

Here's Another Camp Claiming To Be "Largest And Best In The U.S."

BY CHAPIN D. FOSTER

Editor of the Camp Lewis Edition of Trench and Camp

I have been very much interested in the accounts of the different camps in the country as written by the respective editors of Trench and Camp.

The fact that they have kept on terms of close intimacy with dictionaries and other sources of information containing glowing words and phrases, and that they have likewise, with official permission, drawn liberally upon their fertile imaginations, has impressed me with a situation existing here at Camp Lewis which does not exist elsewhere apparently and which I must of course respect.

The fact is simply this: the superlative which other editors have dreamed of and hoped for, is an actual fact in Camp Lewis. This is the best camp in the country, and I believe that by simply keeping my gnawing irons closely hooked onto the facts, I will have a story so closely resembling fiction that it will get by.

Camp Lewis is the largest permanent army mobilization cantonment in the United States. It contains 76,000 acres, is 18 miles long and 12 miles wide.

The citizens of Tacoma and Pierce county—the camp proper is located seven miles from Tacoma—voted \$1,000,000 in bonds to acquire a tract of 70,000 acres and donated it to the government for a site for the camp. With barracks arranged in the form of a horse shoe with each arm flanked by giant pines, and headquarters at the head of the shoe looking down the long drill grounds and across to beautiful Mount Tacoma—Ranier 75 miles to the East. No more ideal location for a camp could be imagined, not even by a Trench and Camp editor.

Here more than 50,000 officers and men of the new National Army are in training to take their part in the great war game "Over There."

There are nearly 2,000 buildings in the cantonment, built at a cost of approximately \$7,000,000, and requiring 54,000,000 feet of lumber in air construction.

There are 26 miles of graded roads in the cantonment and nearly miles of paved roads. The camp boasts 65 miles of sewer and water pipes. Paved road leads from camp to Tacoma, with frequent bus service. Also a good bus line operating inside the cantonment.

It would be idle for me to say that

Camp Lewis is a healthy camp if the records do not show it, but the health records do show it. I imagine that that has something to do with the fact that at the present time new draft men are being sent here all the way from Minnesota. At the present time I do not think Uncle Sam is giving those hardy Northerners a pleasure ride to the Spand.

Major General H. A. Greene, commanding the 91st Division, stationed at Camp Lewis, has been more than a leader of his men in camp. He has been a leader for higher living in the entire Northwest and this section of the country is the better for having numbered him as a citizen for nearly a year. He has stood for better things in camp and has demanded better things in the towns to which the soldiers go when away from camp.

This 91st Division has been called the Wild West Division, but it should not be understood that the men are wild. In this connection I would like to say that up in the Remount Depot where the "wildest" of this Wild West country are stationed, there has not been a man in the guardhouse, or a court martial since the camp was opened late last summer. These Wild Westers know how to behave. In that remount depot there are the best riders and ropers in the world, but those days are temporarily laid aside, and they are making the finest kind of soldiers.

Every station in life is represented in Camp Lewis just as in every camp, but as the nation has ever looked to the West for big men, so big men from these respective stations are found in Camp Lewis.

Here the Y. M. C. A., Y. W. C. A., Red Cross, K. of C., Jewish Welfare Board and eleven other organizations for the benefit of soldiers, work hand in hand, keeping ever before them the one great purpose behind it all, "the winning of the war."

In this great cantonment, which facts show to be the largest and best in the country, Trench and Camp has the extreme pleasure of circulating 22,000 copies every Sunday morning. With the thousands of men in this great camp, whether it be in any one of the Association's eleven buildings, on a train bearing new men to camp or a train bearing trained men leaving for their big job, at the trenches, on the range or off on a long hike, men of the Y. M. C. A. are with the men of the army.

McGEE

Walter McGee, a prominent New York clubman, forty-five years old, made a desperate attempt to get into the service. Failing in that because of his age, and desirous of doing something, he has taken a job as a dock laborer and is helping load the boats for France.—News Item.

BY DAMON RUNYON

There's a chair in a clubroom corner That's shaped to the shape o' McGee—

An easy chair that's stuffed with hair, With a place for a glass near the knee.

But he isn't there in that easy chair (Which, of course, is plain to see). "They do not serve who sit and wait," Said he; "that's me—McGee!"

Touch o' gray in his foretop— "A soldier I'll be," said he.

"Plenty of room in the doughboys For the likes o' me, McGee."

Touch o' gray in his foretop— "Creaky o' back and knee—

"Put on your duds," said the sawbones; "Rejected—W. McGee!"

Touch o' gray in his foretop— "Gee!" said W. McGee.

"Maybe, by gosh, there's a job awash For the middle-aged likes o' me."

"Keep on your duds," growled the doctor;

"Too old to go to sea; Stand aside for a younger man—

Rejected—W. McGee!"

Creaked too much for the army— "Too old to go to sea."

Said he: "I swear there's a job somewhere

For the likes o' me—McGee! I can wallop a dock to a frazzle,

As good as the next man—me!"

"Take off your coat!" snarled a foreman—

"Accepted—W. McGee!"

There's a chair in a clubroom corner That fitted him to a T;

There's an empty glass that the waiters pass

Which belonged to W. McGee. Touch o' gray to his foretop,

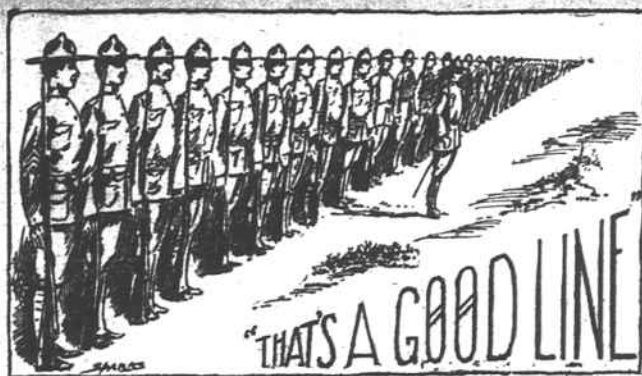
But easy o' back and knee— "Hi, lend a hand!" yells the foreman, grand—

"Coming, boss! Me—McGee!" —New York American.

BREAKS BOND SALE RECORD

Chaplain Bart L. Stephens, of the U. S. S. Illinois, has made a record in selling Liberty Bonds. His sales on the ship total over \$80,000. The captain of the ship appointed him in charge of the sales of the bonds of the Third Liberty Loan, and with his usual vigor he sold more than the captain thought would be possible.

During the second Liberty Loan, bonds to the amount of \$3,800 were sold, and the officer who had that sale in charge offered to bet the chaplain that the \$3,800 mark would not be reached in the sales of the Third Liberty Loan. We have not heard of any ship selling more than \$80,000 worth of bonds sold on the Illinois. It is possible that this ship holds the record for the Navy.



"Go in and win"—General March, Chief of Staff, to the West Point graduates.

"We will"—The reply of the West Pointers.

"Don't get discouraged about us. We can stand any amount of hammering."—Lieut. Coningsby Dawson, of the Canadian Expeditionary Forces.

"The war can be lost in America as well as on the fields of France, and ill-considered or unjustified interruptions of the essential labor of the country may make it impossible to win it."—President Wilson's warning to American Labor.

"Our doughboys alone of all troops can hit the mark at 600 yards. They have already introduced a new element into European warfare."—An American General to Charles H. Grasty.

"The way the Americans have developed as fighters is one of the most amazing features of the war."—British Staff Officer to a New York "World" representative.

"What the American forces in France have accomplished thus far is almost incredible."—The London Times.

"Get that bridge of ships across the Atlantic as quickly as possible."—Judge William H. Adams.

"The spirit of the British and the French is magnificent, and everywhere there is a determination to hold on until the swelling tide of American troops helps turn the tide of war."—Premier Clemenceau.

"There is only one business for America and Americans—war."—Bernard M. Baruch.

"With strong will and irresistible activity the American troops continue absolutely to dominate the adversaries they oppose."—French Official Statement.

French Literature and Journalism

BY E. PRESTON DARGAN

French literature reflects in its own way the great classical qualities of clearness, order, good taste and good sense. "What is not clear is not French," it has been said, and the French genius also pays much attention to harmony of arrangement, proportion and elegance. As for good taste and good sense, these qualities are demanded and supplied by nearly all the best writers of the great centuries. Obscurity, affectation and mere eccentricity have usually been laughed out of court in France.

A more specific mark of modern French literature is its hospitality or sociability. The country has been a kind of "intellectual clearing-house," in that it has at various periods received ideas and impulses from Italy, England and other countries, transformed them to meet its national needs and often sent them out again better dressed. The French writer is also a sociable creature; his books are like his talk, showing a desire to please, to be polite, to feel his audience. The English writer is often more individualistic; his concern is mainly to express himself, and when he is a Byron he does not love his audience. Perhaps that is why the English excel in poetry and the French in prose; and the classical virtues mentioned above find their natural place in prose, though some of the greatest romantic poets—Hugo and Musset—have been Frenchmen.

There are five chief periods of French literature; the Middle Ages, the Renaissance, the classical age of Louis XIV, the eighteenth century and nineteenth century. The Middle Ages are renowned for the national epic, of which the best example is the "Song of Roland," for the poetry of the troubadours and the stories about King Arthur and his Round Table. The Renaissance, or revival of ancient art and learning, came when the medieval inspiration seemed exhausted; the great novelist Rabelais and the essayist Montaigne reflect the creative and critical life of the Renaissance; there are also the poets and dramatists of the sixteenth century, who revive the classical forms. But the great period of truly French classicism is the following century, with its roll of illustrious names; in the drama, Corneille, Racine and Molière; in prose, Bossuet as preacher, Madame de Sévigné as letter-writer, Pascal as the great French philosopher; and such critics and moralists as Boileau, La Bruyère and La Rochefoucauld. The age of Louis

XIV attained an excellence of combined unity and weight scarcely seen since, and therefore these writers have become "classics" in a double sense.

Modern thought begins with the eighteenth century, which though inferior in the drama and in poetry is strong in practical philosophy and reform. The old beliefs in king and church largely crumbled in this age, and if its scepticism seems excessive, yet the names of Voltaire, of the more constructive Montesquieu, and of Diderot are names that have their weight. The novel flourished in Lesage's "Gil Blas" and in the hands of Rousseau, who, by his restoration of individual feeling, prepared the way for nineteenth century romanticism. That movement, further forwarded by Chateaubriand, reaches its climax in the poetry, fiction and drama of Hugo and his school. Balzac makes the transition to realism which has largely dominated recent generations; it is represented in drama by Augier and Dumas fils; in the novel by Flaubert, Maupassant, Zola; by the Parnassian school of poetry and by scholars like Taine. Toward the end of the century a more individual and wilful note appears in the work of men like Anatole France, Rostand, Verlaine.

French journalism practically began in the eighteenth century, with various literary gazettes, flourished mightily under the Revolution, was partly suppressed by Napoleon, and has since taken on modern importance. The French go in less for illustrated magazines than we do, but their "heavy" reviews, such as the "Revue des Deux Mondes," are excellent. Their newspapers are smaller, and contain less "news" but more discussion and information. There are serious political papers, of the type of "Le Temps" and the "Journal des Débats," literary sheets like the "Figaro," and semi-Americanized popular products like the "Matin" and the "Petit Journal."

Any of these will make good reading matter, according to taste. And to the soldier who wants to dip into the long-continued, inexhaustible stream of French literature, the novels of Daudet and the best of Balzac and of Maupassant may be heartily recommended.

WHY NOT?

If you derive any pleasure from reading Trench and Camp, why not send the paper home to your relatives when you have finished reading it? They will enjoy it as much as you do.



"THE PRUSSIAN POWER MAY BEND US HERE OR BREAK US THERE, BUT THEY FIGHT AGAINST THE IDEALS OF FREEDOM AND JUSTICE. THESE, ENFORCED BY THE WILLINGNESS TO SACRIFICE BY TWENTY-ONE NATIONS, ARE STRONGER THAN ALL THE BATTERIES OF KRUPP, ALL THE AIRCRAFT OF ZEPPELIN, ALL THE STRATEGY OF HINDENBERG, AND MORE INVINCIBLE THAN ALL THE UNDERSEA ASSASSINS OF VON TIRPITZ."—SECRETARY DANIELS.

S. O. S.

Help Hoover hold the Hun.