

ROUGH AND TUMBLE GAME STAGED BY ASSOCIATION

First New Hampshire Beats First Vermont—Fifth Massachusetts Wins From Base Hospital.

A real rough and tumble game of basketball, in which the scalps of the contending players were not handled with care, was staged at the Y. M. C. A. last night, when the First New Hampshire team trounced the First Vermont quint, the score being 25 to 11. In a less hostile game the Fifth Massachusetts beat the base hospital quint by a score of 24 to 12.

It seems that there has been a grudge, or a misunderstanding, between the New Hampshire and Vermont quints for a long time past. So when they met last night it was evidently with a determination to settle their dispute, or to wreak vengeance one upon the other. However, the damage was slight and witnesses contend that the continuous scrapping between the quints made the game all the more interesting. The line-up for the New Hampshire-Vermont battle follows:

- New Hampshire. First Vermont. Darrongone... R. F. ... Bardella. Prescott-Holton... L. F. ... Dunleavy. Morrill... C. G. ... Hayes-Snow. Magsamman... R. C. ... Merriell. Champlin... L. G. ... A. Mack. Field goals: Darrongone, 3; Prescott; Morrill, 2; Bardella, 1; Dunleavy, 1; Hayes, 2. Four goals: Darrongone, 11; A. Mack, 3; Bardella, 1; Dunleavy, 1. Line-up for the Fifth Massachusetts-base hospital game: Fifth Mass. Base Hospital. Hurwitz... L. F. ... Moore. McLellan... R. F. ... Harold. Condrick... R. G. ... Pierr-Hoffman. Hunt-Carney... L. G. ... Higginbotham. Field goals: Evans, 3; Moore, 1; Harold, 1; Higginbotham, 1; Hurwitz, 7; McLellan, 2; Condrick, 1; Hunt, 2. Next Wednesday night on the local chassis and the First Connecticut will play, and the officers will meet the Sixth Massachusetts.

HOMESICK AND TEMPTATION.

It's tough when you are homesick In a strange and distant place 'Tis tough when you are homesick Stare you in the face And you long for the home folks And the joys you use to know. For you are miles away from friendship It's a bitter sort of woe, But it's tougher, let me tell you, When you sit and think of mother, Who miles away from you, You think of what she told you When you went away from home And that in the army. And to fight your way alone. You think of how she kissed you Just before you said "Good bye." For you know her heart was broken; Then you almost want to cry. And you think about your sweet-heart— Oh that girl you love so dear— To be with her and your mother once more Would fill your heart with cheer. And while you sit there thinking, On your army bed so fine, Don't forget mother is also thinking Of the "big boy" who's in line. She thinks of him in the morning, She speaks of him through the day; She prays for him in the evening And she thinks of him all day. She knows the world is full of temptation Which destroys the life of many a man.

So she prays for her boy in uniform To cast them aside—for he can. So boys, when you are fonesome And feeling rather blue, Just turn your thoughts to mother She's praying at home for you. Go to church on Sunday Spend your evening at the "Y." Then you can cast aside temptation, If you only will just try. Mechanic Howard James VanOoyen, 11th M. G. Bat. Co. B.

COMPANY H, 39TH INFANTRY.

We are all very glad indeed to see Wagstaff back in ranks again. Cook Dyer has returned from a pass, and we are glad to note that he is as full of ambition as ever. Come on, now, let's have the eat. The other night one of the officer's tents caught fire, and in an attempt to put it out Dan Crensmann took a bucket of fifty-five with water and coffee grounds, and threw it on—one of the lieutenants who was also fighting the fire. Of course he got without saying that he was so excited. The first squad is sure there when it comes to economy. Who but that bunch would ever thought of lighting a fire to keep warm? "Melendy" is incinerator orderly this week and George M. Cohen Shannon is rear admiral. Between them they seem to keep happy. There is not very much left of Company H after transferring so many of the "best men" to other outfits. Our good friend, Ivey, has gone to the mount station. We all wish him the best ever.

COMEDIES OF CAMP GREENE



"Say, Mister Camouflager, would you change this meat ball and bread to porterhouse steak and cheese?"

SHOWING INTEREST IN SHORT STORY CONTEST

One can always bank on the wearers of the red hat-bands growing genuinely interested in things really worth while. Since the announcement appeared in last week's Trench and Camp that three cups would be given for the best short story written by soldiers at Camp Greene, the men of the artillery regiments have been talking quietly, making inquiries and priming themselves for a fight that promises to be truly an interesting one. Already the names of five men have been given the educational secretary and those men are at work. All outfits at Camp Greene were respectfully asked to take notice that it is the purpose and intention to win and keep forever at least two of these cups for the glory satisfaction and general edification of the artillerymen. Understand that when these men make up their minds "for putting things across" is well known. There is quite a deal of talent among the men of the Seventy-seventh, thirteenth and sixteenth, F. A. A number of old newspaper men have been located in these outfits and several men who have done writing of a high grade at various times. So those who anticipate entering this contest are warned by the handlers of the "big guns" that some real firing is going to be done and that the target will not be missed.

MY COUGH.

(By Corporal J. W. Newkirk, Company B, Eleventh Machine Gun Battalion.) I have a cough, a faithful cough. It sure does stick to me. I never had a pal so true, Or one so lastingly. Where'er I go, I'm not alone— It's funny as can be. I'm all the time reminded That my cough is still with me. There's coughs that are good-natured, And some of them are mean. But none will ever beat the cough That I got at Camp Greene. This cough is sure harmonious, It's full of melody. It ranges from bass to tenor And never skips a key. At times my cough is modest It's them I'm sure to know, My cough don't want to finish me And is therefore bring low. But in about a minute, When I think my cough's no more, It tickles my vocal organs, And I simply wheeze and roar. But some time I will lose my cough— This cough of mine is true. The friend that never left me And stuck to me all through. And when the spring will come around, And the cough and I will part, It's apt to leave me healthier, But with a broken heart.

NEW METHOD FOR TEACHING SOLDIERS

Dr. Peter Roberts of the industrial department, international committee Y. M. C. A., recently visited Camp Greene. Dr. Roberts is the author of the Roberts' method of teaching English to foreigners and is the first man in the country to undertake the solution of this problem. The value and soundness of his method has been demonstrated in the ten years it has been used. During his visit he gave demonstration lectures before a great many of the officers, teachers, and students who have been detailed for English work. As a result of his talks, educational supervisors and teachers received considerable inspiration and stimulus for their work. Dr. Roberts has devised a new method for teaching Americans, who speak but cannot read or write English. He discussed the principles and demonstrated before officers and teachers this method. It is the plan to use this course for the illiterates at Camp Greene.

MACHINE GUN CO, 58th INFANTRY

Everything is so well in the Machine Gun company that some of the boys are going on these things they call "A. W. O. L." And when they come back they help to get a new flag for the regiment. Colonel Wahl says the boys are getting good hearted these days. Private James Dolan went on a five-day pass the other day. It came about because he was a member of the Glee club. Private Cohen was also made a first class private a few days back. That makes him an Elk now. Private Pool, of the Machine Gun company, is in love with a girl in Charlotte. He says she is a swell-looking dame, and we will have to take his word for the matter. Private Speck has also been made a first-class private. It is reported that he is losing some sleep over the matter. At any rate it is a known fact that he has already informed his Johnston girl about the promotion.

BIBLE CLASSES AT Y 106.

An interesting and helpful program of Bible study has been planned for building 106. Mr. Ellwood teaches a class on the subject, "The Life of Christ." Mr. Allen will take a class through a course on the study of "The Gospel of Mark." Mr. Anderson will teach a class on "The Ten Commandments," and Mr. Oliver's subject for his class will be "The Sermon on the Mount." The soldiers in this district are urged to inform their tent-mates and friends of this attractive and varied program of Bible study and all are invited to enroll in as many courses as they have time. One of the rooms at the side of the stage is to be fitted up as an classroom. This room will be made warm and attractive and we predict that it will soon be the scene of many helpful experiences and happy associations.

TRENCH AND CAMP STAFF.

- Camp Editor, H. M. Thurston. Associate Editors, F. M. Burnett, D. M. Spence, J. H. Strawbridge, C. H. Ellinwood, C. E. Winchell. Roster of Y. M. C. A. Secretaries: Camp Staff. Camp Secretary—J. O. Grogan. Camp Religious Secretary—Dr. T. H. Thoburn. Camp Physical Secretary—A. E. Hagley. Camp Educational Secretary—H. M. Thurston. Camp Social Secretary—J. T. ManCamp Business Secretary—R. V. C. Smith. Camp Secretary Material—Joseph Gallager. Camp Clerk—W. A. Rees. Camp Singer—D. W. Milan. Camp Motion Picture Expert—H. M. Beatty. Camp Book-keeper—C. O. Padgett. Building Staffs: Building No. 102. Building Secretary—F. M. Burnett. Religious Secretary—W. A. Crozier. Physical Secretary—H. H. Newcome. Educational Secretary—N. P. Knowlton. Building Assistant—L. E. Martin. Building Assistant—H. F. Libby. Building No. 103. Building Secretary—D. M. Spence. Religious Secretary—Rev. E. O. Stinson. Building Assistant—George H. Aylsworth. Educational Secretary—J. W. Rupp. Building Assistant—Paul H. Howell. Building Assistant—H. L. Greene. Building No. 104. Building Secretary—C. E. Winchell. Religious Secretary—Rev. J. H. Armstrong. Physical Secretary—W. S. Williams. Educational Secretary—C. R. Edwards. Building Assistant—F. T. Smith. Building No. 105. Building Secretary—J. H. Strawbridge. Religious Secretary—L. E. Padgett. Physical Secretary—A. E. Bergman. Educational Secretary—Orel J. Myers. Building Assistant—J. K. Williams. Building Assistant—A. C. Newmann. Building No. 106. Building Secretary—C. Howard Ellinwood. Religious Secretary—Rev. George H. Allen, Jr. Physical Secretary—George H. Taylor. Educational Secretary—Charles M. Oliver. Building Assistants—Frank P. Anderson and Ralph P. Parsons and H. L. Greene. Rifle Range Staff. Building Secretary—R. E. Cooper. Building Assistant—H. F. Libby. Base Hospital. Building Secretary—J. W. Day. Building Assistant—J. L. Ferguson.

COMPANY "E," 39TH INFANTRY.

The three P. S. men in quarantine at the foot of the company street claim that they have it soft these days because they are having their meals served to them in bed. Some claim, we all are persuaded to admit. Private Robinson, who is the champion mess kit cleaner of the company, and maybe the entire army, declares that he never knew anything like that "bed-feeding" stuff before in his young life. Private Martin is the best lightweight tent orderly in the whole outfit, and we guess he ought to know. Private McCole is wondering why he does not get some mail these days. He declares that he will write to himself before another week goes by. That is one way to get it. The company is gradually getting into shape. Drill hours are from 8:00 to 4:30. Then comes school for the non-coms and first class privates at 5:00 which lasts until 6:30. The English school is held in the mess hall from 5:40 to 6:20. Now that the men all have heavy field shoes and two suits each of O. Ds, there should be no kicking about the outfitting. It is hard for Corporal Hout and his squad to duck drill when Eagle Eye Skeech is on the lookout for "deserters." With "Cole and Hamm" in the kitchen at the same time there should be absolutely no trouble in getting plenty to eat along now. The members of the company were greatly surprised one day recently when they were greeted by the voice of Corporal Crin who had once more "fell in." He is seldom seen in any line other than mess line.

OUR MACHINE GUN.

We have an apparatus now That will make the Kaiser run. It is a dangerous outfit, It's a machine gun. It sure is a dandy. The best we have seen; We are learning how to operate it Here in Camp Greene. It's different from the rifle The one we used to tote For it is an automatic— It sure will get his goat. It shoots many times to a minute— As long as we feed it the chow. We will soon shake hands with "em. We are almost ready now. So look out Kaiser Wilhelm, We are coming on the run. We will soon end your troubles With our machine gun. By Mechanic Howard J. Van Ooyen, Company B, Eleventh Machine Gun Battalion.

