

TRENCH AND CAMP

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THE COUNTRY'S GLORY IS IN THEIR EYES

By A. L. MILLER

Publisher of the Battle Creek (Mich.) Enquirer-News

We who grew up from the edge of the Civil War grew up in the belief that the glory of the country was in the past.

There had been days of old when knights were bold, but they were the old days. As for the present, it was as shy on glorified opportunity as it was on hostile Indians. It was finished, trimmed and enclosed in a white-washed fence of settled peace and order.

So we of the "seventies" and "eighties" watched the Decoration Day parades go by!

We know better now. The glory of the country is now, and hereafter. Boys who were playing marbles in the street a little while ago are in a greater adventure now than men ever took part in before; and they are coming back to a bigger work of planning and building and developing and governing than the controlling powers of a country's citizenship ever did before.

The reason we who stay at home are confident is not because of the consciousness of an adequate strength within ourselves, for we know the job is too big for that—the war job and the job after the war. Our confidence is part of the tremendous thrill we get from the fellows in khaki—officers and men.

We have known they would have courage. No one ever doubted the American soldier would have that. We

didn't know that in the mass they would each have such character—we hadn't reasoned quite that far.

Character they have. We of the cantonment cities who know them as near neighbors and daily companions know that. Our joy is in the certainty that not alone will they finish the job "Over There"—with the help that all of us who stand by expect to give them—but that they will come back to properly do the work which is waiting for them over here.

They who save the Nation must return to guide the Nation.

And we look them over, officers and men, and thank God for the certainty that both jobs will be well and safely done—done by American gentlemen.

An army that had muscle and nerve might drive the Kaiser back. But the army that makes America safe, now and hereafter, must have ideals, must be clean, must have strength of mind and soul as well as of body.

For this army must live for the flag, hereafter, as well as fight for it now.

To those of us who see the army at close hand there comes, a hundred times a day, the assurance that this army will "do!"

We thought the glory of the country was in the past.

And all at once, the crisis of all times, and—tramp! tramp! tramp! the boys are marching, and the country's glory is in their eyes.

THE KAISER'S BATTLE

Whenever success crowns German effort—the Kaiser did it.

As the great battle on the Western front was launched and the pressure of the overwhelming numerical superiority of the Prussian hordes forced the Allies to give ground—the Kaiser did it.

The newspapers of the Empire stirred by the first signs of success—or, to put it less poetically but more truthfully, prodded by German bayonets—gave glowing accounts of the Kaiser's battle.

The War Lord was pictured as standing on an elevation—far removed from the scene of battle, of course—and studying the movements in close detail, through a powerful glass. Also he was pictured as weeping crocodile tears and exclaiming with an agony of woe in his voice, "What have I not done to prevent all this?"

Then the tide of battle turned. The newspapers still called it the Kaiser's battle, but they looked about for someone to blame for crossing the signals.

The mad War Lord was quick to recognize the turn in the tide of battle, even though he did not venture far forward. "I must not lose," he exclaimed, and, calling two or three generals emphasized his resolve. "I must not lose. I cannot lose. I will make a new attack—send some new divisions."

A DAY OF RE-CONSECRATION

President Wilson's proclamation urges upon the people of the United States the observance of Memorial Day "with religious solemnity."

The President comes from the South. His mind has spanned the years to those first observances of this day. Then it was a holy day, not a

holiday. Families that had loved and lost made pilgrimages to the graves of those that had given their all to the best they knew and strewed them tenderly with flowers.

So the new divisions were sent, and slaughtered. Again the Kaiser called the general officers, "I will attack again—send more divisions," he said. His mental processes were much like those of a New York City Editor who, sending a reporter to interview a famous man, learned that the reporter had been very rudely ejected. The reporter complained that he had been kicked down the steps. "Go back again," said the City Editor, "no one can intimidate ME!"

The Kaiser's literal application of his statement, "I will attack" was to give the order, "Send some new divisions."

But the reinforcements were unavailing. And the Kaiser drawing his mantle about him, like the villain of the piece, said to his generals, "I am going away; but I will return."

Emissaries ran ahead and told the newspaper editors that they must stop calling it the Kaiser's battle. The Kaiser had nothing to do with it. Whoever told them it was his battle, anyway? It is Ludendorff's battle, or Hindenburg's. Now it is lese majeste, or something awful like that, to refer to "the great drive" as the Kaiser's.

Soon a minor engagement may go in favor of the Prussians. The Kaiser will be hurriedly summoned to exclaim, "I and Gott have done this."

holiday. Families that had loved and lost made pilgrimages to the graves of those that had given their all to the best they knew and strewed them tenderly with flowers.

In 1868, General John A. Logan, Commander-in-Chief of the Grand Army of the Republic, set aside the thirtieth of May "for the purpose of

strewn with flowers or otherwise decorating the graves of comrades." So the North and the South joined in the same form of observance.

New generations came. To them the day was a day of rest and recreation, a day of sport and festivity.

To them the President's proclamation is an educating force. It calls them to an understanding of the reasons for the observance. Surely they will do as he asks, and go to the churches "with offerings of fervent supplications for Almighty God for the safety and welfare of our cause, His blessings on our arms, and a speedy restoration of an honorable and lasting peace to the nations of the earth."

In far-off France and Flanders devoted women of France and Belgium will decorate the graves of sons of America who have died for their cause and ours.

Here in America let the keynote be re-consecration, not recreation; re-consecration of all that we have and are that righteousness may usher in a reign of peace; re-consecration of all that we have and are to insure that righteousness as a prelude to that peace.

The North and the South have met. They join in a common observance, no longer sectional, nor even national; but presaging the parliament of man, the federation of the world.

Confessions Of A Conscript

(This is the first of a series of diary entries written by a young man called from his civilian pursuits by the operation of the selective draft. It is a frank, outspoken record of his own feelings, thoughts and emotions, which, perhaps, have been shared by other American men now overseas or in training. These diary entries are commended to the soldiers of the National Army as the finest portrayal of the process of converting civilians into soldiers of "the finest army ever called to the colors by any nation." The writer is Ted Wallace, a luxury-loving young man, who, at the outset has no settled convictions, except selfish ones, and who is transformed by the purging process of war into a red-blooded patriot.)

August 1, 1917.

There seems to be no doubt about it now. The draft will be put into operation. I am of draft age. I am in good health. I probably will be called. I do not want to go. There seems to be so much in life that the horrible idea of giving up everything to go to war repels me. Am I less patriotic than the average man of my age? Am I less of an American? I wonder!

The night before last I heard Irvin Cobb tell of his experiences. He said the thing that stayed with him longest was the awful stench out there, the stench of rotting human bodies. As I came away I could sense that stench, too. It has stayed with me ever since. To think of the awful nights of loneliness out there! To think of living in a vermin-infested trench with rotting bodies all about! I look at my home and the things that I have bought. And I think of the day when I shall be called to give it up—for what? For the things that Cobb saw and smelled!

Men have come back and told of the glory of war. What glory is there in it? Nothing but awful suffering, awful privation, and an awful separation from everything and everyone that is precious.

What is the world coming to? We talked of the coming of peace; we placed a great deal of stock in the Hague Conventions. We thought we were getting somewhere. And where are we? As a matter of fact, we are no further advanced than in the days of the Huns.

Last night I came home, feeling miserable and blue. My little sister Edith came running out as I reached

feel so badly now to think that she is dead. For little Edith's sake it would have been splendid. But I think of the heartache it would cause when I have to go.

Father talks enthusiastically of the war. There is no sense in trying to argue the matter with him, and, anyway, I don't quite like to, for it always seems as if there is something in his expression that challenges me. He looks sometimes as if my views caused him pain. Perhaps they do. But he is not subject to the draft. He says he would fight if he could. I don't mean to be disrespectful to him, or to seem to discredit anything he says; but I have noticed that there is a great deal of enthusiasm from those that cannot go.

This morning I went over to the Exemption Board and asked if they would tell me the grounds of exemption. The clerk there looked me over and turned on his heel. He became very busy with a young man who wanted to know whether the fact that he was of draft age would keep him from enlisting and I know that the man he was talking to was told of the reason for my visit. I know it from the way he looked at me.

Later in the day I visited my pastor. He is a kindly old man who served in the Civil War. When I was shown



Do you suppose it will still be going on when she is grown up?

home. She seemed so happy, so blissfully ignorant of it all. Do you suppose it will still be going on when she is grown up? That thought makes you wonder whether life is worth living at all. I sometimes wonder whether it might not be better for her if she did not live to grow up if the war still lasts. What would there be for anyone? It would be a case of using every resource, every energy for war. And what is war, anyway, but waste? A world organized only for waste would be a sorry place for anyone.

But the law is inexorable. I have to submit. Last night in my blue mood I took stock of things. I have been working now for six years. I have a good income for a man of twenty-seven. I have no responsibilities, no real cares. I have scarcely known any unhappiness, except, of course, when mother died. I do not



"Ted, you're going to get your chance."

into his study he put his arms around my shoulder and said, "Ted, you're going to get your chance, too. I wish I were your age." What could I say? I had gone to him for sympathy and support. But there was no way I could introduce the subject of escaping the draft.

Somewhat the whole place seems to be getting enthusiastic for war. I can't understand it. When the flag passes by on the streets men doff their hats as they never used to do it. There is something more reverential in their attitude than I ever noticed before.

Am I less an American than the average? There isn't a boy left in the club. Nearly all were members of the National Guard and most of the regiments are already out.

I had no time for that sort of thing. Drills two nights a week and an occasional review. I liked the reviews, but the drills did not appeal to me at all; and somehow I had a feeling that the Government would take seriously these militiamen and ask them to pay back in service the years of training and expense the Government had put into their work. I certainly am glad that I was not in the National Guard. As it is, I can content myself, anyway, that I have a chance to arrange my affairs. At least I can do that.