

TRENCH & CAMP

Published weekly at the National Camps and Cantonnments for the soldiers of the United States.

Room 504, Pulitzer Building
National Headquarters
New York City

JOHN STEWART BRYAN
Chairman of Advisory Board of Co-operating Publishers

Camp and Location	Newspaper	Publisher
Camp Beauregard, Alexandria, La.	New Orleans Times Picayune	D. D. Moore
Camp Bowie, Fort Worth, Texas	Fort Worth Star Telegram	Amon C. Carter
Marlboro Aviation Field, Arcadia, Fla.	Tampa Times	D. B. McKay
Camp Cody, Deming, N. Mex.	El Paso Herald	H. D. Slater
Camp Custer, Battle Creek, Mich.	Battle Creek Enquirer-News	A. L. Miller
Camp Devens, Ayer, Mass.	Boston Globe	Charles E. Taylor, Jr.
Camp Dix, Wrightstown, N. J.	Trenton Times	James Kerney
Camp Doniphan, Fort Hill, Okla.	Oklahoma City Oklahoman	E. K. Gaylord
Camp Forrest, Chickamauga, Ga.	Chattanooga (Tenn.) Times	H. C. Adler
Camp Fremont, Palo Alto, Cal.	San Francisco Bulletin	R. A. Crothers
Camp Funston, Fort Riley, Kan.	Topeka State Journal	Frank P. MacLennan
Camp Gordon, Atlanta, Ga.	Atlanta Constitution	Clark Howell
Camp Grant, Rockford, Ill.	The Chicago Daily News	Victor F. Lawson
Camp Greene, Charlotte, N. C.	Charlotte Observer	W. P. Sullivan
Camp Hancock, Augusta, Ga.	Augusta Herald	Bowdre Philizny
Camp Jackson, Columbia, S. C.	Columbia State	W. W. Ball
Camp Johnston, Jacksonville, Fla.	Jacksonville Times-Union	W. A. Elliott
Camp Kearny, Linda Vista, Cal.	Los Angeles Times	Harry Chandler
Camp Lee, Petersburg, Va.	Richmond News Leader	John Stewart Bryan
Camp Lewis, Tacoma, Wash.	Tacoma Tribune	F. S. Baker
Camp Logan, Houston, Texas	Houston Post	Gough J. Palmer
Camp McArthur, Waco, Texas	Waco Morning News	Charles E. Marsh
Camp McClellan, Andlston, Ala.	Birmingham (Ala.) News	Victor H. Hanson
Camp Meade, Admiral, Md.	Wash. D. C. Evening Star	Pleming Newbold
Camp Pike, Little Rock, Ark.	Arkansas Democrat	Elmer E. Clarke
Camp Sevier, Greenville, S. C.	Greenville Daily News	B. H. Peace
Camp Shelby, Hattiesburg, Miss.	New Orleans Item	James M. Thomson
Camp Sheridan, Montgomery, Ala.	Montgomery Advertiser	C. H. Allen
Camp Zachary Taylor, Louisville, Ky.	Louisville Courier Journal	Bruce Haldeman
Camp Travis, San Antonio, Texas	San Antonio Light	Charles S. Diehl
Wells Field and Camp Stanley	New York World	Don C. Seltz
Camp Upton, Yaphank, L. I., N. Y.	New York World	Don C. Seltz
Camp Wheeler, Macon, Ga.	Macon Telegraph	W. T. Anderson

Published under the auspices of the National War Work Council, Y. M. C. A. of the United States, with the co-operation of the above named publishers and papers.

KEEP YOUR POWDER DRY
By W. T. ANDERSON
Publisher of the Macon (Ga.) Telegraph

The average individual not engaged in war service or some of its various stay-at-home activities is more or less nervous or irritated over the failure of our Government to meet all of the demands made upon it by the present crisis and exigency. The natural inclination is to criticize and charge it with inefficiency.

We should remember that our Government has been devoting itself to those lines of thought and activity that had to do more with the development of the country than of the individual. Its energies have all been directed along peaceable lines, apparently with the idea that such a thing as war belonged to the past ages.

When we suddenly awoke to the fact that one nation has been specializing in war for one hundred years or more and had developed the best system of offense that the human mind could conceive of, we can readily appreciate the tremendous disadvantage under which the enemy nations of Germany are laboring.

It is not becoming in the individual American, who is allowed to enjoy his or her usual home comforts and has not yet been called upon to make any

specific sacrifices for the Government, to carp and criticize.

Our Government has commanded the lives of millions of young men, has taken them away from their business, in thousands of instances utterly destroying these businesses. Our Government has commanded thousands of industries, taking them over in toto and reserving to itself the privilege of saying what the owners of these businesses shall receive as compensation.

Our Government has said to this one hundred million stay-at-homes: "You buy Liberty Bonds—we don't ask you to give your money, but to invest it, and the investment we offer is considered the best in the world. You stay-at-homes are urged to save, to save for your future, to make a sacrifice of the little luxuries you have been accustomed to that you may lend these savings to the Government. Your life and your property are reserved to you and your savings will be returned to you with an unusual interest rate."

When we feel inclined to criticize the non-performance by our Government we should search our own record very carefully and see if we have done our best. We should possess our souls in patience and confidence, "Trust in God and keep our powder dry."

KEEP OUT OF THE MIRE

In one of the great cantonment base hospitals a young soldier lay ill. The chaplain of his regiment was his own pastor, the minister who had held him in his arms and had baptized him.

The chaplain approached the ward. The soldier saw him and hid under the covers. But the chaplain was too quick.

"What are YOU doing in this ward?" asked the chaplain, a note of mingled questioning and pity in his voice.

Then the soldier told his story. It was not at all uncommon. He was afflicted with a dread disease, which had a terrible hold upon him.

"Yesterday a minister was in," said the soldier. "I told him my story and he said: 'I think the best thing for you to do is to go Over There and to die gloriously. But leave your body over there.'"

The boy was silent for a moment. Then he told his chaplain: "I found out this morning, they won't have me for service Over There. I am not good enough even to be killed."

Has it ever been put that way to you, young soldier, that in order to fight for your country you have to be good enough to stand in the ranks and live with decent men? For the American army is not made up of dissolute boys who have wasted their substance in riotous living. It is made up of young men that have been called from their homes by the Government of the

United States to defend those homes; young men whose mothers kissed them tenderly as they left and who will be waiting for them on their return.

Decide right now how you will greet your mother. Shall it be that you will have to turn aside your head because you dare not look her in the eye? Shall it be that you must return as a loathsome creature despised even by yourself?

In last week's issues of Trench and Camp the story was told of the visit of Dr. William J. Dawson to the European fighting front. He had three sons in the service and he was embittered to think that he had been compelled to surrender them, one after the other. But when he went Over There and saw that there was glory and grandeur as well as horror, he returned with the feeling that "his inimitable duty was to be worthy of his sons." There is another phase. It is the inimitable duty of the soldier under arms to walk worthily of his parents.

Some men have come into the army infected with horrible diseases. They have been isolated at once.

The record of such diseases contracted while in service is surprisingly low.

Let this thought be before you always, there is a depth so low in which it is possible to be so degraded that you cannot even die for your country. Keep out of the mire.

THIS IS O. K. WITH HOOVER

It takes some food to feed Uncle Sam's fighting forces now in the field. Here are some of the quantities of foodstuffs used every day in feeding a force of 1,500,000 men: Beef, 1,500,000 pounds; bacon, 225,000 pounds; ham, 210,000 pounds; tomatoes, 135,000 cans; jam, 225,000 cans; catsup, 3,000 bottles; bread, 2,000,000 pounds, and several tons of prunes, apricots, peaches and, of course, the inevitable bean.

RAZORS NOW ISSUED

The equipment for American soldiers going to France now includes a safety razor, shaving brush and steel mirror. Furnishing these toilet articles free to each and every one of the hundreds of thousands of khaki-clad men sent "Over There" will add millions of dollars to the cost of maintaining the United States army, but this is just another evidence of the government's generosity to its fighting men.

CANTONMENT TYPES

THE LANCE CORPORAL

As he gazes and gases at that single Chev, it changes and wavers under the exuberant pride and becomes a gold bar, a silver bar, two silver bars, a gold leaf, a silver leaf, an eagle, a star, two stars—!

It is a window into the future—that solitary chevron—and looking through it, the lance corporal can see himself playing larger and larger roles, wearing gaudier and gaudier uniforms, until the final and three-star part is his. Not that our Coming Commander has overweening ambitions. He simply has a healthy imagination. The lance corporal's will is the wind's will, and the thoughts of youth are long, long thoughts.

There is no feeling quite comparable to that of taking out the first detail, armed with the V-shaped badge of responsibility. Nothing quite as manly as the voice of importance with which the L. C. speaks to the Troops Under Him.

And his letters home! "They are finally recognizing my ability to Command Men. This is just the beginning. Of course, I don't like, in modesty, to predict—"

A Private belongs to another order. He is without power or parts, in the eyes of the stepping stone into N. C. O.-dom. Of course, there are higher officers, but where would they be without the L. C.? A long journey must have a point of departure, a port of embarkation. The most imposing building must have the first stone placed. There has to be a beginning. And what is more important than a birth.

From the High Private point of view, there is nothing lower than a lance corporal, of course. "But what do such estimates matter! The masses—they don't understand. They haven't the larger view!"

France, North and South

By E. PRESTON DARGAN

Like a great artery traversing France, the combined railways of the North and South reach the heart of the country at Paris. The traveler from Normandy to Provence finds the greatest variety in landscape, soil and the character of the people. If he lands, say at Dieppe, and meets the Seine at Rouen, he is impressed at once with the ordered, busy look of things. The excellent French roads begin here, never to end. They and the small, placid streams are bordered by alders and by the tall symmetrical rows of Normandy poplars. The fields are tended by shrewd, wizened peasants, and the tenacious character of the Norman race appears in its industry as well as in its agriculture.

The Ile-de-France, the old province surrounding Paris, is today too highly metropolitan to preserve many of its ancient characteristics. We will suppose that our traveler takes the fast day train on the P. L. M. to Marseilles. He will skirt Champagne, now battle-scarred, where before the war were found such valuable vineyards. In spite of the sparkle of its wine and its wit, Champagne is reputed a flat, prosaic country, given over to industry rather than to beauty. The traveler will find the landscape and the people more exuberant as he penetrates Burgundy, through Dijon, Macon and Lyons. This province, which we associate naturally with ancient dukes and modern wines, is an amiable and hospitable land of sunny hillsides and fair women. The industry of such a town as Lyons, which has developed tremendously during the war, has never forbidden an enthusiasm for the ideal and the poetic. In fact, in Burgundy you seem already to be entering the South.

The "Midi" proper begins just below. Leaving out the rough and once volcanic country of Auvergne, the railroad, following the Rhone, has on its left hand Dauphiné and on its right Languedoc. In Dauphiné, towards the eastern border, are the monastery of the Grande Chartreuse and the university town of Grenoble, with its fine circle of mountains. Languedoc is a stony land of salty ponds, including the great plain of the Crau; but the unhealthy spots are characteristically surrounded by perfumes and flowers and periodically

swept by the fierce mistral which blows over the palace of the popes at Avignon. This is the dividing point between southern Languedoc and Provence proper, and such names as Arles and Nimes, ancient Narbonne and Tarascon, immortalized by Tartarin, suggest "dance and Provencal song and sunburnt mirth." It is a land of languor and beauty; and on its farther shore, like a gem of the first water, is set the busy and populous port of Marseilles.

Our traveler may then turn east and pursue the line of the Riviera to the Italian border. He will pass the naval base of Toulon, through the cosmopolitan resorts of Cannes and Nice—and once he might have found the end of his journey at Monte Carlo. But now all that is changed. The casinos are closed and the great pleasure-land of the Riviera is transformed into a superb array of hospitals. The almost tropical landscape with the blue sea beyond, the scalloped line of the Maritime Alps and the rich perfumes of many gardens must be a delight to weary and wounded soldiers.

We have descended France rather toward the eastern edge. If the traveler wishes to go back north, bearing more to the west, he must follow more devious ways. He will again pass through Marseilles, heading for Gascony. Before leaving Languedoc he will undoubtedly visit Carcassonne, the great fortress of the Middle Ages, and he may well rest at Toulouse, the centre of the southern basin, a sweltering, old-fashioned city. Below him will be a land of torrents coming from the Pyrenees, a picturesque shepherd's country, the fantastic shrine of Lourdes and Saracens and other ruins. Above him stretch the spacious fields of Gascony, with their vines and cities of sonorous names—Cahors and Montauban—suggesting Maurice Hewlett and the troubadours.

The Garonne, supplying this region, broadens out into the Gironde near Bordeaux, a city which happily combines stately old architecture with many modern features. In the center of the west lie Poitou and Anjou; adjoining the latter is sweet and sleepy Touraine, that country of monks and princely chateaux, the home of Rabelais and Balzac. Quite near Paris lie Orleans and the cathedral town of Chartres; to the west again the province of Maine, and finally the rude reef of Brittany pushes out its "prow" into the stormy Atlantic.

WHY AMERICA FIGHTS GERMANY

The German Government has drowned our citizens, sunk our ships, destroyed our property, insulted our flag, contrary to all law and all humanity. Every such act was an act of war against us.

By its cruel and treacherous treatment of Belgium, and by its manner of waging war, it has excited the horror of all decent people. Mercy and justice through all the world are at stake.

Its constant love and desire for war proves Germany the greatest menace on earth to the peace and happiness of free peoples.

On our side are the democracies of the world, great and small; on the German side are the autocracies of the world, warring against the prin-

ciples on which our democracy and all others are founded.

Germany plans to dominate the Old World from its center, and today has largely accomplished the plan. In a few years it will be too late to stop her.

Germany's ambitions for expansion in the New World have shown that we should have to fight Germany later, if not now; and without help, instead of with the help of all other great free peoples.

To fight Germany now is the only way to make the World Safe for Democracy; to make sure that little American babies, our little brothers and sons, shall not have to do it, but shall grow up free from the nightmare of militarism, suspicion and fear. America is a peaceable nation; if we wish to remain so, we must win this war.