

TRENCH AND CAMP

Lynn W. Bloom, Editor.

ARMY Y. M. C. A. ORGANIZATION.

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Readers of Trench and Camp give me your kind attention. I have noticed in the last week's issue, a very good write up for the so-called "dough punchers," by Trench and Camp. I am sure that all the boys of the bakery have appreciated the write up given us, but he made a mistake in saying that we bake 53,000 loaves in 24 hours; that would be 115,000 pounds of bread, but we only bake 55,000 pounds. The Trench and Camp man thought every loaf was one pound. I am sure glad that someone has thought of us forgotten "dough punchers," and I thank you, Trench and Camp.

By the way, Sergt. Wm. J. Graham, who is our "top kicker," thinks Pennsylvania is the only state, as he writes from one to two letters a day to Pennsylvania.

But you should hear Sergt. J. Frech talk about Pennsylvania. He says it's next to heaven, as he had a girl there and she came down here to spend two weeks' vacation in Charlotte, and she has been here for two months, so you can guess what happened.

Sergeant Cunningham says Charlotte is the place for him to live; he met his fate here, so he thinks Charlotte is a place for everybody.

Sergeant Gilliam says he can beat any fellow in the company in dough-nixing; he worked in the bakery one week, and I am sure of one thing—he can beat us all, and that is in shooting the "cow" talk to us, but we don't mind that.

I wish you could see our so-called Turk; he is the boy that can bake the bread. If any of you fellows see any bread burned, think of Mr. Turk; he is the victim. North Charlotte is his second home, poor fellow, he thinks it's worse than jail to be quarantined. He says if this quarantine don't get lifted soon he will have North Charlotte moved to Camp Greene.

Sergeant Hevy, our supply sergeant, his best friends in the company are the cooks, as he is always late for breakfast. By the way he has an increase in his family—two kittens. He thinks more of them than he does of his best friend, Sergeant Fiddler.

Private Hassenplug has been promoted to sergeant, and he received a \$3 check. He thinks it's awful to be quarantined. Fox's dancing hall will be the first visiting place for Sergeant Hassenplug after the quarantine is lifted.

Sergeants Costoff, Daniel and Chebos have left for a brief trip to Raleigh, N. C., to start up a new bake-shop. Cook Bass is a kind hearted fellow. He forgot to put the flour into the scrambled eggs the other morning, and he came nearly not having enough eggs for breakfast.

Sergeant May is in charge of a new football the company has bought. He thinks more of the football than of his toe as he has nearly kicked his right big toe off.

Private Hefty is one of those quiet fellows from way up in Wisconsin, but he sure has loud habits, as he gets a box of Limberger cheese every week.

Sergeant Cornflaker is the most prominent man we have in the company. He is our night watchman. Only a few weeks ago when the whole company was robbed, Sergeant Cornflaker tied his bunk to the tent so he

won't lose it. I asked a fellow why they call him Cornflaker and I was told that he can eat cornflakes all night without stopping. Poor fellow is from South Carolina. He is a good-hearted old scout, and will give you almost anything when he don't have it.

Goldbrick Cannon is driving the company team. He is the boy that knows how. E. Seventh street is Mr. Cannon's home but the quarantine interferes with Mr. Cannon's going home. I know E. Seventh street will be glad to have him back.

Well, boys, I just heard a fellow say shake, rattle and roll; that means business, as you all have seen the orders—no large crowds are allowed to gather during quarantine, so there won't be any shake, rattle and roll.

Private Quicksall, so called "Robgad," was telling his friend Jensen that Texas was the best state in the union, and of course Jensen is a native of California. They were having it out. Jensen has "Robgad" believing that Texas is a neighbor of Hell.

COMPANY REPORTER.

WRIFFS.

Coaching Gordon.

Dr. E. J. Stewart, head coach of the University of Nebraska, is now a Y. M. C. A. physical director. Dr. Stewart has been assigned as head coach of the Camp Gordon football team for the 1918 season. He will be assisted by Lieut. G. N. Messer, camp athletic officer.

Many Stars.

Four All-American football stars will be seen in action when the Camp Gordon football team takes the field this fall. There are other sectional stars on the team, but the players with all-American reputations are Beers, of Dartmouth, a guard; Everett Strupper, Georgia Tech's great half back; Lieutenant Nicholson, the Navy's star half, and Waller, half back with Princeton.

Coaching Hancock.

Lieut. J. Howard Berry, Pennsylvania's all-American back, is in charge of football athletics at Camp Hancock, Augusta, Ga., and will have on his team such stars as Lieutenant Kilgore, fullback from the University of Texas; Lieutenant Worsley, left tackle, from the University of Indiana; Private Vedernock, Carlisle end; Lieutenant Turner, guard on Ohio University, and Corporal Guimaraes, formerly of Harvard.

Returns Wounded.

Kirke Newell, Auburn's great quarterback for three seasons, has returned from overseas, where he was wounded in action. He is rapidly recovering and hopes to return to active service soon.

Coaching Jackson.

Franz Dobson, Y. M. C. A. camp athletic director, is in charge of the football team at Camp Jackson, Columbia, S. C. Under his direction, Jackson should turn out a formidable eleven. He has had quite a bit of success coaching college teams in the south, notably Clemson, Georgia Tech, Richmond and South Carolina.

But Red Triangle Men Have Been Helping the Sick, Visiting Them Every Day.

A few changes have been made in the Y. M. C. A. force. Rev. Mr. Welch being transferred from Base hospital as religious director to "Y 104" in same capacity and Rev. Mr. Martin who has been building secretary at Base hospital Y is now religious director at the place. Secretary Knight is given the place of building secretary at Base hospital succeeding Mr. Martin. Secretary Rutland who arrived a week ago Saturday and that night took down with the "flu" is able to be up again after being cared for in the Base hospital.

At "Y-103," open air meetings are being held along with the movies which breaks the monotony for the boys and is highly appreciated.

Most of the "Y" force has been busy for the past week visiting the soldiers all over the camp especially at the Base hospital and in the clinics where they are down with the "flu" and pneumonia. They have made something over 6,000 visits, starting in last Sunday just as soon as the first cases of the "flu" broke in the camp and every day visiting every man in the wards and in the tents and then repeating their visits from day to day. Here they distributed pencils, wrote letters for the boys, sold them stamps, carried them paper and envelopes and magazines, visited with them and gave out Testaments and did everything possible that the boys wished. One secretary alone reports that he took 162 letters for the boys in one day which are to be written home. All the other work of the Y. M. C. A. has been abandoned for the care of the sick and will continue to be until conditions are better. With the method used by this organization it is believed that every man in the sick department of the camp both black and white, has been visited many times during the past week by the Red Triangle men of Camp Greene.

INSTEAD, IN THE ARMY.
 You are a soldier instead of a civilian,
 A fighter instead of a slacker,
 A man instead of a barbarian,
 A doer instead of a loafer.

Ruled by a major instead of a superman,
 A captain instead of a supervisor,
 A sergeant instead of a foreman,
 A corporal instead of a bossier.

Entertained by a Y. M. C. A. instead of a club,
 A "Y" secretary instead of a preacher,
 Cheered in the sports instead of a snub,
 Watching the catcher instead of the pitcher.

Having a canteen instead of a store,
 A bottle of pop instead of a highball,
 A good cheer instead of a roar,
 A rise instead of a fall.

Sleeping in a barracks instead of a home,
 Eating in a mess hall instead of a dining room,
 Staying together instead of wild roam,
 On to victory instead of doom.

With a bunk instead of a bed,
 A blanket instead of a quilt,
 A dish of cereals instead of bread,
 And water instead of milk.

Wearing a felt hat instead of a straw,
 A pair of field shoes instead of slippers,
 Hitting for the eye instead of the jaw,
 Clenching his fists instead of snippers.

A hike instead of a picnic,
 Hardback instead of sandwiches,
 Always up to stuff instead of a kick,
 With guns instead of switches.

Working a mule instead of a horse,
 Using a pick instead of a pencil,
 Sweating away instead of remorse,
 On a shovel instead of a stencil.

Keeping it up instead of rest,
 Doing his bit instead of slacking,
 Helping his part to do instead of molest,
 Fighting on instead of backing.

Chasing Huns instead of goats,
 Always wild instead of crazy,
 Buying Liberty bonds instead of banknotes,
 For democracy instead of autocracy.

Saving children instead of seeking lusts,
 Caring for crippled instead of doing wrong,
 Helping the feeble instead of the robust,
 Protecting the weak instead of the strong.

PVT. GEO. D. WEBB,
 A. R. D., No. 305, Camp Greene.

Something to Ponder Over.

"Hello Central, give me No-Man's land."
 I want to say "Good-morning to a Mr. Zip-Zip-Zip," "Somewhere in France" who has "packed his troubles Smiles."

At home in Milwaukee, we are about to launch a fourth Liberty loan, same to be ushered in with a parade Saturday, September 28. This is "for your boy and my boy and all of the boys out there, and we'll get together 'till they come back home and do our share." Such as there appear in print "just around the corner" and I think "its a pretty little thing." The safest investment in the world—a Liberty bond, or, if you can't jab a bayonet, grab a bond. Between meals buy war-savings stamps and at meals save food—put America first. We'll win the war with bread and lead.

Then when America has won the war "over there" everyone of you will "some Sunday morning" be "sailing away on the Henry Clay" "on the road to home, sweet home" and let me assure you "My Sweetie" that when that "Liberty Bell" rings "and the dove of peace flies over the land" we will be there "to meet you at the station, dear" and will "keep the home fires burning." "Although you may be gone for a long, long time" and have fulfilled the song "Just like Washington crossed the Delaware, General Pershing will cross the Rhine" and have seen "Lorraine, my beautiful Alsace-Lorraine," still you are full of "smiles" and keep singing "Give me the moonlight, give me the girl and leave the rest to me." "Longing" for the "Sweet Bye and Bye" when you will be "homeward bound" and will again see your "pretty baby" who has in her "memories" been "thinking of you" and has ever had as a motto for others "Don't try to steal the sweetheart of a soldier," and has "for you a rose."

I wonder, "Oh Frenchy" if you have gotten to the stage where "you can fight like you can love" but hope you have "saved your la la las for me." In closing I can say "Au revoir, but not goodbye soldier boy" and "goodbye, good luck and God bless you for this is all that I can say." "Yours until the bench breaks and until the roses bloom again."

The Community Service club did a splendid service through Director Wheatley, in donating 512 of the latest magazines to the Y. M. C. A. for distribution. These magazines were taken to the general hospital and the clinics Sunday and much appreciated by those receiving them.

LETTERS HOME.

To his mother:
 Don't you worry, little mother,
 It's a scratch and nothing more;
 Just a sardine-box that bit me
 When it slipped—but that is war.

Don't you worry, little mother,
 When you see this letterhead;
 Base 92's some horripal
 And I'm lucky here in bed.

For they feed me ladyfingers
 And they hand me literature;
 Why the fellows are all worthy
 When their case is called a cure.

So I'm staying if they let me
 'Till the rainy spell is gone;
 There's no drilling here nor rollcall
 And no risin' in the dawn.

Don't you worry, little mother,
 This here life is soft as lead;
 Let me know if Maggie Tully
 Ever asks about Your Ed.

To his girl:
 Hello Kittle, how's me darline?
 I'm a-lon'g for your lass,
 And a-layin' her so lonesome
 As the dragging hours pass.

Got a blister on me peddle,
 'But it's nothin' m'ch a care;
 And I'm layin' here and thinkin'
 Of your lips and of your hair.

Say, the nurse here is a blizzard,
 But the thing that keeps me gay
 Is the books what I'm a-readin'
 By the guy that's called Zane Grey.

Write me, sweetheart, say you love me,
 Say you'll wait 'till we're wed,
 I must close now, here's the stum come,
 With a kiss, Yours truly, Ed.

To his pal:
 Greetings, pal, and how's kiddle,
 And the wife you smook me for?
 Got your letter, say you saphead,
 What's that stuff 'bout bein' sore?
 'Cause you can't be a real soldier

Smearing Huns with their own gore?
 Says, young feller, ain't there someone
 Got to stay and run the store?

Well, I'm here in coo; six-ninety
 With a festered hoof, old bloke;
 Soaking in the muddy trenches
 Nine days' stretch was not a joke.

I'll be here a month of Sundays,
 And the grub is no great treat;
 But I'll not lay wake a-cussin'
 If they leave me both me feet.

I'm a-readin' of a story
 From the library at the camp;
 It's a yarn about a cowb
 That was lassoed by a vamp.

Drop a line and send some smokes,
 Boy,
 I'm a kinda blue with dread,
 Give me love to Katie Dugan—
 Best regards, old chum,
 From Ed.
 WALTER HART BLUMENTHAL,
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