KEEPING OUR FIGHTERS FIT

RAYMOND B. FOSDICK

KEEPING
OUR FIGHTERS FIT

Well-known tennis players giving Jackies at Mare Island a few pointers

KEEPING OUR FIGHTERS FIT

FOR WAR AND AFTER

BY

EDWARD FRANK ALLEN

WRITTEN WITH THE COOPERATION OF

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Commissions on Training Camp Activities

WITH A SPECIAL STATEMENT
WRITTEN FOR THE BOOK BY
WOODROW WILSON

NEW YORK
THE CENTURY CO.
1918

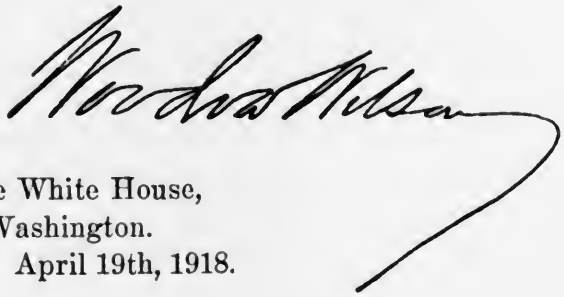
Published, May, 1918

SPECIAL STATEMENT

The twin Commissions on Training Camp Activities—one for the War Department and one for the Navy Department—were appointed by Secretary Baker and Secretary Daniels early in the war to link together in a comprehensive organization, under official sanction, all the agencies, private and public, which could be utilized to surround our troops with a healthy and cheerful environment. The Federal Government has pledged its word that as far as care and vigilance can accomplish the result, the men committed to its charge will be returned to the homes and communities that so generously gave them with no scars except those won in honorable conflict. The career to which we are calling our young men in the defense of democracy must be made an asset to them, not only in strengthened and more virile bodies as a result of physical training, not only in minds deepened and enriched by participation in a great, heroic enterprise, but in the enhanced spiritual values which come from a full life lived well and wholesomely.

I do not believe it an exaggeration to say that

no army ever before assembled has had more conscientious and painstaking thought given to the protection and stimulation of its mental, moral and physical manhood. Every endeavor has been made to surround the men, both here and abroad, with the kind of environment which a democracy owes to those who fight in its behalf. In this work the Commissions on Training Camp Activities have represented the government and the government's solicitude that the moral and spiritual resources of the nation should be mobilized behind the troops. The country is to be congratulated upon the fine spirit with which organizations and groups of many kinds, some of them of national standing, have harnessed themselves together under the leadership of the government's agency in a common ministry to the men of the army and navy.



The White House,
Washington.
April 19th, 1918.

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CHAPTER I

THE DEVELOPMENT OF A PURPOSE

IT was hot down on the Mexican border in the summer of 1916, hot all along the line, from the Gulf of Mexico westward to the Pacific Ocean. There was every kind and degree of heat, from the enervating, tropical humidity that prostrates, to the blast-furnace waves that roll off the cactus plains, causing the skin to dry like parchment and the eyes to burn in their sockets. Few of the soldiers mobilized there were used to it.

If you know the border towns, you do not need to be told that it was dull, too. The collection of square-fronted, one-storied buildings

and the drab adobe huts provided little in the way of entertainment. Even with the possibility of a brush with the Mexicans, it was dull. Several thousand men were seeing the same faces and doing the same things every day, and they were bored. There was nowhere to go for any sort of decent diversion in their "off" time. Columbus, New Mexico, had none of the attractions to which most of these men had been accustomed; there was no movie show, no library, no club room for lounging, no organized entertainment of any kind for the men. The conditions were practically the same in Laredo and Brownsville, Texas, and in Douglas, Arizona. There was not even a place where a man could go and write a letter.

There was an ingrowing staleness all along the border. Men were hoping that Pancho Villa would happen by just to liven things up; anything would suffice for a change. But the soldiers just waited, with nothing to do outside of their military routine. Reading matter was at a premium, and the soldiers begged for worn-out magazines from travelers. There was no

ice-water, and on the trains that passed through the coaches had to be locked because thirsty soldiers would go aboard and raid the water-coolers.

And so, when they had any free time, many naturally gravitated to the saloons and partook of their unchallenged hospitality. Liquor meant relaxation, relief from ennui; it was served where there was something doing; it spelled variety. The saloon and the "red light" district held an uncontested monopoly on the entertainment, and it was not an uncommon thing to see drunken men in uniform.

The idea of eliminating these factors had not seemed to occur to the commanding officers; they were part and parcel of army life, among the accepted concomitants of warfare. When the Young Men's Christian Association first came into the field there was a noticeable improvement on the border, but the conditions were considered inevitable. This was the situation when Raymond B. Fosdick was sent as a special agent of the War Department to study the problem of the soldiers' environment. The

great need was for something wholesome to compete with the only forms of diversion to which the men had access, and out of this need grew the plan of the Commission on Training Camp Activities.

When the United States was about to enter the war with Germany, Secretary Baker said to Mr. Fosdick, "I want an organization that will link together the Y. M. C. A., the Recreation Association, and every other agency that can contribute to the social well-being of troops in the field, an organization that will itself supply any gaps in the program." This was in April, 1917, in the interim between the President's war message and the actual declaration of war against Germany by Congress. Secretary Baker had in mind the predicament of our boys in the border towns, how for want of something better to do they were led into unwholesome diversions. "This time," said Mr. Baker, "they will not be volunteers; they will be drafted into service. We cannot afford to draft them into a demoralizing environment. It must be assured that their surroundings in the camps

are not allowed to be less stimulating and worthy than the environment in their home communities."

Such was the task that led to the appointment of the War Department Commission on Training Camp Activities and, later, the Navy Department Commission on Training Camp Activities. It marked the beginning of an epoch. For the first time in history a government looked beyond the machinery of fighting to the personal and moral welfare of the fighters.

Keeping in mind the Mexican border in 1916, let us see what parallels are presented by the training camps of to-day. They are abnormal communities in a number of ways. Among their average population of 40,000 there are no women or children; there is no home life. The men are necessarily abnormal. They are cut loose from accustomed relationships; they have left their families, homes, and friends; their colleges, clubs, and church gatherings are no more; their dances, town libraries, athletic fields, theaters, and movie-houses are left behind; and they have entered a strange, new

life in which everything is subordinated to the task of creating an efficient fighting force.

Are men better soldiers for going without the above things? The judgment of commanding officers for ages past has apparently answered in the affirmative. To be sure, Napoleon said that a fighting army is a contented army, but it remained for the United States Government to apply the theory to practice. May not idleness, homesickness, weariness, and monotony dull the edge of the best war-machine that time and patience can produce? Is it not obvious that any attempt to rationalize, as far as it can be done, the abnormal environment of a war camp is an attempt to increase the efficiency of the troops? As a matter of fact, I am thinking of this thing as an established conclusion and not as a hypothesis, for the practical application is being made to-day by the Commissions on Training Camp Activities.

Their function is to keep the men of the army and navy fit for fighting, first, by keeping them physically well, and second, by keeping them contented, *interested.* These two purposes are

Some of the most noted fighters in the country are serving Uncle Sam as boxing instructors

Boxing drill is an important part of the fighters' training

closely interrelated, and so, largely, are the measures by which they are accomplished. The plan itself has many ramifications, and it is only when one understands these that an adequate conception may be had of the magnitude of the undertaking.

The work of the Commissions embraces two sets of forces, one of which competes with the twin evils of alcohol and prostitution and one which aims to suppress them. A cardinal principle of their policy is that concentration on the former lightens the necessity for the latter. Among the former are the agencies that, already in existence, have been accorded official recognition and placed under the supervision of the Commissions. The club life of the cantonment, for instance, is in the capable hands of the Young Men's Christian Association, the Knights of Columbus, and similar organizations. With its wide experience in army and navy work, the Y. M. C. A. was particularly well equipped to furnish recreational and social facilities within the camps, and it has made good use of the money that was privately subscribed

for the purpose. In each of the National Army cantonments there are from nine to fourteen Y. M. C. A. buildings, and a somewhat smaller number in each of the camps of the National Guard. The Knights of Columbus organization has fewer buildings in each camp, but it is well represented and its functions are practically the same as those of the Y. M. C. A. No meetings are held in any of these buildings to which all the troops in camp are not invited, regardless of religious or other preferences. Indeed, the admission of such organizations to the camps was on the express condition that their activities must not be limited to any particular constituency; and from the first there has been a broad spirit of coöperation among them.

Another important work among those coördinated by the Commissions is that of the American Library Association, to which has been delegated the task of solving the problem of the soldiers' and sailors' reading-matter. This efficient organization is seeing to it that there is always a good book within the reach of the

fighting men. A special library building has been planned for each of the cantonments, and at this writing most of them have been built and are in operation. These are in charge of trained librarians.

The valuable aid of the Recreation Association of America was enlisted in the cause of the soldier and sailor on leave. Its task has been to organize the social and recreational life of the communities adjacent to the training camps to provide for the assimilation of men in uniform. It has placed representatives in more than a hundred such communities and has mobilized the hospitality of churches, clubs, lodges, and other groups and organizations, as well as individuals. In a word, it has awakened the communities to their obligation toward the fighting men at their doors.

These are some of the agencies whose already organized forces were aligned by the Commissions. But there were other necessary activities that had to be organized by the Government itself. There is the matter of athletics. Less for the purpose of recreation than for developing

the fighting instinct and the technic of fighting, yet it makes for mental as well as physical fitness. Best of all, it promotes that "everlasting team-work" which will be so great a factor in winning the war. The Commissions have appointed sports directors, who now have military rank, and boxing instructors; and athletics is looked upon as one of the most important factors in the training that prepares men to go into battle.

The Commissions are developing mass singing in the army and navy. It is their purpose to send men to France with the will to sing and the songs to sing. The camps are supplied with song-leaders whose training and experience fit them to direct this work, and no one phase of the activities of the Commissions carries with it more inspiration, either for participants or directors. Closely allied to the music is the dramatic entertainment that is being furnished in each of the most important army camps. Plays of the best type are produced at fully equipped modern theaters with a seating capac-

ity of 3000, and the cost to the soldiers is very low indeed.

Finally, there is the suppressive side of the work, as opposed to the competitive. It deals with the twin evils that have always been associated with armies and training camps. Our War and Navy Departments in this war have taken the position that alcohol and the prostitute must be kept absolutely away from the soldier, and where the forces that have been established to take the place of the things they are trying to eliminate do not accomplish their purpose, then the Commissions act in coöperation with various agencies to suppress these evils.

Even from this brief outline it will be seen that the Government has planned and put into execution a movement whose magnitude and far-sightedness are one with its novelty. I heard a business man, who considered himself practical-minded, however, ask what the idea was in pampering the fighting man.

"What place has a theater in a training camp?" he asked. "What is the use of teach-

ing men to sing, and why do you bother with men's morals, as long as they obey orders?"

In the following chapters will be found the reply to these questions. By establishing the Commissions on Training Camp Activities our Government has set a new standard for the world to follow in the training and maintenance of its armies and navies. It has also set a standard for industry, and even at this early date some of the directors of the large concerns that are turning out munitions of war have asked the Commissions to take over their social problems in the same manner as they are handling those of the army and navy. They see in the work a value to be measured in dollars and cents.

But there is one big purpose behind it all: *to win the war.* It will be won by man-power and manhood, and the activities of the Commissions are directed toward their cultivation. Every individual who does his or her part toward conserving these vital factors is striking a blow for the emancipation of the world, both now and in the future. It is a movement for

the improvement of the nation, and it is utterly devoid of sentimentality. To make the men fit for fighting, and after, to bring them back from war as fine and as clean as they went, is just plain efficiency.

CHAPTER II

CLUB LIFE IN THE CANTONMENTS

THERE is something undeniably picturesque about military life. Its glamor is akin to that of the stage; it looks good from the front. When we were boys we played soldier, strutted around in improvised uniforms with weapons of heterogeneous lineage, and perhaps bemoaned our fate that our country seemed likely never to need our aid in fighting her battles. The pomp and pageantry of warfare appeals to the elemental in youth, in all of us as far as we are youthful. The rhythm of drums and the crash of martial music quicken our pulses. A regiment in uniform, bayonets fixed, standards whipping in the breeze, flags waving, stirs the patriotism of every man, woman, and child.

This is as it should be, but these manifesta-

tions are superficial none the less. Let us consider how the typical soldier spends the greater part of his time, day in and day out. The contrast is not intended to be disheartening, but is shown for the purpose of giving a better idea of what the soldier needs. Reveille sounds at 5:30 A. M. It is not like an alarm-clock; there is no shutting it off and turning over for another forty winks. As it ends in one area of the camp, it is taken up in another, and is repeated until its last insistent tones die away in the distance. At seven o'clock the soldier sits down to the first meal of the day, and at 7:30 he arises. From then until a quarter of twelve his time is devoted to a variety of occupations. He may drill with his company, he may dig trenches, he may be engaged in rifle or bomb-throwing practice, or he may be detailed to guard or other special duty; but in any case his time is fully occupied. Fifteen minutes are then allowed for ablutions or any other personal needs before mess. The afternoon is merely a variant of the morning—hard, invigorating work all of it. He stops at half-past

five, and thereafter, except for mess or any special duty to which he may be assigned, his time is free until taps. In some camps the routine is broken on Wednesdays and Saturdays, when the men are free for the afternoon, and Sundays are regular holidays.

Leisure time is the bugbear of the man away from home. A successful traveling man told me that if it were not for Sunday, his work would be one hundred per cent. congenial. A soldier's predicament is even more of a problem, for with no more leisure time than the average man, he is much more restricted in his choice of diversions. Too often he has been in the position described by the popular song, "All Dressed Up and No Place to Go."

Within the camp of to-day, however, this condition does not obtain. The fighting man may now go to his club.

It sounds a bit revolutionary to speak of "club life" in the army and navy cantonments, but it is one of the outstanding features among the many which the Government has provided. In the Young Men's Christian Association

buildings and those of the Knights of Columbus the troops have gathering places that furnish true club freedom and recreation. They are more than "places to go"; they combine a definite interest with a distinct personality. As an enlisted man said of the Y. M. C. A., "It takes the place of home." That, perhaps, is the highest praise that it has received from the ranks. It is also an index to the unanimous opinion of these clubs, among the officers as well as the men.

Their informality is a result of a careful study of the men's requirements. The restrictions are few, and there is none that presents any hardship. The men smoke, loaf, write letters, and read magazines; they see excellent moving-pictures and other entertainments, they play the piano and phonograph, and find the same relaxation and good fellowship they would similarly obtain in their home town. In fact, many of these men are enjoying for the first time the intimate association and comradeship of club life. They have come from farms and from isolated villages in which there are no such

advantages, and they will return to their homes with a broadened horizon and a set of social habits from whose influence they can never escape. This is one of the first indications of the socially constructive side of the work done by many branches of the Commissions.

Parenthetically, the Y. M. C. A. and the other already organized agencies working for the soldiers and sailors are all brought together in the interests of good team-work by the Commissions, which supply the necessary cohesive elements between them to prevent the duplication and overlapping of work, and to make sure that the non-military needs of the troops, both within and without the camps, are fully and amply met. Each constituent organization, however, is responsible for its own particular field and administers and manages the interests which it has developed. These organizations existed prior to the appointment of the Commissions, and they are working in and about the camps upon the invitation of the War and Navy Departments through the Commissions because of their especial skill or aptitude for the particu-

lar line of activity which they have undertaken. As far as possible the Commissions are meeting the situation through agencies of this kind. When, however, it is necessary to carry on a given piece of work, and where no one organization seems adapted to the purpose, the Commissions do not hesitate to assume the initiative and responsibility.

The Y. M. C. A. has been on the ground from the first. Before the camps were wholly completed they had their headquarters established in tents from which they dispensed good cheer, information, and other forms of assistance. One of their representatives accompanied each of the troop-trains that carried raw recruits to the new cantonments. He was of the type known as a "he man." Going into every car, he addressed the men informally, introducing himself and his work and telling them what the Y. M. C. A. stood ready to do. He gave them interesting and valuable information about the camp to which they were going, and told them something of the routine they would have to follow. It was in all cases a heartening talk.

After hearing it, the men realized that the new life on which they were entering would not be simply a continuous round of grinding discipline without any contact with the things they had been used to at home. Here was amelioration for the first sharp pangs of homesickness.

There are at this writing 178 army and navy stations at which the Y. M. C. A. operates in nearly 600 buildings. At the smallest of these stations there is one secretary, with a tent for headquarters; at the largest there are fourteen buildings, with a crew of secretaries at each. To appreciate the problems of the cantonments it must be remembered that their population is that of fair-sized cities, in some cases as great as 50,000. Many of them have from 25,000 to 35,000 men. Adequate service requires that the club buildings shall be distributed so as to be easy of access; it also requires efficient management, and, what is even more important, an understanding of men. When you take into consideration the number of different types, racial and personal, who meet on common ground at the Y. M. C. A. and K. of C. buildings, the spirit

that pervades them and the smoothness with which the work progresses are remarkable.

A typical bungalow, as the buildings are called, presents a reassuring picture to those who have feared for the social well-being of the boys in khaki. There is usually a big fireplace, where on cold days a big log fire crackles cheerfully. The rocking-chairs in the chimney-corner are occupied by men with books and magazines, and there is a pleasant aroma of "cut plug" burning in briar pipes. Toward the center of the room a victrola is pouring forth its soul in the latest ragtime ditty, or perhaps it is a grand opera selection, and at the desks near the windows there are men writing letters. They are indefatigable correspondents, these fighting men. It is estimated that more than a million letters a day are written by the soldiers and sailors on the stationery that is furnished free by the Y. M. C. A., one of the many indications that the home fires are kept burning. They get their stamps from one of the secretaries behind the desk, and mail their letters with him. From the same desk they buy

money-orders, over three quarters of a million dollars a month in the aggregate. This same secretary acts as guide, philosopher, and friend, his activities in the latter capacity covering a wide range. He may write a letter for an illiterate or engage in an impromptu debate with a college undergraduate as to the relative merits of Ibsen and Shaw; he may lead a Bible class or referee a boxing bout. He must be a good "mixer" first and last, but his gospel of the "glad hand" must have a rock foundation of genuine interest. Paternalism is a stranger to this work.

Part of the equipment of most of the buildings is a small auditorium where events such as amateur vaudeville entertainments, Bible classes, movie shows, basketball games, song services and sparring matches take place. It is the aim of the Y. M. C. A. to provide some vehicle by which every man may find a means of self-expression. This necessitates finding out in what field his capabilities lie, and it is very skilfully done. One of the means to that end is the "stunt night," when an extemporaneous

Receiving stationery and free materials at the Army Y. M. C. A. counter, Camp MacArthur, Waco, Texas

A friendly bout in one of the barracks at Camp Grant, Ill.

vaudeville show is arranged. Among its by-products is the development of talent for more ambitious productions, but its chief justification is that it is as good fun as "amateur night" at the neighborhood theater. I recall one occasion of the sort at a southern camp that brought joy to everyone present, including myself.

Two negro boys were putting on the gloves as I entered. Boxing is always a popular phase of these shows. The master of ceremonies, a Y. M. C. A. secretary, announced from the platform: "Gentlemen, I take pleasure in presenting Knockout Waite and One-Round Hogan in a three-round bout of two minutes each." There was wild applause from the spectators. Somewhere behind me a voice said: "If the little one butts the other in the stummick with his head—O boy!"

The bout began quietly, too quietly in fact, for there were cries of "Aw, mix it up," "Go get him," and the like, but whether those colored boys were tired after a strenuous day, or afraid of hurting each other, they stalled and clinched through three rounds of comedy boxing

that Mr. Frank Tinney could hardly equal. A laugh was pulled from the crowd between each round when another negro, acting in the capacity of trainer to both the fighters, fanned them vigorously with an army overcoat.

Then a tenor who felt himself a potential John McCormack, and who was evidently considered in the same light by his friends in the audience, sang "The Sunshine of Your Smile," "Where the River Shannon Flows," and "You 're as Welcome as the Flowers in May," and at the singer's invitation the listeners joined in the chorus. Even the men who did not know the words hummed the tune, and there was real harmony. As a sort of after-refrain there came murmurs of "Gimme a cigarette!" from the boys in the hall; then the scratching of matches. It was the most interesting audience from a racial standpoint that I had ever seen—a sprinkling of Jews, a few Slavic types, negroes, some Scandinavians, and a pronounced Gaelic element—raw material being fused in the crucible of democracy. I also saw the beginnings

of a community spirit among the men, most of whom would not recognize it by name.

Other extemporaneous numbers figured on the program. A tall, lanky fellow whistled "Listen to the Mocking Bird" without incurring the wrath of his fellows, a colored lad played ragtime on the piano so that every foot was set to tapping, and there was more boxing. As one of the boys remarked, it was a "large evening."

The occasion, however, was not unique. These and other entertainments are being held continually. There is always something doing in the "Y" buildings. Three times a week, as a general rule, there are movies—films with action, thrills, and just enough of what the men call "sob stuff." Your fighting man has a strong vein of sentiment. There are religious services that are so interesting that they bring out nearly as many men as the movies. There are illustrated lectures and there are "sings." Every evening in the week the men have somewhere to go.

In the larger camps there is a Y. M. C. A. auditorium seating from 2000 to 3000 people. It is a central hall for the big Y. M. C. A. events, and is separate from the "Liberty Theaters" built by the Commissions on Training Camp Activities. In it are held the entertainments, lectures, and other affairs that will draw men from all over the camp, and, like every other "Y" building, it is a busy place. In all the camps during the month of January, 1918, the total attendance at the Y. M. C. A. entertainments alone was 3,253,838. Except in a few rare instances, no admission is charged.

The matter of entertainments may rest here, to be treated more at length in another chapter. The subject illustrates a phase of Y. M. C. A. and K. of C. work in the camps that helps to show their atmosphere and influence.

Parallel activities in all lines, although of a narrower scope, are engaged in by the Knights of Columbus and the Jewish Board of Welfare. Both of these hold religious services in the Y. M. C. A. buildings, and there is a harmonious relation among them all. No discrimination as

to color or creed is made by any of them; the utmost tolerance is observed as to religious convictions.

From a census taken at one of the cantonments it was found that seventy-five per cent. of the soldiers were members of some church. The proportion may vary, but it is probable that these figures represent very nearly the average. This is not to suggest that the camps are centers of smug piety. They are far from puritanical. In the Knights of Columbus buildings there is a stage at one end of the club room where on Saturday evening a minstrel show will gather a crowd. Mass will be celebrated the next day from an altar at the back of the same platform that at other times is concealed by sliding doors. In the Y. M. C. A. buildings the same room is devoted to the exponents of the Apostles' Creed and the Marquis of Queensberry rules, often one and the same man. How does it work out?

I had a long talk with one of the Knights of Columbus secretaries, a man who had been a newspaper reporter and cartoonist in a large

city. He was a "live wire." He had seen all sides of life and met all kinds of people. He had a brand of slang quite his own, a sense of humor to match it, and a smile that could n't be eradicated. Under the bed in his combination private office and bedroom was a sizeable *cache* of cigarettes. "They 're for the boys," he said, "when they need cheering up." He told me with enthusiasm of the infinite variety of his work. "I teach one man how to box and another how to dance. Of course the Commission's boxing instructor gives them all they really need, but they want more. I make up a basketball team, if it lacks one player, write a letter for a chap who may be a little short on education, cheer up the downhearted, or possibly coach the men who are getting up a show. We gave one show here several weeks ago, and there was some real talent. The amateurs were good, but there were four professional vaudevillians as well. Right out of the ranks, too; you 'd know their names if I told you. Well, one of them came to me after a rehearsal and said, 'Mac, I have n't been to church for about

four years, and I want to get back in. How do I go about it?' I knew well enough it had been nearer fourteen years, but I did n't say a word. He 's one of the regulars at church service now."

The Jewish Welfare Board has erected fewer buildings in camps, but provides social, educational and religious programs. Even where buildings of their own are not available, the Jewish element never lacks places for religious observances, large or small. A Jewish soldier went up to a "Y" secretary at Camp Upton one Sunday morning.

"My father has come to see me and wanted to say a prayer before he goes back—if you could find a quiet corner somewhere?"

The building was crowded with a noisy flock of soldiers and their visitors from New York, even the small assembly room had been set aside temporarily as a rest room for women. But the secretary led the boy and his father to his own private office, and shut the door upon the two.

Personal service plays a large part in the

work of these organizations. At one of the camps not long ago a Y. M. C. A. secretary went over to the base hospital to see if he could do anything for the soldiers there. Three of them asked him to do errands, and in fulfilling these requests the secretary cheerfully walked eight miles.

A Detroit mother heard that her son was dying of smallpox in a certain camp. She had not heard from him in some time, so it was easy for her to believe such a wild report. Finally she called up the Y. M. C. A. on the long distance telephone, and inside of an hour received a definite message to the effect that her boy was in excellent health and had neglected to write home through carelessness. The lad wrote a letter that evening.

In an eastern camp one of the secretaries is a man whose financial rating is $40,000,000, but none of the soldiers know this and only a few of his associates. His wife comes each day to the camp and maintains a headquarters for mending. There are doubtless many similar instances. I know of one other, in particular,

where a millionaire has given up his business and gone into army Y. M. C. A. work, while his wife is acting as a volunteer worker in the Hostess House cafeteria. These people, as well as those who require the small stipend that goes with their positions, have taken up the work because they love it. For it is not a loafing job, and there is no glory in it, but there is satisfaction for the right kind of man.

The camp clubs are effectively bridging the gulf that lies between the recruits and their environment. By giving men a chance to express themselves, which is one of their strong points, they help to preserve their moral relationship with society. Among the mediums of self-expression is "Trench and Camp," the newspaper in which is chronicled the happenings of the week. There is an edition for each of the cantonments, and four of the eight pages are local, the rest being of general interest to soldiers. The men are invited to contribute to the columns, and some of the articles and cartoons show considerable talent. Out at Camp Kearney, California, an amusing incident oc-

curred when the newspaper was first established. Boxes were put up in each of the Y. M. C. A. buildings and placarded, "Contributions received here for 'Trench and Camp.'" When the editor made his rounds the next day in search of news, he found in one box a dime, a nickel, and two cents!

The magnitude of the Y. M. C. A. organization for army and navy camps is hardly realized by any who are not connected with it. Its workers in this country and overseas number 5181. The total annual business done in its canteens abroad amounts to $5,000,000 a month, which, I am told, is bigger than that of the company that operates America's greatest chain of five-and-ten-cent stores. It is also the largest single consumer of moving-picture films in this country. Over five hundred machines are in operation in the cantonments of the United States, all running from one to six nights a week, during which time between 4,000,000 and 5,000,000 feet of film are shown.

After the sinking of the steamship *Kansan*, which included in its cargo supplies for the

Y. M. C. A. huts abroad, the following order was received at headquarters: "Send 20 tons plain soap, 20 tons condensed milk, 10 tons chocolate, 5 tons cocoa, 2 tons tea, 5 tons coffee, 5 tons vanilla wafers, 50 tons sugar, 20 tons flour, 2 tons fruit essences, 2 tons lemonade powder, 120,000 Testaments, 120,000 hymn-books, tons of magazines and other literature, 30 tons writing-paper and envelopes, 50,000 folding chairs, 500 camp cots, 2000 blankets, 20 typewriters, 60 tents, 75 moving-picture machines, 200 phonographs, 5000 records, 1 ton ink blotters, $75,000 worth athletic goods, 30 automobiles and trucks." And the order was filled at once.

In the club life of the camps efficient business organization goes hand in hand with definite personal service. If there is any red tape in either the Y. M. C. A. or the K. of C., it does not come close enough to the soldier and sailors for them to discern the color. Organized friendship is a success; it makes better fighters.

CHAPTER III

ATHLETICS—EDUCATIONAL AND RECREATIVE

THERE are over a million men systematically engaged in athletic activity in the military training camps of this country, and the primary purpose of it all is to educate the men to be better fighting organisms. Incidentally, of course, there is recreational value to athletics. Indeed, it might be generalized that the aim of athletics in the training camps here is to *make* the men fit to fight, while "over there" it is a matter of *keeping* them fit to fight. In France and on the foreign seas, where the career of the soldier and sailor is extremely strenuous at times and deadly monotonous at others, the recreational value of sports naturally becomes more important than the training value. Men just out of the trenches after nerve-racking days amid flying bullets and bursting shells turn in-

stinctively to athletics for diversion. But at first the problem is distinctly one of educating body together with the mind along lines of offensive fighting.

Through the Commissions on Training Camp Activities the Government is encouraging and directing athletics in more than thirty-five army camps and half as many naval stations. The department of athletic work for the army is organized under the direction of Dr. Joseph E. Raycroft, professor of hygiene in Princeton University, and the responsibility for the organization and conduct of the work in each camp is delegated to carefully selected men of skill and experience. These were at first recognized as civilian aides on the staffs of the commanding officers, and their salaries were paid from government funds; but later many of these athletic directors were commissioned as officers of the regular army. There is close coöperation between them and the athletic representatives of the Y. M. C. A. and the Knights of Columbus who are working in the camps. Similarly, Walter Camp, the eminent foot-ball authority, has

charge of the athletic work for the Navy Department Commission on Training Camp Activities.

It is a big work, this organizing and directing the athletic activities of forty thousand men, and each of the divisional athletic officers has a man's size job. But the reactions are remarkable. Foot-ball, base-ball, basket-ball, soccer, boxing, track and field athletics—in fact, nearly all the sports known to Americans—are indulged in by all the men in training. Never before in the history of this country have so large a number of men engaged in athletics; never before has its physical welfare received such a stimulus. Narrow-chested clerks are making three-base hits on the same base-ball teams with college athletes, and lean-visaged philosophers are learning how to use their fists. The book-keeper and the street-car motorman come to grips on the foot-ball gridiron. Men are learning to get bumped, and not to mind it. The quality of persistence is being developed. High school and college men who have played upon foot-ball teams and the rest of the com-

paratively few among our young men who know what it is to be in personal conflict with another man are simply receiving further instruction in something which they have already experienced; but to the vast majority of the men in the army and navy it is something brand-new. To the mountaineer and the boy from the farm it is particularly a novelty. The contribution of athletics toward the developing of an aggressive fighting spirit is tremendous, and the development of this spirit, to say nothing of the purely physical benefit which the men get from the exercise, is a real addition to the military efficiency of those soldiers.

In addition to seasonal and recreational athletics, Walter Camp has gradually installed his short-hand setting-up exercises in the naval training stations. These he has devised from the most scientific physical culture plans of modern students, for the efficient development of the body. They are based upon the principle that proper setting-up exercises should exhilarate and strengthen instead of weakening and exhausting as was often the result of the old

systems. The men regard these exercises as an agreeable change from former calisthenics. Indeed, they have become enthusiasts on the subject.

Mr. Camp has introduced this new system with the authority of one who was for nearly three decades organizer of athletics at Yale and who has also been for a number of years Chairman of the Intercollegiate Rules Committee. A school for trained leaders in the new calisthenics is operated at the New Haven Naval Base where squads of officers and men come to receive instructions.

The most encouraging part of it all is that the men enjoy athletics keenly, and the coöperation of the officers is another factor that makes for its success. In this connection I give the following close paraphrase of a memorandum issued from the headquarters of one of the camps by order of the brigadier-general:

To provide an opportunity for every soldier in the camp to participate actively in at least one organized athletic sport and to provide a daily recreation period to vary the regularly prescribed physical drill, men

The high jump at Camp Upton, Long Island

Training to come to grips with the Hun

engaged in any of the five sports composing the all-point contest—that is, tug of war, basket-ball, volley-ball, soccer, and playground-ball—will be excused from participation in the daily physical drill, provided that at the same time they are engaged in games under the provision of the all-point contest.

The games will take place at the same time, and only for the period scheduled for physical drill. In order that too much time may not be wasted in going to and from the playing-fields for various games, athletic directors are authorized to confer immediately with regimental and organization commanders with a view to laying out playing-fields adjacent to the areas upon which organizations hold their physical-culture work; and further to assist the athletic directors, it is requested that organization commanders furnish them with a copy of the weekly schedule of military duty for their regiments showing times when physical drill work is scheduled.

Men forming these various teams will be required to be present for the games as regularly as if participating in the prescribed physical work.

Thus with better bodies are developed more alert minds. And if a spirit of emulation is fostered in competitive athletics, what will the result be on the battle field? Nothing coördinates the personal faculties needed in warfare

like the team-work that goes with organized athletics. In the inter-regimental and intercompany athletic contests one finds the same variety and concerted effort and team enthusiasm that characterize the college foot-ball game. There is one great difference, however, between college athletics and those of the army and navy. In the former it is the exceptional man who derives the benefit, while among the fighting forces it is everybody. University athletics develops champions; army and navy athletics develops the mass.

"The sports included in the camp curriculum, such as boxing, foot-ball, and other personal-contact games," says Dr. Raycroft, "have been selected primarily to prepare the men for the struggle to come, and the value of the athletic training they have received will be fully realized when they go "over the top." When the commission first began its work in this direction there was prevalent a well-defined belief that a soldier could be made by putting a man in uniform and teaching him the manual of arms. Our experience of the last ten months has

proved that athletics increases a man's fighting efficiency and naturally wholesome recreation follows.

"The value of work of this sort cannot be overestimated. In addition to the obvious physical benefits which are derived from participation in competitive athletics, there are three considerations of particular importance that are not generally understood.

"Boxing has great value in developing in the individual man the sense of confidence and aggressiveness that is generally desirable in a soldier, while it gives better than any other form of training a sound foundation for modern bayonet-fighting. Participation in recreative activities of an athletic nature is most valuable as a means of counteracting the necessary monotony of the professional training work and as a means of developing a group spirit and solidarity in the various units, while it was recently characterized by one of the leading authorities on mental and nervous diseases as one of the most important factors in preventing the occurrence of the condition known as 'shell shock.'

"A large percentage of the casualties on the modern battle-field are classified as 'shell shock,' though less than half of these are due to the immediate effect of concussion from high explosives. A considerable proportion of the men suffer merely from what is called the development of 'the anxiety state'—a state which we sometimes call getting stale, and which displays itself in a man in irritability and loss of appetite. Many soldiers go through pretty much that kind of experience. They lose their discrimination. Instead of being able to tell whether a shell which is going through the air is going to drop fifty yards away or near them, they are at a loss. They get 'jumpy.' They do not sleep. They do not eat. Gradually they lose their power to work and are dangerous persons to have about. It is dangerous to intrust them with any responsibilities if they are officers. It is extremely difficult for them to recover from such a state. One of the important factors in the prevention of the development of this condition is the opportunity for, and the habitual participation in, athletic activities. These do

not have to be highly organized, but they must be of the kind that stirs one up and takes him out of himself."

In one of the Western cantonments there is a big field where sixteen base-ball diamonds have been laid out, and it is not uncommon for sixteen games to be going on there simultaneously. Try to visualize this scene and what it means simply from the angle of clean sport, and then picture the activities of these men as fighters. What bomb-throwers those pitchers will make! How resourceful those first basemen will be in battle! How keen the catchers! Here is first aid to discipline, self-discipline at that. As an index of public interest, it is only necessary to mention that a foot-ball game between teams representing two Western camps brought in gate receipts of $40,000.

At another camp there are twenty-six foot-ball gridirons, with a seating capacity of eighteen thousand. Multiply the enthusiasm of a single game by twenty-six, and consider its effect on the morale of participants and the enthusiasm of spectators. Sports to-day are in-

deed being promoted on a scale that is unparalleled in history, and new conditions have given rise to a new emphasis on mass athletics. Games of soccer have frequently occurred in which four hundred players have participated, with from eight to ten balls in use. Two thousand men run cross-country races at one time. Within a week three thousand men in one naval station played base-ball.

Among the divisional athletic officers are some of the foremost athletic coaches in the country. To a man they are skilled organizers and directors and many of them have been star athletes in their undergraduate days. As might be expected, the caliber of these leaders is high. In civil life they were engineers, architects, deans of universities, lawyers, and important men of business.

The inspirational value of playing needs little exposition, but the parallel between playing and fighting may be illustrated in a number of ways. While playing soccer a man must be ready constantly to strike at the ball with either foot. In this way he naturally acquires a short

gait and a balance that will serve him in good stead in traversing the churned and furrowed surface of no-man's-land. It is a highly exhilarating game, combining the maximum of exercise and recreation with a training that will be exceedingly useful to the men when they meet the enemy.

The science of boxing, as Dr. Raycroft has pointed out, is intimately related to the business of bayonet-fighting. The sport of boxing develops the science. Incidentally, it is one of the most popular sports in camp and one of the cleanest. At a well-known New York club devoted to the arts one of the regular weekly dinners was followed by an informal discussion on the subject of boxing. It was a hobby of one of the members, and to prove his contention that it was not a brutalizing sport, he had arranged a few short bouts for the edification of those present. Among them was a clergyman, a middle-aged man, who had followed the discussion with interest, but looked as though he had no acquaintance with the subject at first hand.

After a five-round bout between two speedy

young middle-weights, the enthusiastic master of ceremonies turned to the clergyman and exclaimed:

"Well, what do you think of it! Is it brutal?"

And the clergyman replied with equal enthusiasm:

"It 's worth a ten-dollar bill to see a man who can take a blow in the face without getting mad."

Boxing teaches the manly art of self-control as well as that of self-defense. It also makes better bayonet-fighters. Nearly every blow and position has its counterpart in bayoneting. I have seen boxing lessons in camp given to one thousand men all at once, the class being directed by a man on a high stand. One thousand boxing lessons at the same time! I said to an officer standing by:

"How many of those men do you suppose have ever *struck* another man since they were boys?"

"Not ten per cent.," he answered, and I think he was right. The boxing which these men did

in friendly bouts later taught them what personal conflict was. One of these days the quickness and aggressiveness developed in this boxing will be the means of saving their lives.

The attack known as the "long point" in bayonet-work, for instance, corresponds to a "left lead" in boxing, and a blow of the butt of a gun to a "right-hand counter." The leg-work in executing a "chop" with the bayonet is very similar to what is known as a "Fitzsimmons' shift." The men learn to be quick on their feet. Nor is this merely theoretical. The Canadian troops who have been at the front report that the agility and quickness of eye gained in boxing is a valuable part of the soldier's equipment.

Detailed groups of men who have had previous knowledge of this sport have been trained by the boxing instructors to become their assistants. In many camps from two hundred to four hundred of these assistant boxing instructors have been developed and are giving instruction. The system reaches out to every man in the service. "I feel that the boxing instructor's place is with the division until we are ready to occupy

the trenches, and indeed afterward, to keep up their spirit and desire for personal combat among the men whenever quartered in billets; for his work among the men has reached their fighting spirit more than any one realizes at this time," said the commanding officer of one of the big army camps in an official report.

Moving-picture films that show in the most graphic manner possible the relation between boxing and bayonet-fighting have been prepared by the War Department Commission on Training Camp Activities and distributed for exhibition in the various National Army and National Guard cantonments to facilitate the work. The world's champion boxers posed for the pictures which illustrate in detail the proper way of starting and landing the different blows and how to put the full force of the body behind them. Their counterparts in bayoneting are demonstrated. "Bayoneting is boxing with a gun in your hands," is one of the expressive subtitles of the film, and then a famous boxer is shown starting a "left hook" for the head of another pugilist, while at the same time the bay-

oneteer uses the same movements in sending his bayonet toward the neck of an armed antagonist.

One of the boxing instructors—there is one in nearly every large training camp—marvels at the manner in which they respond to this instruction.

"It 's incredible," he says, "the way boxing has taken hold of the men. They 're simply wild over it. In the classes where I am explaining the blows and positions they hang on every word and watch my movements as a cat watches a mouse. The results of the instruction are plainly seen in the bouts the men hold in their barracks and camp-recreation buildings. Instead of lowering their heads and whaling away wildly in windmill fashion like novices, they square off and sail into one another with heads erect and their guards up just like real professionals."

Are you thinking that this training for bayonet-fighting may brutalize the men, your son or your husband, perhaps? Richardson Wright, in his "Letters to the Mother of a Soldier," says:

If you feel that jabbing six inches of cold steel into Germans will make brutes of Harry and his fellows, what would you think about him if he refused to do it? In times of peace the man who refuses to defend his fellow-man against the unjust and murderous assault of a thug is called a coward. How much more is he a coward who sees the bleeding and mutilated forms of outraged men and women and the ruins of their homes, and does not rush to their defense? This sort of bravery is what you gave the boy yourself . . . you taught him tenderness, unselfishness, loyalty, laughter, courage, and endurance, and with these things to play the great game. Put a bayonet in such a man's hands and tell him to kill the foe. He will kill not because he has a lust for blood, but because of the righteousness of the cause.

Besides the better-known sports, there is a great variety of games: Volley-ball, push-ball, medicine-ball, quoits, cross-country running, fencing, and, at the naval training stations in particular, swimming. At one of the stations it was found that more than fifty per cent. of the men were unable to swim, so the best instructors available were engaged. At least one half of the cantonments boast tennis-courts, and there are other evidences of the initiative of the vari-

Volley ball is a popular sport at all the camps

Winter sports at Camp Grant, Rockford, Ill.

ous divisions, regiments, and companies that are in the same category. When the camps are in Northern climates, the men indulge during the winter in such sports as skating, skeeing, and tobogganing. All of these indicate a concerted tendency toward healthful, worth-while diversions, fully as pronounced as, if not more than, in the universities.

One phase of camp athletics is hardly touched by the colleges—laughter-compelling games. This is important, for good humor is one of the vital elements of discipline. The games are popular, too. The men get a particular wild delight out of "swat tag." Twenty or thirty of them form a circle, standing with their hands behind their backs, palms up, facing toward the center of the circle. The man who is "it" holds a cotton-stuffed canvas bag about eighteen inches long by two inches thick. As he walks around the outside of the circle he places the bag in the hands of any of the players. As soon as a man has the bag thrust upon him he strikes with it at his neighbor on the right. The idea is for the right-hand neighbor of the man who

thus becomes "it" by receiving the bag to race around the circle and back to his former place before he is struck. The man who is "it" has the privilege of placing it in the hands of any of the players.

What does this simple game do for the man? It develops an extreme physical alertness. I have seen the game create a perfect wave of nerve tension among a circle of thirty newly drafted men. There was a big stimulus to avoid being hit. It put every man of them on his toes. Some of them were nettled, stung, when they were caught. To many of them it was a new sensation. One man was continually the butt. He was always getting thumped, and he reacted accordingly. He developed quickness; he developed a fighting spirit.

Another of these games has some of the same elements of boyish fun combined with real military value. A man stands in the center of a circle of troops and swings a twelve-foot rope with a weight on the end around the circumference as rapidly as possible. Each man in the circle has to jump as the rope approaches him,

and if he does not jump high enough to clear it, his legs get entangled, and he is thrown to the ground. It sounds simple, and it is; but I wish that you could see it done. Men get hysterical in their laughter when they see it, and, in fact, all of these games are equally mirth-provoking. They play leap-frog, prisoners'-base, and a dozen others their younger brothers have forgotten, *and they enjoy them.*

There are plenty of games of this sort that, besides promoting good feeling, develop self-control, agility, mental alertness, and initiative, all bases on which to build military efficiency. Moreover, men whose boyhood ended all too soon have an opportunity to play as they never played before.

It must not be forgotten that all this is a part of military training, and that the pleasure derived is something more than incidental. Muscle counts for little unless there are behind it driving force and control; apathy in an army or a navy is fatal. But the fighters who play and who laugh as they play are irresistible.

CHAPTER IV

THE FIGHTERS WHO SING

Glory, glory, hallelu-YUH!
Glory, glory, hallelu-YUH!
Glory, glory, hallelu-YUH!
As we go marching on.

THE way those sailor boys came out with the "YUH" was a caution.

Eight hundred of them had trooped into the armory at the Naval Training Station for a "sing." They had been drilling all the morning and a part of the afternoon on the "grinder," as they call the parade ground where they practise their evolutions, so that when they began the session with

Pack up your troubles in your old kit bag
And smile, smile, smile,

there was a noticeable lack of enthusiasm. You could hear the accompaniment all through it.

It seemed as though they would rather sit and listen to the sailor lad play the piano.

This phase did not last. The song-leader announced from the table on which he stood that he wanted them to sing "Where Do We Go From Here."

"Everybody sing!" he shouted. "If you don't sing, whistle, keep time with your feet, only do something. Now for some ginger!"

He raised his baton, the accompanist struck a chord, and then—

Where do we go from here, boys?
Where do we go from here?
Slip a pill to Kaiser Bill?
And make him shed a tear;
And when we see the enemy
We 'll chase him to the rear.
O joy! O BOY!
Where do we go from here?

This was better. Things were beginning to liven up. One of the bluejackets shouted, "O Jerry, give us 'Joan of Arc'!" Hardly any of the boys knew the song-leader's last name, and they would n't use it if they did. He is a civil-

ian appointed by the Navy Department Commission on Training Camp Activities, and like all the rest of the song-leaders, he gets his results through personality and the provision of inspiration. It would take more than a song-leader to make men sing, but he can make them want to.

So they sang "Joan of Arc," and there was a strong, patriotic thrill in the line

Come lead your France to victory,

sung to a measure of the *Marseillaise*. It was an earnest of what these men would do toward freeing the world of Prussianism. They sang it vigorously, joyously; theirs was the spirit of conquerors.

Then they sang "Old Black Joe," to give an outlet to harmonious inclinations, followed by the whimsical ditty whose chorus is—

Good-bye Ma, good-bye Pa,
Good-bye Mule with your old he-haw.
I may not know what the war 's about,
But you bet, by gosh, I 'll soon find out!
An' O my sweetheart, don't you fear,
I 'll bring you a king for a souvenir.

I 'll git you a Turk and a Kaiser, too,
An' that 's about all one feller can do!

A quickening of the spirit was apparent. The accompaniment got lost directly following the first chord; and finally when they sang

We 'll hang Bill Kaiser to a sour-apple tree

and the refrain of

Glory, glory, hallelu-YUH!

the very rafters vibrated in sympathy.

It took these men just forty-eight seconds to stack their camp-chairs and get back into line. When they counted off in fours there was a snap in their enunciation that had been absent before they began to sing, and as they marched out of the armory they stepped briskly. In their complete relaxation they forgot all about being tired. It was a graphic demonstration of the practical value of singing as an adjunct to the training of men for warfare.

A singing army is a cheerful one, and, other things being equal, a cheerful army is invincible. Therefore, as a definite part of camp drill it has

a distinct military value. Authorities do not lay stress upon it in the military textbooks, but they talk a good deal about morale and esprit de corps, on both of which singing has an immense influence.

A well-known officer said that, theoretically, music is a gratuity, a luxury; practically, it has proved itself to be a necessity. With these sentiments behind it—they are typical—army and navy singing is making tremendous progress, and the effects are already beginning to show.

Singing has long been recognized as an aid to efficiency, but it remained for the Commissions on Training Camp Activities to develop it in an army and navy with that end in view. A hundred years ago, when American shipping was paramount on the seven seas, the sailors before the mast sang their chanties as they pulled on the ropes or tugged at the windlass. Chanties were regarded as an aid to man power. They might be sentimental or dramatic or ribald—more often than not the words were as ungodly as the men who sang them—but they smacked of the salt sea, they promoted good feeling

among the crew, and they were an energizing influence. Those days are coming back. Not only has the inspiration and power of song been recognized by the War and Navy Departments, but to further it on board all the ships flying an American flag the United States Shipping Board Recruiting Service has appointed an official Chantey-Man for our merchant marine to help revive singing among our sailors.

It is natural for men to sing when they congregate in groups, almost as natural as are their gregarious instincts. Singing provides an outlet for their inherent desire for self-expression; it is likewise relaxation and also stimulation. If mass singing in the army and navy needs any justification by those who cannot see its broader, inspirational significance, it would be sufficient only to cite its physical effects.

"It is just as essential that the soldiers should know how to sing as that they should carry rifles and learn how to shoot them," said Major-General Leonard Wood. "Singing is one of the things they all should learn. It sounds odd to the ordinary person when you tell him every

soldier should be a singer, because the layman cannot reconcile singing with killing. But when you know these boys as I know them, you will realize how much it means to them to sing. There is n't anything in the world, even letters from home, that will raise a soldier's spirits like a good, catchy marching-tune."

Another officer says: "It is monotony that kills the men off. A man gets tired of drill, tired of doing the same thing in barracks, even tired of getting shot at. We need company leaders to teach the men new songs; we need instructors to show the men how to get up their own minstrel shows and dramatic entertainments. Everything that can be devised by way of wholesome amusement toward breaking up the monotony is a direct help in making better soldiers and in keeping the standards high."

The resourcefulness and enthusiasm of the individual song-leaders has resulted in the development of both social and military teamwork. There are plenty of incidents which go toward proving the statement, but one of the best of these occurred in a camp not over a hun-

dred miles from Boston. The song-leader had a small motor-car with space in the back for a folding organ. This enabled him to carry his work to the men in whatever part of the camp they happened to be. He had, moreover, a number of white oilcloth charts on which were lettered the words of the most popular songs.

One afternoon while on a trip through the camp the song-leader noticed about forty men pulling stumps. He saw at a glance that they were tired, dog-tired, in fact. Drawing up his car at the side of the road, he held a hurried conversation with the officer in charge. The officer was heard to say, "By all means, try it."

So the song-leader unrolled his charts and hung them on the side of the "flivver," told the men to sit down on the stumps they had been pulling, gave them a chord or two on the little organ, and suggested that they sing, "Yaaka Hula, Hickey Dula." They did. It began a trifle languidly, but the volume picked up after the first line, and they repeated the chorus twice. This was followed by that modern classic,

Keep your head down Al-le-mand,
Keep your head down Al-le-mand,
Last night by the pale moonlight,
I saw you, I saw you,
You were mending your broken wire,
When we opened with rapid fire,
If you want to see your fader in the faderland
Keep your head down Al-le-mand.

They fairly bawled it out. The transition from lassitude to energy was marked and sudden. They did n't want to stop, either. For fully twenty minutes they sang under the leadership of the song-coach, and as he left, the men cheered and the lieutenant yelled, "Come again!" They went back to their work, but they yanked out the stumps with a vigor that had been lacking before. From a distance the leader heard them singing as they worked,

Pull away, pull away, pull away, brave boys,
Pull away, pull away, the vict'ry 's ours.

"The victory is yours, all right," he said to himself, "but you don't want to forget that song is a mighty good ally."

A leader, describing his initial sing with the

sailors at Norfolk, shows in a similar manner the reactions of the men.

"When I started out," he says, "the men had just had a serious talk from the chaplain on the responsibilities of their new work, the dentists had been ministering to them all the morning, and the doctors had been at work with their serums. I was feeling a bit depressed myself, and when my accompanist failed to appear at the last minute, I wondered if I alone could bring back to normal all those woeful countenances. Ten minutes later the miracle had been wrought, but not by me—the song did the trick."

There has been a marked catholicity of taste in the kind of music chosen for camp singing. It is in keeping with the purpose of the Commissions that less attention is paid to the matter of what the men sing than to the more important consideration *that* they sing. The bulk of the songs are nothing classical; sometimes they are inclined toward the "roughhouse"; and yet one day in a southern camp I heard a group of thousands of men—almost a whole division—singing:

Mine eyes have seen the glory
Of the coming of the Lord,
He is trampling out the vineyard,
Where the grapes of wrath are stored;

and I felt no misgivings as to the wholesomeness of the sentiments of these singing fighters.

This breadth of choice is strongly in evidence in "Songs of the Soldiers and Sailors," the first song-book ever published by a government. When the Commissions inaugurated the song-coach system in the army and navy, they realized that unless there was some method of standardization, the soldiers and sailors from different parts of the United States would not know the same songs when they came together, so a conference of song-leaders was held under the auspices of the National Committee on Army and Navy Camp Music to compile a collection that would be composed of what the greatest number wanted to sing. The result is the little khaki-bound volume called "Songs for Soldiers and Sailors," which is on sale at the Post Exchanges at all of the camps. The price is five cents to those in the service, while civil-

ians may purchase it for ten. It contains songs of all sorts, from the National Anthem to "Send me a Curl," and contains such favorites as "Carry Me Back to Old Virginny," "Silver Threads Among the Gold," "Dixie," and a few of the best-known hymns. It is, I believe, the most remarkable song-book ever published.

Musical originality is being encouraged and developed at all of the camps. There are "song contests" in which the various regiments compete for prizes offered by public-spirited citizens, and in some of these some wonderfully good original songs have been sung for the first time by their composers. Among these are parodies, like the Camp Devens gem, "Where Do We Go From Ayer, Boys?" and many similar ditties, but others are wholly original, both words and music.

Mass singing is of great value in filling in periods of waiting. A crowd of marines were waiting in the "Y" auditorium at Quantico for a vaudeville show to begin. The performers were late. So the boys sang, and if the band

on the platform had not been more than ordinarily efficient, you would not have known it was there. They went through nearly the whole repertoire, singing from words that were thrown on a screen by a stereopticon. Then the "Hymn of the Marines" was announced, the 500 men rose to their feet, and they sang it gloriously.

The men sing on the march, they sing in their barracks, and they sing between the acts at the Liberty Theaters. For the most part it is spontaneous, first and last, but if it is not at first, it is certain to be in the end. I have seen groups of men in which there were a few whose faces indicated a grim resolve not to be forced to sing. Their attitude toward the song-leader was defiant. Presently, however, their feet began to keep time to the music surreptitiously, as though they were ashamed of it. The charm had begun to work. It hardly ever took longer than ten minutes for every one of those men to be singing as lustily as any in the group.

The song-leader at the Great Lakes Naval Training Station shows by the following inter-

The song leader conducting a big "sing" at the Great Lakes Naval Training Station

A regimental "sing" at Camp Wadsworth, Spartanburg, S. C.

esting synopsis what singing does for the fighting men:

I. The Unit
   1. Team-work
   2. Concerted action

II. Mental Discipline
   1. Memory
   2. Observation
   3. Initiative
   4. Definiteness
   5. Concentration
   6. Accuracy
   7. Punctual attack and action

III. Physical Benefits
   1. A strong back, chest, and lungs
   2. A throat less liable to infection
   3. Increased circulation helps to clear nasal cavities
   4. Strengthens and preserves voice

The following letter that I recently received from a lieutenant in France is one of the best

evidences of how singing promotes morale "over there." His men were taking a thirty-mile hike, and he had gone on ahead to find quarters for them.

"I had to parley-vous pretty fast for a few hours to get together a couple of tons of straw, enough firewood for a day or two, kitchens, local supply-rooms, orderly rooms, officers' rooms, water-supply, and so on. But I was all ready when the column arrived, and they all had a hot meal that night and half a bundle of straw to sleep on. The general and the colonel were both there when I met the column and began dropping the men off in their billets—ten here, fifteen there, and so on through the village.

"And they were singing, too, when they came in, the poor kids! Not much of a rollicking, boisterous song, but still a song. They were woefully tired, but wouldn't quit—eighteen miles the first day and twelve the second; long, hard marches with heavy packs, steel helmets, gas masks, and the odds and ends of much equipment weighing seventy or eighty pounds. Their feet were so blistered that they could

hardly hobble along. And the next day they were very proud of themselves for finishing! They were nothing but kids, but they had a spirit that brings tears to your eyes!"

Inspiration, the greatest force of music, is, of course, taken for granted. In this connection it is well worth noting that General Pershing has asked for the organization of American bands of forty-five musicians, after the pattern of the French bands of fifty pieces, in addition to a field-music corps of thirty-six drummers and trumpeters. Instrumental music is receiving a great impetus, as well as singing, in the army and navy. Regimental bands are progressing beyond the ability to carry a blaring tune.

The War Department Commission on Training Camp Activities believes that the endorsement of General Pershing and his recognition of the inferiority of American bands, in comparison with those of France, will go a long way toward the improvement of this branch of the service. The narrow field to which our government musicians have been restricted has not

tended toward the development of such splendid concert bands as can be heard in any part of Europe. As examples, there are the Coldstream Guards of London, the Royal Scottish Highlanders of Edinburgh, the Guard Republicaine of Paris, the Municipal Band and Royal Carabinieri of Rome, and even the bands of the Bavarian army that were stationed at Munich. We have only one government band that can compare with these European bands—the Marine Band of Washington. But the war is gradually bringing about a true realization of the value of music as a factor in increasing a man's fighting efficiency, and the approval of General Pershing will stimulate this feeling and help us greatly in accomplishing our purpose.

Patriotism is no hollow, empty thing. It wins battles. And the music, be it instrumental or vocal, that awakens it and feeds it is scarcely less potent than high explosives. At sunset, when the colors are lowered and the bugles blow "Retreat," you can best sense its true meaning. The most matter-of-fact man in the world, the oldest officer in the service, and the

newest recruit—all stand at rigid attention as the band plays "The Star Spangled Banner."

Our boys are singing. A singing army is invincible.

CHAPTER V

WHAT THEY READ—AND WHY

WHAT do our soldiers read?

You might as well ask what the people of Fresno, California, or Madison, Wisconsin, or East Orange, New Jersey, read. In an army of a million and a half men selected from all strata of society and from every walk of life, there are bound to be as many varieties of taste as in a like number of civilians. And yet, strange as it may seem at first glance, the fact that they are soldiers does make a difference. I have talked with Dr. Herbert Putnam, Librarian of Congress and General Director of the Library War Service, and with many other representatives of the American Library Association, including camp librarians, and they are unanimous in their statement that the American soldier of to-day reads a higher class of books than the average American citizen.

In supplying the normalities of life to the fighting men, a program that omitted provision for the adequate distribution of good reading-matter would have been as anomalous as a uniform without a man in it. Hence, this work, delegated to the American Library Association on account of its eminent fitness for it, is a complement without which the activities of the commissions would be far from complete. That the public has realized this is shown by the fact that when, in September, 1917, they were asked for a million dollars with which to buy books and build camp-libraries, they subscribed over a million and a half dollars.

Burton E. Stevenson, well-known author and librarian at Camp Sherman, sums up the purpose and spirit of the work exactly when he says:

"Camp-library service has been established with just one purpose, that is, to help win the war. There are three ways in which it can help: first, by helping to maintain the morale of the men by providing them with interesting and entertaining reading-matter to help tide

over the moments of loneliness and depression that come to everyone; second, by helping to educate them concerning the causes and purposes of the war, and to make them realize that they are not fighting France's fight, England's fight, or Italy's fight, but America's fight; that it is not Belgium or England or France that Germany is seeking to destroy, but the ideals and principles that form the foundation stones of this American Republic; and third, by providing the men with special technical books along their several lines, thus making them better and more efficient soldiers."

At this writing there are thirty-three library buildings which have been erected with the $320,000 given by the Carnegie Corporation for the purpose. The one at the Great Lakes Naval Training Station was paid for by an anonymous gift of $10,000. At least two more are in prospect. They are roomy, wooden buildings about one hundred feet long and forty feet in width, and, as they were designed by a library architect, they are well adapted to their purpose. They are comfortable, too, and, better than that,

Camp Library at Camp Lewis, Wash.

Camp Library at Camp Sherman, Chillicothe, Ohio

a spirit of helpfulness and hospitality is present at all times.

"The more at home the men feel, the better pleased I am," said one of the librarians to me.

"Do you prohibit smoking in the building?" I asked.

"Certainly *not*," he replied. "Why should I? This is a library for men, a special kind of a library, and its informality widens its sphere of usefulness."

These libraries are conducted on a plan similar to those in towns, but there are variations that promote a freer use and a more widespread circulation of the books. Besides the central building in each camp, branches are maintained at the Y. M. C. A. and K. of C. huts, in the Post Exchanges, at the base hospital, and at other convenient points. At these branches the soldiers can get books at any hour of the day or evening, and they are so arranged that they can change their books by the "honor system," merely a matter of leaving a memorandum on the book-card.

There is hardly any more formality at the library building itself. The librarian presides at the desk, helps the men select suitable reading-matter, or attends to the hundred and one details that in civilian affairs would be given to a clerk to handle. For library work in the camps is no sinecure. Except for those who can afford to give their services, the librarian-in-chief receives a salary of only $1200 a year, and he is on duty nearly all of the time, as are also his assistants. Their sleeping apartments are in one end of the building in which they work.

In the number of books circulated, fiction holds the first place. That is natural. A good story helps to tide over the unoccupied moments, when the stoutest heart is apt to sink. But running fiction a close second are books of pure and applied science. Men are being called to unaccustomed tasks, and that they may be the better fitted for them, they are doing a vast amount of studying and "reading up." Books on various kinds of machinery, gasoline-engines, aëroplanes, electricity, and chemistry

are in constant demand, and any book not on the shelves that is really needed is provided by actual purchase.

Among the books in one day's circulation at Camp Meade the following subjects were represented: French history, mechanics, topography and strategy in war, self-propelled vehicles, hand-grenades, field-entrenchments, bridges, chemistry, physics, astronomy, geology, hydraulics, electricity, medieval history, civil engineering, geography, American history, surveying, materials of construction, general history, masonry and concrete.

The training camp of to-day, in fact, is not essentially different from a big university, but the men work and study a good deal harder in the training camps than they would in a university. This war is a highly specialized affair. It is a modern science which men must learn by studious application to the problems of drill and trench, and so they acquire the habit of study and close application. Army life to-day, and navy life, too, for that matter, furnishes a tremendous incentive to study, and the en-

thusiasm with which it is taken advantage of is an encouraging sign for the future.

One of the librarians wrote to headquarters: "We want all kinds of engineering hand-books, mechanics hand-books, books on sanitary engineering, and books on all branches of the service. They cannot be too technical to suit the men. You will be interested to know how quickly the newly-purchased books are snapped up. Of the six copies of Thompson's "Electricity," four are out now, and they were out within a week after they were ready."

A rather amusing incident is told by Mr. Burton Stevenson to indicate the high standard required by the soldiers.

"The system of book-requests that has been installed at many of the camp libraries," he says, "has rendered valuable service—aside from its immediate function of getting the books into the hands of those who want them—in giving accurate information as to the books really in demand. Many of them are, of course, for books of the lighter and more popular type—juveniles, to all intents and purposes—but at

the other extreme was the request of a man for a book on motors. He was shown the best and most advanced book the librarian possessed.

" 'Why, I made the drawings for that book,' he said, 'I want something better than that.' "

Another phase of the soldiers' reading is illustrated by a private in a Texas camp who made a request for books on intensive agriculture. The librarian was interested in men first and books afterward, so he drew him out on the subject of his preference in reading.

"It 's this way," the man said. "I 'm a farmer. My dad has a truck-farm just outside of Houston, and he sent me to agricultural school to learn the up-to-date methods. I 've simply got to read these things and keep abreast of the times, so that when I get through soldiering I 'll know how to handle a cultivator. And say, have you got David Grayson's 'Adventures in Contentment'?"

At Camp Johnston, near Jacksonville, Florida, where there are stationed about twenty-five thousand men, all of whom are connected with the Quartermaster's Corps, the camp library is

of special interest. Its book-catalogue looks like that of a university, for the books are more largely scientific and practical than in any other camp. Besides technical topics like mechanical and civil engineering, the books include such subjects as accounting, the making and repairing of various sorts of equipment, care of horses, transportation, and the like.

The growth of the reading habit among soldiers and sailors has brought to light an interesting contradiction to the generally accepted theory that among a group of individuals the leveling process is a leveling downward. The men in camp who are readers stimulate by their example the interest of those who are not.

"Have you read this story?" asks Private X—— of Private Y——.

"Naw," replied Private Y——; "I never read a book through in me life."

"Well, y'oughta read this one. It 's better'n any movie-show y' ever saw; it 's a bear!"

Thus does Private Y—— get an incentive to taste the joys of literature. There is a tendency toward a leveling upward.

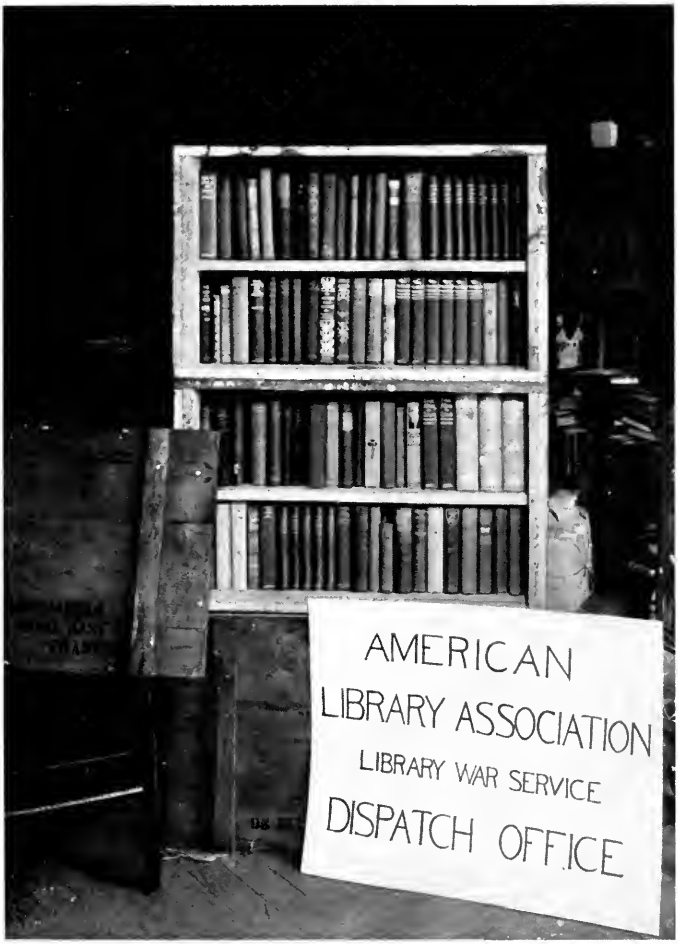
Aside from technical subjects, other informational subjects that are popular in camp include those on travel, especially in France, histories of France, Germany, and the United States, and books dealing with the war. Among the last named are those that make clear the causes and issues of the war—President Wilson's works are much read—and narratives of personal experiences. Empey's "Over the Top" is, I am told, the most popular book in the army, and ex-Ambassador Gerard's "My Four Years in Germany" is also in great demand.

Poetry has a considerable circulation in the camps, from Keats and Shelley to anthologies of old favorites like "Heart Throbs." One man will request a volume of Shakespeare and another the very modern poems of Robert Service; and, thanks to the generosity of the American public, these requirements can generally be met.

The men, as a rule, like their fiction to be exciting. Detective stories, tales of adventure, and thrilling love-stories are read until they are

dog-eared. Thus, Jack London, Rudyard Kipling, Edgar Allan Poe, Rider Haggard, and Alexander Dumas, as well as O. Henry, Harold Bell Wright, and E. Phillips Oppenheim are among the favorite authors in camp. Curiously enough, there is quite a steady demand for boys' books. Requests for juveniles generally come from men whose educational advantages have been retarded. The books are easy to read, and many of them are highly entertaining. Some, like "Huckleberry Finn," are classics as well.

Most of the fiction has been supplied by gifts, and the majority of it is of a surprisingly high quality. When the appeal for books for the soldiers and sailors came, there was, of course, a certain number of people who considered it a heaven-born opportunity to unload all the undesirable books in their libraries. And so, among the half-million or so volumes that were at first contributed, there was a choice collection of school-readers half a century old, annual reports of cattle-breeders' associations, files of undertakers' trade papers, copies of the "Elsie" books, and volume after volume of salacious



Special cases for the shipment of books to our men overseas

The Sailors' Club at Coddington Point, Newport, R. I.

fiction as offensive as a German *minenwerfer* bomb. Teutonic efficiency also succeeded in placing books of propaganda in the receiving stations, but these, as well as the foregoing, did not reach the camps.

In the basement beneath the dome of the Congressional Library at Washington I had an opportunity to examine some hundreds of contributed books that had been made ready to ship to one of the camps. The librarian in charge told me that they were characteristic. They included whole sets of encyclopedias in good condition, excellent editions of the classics, and a preponderance of the better sort of present-day fiction. Scientific books were in the minority; these have to be provided mainly by special purchase. Young women connected with the library were working evenings to get these books ready for the soldiers, donating their services.

Thus far I have spoken only of libraries in the training camps, but that is not to say that the work ends there. It extends to scores of smaller posts and to innumerable warships,

patrol-vessels, and transports. Down near the Hoboken water-front, where the ships that were German sail from docks that were German after being loaded with soldiers who are American, there are three saloons that suddenly lost their usefulness when war was declared. To-day those erstwhile places of entertainment are the scenes of well-ordered activity, for there the American Library Association has established a despatch-station from which books are sent on board the ships that are going to France. A similar despatch-office has been established at Newport News in a building constructed for the purpose. These despatch-offices are to handle the bulk of the overseas shipments, including those to the American naval bases abroad.

The Hoboken office looks like the shipping-room of a big publishing house that is doing a land-office business. Cases of uniform size, each holding fifty books, are filled with a well-rounded selection of volumes and put aboard the ships. They are marked "On Deck" so that they will not be stowed in the hold, and each one is so fitted with bolts that when there

are several, they can be fastened together in the form of a bookcase. On the voyage they are opened and read. When the ship docks, the covers are screwed on again and the boxes turned over to the Y. M. C. A., the Red Cross, the Salvation Army, and the army chaplains for distribution as needed, all under general direction of representatives of the Library Association itself, already in France for the purpose. Enclosed in each box is the following letter:

TO THE ONE IN CHARGE:

This box can be used as a bookcase. It will be most convenient to leave the books in it, saving the front and screws for use when returning the books to the source of supply.

Some one should be appointed to take charge of the books and to issue them to borrowers, though he need not be held to a strict accountability for the loss of some of the volumes. They should, however, be looked after as carefully as circumstances permit. The charging-card inside the back cover will help greatly in this. When a book is taken away, the borrower should take the card from the pocket inside the back cover, write on it in the spaces provided the date and his name (and when necessary his company and regiment), and deposit the card in a receptacle

provided for that purpose. It will save trouble if the book-cards of the books in use are kept in alphabetical order, according to the authors' names.

Before a book is returned to the case its card must be replaced in the pocket, so that no charge may remain against a man who has brought his book back. It will be well to explain this simple arrangement to the men who have access to these volumes.

When this box of books is no longer of use here, screw on the front cover and return to the souree of supply (for example, the nearest Y. M. C. A. or Knights of Columbus Headquarters) with a request for others.

AMERICAN LIBRARY ASSOCIATION

WAR SERVICE COMMITTEE

Thus it can be seen that the service is without any "red tape" and is designed to meet the widest possible requirements. Some of these books will go to the hospitals, and even to the trench dugouts. Probably thousands will be lost, and it is not expected that any will be returned to this country. But they will have served their purpose: they will have saved lives, and they will have made better soldiers and sailors.

CHAPTER VI

ENTERTAINMENT IN CAMP

A CERTAIN general in a southern cantonment reported that covering a period of three weeks, while seventy per cent. of the men *could* have had leave from the camp, only thirty per cent. availed themselves of the privilege. The meaning of this is clear: that camp was more attractive than the adjacent towns. The boys knew there would be more doing, at less cost, right in their own Liberty Theater, the Y. M. C. A. and K. of C. bungalows, and even in the barracks, than in any of the communities nearby.

Although the camp communities of the country are doing wonders in entertaining men on leave, nevertheless Uncle Sam, like many another wise guardian, began by making home attractive for his nephews. Working through the

War Department Commission on Training Camp Activities, he provided each of the sixteen National Army camps with a theater having a seating capacity of three thousand and a stage accommodating the scenery of plays classed as "Broadway productions." These playhouses are built of wood, but they have been constructed along modern lines and embody every detail that makes for quick and easy emptying in case of fire. There is no balcony, except in the case of one theater, the aisles and spaces between the rows of seats are wide, and the exits are many. There are real footlights, dressing-rooms with running hot and cold water, a complete equipment of tackle for handling drops, flies, and wings, and an outfit of regulation "sets," so that any ordinary play may be staged without extra scenery or properties. In the winter both auditorium and stage are warmed by large heaters.

The doors open early, but not before a long queue of soldiers has collected at the entrance, waiting for first choice of the unreserved seats. They are an orderly crowd, although an expect-

ant one, and in the glare of the big electric sign in front of the theater there is enough life and action to remind a New York soldier of the Hippodrome just before a Saturday night performance. One element is lacking, however, and that is the ticket speculators. When the doors are opened you will notice that the men pay their way in with coupons from little books, the celebrated "Smileage Books," by virtue of which one may provide his soldier friend with from four to twenty admissions to the shows that visit the camps. Those who have invested their dollar or their five dollars in "smileage" would wish no better return than to see the final test of its efficacy at one of the Liberty Theaters.

While the audience is being seated by the soldiers detailed as ushers, the regimental band that will officiate as orchestra stops in front of the theater on its way in and plays two or three selections just by way of livening up the occasion. Vociferous applause greets them as they file in and take their places in the orchestra pit. It is quite like a small-town theater-gathering.

The reserved seats begin to fill up. Officers

arrive, the band plays a rousing overture, and the curtain rises. After that it is hard for a soldier to realize that he is in camp, which is the exact effect aimed at by the Commission in developing the Liberty Theater idea.

Tension such as the fighter experiences needs relaxing just as surely as a bow needs to be unstrung when it is not in use. Equally certain is it that relaxation in some form will be found by these men. The theater is safe, inexpensive, and uplifting. Does it need any further justification as a promoter of morale, and, in its last analysis, fighting efficiency?

But better than merely giving the boy a good time is the other rôle played by the Liberty Theater. Helping the boys to make their own good times is a part of their field of usefulness. They are the town-halls of these military communities, and as such they serve for a variety of uses. In many a regiment there is talent enough, professional and amateur, from which to organize and produce a high-class minstrel show or other entertainment, and these can be held in the theater. The Commission is secur-

ing for each Liberty Theater a man who has had experience in coaching amateur dramatics, preferably one who has directed productions in men's colleges. He will mix with the men, ferret out talent, both latent and developed, and keep the community interest at a high point. By all this the Commission is trying to make the soldiers self-amusing, so that when they get to France and have few or no facilities for theatricals they will be able to entertain themselves. In fact, both the theater managers and dramatic coaches are charged with the responsibility of developing leaders for this work among the men themselves. In addition to dramatics, the more important athletic exhibitions, lectures, and moving-picture shows are given there. Big "sing-songs," with the song-coach leading from the stage and three thousand performers seated in the auditorium, are another phase of its utility. It is, in fact, a civic center of the camp.

Provision is being made as rapidly as possible for entertainments of various kinds at naval training stations and smaller camps. At every one there are "movies," and each Liberty Thea-

ter is also equipped with a projection-machine. The best and latest "feature films" procurable are run, and they always draw a crowd, for although they are carefully censored, the censorship has been exercised merely on the maudlin, without interfering with red-blooded action, wholesome sentiment, and good humor.

Vaudeville is another form of entertainment popular at the Y. M. C. A. and K. of C. bungalows. It is supplied from outside sources and by the men themselves, the latter being the more enjoyable because the men know better what will "get across." There is a good deal of professional talent in the ranks, so that with their coaching and the natural ability that it brings out among the men, the entertainments produced are often of a high order.

Music plays an important part in these productions. There are excellent singers in every camp and many musicians who do not play in the bands. A Knights of Columbus secretary told me of a negro trooper who teased melody out of a cigar-box fiddle with one string, and of another in his company who drummed amaz-

ingly with thimbled fingers on an old washboard. One evening an officer who was passing the barracks beheld a negro on guard-duty, his gun over his shoulder, shuffling up and down in jig-time. From inside came the sound of a strange barbaric tune played with a most provocative syncopation. The officer stopped to watch. Finally the guard saw him. Overcome with mortification, he managed to salute. "Boss," he said, "it 's jest natchelly impossible for ma feet to behave when I hears that music playin'." Such talent as this does not go to waste when an entertainment is being arranged.

Unique among the cantonments in a number of ways is Camp Funston at Fort Riley, Kansas. With the largest number of troops in any of the camps, it is located at a considerable distance from any town large enough to assimilate the men on leave. Owing to this condition the Commission approved the granting of concessions to private amusement enterprises in a special zone within the camp. There are four blocks of establishments like those to which soldiers resort when they go to town, and as they

are all under Government supervision, their superiority is apparent. There are three theaters, including a motion-picture house seating 1500, a stock-company theater with a capacity of 2000, and the Liberty Theater. The billiard and pool hall has 150 tables, and it is not uncommon for all of them to be in use at once. There are restaurants, soda-fountains, cigar-stores, and even a bank; and there are a dozen other kinds of shops, among them a meat market where the soldiers can buy a slice of ham for a sandwich or a whole steer for a barbecue. Each of these features is a phase of the system for keeping men fit. They are linked thereby to the concerns of the civilian world and are provided with the personal comforts that are not a part of military equipment.

Best of all in the whole program of entertainment is the opportunity offered for soldiers and sailors to express themselves in the mediums to which they have been accustomed, or in something better. The most successful way of entertaining them is by giving them the means to entertain themselves.

CHAPTER VII

HOSTESS HOUSES

A LITTLE gray-haired woman came up to the main desk in one of the great, brown, home-like buildings known as Hostess Houses.

"I want to tell you," she said to the secretary, "how different my visit to-day has been from the last one. A week or so before this house was opened my daughter and I came down to camp and brought the babies to see their father."

The young woman at the desk looked sympathetic. She knew what that meant.

"Well," continued the visitor, "it was raining, too, and we were dumped off at the bus station in a sea of mud. We had n't the slightest idea how to find Henry. Finally a soldier directed us to his regimental headquarters, and we wandered about through mud and rain till

we found his company. There we were told that he was on duty and could not see us. So for two hours we sat on an old wet crackerbox outside the barracks. The babies were getting more tired and cross every minute. After about three hours Henry was relieved from duty, and we had a chance to talk with him for about fifteen minutes, but we were so exhausted and wet and cold that you can imagine it was n't much fun."

"It was quite different to-day, was n't it?" suggested the secretary.

"I should say it was! Fifteen minutes after we got off the train we stepped inside this splendid, home-like building with its cheerful welcome and its air of friendliness. My son was notified of our arrival by telephone and was with us within a few minutes. It was a wonderful afternoon. If you did nothing but furnish a place for visitors to sit, you would be doing a splendid piece of work, but you seem to have thought of everything, even toys for the children to play with."

This is one instance among many that serve to

show how important a place in the work of the Commissions on Training Camp Activities is being filled by the Hostess Houses. They are solving satisfactorily one of the most difficult problems they had to meet—what to do with the women. Women will flock to the training camps. They come by the thousands. Many of them are from the country and small towns, and some of them have never been away from home before. Few of them have any conception of camp conditions. They expect to go out and find the man they have come to visit by asking the first person they meet where he is, and, having found him, to stay with him for the length of their visit in camp. Wives spend their last cent traveling to camp, often with several small children to look after and loaded down with baskets of food from home, only to find that their husbands have already gone. A mother will learn of her son's serious illness in a camp-hospital halfway across the country and rush frantically to him, arriving in a state of exhaustion, to discover that the nearest stopping-place is ten miles from camp. Foolish young

girls, filled with the hysteria of wartime and eager to see and talk with the boys who are soon to go into battle, forget their normal prudence and rush to the camps without any idea of what they are going to do when they get there.

The urgency of the situation was brought to the attention of the War Council of the Young Women's Christian Association when it assembled in the summer of 1917, for this society had been intimately concerned with safeguarding the interests of women during more than fifty years of national peace. The War Council, numbering one hundred members, was formed to protect all women affected by the war. They signified their willingness to coöperate with the commissions by opening Hostess Houses within camps where they were desired by the commanding officers.

Work similar to that done through the Hostess House had been carried on successfully by the Y. W. C. A. at the San Francisco Exposition, where it had been found to fill a legitimate place. To their efforts in behalf of the women-

visitors there, in fact, was attributable much of the high moral tone of the exposition. In addition to this work, they maintained a building exclusively for the comfort and pleasure of the women who took part in the exposition. It was the first time, perhaps, that the well-being of women-jugglers and acrobats, snake-charmers, freaks, and the fortune-tellers of a show had received serious consideration.

A year ago last summer, during the Mexican trouble, the Y. W. C. A. sent women to San Antonio and El Paso, and to Douglas, Arizona, to meet abnormal social conditions among the thousands of young girls who flocked there. In Douglas, for instance, a town of less than twenty thousand inhabitants, they found girls of all races, colors, and conditions. Many of them could not speak English. Study clubs, gymnasium classes, and social organizations were formed among them. Any branch of Y. W. C. A. work that seemed applicable to their needs was established there. Older women became interested and came into the work, and the activities were finally broadened out to appeal to

women of all ages. One of the women-workers there told me that she had enrolled an active member one hundred and eight years of age and another only eight years old.

Since they had successfully met emergencies such as these, it was felt that the Y. W. C. A. was well fitted to take charge of similar work within the camps. Of the $5,000,000 fund with which they began their wartime activities, $1,500,000 was appropriated for Hostess Houses. There are about seventy of these buildings already in operation. Some of the larger cantonments have two, or even three where the number of negro troops makes one seem desirable for colored women.

When from thirty thousand to sixty thousand young men are gathered together in a training camp or station, where discipline of necessity disregards the individual and where each man is but a cog in the machinery of warfare, there is nothing on earth the majority of them want so much as to see their families and friends. Many of them are mere boys, especially those who have volunteered in the navy. A comfort-

able, cheerful spot where they may go and spend their time off with mothers, wives, or sweethearts has given a new meaning to life for them. After such a visit the boy goes back to the discipline of his man-made world with new courage and a new readiness to do his whole duty.

The Hostess House is usually built near the entrance of the cantonment or training-station, and is placed so as to be easily accessible to visitors. The buildings are like large bungalows and are a decided ornament to the camps. They vary in size according to the peculiar needs of the camps, but their general architectural plans are similar. Women-architects have had their construction in charge and have striven to attain the utmost degree of attractiveness inside and out. The plan for the building at Camp Gordon was entirely redrawn in order to save three fine old oak-trees. The main features of all Hostess Houses are also much the same. Everywhere the very heart of the house is the big chimney in the middle of the huge living-room, where in a double fireplace log-fires

burn when they are needed. There is a parcel checking-room, and a rest-room for women, out of which opens a fully-equipped nursery, for many babies are brought to see their soldier daddies. A cafeteria serves excellent food to all who arrive hungry, and this is the only part of the service for which any charge is made. The buildings are electric-lighted and steam-heated, as are also the broad sun-parlors, usually extending across two sides of the building.

Some of the women from the Hostess House meet every arriving train, to make sure that no woman is left to wander about the camp alone while seeking her soldier. With the "Travelers' Aid," whom the Commissions have asked to come into the railroad stations near the camps, these women are ready to render any assistance posssible to visitors and to take them to the Hostess House.

On visiting days and over the week-end every quiet corner of the big, attractive living-room holds its soldier with his girl, its man with his

A corner of the living room, Y. W. C. A. Hostess House, Camp Devens, Ayer, Mass.

The living room, large but homelike, in the Y. W. C. A. Hostess House, Camp Lewis, American Lake, Wash.

mother, a little family party, or a chattering group of young people. The settees and high-backed chairs, the cushioned rockers and divans are filled with cozy gossipers drawn up around the fireside. They linger together, these men and their folks, over a little supper brought from home and spread temptingly on one of the cafeteria tables. Some one at the piano will be playing an old haunting melody or a cheerful tune that makes a cheerful background for the conversation, and it is all surprisingly like the gathering together of a big, happy family. The ferns and potted plants, the bright, harmonious coloring of the chintz hangings, and bits of copper and brass lighten and brighten and lend a glow to the "mission" interior with its heavy-beamed ceiling and its substantial furnishings. The women in the Hostess Houses are not only trained to meet all sorts of emergencies, but are sympathetic and tireless in the mere routine of entertaining visitors. This alert personal interest, with never a suggestion of intrusion into the privacy of a family gathering, accounts,

I believe, as much as the inviting interior of these houses for their being christened "the home spot of the camp."

Here is a new handling of the human equation in the training of fighters, a matter that has always been the concern of the great masters of warfare, but which has never before been worked out to this degree. It cannot fail to have a salutary effect on even the crudest personality that comes within its influence. It helps to clarify the idea and the ideals of democracy, the principles for which these men of ours are fighting.

One evening about six o'clock I saw a weary-looking elderly couple sitting near the front door of one of the Hostess Houses, anxiously watching every man in uniform who appeared.

"Is there anything we can do for you?" one of the women finally asked them.

"Well, Miss," the old man replied, "we wrote him we was a-comin' and we 've waited here since noon. Finally his lieutenant said we 'd better come here to this place, and he would send the boy on over, but he ain't come yet.

We 'll have to be gettin' on back now before long to take the train."

The young woman went to the telephone and called up the headquarters of the man's battalion. In ten minutes the door burst open and a very boyish-looking soldier had an arm around each of his parents, while they laughed and wiped their eyes.

Dozens of such visits are arranged on visiting days by the secretary at the main desk. A young mother dragged herself wearily into one of the Hostess Houses and sank into the nearest chair.

"I 've come to show my baby to its father," she said. "He was called away before it was born, and I want to see him as soon as possible."

The secretary called up the father's regimental headquarters, and then put the woman to sleep on one of the couches in the rest-room. In a little while the husband came dashing eagerly across the parade-ground and into the room, asking for his wife and baby. He was led to the rest-room door, and the little family was left together.

You would have to spend a day in a Hostess House to get an idea of the number and kind of inquiries that reach the secretary's desk, ranging all the way from how to adopt a child to where a young officer can borrow a pair of riding-breeches for his girl. At the Camp Lewis house the average number of visitors is 2500 a day. Within two weeks 12,604 people were served in the cafeteria, 2577 women used the rest-room, 218 children were placed in the nursery, 424 women were put in touch with their relatives in camp, and 173 visitors made telephone calls.

When the first Hostess House was started at Plattsburg, it did not take very well with the army. Some of the older officers said that to have women in the camps was the last thing they wanted. It appeared like an attempt to bring feminine influence into the military environment of the camp. But it was interesting to note how, as soon as one house was in operation, the idea spread throughout the country, until now Mr. Fosdick frequently receives indignant letters from commanding officers who say they

have been discriminated against. It is doubtful if there will ever again be a United States Army Post without a Hostess House. The officers who at first said, "Send along anything you want to, but keep those Hostess Houses away," are now the warmest friends of the idea. They have seen how the buildings, if they did nothing else whatever, would more than justify their existence by furnishing a place for women who come to visit their relatives in the hospitals.

A rather gruff-looking captain dropped into the Hostess House in one of the camps just to see what the place was like. He was shown over the house, upstairs and down, and through the bedrooms and the emergency sleeping-quarters with its long row of cots for women who might be stranded in camp. He finally decided that he would stay to lunch. Afterward he sat by the fire watching various family groups. He saw a mother weep for joy over her son's fine appearance. He saw a young couple whispering together in a cozy corner, half-hidden by a big potted plant. A quartet had brought in their stringed instruments and were strumming

away merrily in another corner. Laughter and happiness and comfort were everywhere visible. Finally he went over and shook hands with the hostess.

"Madam," he said, "I was n't much for this place being put here, but now I see what it is doing. Some day you will wear a halo."

The houses were not opened with any idea of furnishing entertainments. Parties or any regular programs, it was considered, would interfere with the regular hospitality. It was not at first considered desirable to have music, either. The function of the Hostess House was simply to furnish a bright and cheerful home spot, but it is already filling many more needs that existed. The men have come to feel in a surprising sort of way that the Hostess House is their exclusive property. They know that they can always find a hearty welcome whenever they have a free hour and women to talk with them if they feel lonely. There are times when they like to go there and unburden their hearts. There are other times when they simply want to sit by the fire and read, or wish to play a

game of checkers with a pal. They come for a cup of hot coffee and a sandwich. "I 've come over to take a look at you all. It gives me courage for my exam," a young man going up for his commission remarked to one of the women. He had dropped in on his way to appear before the Examination Board, and he lingered to have something to eat. An hour or so later he came joyfully back to tell the good news that he had stood the physical test and to receive congratulations.

"And it 's all due to the way I come over here and feed up," he laughingly explained.

The Hostess House idea is stamped "Made in America," and America is the land where women are partners, not chattels. In carrying this atmosphere of chivalry toward women into the training camps of the army and navy, the Government is fostering one of the basic principles of a well-ordered democracy—the sanctity of the home.

"Just to get around and see women, you don't know what it means," I heard a boy remark only the other day. It was evidently his first visit

to the Hostess House. "Can I stand on the rug in front of the fireplace?" he asked. "It 's the first time I 've seen one in so long that I 've forgotten the feel of it under my feet." He finally exclaimed to the boy who was evidently showing him around: "Gosh, ain't it all nice and refined! I 'm coming here every day."

As it happened, I was standing near them when he was bashfully led to the door of the nursery. His gaze went in amazement from the toys ranged around the walls to the little pink quilts folded across the foot of the beds.

"I 'd forgotten," he said, "that there was any pink in the world!"

Home is coming to have a new significance to these men in camps. They are learning how much they like pink. The Hostess House is keeping alive a love of the finer things that are sometimes easily lost.

"I guess a lot of us would be awful reckless if it wa'n't for you people," a young soldier stopped at the desk to say on his way out. "You 've kep' some of us out of the guard house."

Groups of officers, as well, drop in for afternoon tea, and Y. M. C. A. representatives have an occasional big luncheon-conference in the cafeteria. It is a democratic place.

Out at Fort Benjamin Harrison one hundred and fifty officers arrived in camp in the middle of the afternoon, coming on a train that did not carry a diner. They were too late for mess, so they came directly to the Hostess House. That day all the help had quit, rather than be vaccinated, but the women went into the kitchen, and those men were sent away smiling, with plenty of hot coffee, sandwiches, and ice-cream under their belts.

"It was certainly just like home that day!" one of the women exclaimed. "And you know what home is with all the help gone and unexpected visitors arriving!"

Music is coming to have a place not at first planned in the Hostess Houses. Each one is provided with a piano and a victrola, and the men often bring their own banjos and ukeleles along with them. At Camp Lewis every Saturday afternoon the division adjutant details a

band to the Hostess House, and other bands from the different regiments play on the balcony three times a week. The grand piano is so much appreciated by the musicians in camp that they stand in line for the opportunity to play it.

A young man in Camp Jackson, South Carolina, came enthusiastically to the Hostess House with an idea. He had discovered a number of men in his company with fingers that itched for the touch of their favorite instruments. He thought that in many homes there would be mandolins, guitars, and other instruments that had been relegated to dusty attics after "John" or "Mary" had left home. He wanted the women to help him find these instruments and organize an orchestra. He was put into communication with a lady in Columbia who was both interested and resourceful, and within a few hours the nucleus of his equipment had been collected. It consisted of a piano, generously donated, a mandolin, a banjo, and a guitar or two. These men do not count on a long stay in camp, but when they go to the front they have arranged to have the Hostess House take

charge of the instruments until another orchestra can be organized in that company.

The demand for breakfast in some of the Hostess Houses has been so great that the cafeteria people are volunteering to do double time to provide it. They have seen the keen pleasure of the men over the hot cakes and coffee, ham and eggs. They come by hundreds on Sunday mornings, and there is always a number who, for one reason or another, do not have to stand reveille during the week, as well as officers not on regular duty.

At Camp Gordon a shopping service was inaugurated during the weeks preceding Christmas. The inquiry "What shall I buy?" came so often to the desk from men who had a limited amount to spend on presents that the Hostess House women arranged to select the gifts. They purchased six hundred in Atlanta, themselves furnishing attractive cards to accompany them, and attended to having them properly wrapped.

I think that the attitude of mind that the average enlisted man is acquiring toward the Y. W.

C. A. is illustrated admirably by the following incident. Two boys came to the Hostess House with the problem of what to do with a pal just out of the hospital and on a furlough. He had no family, and did not know where to go or what to do. They had advised him to go to town, get a comfortable room, and spend his time "taking in shows," to keep him cheered up. But shows did not seem to offer any particular attraction for him in his condition of general depression. They put the matter up to the women in charge, who went to town and found a gentleman and his wife who had been active in the community work for enlisted men. They gladly took him into their home on the footing of a son, and nursed him back to strength and cheerfulness. He came back to camp with a warm sense of having "folks" of his own.

"He feels that you women have saved his life by finding him that fine place to go," his pals reported, "and he 's all the time trying to find some way to show you how grateful he is."

No one ever thought of the Hostess House functioning in these ways until it began to do so.

On the veranda of the Hostess House at Camp Upton, Long Island

An evening with the Victrola, Y. W. C. A. Hostess House, Camp Gordon, Atlanta, Ga.

I have given these instances merely to show the place that it is filling in the daily lives of the men in the camps. Taking care of women will always be its chief aim, and the chief ministry of the women stationed there will always be to make visiting women comfortable. Many war-brides follow their husbands to camp and spend their days knitting together in the big living-room, waiting for their husbands to be relieved from duty and join them. Weddings take place there, too. At Camp Meade on one of the busiest of Saturday afternoons a young soldier whispered into the ear of one of the women that he and his girl had decided to get married, so could n't she help them. She could and she did. Hundreds of people were in the living-room, but until it was almost over none of them knew of the lively things that had suddenly begun to happen. One of the hostesses had come down by train that morning, bringing an armful of flowers with her. These were used to decorate one of the smaller rooms for the occasion, and also for a bridal bouquet. The couple, with the bride's mother and a small group of friends,

were waiting when the women brought the chaplain in. After the ceremony was over, the bridal party discovered a splendid surprise awaited them. They were escorted to a table where a wedding supper was served by an august colored trooper who, in civilian life, had been head-waiter at a large and fashionable hotel.

There is no limit to the variety of demands made on the hostesses, and some of them are amusing. One day an attractive but frivolous young girl made her way to the desk and said to the woman there, "I wish to go to France to drive a motor-car, or to do something like that. Of course I wish you to understand that I am willing to pay all of my own expenses, but I want you to tell me how I can do this, and if I must get married before I go." Close on her heels came a stout female who asked where the garage could be found. She said she had come to call on a gentleman friend, a chauffeur who had been drafted into the service.

The work of the Hostess Houses is most significant. The Young Women's Christian Asso-

ciation is making it not only possible, but charming for a man's people to come and see him as often as they can while he is still on this side of the Atlantic. They are keeping the memories of home alive in the man by supplying him with a substitute for home. Lieutenant-Colonel Xavier Reille, who was sent to this country by the French Government in connection with teaching our men trench-warfare, has expressed the hope that we may carry this institution to France before long.

"The Hostess House," he says, "would help to solve a big difficulty there, and I feel that it is going to be one of the ways in which our new allies will help us."

CHAPTER VIII

THE POST EXCHANGE

"DOLLARS for doughnuts, more dollars for pies, and still more dollars—thousands of them—for candy, are being spent here each week by the soldiers of New England's National Army. They eat more candy—almond-bars are their favorite—than the Government can buy. They devour whole mountains of doughnuts, miles and miles of 'hot dogs,' oceans of coffee, lakes of milk, and they spend their nickels and dimes and quarters and dollars for every conceivable what-not," said the "Boston Post" in commenting on the amazing amount of business done by the post exchanges at Camp Devens.

Post exchanges are the series of stores dotting the grounds of the National Army cantonments, where the soldier may purchase any of the small articles, from a button to a song-

book, that contribute to his content and comfort. Goods are sold here at lower prices than obtain in the cities, and the hundreds of thousands of dollars made by small trading on a vast scale are turned back again to the soldiers' coffers, for Uncle Sam is storekeeper.

Can you imagine a city having a population of forty thousand, containing theaters, libraries, and dance-halls, with never a sign of a shop in which to buy cigarettes or tobacco, sodas or chocolate, or soap, handkerchiefs, gloves, and boots?

Clothing, in a limited and exact amount, and three square meals a day are furnished by the Government, but the small appurtenances necessary to contentment are left to the individual inclination of each man. If he is fond of chewing gum after meals or in the habit of breaking the interim between lunch and dinner with a slice of apple pie, if he finds he has shaken his last bit of tooth-powder out of the can, if he wants a favorite magazine for his own, if he suddenly discovers a shortage in his stock of undercloth-ing, that is his own affair.

It would be a sorry affair if the Government, immersed in military preparations, washed its hands of the matter there. But just because the Government is immersed in military preparations—preparations from the conscious viewpoint that a contented army is a fighting army—it is right there that it effectively steps in.

There is nothing more personal about a human being than the small purchases that make up his daily necessities and luxuries. So it was quite natural that the War Department's Commission on Training Camp Activities should tackle the problem of supplying a half million men with shoestrings and sodas, with razor-blades, and writing-paper.

Now, if one visits a cantonment of the National Army, he will find a number of long, low buildings, about forty by one hundred feet, fully stocked with as many different articles as the village emporium, dear to the country recruit. It resembles, in a way, the brilliant collection of merchandise familiar to the city youth at the corner drug-store. Indeed, from a social

point of view, the post exchange is the exact counterpart of these intimate loitering-places. It fills a real need of the young American who is in the habit of casually dropping in, lighting a cigarette, and discussing the base-ball score with his particular pals.

At four o'clock in the afternoon, despite the big dinners due two hours later, there is a general rush to the post exchange for sweet crackers, apples, coffee, milk, and candy. Candy is the most popular, generally speaking, of the varied stock. The Division Exchange Officer at Camp Custer says: "Candy, primarily, seems to be a woman's commodity, but the amount of it consumed by the men in camp is astonishing. We have to order huge quantities to meet the demand." A noteworthy feature of the buying is that candy and other edibles, such as cookies and biscuits, have a larger selling value when put up in "glassine" or oiled paper than in cardboard boxes or packages.

At Camp Meade, Maryland, the articles most in demand are a huge cake that costs fifteen cents, which, as one of the men said, is a meal

in itself, and soft drinks. It is estimated that each exchange at Camp Devens, Massachusetts, sells one thousand pints of milk daily. The New Englanders are also fond of candy. They eat carloads of it, showing a preference for sweet chocolate. In fact, the man in training displays every characteristic of the American schoolboy off on a holiday with some pocket money.

In one way, though, the boy in camp has outgrown the boy in school. This is in his choice of delicacies. The ice-cream, milk, and nourishing chocolate he eats far exceeds his consumption of doughnuts, crullers, and pies. Pastries are not as good for the men as other foods, but the army doctors who keep a sharp lookout that Sammie shall not spoil his health by injudicious eating between meals do not object to them, so long as they are of the standard quality demanded by the army. Certain bottled temperance drinks have been barred, because they were found to contain drugs, and when there was an unreasonable use of cough-drops, the army physicians decided that all articles of

a medicinal nature should be excluded from the post exchange and confined strictly to the base-hospital.

There are from eleven to sixteen post exchanges in each camp, approximately one to each regiment. Each is in charge of a company officer, usually a lieutenant, aided by a steward and four or five attendants. In the most elaborately equipped exchange that I saw, in addition to the usual stock of edibles and notions, there was an endless variety of pennants and cushions, a clothing department where the soldier on leave could hastily replenish his wardrobe, a book-and-magazine section, a novelty gift-counter, and a jewelry-counter. The last two are very popular. Sentiment for home is greatly strengthened by the separation that military training entails, and it is frequently expressed by little gifts to the ones left behind. An article that has found favor with the men for this purpose is a handkerchief-case about a foot square, with some gay-colored silk on one side and an American flag on the other. In a short time four thousand of these were sold.

At the jewelry-counter are emblems, wrist-watches, and rings, especially rings for the men. I was told that engagement rings can also be purchased through the post exchange, and that both officers and men avail themselves of this privilege.

The exchanges for colored troops are much like those for the white soldiers as to their contents. They are identical in structure, with a greater preponderance of soft drinks, fewer pennants and books, and a smaller variety of toilet articles and knick-knacks. That the men are deeply interested in their possible acquisition of avoirdupois is also demonstrated in the post exchange. At one of the exchanges for colored troops there is a weighing-machine with a capacity of 2800 pennies. After it had been there three weeks, it was found to contain 2700 pennies. The agent was not due until four weeks had elapsed so they had to send for him to open the machine!

There are also traveling exchanges in the shape of well-laden motor-trucks. Each exchange has its truck, and when a particular regi-

ment hikes away and encamps at a short distance as a part of its training, the truck, like a good Samaritan, appears on the scene and offers welcome refreshment, both liquid and solid.

An astonishing demand is shown for other articles than food. At Camp Lee, Virginia, suitcases were placed on sale at $1.50, and sixty of them were bought within thirty minutes. When a special kind of army trunk was offered, the men stood in line to buy them. The amount of business done by the exchanges is due, no doubt, to the moderate prices maintained. It was assumed at the outset that greater profits could be made through extensive sales of commodities at a moderate price than through restricted trading in higher priced ones. This policy has been adhered to rigidly. Articles on sale in the post exchange never cost more than in city stores, and often are less. For instance, in the matter of officers' boots, while the officers do not benefit from the profits of the post exchange through regimental and company funds as the men do, still they decidedly benefit from being able to purchase boots at a reduction of

nine or ten dollars. At one exchange more than four hundred pairs of a certain kind of field-boot for which merchants were asking $26.00 in a nearby town were sold at $16.80, the cost plus five per cent. profit.

And yet the post exchanges make money. They make it at such a rate that the modern romance of big business seems tame beside what amounts to the largest chain of department stores in the country. Started without funds, they not only acquitted themselves of obligations in an amazingly short time, but could show swiftly increasing assets. Each exchange does a business of nearly $1000 a day, and when one remembers that there are from eleven to sixteen exchanges in each cantonment, it is easy to realize that the trade of a year mounts into the millions. Three months after the exchanges had begun operating the Division Exchange Officer in one cantonment reported that the Post Exchange owned large and complete stocks, had n't a creditor in the world, boasted a surplus of more than $200,000 and paid dividends.

What becomes of this aggregate, piled up

from the stream of Sammie's nickels, dimes, and quarters? By the Government's arrangement only Sammie profits. If he puts much into the post exchange, so does he get much out of it. Back into the company and regimental funds go the profits which are expended by their respective councils on whatever seems to be most needed by the unit. In the old days, when the enlisted man's ration allowance was twelve cents a day, the money was usually spent to elaborate the mess. Now, with a forty-cent allowance, there is small need of adding delicacies to the menu, and the larger part of the fund goes for extra living comforts, athletic equipment, and so on. In one cantonment, at the suggestion of the commanding officer, it has been decided to put aside the major part of the money as a tobacco fund to be used for smokes when the soldiers get "over there," the matter of procuring cigarettes being a much more difficult matter than here. One unit has bought musical instruments for their band, at an expenditure of $1700. Two other regiments have bought hundreds of dollars' worth of baseball equipment,

including uniforms for company and regimental teams. Spending small sums at a time for company affairs, such as dinners and dances, is another way the men have of eating and keeping the post exchange cake. The unexpected effect this arrangement sometimes creates was shown in an incident at Camp Custer. Shortly after the first exchange was opened there in a permanent building the business amounted to from $1200 to $2000 a day. At the time there was a large number of negroes among the eight thousand workmen used by the quartermaster and contractor. One evening, when all the windows were crowded with a mass of humanity trying to buy cigars, cigarettes, candy, soap, towels, etc., a negro workman yelled to the officer in charge:

"Say, boss, where do all de profits from dis yere business go?"

"Why, to the soldiers," the officer replied.

"Is dat so, boss? Well den, dey sure can call ma number any time!"

Besides giving the men in camp an opportunity to purchase necessities and luxuries at min-

imum cost and to share in the profits, the Post Exchange also makes it easy for the soldier to procure these comforts in a manner that contributes to his good standing. It extends credit to the soldier. What this means can be realized only by the man who finds his pockets empty with pay-day two weeks behind and requirements two weeks ahead. To many of the men, credit is a new experience. It is a convenience of which they are getting a first taste, and this contributes to their self-respect and self-esteem.

A sense of responsibility comes with the new privilege. This, again unlike the distinctions of private life, affects the man whose private income trebles his military wage, as well as the chap who counts his all in Government pay. One must plan his buying with discretion, for no one's credit exceeds one third of his pay. A tendency on the part of the novice to wade recklessly into a sea of debt is removed, and the careless habits acquired by sons of over-indulgent fathers are checked. As an incentive to

good behavior, even this credit is given only to the soldier whose conduct is good, and it ceases if he acquires a bad mark.

Credit is not given at all the camps, but where it is in vogue the exact amount to be extended to each individual is fixed by the company commander. Two-dollar coupon books containing twenty coupons are issued. When a man "goes broke," he applies to the company commander and signs a receipt for a coupon-book, after which the coupons are accepted as cash by the post exchange. On the following pay-day the exchange officer is present at the payment of the command, and he collects the whole amount due as shown by the signed receipts on the credit book. This debt is supposed to be settled voluntarily. If the soldier fails to meet it, credit is stopped until the debt is discharged. Officers, of course, are given credit, and may also cash their checks at the post exchange.

The post exchanges are not a new thing in military life, although the latest ones of the National Army camps differ in several respects from the older institutions of the Na-

tional Guard and Regular Army posts. The development of the post exchange is an interesting matter. Its beginnings were made during the Civil War, when certain civilians formed the practice of following the armies and selling soldiers whatever they would buy. These traveling merchants were known as "sutlers." To the sutler, the soldier was simply a customer. His interest in the soldier began and ended with the sale, and rarely did he stay long at one place. Whatever profit the sutler could make was his own, and few of them conducted their business at a loss.

Following the Civil War came the great opening of the West, and with it came the establishment of the "post trader" at army posts. These post traders also were civilians. Here, again, whatever they could make was their own, and they improved the opportunity briskly. The sale of liquor was permitted, and gradually it became the chief article of sale. In the early 70's the occupation of "post trader" was abolished, and the "canteen" was established under Government supervision. Here began the shar-

ing of the soldier in the profits of his own purchases. Beer and light wines were sold. The profits of the canteen went into the company mess. The canteen continued until 1901, but its activity was limited largely to the selling of beer and operating a restaurant. A few years after the Spanish-American War an Act of Congress was passed that prohibited the selling of liquor at the canteen, and the name was changed to "post exchange." The scope of the post exchange became vastly greater than that of the old canteen, and thoughtful provision was made to take care of the personal needs of the men. In this form they have continued, and to-day they exist in the Regular Army posts and National Guard camps.

But in setting out to establish almost instantly a chain of coöperative stores in each National Army cantonment, the commission found itself confronted with a difficult situation that required new provisions to meet the emergency. Under the old regulations, each unit made its own provisions for a post exchange. Funds to buy fixtures for the store and initial

stocks were secured by a gift, the proceeds of a base-ball game, or by subscription among the men. The delay involved in such procedure was not compatible with the urgency of the new situation. It was now necessary that supplies and equipment be bought for a number of stores in each cantonment without delay. Ordinarily, all exchanges are conducted on a strictly cash basis. These of the National Army had to inaugurate their career in a different way; they purchased their initial stocks on from sixty to ninety days' time from merchants who were convinced that the project was sound, on the assumption that, even with a small margin of profit, their vast sales would enable them to make good. This plan, indeed, justified itself, for it is a matter of record that, beginning with a capital of nothing, the post exchanges in an amazingly short time were paying dividends on a large scale.

Formerly, each regimental officer kept his own set of books and had direct commercial relations with jobber and manufacturer. Under the new circumstances, however, it was neces-

sary that the buying and expenditures of each camp be controlled by one central authority. This condition involved the creation of the post of Division Exchange Officer, and the commission set about enlisting the services of business men of assured qualifications, whom it recommended to the War Department for commissions as Division Exchange Officer with the rank of captain. A uniform system of accounting was also drawn up.

The exchanges are under the immediate management of the Division Exchange Officer, who, in turn, is under the jurisdiction of the exchange council, composed of commissioned representatives from the organizations that participate in their profits. The sixteen Division Exchange Officers include men who are known as "captains of industry" and who have left large commercial enterprises to help the Government give the soldiers a place to shop. They have succeeded in establishing chains of army stores that would do credit to any private corporation.

Unlike the privately-owned store, however, the post exchange holds for the boys in camp

an attraction that is peculiarly and entirely its own, just as each other commission activity is distinguished by a characteristic feature. For instance, the Library claims truly that it is the only *quiet* place where fellows can read; the Hostess House is the *only* place where a fellow can entertain his friends; and the Post Exchange, the fellows say, is the *only* place that is absolutely their own. They support it and share in its profits. Here they are their own guests.

The post exchange is a natural ice-breaker. It gives rise to many friendships and constantly strengthens them with its encouragement of the sociable habit of dropping in at a convenient place with one's cronies for some light refreshment between times. It corresponds to an important phase of civil life, and fills what would, otherwise be a definite gap by supplying the normalities of home to the men in camp.

CHAPTER IX

EDUCATIONAL WORK IN CAMP

BROADLY speaking, all military training is educational, but, strange as it may at first appear, education in its restricted sense, beginning with the three R's, is provided in the camps. It will be difficult for some people to understand why a soldier or a sailor needs to know anything besides the practice of fighting. Why must a man know how to read books, to write his name, and to figure sums? Do these help him to smash the Hindenburg line? And surely there can't be more than a dozen men in our whole army or navy who are unable to do these things!

Men of all kinds have been gathered in by the draft. They come from colleges, from shoe-stores, from iron-foundries, from sweat-shops, and from street-corners. Others come from farms and mines and the remote mountain dis-

tricts. Some of them speak and write the king's English; some, alas, the kaiser's German, with a strong American accent; and others anything, from a Russian dialect to Chinese.

It does not admit of argument that a soldier must understand the orders of his superiors; so it is a matter of basic efficiency to teach him English, if he has not learned it before coming into the service. The necessity of a man's being able to find his way from signboards about the camp makes it apparent that the ability to read is almost as important. It is possible for a fighter to draw his pay, even if he cannot write his name, but he can get it more quickly, as well as retain his self-respect, if he does n't have to go through the formality of having it written and making a cross, "his mark," after it. As to arithmetic, its rudiments are a great advantage to the man who would become a good marksman with a rifle.

These are the reasons, reduced to simplest terms, for educational work in the camps. In addition, it might be said that it promotes clear thinking, and it is almost axiomatic that the

more clearly a man thinks, the better he fights.

The percentage of illiteracy in this country is small, so that the greatest need for education of an elementary sort is among our foreign-born soldiers. Some of these have lived in colonies composed almost wholly of people of their own nationality, and, lacking the actual need of English, they have failed to learn it. They have been beyond the legal school age when they landed, and have had no opportunity or desire to improve themselves beyond the point of being able to make a living. Some of the men who come from the remote mountain districts of this country are also unable either to read or to write. Among them were draftees who, when they reached the cantonment, thought they had arrived in France!

The Commission's special educational committee is responsible for the work, much of which is directed by the Y. M. C. A. Desire for study among the men is stimulated. A secretary casually asks one of the men:

"How would the folks at home like to get a letter from you?"

Class in elementary English at an Army Y. M. C. A.

A class in trigonometry at Camp MacArthur, Waco, Texas

"Can't write," is the expected reply.

"You can learn; would you like to?" and another recruit is made a more useful member of democracy.

His people, who receive his letters when he learns to write them, may have to walk a mile to their nearest reading neighbor to hear the news they contain, but that is an unimportant detail, except that it may lead to their learning to read themselves.

In carrying the school-room to the cantonment, great care is exercised in regard to the sensitiveness of adults who are unable to read and write, and it is to the credit of the pupils that they show a fine purpose and spirit in their efforts. The teacher is cautioned to respect their feelings, and his success depends largely on the amount of tact that he displays. It is quite different from an ordinary class. The rigid discipline of the training field is relaxed, and the instructor meets his men on a basis of friendliness and confidence.

Methods have to be adapted to conditions, but in teaching English to foreigners the instructor

generally endeavors to motivate the lessons. For instance, he will ask the class to say in concert such sentences as: "I am a soldier of America"; "I am fighting for democracy"; "democracy is the rule of the people." The individual members repeat these phrases. Thus our new citizens learn both the language of the country and the meaning of its privileges. This system is applied to the requirements of the soldiers' everyday lives, so that they learn the names of the camp paraphernalia, what they eat and wear, and the meaning of military commands. The course is practical, first and last, and formal grammar and rhetoric have no place in it.

Among the principal texts used in the initial stages of instruction are "The Roberts Series," a course of lessons on military English prepared by George W. Tupper in collaboration with the military authorities of Camp Devens and Dr. Peter Roberts of the International Committee of the Y. M. C. A., and the "Soldier's First Book." The latter book was prepared by Mrs.

Cora Wilson Stewart, whose experience in work among the illiterate mountaineers of the South made her an authority. It teaches not only the rudiments of reading and writing, but ideals as well. It is a good-humored little book, too, as may be seen from the eighth lesson:

> Let us play a joke on a rookie.
> All right.
> What shall it be?
> Send him after a key.
> A key to what?
> A key to the parade-ground.
> Is that a joke?
> Can you not see it?
> No, I cannot.
> Did you ever see a key to a field?
> No. I see. The joke is on me.

In the book are reflected camp life and the ideals of a democracy, and it will help to preserve both on a high place. Other texts used carry out the same general idea through the various grades for which they are intended. The three R's are compulsory in most camps where they are necessary, but they are made

interesting and enjoyable, and there is less of discipline in the class-rooms than in the public schools.

So much for the elementary work. Education in the camps goes a long way beyond that. There are intermediate courses in history and geography that show the backgrounds and localities of the war. There are those that prepare men for transfer from one branch of the service to another, and for promotion. These include mathematics, report-writing, bookkeeping, stenography, typewriting, telegraphy (wire and wireless), telephony, engineering, navigation, warehousing, and scientific management. There are also college-grade courses along considerably higher lines; special courses, like public speaking, short-story writing, memory-training, and psychology; and university extension courses. Certainly, the characterization of the army and navy as "the larger university" was an apt one.

Then there is French, some knowledge of which is an undeniable asset to the fighter in France. In some camps it is a compulsory

study for selected groups of officers and men, but in all of them it is a popular one. At Camp Wadsworth recently it was found that ninety-two per cent. of the men desired it.

It is "trench French" that they are learning, rich in the vernacular of the *poilu*, and in the little text-book that they use, "Premier Secours," there are no reminders of high school French, such as, "I give the red copy-book to the aunt of my father." Instead, there are really usable words and phrases in regard to living, eating, traveling, fighting, and the like. The soldier learns that "*Je m'en fiche*" means, "I don't give a hang about it," and that when he would say to an American, "Beat it," he would tell a Frenchman, "*Fiche-moi la paix.*" A soldier in high school vernacular is a *soldat*, but in the trenches he is a *pioupiou*. Money is not *argent;* it is *la galette.*

There are other bits of vernacular in this book that are equally interesting. "I have pawned my watch" is rendered, "*Ma montre est chez ma tante,*" aunt being equivalent to the American "uncle" as a euphemism for

pawnbroker. *"Vous blaguez"* is French for "You 're kidding," and *"Qu'est-ce que vous me chantez lá?"* (What are you singing to me about?) is the equivalent for "What are you batting about?" Most of these phrases and expressions, it is perhaps needless to say, cannot be found in either the dictionary or grammar, but it is possible that one day they may be placed there. Camouflage was once a slang expression; now it is not only in good French usage, but it will doubtless find a place in the next English dictionary.

Other foreign languages than French are taught where there is a demand for them. Russian, Italian, Spanish, and even German are given to those who want them. In fact, a man can get instruction in almost any subject. One man asked for a course in embalming, and an instructor was found for him.

Instructors are recruited from all sources. Many men from the ranks are teaching French and other subjects, and occasionally you find an officer studying under one of the privates in his company. Men and women from nearby towns

volunteer their services for certain specified evenings, and a large proportion of the rest of the teachers are officers or Y. M. C. A. secretaries.

This educational work has another value distinct from any that I have previously mentioned. There are any number of splendidly educated men in the ranks who might otherwise be lonely for intellectual companionship. Officers cannot be chummy with their men, even in the most democratic army in the world, without running the risk of being charged with favoritism and placing themselves and the men in an anomalous position. One man in a company may be literary in his tastes, while the rest are decidedly the opposite. He may be on the best of terms with his fellows and share in their activities with real enjoyment, but there come times when he would be glad to match his wits with his mental equals, when he could refer to Dr. Johnson without having it thought that he referred to a near relative of a pugilist, or when he wished to discuss the new refutation of the Darwinian theory. Occasionally one likes to show

that he knows which fork to use at a dinner-party.

These men are given a chance to teach and to organize and conduct literary clubs or debating societies. They can attend the lectures and they can take advantage of the cultural courses that are offered.

In all the efforts along these lines the camp librarian coöperates to the utmost. He has the means of stimulating and fostering the interest of the men, and he uses them unsparingly. He will suggest reading correlative to the courses that are being pursued, reading courses that are partly cultural and partly recreative, or he will help a man to look up special information.

At this writing it is estimated that over 100,000 men are enrolled in the educational classes of Uncle Sam, the largest proportion being students of French. The number is growing, and the influence of this movement will never stop growing. It will help to crush Prussianism and it will help to strengthen democracy.

CHAPTER X

FITTING THE MAN TO THE COMMUNITY

A SAILOR lad lay on a davenport of the Soldiers' and Sailors' Home Club—one of the most homelike that New York has opened for the entertainment of fighting men; and one noted for a hospitality which extends even to furnishing departing visitors with a gift of four books each. The boy was suffering from badly over-strained eyes. The women of the club were discussing what was best to be done when the outer door opened and a stately servant in plum-colored and gilt-braided livery entered, bearing a large suit-case from one of the club's patronesses.

"More books, Thomas? Just wait a moment until we see what we can do for our sick sailor here."

Thomas waited while they discussed calling up the Navy Yard. They finally decided to

wait until afternoon on the chance of his getting better.

That afternoon Thomas came back.

"Pardon me, ma'am," he said, "but if I may make so bold, my wife was concerned about the young gentleman. You see we have a son of our own, and she ventured to send this along—" He dug down into his pocket and brought out a small bottle of camphor.

"She says camphor water, weak and warm, is soothing to the eyes."

In the beginning the Commissions on Training Camp Activities, realizing that one of their greatest problems was the adjustment of social conditions arising from the proximity of camps to cities, and from the shore leave of thousands of sailors, turned over to the Recreation Association of America the responsibility of fitting the men to the communities.

This organization was equal to the occasion. It sent out members of its staff to all cities in the United States that were adjacent to camps or cantonments under construction, with instruc-

tions to mobilize the hospitality of these places to aid the men of our new army and navy. This was done in a systematic and efficient manner. The chambers of commerce, boards of trade, rotary clubs, fraternal organizations, Y. M. C. A's., churches, and similar organizations were told what they could do toward making their communities attractive and safe for soldiers and sailors, and also toward anticipating difficulties that might arise from suddenly having forty thousand men unloaded at their doors.

It was the beginning of the biggest "get together" movement in history. It changed the attitude of hundreds of cities and towns. During a trip through the West last summer I heard business men discussing the stimulating effect that the cantonments would have on the communities near which they were to be located. "It 'll mean a lot to Atlanta," I heard a candy-manufacturer from that city say, and there were many similarly optimistic expressions all the way to the Pacific Coast.

Presently, however, the question was not, "What are the soldiers going to do for us?"

but "What can we do for the soldiers?" The War Camp Community Service, the name under which the city and town divisions are organized, began to develop into a living, pulsating, practical organism, and at this writing there are over one hundred and thirty secretaries in the field who are working toward the linking up of the interests of soldier and community. Two hundred cities and towns have taken up the service, and thousands upon thousands of volunteer workers are making this service possible. They have found out what they can do for the soldiers, and they are doing it.

Our army and navy comprises approximately a million and a half average American men. If, then, you are a reasonably normal American, you can judge fairly closely as to what your reactions to a week-end leave of absence would be after living for some time in a strictly military environment. You would, first of all, go to town. You would look up any friends that you might happen to have there, and you would be open to their suggestions as to amusement. You would seek a change from the food pro-

vided by Uncle Sam. Restaurants would give you a pleasing variety, but your thoughts could not help but wander to the subject of home-cooking.

But suppose that you were hundreds of miles from your home, and that you knew no one in the city near the camp. And suppose that your financial condition did not warrant your taking more than a five-dollar bill to defray the expenses incidental to your little jaunt. Is n't it likely that the glamor of the city would pale after a few hours? Is n't it possible that you might be tempted, because you were lonely and thought that nobody cared?

An antidote for loneliness and the blues has been provided by the Recreation Association of America, working through the various agencies that have rallied to its aid. The organization has evolved a remarkable system, a system with a personality. It proves that machinery may have a heart.

Census cards have been secured with the help of the commanding officers of the camps. On each one is a man's name, his church, frater-

nity, college, professional or trade affiliations; all of which make it possible to put him in touch with groups of congenial people. The man's hobby or favorite form of recreation is also indicated on the card; and this combination of data makes it possible for the local committee or organizations or individuals to give a personal touch to their hospitality.

That is merely a detail, however, to indicate the thoroughness of the system. One of the first evidences of a city's hospitality that the fighting man on leave would see are the Service Clubs—the Khaki Clubs, Soldiers' and Sailors' Clubs, and the like—where a man's pass, as the notices read, is his uniform. It is likewise his guarantee of welcome. He has come to realize that these clubs are his rightful headquarters, that their privileges are his just as much as though he had a card of membership and paid regular dues.

The War Camp Community Service of New York City publishes a bulletin in which are listed such rendezvous. There are nearly a hundred of them in Manhattan and Brooklyn

alone, and they include Catholic, Jewish, and negro organizations, so that neither a man's faith nor his color stand in the way of a hospitable reception. Nor are these clubs exclusively for American soldiers and sailors; a man wearing the uniform of any of the Allies is equally welcome.

Besides these lists, this bulletin is an informal guide to the city, always informal and sometimes amusing. Here is an item that is characteristic:

NEW YORK'S VILLAGE GREEN

"All roads lead to Rome" was true once; nowadays all roads in New York lead to Times Square after sunset. Times Square is the heart of our village, and everybody comes downtown of an evenin' after supper to see what 's goin' on. There 's really quite a bit doin', and the village green is quite cheerful-like of an evenin'. The square fills the intersection of Broadway and Seventh Avenue from 42nd to 47th Streets, and has more theaters, hotels, cabarets, and such sprinkled around it than any similar spot on earth, so they say. It gets its name from the twenty-six-story Times Building, where the "Times" was formerly published. . . .

Another paragraph from this hospitable booklet is headed:

"EASY COME, EASY GO"

If any one wants to blow in some of his thirty per on rolling around town in a taxicab or a hansom, instead of joining in the regular transit crush without which the real New Yorker would feel unhappy, here are the rates. . . .

With this book to guide him, no soldier or sailor need become lonely in New York. It shows him how to see the sights of the city, and tells him where he will be sure of a welcome. It tells him what the several clubs offer. Some are better equipped than others, but in all of them is found the same "come right in" brand of hospitality. The usual outfit includes a big lounging-room, with plenty of easy-chairs, couches for those who may wish for a nap, writing-tables for the correspondents, victrolas and a piano for the musically inclined, and plenty of magazines and books. There is usually a canteen, where the boys may get good things to eat and drink or smoke at cost, and in some cases less.

Many of the clubs offer billiards and pool, gynasiums, shower-baths, and even swimming-pools. At others there is informal dancing every evening, or French lessons, "sings," and occasional entertainments. Some of them have sleeping accommodations at extremely moderate rates—a man in uniform can get a bath and a night's lodging for as little as twenty-five cents.

So the soldier or sailor on a short leave can have a mighty good time in New York on five dollars, even if he does not know a soul. The War Camp Community Service not only does its best to keep him out of trouble, but to give him a good time as well. Uncle Sam, working through this organization, sees to it that his nephew, Sammie, is properly taken care of. He makes it possible for the lonely fighting man to mix with his own social kind, to meet the right sort of women, and to fill his free time away from camp in the most agreeable and profitable manner possible. The same holds good all over the United States. The civilian population of every community in the vicinity of a training

camp has done its utmost to make the military and naval men feel at home.

"Take a soldier home to dinner" was a slogan for a time, but now it has become a habit. Within five blocks of a Service Club in New York more than three hundred enlisted men were invited to private homes last Thanksgiving. These men not only had a taste of the home-cooking they had so long been without, but they had what they needed more—home thinking and home talking. "It sure does a man good to eat with real *folks,*" said one of the soldier-guests at the home of a wealthy paper-manufacturer. There is more to this hospitality than the dinner, for usually some young people are invited in and there is a party worthy of the name. The movement is wide-spread. A Chicago man entertains twenty-five men every Saturday afternoon. In Lawton, Oklahoma, they have "block parties," each city block taking its turn in entertaining a company of soldiers. One Sunday thirteen hundred soldiers from Camp Mills were entertained at dinner by the citizens of Forest Hills, a small commun-

ity on Long Island. The hosts said that they especially wanted men who were a long distance from home and who had not had much attention of this kind.

Time was when a man in uniform was not welcome at public dances and other gatherings. This was particularly the case in cities where there were military posts or naval bases. In Norfolk, Virginia, for instance, a sailor was looked upon by many people as a necessary evil, and not as a member of good society. That was before the draft, when, it must be admitted, the enlisted men of the navy did not represent as high an average as they do to-day. Some of them, in fact, when on shore leave would let loose their pent-up animal spirits in a manner both distinctive and disconcerting to ordinary citizens.

To-day our sailors are being invited to the homes of the best families in Norfolk. There is one wealthy resident who entertains from two hundred to three hundred men at his country home every Saturday, and there are any number of people who are no less hospitable on a

smaller scale. A beautiful old colonial mansion has been turned into the Imperial Recreation Club for men in uniform, and there are church-parties galore. The bluejackets hold up their heads in Norfolk now, and Norfolk leaves the latch-string out.

Other cities were backward at first about doing their bit for our fighters. The novelty of the whole business did not admit of hasty action. There was no precedent by which one could determine how it would work.

"This city," wrote a War Camp Community Service man from Tacoma, Washington, "has been very slow in opening up to the soldiers, but it is open now. On any Sunday morning, if one walks along the uptown streets, he will see soldiers issue from scores of homes on the way to church with the family, or on the way to town after a night in a home. I wish I could tell you about some of the boys who come to us and ask if we can get them into a home, and of their gratitude after they have been in one. On Saturday night a young fellow came in whose father could buy half of Tacoma. He wanted to

know if I could find him a place in a home. We found the very spot in a home where they miss their own soldier boy and where the mother is a lovely lady."

It can be seen that personality goes hand in hand with efficient organization. When all these little human details are traced back to the Commission on Training Camp Activities, which represents the United States Government, one can grasp to a fuller extent the significance of the movement; and when one realizes that it is all a part of the Government's purpose to make better fighters now and better citizens after the war, he cannot but wonder at the far-sighted policy that inspired it.

That fact that Demosthenes had an impediment in his speech is known to many who never read one of his orations, yet in overcoming it he taught a lesson greater, perhaps, than is contained in anything he ever said. So it is that in the little personal activities of the organizations that are working for the men of our army and navy there are some of the best examples of the spirit in which this work is being done. Let me

illustrate by quoting again from the Tacoma letter:

Yesterday was a typical day in our office. We visited a landlady who had overcharged the wife of a young soldier and recovered five dollars. One of the military police came in and said that two more soldiers' wives were to be turned out by a "shyster" landlord. I went up and put the fear of the Commission into him. Another young wife came in who had not had an allotment of pay for some time. I had the Red Cross attend to her for the moment, and then looked up the mustering officer and had her pay allotment straightened out. . . . I also arranged for a couple to be married at a friend's house. A young Frenchman from San Francisco came in and shyly asked if we could send him to a home where there was a baby, since he had one at home that he had not seen for a long time. We did so.

How do the men react to all this attention? Is there not danger that the rougher element among them may take advantage of the hospitable attitude that is shown toward them?

When New York began to entertain the men on a large scale a good deal of tact was necessary to handle some of the problems that inevitably arose. At one of the big dances an at-

tractive woman on the reception committee noticed a soldier leaning against the wall and looking rather lonely and miserable. Catching his eye, she smiled at him in a frank and friendly way, whereupon a knowing look came into his face and he winked at her with deliberate familiarity.

"He has the old idea of public dances," she said to herself; "I 'll have to set him straight." So she went over to him and asked him to join her.

"I noticed you refused to dance," she remarked when he was seated beside her, "and I thought that possibly you were feeling lonesome. My youngest son is a soldier down at Spartanburg, and he 's just about your age. He gets terribly lonesome sometimes for somebody to talk with."

"Your youngest son!" the youth exclaimed, now thoroughly abashed. "Why, you 're awful old to look so young."

A little later she took him over and introduced him to her brother-in-law, who had general charge of the affair and who took pains to

find out what the boy enjoyed doing. He met the hostess's niece, an attractive young girl who insisted on his giving her one dance. Before the evening was over his story came out. It can be summed up succinctly in two of his sentences: "I 'm tough; I 'm awful tough. I ain't never been used to nice women treating me decent, and I don't deserve it."

The woman's answer reflects splendidly the attitude of the Commission on Training Camp Activities toward this nation-wide friendliness to the uniformed men.

"You are going over to fight for us," she said, "and our best is none too good for any of you."

It is a matter of comment that the churches, for the most part, are not using their hospitality as an avenue by which religion can be forced on those who accept it.

"None of us will ever forget Grace Church," said a lad as he took leave of those who had given him and two dozen of his companions a luncheon in the parish house after a sight-seeing trip around New York, both of which are regular occurrences. They had arrived after

Pool rooms are part of the equipment of Service Clubs for the men in uniform

An entertainment by home talent in the Y. M. C. A. tent at Pelham Bay, N. Y.

service one Sunday, and they all sat down to a table with some of the church people. Most of these soldiers and sailors were strangers to each other and were in New York for the first time, but they were soon chattering like bosom friends. Two brothers from the Pacific Coast, both sailors, sat side by side. They had not seen each other for more than a year until they had suddenly come face to face as they were starting out that morning. Near them sat an aviation cadet and a seaman who found that they were fraternity brothers from the same college.

When they finished and the cigarettes had been passed around, they were all shown over the wonderful old parish house.

"I just bet you one thing," a soldier remarked as he went away; "this is n't my denomination, but I 'm coming down to this church. They 've got the right idea here, and if all the churches in New York are like this, we have n't done them justice out in Iowa. Say, some of them in a town where I 've been got a bunch of us to go to church, and the preacher did n't do a

thing but tell us what would happen to us if we were killed in battle and had n't done what he said. Gee! We don't want that sort of talk. I got up and left."

The functions of the War Camp Community Service are almost without number. Drinking-fountains have been erected in cities where formerly there were none. Atlanta, Georgia, built a comfort station at a cost of $20,000. Other cities have done the same. Money and labor have been given lavishly to keep our fighters fit mentally and morally, to keep them from home-sickness and depression.

Community singing has played a large part in the entertainment program, for aside from the musical enjoyment that is derived, it has a definite function in bringing the soldier and the sailor in personal touch with the townsfolk. Official hosts and hostesses make introductions, and not only do the civilians meet the fighting men, but they become acquainted with each other. Under the leadership of the camp song-coach they sing war songs, the national hymns, and the old familiar melodies that everybody

knows and loves. At the first "community sing" attempted at Norfolk, Virginia there were four thousand present. People are talking yet about the sing conducted by Harry Barnhart in Syracuse during the summer of 1917, when between five and six thousand men sang the "Battle Hymn of the Republic" with telling effect. At the stadium of Drake University at Des Moines, Iowa, twelve thousand people, civilians and soldiers, accompanied by three military bands, rose to their feet and sang "The Star Spangled Banner." These are specific instances out of hundreds. They indicate a nation-wide tendency toward a closer community spirit that will endure as a by-product of war long after peace has come. And, mark you, this has been fostered by the Government.

Many of the branches of the War Camp Community Service in the larger towns provide excellent vaudeville shows for our fighting men. One of the largest of these, held every Sunday afternoon, takes place at the big Forty-Fourth Street Theater in New York. At two o'clock, when the show begins, every seat is filled by a

man clad either in olive drab or navy blue. They wear their tickets, so to speak.

The talent at these performances volunteer their services, and take their reward in applause, which is generous. Such artists as Laurette Taylor, who appears frequently, Billie Burke, and others no less gifted are among those who have entertained these audiences; and although the programs are not too "highbrow" for the average man to enjoy, they are always of a high order. In the intermissions there is singing, and sometimes the men join in the chorus of a song that is sung from the stage. It is all very informal.

That, in fact, is the keynote of all this work outside the camps. The hours allowed for relaxation are apt to be misused. There are evil forces at work to undermine the morals and health of the men who are to fight our battles. The Commissions on Training Camp Activities have set up competitive forces with which to combat them, and this is one of them—to give the men healthful, interesting recreation while they are away from camp.

CHAPTER XI

A PROBLEM AS OLD AS TIME ITSELF

THE prevalence of disease that results from personal immorality has been a problem in hygiene as long as history has been recorded, a problem whose solution has always been made exceedingly difficult by two things—prudery and politics. Since 1914 this constantly evaded problem has been brought sharply to the front because of its vital bearing upon military efficiency. The devastating influences of venereal disease and alcohol upon the fighting effectiveness of armies in the past has been demonstrated in a pitilessly cold light by the official figures of the bulletless casualties of both Entente and Teutonic forces. Seventy-eight thousand men at one time were under treatment for venereal disease among the troops of one of the nations of the Entente, while Hecht, the Viennese scientist, estimates that in the Aus-

trian army alone since the war began the equivalent of sixty divisions of men have at one time or another been on the ineffective list through venereal disease. This runs the figures well over a million, and it means, of course, simply this: that these diseased men, incapacitated behind the lines, have been protected by the troops in the front trenches who have kept themselves clean. The United States Government, upon entering the war, was forced to face the military aspect of the twin problem. It decided in favor of absolute repression and it has carried out this radical and effective policy with such tremendous success, it has actually reduced to so small an amount vice and drunkenness in our army and navy, that it is a fair statement that civilian America will have to clarify its moral atmosphere if it is to take back its young men after the war to an equally wholesome environment.

Within six weeks after America entered the war there was enacted into law by Congress a policy in regard to prostitution and the liquor-traffic in connection with men in the service that

was unique in the history of the world. Under authority given by Sections 12 and 13 of the Selective Service Law, the President and Secretaries of War and the Navy were empowered to create zones around military and naval establishments within which houses of prostitution and traffic in alcoholic liquor were barred. Moreover, everywhere the sale of liquor to soldiers and sailors was forbidden. The Secretary of War and the Secretary of the Navy were not only empowered "to do everything by them deemed necessary" to protect men in military training from prostitution, but they were *directed* so to do as a war emergency measure.

"Our responsibility in this matter is not open to question," said Secretary of War Baker in a letter sent to the governors of all the states. "We cannot allow these young men, most of whom will have been drafted to service, to be surrounded by a vicious and demoralizing environment; nor can we leave anything undone which will protect them from unhealthy influences and crude forms of temptation. Not only

have we an inescapable responsibility in this matter to the families and communities from which these young men are selected, but, from the standpoint of our duty and our determination to create an efficient army, we are bound, as a military necessity, to do everything in our power to promote the health and conserve the vitality of the men in the training camps. I am determined that our new training camps, as well as the surrounding zones within an effective radius, shall not be places of temptation and peril. In short, our policy is to be one of absolute repression, and I am confident that in taking this course the War Department has placed itself in line with the best thought and practise that modern police-experience has developed.

"The War Department intends to do its full part in these matters, but we expect the co-operation and support of the local communities. If the desired end cannot otherwise be achieved, *I propose to move the camps from those neighborhoods in which clean conditions cannot be secured.*"

Immediately there was thrown upon the War and Navy Departments the burden of devising ways and means to carry out not only the letter, but the spirit of the law. Liquor and vice had to be repressed in the vicinity of camps. The responsibility was laid upon the Commissions on Training Camp Activities by Secretaries Baker and Daniels, and the program of repression was started forthwith. Under the commission a division of law enforcement was created, consisting of a staff of civilians and army and navy officers, mostly lawyers—a staff built up under the personal supervision of the chairman. Representatives of the division were stationed for duty in the communities adjacent to the camps and were ordered to keep the Secretaries of War and Navy reliably informed of moral conditions, as well as to bring the program of the Government to the attention of local officials. Through the coöperation of the Surgeon-General of the Army, Sanitary Corps officers were assigned to the commission for law enforcement work in connection with their other duties in the field, and the Navy Depart-

ment similarly made several officers available. In its first important task of gathering full and accurate information as to actual conditions in the neighborhood of camps, the commission was assisted by the representatives of the Department of Justice, the Army and Navy Intelligence Departments, as well as the staffs of such organizations as the American Social Hygiene Association, the Committee of Fourteen of New York, the Committee of Fifteen of Chicago, and the Bureau of Social Hygiene of New York.

It was obviously an undertaking that required the sincere coöperation of hundreds of local officials throughout the country. Many "red light" districts, some legalized and others tolerated despite the local law, were found to exist within the zones. Public opinion had condoned their existence. At first, in many instances the representatives of the commissions were greeted with absolute astonishment when they said that the Government was determined to have a clean army and navy, and that it meant what it said. Despite the drastic character of the regulations, the wide publicity given

them, and the forceful exposition of them in personal letters from the Secretary of War to the mayors and sheriffs of the country, there were men in civil life and in the army who could not believe that the policy to tolerate the ravages of deadly communicable disease as a necessary evil was now to be really changed.

There was, for instance, a certain city in the South near which a military camp had been established by the War Department. After investigation by agents of the Commissions on Training Camp Activities the Secretary of War wrote to the mayor of the city, requesting that the commercialized vice that was found to be overrunning the town and injuring the efficiency of the troops be wiped out summarily. With something of a touch of pride the mayor replied that it was impossible that his town could be the scene of such conditions. Indeed, he flatly denied the existence of any such evil in his city. Mr. Fosdick thereupon sent several trained investigators to this southern city and from its seemingly pure confines gathered such an exact set of sordid figures, together with

convincing details such as the brands of liquor being sold in the various vice dens, that the mayor, when the report was transmitted to him by the Government, threw up his hands and accepted enlightenment. The city woke up. It had a big house-cleaning, and it is now a fit place for the men of the army of the United States to go when on leave.

Again and again the representatives of the commissions said to towns, "If you do not eliminate your 'red light' district, now that these facts have been made known to you, the Government will be forced to act. Will you be a 'slacker' town, or not?" Many officials, of course, complied with the request only because they knew it would be futile not to do so. Some opposed "the new-fangled notion." But by the end of September—less than six months after war had been declared—there was not a single "red light" district within five miles of any important military or naval training establishment in the United States. More than twenty-five had been closed. Gradually a better moral sentiment had been created. The

old opinion that the community must be protected from the soldier and sailor was gradually discarded. Army and navy regulations guaranteed that a soldier or sailor on liberty was free from disease. The representatives of the Surgeon-General's office were responsible for that. Would the community meet the Government halfway; would it make such a guarantee as to its inhabitants?

It cannot be denied that the governmental mandate to communities, "Here comes a soldier. Clean up!" was in the beginning looked upon askance, even by some officers of the army itself. Some military men of the "old school" thought it not only unwise, but a menace to the liberty of the soldier to have the "red light" districts near camps closed. But these officers were the great exception, and not the rule. In some cases the investigations of the commissions have brought to light the gross negligence of civil servants, and the appeal has been so strongly to the patriotism of political constituents that occasionally reform has been hastily substituted by the politicians themselves to save

their own heads! Sometimes more drastic methods were necessary. Not long ago the Provost Guards of Uncle Sam's army—representatives of the National Government—paced the streets of one of the largest cities in the country, where the police force had failed to do its duty. Fortunately, civic shame made it necessary for them to stay there only a short time. Even more drastic action was necessary with a city in the vicinity of a large national army camp in the West.

"Clear the street-walkers from your boulevards and stamp out those dancing-hall hells where the boot-leggers lie thick," warned the commanding officer of the camp, "or not a man of my thirty thousand will enter your city."

The mayor and the police of this city thought that the general was bluffing; neither took positive action. But the general was not bluffing. True to his word, he slapped an embargo on that enterprising American city and thereby gave the town the shock of its life. Not a soldier was permitted to enter the city. For a thousand miles around the papers laughed in

loud headlines; editorially, they jeered. It did not take long for the indignant citizens to get together in mass-meetings and finally force the municipal authorities by sheer weight of public opinion to clean up the town. Then, and not until then, was the embargo lifted. And it is safe to say that then, and not till then, did the people of that city really appreciate that we were at war, that the Government was fighting and that it was not disposed to let stupidity or any other factor retard the efficiency of its fighting force.

Secretary Daniels has called attention to the fact that in the American navy itself, during the year before war broke out, over 140,000 working days were lost because of venereal disease. Enough men were daily incapacitated through the ravages of vice to man a battleship. Little wonder that the Government will not tolerate as obstacles in its path of social progress the negligence or short-sightedness of local officials. The war, as everyone knows, will be won upon a basis of man power, and America cannot afford to lose a single soldier or

sailor through any cause that it is humanly possible to prevent.

As a matter of fact, immense progress has been made to date in eliminating drink and disease from the army. The Commissions on Training Camp Activities officially estimate that the venereal disease rate has been reduced fifty per cent. since the beginning of the war. The significance of this fact can only be grasped by considering that our military strength has been more than trebled since 1916. It is a truth supported by the records of General Pershing and the Surgeon-General of the American Army that the venereal disease rate of our army is far less than that of any of the other warring nations. The repression of vice resorts in cities in the immediate vicinity of camps, which was accomplished early in the war-year under the congressional enactment previously referred to, has developed into an attempt at repression of such places everywhere in sections of the country visited by our soldiers and sailors in large numbers. The work of the commissions, in effect, has become one of

cleaning up the whole United States. Until May of this year over seventy "red light" districts had been wiped out. Forty-five of these were not in the immediate vicinity of military camps, and did not, therefore come within the prohibited zones provided for by the federal law. Their abolition was the result of the co-operation of state and municipal authorities with the commissions.

By increasingly stringent regulation of the sale or gift of liquor, the Government has succeeded in rapidly diminishing the number of boot-leggers, who have thought that they were doing a service to soldiers by procuring liquor for them. Heavy fines, and often imprisonment, act as a deterrent to the man who violates the federal law. In several cities ordinances have been passed that forbid the sale of alcoholic liquors in packages. In other cities a similar result has been reached through the voluntary agreement of liquor-dealer associations. The State of Texas, by special legislative enactment, has forbidden the sale of liquor within a ten mile zone surrounding each mili-

tary establishment in the state, with the result that boot-legging has greatly decreased. Cafés have even refrained from serving liquor at tables where soldiers or sailors are seated, in order to prevent switching of drinks. It is, of course, impossible for the Government to guarantee that no soldier will ever be able to lay hands on a drink, but it is proceeding upon the principle that it will be extremely difficult for him to obtain one. In other words, the man in the service, if he wants a drink, will have to hunt for it.

In any consideration of the problem of repression of liquor and vice in the army and navy, many people will gain the mistaken idea that the boys in our service are a lot of wild animals. For a short period last autumn, following the going to camp of hundreds of thousands of newly drafted men, the country was flooded with a wave of absurd stories of immorality surrounding the camps. These baseless reports have never coincided with the facts as gathered by the men who have lived in the army and navy communities during the

past year. Dr. Joseph H. Odell, in his admirable book "The New Spirit of the New Army," reports that in the division of twenty-seven thousand men at Camp Hancock, near Augusta, Georgia, there had been "but four drunk and disorderly cases in six weeks." The various commanding officers of the camps here and across the sea have testified again and again as to the high level of morality obtaining in our military forces. Indeed, it is not too much to say that the American Army and Navy, as they prepare to cast the full force of their weight into the struggle in Europe, stand as fit and clean for the fight as any military force ever did, and far more fit and clean than most modern armies.

CHAPTER XII

CONCLUSION

RIGHT shall triumph, and it will be a right army that is triumphant. It will be a well-trained, well-disciplined army and navy composed of men who are physically and mentally fit, men who are brave, alert, and aware of the justice of their cause.

They are fighting in France to-day. They are wearing steel helmets that protect them against bits of flying shells, and they are also wearing the "invisible armor," the forging of which Secretary Baker began when he sent Mr. Fosdick to the Mexican border in the summer of 1916. "I want them to have an armor," he said, "made up of a set of social habits replacing those of their homes and communities—a set of social habits and a state of social mind born in the training camps, a new soldier state

of mind; so that when they get overseas and are removed from the reach of our comforting and restraining and helpful hand, they will have gotten such a state of habits as will constitute a moral and intellectual armor for their protection."

After the smoke of the battle has cleared, when there shall be peace with honor and justice, there will come the great process of readjustment. The men will be mustered out and returned to their former tasks. Those who are spared—and may they be many!—will be better citizens than they were before they went in. They will have been graduated from "the larger university." They will have learned the meaning of concerted effort, obedience, loyalty, cheerfulness, courage and generosity. They will come back with a new set of ideals, as men who have been tried by fire and found good metal.

FINIS