

**Soldiers In Trenches Must Take Special Care Of Their Feet**

A reserve supply of socks is just as important as cartridges, hand grenades and bombs to the fighting man going into the trenches. The idea of occupying trenches is to go over the top. A man cannot do much running over the top or anywhere else without his feet. His feet will be more of a liability than an asset if he does not take good care of them in the trenches.

So many cases of "trench feet" have been reported to the French and British military authorities that special orders have been issued on the care of the feet. Similar orders will be issued to the American soldiers destined to take their places in the trenches beside the French and British.

Here are the orders issued to the British army in France for the prevention of chilled feet and frost bite:

"Prevention of chilled feet and frostbite.—These conditions caused by: Prolonged standing in cold water or mud; the continued wearing of wet socks, boots and puttees. They are brought on much more rapidly when the blood circulation in the feet and legs is interfered with by the use of tight boots, tight puttees, or the wearing of anything calculated to cause constriction of the lower limbs.

"They can be prevented or diminished by: Improvements to trenches leading to dry standing and warmth; by reducing the time spent in the trenches as far as the military situation permits; by regimental arrangements insuring that so far as is possible, men enter the trenches warmly clad in dry socks, boots, trousers and puttees, and with the skin well rubbed with whale oil or anti-frostbite grease, by provisions of warm food in the trenches when possible; by movement, when possible, so as to maintain blood circulation; by the provisions of warmth, shelter, hot food and facilities for washing the feet and drying wet clothes for men leaving the trenches.

**Officers Responsible**

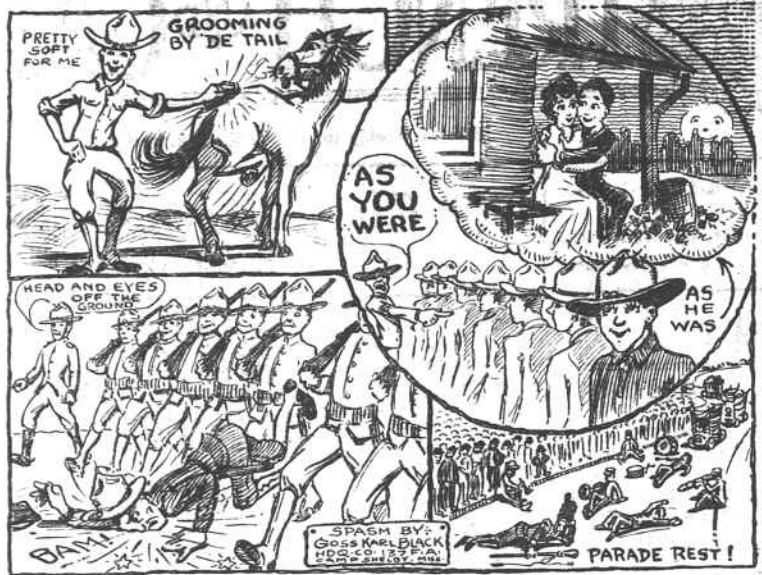
"In order to minimize the prevalence of chilled feet and frostbite commanding officers will be held responsible that the following instructions are to be carried out unremittingly and under the strictest supervision: Before entering the trenches feet and legs will be washed and dried, then well rubbed with whale oil or anti-frostbite grease and dry socks put on. It is of the utmost importance that whale oil or anti-frostbite grease should not merely be applied, but thoroughly rubbed in until the skin is dry. Unless the precaution is systematically carried out, the oil and grease become in a great measure valueless. A second pair of dry socks will be carried by each man and, where possible, battalion arrangements will be made for the socks to be dried and reissued during each tour of duty in the trenches. While in the trenches boots and socks will be taken off from time to time, if circumstances permit, the feet dried, well rubbed and dry socks put on. On no account will hot water be used or the feet held near a fire.

"Where possible, hot food will be provided during tours of duty in the trenches. Where circumstances admit, long gum boots will be put on while the men's feet are dry, before entering wet trenches, in order that men start their tour of duty with dry feet. When gum boots are worn it is well to support the socks by some form of fastening, such as a safety pin, to prevent them from working down under the heel. On no account will anything in the form of a garter be worn.

**Foot Washing Necessary**

"Under brigade arrangements, provision will be made for the washing and drying of feet in reserve billets, for the exchanging of wet socks for dry ones, and if possible, the sending of the latter to the trenches, and for drying and brushing clothes. Steps will be taken to ensure that men make use of these arrangements.

"Long gum boots are being issued to the fullest extent of the supply available, and every effort will be made to procure all that are necessary for men holding water-logged trenches. Long gum boots are solely for the use of men in the trenches, and will not be issued to or used by men under any other conditions."



**If You Would See What's What-- Once Over Fort Oglethorpe, Georgia**

By Roger Daniels

(Editor of the Fort Oglethorpe edition of Trench and Camp)

(Ictuated by a thoroughly commendable pride and enthusiasm, Mr. Daniels makes free use of superlatives which are bound to come under the keen eye of the editors of Trench and Camp. Therefore, it is safe to assume that without any invidious comparisons, there will be considerable interest in these columns from time to time regarding the personnel, geography, historical lore, etc., of the other camps.)

Fort Oglethorpe is the most important training camp in the country. I admit it freely because I belong to Fort Oglethorpe. I also admit that Fort Oglethorpe has the best edition of Trench and Camp. The reason I know that is because I edit it. But, sad to relate, there are many things Fort Oglethorpe does not have, although it is not alone in these. One is the warm winters which are presumed to belong to the Sunny South. When one wakes of a winter morning here he feels as though he might be wintering in Southern Canada. The water on the stove that had been red hot just after taps in a lump of ice. So are his feet and a few other things.

Naturally Fort Oglethorpe has the most enviable health record imaginable. I say naturally, because we have a training camp for the medical reserve. Here in training are some several thousand of the best medics in the country and about as many more enlisted men of the medical department who are being taught what is and what is not sanitary.

Fort Oglethorpe also has a third training camp for the reserve officer candidates. The other two training camps had so much publicity that the country in general and even the railroad maps have designated Fort Oglethorpe as a reserve officer's training camp. In reply to which we point to many infantry regiments, a few field artillery regiments and one cavalry outfit—of Uncle Sam's Regulars—than which there come no better.

The mere fact that ammunition trains for the Second and Third Divisions Regular have been raised here, that many thousand rookies have been trained here without raising

one rookie joke, that a signal battalion for the aviation corps first saw light of day here, that we have sanitary trains, motorized ambulance trains, field hospitals galore, mobile hospital trains—these and a few other things, prove that we cannot be classified under one heading. Not for a minute.

We have history here by the mile. There are just 10,647 monuments within the reservation commemorating the fact that the Battle of Chickamauga was fought here. But we don't have to go by the monuments to cull history because Uncle Al Henderson, chief custodian of the Y auditorium, helped to make the battle what it was and is proud of it. Uncle Al is also responsible for the fact we do not indulge in jokes about the mess and the chow. Says Uncle Al: "We had two kinds of chow during the war. One was parched corn and the other wasn't."

We have more Y buildings than any other camp in the country and every one of them works overtime.

We have never figured in any of the animated movie weeklies, nor a Senate investigation, nor a Congressman's howl because of bum chow, or no overcoats, and we're satisfied with our lot—every last one of us. No, that last statement is wrong. Here we have a German War Prison Baracks and the bunch in there is not satisfied—and if any of the other camps have members of the "not satisfied" clique, send 'em along to our nice little war prison, guaranteed fool proof and guarded by U. S. Regulars armed with automatic shotguns loaded for something heavier than ducks.

N. B.—There is no fort here—just an Army Post.

**PREFERENCE FOR SOLDIERS**

A soldier plaintiff liable for service abroad is entitled to preference over civilians in the trial of his suit, according to a ruling made by judges in a number of courts throughout the United States.

**THE MEANEST MAN**

A police court judge in New York claims to have found the meanest man on earth. The man to whom the charge of having stolen a package the mother of an American soldier was sending to her boy in khaki.

**MAIL TRENCH AND CAMP HOME**

If you are not sending your copies of Trench and Camp to the home folks after you finish reading them, you are depriving your relatives of a lot of pleasure they would otherwise get. Mail the paper to them today so that they may read the news of your camp.

**MARINES INVENT "BAZOOKA"**

U. S. Marines at the Port Royal, S. C., station have a new invention, a musical instrument called a "bazooka," says a Marine Corps note. The "bazooka" is a simple contrivance, consisting of but two pieces of gas pipe and a funnel, but its secret is in the playing. It is said that the Marine Corps Jazz Band is the only one in the world that boasts of a "bazooka."

**BIGAMY?**

Officer (wearily): Now, Smith, you've already had leave because your wife was ill, because your little girl had measles and because you had to attend the christening of your youngest son. What—er, what is it this time?

Private Smith (briskly): "Please, sir—I'm going to get married.—London Opinion."

**French Fried**

Ivan, the temperamental Pole, was discussing with Casey, the turbulent Irishman, the new issue of winter caps, which displace the venerable "campaign hat," dating from the days of the Mexican war. Ivan plays piccolo in the regimental band—hence the temperament. Casey whales away at the big bass drum, occasionally taking a flier in triangles and cymbals.

They met in the band room, shortly before practice hour, and immediately went to the mat in a Franco-American conversational "catch-as-catch-can."

"What for do you 'n'k?" began Ivan. "Once Sam-mee, he have gave he chapeau de campagne—you understand, see beem, broad sombrero wis zee fop-fop breeg—he have gift it zee conjay. Et is on la late to be wore no more again!"

"Mithers 'o' Moses, but that's th' joyful wur-d, Ivy? Sure, me ould lid had a brim that cast rich a shadder on me musle Ol couldn't tell a dotted quarter from a fly-speck! But phwat kind uv a Bonny de Gare is to take the place uv it?" "Ah, M'sieur Ka-see, et is to be een bonny de la shamp, a leetle, soupcong de khaki, to rest on zee head like peanut on watermelon, you understand? Ah, eet is so artistic! I have it here. And Ivan pulled his half-portion of headgear from his hip pocket. Perching it atop his black tangle of thatch, he struck an attitude.

"Artistek, nay see pah?" he queried. "And volia!" he continued, whipping the cap from his head, "Here see zee leetle string, so straight, so militaire! You pull him vonce, so, and—it burst out like a crescendo, making the ears to warm in a flood of sudden fabric! And again, you pull zee string and see cap go small and tight!—fermay le kepi—like dimendo—comprany voo!"

"Sure, it's as clear as mud," affirmed Casey. "Ah, M'sieu Ka-see, it is zee Lid con expression!" effereaced the Piccolodeon from Prague. "Zee cap ah peasy de l'armee!" "But what about dem new riggerations tellin' yez to wear it fore-and-when yez fightin' and vice-versay when yez is at peace?" queried the Drummer Boy of Erin.

"Ah! M'sieu, observe! To be day reogerr, when you play, you must order zee string to de rear, 'March!' and presto! all ee camarades, lay colomby de pay—doves of peace! But when yee put zee sharp string in zee front, eet is one weapon terreeble, to steek le Boche in zee beezee, as you say in America."

"Wee, wee, Ivy! But, spakin' uv lids, why is all de women in de country gettin' callouses on deir furs from knittin' so much? Answer me that!" "Jenny say pah," tweeked the Piccolodeon.

"To heinet der Kaiser!" replied Casey, spitting fluently and accurately into the bowels of the band-room stove.

Charles Wayland Towne.