

"Prepare to Live"

Did you join the colors to help win this War with the idea that you would never come back to civilian life?

Did you say "good-bye" to loved ones, thinking you would see them no more? Have they said: "Good-bye and good luck and if I do not see you again God bless you?"

If you and they have thought and said these things, let Trench and Camp break the cheerful news to you that you were both probably wrong—that you probably WILL come back.

Secretary of War Baker estimates, judging from the experience of other expeditionary troops, that 14 out of every 15 Americans who enter military service will return and enjoy the days of peace.

While you stand ready to make the supreme sacrifice, if need be, the chances are 93 per cent in favor of your seeing the nations of the world again devoted to peaceful pursuits. In fact, you are just about as likely to die in a ripe old age as your friends who face, in civilian life, the perils of street cars, subways, elevated and steam trains, to say nothing of motor trucks and recklessly driven pleasure cars.

You have a big chance of a glorious and victorious future, and Trench and Camp hopes you will adopt the optimistic slogan, "PREPARE TO LIVE."

Most of you were preparing for life work when the call came. Patriotic duty and love of country prompted your ready response. After the war this world will be a better place to live in. This fact in itself makes it all the more important to "PREPARE TO LIVE."

With peace, there is sure to come an economic readjustment. Many large and new business opportunities will be presented where a little capital and good judgment will mean the chance to accomplish big things.

Some will not find their new job at once. Here again a little capital will come in handy to tide over this period of uncertainty. To retain the self-respect due to one who has been an enlisted man in the war which made the world safe for democracy and preserved liberty of all free peoples, a little extra capital—a nest egg—is a necessity.

To "Prepare to Live" means, save a little money each payday and have a rainy day fund for any emergency. "Prepare to Live" also means the thrift of your muscle, mind and morals. Save your physical resources in order that you may be a better soldier and a better citizen. Save your mental resources for the same reasons and above all, preserve your morals and your self-respect—come home "lean"—be able to look into your mother's eyes and tell her that you have come back "clean." Be able to go back to your sweetheart as you expect to find her.

The days you are passing through now, and the days you will pass through, climaxed with a triumphant march down the avenues of Berlin, are and will be the greatest of your life. Look at these days as time spent in the most wonderful school on earth. "Prepare to Live" by observing and turning to your own advantage this schooling. Practice the broad conception of Thrift—the thrift of money, muscle, mind and morals. This is the message of Y. M. C. A. Thrift Week, which begins on National Thrift Day, February 3.

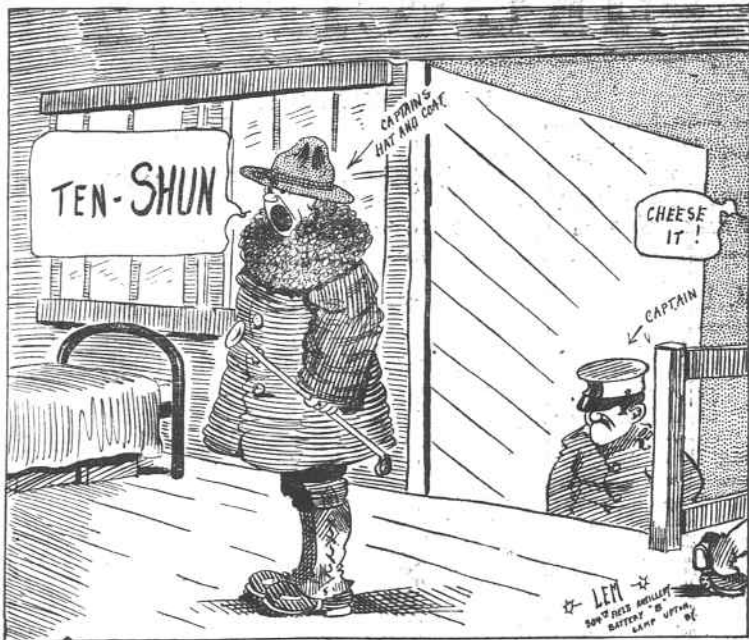
Perhaps you notice the story of the old man whose cabin had a leaky roof? When asked why he did not make repairs, he replied: "When it rains it is too uncomforable to go out and fix it, and when the sun shines it does not leak." You have a better philosophy of life. You know that you cannot be prepared to live later if you do not "Prepare to Live" NOW.

Back up the habit of thrift in your old kit bag as you can smile, smile, smile, for you will be prepared to live and enjoy life to the full.

USING BIG GUNS

Although little is heard of them, American heavy artillerymen are playing an important part in the fighting "Over There." The U. S. Coast Artillery soldiers who spent several months behind the lines practicing with big guns and familiarizing themselves with their operations are now participating in artillery duels. They are using the monster 400 millimeter cannon, equivalent to the 16-inch gun, which throw 400-pound projectiles twenty-five miles. The guns are operated from a newly completed American artillery camp which covers a range of many miles. The marksmanship of the American gunners has proved a revelation to the French soldiers, and great damage has been inflicted on the German lines by the boys in khaki.

"Just Before The Battle Mother"



Drawn expressly for Trench and Camp by Private Michael Lemmermeyer, 304th F. A., Battery B, Camp Upton, N. Y.

Service Flag Attacked And Promptly Defended

"The Roll of Supreme Honor" is being compiled by churches throughout the country whose members lay down their lives for their country. On the church records a small red cross is to be placed beside the names of the members who fall on the field of battle.

On stars on the service flags representing the members who will not return smaller white stars will be placed.

In another column of this issue of Trench and Camp is printed what has been pronounced the best poem thus far inspired by the service flag. Strange as it is to relate, however, there is at least one man who does not share the poet's thrill upon seeing the service flag. He describes himself as G. Hallel, of the American Flag Association, United States War Veterans.

He protests against the service flag in the following language:

"I have no recollection that our forefathers who volunteered in the Revolutionary War or the War of 1812, or any war have then up to the present war, had need for a service flag to advertise their going to the war."

"This anarchistic-looking cloth is now taking the place of Old Glory with a good many people. Some who could not afford to buy an American flag seem to have the money for a service flag. On a good many flagpoles from which was formerly displayed the Stars and Stripes is now displayed this other flag."

"The American flag law of this and other states prohibits the attaching or annexing of anything whatsoever to our noble banner. The flag of the United States represents all true patriotic native and naturalized Americans. There is no other one. Old Glory is the only one that goes to the battlefield with our soldiers and sailors and nurses."

The editor who printed this protest came back at G. Hallel the next day with the following defense of the service flag:

"With the antagonism to the service flag, so called, that was expressed by one of our correspondents yesterday, we are not in this pride and in its manifestation something of the queer element to be found in the man who by implication claims recognition of superiority because a horse of his has won a race, but even that and similar demands, though one could argue away their justice and propriety, constitute a job so ancient, so persistent, and of such nearly universal following that not it, but the argument against it, must be wrong."

"That there is in the service flag a trace of invidious distinction against the parents who for good as well as for bad reasons are not privileged to display one is perhaps to be regretted. But the regret need not be very deep or keep anybody awake at nights. Those sensitive enough to feel reproach in the service flag of a man's fortune, neighbor can easily enough prove in other ways the honesty and extent of their patriotic devotion, while those who ought to be humiliated by the absence of the starred banner from their own homes—well, they probably do not suffer at all, so no commiseration need be wasted on them."

"As for the service flags raised by business houses, churches, clubs, and the like, their case is not quite as clear as that of the proud parents, but the defense would be very far from hopeless. Instinct, if not logic, declares them justified, and the verities of normal instinct are by no means to be disdained."

THE SERVICE FLAG

Dear little flag in the window there,
Hanging with a tear and a woman's prayer;
Child of Old Glory, born with a star—
Oh, what a wonderful flag you are!

Blue is your star in its field of white,
Dipped in the red that never burns off;
Born of the blood that our forefathers shed,
To raise your mother, The Flag, overhead.

And now you've come, in this frenzied day,
To speak from a window—to speak and say:
"I am the voice of a soldier-son
Gone to be gone till the victory's won."

"I am the flag of The Service, sir;
The flag of my mother—I speak for her
Who stands by my window and waits
And fears,

But hides from the others her unquiet fears.

"I am the flag of the wives who wait
For the safe return of a martial mate,
A mate gone forth where the war god
Thrives

To serve from sacrifice other men's
wives.

"I am the flag of the sweethearts true;
The often withought-of—the sisters, too,
I am the flag of a mother's son,
And won't come down till the victory's won!"

—WILLIAM HERSCHELL.

THE "WHY" OF LIBERTY BONDS

Uncle Sam's fighting forces now have a monthly payroll of nearly \$100,000,000. This is exclusive of family allowances toward the support of families of enlisted men in the army and navy, nor does it include any of the special compensatory features of the Military and Naval Insurance Act under which \$176,150,000 was appropriated.

MAIL IT NOW

Mail this paper home to mother when you have finished reading it. She wants to read everything regarding the life and activity in your camp.

French Fried

"Come ill foot!" With these few words, a Yankee High Private stomped up to the Semic Sewer of Seams, squat Turk-fashion on a corner of the mess-table.

"Voo naunt sompray on the job!" he added, grinning gleefully at the tailor.

"Eesee." A torn greatcoat slipped from brawny shoulders and fell in a heap on the table. The sartorial expert grabbed the heap at the corners, and hoisting it blanket-fashion, showed a rent from waist to heel.

"Commong seelah!" he asked. "Barbed wire," explained the victim of practical warfare in the Trenches.

"Gaccray!" cursed the tailor. "La gerru renner for robes a mantee, but it is le Diabre for se culott," and he fished up three pairs of O. D. garments that looked more like porous plasters than breeches.

"Whew!" whistled the Soldierman. "How shall I coudray lay cootours?" grinned the Tailor. The H. P. frowned and threw up his hands.

"As you were!" he implored. "Yuh know you're ten days ahead of me in the Patwah class."

"Oy! Oy!" chuckled the tailor. "It is to say what sewings shall I make, blind stitch or lap seams?"

"Aw, do it as you deemless!" growled the Private. "Only rapparay in day sheeroor an praystant, malntenong! I'm tray pressay!"

"But 'pressay' will take another hour," cried the tailor on the verge of tears, as well as the dangerous edge of the mess-table.

"Got you there, old thimble finger," yelled the doughboy in glee. "Don't you know, you poor boob, that 'pressay' means 'pushed for time'?"

And when I say I'm 'pressay,' I mean I'm in a hurry!"

"Oh, by the way, 'Ikey' he added, "This robe de gerr is bokoo too long! Cut it off at lay zhamoo. I'll make you a shorter seam to coudray. Besides, when me mates pipe me in the new style refer cut a la Polret, they'll all be saluting me for Lay Capitaine himself." And his eyes gleamed at the prospect of sudden homage, the unearned increment of a tailor's shears. He turned toward the door and fairly sang his parting shot at the humped-up figure on the table.

"Oh, I'm the glad little plottor, I am! Some tour de force!"

"Not on your life, Sammy," grumbled the tailor as the door closed. "Oy! Oy! I'll shorten your coat! But there's no one to lengthen yours with! And you shall be only for a Foulon Bergers to this whole regiment!"

Charles Wayland Tramm.