

Thirty-two Camps Have Newspaper in Common

Four Pages of Each Issue Printed Here for All, Four More Pages of Local Interest Printed at Nearby Cities for Each Cantonment

WHEN the national army began to pour into its camps all over the United States schemes for the amusement of the soldiers grew thick and fast, and it wasn't long before a man in Virginia bethought him that it would be well for the "rookies" to have a newspaper combining the delights of amateurdom, in the shape of writing and pictures by the soldiers themselves, with the professional touch of a bona fide newspaper. The upshot of the idea was Trench and Camp, published in the thirty-two cantonments throughout the United States under the auspices of the National War Work Council of the Y. M. C. A. This publication has now entered merrily upon its third month of existence. It appears weekly, each issue consisting of four pages printed in New York, which are identical for all the camps, and four others, containing news and illustrations of purely local interest for each camp. This is made possible by the co-operation of newspaper publishers in cities near the camps, who print the local pages.

Both in the pages intended for all the camps and those of purely local interest, the contributions by soldiers bulk large, and exhortations from the editors constantly appear urging bashful writers and artists who have not yet tried their hand to get into the journalistic game. The columns devoted to soldiers' contributions contain descriptions of the entertainments at the camps, athletic contests, lessons in French history, geography, and other branches of knowledge, jokes, poetry, and all sorts of "personals" hitting off the eccentricities of the men and telling of their experiences in trying to master the military art. The "personal" columns have racy titles, such as "Shell Shock," "Shrapnel," "The Barrack Wheeze," "Hand Grenades," "Over the Top," "Artillery Rumbblings," "Cavalry Clatter," "Divisional Din," and "Regimental Roughstuff."

Soon after Trench and Camp started on its career its editors instituted a cartoon contest that produced scores of good pictures dealing with the absorbing topic of camp life. After a period of delay, judged sufficient to key up the contestants and their friends to a high degree of excitement and expectancy, the results of the contest were announced, that the first prize, a wrist watch, had been awarded to Frank Hines of the 122d Field Artillery Band, in training at Camp Logan, Houston, Texas. Hines's cartoon is reproduced on this page. The announcement of the award stated that the cartoon was not only well drawn, but had more punch and humor than any of the others. In the opinion of the judges, it "illustrated the fitness of the American soldier, the capture of a prize symbolic of victory over German autocracy, and the enthusiasm, joy, and

admiration of the American people, as typified by one family, over the victory." The editors of Trench and Camp furthermore expressed the hope that Artist Hines would not rest on his laurels, but would feel inspired by the wrist watch to more cartooning feats.

Many other soldier-artists came in for honorable mention and received the consoling news that their productions submitted in the contest would appear some time in the future in Trench and Camp.

Most of the humor in the paper, as is only natural, is inspired by incidents in the novel military life into which the thousands of young Americans in our national army have suddenly been projected from their everyday civilian pursuits. One contributor to the camp newspaper suggests the following nicknames for the commanding officers of the new army:



122-Winning Cartoon in the Trench and Camp Cartoon Contest. The Prize Was a Wrist Watch.

General Rumor.
Brigadier General Asyouwere.
Colonel Onetwothreefour.
Major Squadsright.
Captain Presentandaccountedfor.
Lieutenant Tenshun.

From Camp Upton comes the proud claim that it has "the largest laundry in the world," capable of turning out 250 bundles of "duds" every eighteen minutes. And there is this wail, apropos of transportation facilities, from Fort Oglethorpe, Georgia:

"They also serve who only stand and wait, sang Milton, but the poor old fellow was blind, and, anyway, he did not know what it means to stand in the Chickamauga mud and wait for the itinerant jitney."

From one of the cantonments comes a story concerning the manoeuvres in which the men are supposed to learn about actual fighting. In the course of these, an "attacking party surged up against some front-line trenches and met with no resistance whatever from the enemy." The officer in command rushed up, fuming with rage, to inquire the cause of this lamb-like attitude on the part of the defenders, and received

from the Lieutenant in charge of the trenches the calm explanation:

"Of course, we didn't try to stop 'em. My orders were to make an attack in half an hour, not to repel one!"

That the men at the camps are not merely learning military lore is proved by a tale concerning one drafted man who marched around quite puffed up with pride because he had just written home the first letter he had ever written in his life. Whatever else the war may do for him it has added the accomplishment of letter-writing to his equipment.

In one of the issues of Trench and Camp appeared this interesting item:

"Why did you enlist?"
This question was put to each of the regular army soldiers and members of the Marine Corps now representing the United States in France.

Here are some of the answers:
"To see the excitement."

"To help win the war and end the Kaiser's idea of world ruler."
"To help free the German people from Kaiserism."
"Adventure and experience, also to do my little bit for my country, the good old U. S. A. and the Stars and Stripes, the flag of freedom."

"To catch the Kaiser."
"Because my country needs me."
"I wanted to get the Kaiser's goat."
"To represent the State of Kentucky."
"Because the girls like soldiers."
"For the benefit of the American Army."
"To kill a couple of Germans for the wrong done Poland."
"To keep from wearing my knuckles out on my neighbors' backdoor."
"To see France."

"I was discouraged with civilian life and wanted to get some excitement."
"The dear ones at home."
"I never did anything worth while on the outside, so I dedicated my life to my country that I might be of some use to some one."

"To have a chance to ride on a train. I had never ridden on one."
"They said I wasn't game and I was game, and wanted to enlist for my country's sake."
"To show that my blood was American blood."
"To learn self-control."
"I had tried everything else, so I thought I would try the army."
"To serve my God and my country."
"For my adopted country."
"Because I believe it every American's duty to fight for his country."

The ups and downs of learning French are productive of much humor from the men at the camps. Here is a sample

of what is being done to the language of Racine and Corneille at the cantonments, which appeared under the title "French Fried":

The mess Sergeant of any mess in any cantonment, after the first French lesson: "Bungsure, my brave home. Come be porty yourselves this bun morning?"
Chorus of "tray good, sarjong. How's vouz portying?"

Sergeant—Oh, pretty bun! Nooz avong a swell breakfast pour vouz to mangabay.
Lance Corporal—Yeah, ilay knee pa so rotten. Malze avay you any cream pour the cafe?

The mess Sergeant turns away, muttering an unprintable French word.

Liberal portions of French fried are passed around at the mess table, somewhat after the following mode de parler:

"This Franzay parleying is grande stuff!"

"Ouf, mungsure, il certainmon is. Nouz are pikking le lang up aussi a bunch of regular franzais soldats."

"Il vaut to be facile pour nouz to parlay with those paultious quand nouz get en les trenchay."

"Yeah, nous wont avong any trouble parleying avec the francals after douz or trays other lessons."

"Passy vouz le salt ici, you grande stiff up volia a l'autre end de la table. Que the trouble avec you."

"Oui, that's que je say too."

"Slide bas le pain too volia. Nous want to avay kelkeshose to mang-zhay! Make it rapidemon!"

"Ilay bun de parlay only francals a the table dejew-nay."

"Oui, ilay not so mal if vouz can only pensay of le right mots de say."

"Je can pensay de le mots maiz knee pa les francalse ones."

"Oui, that's le main trouble. Maiz nouz ought to pick les mots up pretty quick."

"Oui."

"Beaucoup obliged."

"Knee pas mention it."

"Aw revoir."

"Bun by."

Poets are sprouting right and left in the cantonments. Their contributions to Trench and Camp ring all sorts of changes on the serious and humorous, now hymning

the pangs of love, now apostrophizing the ingredients of beef stew. Here is a bit of cheering news for hard-pressed Italy, supposedly from an Italian-American in our national army to a friend in Italy:

Dear Ton, I write, I learn to fight, I go to scrap for Uncle Sam. Our Uncle Sam good natured fel', But get him mad, he fight lak hell. The knockout blow he never knew, But now he's in, he win this, too. Our Uncle Sam, he mak no noise, Hut spen' the mon' and train the boys. I hear you lose in big bad push, But Uncle Sam mak centre rush. You hold the line and do your best, Our Uncle Sam come do the rest.

A certain "Top Sergeant" came down with an attack of poetic inspiration, and, before he recovered, produced this:

THE RIGHT TO KICK.
We've heard about the "right divine" of kings, Prerogatives, free speech, and such-like things. They've been boosted by the sages And the writers of all ages, And we hear 'em in the songs the poet sings, The right to live, the right to sleep and eat, The right to make life's happiness complete, To vote for legislation And help control the nation, But the "Right to Kick" has all the others beat.

Oh, the rookie in the army mustn't drink. And out on drill he ain't allowed to think;

Canning Time



"Canning Time," a Cartoon by a Soldier-Contributor to "Trench and Camp."

"Fours right about; I'll put you through!"
Why, sure, that's like the Sergeant.

Here is a poem signed "Yap," the pen name of another Upton poet:

S O S.

When yuh hear the "first call" blowin',
And the "top" yells, "Klick yer feet,"
And yer love of home life's growin'
At a speed no power can beat:
And your pals stand round and curse yuh
Till yuh say you'll go "sick call";
What you've got is plain inertia,
S O S, boys—Same Old Stall.

When you're in the dust cloud drilling
On the drill ground hard and bare,
And you think the life's as thrilling
As a game of solitaire;
And you hear the Sergeant telling
That you have no snap or pep;
Oh, it's then you feel like yelling—
"S O S, boys—Same Old Step."

When you turn in wrong direction,
And the guys don't march in time,
When the squads lose their connection,
And you know the line's a crime;
But the "Old Man" says, "That's better,"
Though he knows himself it's tough,
That's a rookie's real "goat getter"—
S O S, boys—Same Old Stuff.

When you hear the same old rattle
Of the mess kits in the line,
As they herd you just like cattle
In the mess hall when you dine,
And you see the non-coms stallin'
And you know the chow is bum,
Oh, it's then you hear 'em callin'
S O S, boys—Same Old Slum.

When with iodine they paint you,
With such cold and callous eye,
Shoot the needle in that taints you
With some dying bacilli;
And it comes up in your collar
And you want to hit your cot,
Oh, it's then the fellows holler,
S O S, boys—Same Old Shot.

When you cross the broad Atlantic
To help win the big war game,
Tho' the task ahead's gigantic,
You'll be winners just the same;
Your good fathers were victorious,
And they stayed the tyrant's hand,
Emulate their spirit glorious,
S O S, boys—Same Old Sand.

To conclude, let the civilian be convinced that there are, after all, similarities between camp life and his humdrum existence, by this epigram from a rookie:

"Pay day is an attraction that nothing can buck against."

He just learns the art of fighting,
Column left-ing and squad right-ing,
At attention in the ranks he dare not blink:
On this job he ain't allowed the "Right to Quit,"
He's got to stick around and do his "bit,"
Though he's only a beginner
In the army, he's a winner
As a kicker—That's why kicking makes a bit.

For kicking is the rookie's only right,
And the way he utilizes it's a fright;
He starts kicking in the morning,
In the gray light of the dawning,
And he kicks until he goes to sleep at night;
Yep, the reason why the rookie kicks a lot
Is that kicking is the only right he's got;
And he'll cuss the chow he's eaten—
Though he knows it can't be beaten—
And consign the cooks to regions where it's hot.

He will kick about his uniform and shoes
And about the coin this war game makes him lose,
He will kick when he's out drilling,
And he'll say "K. P." is killing,
And he'll kick about the Corporal's abuse.
From the Major to the cook he'll slur and slam,
But say "fight" and he will close up like a clam,
For he'd sooner take a licking
Than be accused of kicking
At the fact that he's to fight for Uncle Sam.

Sergeants at the camps are apparently very classy creatures if these verses from a rookie at Camp Upton are a criterion:

Who is that man of haughty mien,
With ample chest and peanut bean
And movement like a Ford machine?
Why, sonny, that's the Sergeant.

Who's busy as a bumblebee,
To get you up at reveillé,
And shouts your name in strident key?
Why, bless you, that's the Sergeant.

Who yells "Right dress" and "Right by fours"
And gets as mad as all outdoors
And sends you out to do the chores?
You're right, that is the Sergeant.

Who carries all the world's disgrace
Written in furrows on his face
And looks for trouble every place?
Why, that must be the Sergeant.

Who cries "Fall in," and when you do
Says "As you were, you rough-neck crew!"