

TRENCH & CAMP

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Table listing various newspapers and their publishers across different locations like Alexandria, La., Fort Worth, Texas, etc.

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AMERICA AROUSED IS INVINCIBLE

In one camp in Texas the statistical officer found seventy-two varieties of religious belief—but all under one flag.

The old, old Monothelism of the Jew and the mysticism of the Buddhist, both products of the ancient East, were represented. Orthodox Greeks and Catholic Greeks; faiths as widely spread in this land as the Roman Catholic, the Methodist or the Baptist, and the faiths whose tenets are not generally known and whose membership is small and scattered, were not without their followers and adherents.

Who would think, for example, that in our Army there were Mahomedans, Theosophists and Holy Rollers? Yet such there are—all drilling under the same sergeant, all wearing the same khaki, all enlisted for the same cause. For this war has brought together under the battle cry of freedom men of many tongues and creeds. Old tribal differences of speech or race have been forgotten in the common danger to life and honor and womanhood and freedom. Sectional lines have been wiped out; old antipathies have been caused and new forces have been called into being. Those forces are the united determination of all the people of this land to free their children and their children's children from the nightmare of Prussianism.

That liberation may be long in coming. It has already been painful beyond all power of words to express or imagination to foresee. But neither time nor terror can prevent the final accomplishment of the purposes of this nation. Before this war broke on us we knew we were a nation made up of many races; we knew old differences of purpose and of politics divided some citizens from others, but we did not know how trivial were our disagreements and how deep and abiding was our unity. We stand today silent before the demonstration of the depth and intensity of the spiritual purposes of this nation. Without boasting and without excitement we begin to see the strength of our own souls and in that strength is the assurance of victory.

"A well-fed German is a dangerous German," said the onlookers as Germany fought for the Ukraine storied houses and granaries. Now Germany has that food, but she also has to face the inflexible determination of America, and sooner or later Germany—whether well fed or hungry—will learn that "An aroused and united America is invincible."

That is the story told by the religious census in a Texas camp and by the heart-searching census of every true American everywhere.

AS ARE MEN, SO ARE SOLDIERS

Ask the average man to name the three most memorable battles of history, including those of the present war, and the chances are that he will answer Waterloo, Gettysburg and Verdun.

These are not the most important battles of history. Others have been more immediately decisive. Others have been equally spectacular. Others, perhaps, have had greater effects upon mankind. But these three, or others like them, are a part of every man because they represented, in different ways and in different ages, the height of human endeavor. To have withstood the onslaught of the Old Guard at Waterloo, or to have shared in that charge; to have swept up Cemetery Ridge with Pickett or to have hurled him back with Hancock; to have stood in those frozen trenches at Verdun and to have hidden defiance to the west that the Hun could do—these acts called for a valor that stirs the heart of every man who reads. We may reason, coldly, that it took as much courage to fight at Leipzig as at Waterloo. We may argue that Pickensburg was as heroic a struggle as Gettysburg, and that the Virginia campaign of 1864 was perhaps more important than either. We may say, in all truth, that the allied defence of the Yperlee line in the winter of 1914-15 called for the same valor that inspired the French in the great battle for the fortress of the Meuse. But, somehow, with all our reasoning, we feel that the supreme devotion shown by the participants in the battles of Waterloo, Gettysburg

and Verdun lift them, in a measure, above the tallest and the bravest in the battles of other days. They were asked to make the final sacrifice and they made it! Is not that, after all, the real test of a man, whether in business, in a profession, or in an army? And is not the vital difference in men to be seen just here? One man starts enthusiastically, pushes on aggressively, and, at the first repulse, abandons everything. Another, of sterner stuff, pushes on, over obstacles and in the face of hardship, until he comes to the point where the war is long or too high. Then he turns back. A third presses on until all those about him say the task is hopeless, and he, too, yields. The fourth man pushes on after his comrades have fallen back in the race, after the hopeful have told him the struggle is futile and even after he himself, perhaps, has lost hope. He keeps going because he will not stop. And this fourth is the man who climbs Cemetery Ridge or falls under the shadow of the British hollow squares at Waterloo, or comes back victorious from the bloody Froidre Terre of Verdun. He, likewise, is the man who, in peace-times, is bound to succeed.

You may not be brighter, or more alert, or more finished soldier than the man beside you. It may be that you seem less skillful than he. But when the test comes, you are stronger or weaker than he just in proportion as you hold on longer or give up quicker than does he. The will is the way to victory.

HIS PREDICTION

According to a Hoboken astrologer, "the great war may end in a peculiar and unexpected manner in April, 1918." He reads it in the stars. He adds that if next month it does not witness the end of the great conflict the war is due to continue until January, 1920.

- K stands for killing. U stands for U-boat. I stands for lies. T stands for treasury. C stands for unfaithfulness. R stands for ruthlessness.

MAIL THIS PAPER HOME TODAY

CANTONMENT TYPES

THE-SAPIENT SUPPLY SERGEANT

THERE may have lived in the good old antediluvian age when the custom was to kill all tallors, a person wiser and withal more melancholy than the Supply Sergeant. It is doubtful, though, whether in modern times there has been a living being more completely possessed with mel than the S. S. There was a lad in one of William Shakespeare's books who claimed that he "could suck melancholy from an egg," or something of that sort. But that youth is long dead, and the supply sergeant doesn't get eggs in his issue.

Yes, melancholy is the middle name of all members of the supply clan. If there are those of the craft who know it not, their habitual disposition is just as effective. They are resigned to fate and have surpassed melancholy.

By looking into the life of the S. S., reasons can be found which explain fully his indigo disposition. For experience has proven to him that the only philosophy is "bedammedifoodandbedammedifoufou!"—which de luxe all Pullman work looks dangerously Tentictonic but in fact,

If he yields to the entreaties of the men in the company, the supply officer hops his bowed and broken frame. If he stands pat with the supply officer he is outwaded by all those trying for new leggins, socks and shoes. The Supply Sarge is the olive drab Solomon. If Old Sol and the S. S. arrive at the same eternal port, they will undoubtedly have a great time of stories to swap, and Sarge is booked to make-Sol seem like a pacifist trying to argue with a bunch of dough-boy Hun-getters, when it comes to wisdom. He is the Sapiant Sarge as well as the Supply Sarge. Sapiant is a bird closely related to the old owl. Wisdom and melancholy are both his. They lie down with him and rise with his rising. Which is predominant depends on the cook's last issue, and the Q. M.

For a good meal may get a pair of kicks for the most lowly, and a full supply room, after the last visit of the gray wagon, can cover a multitude of shins.

As all do, the S. S. Sarge has his dreams. One of them is of heaven. It is a place where there are no worn-out O. D.'s and stacks of soldier wearables piled as high as the infinite ether allows!

Civilian Army of 100,000 Now Turning Out Ordnance Supplies in Stupendous Quantities

Made up of almost 100,000 persons wearing no uniforms, there is an army at work night and day in the United States performing one of the most important labors of the war. These 80,000 men and more than 10,000 women, whose work is supervised and inspected by 200 army officers, are making rifles and cartridges for American soldiers. They are at work in two government and three private plants manufacturing rifles, and one government and nine private plants making rifle cartridges. At present they are turning out more than 72,000 rifles a week, and more than 7,200,000 rifle cartridges a day. In a short time the weekly output of rifles will be close to 100,000 and the daily production of cartridges 10,000,000.

A statement recently issued by the ordnance bureau of the War Department showed that the United States now has almost 1,500,000 rifles and intends spending \$400,000,000 for rifles.

Ten months after the United States entered the war 700,000 rifles had been manufactured here, with the weekly average output steadily increasing. This is the greatest achievement by any country in the world during a similar period. It is four times as many rifles as the British had made after being in the war ten months, and double the number Great Britain was able to manufacture after being in the war two and a half years.



I'm going across for you, Mother, I'm going across for you— You never thought when I was a kid And played at soldiers, too, And drew my little tin zuber out To capture a pirate crew, That I would ever a soldier be So far away from you, But I'm going across for you, Mother, I'm going across for you.

I'm going across for you, Mother, I'm going across for you— The Germans talk of their Fatherland, I love my Father, too, But Motherland is it me? Whenever I think of you, You gave me life, you gave me heart, And I give them both for you, For I'm going across for you, Mother, I'm going across for you.

I'm going across for you, Mother, I'm going across for you— To you the Hun shall never come To do what he can do, I think of Belgium, I think of France, Of submarine, Zeppelin, too, Of the women and children who went to a, With the Lusitania crew, So I'm going across for you, Mother, I'm going across for you.

I'm going across for you, Mother, I'm going across for you— And day and night I'll dream of home Until my dreams come true, And in my heart 'neath the midday sun And under the starlit dew There'll be an echo of your prayers, For I'll be praying for you, For I'm going across for you, Mother, I'm going across for you.

I'm coming back to you, Mother, I'm coming back to you— And won't I laugh at my little tin zuber And the things I used to do? And your baby, just think, a veteran (With maybe a medal or two) And the Prince of Peace, yes, Christ Himself Will bless the earth anew, And I'm coming back to you, Mother, I'm coming back to you.

-C. C. P.