

RELIGIOUS NEWS AND NOTES

There were no unusual events in the religious activities at the camp during the past week. The program committee found it imperative to make a change in the schedule in force in order that the motion picture program should be carried out without conflict with other activities.

In the future the religious services of the week nights will be held as follows:

Tuesday evening 196; Wednesday evening 194; Thursday evening 192 and 193; Friday 193 and base hospital.

The week day meetings this week were conducted by the regular camp secretaries. Large crowds greeted each speaker and the interest was unusual and many war relief cards were signed by the soldiers.

A conference was held at the city Y. M. C. A. on Thursday evening attended by representatives of the various young peoples societies of Charlotte and the religious workers of the camp. Dr. J. O. Grogan, the camp secretary, and Dr. H. P. McKee, the religious director, presented the opportunity these societies have in a service to the camp through the home hour. Arrangements were made for the home hour programs to be put on every Saturday, and each succeeding week for 18 weeks. The camp secretaries are anxious to work in cooperation with the city societies to the advantage of both.

Plans have been completed for holy week services to be held in each hut of the camp beginning Sunday, March 24, and continuing until March 31. Everything on the camp program will give way to this intensive religious drive. Among the speakers will be Dr. C. L. Jackson, Dr. Thomas Sprague, Dr. J. O. Grogan, Dr. C. J. McClung and several others. Each of these men will speak in one building during the entire week.

During this week at least three preparatory meetings will be held in each hut. It is urged that every soldier who is a church member will attend these preparatory services at the nearest to him and get in conference with the secretaries as there is work for every man to do in making this series of meetings a success.

Another feature that is attracting wide interest among the officers in the special meetings that will be held Sunday, March 24 and 31, for the commissioned officers at huts 102, 103 and 104 will be for officers and their friends only. The regular home hour program will be rendered and an address given by prominent speakers. This meeting for officers and their friends will probably become a part of the regular schedule of those camp activities provided a sufficient interest is shown in this initial meeting.

At the same hour that the officers are holding their meetings the other huts will be open for privates and their friends and unusually good programs have been arranged. The religious department is anxious that those services be attended by every officer and soldier in camp as outlined above in addition to the addresses special musical numbers will be rendered.

Reports filed with the New York office show that more war rolls were signed during the month of February than in any month since the camp was opened.

Rev. B. Padgett, religious director at hut 195, has been confined to his bed at the Presbyterian hospital, the past week suffering from stomach trouble. He is better and hopes to be back at work again in a few days.

A summary of the 821 war roll cards secured for the month of February shows denominational preferences as follows:

- Catholic 216, Methodist 205, Baptist 124, Presbyterians 62, Lutheran 54, Congregational 22, Christian 32, Episcopal 29, Protestant 24, Reformed 31, Evangelical Christian Science 3, Greek Orthodox 3.

Two each: United Brethren, Universalist, Y. M. C. A. Jewish.

One each: Unitarian, Adventist, Salvation Army, Dunkard.

CLASSIC OCCASION.

"Slut" night at the base hospital. Y. M. C. A. started last week in its usual role of jazz and wild jokes and the rattle of the clog dance to a classical entertainment by the reputed quartet from the First Army headquarters company and a talk by Mrs. Cluis, of Atlanta, Ga., field director for the Red Cross.

Every number by the soldier quartet was a gem of harmony. The talented singers were called back time and again. The vote of thanks which the base hospital attendees give to the obliging musicians is the statement that we are all proud to belong to the same camp with these men.

Mrs. Cluis spoke with intense earnestness on the work of the Red Cross and the efforts which the women all over the land are making to supply soldiers with comforts.

THE BOHUNK

BY PRIVATE MANUEL COHN.

My first glimpse of the State of Liberty, which symbolized his entrance into the Land of the Free and the Home of the Brave, was from the steerage of the Mesopotamia.

Together with his father and mother, Jan Crotowski had made his trip to the Promised Land from the small Kingdom of Croatia.

It had been a year of hardships and almost starvation in Croatia, and when enough had been accumulated by his father, the trip was made to what they understood as the Land of Plenty.

The old adage, "It never rains but it pours," seemed to be holding full sway, as a panic had been raining not only in Croatia, but in the whole world.

Jan Crotowski, though nineteen years of age, with his white face pale blue eyes a blood in it, looked like a lad of fifteen and instead of being sent to school, had to do his share toward keeping the wolf from the door.

For two years he worked at odd jobs here and there which would not impair his health, when suddenly war broke out in this grand and glorious country which had already come to men so much to Jan.

When the call for volunteers came, Jan decided that if the flag of Red, White and Blue was good enough to fight under, it was good enough to fight for.

So, without a moment's hesitation, he gave himself to a country and as volunteers were scarce, Jan was passed where ordinarily he would have been rejected.

Scarcely realizing what it all meant, he had to be getting ready to write his name, the proudest moment of his life was when he was given a uniform and on his collar was a little button bearing the simple letters, "U. S."

The next few days were bliss indeed to poor little Jan. In a tent with plenty of fresh air and plenty of good food, he was to be taught how to make the enemy flee in all directions. But, alas, all the soldiering Jan did, was marching to and from "chow," and receiving his shots and vaccination.

Things were going fast in those days, and before many days had passed Jan found himself in Camp Washington and things took a decided change. Instead of the kind old sergeant and the non-com, he was taken in charge by an altogether rougher fellow.

When first he heard the command "Squad right, march," poor Jan stood bewildered and the next remark that came to his ears was to come on your old Bohunk, snap out of your dope. Some day you will wake up and find yourself in the army.

From that day on it became the custom of the first sergeant's wrath and no occasion was overlooked to make Jan the goat, on the part of the other men of the company. Hardly understanding English, poor Jan was at a loss to comprehend what it was all about, and trying days followed.

Hardly able to keep on his feet, poor Jan performed fatigue after fatigue and at night after eating his fill of slum, his bunk surely felt good. It is to his credit that one night found his way to the Y. M. C. A. building and as he opened the door the sweet refrain, "Come to Jesus, find rest in the rear of the hut, he sat down. Song after song cheered him up and at the end of the service he was greeted by the secretary, whose faces and told about the work of the Y. M. C. A. and asked to come again.

It was in this way that Jan became a part in becoming at once enrolled in the class.

Although day after day he was made the center of all remarks and of all the hard labor, at night the Y. M. C. A. was in heaven and with patriotism burning in his breast he would go to bed with a smile on his face. He smiled for he felt that some day the line would come which before the entire company, he would before the top cutter swallow his remarks and prove that although of foreign birth, he was willing to give his life for the country he loved.

The end came one day when poor Jan was chopping trees all day. His foot seemed to weigh a ton and he could hardly stand up. The company was formed in the street for retreat and when the top cutter trudged into sight the Jan cutter spied him and through the air rang his name. "Come on, you Bohunk and get into line." As touched by some spirit, Jan fairly flew through the air until the sergeant came face to face with the sergeant in a calm, forceful voice, "Sergeant, my name is Private Crotowski, and it is my duty to address you by title and no other when calling me."

A silence fell on the company as Jan stood there with his eyes burning and his fists clenched, as he crept coming up to the chest of the tall husky sergeant.

Without a word, and with one sweep of his hairy fist the sergeant laid him into the chest and placed him on his bunk. When Jan opened his

eyes and his thoughts came back to him he thought, "It was surely not the army he figured it out to be. He was an army to fight an alien enemy, and here the army was fighting against the army. He was getting all the sweets and the other all the bitter. Still he had sworn to protect his flag, and letting his lips slip into unconsciousness he slipped into unconsciousness again.

When Jan awoke, the following morning, the entire company was happy in hearing the trumpet play "pay day." Pay day being a holiday in the army, Jan took his first good sleep since he had been captured; what he possibly needed to his mother.

Once more in camp he was greeted by sounds of "seven come eleven" and hitting blackjack. Long into the night the sounds of husky voices came of men who had partaken too freely of the fire of their first sleep came to Jan and it seemed that he had hardly closed his eyes, when he was awakened by the call of gra.

Jumping in, the entire company and shoes, he made his way quickly into the street and beheld the tent of the first sergeant on fire. Going to the tent and having seen the sergeant healthy for him, the sergeant had thrown himself upon his bunk in a drunken stupor and with cigarette between his lips was soon fast asleep. The cigarette had fallen and set the sack of straw on fire and in a very few seconds the entire tent, the sergeant and the sergeant's orderly slumbering enveloped in flames and dead to the world.

The water bucket brigade was formed but it helped but little and in a few moments it was plainly seen that unless someone would dash into the blazing tent and drag out the sergeant he would be roasted to a crisp. Everyone seemed to sense the significance of the entire affair, yet no one was willing to make the dash into the flames.

Suddenly, without a word, a figure dashed in, and with head bowed low, he snatched his sergeant from the burning tent. His arms and face became blistered ere he was inside and with clothes hair scorched on his little body, Jan fought to save the life of the man who had made his life in the army so miserable. Finding the sergeant lying across the bunk, he snatched him from the chest and started to drag him to the door. It was a task which would have taxed an ordinary man and poor little Jan bravely fought his way to the door and the door when suddenly all went black before his eyes.

When Jan awoke he found himself in a white bed with the sun streaming through the window and a nurse bending over him. He tried to sit up, but found that he was all swathed in bandages and the recollections of what had happened passed before him, he smiled and laid his head once more upon the pillow with the sweetest of "good nights."

Later, Jan heard a sob as he opened his eyes. He beheld the sergeant on his knees at the foot of the bed with his eyes intently staring into his own. Jan smiled and the sergeant slowly rose and grasped the bandaged hand and again dropping to his knees, sobbed as only one can sob when begging for forgiveness at the hands of one who has been grievously wronged.

When Jan recovered sufficiently to leave the hospital, he wore straps on his arms and on his chest was a gold medal presented to him for bravery, together with a check for the amount he had contributed to its purchase and the name of the first-sergeant led the list.

The above manuscript is entered in The Trench and Camp short story contest by Private Manuel Cohn, Battery B, Thirteenth field artillery.

A CAMP PICTURE.

By the miles of trenches in Camp Greene on a balmy spring morning a gas attack took place. The previous day the wind had piled the dust inches deep along the front and this increased the danger of this terrible "sham battle." Not a man but quaked with terror as the cloud of gas rolled slowly across the front to the foot of the hills where the salient of the line, conspicuous by the green-fanned red cross of Camp Greene, stood before the trenches was exposed to the enemy's advance.

And there was hurrying to and fro in the communication trenches, and news of the attack was carried to headquarters, and three majors were hurrying up to direct their respective battalions to adjust their gas masks in four seconds time. There was nothing to spoil the splendor and the terror of the situation. Here in front of the gas had already reached the first trench, and a Red Cross stretcher with four bearers and some attendants were taking a "top-sergeant" to the field hospital on the left broke out with the report of a cold gun of the enemy, debouching from under the hill opposite, and the sight of the silent men advancing with fixed bayonets to the mouth of the trench of fire was too awful. I turned away and met a green recruit to the Y. M. C. A. who said to me:

"Look here, soldier, is this a real attack or only a practice? I think that man over there is just shamming, because he hasn't got his eyes shut."

(But the next time it happens, there'll be a casualty in that "Y. M." bunch.)

HOSPITAL GROUNDS TO BLOSSOM AS THE ROSE

All Men of Detachment Are Taking Interest in Improvements.

"The hospital beautiful" is the name which the enlisted men at the Camp Greene base hospital hope to make applicable to the institution they represent. Nearly every man is joining in the movement which is taking place about the hospital grounds.

The entire plot has been carefully laid out and ground covered. Every bit of unsightly rubbish has been removed. The trains of the big drainage ditches have been obliterated.

In front of the new detachment barracks there have been flower beds of varied designs formed. Later in the summer they will bloom with a riot of color. Rose bushes have been planted to trail up over the terraces. Fruit trees have been set out.

With its natural advantages of being set in among the bright pine trees and being located at the top of a gently sloping hill there is every reason to expect that the ambition of "the hospital beautiful" will soon apply to the Camp Greene plant.

THE REMEDY.

When a day's hard drill is over an' a feller's feelin' bum, An' everything seems out of order, An' he's tired an' his back a buzz, An' all the other fellows just like you are feelin' tough, As you go to cleanin' rifles, shoes an' leggins an' that stuff.

An' somehow, you keep on broodin' over an' that can't be said, When you're tired to hold the pivot an' kep' movin' straight ahead, An' when they went maneuvering and used you for a scout, The hospital beautiful will soon apply to the Camp Greene plant.

You wash the sand an' an' sweat out of your eyes and ears, Brush up your breeches, sew on buttons an' straighten up your hair; The tent's to clean, some socks to wash and a million other things To keep your brain a buzzin' an' your head all full of pain.

Then you get a don't-care feelin', an' you wouldn't give a damn,— "Mail call," "Outside bunkin'," "Come and get," "Double time," Smith and Jones, and James and Johnson. Here's one for you bunkin' Jack, Well you know that sweet an' merrin' (Vertical and slanted black.)

Foot, to fret because of something to do, Coward, to frown at a task a nation has set you to. What long signals are heaped upon my head By this sweet message, the letter I've just read!

A woman, fair and innocent of grumblin', slung and athena, No tint of vice nor deed of wrong within her pure heart glow, Yet she a burden has to bear e'en greater than in the prayers awl And she in tears and prayers awl waits for me alone.

Now let me dare at duty's call and dare a soldier's lot, Should I dishonor her fair name, let me go down forgot? Ah, let me be worthy of my country and her men.

AND IF I LIVE, OR IF I DIE, I'M NOT MY OWN, BUT THEIRS. CORPORAL GEO B. GUNTER, Co. B, 7th Infantry.

MR. THURSTON PROMOTED.

Be it resolved, by the secretaries of the Y. M. C. A. of Camp Greene, N. C. That in H. M. Thurston, director of education in this camp, we have had an efficient director, an earnest teacher, a wholesome companion and a good friend; and that we regret his departure from the camp into another field of activities and only wish that he might have remained in among us. However, we commend him to the friendship and fellowship of the eastern department, knowing full well that our loss is his gain, and that he will fulfill his duties of his new position with satisfaction to the department and honor to himself.

Sincerely submitted, J. O. GROGAN, T. J. MANGUM, H. R. MCKEEN, Committee.

