TRENCH AND CAMP

Printed Weekly for the Y. M. C. A. by Courtesy of

Published Under Auspices of NATIONAL WAR WORK COUNCIL Y.M.C.A. of the United States

The Charlotte Observer

Edition for CAMP GREENE Charlotte, N. C.

ARMY NEWS FOR ARMY MEN AND THEIR HOME FOLKS

Vol. 1 MARCH 11, 1918 No. 23

SALUTE AND CLEANLINESS MIGHTY TOOLS OF WAR

British Colonel Believes American Troops Are Capable of Willing Discipline.

"The American soldier must be thoroughly trained before he crosses the sea, he must have respect for his officer and respect for the salute, and know that the latter is one of vital importance in the maintenance of military efficiency," said Colonel R. V. K. Applin, D. S. O., of the British army, in an address before the body of commissioned and non-commissioned officers of Camp Greene in the city auditorium of Charlotte Thursday morning.

"If the men are willing to sacrifice their lives for their country, the women should be willing to live for it, and in so doing perpetuate the race," was also a topic upon which he laid expression of rival importance.

Alluding to the war the colonel stated that the American people are at war for much the same reason that we were obliged to take up arms against England 140 years ago—to acquire the freedom of small states. With respect to the value of discipline in war he was of the opinion that the American soldier is more capable of attaining it than the German. "Discipline is the instant and willing obedience of every order, and, in the absence of an order, do what you believe that order would have been. In battle there is no time for thought or consideration. Every soldier must click like the lock of his own gun."

The British officer said that in the case of Germany the soldier was veritably beaten into discipline. In the absence of it a lash of the whip was employed to effect it. He thought that such a policy was ludicrously uncalled for in a country like America where men are out to fight back the foe willingly.

Slogan is But to Live.

"Here comes in the real democracy," he went on, "willing, willing to give its life for the cause, willing to die for Old Glory. The Hun will help you die for Old Glory. But we want you to live, not to die, for Old Glory. You must click so that every time you click "over there," down goes a German, dead. It took two and one-half years for the British army to learn to click. We were so sure at the beginning of the war that we could beat the Hun that we didn't click. And, when we failed to click, the Hun gave us a beating. Because we were unable to click the Hun gave us a beating in the early part of the war.

"A civilian in uniform is not a soldier. You have the finest men in the world. I see the soldiers in creation in the southern training camps every day. But it's slow. And I see soldiers who sit down and say: 'I will fight when I get over there; why salute until I get 'over there?' If a soldier looks at it that way, when he gets 'over there' the Hun will kill him.

"When we first went to war, the British soldiers painted over their bright buttons on their uniforms, because they flashed in the sunlight. Soon, we couldn't understand why a regiment lost trenches. Upon investigation we found the regiment lost the trenches because the morale of the men had been lost. And they had lost their morale because their uniforms were dirty. When they saw their buttons were dirty and blurred with paint they reasoned why should they take the trouble to wash the uniform. Soon it became dirty. With a dirty uniform they saw no necessity of shaving and bathing. Then they became dirty. And dirty was the cause of those men losing their morale. Now the most remarkable feature of the British army in the trenches is that every one is clean and the men work with a click.

"Men go 'over the top' not because they are brave, but because they obey the officers' commands. The kaiser

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"DAD, HERE'S TO YOU"

"We happened in a house the other night, and over the parlor door saw the legend worked in letters of red, 'What is Home Without a Mother?' Across the room was another brief, 'God Bless Our Home.'"

"Now what's the matter with 'God Bless Our Dad?' He gets up early, lights the fire, boils an egg, and wipes off the dew of the lawn with his boots while many a mother is sleeping. He makes the weekly hand-out for the butcher, the grocer, the milkman and baker, and his little pile is badly worn before he has been home an hour."

"If there is a noise during the night, Dad is kicked in the back and goes down stairs to find the burglar and kill him. Mother darns the socks, but Dad bought the socks in the first place and the needles and the yarn afterward. Mother does up the fruit; well, Dad bought it all, and jars and sugar cost like the mischief."

"Dad buys chicken for the Sunday dinner, carves them himself, and draws the neck from the ruins after everyone else is served. 'What is Home Without a Mother?' Yes, that is all right, but what is home without father? Ten chances to one it is a boarding house. Father is under a slab and the landlady is the widow. Dad, here's to you; you've got your faults—you may have lots of them—but you're all right, and we'll miss you when you're gone."

"LEARN TO SMILE" IS APPEAL TO SEVENTH

To the men of the Seventh U. S. infantry regiment—Learn to smile.

On a long, weary march, let the band begin to play and immediately men will close up, step up and look up.

A sad heart will tire in a mile, while a happy heart will march, and get other men to march, miles and miles.

What this world wants now is a few more factories where they turn out good cheer.

A cheerful, happy human is a big asset in any organization.

A crank should be cloroformed.

In business, in war, in anything, hoist the color of cheerfulness, learn to sing, smile and say something that will help.

ELEVENTH MACHINE GUN.

Company B has a boy wonder in the sixth squad in Carl Czarek, and Van Aiken says he knows it. Also we have a sawmill in Private Picard and Buffalo Bill is still on the job, especially since he received his automatic.

Schimmel has found something in Charlotte which occupies a lot of his time nowadays.

Cronin has the dreams of being rich some day. Some squad!

A FRIEND IN THE COMPANY.

COMPANY H, 50TH INFANTRY.

A collection of $5 was made to purchase a frame for the portrait of President Wilson, painted by Private John Fromia of Company H, 50th, by the members of his company, as they wish the picture to be presented to Y. M. C. A. hut No. 104 for a souvenir from the company.

MUST GET READY FOR DUTY "OVER THERE"

"There are three things which I would have were I a soldier and going 'over there' to fight," said Doctor Alexander of Pittsburgh before the soldier body at the Y. building, 104, Friday night. "They are a belief in God, a Bible and a prayer." The object of the speaker's talk was to convince every soldier present that so far as his observations and inquiries had gone, it was practical for every man who is out to fight for the colors to live a life morally clean.

He said he had consulted many non-coms on the subject and all were in the same unanimity of opinion, that it was possible to live clean. He mentioned the names of great military heroes who believed in the existence of a Supreme Being and had the courage to follow the mandates of the higher law. The British commanders, Robertson, Haig, and the French general Joffre were included in his list.

VISIT HOSTESS HOUSE.

Say, men, visit the hostess house. There is no more attractive place at Camp Greene for the fellow who wants a quite chat with charming, friendly ladies who are there to cheer you up; who want a bite to eat, for the cafeteria is excellent; who want a touch of home—the hostess house supplies your need.

77TH FIELD ARTILLERY TRIUMPHS.

In a game featured by the heavy hitting of both teams, the Seventy-seventh field artillery ball tossers defeated the Thirtieth infantry boys.

TELLS OF KITCHENER'S ARMY IN THE MAKING

Y. M. C. A. Man at Camp Greene as Student at Oxford Met Men From Mons.

BY PAUL HUBBELL.

To us freshmen from America a senior Rhodes scholar said, "Let's visit the New College park."

It was October 1, 1914. In the park we saw British Tommies in their hospital uniforms of light blue and red like blood. They were from Mons and vicinity and had lots to tell, but war was then an unknown thing and the same distance lay between our terms of thinking and the things we thought about as lie today between the man who was drafted yesterday and the marines who have seen service in France. There were miles and miles of Belgian soil and extreme suffering between the civilian and the heroes of Mons and the fight.

Not until these men had returned, leaving many dead upon European soil, did the nation seem to realize the need of an army. It was then that Kitchener was put to work to organize and recruit an army to assist the French. One of the first evidences we had of the country being awake was the billeting of soldiers—or rather volunteers—in Oxford. The landladies, accustomed to placing one man in a room, objected to putting six or eight men to sleep in a small space and receiving small pay for the same. It did not take long for friction to develop between the two. The result was that the landladies revised their ideas of benevolent government and later submitted to military orders.

One soldier remarked that he wasn't allowed to smoke his pipe in his bedroom until he took a broom and used it like a bayonet on the stout matron.

Oxford was soon crowded with men in Khaki and patriotic ladies handed out white feathers to shopkeepers who watched the troops marching through the streets without enthusiasm. One of these had the best of it when he remarked, "I looked for one of these this morning to clean out my pipe."

Soon the spirit deepened into an intense interest in the drills in the large city parks, where the men went through training in running exercises, "cracking the whip," and setting up exercises, which as one hopeful said are standing up exercises that make you feel like lying down afterward. The khaki was uniform blue for months, because the factories had no olive drab. And the small group of men who were in the officers' training corps were overshadowed by the thousands that were drilling for the service in the ranks.

Everywhere in England, in London especially, men were being shaped up for service. In the streets before London university, one of the quaintest spots in the city, I sat on the grey stone steps and watched the squads of men in civilian clothes march up and down.

One afternoon on a quiet street in Oxford two students met a long line of men coming in from the afternoon trench-digging. On sighting the two men the crowd started up a song that startled both. "How many men does Kitchener want? Another hundred thousand." I say it to their credit that both men were in the service before another week was gone.

In Aldershot, one of the large training camps of southern England a new recruit refused to don his uniform, stating that he was not under military authority unless he was wearing the uniform. His companions forcibly subjected him to military orders by dressing him in the king's uniform with as little courtesy that the man suffered more than the uniform. He was in the army then ha we say.

On Salisbury plain, one Sunday I heard the great guns booming. We were at Stonehenge, that arrangement of massive rocks that some call a temple to the sun build by Druids long, long ago. On the artillery range Sunday was only a day and the necessity of the war was impelling.

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