

TRENCH & CAMP

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Camp and Location	Newspaper	Publisher
Camp Beavercreek, Alexandria, Va.	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 Devona, Ayer, Mass.	Boston Globe	Charles H. Taylor, Jr.
Camp Dix, Wrightstown, N. J.	Trenton Times	James Kerney
Camp Douglas, Fort Sill, Okla.	Oklahoma City Oklahoman	E. K. Gayford
Camp Forrest, Chickamauga, Ga.	Chattanooga (Tenn.) Times	R. C. Adler
Camp Fremont, Palo Alto, Cal.	San Francisco Bulletin	R. A. Crothers
Camp Gordon, Fort Riley, Kan.	Topeka State Journal	Frank P. MacLennan
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Camp Grant, Rockford, Ill.	The Chicago Daily News	Nector F. Lawson
Camp Greene, Charlotte, N.C.	Charlotte Observer	W. B. Sullivan
Camp Hancock, Augusta, Ga.	Augusta Herald	Bowdre Phinley
Camp Jackson, Columbia, S. C.	Columbia State	W. W. Ball
Camp Johnston, Jacksonville, Fla.	Jacksonville Times-Union	W. A. Willott
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Camp Logan, Houston, Texas	Houston Post	Roy G. Watson
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Fort McPherson and Camp Jewett, 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	Rmcer E. Clarke
Camp Shelby, Greenville, S. C.	Greenville Daily News	B. H. Poace
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	San Antonio Light	Charles S. Dishi
Kelly Field and Camp Stanley, Camp Upton, Yaphank, L. I., N. Y.	New York World	Don C. Selts
Camp Wheeler, Macon, Ga.	Macon Telegraph	W. T. Anderson
Christston Naval Station, Paris Island (S. C.) Marine Station	Charleston News and Courier	R. C. Stegling
Buffalo Military District, embracing 14 Camps	Buffalo Evening News	Edward E. Butler

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THREE MONTHS

Some faint-hearted Americans felt that our troops were too long delayed in getting into major actions. They read with dread day after day the stories of the great German offensive which began last March. When Marshal Haig issued his famous order which told that Britain was fighting with her back against the wall they gave vent to their pessimism and said America was too late getting into the war.

Even a stout-hearted Briton asked, "Where is Blucher?" His impatience cost him a fine berth in the British War Office.

Thoughtful Americans had no misgivings. Long ago they had learned the truth of the adage, "impatience scatters force." They watched with admiration the manner in which General Foch refused to be hurried and they applauded General Pershing's deliberateness.

At the right moment General Pershing informed the Supreme Commander that he was ready to stand the test of decisive battle. The plans that had been formulated long since were embodied in field orders and the Allied forces struck.

The Allied offensive at this writing has been sustained through three glorious months. It has struck here, there and everywhere. The Hun has known no rest.

From a determined defensive the Allies have changed to an unceasing offensive. In three months—fired to no small extent, be it said in all due modesty, by the dash and daring and freshness of our troops—the Allies under General Foch have completely wrecked the German machine.

General Foch—now wearing the seven stars of a Marshal of France—has vindicated his delay. He has

emerged as one of the great military geniuses of all time.

In three months the Allied troops, with the Americans among them in large numbers, have redeemed nearly 5,000 square miles of French and Belgian soil. They have reclaimed large cities and small towns, and villages numbered in the hundreds have been wrested from the foe.

Field guns have been taken by the thousands, machine guns by the tens of thousands, and men by the hundreds of thousands. A conservative estimate places the German losses in killed and wounded in the three months at more than a million.

But more important than all this is the fact that the German military machine has been wrecked. No nation could have withstood such a terrific toll in men and material. The German people, long-suffering but long confident of the ultimate fulfillment of the promises of the military bureaucracy, have been awakened to the truth.

In three months, with a well-planned offensive under a unified command, Marshal Foch has snatched victory from the very jaws of defeat, or if not of a defeat, of a stalemate.

All this has happened on the western front. As one surveys the whole panorama of war he sees that the stimulus of the greatest offensive has inspired the Allied armies everywhere. Bulgaria is out, Turkey is isolated, Serbia has regained much of her territory. Roumania is eager to enter her combat again.

And in the meantime the navies of the Allies have been scoring gloriously.

The three months were the most momentous in the history of the world.

America is proud of the part she played in them.

DON'T DROP UNCLE SAM'S INSURANCE

Some soldiers and sailors are dropping their War Risk Insurance because the relatives they named as beneficiaries have failed to receive insurance certificates from Washington.

Such action is entirely unwarranted and detrimental to the best interests of the fighting men and their loved ones.

Because of delay in receiving insurance certificates, many soldiers believe that they are paying for insurance protection which they are not receiving. This is incorrect. Government insurance is effective regardless of the receipt of the insurance certificate, provided proper application has been made and premiums are being paid. The certificate is no part of the contract of insurance; it is merely evidence that the contract exists.

The Bureau of War Risk Insurance of the Treasury Department is mailing insurance certificates as rapidly as possible. To date more than two and a half million certificates have been

sent forward and the daily output is constantly increasing.

The Bureau of War Risk Insurance now has on its books more than thirty-five billion dollars of insurance, and is receiving approximately one billion dollars of new insurance every week.

It is unnecessary to write to Washington asking for your certificate. It will come in due course. You do not need the certificate to prove that you have taken out the insurance or for relatives to prove that they are the beneficiaries named by a soldier or sailor.

Every officer and man in the military and naval service of the nation has the privilege and the opportunity of buying up to \$10,000 of Uncle Sam's Insurance. This insurance is protection for him and for those that are dear to him—both for the present and for the future.

If you are the relative of a man with the colors, it is your duty to see to it that he avails himself of this Government protection, and that when he has obtained it, he holds on to it.

BERLIN'S EFFORTS TO "UPLIFT" PRISONERS

Among the really interesting publications that have reached Trench and Camp, a prominent place must be given to "The Continental Times," described as "An Independent Cosmopolitan Newspaper," published in English at Copenhagen, Rotterdam, Stockholm, Vienna, Sofia, Zurich, Constantinople AND Berlin. Due to slight irregularities in the mail service between Germany and the rest of the

world, the three copies of "The Continental Times" that have survived the trip from Berlin are not hot from the presses. They are issued as of August 14, 19 and 21, 1918. Nevertheless, it is only fair to admit that their columns are filled with "news items" which remain news to readers in the United States.

There is an absolute "scoop" for example, in the announcement that fourteen troop transport ships were

sunk by submarines and mines last June! This important story is given a prominent, front page position, but the "cable-editor," evidently "pressed for space," cut the copy a bit injudiciously. The story omits the very details that would interest readers in this country. It does not give the names of the unlucky fourteen vessels. Fortunately, the editor's space troubles were confined to the front page. He had better look inside. On page 3 he found it possible to give nearly two columns to America's fiendish "war plot," a powerful piece contributed by that eminent journalist, Dr. Georg Barthelme, who will be remembered as the gentleman who loved America so much he recommended to leave his buddies, ex-Ambassador Bernstorff, and, later, had to be persuaded to go back to his beloved "waterland."

The "doc," it seems, has overcome his violent affection for the United States. He "reviews" the events that led up to this country's participation in the war and finds absolutely nothing in the record to which he can give his entire approval. As a matter of fact, and putting the case with brutal bluntness, the doc is persuaded that the villainous characters written by our best-known authors of popular-price melodrama became weak imitations of the real thing when compared with the scandalous role enacted by the United States of America in recent years. The doc shakes his head sadly over his former temporary home and turns with more pleasure to a serene contemplation of the joys of kultur.

"The Continental Times" has a pet theme from which the editor cannot find the courage to divorce himself. It is the sinking of the "Lusitania." It seems that he has been watching the developments of that case with close attention and great interest. Therefore he is delighted to "read in American newspapers" that legal proceedings brought by survivors of the catastrophe against the Cunard Steamship Company clearly show that the "Lusitania" was blown up by ammunition she was carrying to Great Britain. This, of course, eliminates all submarine theories and proves conclusively that the Kaiser blundered horribly when he pinned a medal on the commander of the U-boat who

claimed credit for drowning American women and children.

It may be well, at this point, to explain that "The Continental Times" is printed primarily for British and American war prisoners in Germany. Even the advertisements of steel castings, brass tubings, metallurgical furnaces and automobiles, which take up a whole lot of valuable space, are written in English, even if the actual type is a bit Teutonic. The editor points out his keen desire to provide the "news" of the world to the prisoners. Indeed, his philanthropy goes beyond the prison camps. A part of the circulation is distribution, via airplanes, over the British and American lines. The editor neglects to state that his fearless, independent, cosmopolitan journal is subsidized by the German Government. It is possible, of course, that he regards this fact as a mere business office detail that could not possibly interest British or American prisoners.

Aside from this minor detail, however, "The Continental Times" is a bear of a newspaper. Every issue contains a "weekly review of the war," written "by our military expert," in which the M. E. explains to the prisoners how the grand and glorious German army in outfighting, outguessing, outthinking and putting it all over the idiotic Yankees by wishing on them a whole lot of perfectly worthless French territory, for which Berlin hasn't a bit of use, and which the military expert is mighty glad to see them stung with.

However, "The Continental Times" takes a mighty broad view of every phase of modern life. The editor shows his philanthropy by hammering down the subscription rates almost to a starvation figure. Any prisoner can buy a single copy for five cents, or take it on for three months for the ridiculously low sum of \$2. And you can take it from the editor that his one aim in life is to make everybody in the world happy. He doesn't even want to see Ludendorff and Hindenburg beat up.

Now, can't you see every prisoner in Germany weeping over the thought that those dear, kind, benevolent Germans are being beaten up outrageously by unscrupulous American, French and British soldiers.

HOW YOU CAN HELP

In this issue of Trench and Camp appears the first of a series of articles on the work of the seven civilian organizations which have combined in the United War Work Campaign to ask the people of the United States for the gift of \$170,500,000 with which to carry on their work in the interest of soldiers and sailors for the next year.

The extent and importance of the work which these organizations are doing is a revelation even to the men in uniform; the folks back home have very little conception of the magnitude of the civilian efforts to help make life in the Army and Navy more comfortable for those who are in it. It will help the raising of this fund if you send this copy of Trench and Camp, and the others which tell further about the work of the organiza-

tions, back to your horse folks, with a letter telling them to be prepared to give liberally when the United War Work Campaign drive begins.

Men in the service know what these organizations, and the recreational facilities which they provide, mean to them. To maintain the work they are now doing and to extend it to meet the needs of the enlarged Army, it is necessary that the big fund shall be raised and over-subscribed.

You will find much, perhaps, that you did not know yourself about the work of the Y. M. C. A., the Y. W. C. A., the National War Council (Knights of Columbus), the War Camp Community Service, the Jewish Welfare Board, the American Library Association and the Salvation Army in these articles. The folks at home are sure to be interested.

LIEUTENANT DE FRIEZ

In a base hospital in one of the Middle Western cantonments, Lieutenant Thaddeus Coffin, De Friez died, a victim of influenza.

In his death the national organization of Trench and Camp has suffered a grievous loss. Lieutenant De Friez was a newspaper man of marked ability. He was commissioned in the army of the United States, and it was but natural that his rare gifts should have been applied to the work that is being done by the camp publications. Many of the inspiring editorials in

these columns were from his mind and pen.

It was not given to us to know him long. But he left an impress that it will be very difficult to efface. He made an important contribution to the well-being of the soldiers.

Although it was not his privilege to die on the field of battle, he was just as truly a martyr to the cause of causes as if he had been killed by a German bullet.

It will be the aim of the editors of Trench and Camp to make these columns worthy always of the memory of him.

FOOD A-PLENTY HERE

October purchase of potatoes and onions by the Subsistence Division of the Army Quartermaster Corps exceeded \$1,000,000 in value and filled 2,000 cars. They included 36,000,000 pounds of potatoes and nearly 3,000,000 pounds of onions, sufficient to supply 119 camps, training stations and posts throughout the United States.

Spirited competition marked the buying of supplies. It looked as if every farmer in the country had all his onion crops ready for sale to Uncle Sam. The Central Purchasing System saved nearly 10 per cent of the total purchase price, in comparison with prices offered the quartermaster depots.

WHAT DO YOU THINK

Your mother and other relatives want to read most? Why, news about your life and activities in the army, of course. The best way to tell them is by sending them "Trench and Camp" every week.

"MOTHER WILL KEEP ME"

Here is a letter written by an American soldier Over There to his father over here:

"I admit I wish I were with you to-night, although I know I would not be contented there. I measure happiness by a different standard than I did a year ago. Get me right, Dad. While I would give everything I possess to be with you to-night if the world were at peace, yet I would not trade my half of this truck and the work it can do for all the money in the world. I am having the time of my life and enjoying every minute of it. If you ever feel despondent just take an inventory of our family's share and be glad that there is so big. It is the only big opportunity we have ever had to be of real service to the world. Do not worry in the least about me. I am well and gaining flesh, I weigh 157. Besides keeping well you can rest assured that I am going to keep straight. Mother will keep me going in the right path."

S. O. S.

Save your bayonet thrusts for the enemy; coats and tents are not Huns.

