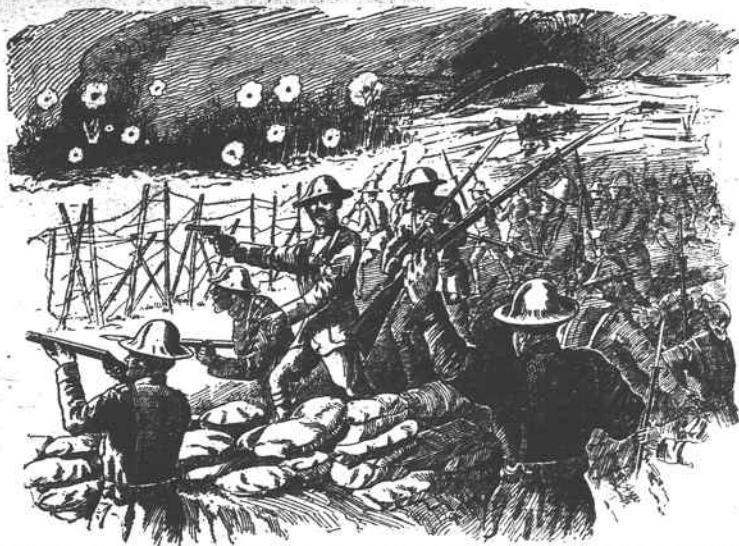


# "THEY SHALL PAY"



## As Much As You May Loathe The Kaiser, You'll Have To Pity Him When This Western Bunch Gets After Him

(Before beginning this article the reader would do well to draw up a chair, cot or stove so as to have something handy upon which to jump and give three rousing cheers for the West. At times the reader may think he is reading an article about a menagerie, but such is not the case. From start to finish Mr. Work writes exclusively about the soldiers in training at Camp Kearny.)

By TELFORD WORK  
(Editor Camp Kearny edition of Trench and Camp)

It was California that elected Wilson. It was California that produced Hoover. Knowing these facts, Uncle Sam has decided that it's now up to California and the neighboring Western States to lick the Kaiser. And the West is coolly and quietly getting ready to do the job.

Down here in sunny Southern California, where the sea sapphire softly cool the fevered brows of the Fighting Fortieth, where the sun shines all the year round, where the oranges grow and the birdies sing, where coyotes yap the horny-handed western warriors into the arms of Morpheus and where wildcats slink across the moonlit patches of sage-clad mesa—down here in the paradise of America, here at Camp Kearny, the frontiersmen of the West are getting ready to start on their biggest pioneering expedition. They are getting ready for their drive on to Berlin.

### Eloquent Facts

We in the West don't need to use superlatives in telling of our blood-curdling ferocity. Westernian oratory is not a Western product. And the flowery vaporings of our friends in some of the other camps would constitute a guard-house offense out here among the modest and brawny-armed sons of the Golden West. We must modestly base our claims on facts and let it go at that. However, if these same facts don't show that Camp Kearny includes on its roster the finest blood in the land we're ready to resign our job as editor of the best Trench and Camp edition in the country. We don't call our paper the best as a matter of boasting. It is an assertion of fact.

To begin with, we have the best climate of any cantonment in the country. This much is conceded. It has been conceded by the Minnesota Investigating Commission which recently made a tour of all the camps of the country and reported to the governor of Minnesota that Camp Kearny offered better climatic conditions for training than any camp in the country.

We don't have much history to brag about. We in the West don't go much on precedent as everybody knows, and we don't have any Chicomauza tombstones to brag about either. When a fellow gets shot or cut up out here we just let him lay until the buzzards carry him off. Tombstones clutter up the prairie and in times like these we have to Hooverize on grave space.

### "You Said It"—MEN

But after all, it isn't either climate or history that makes a camp. It's men, and we have 'em. From Colorado come the Rocky Mountain Rangers. They are a bunch of hard-boiled, rough-riding he-devils. Originally cavalry, they have recently been

turned into doughboys. But infantry drill has tamed none of their wild-eyed ferocity and "Wild-Cat" Beaton, their leader, says that when Kaiser Bill hears them come marching up Wilhelm Strasse he will get the chills and will be so badly scared that his whiskers will turn pink. "Wild-Cat" isn't a braggart either. From wild and woolly Montana comes "Montana Kid," the champion broncho-buster of the West and hence, of course, of the United States. "Montana" has never been thrown; he has served with the Texas Rangers in Mexico and has had every bone in his body broken. In his odd moments the cowboy paints pictures and he has sold some of his pieces of art for as large a sum as three hundred dollars. He belongs to the artillery.

### "Harris to Go"

"The Arizona Coyotes" make up the One Hundred Fifty-eighth Infantry. They have been in service since May, 1916, and are getting restless for the journey "Over There." They are hardy veterans and during their long stay on the Mexican border they had many skirmishes with the Greasers.

A troop of full-blooded Indians from New Mexico are enlisted in one of the infantry regiments. Five of the Indians play on the regimental band and are known as good musicians. When Private Bear Tooth and Corporal Soak-'em-on-the-Snout get to talking about what they are going to do to the Kaiser they look as ferocious as their grand dad, "Sitting Bull."

"The California Grizzlies" make up

### DO YOU KNOW—

That Trench and Camp is unique in the history of Journalism and warfare because it is the first paper ever printed exclusively for an entire army in the field with thousands of miles separating the various units of that army? Copies of this paper will be more valuable at some later day than they are even today.

Save your copies by mailing them home regularly.

In the columns of Trench and Camp will be preserved a vast deal of information about the personnel, atmosphere, spirit, determination, military activity, human life and humor of the camps and cantonments throughout the country and these columns will be read with avidity by returning soldiers and future generations.

These thoughts should not only prompt every soldier to preserve each and every copy of Trench and Camp, but should inspire him to write stories, poems and jokes and draw pictures for "the soldiers' own paper."

one of the crack artillery regiments of the Fortieth Division. They are a distinguished lot and include in their number celebrities of every kind and shape. There are artists, poets, prizefighters and athletes. Stewart Edward White, the novelist, is a major in the regiment and the jovial Peter B. Kyne, of Cappy Hicks fame, is the captain of Battery A. Both Major White and Captain Kyne are excellent judges of newspapers. They appreciate the merit of the Camp Kearny edition of Trench and Camp. They have promised to write for the paper.

### Mary Has a Good Eye

The One Hundred Forty-third Field Artillery contains such a handsome lot of men that little Mary Pickford has officially adopted them and comes to visit them once a month. She eats chow right alongside the biggest, brawniest huskies in the regiment. Fred Thompson, the regimental chaplain, is the champion Pentathlon athlete of the world. He won most of his laurels at Stockholm in 1912.

Camp Kearny claims the only Mormon regiment in the country and in the One Hundred Forty-fifth Field Artillery are sixty-five direct descendants of Brigham Young.

We have other celebrities—nearly thirty thousand of them. Even the Camp Kearny mascots possess a certain air of distinction which is not common to the ordinary run of army mascots. For instance, there is Hiram, the burro mascot of the One Hundred Fifty-ninth Supply Company, who chews tobacco and spits blood. There is Jo-Jo, the monkey of the One Hundred Sixtieth, who shaves every morning and likes to eat soup. And then there is "Peggy," cub bear mascot of the One Hundred Forty-fourth Field Artillery, who deserted in a sensational fashion recently and is now up for court martial.

### Geographically Speaking

Our general—Major General Frederick S. Strong—is a man among men and he possesses admirably the spirit of the division now in training here at Camp Kearny. General Strong is tall as the California redwoods, as straight as a New Mexico pine tree. His hair is white as the snow-topped Rockies of Colorado, his complexion is as rugged as the Grand Canyon of Arizona; and he carries with him an atmosphere of quiet, silent strength—the spirit which men imbue from the deserts of Utah. General Strong is a man. He is a warrior. He is a fit commander for the Fighting Fortieth.

We of the West have little more to say. From our kingly general down to the merest buck private in the rear rank, we are out to hog-tie the Kaiser's nunny. When it comes to scrapping, watch us. We are there like a million. We are the snorting, rip-lailed, roaring, Fighting Fortieth. We are from the West.

## WHAT IT COSTS TO EQUIP ONE SOLDIER

A detail which throws interesting light on the war's colossal cost is found in the statement that our Government spends approximately \$156 in equipping every infantryman for service in France. A little calculation will show what it will cost to prepare a million or a million and a half men for the front. The equipment expenditures for the foot soldier are classified under three heads: Clothing, eating utensils and fighting equipment. Under the latter group the rifle, the cost of which is figured at \$19.50, is the most expensive item. This amount varies from time to time. The gas mask, which also varies in price somewhat, is estimated at \$12, and 100 cartridges at \$5. The total cost of the clothing is slightly over \$100, the biggest items being \$18.75 for three wool blankets, \$14.92 for one overcoat, \$15.20 for two wool service coats, and \$10.20 for two pairs of shoes. In all, there are 23 different kinds of articles listed under clothing. In the eating-utensil group are included food to be carried in the haversack during field service, a mess kit and cover, canteen cup, knife, fork, spoon, meat can, haversack, first-aid kit, and a pouch costing approximately \$7.70.

## Why "Horizon Blue" Is Used For French Poilus' Uniforms

American khaki is good. But "horizon blue," the color which the French use for their uniforms, is said to be better still. Against certain backgrounds it is altogether invisible from a distance. The reason for this is that it is the color of the horizon. An artist painting a landscape puts his objects "back" by washing them over with a mixture of white and blue, the horizon blue. This makes it appear as if there were air between the objects and our eyes, so that the objects themselves appear indistinct.

The uniforms of horizon blue make the wearers appear, if not actually a part of the landscape, at least considerably further away than they are. And since a man is recognized by his shape rather than by his color, the blending of his clothes with the color of the horizon helps his "camouflage" considerably.

## FOOLING THE HUNS

According to exchanged prisoners who have been restored to their friends after enduring the hardships of captivity in Germany, one of the dodges of the Huns was to get to know, if possible, what the occupations of their prisoners formerly were, that they might be able to work for the good of the fatherland.

But the prisoners were up to their tricks and gave them the most extraordinary trades ever heard of. One said he was a "treacle bender," another a "watchmaker's striker," a third a "milestone inspector" and a fourth a "bladder blower," says a London exchange. The Germans were completely mystified, for they have no sense of humor.

Some curious trades and occupations can be found in the vacant situations columns of the daily paper. "Consol operators" are not, as one might imagine them, something on the Stock Exchange, but operators in leather on a boot bench.

For "consol" inspectors, which sounds wildly anarchistic, is merely an artist in wallpaper. A "budget trimmer" is no expert in finance, but works in the coachmaking trade.

## PRISONER NUMBER ONE

Barny Hoyle, an old soldier and marine, who went through the Sitting Bull campaign and served through the Spanish-American War without receiving a scratch, was the first official American prisoner of war captured by the Germans. He was captured when an American vessel, on which he was serving as a member of the crew, was sunk. In the German prison camp where he is now confined, he is known as "Prisoner Number One." All the other American prisoners in the camps in Germany have numbers.

## GOOD USE FOR BAD METAL

The War Department is being urged to remove the bronze statue of Frederick the Great, now standing in front of the Army War College in Washington, and cast it into bullets to be shot at German soldiers by Americans.

## SHARE YOUR PLEASURE

If you are not sending Trench and Camp home to your mother and other relatives, you are not sharing with them whatever pleasure you derive from reading this paper. Mail it today.

