

TRENCH & CAMP

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Table with columns: Camp and Location, Newspaper, Publisher. Lists various military units and their corresponding publications and publishers.

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AMERICANS NEAR "HOME" IN FRANCE

Official announcement of the presence of American troops on the Rhine-Marne canal places our men closer to the German frontier than almost any other of the allied troops. One good push in some places will put us on the soil of the Boche.

Another very interesting fact connected with the location of our troops is their proximity to the town of St. Die. This lies close to the frontier, and is a quaint old place, nestled under the Vosges Mountains. Centuries ago, St. Die was famous for its university and the university was famous for a great teacher of geography, Waldseemüller by name.

This Waldseemüller was tremendously interested in the story of the new continent reputed to have been discovered by Columbus, for he was preparing a map, on which he wished the new continent to appear. It happened that while he was writing the geography that bears his name, he received a letter stating that the continent had certainly been reached by Amerigo Vesputci, whereupon Waldseemüller proposed that the new world take its name from Vesputci.

The word "America" was accordingly set in type for the first time close to the line on which our boys are fighting.

It is almost like being beside the cradle of the country!

THE "REAL" CAMOUFLAGE

At first, camouflage was the clumsy simulation of nature. Boughs of trees, the thatch of houses and the beams of deserted buildings were used to shelter guns. But soon the fields were swept so clean that every tree became suspicious and every wreck of a house was bombarded by artillery and bombed by aviators.

Then came the camouflage that made the word familiar with a new and more descriptive word. Sign-painters and house-painters were called to paint canvas in the colors of earth. As this proved successful, scenic artists were assigned the task. Artists' corps were mobilized and the work thoroughly organized. Finally, it became practicable for an artillery officer to procure any camouflage he might desire upon few hours' notice.

All this called for counter-efforts, as interesting and as ingenious as the camouflage itself. He was an aviator to tell whether the ground below him was a deserted field or was canvas and framework concealing hundreds of guns? How could the artilleryist know when he was wasting shell on a mound of earth or was shattering guns that had been the death of thousands? Something could be learned, of course, by careful ground observation and by the ceaseless scrutiny of the front. Gradually, however, the armies have come to rely for the penetration of camouflage on the work of the aviators and of the mathematicians who study the shell trajectories.

As the system is now developed, all armies have trained aviators who go up regularly with convoying battle-planes to take pictures of the enemy positions. Their negatives, developed, enlarged and printed, are gone over microscopically by men whose proficiency in reading photographs is positively uncanny. We know it sounds unbelievable but here is an example of what numerous British map readers can do with these photographs: An aviator may come back with a picture taken at 20,000 feet. On the print the map readers know there is a hidden battery. They search for it vainly. At length they see on the print, by

the aid of powerful magnifying glasses, infinitely small tracks. These lead in a definite direction. By following the course of these tracks, trained men have been led to water, and they know that where the tracks end, elsewhere than by the watercourse, a battery may be concealed. They report. Guns are trained accordingly. The next day's photographs may show a ruined battery. It seems a fairly tale, does it not, that the tracks of horses will show on a photograph taken from an aeroplane which is itself a scarcely discernible spot in the heavens?

But there were thousands of instances where neither horse tracks nor any other evidence of camouflage could be seen. Then it was that the British and French devised a trick which may now be described, inasmuch as it has been discovered by the Germans. It occurred to a clever aviator that perhaps the Germans might be painting their camouflage with the naked eye and might not be using effects that would withstand a color screen.

Artists made observations with different color screens before their lenses and were delighted to find that, in accordance with laws familiar to all photographers, the yellows or the greens had been "filtered out." The result showed plainly where the German guns were hidden and led to an eye-opening bombardment. It was some days before the Germans found out what was happening and why their faithful camouflage had suddenly been "filtered out." But when they discovered the reason, the Germans very promptly countered by a device as simple as that the British were employing: where an artist desired to get a general yellow effect on canvas he put a merely put on yellow glasses. The color that then appeared yellow to him was hideous to the naked eye, but it defied the color screen of the camera. This accounts for the curious futuristic color effects seen in photographs of camouflaged tanks.

Now both sides paint and photograph through color screens, and a new method of camouflage will have to be developed.

A DREAM OF PEACE IN 1816

The last great war has been fought, and the nations may now look forward to uninterrupted peace.

This was the hope and the belief proclaimed from many pulpits in England 102 years ago, January 18, 1816, when Great Britain, by royal proclamation, celebrated a general thanksgiving day, following the end of the Napoleonic wars.

After the smoke of Waterloo rolled back it revealed a continent given over to desolation. Although England had suffered less than the other nations involved in the long struggle, she had by no means escaped unscathed. For twenty years Great Britain had supplied the cannonal sinews of war for her allies, in addition to active participation in battles on land and sea.

John W. Jewell Went To His Death As He Lived---Serving His Friends

It is seldom that an entire city and an entire county suspend their governmental activities to join with a sorrowing citizenship in paying honor to the memory of a man only twenty-six years old.

Such, however, was the unusual tribute accorded by the officials of Springfield, Missouri, to John W. Jewell, editor of the Camp Funston edition of Trench and Camp, who was slain, together with three other men, by Captain Lewis R. Whibler.

Springfield mourns him as the first of her sons to meet a tragic death in the nation's military service either at home or abroad. A large American flag was draped around the casket containing his body and when the grave had closed over him the emblem of the country he loved and served was placed in his position.

Hundreds of telegrams were received by his bereaved family from persons in all parts of the United States. Many expressed the thought that though Mr. Jewell was classed as a civilian in his position as editor of Trench and Camp, his life was sacrificed in a duty that was as patriotic as service in any other branch of the Army or Navy and that he was a martyr to his country's cause just as much as if he had been on the firing line in France.

His death cast a pall of gloom over his native city, Springfield, and resolutions of sympathy and condolence, ringing with admiration of the brilliant young man, were adopted by the Bar Association and the City Commissioners.

The following eulogy was pronounced by one of the ministers who officiated at the funeral:

"John Jewell was the finest young man I ever knew. It was a privilege to have been his friend. It was the highest things in life that appealed to him. He was the height of God's creation—a man. It was the love that John bore to his friends and all that was worth while in life that he loved and esteemed that all his friends had for him. He has not lived in vain."

"Johnny," as he was affectionately known to his associates, died as he had lived—serving his friends. On the day of his death he had been at Camp Funston superintending the distribution of Trench and Camp among the soldiers. At nightfall he rode in his motor car to the bank at Camp Funston to take the officials and employees there to their sleeping quarters. The temperature was 22 degrees below zero and "Johnny" wanted to save them the long, cold walk. It was while he was waiting in the bank for the employees to finish their work that the man entered the building and struck him down.

Mr. Jewell was born in Carrollton, Missouri, on August 13, 1891, and went to Springfield with his parents when a baby. He graduated from the Western Military Academy at Upper Alton, Ill., and afterwards attended the University of Missouri, specializing in the course of journalism. He chose the newspaper profession that he might follow in the footsteps of his father and grandfather. John W. Jewell, who at his death was editor of the Springfield Leader.

Mr. Jewell was serving as associate editor of the Leader, with his father, when he was called to take up the labors of editor of the Camp Funston edition of Trench and Camp. He was married in April, 1916, and his wife, who was his boon companion, shared his joy in serving his country and its soldiers by editing "the soldiers' own paper."

WORLD RELEASE MEN OVER 34

Secretary of War Baker favors the discharge of men from draft liability of men who have passed the age of thirty-one since registering last June. This is not understood to include the men over thirty-one already in uniform in the service of the War Department does not approve of reducing the draft age so as to make youths under twenty-one liable to call. The opinion is held that those below twenty-one are too immature for service, while the inclusion of men over twenty-one would materially interfere with the economic structure of the country as most of these men are married or settled in business.

DANGEROUS GLASSES

Officers and men in the United States fighting forces who wear eye glasses have been warned by the War Department that the use of flammable material, such as celluloid, as it might prove disastrous in the presence of fire or explosion.

In Memoriam

John W. Jewell, of Springfield, Missouri, who was murdered at Camp Funston, Fort Riley, Kansas, on the evening of January 11, is the first member of the staff of Trench and Camp to die while in the discharge of his duty.

His death is a loss not only to Trench and Camp and the war work of the Y. M. C. A., but as well to the community in which he had already earned for himself the character of a man of light and leading. Throughout the country commencing with the first of our negotiations, Trench and Camp was still in doubt, I received telegrams and letters from Dean Williams, of the School of Journalism at the University of Missouri, and from publishers and editors throughout the country commending John W. Jewell as a young man of extraordinary attainments and ability who desired to serve the country in the capacity of editor, if such a field were open to him.

From the first of our negotiations, Mr. Jewell showed himself to be a man whose sole thought was to serve the country. He made no stipulation for salary or for convenience, except to say that he preferred to serve at Topoka, where his good friend, Mr. Frank P. MacLennan, was publishing Trench and Camp for Camp Funston. Beyond this he asked for nothing for himself save the opportunity to serve. In a letter accepting, Mr. Jewell said: "I will give up my appointment as one of the individuals who will give the young Americans a newspaper that they will enjoy. Being a young man myself may be very helpful in making decisions as to subject matter and style. At any rate, I can assure you there will be no lack of enthusiasm on my part."

This enthusiasm he showed to the fullest degree, not only by the vigor with which he attacked his work, but by the manner in which he dealt with which he viewed the whole movement to produce a paper for the soldiers that would interpret the lives of the soldiers to themselves and to their people at home.

The work of his death Mr. Jewell had telegraphed asking for an appointment in the East for the purpose of discussing other improvements he had in mind for Trench and Camp at Camp Funston, and it was at very short notice that we expected notification of the date of his arrival that the news of his death came over the Associated Press wires.

I feel as if I had lost a dear friend, for this work on Trench and Camp has been a labor of love on the part of every one, and of all those who have work in this undertaking none has shown more sagacity, more enthusiasm, more effective desire to serve than John W. Jewell.

The editors of Trench and Camp have been brought into close contact with the whole army post. They have chronicled the doings of the men, they have tried to make every man, no matter how lonely he was, feel at home in the army and cheerful about his work. They have used printer's ink to give team spirit with a rapidity that cannot be afforded by drill and the uniform alone, and those who have seen the Topeka State Journal edition of Trench and Camp for Camp Funston will read, set down in plain words, the spirit that animated John W. Jewell, and has animated so many other editors for Trench and Camp.

Where one million and a half men are gathered together in the trenches in France and in the camps in America perfecting themselves for the great and noble task of setting free the spirit of man to follow its own ideals, to be guided by its own conscience, to fight, and, if need be, to die in order that mankind may hereafter live and love and labor in peace, the death of one man is not a great affair, when viewed in the larger aspect of the national life. In the midst of the sacrifices that have been made and are yet to be made for the cause of liberty, there remains the great consolation for the friends and family of Mr. Jewell, that at the hour of his country's need he gladly gave her all his talents, and served bravely in that department to which he was assigned, thereby giving a shining example of a man whose only thought was the public welfare, and who

"Did his work, and held his peace, and had no fear to die."

That is the example, the life or death, of the citizen, and the power alone the Republic can endure.

JOHN STEWART BRYAN.

