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IT IS IN THE HEARTS OF MEN

"The grandeur and glory of war"—this expression has been used many times. To some it is a meaningless nothing, just a high-sounding phrase.

What is there, what can there be, that is grand and glorious in war?

In the military, grand tactics are those involving large movements. The term is technical, as for instance, a grand total. But the public mind would reject any such explanation of the grandeur of war. Grand means something that fires the imagination. The man in the street conceives of large movements as the mere multiplication of smaller undertakings. It is easy to understand the state of mind of the student of military affairs whose largest command has been a company, for instance, and who sees unfolded before him in grand tactics all the tremendous responsibilities of maneuvering an army and determining its strategy. But to the man who is not a student of military problems it makes little difference as he reads of engagements whether companies or armies took part. He is concerned to know whether objectives have been attained.

When the Kings of old went forth to their Crusades they might have been thrilled, they must have been thrilled, for there was then a pomp and a pageantry in war such as has disappeared since war became an industrial condition. The boy in school thrills as he reads of the feats of arms of these men in shining armor. As he reads he sighs for the good old days that have gone. Who would not dare and die if the reward were to be the favor of some Queen of Beauty? Little Rufus thinks as he reads that no sacrifice would be too great, no danger too threatening, if he could but win the smile of little Gwendolyn, now grown to womanhood and enthroned as a Queen of Beauty. Wearing the grown-up Gwendolyn's glove upon his breast, he would enter a tournament any day and fight so bravely for her favor. The detestable little Arthur, who sits in the next row would find himself unhorsed and begging for mercy, which would gladly be extended that Gwendolyn might glory in the manhood of Rufus. Yes, the glory has gone from combat, whether it be on battlefield or merely in a tournament.

Even the parades of today are colorless—just miles of olive drab. Compare that with shining armor!

Where is the grandeur and the glory of it all? Liege? Does not the mere mention of the name kindle fires of memory and compel admiration for the gallant bravery of a devoted little nation? Louvain? It will never be forgotten so long as the memory of man endures. Antwerp? Is not the glory of the ancients duplicated in our own time?

The Black Watch? Tradition reaches out her hand and clasps the living present. The dead of that regiment stir in their graves to make room for heroes of this day who have earned a right to sleep with them.

The Battle of the Marne? Civilization was at the cross-roads; but fortune stayed the hand of the destroyer. Verdun? How it calls to mind the spirit of France which said: "They shall not pass"; and they did not! Is there no grandeur, no glory in war?

Is it not rather that we see "but the shot and shorn, here in our manhood's might outpoured?"

The grandeur is not in the mere multiplication of fighting units. It is in high resolves, in indomitable courage, in unflinching fortitude. It is in the hearts of men!

The glory is in the revelation that these high resolves, this indomitable courage and this unflinching fortitude have not been crushed and crowded out of the lives of men because of ease and comfort.

It has taken the scourge of war to teach men a new sense of values. The things that are worth keeping are worth struggling for; those that are not worth keeping give them no concern when the real issues are seen.

It has taken the scourge of war to teach men who had known no high resolves that they were capable of rising to unknown heights of courage and of that quality which is finer still—sustained fortitude.

The grandeur and the glory of war have called to the souls of selfish men who lived in the money marts; and the miracle is that they have heard the call and heeded it. Their souls have joined the souls of heroes long since gone and their bodies lie on the field of France and Flanders.

No, little Sir Rufus, you may not wear the shining armor and you may never meet in a knightly tournament for the favor of little Gwendolyn. But when you grow to manhood and Arthur is full grown, too, you will fight just as your father is fighting, if needs be—but, please God, there will not be the need. Side by side in the same trench you will fight with little Arthur, not that you may win the favor of Gwendolyn, but that her honor may be held safe; and that your homes and country may be inviolate.

Lady Gwendolyn may never wear velvet, and flowers may find no place on her corsage.

Her dreams of the glories and the grandeur of war may be rudely shattered, too. For she may be wearing overalls instead of fine velvet, and planting potatoes instead of plucking flowers. But hers, too, will be a glorious part, as some day you will understand.

THE MEANING OF DISCIPLINE

President Wilson, in his speech at the opening of the Red Cross Drive, told of an Indian who had returned to his reservation after a period spent in a military training camp.

The Indian was asked how he liked the life of a soldier.

"Not much good," he replied; "too much salute, too little shoot."

The reply of the Indian was characteristic not alone of his race, but of the average American.

The young man from any one of the United States who has been drafted into the military service chafes under discipline. Much of the routine to him

is meaningless. Especially is this true of the man who has lived in the open and who feels that he is physically fit. He can understand why the man drawn from sedentary pursuits must be hardened by exercise in the open air; but in his own case there seems to be no reason why he should not be sent to the front as soon as he has learned how to shoot. And the chances are that he believes he is as good a shot as the man with the marksmen's medals.

Upon reaching France the same impatience is noted that characterizes the period of their training in American camps and cantonments. The new soldiers are eager to go over the top. They cannot understand why men

who are engaged in warfare should take such elaborate precautions to conceal themselves. They seem to believe there is something unmanly about taking advantage of every cover and they long for the days when they can meet their foe face to face.

So general has been this trait among the new American soldiers that special efforts have been taken to warn the men against undue exposure of themselves. Several instances have been reported of loss of life because men had not been so well disciplined that they would resist the temptation to go out into the open to do battle. Not only that; it is just as perilous to a military undertaking to move too soon as too late.

The first lesson of the training camp

discipline is not, as for instance in the case of the salute, to make a man salute gracefully. It is to make a man obey orders on the instant; to make him observant; to mould his mind into the large mind of the military organization.

When a man has become so well disciplined that he ceases to think of himself as an individual, but considers the whole organization, the first effect of discipline has become marked.

Because men are being trained in what the Indian called "too much salute" they will be fit for the day of action when, with well-ordered nerves, with their sense of observation well trained and their muscles highly developed, it will no longer be "too little shoot."

A Sketch of The General Geography of France



The most significant fact in the geography of France is its position. It is situated in the western part of the European continent. England is a near neighbor to the north; Belgium, Germany, Switzerland and Italy are neighbors on the east, and Spain is on the south. The Atlantic borders the country on the west, the English Channel and the North Sea are on the north, and the Mediterranean is on the southeast.

As a consequence of this position France is in close contact with the other important nations of Western Europe, and is able to reach all the rest of the world by sea. The result is that France all through its history has had many and complicated relations with outside countries. Never has the significance of geographic position been more strikingly evident than in the most recent chapter of its history, that of the Great War.

Hun Her Chief Enemy
France's chief enemy is Germany, one of its eastern neighbors.

France's chief ally is Great Britain, the neighbor to the north, and two other allies are Belgium and Italy, neighbors to the east. The United States has been able to join its forces and resources to those of France by virtue of the fact that the ocean highway offers a relatively easy connection. In spite of the great distance between the two countries.

In area and in population, France is one of the medium-sized countries of the world. Its 297,000 square miles make it about the size of Germany, or not quite four times the size of Illinois. Its population is thirty-nine millions, whereas that of Great Britain is forty-five millions, and that of Italy is thirty-four millions. Compared with the United States, whose area is something more than three million square miles and whose population is about one hundred millions, France is a relatively small country.

About five-eighths of the area of France is less than a thousand feet above sea-level (see the map). Most of this lowland area is in the north and the west, where most of the cultivable land is located, and where, because of absence of marked topographic barriers, communication and transportation are relatively easy. The south and east are mostly hills

and mountains, and therefore have relatively little cultivable land, and are for the most part difficult to traverse.

Some Mad There, Too

The climate of France may be described as temperate. Nowhere are the winters severely cold, nowhere are the summers extremely hot. All parts of the country have at least a moderate amount of rainfall, with nowhere a very rainy or a very dry season. From place to place the climate varies considerably, due (1) to the considerable north-south extent of the country, (2) to the distribution of lowlands and highlands, (3) to variety of position with reference to the ocean, and consequent exposure to ocean winds. Because of difference in latitude the north is considerably cooler than the south, both in summer and in winter. Because of difference in altitude the central plateau and the mountains on the south and the east have markedly lower temperatures, as well as heavier rainfalls, than the plains. Western and northwestern France, because of proximity to the sea, have less marked seasonal temperature ranges and have more rainfall than eastern France, whose climate is more continental.

There are many rivers in France, since it is a country with plentiful rainfall, but most of the streams are short. The four main rivers, the Seine, the Loire, the Garonne and the Rhone (see the map), are not long, as compared with any of the world's great rivers, such as the Mississippi. Of the four chief rivers of France, the Seine is most used for navigation.

Of mineral resources France has abundant supplies only of building materials and salt. The possession of only moderately large resources of coal and iron, as compared with the resources of Great Britain and Germany, has handicapped France in industrial competition with its neighbors.

Agriculture is the chief industry of France. It engages nearly one-half of the population, whereas only one-quarter of the people are engaged in manufacturing. In a long-settled, highly developed, densely populated country such as France, agriculture naturally is of an intensive sort. The crops raised vary from one part of the country to another, depending on the climate, the topography and the soil.