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CANTIGNY

Cantigny is only a small village, but it will occupy a large place in American military annals. For Cantigny was the first village to be captured by American troops in the great world war. Just as the battle for Paris opened and the military machine of the Prussian Crown Prince moved toward the Marne, came news of Cantigny's capture.

As a military achievement it was no great feat. It was not even a major operation, judging by the meagre reports as to the number of men engaged. But it marked a new phase in the American campaign. The American troops, well-seasoned by months in the trenches, baptized by fire in defensive operations and in raids, took the offensive. It was warfare to the liking of the Americans. They rushed

to the attack like dogs released from the leash. They went forward singing, shouting, yelling. And their dash terrified the Germans. In that engagement it was proved conclusively that no German is a match for an American.

Cantigny was a good beginning. Says General Bridges, head of the special British military commission, "The allied staffs have recognized for a long time, and it is now obvious to all, that the American troops have become a vital factor in this battle and may hold the balance between defeat and victory, and that it is only by brigading them for training with the French and British that they will be ready in time to take their part in any numbers this year. The cry is, and will be, for men, for more men, and for bayonets, and yet more bayonets."

BUDDY

First they call us Sammie—why, nobody knows. Perhaps because we were from the land of Uncle Sam. Perhaps because the French words for "our friends" are pronounced "nose zammie" which certainly sounds close enough to Sammy. No matter what the reason may have been the nickname was tried and it did not catch on. Something failed to click—it was not a case of "Blue Devils" or "Ladies from Hell," and now our friends Over There are trying again.

This time it is "Buddy." Now, what do you think of that "Buddy!" Not that Buddy is so bad—but it is nothing like so good as "Bud."

Why, just think of that wonderful war song written in 1898 when the Maine was blown up in Havana harbor and we went to war with Spain. There you have the real use of Bud in a military sense. Just as Major means battalion commander and not chief of the fife and drum corp.

Here are the ringing words in honor of Bud:

BUD
Can we chew the peaceful end
While the Maine lies in the mud?
Shoulder your musket, Bud,
B'ud—B'ud—B'ud!

Now that is a poem! It rang through the hills of Tennessee, where it was written. It thrilled through the fields of Georgia and Alabama. Its clarion call was heard in the Northwest and the great humming workshop of the Atlantic States answered the appeal.

The Maine no longer lies in the mud—for that musket was shouldered by Bud—just as he is shouldering the fighting Springfield or Enfield today.

The battle is not yet won. The submarines are not conquered. Our air production is not a maximum. And the trenches are full of mud. But civilized Europe is confident and calm for now, as twenty years ago, that same boy is going to settle this business—and his name is still Bud.

"HOLD ON"

In an isolated section of the American front a young captain was striving to keep open the lines of communication with his brigade headquarters.

He was in constant telephonic touch with the commanding general.

"Keep the line open," the brigadier ordered.

"Very good, sir," replied the captain.

In a little while the general called again and asked about the situation.

"It is pretty hot, sir," said the captain.

"Keep holding on," said the general. Soon another report had to be transmitted. The captain said:

"We are still holding on, sir, but we are almost surrounded."

"Hold on," was the order.

The general became much concerned about the captain and called to inquire whether he was still holding out.

The captain's voice seemed far away but the general heard him reply:

"We are still here, but—"

"You are a glorious fellow!" the general said.

"They're on us!" came from the captain. Then there was silence. The

general knew the captain had destroyed the connections.

Thus it goes. The disciplined American will obey his orders and remain to the very last, and when he must move he will make as certain as is humanly possible that the enemy will not be able to profit by what he must leave behind.

The general's exclamation, "You're a glorious fellow!" was the tribute he could not withhold. It was recognition of worth.

Someone has said that in this war bravery is anonymous, meaning that it is so general it goes unnoticed. Americans at home have been deeply gratified to notice that the French have found the bravery of many Americans so signal, even where everyone is brave, that they have been unable to withhold their praises.

American soldiers, many of them, have been awarded medals by the Allied commanders, and as one American soldier who had been Over There said, "You have to earn what you get on the battle-field."

The bravery of the American troops seems destined to result in an awful strain on the metal resources of France and England, so many medals will have to be awarded.

Confessions Of A Conscript

(This is the fourth 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 a truthful 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.)

Aug. 30th.

During the past few days I have not felt at all like communicating my thoughts even to a diary. The world has seemed upside-down. At any rate, completely changed.

I have not heard a word from the office.

I fully expected them to get in touch with me. There are ever so many things that must have come up and no one in the office can under-



They do appreciate me, after all

stand them. They have come under no one's notice but my own. Yet the people there have gone on without me. They told me that they would not bother me and that their duty in the war crisis was to aid the prospective soldiers by relieving them from worry. Yet I have worried. I have been so concerned that things would not go along all right in my absence. I wish they had called me just once.

The little salary check came in and it gave me a strange detached sort of feeling to receive the money and feel that I had done nothing to earn it—I suppose I ought not to feel that way in view of the work I did during my six years. A letter said the Board of Directors had decided to pay one-half the salary until the end of the year and that it hoped to be able to pay it for the duration of the war. They do appreciate me, after all.

I went to see Mary last night. She was enthusiastic, tremendously so. She wanted to know how soon I was going, whether she could do anything for me, and as I was leaving she said, "I am glad you are going to give up the new blue suit for the uniform." Then she looked at me peculiarly and said, "It takes the law sometimes to make a man see his duty and I am glad you have been made to see yours."

I said nothing, for the fact of the matter is that, in spite of all the enthusiasm, in spite of father and Mary and the pastor; yes in spite of the fact that our tight-fisted firm hopes to be able to keep me on the payroll, I still do not see things as others seem to see them.

I wonder whether it is that I am afraid. I never believed that I

was in any kind of a real, un-

mind danger. But I know that I am very different from other men.

Mary feels it very keenly. It is not so much what she says as it is her manner. She is very reserved with me, and yet I believe she cares for me more than for any other man.

Mary is a Vassar girl, and she told me with a great deal of enthusiasm that the faculty was making arrangements for a short course in nursing. It is the contention of the faculty that college-trained girls, whose minds are disciplined already, should not be compelled to go through all the preliminary work that student nurses have to do.

It is quite apparent to me that Mary will become a Red Cross nurse. And the more I study the present situation in America the more convinced I become that when the war is over there will be just two classes of Americans—those that have been in the service and those that have not. The finer types of men are going into the service. Of that there is no doubt. Why is it that I hold back? I did not believe I was a low type. But I do know that I cannot yet reconcile myself to the voluntary surrender of everything that I held to be worth while.

Yet there is another view that was expressed by a recruiting speaker on a street corner the other day. Of course you must discount what men like that say. But something he said lingers, "You love your home and your comforts" he said. "If you don't beat the Germans there will be no home for you. It will be given



In the box was a little silver service bar with a single star—for me!

away as a spoil of war and you will lose your comfort in catering to the conquerors."

You can't escape the logic of that reasoning. If the Germans were to win, we would be subjects instead of citizens!

Little sister is just like the rest. Young as she is, she is a war enthusiast—a veritable daughter of Mars. Yesterday she brought in a jewelry box and as she opened it she told me all the pennies she had saved during the summer had gone into it. In the box was a little silver service bar with a single star—for me!

The Sick Call Chronic

MR. WEBSTER, who invented the dictionary, where all the words are buried, says of "Chronic"—"Continuing for a long period; inveterate, as disease." He further informs that it comes from the Greek, meaning "time."

So we have wrapped, in the mummied bandages of the dictionary, the bird who confuses Sick Call with Reveille, and thinks it's to be answered every day. If only he himself could be interred in the dictionary, or some other less desirable place, life might be a smoother, sweeter thing for many.

All worthy institutions are abused. Sick call is one of them—abused by this Chronic Mailerger. He thinks being in O. D. gives him a life membership in the Constantly Ailing Club. He has a disposition like a retired lady finger or a nervous breakdown. When a shaving-rash breaks out on his neck, he tries to convince the M. O.'s that it is a malignant form of leprosy. His knowledge of diseases is uncanny. Everything from Aphasia to Zymosis, through the entire alphabet of ills, he has at his fingers' ends and can produce symptoms in two counts as easily as a second loot can find dust in a rifle sight.

Hearing this ossified owl chin the sanitary detachment is like being present at the annual meeting of the Society of Critical Operations. Every A. M. when Sick Call blows he feels a chorus of pains inside him which sound in his ears like the Dead March from "Saul." He can trail into the presence of doctors using a different limp every day for weeks in succession. There is no bone or ligament which he hasn't conned. He knows more ways of faking sick than a Supply Sergeant has for evading the Demand.

In the company, where the Chronic is located it is universally hoped from Low Private Lou to Top Sergeant Terrence that some day a real disease will creep on him like a burglar and blackjack him. Furthermore, that it will be one of the ailments he hasn't studied up on.