

Confessions Of A Conscript

(This is the eighth 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.)

September 9.

With the sound of Taps I fell fast asleep, and I did not awake this morning until I heard the bugle again. There was a lot of grumbling in the squad tent; but I must say that I welcomed the call. I felt so invigorated by my exercise yesterday and so interested in what the day would bring forth that I looked forward to it eagerly.

We went through our setting-up exercises today—and did it without any commands. It was fine work, the First Lieutenant said. Then we ran up and down the company streets and never stopped until we entered the mess hall.

Army life is not much as it is pictured. There is a great deal of care



We went through our setting-up exercises today.

in the preparation of meals, though to read the comic papers you would think there was none. And the scrupulous cleanliness of which I have written before impresses you every day. Our tables are made of rough boards and the tongued joints have been planed away so that there is a space between the boards. This is to prevent an accumulation of particles of food between boards. When the study of the care of the men has led to little things like that it is a sign that it has reached a high degree of efficiency.

It was a good hard day today. We had our periods of drill and our times of play. I find it is not very tiring. Also I find that I am feeling better than I ever did in my life. We have absolutely no cares. Everything is provided and we are just being put into the finest possible physical condition.

It is amazing how many details enter into an officer's knowledge of military work. If these training camps turned out really effective men in a few months, all honor to the system, I say.

Take even the matter of folding your kit. The officers demand absolute precision in this. A man grows rebellious and says they are fussy. But once in a while, for an object lesson, the officers let these men who complain have their own way, so I am told, and then the men, through discomforts, learn that there was a reason for the officers' insistence. We have not gone on any hikes yet; but I am told the kit gets very heavy. Heavy marching order, they call it, when you carry all your equipment.

A rifle was taken apart for us today and we learned something of its mechanism.

The Captain did the lecturing on the rifle. "This is the soldier's best friend," he said, patting the gun as if he were fond of it. "It is not only

a life taker but a life saver; and it is your life—the life of each one of you that it will try to save."

I wondered the other morning why a Lieutenant reprimanded a man so severely because there was a tiny spot of dust in the barrel of the rifle. I found out today. It does not matter what is insisted upon, you come to learn sooner or later that there is a reason why the officers are so particular.

We have formed a baseball team and have sent a challenge to the next company. I have not played for many years; but the truth of the matter is that I begin to feel like a boy again. I want to play.

As I come to think about it, I have neglected the people at home. I ought to write to father and to Mary. Somehow I don't quite know how to write to father. I realize that I have lost my resentment; that I am making the most of the situation; but back in my head I have an idea that I may be sorry for anything lukewarm I write. I have a feeling that some new impulses are stirring in me. The notes of the bugle affect me strangely and I catch myself occasionally longing for the time when we shall start overseas. At times I think it is my haste to have it all over, or at any rate to find out just where it is all going to lead to. But there is an urge within me that cannot be accounted for in that way. It is the something that sent my father off to war. It is the something in him that could not understand the other thing in me, the thing that would have held me back.

I am an American in spite of myself.

There are others in the camp that feel as I do. I can tell it in their altered bearing.

Life at home was very precious and it did seem to me that it might have gone on.



"This is the soldier's best friend."

I reconcile myself with the thought that Allan Seeger felt this, too. I read his poem today. It is the song of a real singer, but it ends with a feeling that I have had.

"God knows 'twere better to be deep
Pillowed in silk and scented down,
Where love throbs out in blissful sleep,
Pulse high to pulse, and breath to breath,
Where hushed awakenings are dear.
But I've a rendezvous with Death
At midnight in some flaming town,
When spring trips north again this year,
And I to my pledged word am true,
I shall not fail that rendezvous."

The Government has ordered us to go through with this thing. And whatever else may be said, me, I am not a coward. I may have been something of a shirker—perhaps I was—but I am no coward.

Lines of White Posts Aid Wounded Soldiers

Lines of heavy wooden posts, painted white to render them conspicuous, are placed across No Man's Land and through communication trenches of the Allied battlefront to aid wounded soldiers in getting to the dressing stations back of their lines. The posts are set by members of the Engineer Corps at distances which enable a man who is wounded but able to walk to swing himself along from one post to next. By this means thousands of wounded soldiers have made their way to safety without being compelled to wait for assistance.

ALLIES GET BY-PRODUCTS FROM WORN-OUT SHOES

The care with which the shoes of European soldiers are repaired again and again has undoubtedly been a great lesson to the average American who clings to his war habits. However, the worn out after repeated mendings would be considered worthless by a Yankee. Not so the thrifty French and English. From one ton of worn-out shoes, about 560 pairs, they have been able to obtain various products valued at \$52, or about 15 cents per pair.



"Politics is adjourned."—President Wilson.

"Don't look for the end of the war till it comes."—Major-General Leonard Wood.

"Not a trick peace in the guise of German camouflage but a victory without qualification."—Owen Johnson.

"We will not be content with merely holding our positions—we will try to push through."—An American general to a Collier's correspondent.

"The wicked flee when no man pursueth, but they go much faster when some one is hot on their trail."—A very old paraphrase by Dr. Parkhurst applying to present-day Germany.

"The yellow peril is the yellow streak."—The Memphis Commercial Appeal.

"When you 'give until it hurts' it is going to hurt the enemy more than it hurts you."—The New York World.

"In the course of our dashing attack to the north of Renneres Wood the American occupants of a position which had been untouched by our preparatory fire refused to surrender and fought hopelessly outnumbered to the last. We could only bring in as prisoners two men who were overpowered."—Herman Katsch, war correspondent of the Koelnische Volks-Zeitung.

"If it takes ten years and 20,000,000 men, we are going to wipe the German Empire off the map."—Former President William Howard Taft.

Camp Beauregard Expects Its Men To Deliver The Goods Over There

BY HARTLEY J. HARTMAN

Former Editor of the Camp Beauregard Edition of Trench and Camp, now a U. S. Marine

Camp Beauregard, the best of them all! Located in the Sunny Southland where there were all the advantages through the winter, yet high enough to get good cooling breezes, surrounded by immense woods of pine, Beauregard has been as healthy as the average camp. We had our full share of the epidemics which always follow the influx of troops from other camps. Perhaps our meningitis situation was as serious a period as a camp could go through. Beauregard weathered that storm with a minimum of losses, thanks to the wonderfully efficient medical staff and sanitary officers with which we are blessed. We lost some of our best men during those dark days, but it welded the camp together in a way that nothing short of life in the trenches could do.

Seasoned Soldiers

Beauregard is a National Guard Camp. It was at the beginning composed of men who had gone through the rigors of life on the Mexican border and knew more than a little about soldiering. Men from Louisiana, Mississippi and Arkansas who had seen service with the Guard in the Philippines, in the Spanish-American War, with their recent experiences on the border were in trim for the "big show" when they came to Beauregard to get down to preparation for Over There.

The Thirty-ninth Division had a running start over the National Army divisions and the Thirty-ninth made the very best use of that start. There has been little child's play in the building up of this army here. From the very beginning emphasis has been placed upon the kind of training that would fit the men of this division for the tasks awaiting them in France. The physical training brought into prominence the forms of sport which developed team work and reached every man in the ranks. The obstacle course here was one of the first to be established anywhere in the country. This course consists of performances to bring into play every muscle of the body and co-ordinate them so they would come in handy when men got into the trenches and went over the top.

The hardening up process included a lengthy stay on the target range fifteen miles from camp over roads which could not have been better imitations of those in muddy Flanders if they had been imported. The conditions under which each brigade separately lived for weeks on the

range were carbon copies of the life Over There!

Inoculated with Pep

Beauregard has one of the finest military leaders of any division of the Army. Major General H. C. Hodges was in France during the early days of the mobilization of the division. When he got back, full of the sights of the "real thing" and deeply impressed with the urgent need of men trained to the highest power of efficiency, he put that pep into the officers and men of Beauregard which has made them "first-class fighting men."

The vision of our Commander that men "must be born again" to become genuine soldiers has been caught by the entire camp. Officers and men alike are training with their eyes and guns aimed at Prussian brutality and barbarity, with their hearts feeling the curse which the Hun has brought upon civilization. There is a determination upon the part of every man in camp that what the German nation has perpetrated upon poor Belgium and France she shall never again be able to duplicate. Soldiers who fight for principle have their heart in the struggle and make fiercer, surer fighters than the hired minions of a hateful Hun demagogue. America will swing the world's scales in favor of right and justice because her fighting men believe in the things they are fighting for.

Beauregard is not boastful of any superfluous advantages over other camps. There are many comforts of life which other divisions have that are not found here. But Uncle Sam has furnished everything necessary to turn out A Number One Soldiers. It may be that some of the obstacles to comfort have made the struggle harder, but it has made the product all the more sturdy. All minor and frivolous details laid aside, Beauregard will show up among the best when its men get into action and the reports of their successes come in.

The measure of a camp is its men. The Boys of Beauregard will stand comparison with the product from any other camp. When the whistle blows for action the Thirty-ninth is ready to "HOP TO IT."

THEY WANT THE NEWS

The mothers and other relatives of soldiers in training in camps and cantonments are anxious to learn everything they can about camp life. Send them Trench and Camp every week.

S. O. S.

"Why Waste Anything? Does it Make You Happier?"

