TRENCH & CAMP

Published weekly at the National Camps and Cantonments for the soldiers of the United States.

National Headquarters
Room 1711, 347 Madison Avenue
New York City

JOHN STEWART BRYAN
Chairman of Advisory Board of Co-operating Publishers

Camp and Location	Newspaper	Publisher
Camp Beauregard, Alexandria, La.	New Orleans Times Picayune	D. D. Moore
Camp Bowie, Fort Worth, Texas	Fort Worth Star Telegram	Amon C. Carter
Carlstrom Aviation Field, Arcadia, Fla.	Tampa Times	D. B. McKay
Camp Cody, Deming, N. Mex.	El Paso Herald	H. D. Slater
Camp Custer, Battle Creek, Mich.	Battle Creek Enquirer-News	A. L. Miller
Camp Devens, Ayer, Mass.	Boston Globe	Charles H. Taylor, Jr.
Camp Dix, Wrightstown, N. J.	Trenton Times	James Kerney
Camp Doniphan, Fort Sill, Okla.	Oklahoma City Oklahoman	E. K. Gaylord
Camp Forrest, Chickamauga, Ga.	Chattanooga (Tenn.) Times	H. C. Adler
Camp Fremont, Palo Alto, Cal.	San Francisco Bulletin	R. A. Crothers
Camp Funston, Fort Riley, Kan.	Topeka State Journal	Frank P. MacLennan
Camp Gordon, Atlanta, Ga.	Atlanta Constitution	Clark Howell
Camp Grant, Rockford, Ill.	The Chicago Daily News	Victor F. Lawson
Camp Greene, Charlotte, N. C.	Charlotte Observer	W. B. Sullivan
Camp Hancock, Augusta, Ga.	Augusta Herald	Bowdre Phinizy
Camp Jackson, Columbia, S. C.	Columbia State	W. W. Ball
Camp Johnston, Jacksonville, Fla.	Jacksonville Times-Union	W. A. Elliott
Camp Kearny, Linda Vista, Cal.	Los Angeles Times	Harry Chandler
Camp Lee, Petersburg, Va.	Richmond News Leader	John Stewart Bryan
Camp Lewis, Tacoma, Wash.	Tacoma Tribune	F. S. Baker
Camp Logan, Houston, Texas	Houston Post	Gough J. Palmer
Camp McArthur, Waco, Texas	Waco Morning News	Charles E. Marsh
Camp McClellan, Anniston, Ala.	Birmingham (Ala.) News	Victor H. Hansen
Fort McPherson and Camp Jessup, Atlanta, Ga.	Atlanta Journal	J. S. Cohen
Camp Meade, Admiral, Md.	Wash. (D. C.) Evening Star	Fleming Newbold
Camp Pike, Little Rock, Ark.	Arkansas Democrat	Elmer E. Clarke
Camp Sevier, Greenville, S. C.	Greenville Daily News	B. H. Peace
Camp Shelby, Hattiesburg, Miss.	New Orleans Item	James M. Thomson
Camp Sheridan, Montgomery, Ala.	Montgomery Advertiser	C. H. Allen
Camp Zachary Taylor, Louisville, Ky.	Louisville Courier Journal	Robert W. Bingham
Camp Travis, San Antonio, Texas; Kelly Field and Camp Stanley	San Antonio Light	Charles S. Diehl
Camp Upton, Yaphank, L. I., N. Y.	New York World	Don C. Seitz
Camp Wheeler, Macon, Ga.	Macon Telegraph	W. T. Anderson
Charleston Naval Station	Charleston News and Courier	R. C. Siegling
Paris Island (S. C.) Marine Station	Charleston Post	T. R. Waring
Buffalo Military District, embracing ten Camps	Buffalo Evening News	Edward H. Butler

Published under the auspices of the National War Work Council, Y. M. C. A. of the United States, with the co-operation of the above named publishers and papers.

WHEN AMERICA FIGHTS

New fighting methods as well as fresh fighting men have gone to the western front under the American colors. The Germans were given a taste of these methods when the Canadians went overseas to join their British comrades, but our men from the United States have introduced ideas of modern warfare that differ even from those put into practice by the soldiers of the Dominion. Absolute confidence in the superiority of weapons with which we soldiers are thoroughly familiar is one of the characteristics that have made the soldiers under General Pershing's command a superb military organization.

A large number of the American troops that got into the thick of the fighting when the last German offensive was converted into a defeat were made up of seasoned regiments. Many of these men had gained valuable experience in the old regular army, in the national guard, or in the marines. They handled their rifles and automatic pistols in actual battle as coolly as if on the range. They kept their heads and made their ammunition count. Again and again, according to the testimony of correspondents, they stopped German rushes by the precision and steadiness of their firing. And the feature of this defensive work that particularly impressed their French Allies on either side was the fact that they used long-range sights on their rifles and began dropping individuals in the enemy ranks at distances that amazed the observers. Throughout the fighting, they gave a remarkable demonstration of individual fighting skill controlled, but not curtailed, by perfect discipline.

It is this combination in the American fighting man that puzzles the Germans. They had been told that America is a nation of sordid money-grabbers and that men drawn from banks, stores, factories and shops could not be transformed into soldiers in time to effect the decisive battles on the western front this year. It is quite possible that the members of the German general staff were entirely honest in this belief. Their opinions are based on actual experiences in the training of their own men for military service. It does not seem to have occurred to them that a nation as highly intelligent as the United States and a people as naturally adaptable as Americans can take up any business, even the business of war, in a fraction of the time required by the Teutons.

The proof that this is true was furnished when the German military machine struck a snag last month. Although, as we have said, a large number of the Americans engaged in the recent battles were members of seasoned regiments, a very high percentage of the men from the United States who rolled back Germany's best shock troops were graduates of the training camps. They were undrilled civilians only last summer. Nevertheless, they stood shoulder to shoulder with their more experienced fellow-Americans and fought with equal coolness and irresistible bravery. The experiences of the last fifteen months prove that the average man in this country becomes a scientifically trained and thoroughly disciplined soldier within a year.

The American does not depend on discipline and training as blindly as the German. He obeys his officers with equal military promptness, but his brain is working even during the most mechanical execution of an order. Consequently, when he finds himself isolated in action he thinks swiftly and shifts for himself. In a similar emergency a typical German soldier would grope about for some authority to tell him what to do. A captured German transfers his prompt obedience to the first Allied officer he meets. A captured American merely awaits an opportunity to catch his captors off their guard and effect an ingenious escape. It is this quality of initiative, coupled with entire self-confidence, that enables an American to out-think and out-fight a German. We men in khaki are the product of a people who have led independent lives and worked out their own destinies. Our enemy is a victim of a system that tells him he must never think for himself, but regard himself as a contemptible atom in a system of graduated bullying dominated by an "All-Highest" who, after four years of disillusionment, still regards himself as a glittering example of "Divine Right."

Cromwell's soldiers, according to Macauley, were unbeatable because "they moved into battle with the precision of machines and the fury of fanatics." History will record a similar verdict on the fighting qualities of the Americans in the present war. They are moving against the enemy with a perfection of discipline that surpasses the German training of forty years, and they are delivering sledge-hammer blows against the Teuton armies with the contained fury of a good-natured man who has been goaded into a life-and-death struggle by the wanton insults of a swaggering bully. Germany has committed many blunders since the spring of 1914. Her crowning mistake, however, was her idiotic theory that she could afford to despise a nation that prizes peace but has never lost a war.

THE GREAT ADVENTURE

The men who sail on the American transports today embark on the greatest, most unselfish and most glorious adventure of all history. For thousands of years to come men will eagerly read and talk of the great enterprise in which Americans of today are privileged to participate. For thousands of years to come, men worthy of the name will envy those who are permitted to fight for America's splendid ideals in the epic struggle of all time.

From the great countries of Europe, which have served as the cradle for the civilization to which we belong, brave, valiant and adventurous spirits, hungry for freedom and liberty, have sailed across the ocean to this clean and fresh America, the very name of which has slowly come to mean so much to all the world. America has taken them, given them happiness, freedom, riches and contentment in the fullest possible measure.

Now their descendants return across the ocean to destroy the bestial thing which is the eternal foe of all the ideals America represents; return across the ocean to bring to oppressed peoples in the old world the liberty and freedom, the freshness of soul and the cleanness of mind our great country has given to all who have come under her unsullied flag.

Just as we can close our eyes and see the American colors carried by brave, honest and determined men from every corner of the whole vast expanse of America; can see it flown by great fleets of warships and transports across the sea; can see it borne along the roads of France and Flanders to the frontiers of civilization, so men of all future time will close their eyes and see the American flag carried bravely and triumphantly across the pages of history; will see it come as a symbol of great, human aspirations to bring freedom and peace to an harrassed world.

Think how men will be stirred, how they will thrill and be uplifted, when they read of America's Crusade! They will conjure it all up from the beginning, will see it unfold before them as some marvelous and inspiring pageant. They will see America going steadily along on her career of peace. They will see the Great War begin, and America's shocked and horrified amazement. They will see the years 1915 and 1916; the valiant fight offered by the Allies; the incomprehensible horrors and atrocities committed by Germany; the slowly developing determination of America.

They will see a great nation, standing squarely back of the great President, who so marvelously voices the thoughts of all the nations, slowly strip for action. They will see the cities and towns and villages, the crowded streets and the quiet country lanes, from which brave men, laying aside the old interests of peace, take up the ways of war, determined that Prussianism shall no longer be permitted to exist. They will see soldiers arise as by magic; see them trained and sent to the embarkation ports. They will see the transports move out bearing the crusaders who go to risk all, with no hope of gain and no selfish motive. They will see the hard struggle, the triumphant end. They will see the transports bearing back to a new, ennobled, exalted America the valiant spirits who participated in the fight. They will see the years of happy peace that follow. They will see America's young men slowly growing old, ever more and more proud of their participation in the great struggle, ever more and more honored by the rising generation, looking back always to the unbelievably splendid days of their fortunate and wonderful youth.

The very names of the boats that bear us over the ocean, back to the lands from which our ancestors came, will be remembered. Every name of every transport will figure in the poetry, the literature, the art, the history of the future. Generation after generation will remember and think of these experiences we are undergoing today. Let us determine to see the adventure as they will see it. Let us understand the great privilege which is ours. Let us be infinitely glad and happy that we are living in such epic times and have been granted the honor of participating in the greatest adventure of history.

KEEP FIT TO FIGHT

Marshal Foch has spent his whole lifetime in perfecting the strategy which is winning the war.

An unusually intelligent man—concentrating to the utmost for a few months—might possibly learn from Marshal Foch the most important points in that strategy.

But the knowledge would be absolutely valueless to him unless he possessed the other thing which it has taken Marshal Foch his whole lifetime to perfect—the thing which is the most important part of every soldier's equipment; the thing without which all the rest is of no value.

That is poise—the ability to keep your head no matter how tremendous the excitement about you; the ability to keep utterly calm, cool and collected; the ability to keep always clearly in mind the big ideas into which all the details must be properly fitted.

Have you ever thought of the tens of thousands of facts which are brought to the Allied Generalisimo every day? Have you ever thought how difficult it must be to keep the big program clear with all these details coming every moment to confuse? Have you ever thought that one of the greatest of Marshal Foch's duties is to be able to sleep after the tremendous mental activity of the day? Have you ever thought what might happen to the world if Marshal Foch could not sleep, if he ever had "nerves," if he were not always absolutely "fit," if he were to make the mistake that Ludendorff is hoping he may make?

All the strategy would be valueless without the poise and fitness.

To be "fit"—that is the essence of the soldier's job. That is the acid test of his manhood and of his ability to play a man's part in this war which demands all that every man has of manhood.

The lives of a company or of a regiment—at any time—depend upon the fitness, the poise, the calm, steady nerves and quick thought of any soldier in the ranks. And no soldier ever has those things unless he deliberately builds them up in himself. It sounds preachy, but it is a fact nevertheless.

CHAFF—FROM WILD OATS

By URSUS, Camp Shelby

THEY say nobody
LOVES a fat man—
BUT a fat man is a
SOUL-mate for a movie
VAMPIRE, if you compare
HIM with that
INDIVIDUAL called the
SANITARY Inspector!

A brief for the
SANITARY Inspector!

DAY in and out he
TROTS, sniffing for
STRANGE odors, getting
CLOSE-UPS of things
UNMENTIONABLE, writing
NOTES, skinning all who
WILL not maintain things
IN a sanitary manner.

HE is as popular as
CLOWNS at a funeral;

THE more efficient he is
THE more his friends
AVERT their faces—he
COULDN'T borrow a
TEN-spot if his
LIFE depeanded on it!
IN rain and under hot
SUN, he trudges along, and
PERSPIRATION crawls over and
DOWN military channels.
EVER faithful, he is
EVER cursed.
AND there comes a
GREAT day, when the
SUPER-critic wires his
IMPENDING arrival for
INSPECTION. Brooms friction,
AND mops are worn down to
HANDLES. The Sanitary Inspector

DOG-trots here and there,
AWAITING results with a
PALLID face.
THE landscape looks
CLEAN as a hound's tooth—
UNTIL a last-minute sandstorm
DEPOSITS three inches of
DIRT on everything!
THE Super-critic rides up in
AN auto. He steps out and
GREETS the Colonel; the Colonel
HANDS him a good cigar and
HOLDS a lighted match.
IN the excitement the match
BURNS the Colonel's hand—and
HE tosses it away!
UNFORTUNATE act!
THE Super-critic turns
APOPLECTIC, seizes the burnt
STUB of the match for evidence,
TRIES to speak—but sobs, and
LEAPS into his auto seat,
THERE to write: "Sanitation
"OF camp very bad."
AFTER this, the Colonel skins
THE Sanitary Inspector and the
INSPECTOR goes home in Squaw Camp,
KICKS his dog off the porch, and
BUYS his mother-in-law a
ONE-WAY ticket to her home, up
NORTH. He earns no cross
BUT the cross he bears. No
WONDER that his nose is
PERPETUALLY brittle!
HIS conscience is his
ONLY source of compliment.
A brief for the
SANITARY Inspector—he
IS human.

YANKEE TOAST

Here's to the day when we dine
On the banks of the old river Rhine;
For Marshal Foch
Can sure push the boche,
And Jack Pershing himself has done fine!

SEND IT HOME

Mail this copy of "Trench and Camp" to the home folks to-day. They want the news about you and your fellow soldiers in camp.

DELETED BY CENSOR

"Where do you come from in the States?" an American soldier in France was asked.

"You'll have to pardon me, sir, but the captain tells me not to divulge valuable military information."

A CHINLESS QUINCE

Look at the son of a Kaiser—
He never can look a bit wiser;
He still is inclined to be thin,
He also inclines to no chin!