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CANTONMENT TYPES

THE WIGWAGGER

AND the distinctive thing about the Wigwagger is that he's everywhere... But a Wigwagger—or rather, everything in addition to. He knows your semaphores, and all that—and what soldier who wears the uniform referred to O. D. does not?—but he knows what makes a myriad intricate ways and means possible. Helicograph, telegraph, telephone, radio—all are more dear to the heart of the Wigwagger than the flag-waving.

This signal corps forms the nerves of the army. The Wigwagger transmits the messages which are life and death. His is an inviolable line of communication more potent than the seen. "Principality and power of the air." The Wigwagger makes Nature an ally by using her sound waves and her sun rays, and other things. When the army lies down to sleep in those vast bivouacs overseas, the signalman, the Wigwagger serves as its cowboy rope larid.

You'll remember that on the plains the cattlemen spread his hairy ropes in a circle about his camp fire. The fine hairs on the larid turned back scorpions and rattlesnakes when they tried to advance. That is The Signalman—the Wigwagger. The Kaiser's rattlesnakes and scorpions will be stopped by the fine hairs of communication which bristle from his figurative larid.

France The Promoter Of Political Reform

By CONYERS READ

After the Napoleonic wars the powers of Europe were faced by much the same problems as we are faced by after the present war. Most of all, they wanted peace, and peace upon such terms as gave some promise of permanence. With that end in view a congress of diplomatists met at Vienna in 1814. Unfortunately the resolution of the state of things which had existed in Europe before the French Revolution.

National Spirit Ignored They deliberately ignored the liberal spirit which the French Revolution had aroused not only in France but in Europe at large. They deliberately ignored also the national spirit which had played so large a part in Napoleon's overthrow. In defiance of the one they restored the old despots to the old thrones without any reference to the wishes of their subjects. In defiance of the other they handed Belgium over to Holland, Norway to Sweden, Poland to Russia and Prussia, and cut up Italy and Germany, whose national consciousness had been aroused by Napoleon, into crazy-quilts of small states, Europe which they designed was nothing more than the worn-out Europe of ages past, when autocrats monopolized political power and peoples were regarded merely as chattels for barter and exchange.

Such an arrangement could not stand and the history of the nineteenth century proved that it could not stand, precisely because it took no account of the living forces at work in the world. The national spirit proved in the end to be stronger than the powers conspiring against it. The Belgians and the Norwegians claimed their independence, and took it, in the very teeth of the diplomatists. So the Italians and the Germans asserted their right to national unity, and tore up the patch-work of which the autocrats and the Bohemians and the South Slavs and the Armenians and the Syrians await today the time of their deliverance, and until it comes a stable peace in Europe can hardly be assured.

Liberalism Spread Equally good was the force of the liberal spirit. After the French Revolution Europe proved to be an increasingly uncomfortable place for the old type of despot in spite of everything the congress of Vienna did to provide for him. Everywhere the people demanded and nearly everywhere the people secured a

larger share in their government. In some countries, liberalism was so complete a victory, in some, like Germany and Austria, it made only a beginning. But its strength is such that no one can longer doubt its eventual triumph, even in those countries which were respected, even among the Austrians, the Turks, the Germans.

France, on the whole, fared better at the congress of Vienna than most of her neighbors. Her political frontiers were made in the main to conform to the frontiers of the people, and her government, though far from liberal in the modern sense of the term, was less illiberal than elsewhere. After all it was not safe to try the patience of the French too far. They had but just shown how serious masters of Europe in the art of war. Yet the revolutionary spirit in France was still too strong to be satisfied with compromise between liberty and autocracy. In 1830 they got rid of one king who had attempted to push his rule to the limit, and another one for the same reason. Some twenty-five years later they made up their minds to have done with kings altogether, and established a republic as popular and as liberal in its nature as any government under heaven.

France the Deliverer But once again, as in Revolutionary times, France was not content with merely setting her own house in order. In Europe everywhere oppressed peoples could always count upon her sympathy and support. When Belgium realized her independence in 1831. It was thanks to France that Italy in 1859 was enabled to take her first long step forward towards national unity. It was France, joined with Russia, which delivered the Greeks from Turkish rule. And it was the French people, who were more than half disposed to make war upon Russia in 1853 in behalf of the Poles.

Wherever in Europe oppressed nationalities called for deliverance wherever liberalism wrestled with theocracy, the French people reached forth to encourage and to assist. Throughout the nineteenth century she was perhaps the foremost champion in Europe of the rights of peoples to determine their own governments. It is by no more chance that she fights today the hardest and her greatest battle in that great cause. Her history left her no choice.

AUDACIOUS HUN "CLICKED"

A German officer masquerading in the uniform of an American Private was recently caught in a trench held by members of the Rainbow Division. The Hun's presence was discovered when he bombed an American soldier who approached him.

Telling of the incident, an American soldier who witnessed it said: "I was in a trench when the Hun appeared after he had been bombed. You would have believed he could have been but he did and went back into the trenches. As for the German I never got back to his own line. What the rest of our men did to him was a shame. He was shortly afterwards the dearest German that this side has produced."

FIVE MONTHS AHEAD

The first shipment of American battleplanes for use on the French front left the United States five months ahead of the scheduled date. For every plane sent abroad there will be two replacement planes.

APRIL 6

April 6 is a red letter day in the calendar of the world. It is the anniversary of the formal entrance of the United States into the world war. The entrance of this nation not only guaranteed victory but marked an epoch. For America had nothing to gain. She had much in money, in material and in precious lives to lose. These she was as certain to lose as it is certain that the Winter follows the Fall. But if she had not offered them on the altar of Liberty she would have lost her self-respect. Yet no nation, so completely detached from warfare, had ever been ready to pay such a price. Her people rallied in a tremendous response that obliterated the lines of North and South and merged the East and the West. America's first great gain through her proffered sacrifice was her ability to think nationally. One nation, indivisible, she took her rightful place at the head of the council of free peoples.

The stream of men, the flower of the nation's manhood, soon began to pour across the seas. Some became impatient and said more men, still more, should go at once. They demanded that untrained men be sent. It was not a mighty host that was needed but the encouragement of the promise that France should be succored by her great sister Republic. Through the lines of the fighting forces on that Western front there went a thrill when the first of the American troops gained the water. It was a thrill that heartened the Allies for the terrible days to come. It was a thrill that evidenced recognition of the war's new phase.

American industries became mobilized. Men began to disappear from day to day. When next they were seen they were in uniform and erect and proud. They were looking far into the future, into terrible but glorious days.

The pinch of war began to be felt in our homes. But the sacrifices America was called upon to make she made cheerfully.

We were asked to give of our savings—and we gave! Oh, how we gave! The world expected that America would do things on a large scale. But the Liberty Loans and the tax levies showed that the world had failed to comprehend completely the

genius of America. Whatever she entered upon she would accomplish. The spirit of the founders of the country was not dead. All that we have and are we have pledged. And all that we have and are we shall give if needs be.

The past year has carried America's voice in unmistakable terms to her enemies' hearts.

We are prompted at such a time to ponder the situation. Three questions constantly assert themselves. What is being accomplished? What is the outlook? How long will the war last?

Critics of the war policies of America have an ulterior purpose. They are agents of the most pernicious and potent propaganda the world has ever known,—propaganda that has given a new meaning to the adage "the pen is mightier than the sword." Friends of this country, friends of liberty and righteousness will co-operate, not criticize. As much as possibly can be accomplished is being accomplished. Failures are due not to error but to the obstructionists whose carping criticism compels constant delays in order that policies may be defended. Thinking nationally, as we have begun to think, we have attained a momentum that could not have been attained if we had emphasized sectionalism. But the hideous head of the obstructing propaganda must be hit whenever it asserts itself and the utmost support given to the government.

The outlook? As we believe in a just God; as we believe in the justice of our cause, we must believe nothing but ultimate victory. If at times the forces against us seem more numerous than those that are with us, let us appear at our eyes and behold the mighty hosts. The will to achieve is a tremendous factor in this war. Sometimes power that is entrusted to seems wholly disproportionate to the desired result; but we go on from day to day gaining new strength. So our struggle grows stronger and stronger. Our enemies are growing weaker. We must cultivate a courageous calm and a fine fortitude. We must be prepared for terrible days to come and great sacrifices. But as we pay and as we sacrifice we shall find ourselves being knit closer together. The individual will suffer and the nation will be strengthened. How long will the war last?

On the anniversary of our formal entrance into the conflict we say solemnly that it must last, it SHALL last until Prussianism is banished forever from the earth.

WATCH YOUR STEP

Ask any American officer just back from the front what struck him most, and he will always mention the precautions against spies. Every ash tray, every little paste board under a beer glass, every compartment in every railroad coach bears the same sign: "Méfiez-vous, les ennemis ennemis vous écouitent," which is to say: "Spakin' Irish"; "Watch your step, there's listening."

We'll may be a traveler, or hotel guest, be he soldier or civilian, take care, for one word may betray a troop movement, or give a clue that will destroy the widest and most carefully laid plans. And no one knows who the spies are. Right now the French are try-

ing a senator on the charge of treason. Their former prime minister, Joseph Caillaux, a man who held the same position as Lloyd George in England, is being tried and is under grave suspicion. Where such exalted personages are guilty of spying, it is small wonder if obscure waiters, or street car conductors, should be parts in the great German spy machine.

In America we have and are still being spied on. We have thought because we had nothing to conceal that all others were honest too. We shall learn better before we are through with this war—and meanwhile, here in camp, and there in the trenches—on train, or transport—at all times, everywhere—

WATCH YOUR STEP!

SAILING FOR FRANCE

Here's a song to you, my dear, Before I sail away, Tomorrow shall be yesterday And yesterday today.

I never knew that I could pay For all that's in your face, For all that you and I have known In many a fair play.

For Maytime on a sea-blozen dune, For autumn on a hill, Where love would fill a golden cup To sip or drain or spill.

But here's a song to you, my dear, Before I sail away, To tell you that for yesterday Tomorrow I can pay.

LIEUT. JOHN TEMPLE GRAVES, JR. Port Washington, Md.

MAIL IT NOW

Trench and Camp contains all the news of your camp. That's just what the home folks want. Mail this paper to them today.

