

HERE'S "A WOMAN'S EYE VIEW" OF AN AMERICAN TRAINING CAMP

(This is the first instalment of a descriptive story about Camp Kearney, written especially for "Trench and Camp," by a clever and observant feminine writer. The concluding instalment will appear in the next issue of "Trench and Camp.")

By RUTH DURKEE
(Editor of the Daily Trojan, University of Southern California.)

"I don't want to go home,
I don't want to go home,
For I'm having a wonderful time,"
whined the carwheels as we hurried homeward. Here I was, just becoming reconciled to being a woman all my life, when along came the army and upset my equilibrium. I don't like being upset. It's painful. I wish I were born to be a soldier. Being a girl isn't half bad if you're as lucky as I, but if I had my life to live over I should certainly apply to headquarters for a man's commission in the army.

Yes, after being threatened at the point of a gun and being requested to leave Camp Kearney three times with more force than elegance, I like the army, army camps and army life. And I realize that, as one sergeant remarked to me, a soldier's life is no dream, either, unless it be a nightmare. Neither K. P. nor M. P. can be called joyful experiences. But still I like it. Uniforms are very becoming.

"Not a Drum Was Heard"

We rode the fourteen miles from city to camp that first morning in a Ford. Just before we reached camp we saw a road gang in the newest of blue overalls digging what looked like an irrigation ditch, and working as if the boss were away and they knew it. I admit I was surprised to see they were soldiers. In overalls—and digging! Where, oh where, were the brass buttons, the gold braid, the swords and guns? There wasn't even a band, that indispensable accompaniment of the army, to cheer the boys to victory over the rocky ground. One ideal shattered. I thought with disappointment. But the sun still shone and the Ford rambled on.

Over on the left appeared rows and rows of khaki-colored tents and long, low buildings that looked like cow sheds. Since the rest of the ground was a sagebrush desert it took imagination to decide that that must be the camp. Here the road turned and a man in uniform came out of the real estate office on the tract to stop us. I was just going to tell him that we did not want to buy any land or take up a claim when he asked to see my pass.

As we entered, a number of ambulances and some artillery passed out. Everybody was laughing and talking. They didn't take it at all seriously. They might have been going on a picnic instead of to the artillery range. Then as we rode along I found out that the sheds were what you call mess halls, but they looked quite neat to me. Everyone slept in tents, and I surely felt sorry for them, freezing in winter and mosquitoes in summer, but an officer told me that they are planning to build wooden barracks. Tents are too expensive, lasting a year.

Every now and then we passed an orderly galloping down the street and cutting corners better than our Ford could. Yonder was a soldier strolling along with apparently not a care in the world and ready to flirt upon no provocation at all. Soon we came to the downtown district and stopped at the Y. M. C. A. Administration building, where we found my host, the local Trench and Camp editor, under a pile of debris, reading a carload of poems contributed by various company poets. Most of them sang the praises of the girls they left behind them. Second in popularity were the odes to the best known member of the House of Hohenzollern. The editor crawled forth, straightened to his full height and peered down at me from under his green eyeshade. He would be ready in a short while. Until then I might wait here, or over at the Hostess House. I went to the Hostess House.

A Little Bit of Home

The Hostess House was a home, in spirit if not in fact. But there weren't any girls there either. Men, men everywhere. I never knew there were so many men in the world until I visited that camp. Several were sitting around on the porch. Regular summer resort, I decided. Inside three were lounging on a cushioned seat before a huge log fire—on a hot day. Some were writing at the various tables around the room. Two were giving us a victrola concert which varied in selections from "Some Sunday Morning" to Alma Gluck and John McCormack. A short, wild-looking little man in civilian clothes grabbed the piano stool and began to pound out popular music of the vintage of 1900 in com-

petition. The victrola operators retreated in disgust. Nothing is more annoying to the sensitive ear, I judge, than popular music beyond its third season.

"He does that every time," said one, so I offered to take the piano stool the next time he arose to make a "new" selection.

"Go to it," they said, and I did. I couldn't play any better than he could, but they said at least I played in a different tempo.

Two girls came in, tired but expectant-eyed. He would be there. They had come two hundred miles to see him. They waited. Finally they inquired of one of the men if he could tell them where to find him. Yes, he belonged to that regiment. Did he know George? No, but he could find out about him.

George was quarantined at the base hospital.

It wasn't very long before Mr. Editor arrived and we set forth to view the Pike "an' everything." On the left was the postoffice, a large, barn-like structure; over there the library, with about ten empty shelves to each one filled with books (no wonder they needed a book drive!) and the post exchange, where one can buy anything except hairpins.

For lunch we were with an ambulance company that claims Ruth St. Denis as its godmother. That's another nice thing about being a soldier; you get a beautiful and famous woman as your godmother in addition to all your other relatives.

Mess Too "Spoon"

Mess was ready. I stood in line with the rest of them, my kit out ready for service. There was just one trouble with that kit. Each part was too big, especially the spoon. I don't know what size mouths most men have, but I might as well have tried to feed myself with a coal shovel as with that spoon. The cup also was devised with great ingenuity. One never knew when the handle was going to slip out of place to help one lose the contents. The cats were fine. It was fishday and the fish was cooked as well as if the cook were the Ritz-Carlton chef. Also there was plenty of everything—PLENTY.

We sat on benches like those at a stock ranch bunkhouse. There was no tablecloth, for which I knew the laundress was thankful. The floor was covered with sawdust like a circus ring, so I wasn't surprised when I looked up to see a man flapping his arms slowly and carefully, his head on one side, looking for all the world like an American eagle.

"Do you usually have a cabaret?" I asked.

"Oh, that's Ted Shawn," said the man next to me. "He enlisted in this company, and his wife, Ruth St. Denis, has adopted the company. She gives us our breakfast every Tuesday morning."

Awfully Scientific

After mess everyone washes his own dishes. Army dishwashing is reduced to a science, worthy of note in Good Housekeeping. Two pails of water are set outside the door—one soapy, the other clear. If you eat little and eat that little fast, you have the opportunity of washing your utensils in fairly hot and clean water. The glutton has his just reward when his turn comes at the cold and greasy liquid.

While I waited I inspected the kitchen. One man was cutting up a flank of beef in an entirely original manner. I asked him sweetly if he was a professional butcher, but he glared at me and snapped, "Hardly." I decided that I liked the other side of the room best. Men don't seem to like work in the kitchen, do they? Now personally I should feel more at home there than on the parade ground.

Two soldiers came in, dragging an unwilling comrade between them.

The sergeant began an inquisition. "What's wrong with you?" he asked.

"Bunk fatigue," answered his brothers in K. P. for him.

"Did yer get permission?"

The culprit nodded his head in assent.

"Yes, SIR," snarled the non-com., and began a short but concentrated lecture on the afterlife of naughty little boys who run away from K. P.

After seeing big, strong men cooking, washing dishes, washing clothes, scrubbing floors, peeling potatoes and onions, I can see some advantages in marrying a soldier—if one must marry.



STRONGLY RECOMMENDED FOR THE CAVALRY.

U. S. Men in "Scratch Army" Congratulated and Thanked

General Carey's "scratch army" already has won a place in enduring military history. It is no small gratification to the people of this country to know that America played a large part in that "stop-gap" achievement of this "scratch army."

General Rawlinson, of the British army, has written a letter to "the commanding officer of an American regiment" who took charge of the U. S. engineer troops, cooks, orderlies and railway men and aided Brigadier-General Carey to hold a portion of the British line from March 22 to 27.

The letter says: "The army commander wishes to record officially his appreciation of the excellent work your regiment has done in assisting the British army to resist the enemy's powerful offensive during the last ten days. I fully realize it has been largely due to your assistance that the enemy has been checked, and I rely on you to assist us still further during the few days still to come before I shall be able to relieve you in the line. I consider your work in the line to be greatly enhanced by the fact that for six weeks previous to taking your place in the front line your men have been working at such high pressure, erecting heavy bridges on the Somme. My best congratulations and warm thanks to all."

RED CROSS SALUTES

The Red Cross has adopted the United States Army saluting system. Orders have been issued that Red Cross workers, upon coming into the presence of their superior officers in the Red Cross organization, must salute. "The requirements of military courtesy will be carefully observed," says the order, which describes the American salute as follows:

"The American salute is made by raising the right hand smartly till the tip of the forefinger touches the lower part of the headress, or forefinger above the right eye, thumb and fingers extended and joined, palm to the left, forearm inclined at about 45 degrees, hand and wrist straight; at the same time look toward the person saluted, then drop the arm smartly by the side."

MAIL IT TO MOTHER

Trench and Camp will be appreciated by your mother. Send this paper home and continue to send all your other copies home so that your mother may get the news from your camp and save the papers for you to read when you get back from "Over There."

A Letter

(The following letter has come to the attention of TRENCH AND CAMP. It is from a National Guard officer, called for the second time in a year to give up his gainful occupation of civil life, to leave his home and his wife and child. It is a human document and not the less interesting in that it has come to light nearly a year after it was written.)
My dear,

As I kissed you and the dear kiddie this morning and as we waved farewell at the train there was much that I wanted to say. But somehow I could find no words. This is the second time, dear, that we have faced the possibility of war. It seemed serious when the Mexican trouble threatened. It was serious for us, more serious than for many, because we had to give up everything. Who would have thought that so soon again the call would come? But I cannot help feeling glad that it has come. Somehow I am proud today, prouder than I ever have been that the uniform I wear is that of the United States.

I have wanted this country to enter the war. I have wanted it knowing all the time that it would mean separation from you. And I feel in my heart that you have wanted it. We both have an old lineage; and it is a proud one. Your family and mine were united in Revolutionary days in fighting for freedom and in protesting against the tyranny of a German King. How history repeats itself. We are joined in marriage now and yet the old tie, the tie of love of right is stronger even than that; for we give up a life that in our marriage has been beautifully happy in order that I may serve the right I love and that you may serve it, too. For yours is a patriotic duty. You will be lonely; so will I.

So far as you are concerned, I do not feel that this separation is forever. Even if I do not come back to our home in America, I know that we shall meet. This is a firm conviction with me. I do not assert it now in order that you may be buoyed up, for I know that you share this faith. Our love is founded upon something substantial. It has been tried and tested. You know, dear, how we used to joke about the fifth year of married life as the most dangerous year. And you know what a trial it was to us. The loss of little Ethel—I scarcely can think of it even now. And how one thing followed another! Yet through it all there was something very sweet in our relationship. We never doubted each other through any of the trials of that year; and each ministered to the other.

It seems hard, now that everything would have been such smooth sailing. But what a glorious privilege it is to be among the first to go! What an opportunity there is for me to serve. I did not join the National Guard to serve merely in peace. I felt that it was an arm of the service that could be employed immediately by the government. I believed in preparedness. The country would not have it. We did what we could in the Guard. It was not much; but it was the best we could do.

We are not finished soldiers; no one realizes that better than I do. There is much, very much, that I have to learn. When we get on the other side it will be a case of applying all my zeal for learning to this one thing. I have a responsibility to the men who are with me; and I would never want it said that any one of them lost his life, or was wounded even, because of something that I did not know or something that I had left undone.

They are fine fellows, all those that are with me. I suppose in the home of each of them there is a situation like that in our home. Each has made some great sacrifice to serve his country.

This is a longer letter than I had planned; but there was so much I wanted to say. Watch over the kiddie. Teach him at home before he goes to school. Teach him to be brave; teach him that if his daddy does not come back he is the man of the house. Make him love my memory. And as early as you can, direct his thoughts to God and Christ Jesus. If I am not to rejoin you here, teach him that he and you will rejoin me there.

Good-bye, dear. Everything I could do I have done. If it does so happen that I shall not come back, you will find full arrangements made. Open the envelope addressed to you which you will find in the safe deposit vault. Good-bye, wife of my heart; know that I shall always think of you and that I hope—oh! how I hope—it may be given us to pick up the ends of our life again. God bless and keep you.
EDGAR.

S. O. S.

In Europe food is so scarce it is sacred. To waste it is sinful.

