

TRENCH & CAMP

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Table listing various camps and their locations, along with the names of the publishers for each. Includes camps like Camp Hearsgard, Camp Lewis, Camp Meador, etc.

LAUGH, BLAST YOU, LAUGH! Some of the kill-joys who come to visit the camps as if they were visiting a menagerie seem to think there is something so amusing in the jocular remarks of the boys...

We of the camps should like for a few of these mortals to spend a few days in any camp and not laugh—not because there is anything peculiarly amusing about sentry-go in the snow, but because if you do not laugh you are apt to forget how. This "grim business of war," as they call it in Congress, is like any other business.

BUTTONS AND BRAVERY; POLISH AND PUNCH If you swear under your breath as you get ready for inspection, and if you ask your pal what a soldier's pouch has to do with his fighting punch...

More than you think. For on that desperate retreat from Mons, when the British had to fight and fall back and fight to the last breath of the stoutest old Tommy, the officers said, "What's the use of making a poor devil polish their buttons and burnish their equipment? They get little enough rest; give them what they earn."

So they told the boys that the routine was suspended until further orders and that they need not polish their buttons any more. Tommy is like every other soldier, and when his captain told him he might leave this off, Tommy reasoned that shoes were no more important than buttons, or equipment than shoes, or face than equipment.

"CONSCIENTIOUS EJECTOR" A good story is told by Sir Auckland Goddies concerning an interfering public house loafer and a Canadian soldier who bore on his shoulder straps the initials "E. J." which stand for Canadian Engineer.

ALPHABETICALLY SPEAKING K is said to be the most important letter in the Russian alphabet, but Jays seem to have predominated lately and this probably accounts for the inability of the Russians to C.

hill," you get as morbid as though you belonged to the grave-diggers' detail, and after you have been morbid long enough, you either go crazy or become hardened.

Viewed from the other side, the good humor of the men is a positive asset to the army. There never was but one victorious army that never smiled, and that army was fighting men that won a place in history knew how to smile, how to laugh and how to make the very best of the hardships that came.

And what is the reason for all this? Just to plain common-sense maxim that the man who finds life worth living will fight harder to live.

was not many days before Tommy resembled a hobo so closely that he could not have identified himself in a mirror. And when one Tommy saw the earmarks of the "bum" on his pal, he decided that something had happened to him and that his pal had lost his punch.

At length the amazed officers saw the connection between button and bravery. They traced back the changed psychology of Tommy and they determined that no Tommy thereafter should ever lose heart because his mess-mates looked like cut-throats.

That is why he is polishing still, no matter whether he is in billets or dodging German grenades. And that is why Tommy's cousin is polishing, too. A uniform does not make a soldier who looks fit feels fit, and when he feels fit he is fit to fight!

WOULD SUIT EXPLORER Hearing that Captain Roland Amundsen, the polar explorer, had visited the American sector on the western battlefront in Europe, many of the soldiers in training camps in this country remarked that "He would have felt more at home here."

"THE BEST MEANS" Writing to the editor of Trench and Camp a soldier at Camp Sevier said: "Trench and Camp keeps us posted on all the live, snappy, up-to-date news of the camp, as well as war news in general, besides abounding in amusement and entertainment."

CANTONMENT TYPES

THE M. P.

NOT Member of Parliament, though mayhap as powerful, nor any of the other things which humorous and semi-humorous interpretations of the initials make it—but Military Policeman.

Wearers of the plum-colored, black-collared Robes of Distinction, where would "us boys" (including all soldiers under the age of ninety-six) be without you! Mignons of the law sprouting up in the midst of law and order raised to its highest coefficient!

M. P., among those other above-mentioned humorous and s-h. designations, might be the Men with a Past. They include some of the pick and flower of city police forces, from Dan to Beersheba, including N. Y. and Chi. They have faced the striking rioters with their night sticks, side arms and solid blue, in many a port and clime. They have winged the bounding, burglarious second-story man and the feather-fingered "dip" in the conventional light overcoat.

Now they're in the Army of Freedom. It's everything from directing visitors and keeping back the crowd at a regimental boxing match, to watching the trains for "tea" smugglers. And, considering the vast number of soldiers under their watchful care, the duties of the M. P. along the more serious lines are light. He stands as a friendly and efficient symbol of Law-and-Order imbuing the Army.

WANTED MONEY DIRECT

A Russian peasant in a German prison camp, having heard that appeals for assistance were being answered, decided to write a letter and ask for money with which to buy food and clothing. Not knowing to whom else to appeal, he wrote a letter to God, asking for one hundred marks.

His letter attracted attention at the censor's office and was referred to the War Ministry. The officers there collected twenty-five marks and sent them to the Russian prisoner, thinking they had thereby done a good turn. The prisoner, however, was not well satisfied, as was apparent from his reply in which he thanked God for the twenty-five marks but cautioned Him to send future money direct rather than through the War Ministry, saying that the rascally officials there had kept seventy-five marks and had sent him only twenty-five.

COLLEGE MEN DOING BIT

Only six of the seventy-three Harvard students who won their "H" in athletics last year are still in the university. The other sixty-seven are in the war. More than fifty Yale professors and instructors are now engaged in war service.

TOMMIE SIZES UP SAMMIE

'E'd rather 'ave 'is coffee than 'is beer, 'E can't tyke any pleasure drinkin' tea, 'E calls 'The Lunnon Times,' 'is language queer, Official organ—of a cemetery, 'E speaks in such a bloomin' funny way— 'E talks of buddies, side-kicks, mulls and geeks, But 'e can 'old 'is end up any dyer, And every blinker listens when 'e speaks.

So 'ere's to you, Sammie Wammie, if you'll let me call you so, It seems jolly strange to 'ear you call a kippy blink a bo, But no matter wot yer language, and li dare say we 'ave some fainter wot seem bloomin' strange to you. —Detroit Saturday Night.

TENTS PREFERRED

The bitter, cold, winter weather has caused a great many civilians to express sympathy for "the poor boys living out in the fields in tents." Soldiers old and new, insist that they are more comfortable in tents, properly put up, protected and heated, than they would be in cantonments or barracks.

A GRAND AND GLORIOUS FEELING



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The First Stripes