

**MORE THAN 750,000
MOTORCYCLES IN WAR**

From the arrival of the British Expeditionary Force in Belgium in the late summer of 1914 down to the present time the motorcycle has steadily gained in importance in different branches of the military service. Its use has not been restricted to the Allied armies. The best authorities place the number of motorcycles employed by the armies of the Central Powers at the time of the Battle of the Marne at 15,000. The British had at least 40,000 in service in the spring of 1915, while the French had about 31,000.—The Italian forces up to the present have 10,000, according to recent estimates.

It has been figured that more than 750,000 motorcycles have been in use for military purposes by the belligerent powers since July, 1914. This does not include those at present in the United States Army service, for prior to our entrance in the Great War the American Army did not have more than perhaps 150 machines in all.

**Fremont Is A "Real Regular" Camp
Literally And Figuratively Speaking**

BY ELWOOD D. BAYERLE

(Editor of the Camp Fremont Edition of Trench and Camp)

Somewhere in Fremont
Camp Fremont is the most ideally located cantonment in the world; we admit that much. One reason for our bold assertion is the fact that the camp is in California, the paramount state in the Union for climate and a few other things, including Native Sons of which, by the way, we have a few. We believe Camp Fremont surpasses all the other camps on the Pacific shores, of which there are two, by virtue of its ideal location in the central portion of the Best State.
While the eastern cantonments were lost to marauders this winter and the inhabitants thereof suffered from the effects of Cold Feet, and with our neighbors to the north were "walking about in sticky mud, and you again, while our southern friends were swimming in the blizzard, and when every drop of rain falls, Camp Fremont enjoyed beautiful spring weather. Spring Fever is the only malady which seriously affects Fremontites, and so our chaplains are kept busy and not our medical corps.

Everything ideal
So much for the climate; now a word, and just a word, about the natural surroundings. Ideal. No sun-scorched, windy plains, or treeless prairie welcome the boys as they enter Camp Fremont. Their tents are spread 'neath the green live oaks and they look out upon foothills and fertile pastures land. Stanford University, here in the West, in the near vicinity, while San Jose and Palo Alto, two of the towns the soldier boys love, are close by.

Now that Honorable Public is thoroughly introduced to the climate and natural surroundings of this City of the Khaki Kind, we will say a few words about its people. This Regular camp holds a bunch of Regular men, for Uncle Sam's Regulars are quarantined here. Here are no Rookies, no Tenderloin in the big game of war, but here are men who have seen action under the Starry Flag, men who have fought and fought well in these past. Faces tanned by their long stays in the Sun Baked Philippines, or along the Mexican Border, where Grapes and Cactus are the chief articles of society, these boys present a grim appearance as they manœuvre on the drill grounds. Like the Crusaders of old who went out after the Holy Grail, these boys are eager to go "Over There" after Kaiser Bill's Spiked Helmet. There are four regiments of them here, and some fair day when they "take over" a "certain sector" along the French line the Hun won't have to send out scouts to locate the Americans. They'll know where the Fremonters are.

But just one might think we are all heavenly, we shall enumerate some of our faults. The greatest and most painful of these is the fact that we have no area squarun in training here. Goodness knows, we have air enough, and headed to suit the operation. Another fault, in the total absence of that familiar object, the Rookie Joke. We can take a joke, though, and a practical one, too, as we did recently when they told us that hereafter girls would be barred from camp, except on one Sunday in the month.

CANTONMENT TYPES

THE COMMON COLONEL

None of your burled spurs, shining swagger stick and vanity fair uniforms for him. He's another of the plain, blunt men. When you go into his presence at the far end of the regimental headquarters, you expect to see a super-being seated upon a raised platform surrounded by attendants and crowned with authority. Instead, you see a stocky, snub-nosed man with kind, humorous eyes. He is smoking a pipe at his unapproachable Little Desk. His throne is a lowly, wooden chair. His boots show signs of having been walked in. The eagle on his coat doesn't look so formidable, close up. It seems to belong there, by inherent right.

He talks in the full, deep voice of a stoupe-pure male human. His language is direct. He doesn't temporize. He gives an order—and it is an order. For he knows his business, and doesn't need the artificial trappings of uneasy authority.

This Common Colonel leads because he has won the right on ten full counts of basic manhood. He's come up through the ranks, and he knows the right. What a contrast he'd make, set up beside the Little Shining War Gods in the German army! Can you picture him logging about in France a couple of carloads of equipment, and drinking in ease and comfort miles behind the lines, while the boys in his regiment are enduring dauger and hardship?

It's possible to get his full title when he stands before them to make an after-dinner speech. When they see him, it's like visioning a great, un-broked American ideal—of true democracy. They roar and cheer and fling their hats. Will they follow him? Will they hesitate to give their all for this Common Colonel, who is of them, by them and for them? They will not.

WATCH JUNE 28

If the war does not end on June 28, 1918, there will be a sadly surprised old woman in South France. She says that in the day on which the conflict in all quarters will cease and when the beginning of the beating of swords into plowshares will begin. This scroos says she gets her dope from a book in which Edward VII and Napoleon III had great faith. When Premier Clemenceau of France is asked when the war will end he usually replies, "Next Thursday, ten minutes past three." Either he or the scroos is wrong, for June 28 comes on Friday.

ing in a modest way about his camp, related the fact that all the men came from the same town. Sadly we must confess the fact that Fremont men cannot boast any common city, or even a state in their own right, but they all hail from the forty-eight states, including New Jersey, and they all hail their own state as the best in the blooming Union. But when it comes to actual representation, the star that stands for Kentucky on our National Emblem should be made into a moon, with all the other stars grouped around it. Kentucky blue-blood flows through the veins of Fremonters, like the Mississippi River through the Middle West.

A certain peninsula in California is divided into two parts, the one is Camp Fremont and the other isn't. Before the camp was established here Meigs Park was a way station on the Southern Pacific. Now it is a growing metropolis. All the trains stop here now, and they are glad to. No matter where you are on said, California, you are aware of the fact that Fremont is located here. You can't for the life of you, brother, mistake that swaggering, sun-tanned individual coming down the street dressed in a natty, well-fitting uniform for anyone but a Fremontite. He's a Regular Guy, and he knows how to execute a salute with all the snap and splendor of the West Pointer.

Athletic?—brother, Fremont eats it three times a day. We have the championship baseball organizations of the United States Army. It's the same bunch of "Bunkies" that put a kink into the Chink's queue, when they copped the champ of the Orient, and now they are working on some of the mines in the vicinity with such success that they probably will be found among the miners next season.

We have a Remount Depot set here, too. That's the same kind of a camp, you know, only it's where they keep horses and mules instead. Talk about William Hart and Douglas Fairbanks, and all that; why, we have that out here every day. The public from miles around the country make weekly pilgrimages to Fremont on Sundays to see those old ex-cow-punchers break sure young mustangs just off the range.

Health conditions, did you say, brother? Without the slightest exaggeration, we can say that this is the healthiest camp west of the North Sea. The Camp Hospital moved away because the nurses complained of having nothing to do. There is a Big Base Hospital located a couple of miles from the camp, which is built large enough to accommodate thousands of patients. It's little used now, though, except by men who were injured trying to learn to ride fitneys or the new side-boggles. The hospital is there mostly for men who get sick in other camps.

Well, well, we are clear now out of ink telling about Camp Fremont, so we had better quit. Wish you could all come out here where everything is so fine. We sure do feel sorry for you all.

So long. Yours truly,
FREMONTISE.

P. S.—We forgot to say that Camp Fremont has the best edition of Trench and Camp. If you don't believe it, ask the editor, who, by the way, is a very nice fellow.

**LIBRARY ASSOCIATION IS
HELPING TO WIN THE WAR**

Three-fourths of the books taken out of the camp libraries by soldiers are of the non-fiction kind, according to records kept by the American Library Association. The soldiers in the camps and cantonments spend their leisure hours reading serious and informative volumes and there is also a great demand for college text-books and books on technical subjects.

Burtos E. Stevenson, at Camp Sherman, recently said:

"Camp Library Service has been established for just one purpose, that is to help win the war, and there are three ways in which it can help: First, by helping to maintain the morale of the men by providing them with interesting and entertaining reading matter to help tide over the moments of loneliness and depression which come to everyone; second, by helping to educate them as to the causes and purposes of the war and make them realize that they are not fighting France's fight, England's fight, or Italy's fight, but America's fight—that it is not Belgium, or France or England that Germany is seeking to destroy, but the ideals and principles which form the very foundation stones of this Republic; and third, by providing the men with special technical books along their several lines, and so making them better and more efficient soldiers."

SAVE FOOD

Specific orders have been issued by the War Department that American troops going to France shall conserve food while making the trip across on transporra. The same wheatless, meatless days as are observed in the United States will prevail aboard ship.

WRIGLEYS



—is the great war-time sweetmeat.

—the benefit, the pleasure, the economy of a 5c package of WRIGLEY'S

—has made it the favorite "sweet ration" of the Allied armies.

—send it to your friend at the front:

—it's the handiest, longest-lasting refreshment he can carry.

CREW IT AFTER EVERY MEAL

The Flavor Lasts

