

Trench and Camp

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THE RESERVES OF VICTORY

It is easy for bravado to take hold of speculation as to what America's fighting forces will do during the coming year. Our muscles are so strong and our resources in strength so tremendous. And we are not as yet shocked by first losses of blood, dismayed at having the first Payments on the Price of Liberty come due. "What we are going to do" must, therefore, be given as a background "What has been done." The heroic nobly achievements of our Allies, bought with untold crimson sacrifices, should be present as we look into the veiled year—1918. Their example must hearten us with high resolve that their dead—and ours shall not have died in vain. On the threshold of another year of war we must renew devotion to the cause for which they gave full measures of devotion.

Determination must be calm, holy, stern determination—that Prussianism and all it implies of murder, rapine, violation of womanhood and ruthless desecration of childhood's happy shrine shall be crushed to earth never to rise again. When our neighbor's sunny-haired girl is ravaged by wolves, is our own safe until the beasts have been destroyed. The power we know as Prussianism has taken our neighbors' precious ones. Would ours be spared, if that power were allowed to live?

Germany must be crushed, if security is to be vouchsafed for all those things which Humanity cherishes—women and happiness and children and peace. That is the task ahead. It is the task to which America has put its mighty hand. Having put its hand to the job will be finished, and America's portion in the business is a vast one: America's armies now training and those to be trained, her resources in mine and factory, her brains, her womanhood, strong of heart, are to be called upon during the year 1918 as they have never been before. They constitute tremendous power. It is a power which is righteously directed and impelled by the purest of motives. It is the Reserve of Victory which will bring an end to Prussianism.

A MIRROR TO THE NATION

The current "survey" by the Senate Military Affairs Committee of the War Department's preparations for the preliminary work of the Ordnance Department, is not so much an investigation as it is a revelation, says The Army and Navy Journal. It is the holding up to the nation a great mirror in which the people of the United States can see themselves and their chosen representatives in Congress reflected in all their blind indifference to a few simple truths about military affairs as to which they have elected to be so indifferent the many years. If this mirror had the fabled qualities of Oriental crystal globes it would reveal to the people of the United States a few pictures, emerging and disappearing, of their mental experiences since the outbreak of the European war. They would see their sudden

realization of how little we were prepared for participation in such a war if it came on us as suddenly as it did on Europe. They would see their belated emotional response to the "Preparedness" idea and the shocking suddenness with which they dropped it. They would see their legislators attempting (and for a time successfully) to cripple the General Staff of the Army through the agency of the otherwise admirable National Defense Act. And they would see themselves permitting their legislators to make huge appropriations for ships and guns and munitions and clothing only when it was years too late. This is what we see in the mirror the Senate Military Affairs Committee is holding up to the nation; and these pictures are there for everyone else to see if he will but clear his eyes of the mists of indifference and ignorance that has clouded them too long.

"IT'S ALL RIGHT"

There is no hysteria, no futile frenzy, no maudlin regretting from relatives and friends of those Americans in General Pershing's list of "missing" after the fight with Germans near Cambrai.

"It's all right. The Stars and Stripes are good enough for him to die for." So one father crystallized the sentiment of these anguishing ones for whom the term "missing" can mean everything terrible. "Dead" would be definite, at least. "Missing" harrows the imagination and tortures the mind.

And yet there is nothing but calm heroism from these to whom is given the First Sacrifices. They are sustained by a love of country and its ideals which transcends even the ties of flesh and blood. Their pure patriotism has indissoluble kinship with the spirit in which their loved ones offered their lives.

Unconsciously, perhaps, they all have the spirit of that Galilean Teacher who said His mother, sister and brother were those who did the will of the Great Father of All.

What a contrast to the spirit of that spinster aunt who attempted to console her niece! The niece had freely sent her own best-loved—a young husband—to France, that country, and ours, might be redeemed!

The aunt drew the young lady into a darkened chamber and, pulling down her lips, said complainingly: "Well, my dear, I do hate to be patriotic, but I did so hope that this war wouldn't take any of mine!"

Bismarck's "Nation of House Servants" Now Becomes A Nation of Army Worms. Turned from Domestic Peace Ideals to a Ravaging War on Their Neighbors

The following article by Harvey O'Higgins is issued by the Committee on Public Information.

"The Germans," their beloved Bismarck said, "are a nation of house servants."

His successors seem to have made them a nation of army worms. All their fine qualities of loyalty and service—which Bismarck summed up so contemptuously as house-servants—now are the basis of peace and labor to the ravaging of their neighbors in a devastating war. A nation of army worms, led by imperial locusts, they have advanced upon the world in their famous mass formations, a gray-green swarm of devoted loyalists, at once admirable and horrifying.

World Banded Against Them

And the world has banded against them. One by one a score of States have been forced to arm and defend themselves. Not even the peaceful traditions of China or the determined isolation of the United States could save them from the unprovoked assaults of this submissive people led by ambitious maniacs. The war has become a war to rid Germany and the world of Germany's Mad Mullah. And just as there would be no peace a hundred years ago in Europe, and no freedom in France until Napoleon had been caged, so now there can be no security for any nation and no liberty for the Germans until their Hohenzollern has been crushed and his loyal victims awakened from their national hypnosis. The free peoples of the earth are battling against the last serfs of military autocracy not only to protect themselves, but to liberate their enemy. America is fighting to establish among the nations of Europe another such peaceful league of self-governing States as our War of Independence founded on this continent. It is a war against war—against international injustice, and predatory ideals of empire, and the slavery of willing slaves assaulting freedom.

Again and again the nations made terms of peace with Napoleon. It hit. His agents assure us that our allies are not our friends; that this

CANTONMENT TYPES

THE ENTHUSIASTIC C. O.

ENTHUSIASM is a variety of contagion. Whenever, therefore, you meet an enthusiastic enlisted man, it's pay envelope to a plate of hash that he has an enthusiastic C. O.

The enthusiastic officer is to his company as a case of measles is to a kindergarten. He spreads. His spirit of zeal for work and play, his twixt-six action which gets a full mileage of "pop" are as catching as measles in a hay fever convention. In the presence of the enthusiastic C. O. the disposition stiffens, the will gets backbone and the face becomes set with determination.

It is easy to knock on the office door with a suggestion all framed for the good of the company. The enthusiastic C. O. is sure to find some merit in the suggestion. He will meet it with a smile of encouragement. If its wisdom appeals, and if the suggestion seems wide of the mark, he tactfully turns his enthusiasm into a parallel channel. You go away feeling that the interview was a big success. You call the C. O. "Prince" at the next opportunity.

If it's a company project, an enterprise to boost the outfit, this brand of C. O. puts steam back the plans. He injects vigor, vim and vision into the purposes and makes them big and worth while.

This C. O. enjoys soldiering. He enjoys life, and living, and he makes it meaningful.

MY WAR CREED

I believe in the United States of America and in the Americans, my compatriots.

I believe in her Ideals, her Institutions and her Destiny. Founded on Equality, Liberty and Tolerance, America MUST endure, eternal among the Nations.

But America is threatened. The world wars. God's Footstool trembles. Neath the budgeon of the Beast, Nations reel and Freedom swoons.

Therefore, strong in the Faith, I pledge the defense of Liberty everywhere and the preservation of America, her special Temple—and mine.

And I dedicate without reserve, I surrender without conditions, my heart, my hand and all I possess to my Country, that America and the World Freedom may beat down Germany and the World Lust.

For if you and I fail, the Beast shall surely triumph. He shall burn his brand upon us. Every brook shall bear the name of SERF. And Freedom, made in the image of the Creator, shall perish forever from the earth.

—Written for Trench and Camp by Charles Wayland Towne.

after Waterloo. The French of his day were an admirable, a wonderful people; but led by his military ambition they became the conquering enemies of mankind. It was his wars that imposed militarism on Germany. It is his tradition that now animates the Prussian imperial bizzard. Useless to talk of terms of peace with this new Napoleonism. Useless to plead the virtues of the German people. They have become the outlaw of civilization, surrounded by a posse of nations who fighting desperately at the mouth of their cave. There can be no enduring peace till they have deposed their robber chieftain and renounced their creed of blood and iron.

Forced Upon the United States

The United States has been compelled to join the posse. After enduring outrages with a patience that exasperated mankind, we have enrolled in the league of peace against Germany. Our Navy is fighting in European waters to protect our own shores. Our Army is going to the trenches in France that we may not have to dig trenches in America. We have organized for war because we have been denied peace. We have accepted conscription against our Government because we have given up the powers of a military dictator to save ourselves from the military dictatorship of the Most High of Potsdam. We have surrendered all our peaceful liberties in order to organize our country for purposes of war because we can be efficiently waged in no other way. Only with blood and iron can we save ourselves from the devotees of blood and iron. When death comes into a dispute there is no answer to it but death.

The "War Lords" Peace Offer

Now that the German war lord sees the sword at his throat, he is willing to use another argument. He offers to talk of "peace without punishment." He is willing to forget our dead, to forgive our wounds, to overlook our injuries, to bow us out of our homes, and fit a new blade to his old hilt. His agents assure us that our allies are not our friends; that this

war is not our war; that we should never have thrust ourselves into it so unexpectedly. They observe with sorrow that we have renounced on the battle field, and under fire, our inalienable right to life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness. They express a pious fear that in volunteering for a war to make the world safe for democracy we may have surrendered ourselves to a military autocracy no better than their own. Like the wolf brought to bay by the sheep dogs, they are afraid that we may forget our interest in the flocks if we stay away from them too long. "Ah," says the wolf, "let us no longer be ferocious. Why should we kill one another? It is too stupid. Let us arrange sensibly the terms on which you may pasture your flocks, side by side, without quarrelling. There is room for us all in this beautiful world. I will not detain you any longer. Let us all go away from here. Yes!"

When the wolf becomes pitiful, the wise dog grows deaf. We are new to this hunt. We have been without a wolf so long on our continent that we forgot he can not repent and become a good colt. Let him go back to his den as meekly as you please, he will be out again, hungry, as soon as his wounds are healed. The sheep dogs must make the world safe for the sheep dog. It will never be safe till this last wolfish military autocracy has died in its lair.

And it will never be safe till the German people, freed of their enchantment of loyal subservience, have been made to see that they are not a nation of green insects. "My lords," cried the lawyer, "we are vertebrate animals! We are mammals! My learned friend's manner would be intolerable in Almighty God to a black beetle!" The German Most High has drowned us in our ships with as little compunction as if we were cockroaches in the forecastle. He has assumed to us, and to all the world, the air of omnipotence addressing army worms. It is necessary to show him that man is a vertebrate animal. It is necessary to show the German people that they have the responsibility of backbones.