but ah's jus' clean forgot." Then he paused a long time. Impressively. Suddenly he drew himself up to his full height. "Yes, boss, ah know. You walk your post in a military manner and you take everything in sight."

THEY SAILED AWAY

During the long tour of guard duty of one of the Eastern regiments, a sentinel was stationed on a lone bridge. It was his first time on guard and soon he found himself seeing things at night.

An intruder came nonchalantly along despite the challenge. The sentry challenged again, but no attention was paid to his warning except that the position of the cigarette smoked by the approaching figure showed that his head was held high in the air. Angered by this defiance, the sentry fired a shot. Telling of it, wide-eyed, when the corporal of the guard had arrived, he said: "The man and the cigarette just sailed over the river." The corporal said:

"The next time you see a lightning bug, you will fire no shots or we will know the reason why."

"LEST WE FORGET"

A young man in one of the Western regiments committed some minor infraction of the regulations

for which he was ordered to do kitchen police duty. Writing home to his mother he remarked casually that he was now doing kitchen police:

His fond parent wrote back: "My son, do not let your sudden climb to authority make you forget that you were once a private yourself."

SEE CANVASMASTER

In the Middle West there is a soldier so fat that all his friends wonder how he ever passed the surgeon, but he prides himself on the fact he is as hard as nails and says that no medical board could ever find fault with him. Several weeks ago he sent a cotton uniform to the laundry. It came back with the curt comment: "We do not launder tents."

MEDICOS PUZZLED

There is another story of a fat soldier. He was suffering from appendicitis—or thought he was—and presented himself to a surgeon at sick call. The surgeon had become very tired of seeing men who were trying to evade drills, and, calling over to his Major, he said, in loud tones: "Fat man thinks he's got appendicitis. Shall we operate or blast?" The soldier suddenly was cured, or reported that he was, and did his drill uncomplainingly.

A REAL SKIRMISH LINE

The old joke about a yard of skirmish line is not a turn in one of the National Guard regiments. A recruit appeared at the tent of a company commander and, presenting another captain's compliments, requested one yard of skirmish line. The company commander hesitated a moment and then, with an inspiration, for in his tent was a pet snake measuring about one-half yard. Carefully wrapping it up, he sent it to the practical joker with his regrets that he could only supply one-half yard.

The joker, thinking the captain had devised some new turn to the camp humor, gleefully opened the package containing the snake and let out one unhoely yell. His ideas of humor no longer included victimizing recruits.

15,000 NURSES NOW ENROLLED

Fifteen thousand nurses have already been enrolled by the American Red Cross, many of whom have volunteered for war service, according to a statement made public at Red Cross headquarters. About 2,000 have already been sent to Europe. It is estimated that the present registered force is sufficient to care for an army of a million and a half, and approximately a thousand nurses are being added monthly.

BIKES FOR COURIERS

Uncle Sam has bought 10,000 bicycles to be used by army messengers and couriers. Each "wheel" is to be equipped with an attachment in which the khaki-clad rider may carry a rifle. The machines are designed to carry 200 pounds of rider and 50 pounds of equipment.

