

Realistic Touches Are Added To Training At Camp McClellan

By THOMAS A. RIPLEY

(Editor of the Camp McClellan edition of Trench and Camp)

After nosing its way through the gentle slope of Alabama hills the train rumbles into Anniston. Then, after the general clamor heard around most any small city train station, regarding the almost pathetic cry of cabbies begging you to patronize them, you walk a few blocks and grab a jitney to Camp McClellan.

A nice little six miles of beautiful scenery is then slowly—maybe slowly if the jitney driver feels at his leisure—jogg past, and you arrive safely, perhaps safely, I should say, and then you ride around a bit through rows and rows of mess shacks, tents and guards and everything else militarily until you arrive at your destination.

Let us say that you have arrived in the cantonment just as the sun has crept beyond the distant hills—just as retreat is sounding and the flag is slowly gliding down the high white pole up at Division Headquarters. The bands are playing the "Star Spangled Banner," and the bugles are heard everywhere. Soldiers are standing at attention. I think that it is the most wonderful part of the day, the most inspiring moment of the soldier's life—the culmination of the day's labors, its trials, its joys, its mishaps and its sorrows—it is the supreme moment of the day here at Camp McClellan.

Inspiring Night

Mess, then comes night. The warm, pacifying night. The kind here in the hills of Alabama that stirs the heart-strings and makes the blood tingle with patriotism. You go to rest contented, to dream of home and the folks back yonder, and how you wish that they could be here with you and see it all—just for one day, be in the greatest camp on God's green earth.

You sigh with resignation and turn over. Then, suddenly right near you, then all around from everywhere, over the hills and from the valleys comes the blast of bugles—Taps!

The nearest ceases, the next, the next and so on until the last sound of the final call gradually dies. Painfully faintly and it is gone, just as an echo from the first.

We go to sleep wondering at the beauty of creation.

At dawn we are awakened by the first blast of bugles—reville. A new day begins. Every day at McClellan is a new day, a great day and a day of marvelous achievements.

Again you see the organization come out in all its splendor. Such a spectacular body of men, all equipped to the highest mark of efficiency.

A View of Camp

We journey to the top of a distant hill which affords a perfect view of the entire camp in all its activities. It is a tiresome trip to the peak of the infant mountain, but once at the summit we are thankful that we spent the energy to make the climb, for one sweeping view of all that is below is worth a dozen more difficult ones.

To our left and down a little we see the battlefield. It reminds you of the

stories you have read and the pictures you have drawn in mind of the conflict "Over There."

There are the trenches, and "No Man's Land." We can even detect without the aid of our glasses the brown snake-like figures of the reconnaissance party. Over to the right with our glasses to our eyes we can make out the artillery ready for action. Then drawing our eyes across the valley to the southeast we watch the working of the signal corps. Ah, they are working fast! Something is up! Let us keep an eye on the trenches and artillery, for the boys are about to go "over the top."

Our eyes travel back to "No Man's Land"; back to where we were watching the brown bodies worming their way across the vast expanse, and they look so tiny, just like we have seen people on the streets far below when we looked over the top of a high building in our cities. They are working their way in and out and around the shell craters. In some of the holes we make out the unmistakable lines of the machine gun, though it is partly hidden from view by mud, weeds and other camouflage.

Realistic Battle Practice

For a moment our eyes leave the activities below us and we scan the camp beyond. The rows and rows of buildings and tents are almost beyond comprehension. You rub your eyes to make sure, but there it is all before you. Along a road towards the front-line trenches moves cavalry, and behind the line of horsemen sweeping forward we see a massive supply train coming up from the rear. And still more; away to the right we see new troops coming! Reinforcements! It is all so real! So true and like war, and every man trained to an expert in his task.

The artillery is hammering away. The machine gunners are at work. We hear the incessant putter, putter, putter of the guns. Just as we are about to look away they go "over the top." Scampering across "No Man's Land" just as though they were under fire, the khaki-clad hordes go, and with a business-like rush take the enemy trench. Ah, yes, it is all make-believe, yet so real, and we can picture it all just as though it were true and the battlefield was "over yonder."

We scramble down the hillside and trudge back into camp. The day is over and with it comes "off duty" time. Then you see some real sports at Camp McClellan, for there are real athletics at this camp. Boxing, wrestling, volley ball, soccer, baseball, tennis, basketball, track meets and just everything that goes towards making the American soldier the healthiest in the world, and they are sure healthy at McClellan.

Retreat again and then more sports for the evening until Taps, and the day ends. Such a wonderful day! Oh! say, if you want to see what is what sure enough, you had better come up, down of over to Camp McClellan.

Jim Makes Good With The Stable Sergeant

BY OUR OWN RING W. LARDNER



PRIVATE JIM

well all i of ben hanging—a roudt a grate deyll of lately with hoarces only they wasent none of them hoarces only muylls witch is simillar to a hoarse when its standing still but be side that dont resemble it match eggzept for the 4 leggs witch both of them have, the leggs is used for difront purposes as the hoarse uses its for standing on and walking with but the muyll has his for kicking not the kind of kicking you do to the argint but the kind of kicking that makes a dent in you when it has hit you the worst of the muyll bean that it dont give you no warning when it kicks but lets drive like 1 of these hear bokers like i told you a bout the armie having. all of a muylls branes al is in its feet if it has some branes not feat as they isnt no dout about the feat part. well al i am riteing a bout hoarces and muylls becaus i of had a lott to do with them during the past wk or so not becaus i want it to but becaus the stabul arripit naw me & want it me for his out fit witch seems to be the weigh with all of them when they see me al they want me to come over to wear they are the sain as the masheen gunn guys tride to make me joyn there masheen gunn cumpy. you know me al.

this sargint ced i lookt as if i mite be a vailuable man around wear they is muylls & hoarces becaus it looked as tho i wood make good cumpy for them. well al after sum sargints i of saw that was as good a complement as i of had had it to me wile i of ben in the armie witch is sain a lott after what cap tens & lootinits have ced & everybuddy hay al. they of gave me everythink in the armie al most sum al eggcept the gentill witch i dont think they is any of as the i i had point it out to me was onlie a soldier so they woodent be no use of my bean offured it sents there aint none onlie i suppose they may be some jenrils.

well al they put me in with this stabul sargint & the 1st thing he ced was talk that straw & shak it down in the stabul there. well i took sum straw from wear it was laying on the ground at i side of the place witch is all dirt in side & no cneat like we was uct to in the garidge wear we workt onced & spread the straw a roud but i was spreading it sumthing went by my face i lookt up & it was a hoof from a hoars witch i found to be a muyll. they will throw their feat at anything af evan my face witch is hardly worth waisting amunishon on the lootinot told me. well al after the hoof had went by & evan befor it did i was quiet a weigh off from the stabul & wen i calm back the sargint ced what have you ben doing throwing hay all over the place i ced hay what. he ced hay. i holled hay back & ced what are you haying me for. he ced you boob you have ben throwing hay around hear wen it shoood of ben straw well i ced you told me to. not hay he ced straw. well what is the difronts i ced & al like al sargints he didnt know the difronts & walked a way taking refidge in sum langwidge witch shooodnt never be used in letters although it is the onlie langwidge known a roud the stabuls in the armie. well al they put me at work to curray a muyll witch menses not the dish of grub you get in theshear east injun eating places but a thing like a harrow only smaller witch you rub over the muylls hare. it wood be simullp if the muyll was in simpathe with your work but for sum reason he is alwighs in favor of sumvthing elis going on. this muyll that i tride to curray dismish me sevral times without notis but i returned after brushing the mud off my cloze witch is overawin in addishon to the soldier pants & coat witch is call a blows. the sargint woodent lissun when i ced the muyll didnt want to be currayed butt ced you curray that muyll or they will be helto pay witch is moar of that lagnwidge i was telling you of. well you know me al & they wont none of them get jim wick so i got a long look & i see curray stood at the end of it & stood at the end of the stink farthes away from the muyll. well i stood their al curraying the muyll & the sargint calm a long & took i look. well by gordge he ced i didnt think it was in you witch do you mense ced i myself or my new friend the muyll. well al the sargint tho so much of what i got out of that muyll by the curraying he wants me to be a corpral with him but i cant see that you know me al. the prvat for me every time. hoping you are the sain i am yr.

FRIEND JIM

PROPERTY BAGS

The Red Cross has arranged to furnish "property bags" for soldiers in hospitals to keep their belongings together. Members of the Red Cross have been instructed to make the bags of bright colored, washable materials and twelve inches wide by eighteen inches deep.

ORIGIN OF KHAKI

With khaki to the right of them, khaki to the left of them, khaki in front of them and khaki all around them, very few of the American soldiers know much about the origin of the uniform they wear or the meaning of the word used to describe its color.

Khaki is an East Indian word meaning "dust color." The fast yellowish-brown dye used in making khaki clothing and equipment was discovered by two Englishmen whose names have not been preserved in history. They first extracted the dye from coal tar in 1885 and it was immediately used in the manufacture of clothing and equipment for British soldiers.

The value of the neutral shade of uniform was at once appreciated by Lord Roberts, who, in 1885, ordered that all of the clothing worn by British soldiers sent to Egypt and the Sudan be of the khaki hue. Even the cannon and their wheels, as well as those of wagons, tents, mess kits, canteens, etc., were painted or dyed with khaki.

The American army adopted khaki from the British and, a recent year or two improved upon it by using olive drab dye for woolen clothing.

WANTED "SOFT" JOH

A dashing Lieutenant-colonel, ex-member of the General Staff, was approached by a recently drafted man.

"What might your name be? Do you belong to this bunch?"

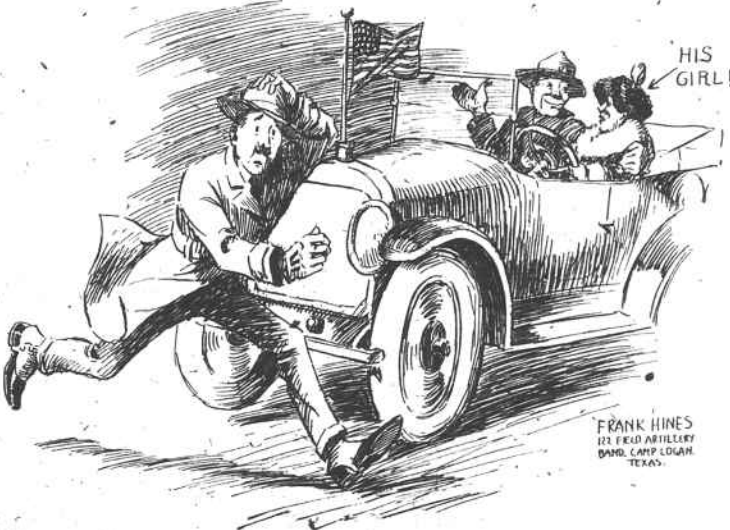
"I'm the colonel in charge."

"Wai, I see the balance of 'em busy around here, and I don't see you doin' anything. How does a fellow go about gettin' your job?"—Everybody's Magazine.

IF HE HAD ONLY WAITED

Tommy (looking upward from the trenches as a flock of airplanes ooze by)—To think that I once paid 'art a crown at 'Endou to see only two of 'em!—Fattler.

Sherman Was Right



FRANK HINES
127 FIELD ARTILLERY
BAND, CAMP COLOAN,
TEXAS.