

TRENCH AND CAMP

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THE BEGINNING OF THE END

America is now at grips with the Hun. The preliminary period of training behind the lines has been passed. A sector of the greatest battlefield the world ever saw or ever will see is now held by American soldiers.

In some places the American line is only sixty feet from the German line. The American soldiers have been and will continue to be under steady fire. It is no secret that Germany regards America as her most dangerous enemy and that the Huns realize they must concentrate their energies on the khaki-clad defenders of democracy.

Already the Germans have learned that America's soldiers are determined to sell their lives at the dearest price and must be attacked with superior numbers.

The whole civilized world will watch this American sector, destined as it is to roll, perhaps slowly but nevertheless surely, forward until the war lords of Germany are beaten to their knees. The eyes of America, particularly, will be focussed on this sector from which are to be expected the usual casualty lists, compensated for with heroic achievement and the steady advance of democracy upon an autocracy ambitious to spread its slimy tentacles over the face of the earth.

America is now to bear the brunt of the world's greatest war. Her soldiers have been pronounced fit to take their places beside the veterans of the French and British armies. Her mothers, fathers, wives and children are resigned to the fates of war, knowing that America must pay no less a price for her safety and security than has France or Great Britain.

The great hour has come. The doom of autocracy was sealed when America entered the war and its death knell sounded when a sector of the battlefield was turned over to her stalwart sons.

President Wilson has said: "The culminating crisis of the struggle has come, and the achievements of this year on the one side or the other must determine the issue."

No American doubts for a moment will be the determination of the issue. Like President Wilson, the whole country places a justifiable and immeasurable reliance upon and confidence in America's soldiers, who carry with them the tradition that their forefathers never knew deft at on the field of battle. This tradition, so safe in the keeping of the American soldier of today, whose name shall ring down the corridors of time as "the liberator of the human race."

ON "SENTRY GO"

It is a thoughtful life, is this of our Army and Navy, even if sometimes our officers gently suggest we are not "using our heads." It takes thought to master even the rudiments of drill, more thought to operate machine guns or to hurl grenades and still more thought to master the vital art of self-protection. Some of us are doing more real and useful thinking in the Army than ever we did before we put on the khaki or olive drab.

But there is one time when a man's thoughts are of a very different order than those of drill or barrack. Every soldier and every sailor knows that time; it is "sentry-go," when a man has only himself with whom to commune through hours that seem interminable. We must think while on sentry-duty, for there is nothing else to do except to walk post and keep alert. And such thoughts as come up then—thoughts of home, thoughts of the sweet-remembered past, thoughts of the kaleidoscopic present, thoughts of the eventual future. To some of us, the coming of the relief-guard is like awakening from a nightmare. To others it is as the benediction at the end of a whole-souled service.

But unpleasant as it may be to some and disagreeable as it appears to all, these hours we spent on post, those solemn night hours can be among the most precious of our whole experience—just because they are so lonely. When a real man cannot see anyone else in the dark, he often sees himself

in the light. He finds himself cogitating of things that appear at other times to be vague and distant, even unmanly. He thinks of his own smallness in the great world that swims and swings about him. He thinks how little of that world he really knows and for the matter, of how little the world really knows him. And in his mind there came—who can deny it—questionings about life and death and about the God Who ordains the course of every man's life. He shapes his thoughts for the stars that semaphore their messages from afar. We learn some strange, new lessons in the dark and reach, in the shadows, some conclusions after which we vainly groped even in the high noon of thoughtless peace.

And it is on "sentry-go" that the victories of the war are won, because those victories, after all, are the triumph of the will and the spirit over the world and the flesh. What is to make this army of ours the decisive factor in this war? We know the answer—moral. And what is to give us that morale? The courage of the individual. And what is to fix the courage of the individual? A solemn, personal adjustment of the great things of life, and the small, deep down within the heart of the fighting man. You may call it a sense of duty, if you will. You may call it abandon. You may call it fatalism. In reality, it is decision. And that every man must reach for himself—alone.

BIG MAJORITY WILLING
Statistics compiled by Provost Marshal General Crowder show that out of the 1,057,263 men certified for service on the first draft, 639,054 were ready, willing and anxious to serve their country and made no claim whatsoever for exemption. The willing men composed 59.44 per cent. of the total. The other 418,209 men, forming 39.56 per cent. of the total number certified, failed to appear or filed unsuccessful claims for exemption.

WORLD'S BIGGEST REGIMENT
Uncle Sam is forming the biggest regiment in the world. It is to be composed of 6,000 "lumberjacks," whose duty it will be to cut and get out timber from the French forests for use in construction work and bridge building. Only men not subject to the draft will be accepted for enlistment.
The absence of favoring in mess puddings is no sign that the extract business has been listed as an non-

CANTONMENT TYPES

THE BUGLER

PHILOSOPHERS who piped in rosy peace days on "Which arrived first, the egg or the chicken?" might well train all their wits, now that war is about us, upon the cantonment mystery: Who waxes the bugler?

You course reveille. Ah, yes—but how about the lonely, solitary figure for whom there ain't no sich thing? Have you considered the problems which his job entails? Thinking of him carries the mind back to the days when the universe was a swirling chaos, when void was on the face of the deep. And the Bugler, unlike the universe, has no Nebular Theory to bolster him up. He isn't even allowed an alarm clock. His only harbor is the guard. And the guard is human. What if he should forget the Bugler? It is more horrible to contemplate than what would have happened had there been no one around when the Stars and the Suns and Earths were waiting in the wings for the Call Boy to warn them when their act was due. And, too, if you wish to push the discussion back and back beyond Stars and Suns, who waxes the guard?

All this concerns the Bugler and His responsibility to Reveille. But there is Taps. Think what it would mean to have no Taps with which to mark the long day's closing. If the Bugler should slip, and go to his dreamless bed before—but enough of horrendous conjecture!

The Bugler cannot be approximate. Of course, he can, but he shouldn't. His duty is not to approximate Retreat. Nor can he veer, while blowing Assembly and mix it with First Call. His duty is to Hew To The Line, not letting the Lips Call Where They May. And think of the panic if he should arise with his silver trumpet to greet the dawn, and could think of the words but not the music!

Of a certitude, the Bugler has compensations. He can dilate his imagination to the limit on The Extent of His Power. He can, with Chanticleer, become so important in his own eyes as to think the sun, itself, cannot rise unless he sounds the signal.

U. S. A. NOW USING 260,000 TONS OF GERMAN SHIPPING

Arguing the impossibility of America's placing an army in France, the military censor in Germany said last summer:

"In order to bring a division over from America, 75,000 tons must make the trip (across the Atlantic) twice. Therefore, from the mere lack of space the transportation of such a body of troops within a certain fixed time limit is impossible."

Believing this, as they undoubtedly did, coming from such a high source, the poor, deluded people of Germany are due to receive a great shock when they learn that the United States has in its troop transporting service today 260,000 tons of shipping formerly controlled by Germans and that the sixteen vessels represented in this tonnage have made one or more safe and unmolested trips across the Atlantic, freighted with thousands of American soldiers and immense quantities of military supplies for the fighting men of the United States and her allies.

It will be an even greater shock to them when they realize these are the same sixteen German vessels they were led to believe had been wrecked beyond repair and put out of commission permanently in American harbors on the day the United States entered the war.

The surprise and dismay of the German people will be in proportion to the thrill of pride which stirred every loyal American heart when announcement was made by the Navy Department that this great armada had safely reached French ports. The restoration of these sixteen vessels, among them the Vaterland, now the Leviathan, 54,284 tons, and placing them in the transport service, constitutes one of the most thrilling chapters of the war and is another inspiring evidence of the splendid co-operation between the Army and Navy.

The old and new names of the restored ships, together with their tonnage, follows:

Leviathan, formerly Vaterland, 54,284 tons; America, formerly Amerika, 22,622; George Washington, name unchanged, 25,570; Mount

Vernon, formerly Kronprinzessin Cecilie, 19,503; Agamemnon, formerly Kaiser Wilhelm II, 19,361; President Lincoln, name unchanged, 18,168; President Grant, name unchanged, 18,073; Aeolus, formerly Grosser Kurfurst, 15,102; Hercules, formerly Barbarossa, 10,984; Pocahontas, formerly, Princess Irene, 10,893; Huron, formerly Frederick der Grosse, 10,771; Antigone, formerly Necker, 9,835; Madewaska, formerly Koebig William II, 9,419; Baron Von Stubben, formerly Kronprinz Wilhelm, 4,733; Baron DeKalk, formerly Prinz Eitel Friedrich, 4,660; and Powhattan, formerly Hamburg, 4,472.

Enormous rewards were offered by the German government for the sinking of these vessels on their first trip, but the transports were so carefully and thoroughly convoyed that they successfully ran the submarine gauntlet.

FATEFUL 1918

This year should see the scrapping end, should hear the song of peace ascend. The Prussian hosts still face their fate, and through their warlike motions go, and would convince us, if they could, that they're in shape to saw much wood. But all their fighting men who made of war a pastime and a trade are dead, or shy of legs or lumps, or fenced in foreign prison camps. No longer does the Teuton find in war a solace to his mind; of such rude games he's had enough; he'd rather play at blind man's buff. The Prussian armies are composed of dotards who for years have dozed before their fires, so old and weak that walking made their hinges creak; and boys who have been drawn from schools to drill around with deadly tools. The backs and ha-beens of the land bear arms at Kaiser Bill's command. To face them go our stalwart sons, who'll climb the frames of war-worn luns, and show the world how Yankee snap can draw new lines upon the map. When once our boys have got their stride in battle on the other side I don't see how Bill's weary crew can help but throw up hands—do you?—(Copyright, 1918, by George Matthew Adams.)

