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The Call of Community Service

AS the third edition of this booklet goes to press, it is gratifying to note that the idlest dreams Americans had ventured concerning the date the war would be won materialized with the virtual surrender of Germany on Monday, November 11, 1918.

The need for War Camp Community Service will not end so long as it is necessary for the United States to maintain her armed military and naval forces. The Playground and Recreation Association of America plans to continue this Red Circle Service as long as it is needed.

And as the army and navy are diminished to peace time dimensions, this organization will become available for increased service directly to civilian communities.

It is hoped, therefore, that the change in title on the cover of this edition and the added paragraphs on page 47 will lead the reader to make his own inferences regarding the value of the Red Circle Service in the peace time development of the recreational life of American communities.

Cover design through the courtesy of Hoggson Magazine

Photograph by Arthur D. Chapman

War Camp Community Service Calls

By ROBERT BERTRAND BROWN

With Illustrations
By PHILLIPPS WARD

War Camp Community Service
One Madison Avenue
New York
1919

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War Camp Community Service is Conducted
for the War and Navy Departments Com-
missions on Training Camp Activities

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***B**Y helping the fighter make wholesome use of his leisure, by putting before him in the communities where his duty calls him adequate substitutes for those necessities and comforts of life of which he is depriving himself and of which he is being deprived—in a word, by serving him through War Camp Community Service, the civilian is armoring him with contentment, confidence, and consecration to the common cause—that trio of essentials to a triumphant morale, lacking which empire after empire has been wiped from the pages of human history.*

WAR CAMP COMMUNITY SERVICE CALLS!

The Origin of War Camp Community Service

CHAPTER ONE

IN the summer of 1916, Secretary Baker sent Raymond B. Fosdick as a special agent of the War Department to study the environment of our troops stationed on the Mexican border. Mr. Fosdick found five thousand soldiers encamped at Columbus, New Mexico, with "absolutely nothing in the town that could in any way amuse them. There were no moving picture shows; no places where they could write letters; no library facilities of any kind; no home to which they could go—absolutely nothing at all except a very well-run red-light district, and a few saloons."

This investigation officially convinced the Government that there was a war camp community problem.

When the United States launched her war program against Germany, War Camp Community Service became the official answer to that problem.

The War Department Commission on Training Camp Activities was appointed by Secretary Newton D. Baker in April, 1917. The Navy Department Commission on Training Camp Activities was established by Secretary Josephus Daniels three months later. Raymond B. Fosdick became Chairman of both.

These Commissions called on the Playground and Recreation Association of America to carry on their work *in the communities outside and adjoining the camps* under the official name of War Camp Community Service.

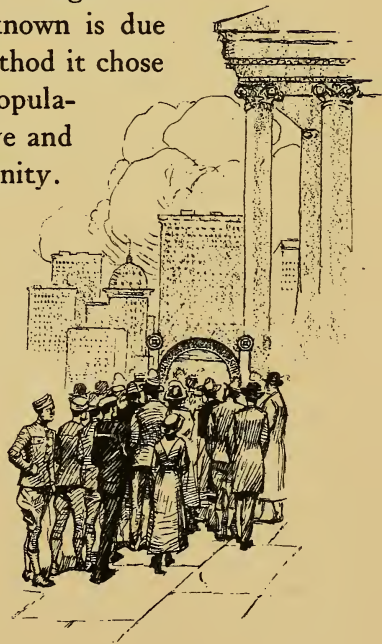
War Camp Community Service was asked to coordinate into a definite and ordered program the resources of the war camp community, to supplement these resources with others from the folks back home, and to temper the whole into a wholesome nation-wide movement for hospitality, keyed to harmonize with the training camp program of the War and Navy Departments.

The Playground and Recreation Association of America, through years of experience, had been helping civilian communities do just this sort of thing for themselves. This organization was ready for service. It had only to get these

communities—together with those designated by military and naval necessity—to do those things for the soldiers and sailors which they were doing for themselves. It sent its own trained community organizers into these war camp communities.

Within a month, it had the United States covered with a network of local committees, each in the vicinity of a military or naval training station.

By the end of May, 1917, War Camp Community Service was a vital organism. That it is not better known is due to the unostentatious method it chose for making the civilian population of America responsive and responsible to its opportunity.



UNCOORDINATED, the best intended expressions of popular welcome to the soldier and sailor lose themselves in a maze of conflicting ends. Community effort must be organized to be effective. The task is national. It is quasi-Governmental. It calls for military and naval direction of the nation's mobilized hospitality resources, not adjacent to one concentration camp or to a dozen, but extended to the furthest foot of American soil, where soldiers and sailors are likely to seek relaxation and service.

The Problem of War Camp Community Service

CHAPTER TWO

OVER two hundred camps, cantonments and training stations are maintained to prepare the men entering the military and naval service of the United States to bear their part in the nation's defense at home and abroad. These stations are equipped to train thousands of men at one time.

Military and naval policy permits enlisted men to leave camp now and then in order that they may ease the strain and relax from the rigors of military routine and discipline. It recognizes the desirability of permitting friends and relatives to visit these men, when adequate facilities are available for their accommodation in near-camp communities.

On leave, the fighter seeks contact with the human side of life. He goes to town. Whether his visits are an asset or a liability in his training depends largely on what he does while there. And what he does is limited by what there is to do.

The Government's hurried establishment of



army camps and naval training stations over the country, threw many American communities into turmoil. Some towns saw their transient populations increase as much as 1,000 per cent. over night. Frequently they lacked the power of controlling undesirable conditions

and the means to provide enough desirable ones. Low-grade entertainment and open vice lost no time gaining a foothold where communities were unorganized and inattentive. Many towns had no public rest rooms or information bureaus, comfort stations or drinking fountains. The street corner provided the only place where a lonesome soldier could meet a companion.

Some localities faced critical problems of sanitation, of transportation and of feeding and housing their greatly increased floating populations.

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And funds were not sufficient to remedy these conditions. Boom towns in the West passed through these stages and eventually patched out their economic and social salvation. But they took years in doing it. There were no years ahead of these war camp communities. The Allies were waiting for America! Military necessity dictated that these conditions be made adequate immediately.

War Camp Community Service went to the assistance of these towns.

This service is now extended

to some six hundred communities adjacent to training camps and stations, expressing their hospitality to a transient population of soldiers, sailors, marines, and visiting civilians, the total of which would run well into the millions.

W. C. C. S. HOBBLE



*T*HAT WAR CAMP COMMUNITY SERVICE means war camp community betterment, is a reiteration. A town cannot attempt to become a good home town to a large crowd of transients from all manner of places without bringing into its own environment the best features existent in these visitors' home communities.

The Work of War Camp Community Service

CHAPTER THREE

WAR CAMP COMMUNITY SERVICE attacks the problem of serving the soldier and sailor and their guests from five angles. It gives to the aim divulged in its title, namely, community service, the widest possible interpretation. First, it extends *community service* in the strict sense of the word. Further, it fosters *community hospitality* and *community recreation*. Its administrative tool is *community organization*, and its certain by-product, *community betterment*.

Community Service

It is doubtful whether Any-Camp-Town will ever revert to its small town ways of answering the thousand and one questions of the traveling public. Not even if the camp were moved or abolished. And there is no immediate likelihood of this.

In the average town of fifteen thousand, each citizen constitutes himself an information secretary, and finds his store of hearsay knowledge adequate to any ordinary demand. The annual



visit of Sells Floto's Greatest Shows on Earth or of the Dreamland Street Carnival heralds in new sets of incidents and unanticipated queries which may stump him. Instead of the familiar: "Which way is it to the Commercial House?" he is likely to be confronted with "What time is the fellow going to make the high dive?" And it is humiliating to the average citizen of a small town to be uninformed regarding even such

minor happenings within his own community. On an occasional circus day, or during a five-day carnival stand, he may bluff it through or make a full confession of his ignorance, but not so when every sunrise is the harbinger of a Fourth of July.

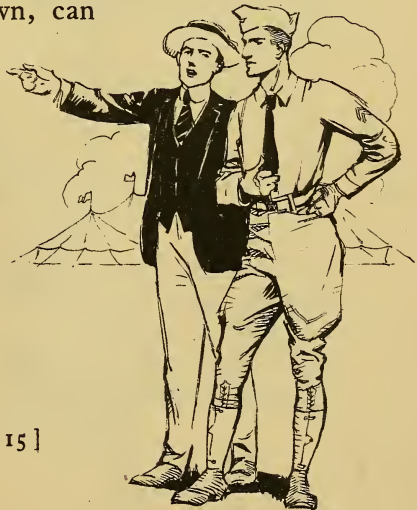
For that is just what it is—now, in the camp towns! Military bands, scores of them! Parades, daily and sometimes twice and thrice daily. All the more exciting, because unannounced! Horses, wagons, cannon, machine guns, armored automobiles, flying flags, pitched tents, rows after rows of barracks, and all manned by men in uniform.

Is it any wonder that a town (whose thoroughfares are always crowded by the visit of a circus)

suddenly becomes the mecca for thousands upon thousands of visitors, when train after train ushers in fresh troops to encamp for training in the National Army—each with its separate bands, and each with its separate sets of equipment? That John Doe, the circus visitor, brings a different self—a sightseeing, business, patriotic or, perchance, son-admiring self—to see the camp, does not matter. The point is, John comes! He is confronted by an entirely new situation in his own and in the community's life. To him, the routine surrounding the camp is complex, as it is to many a civilian and soldier living in the community and in the camp. He is at sea, until he consults someone who knows.

And Mr. Average Citizen, thanks to the War Camp Community Service of Any-Camp-Town, can now refer him to someone who knows.

There are in the railway stations, in churches and schools, in the corridors of public buildings, and in booths along the sidewalks of Any-Camp-Town, information secretaries, whose duties



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are to make themselves useful to anyone—soldier, sailor, marine or civilian—who presents himself or herself at the desk. From early morning until late night, these versatile community intelligence dispensers consult, inform

and advise; consult, inform, and advise; consult, inform and advise.

An observation of one of them in action shows the versatility of their opportunities for service.

"I am Lieutenant Thorley. I am expecting my mother to call me from Dayton at 9 o'clock. I must leave for Columbus on this train. Will you please take this dollar and pay for the call and tell mother I will meet her at the Union Station in Columbus tomorrow morning at 11:40?"

"Certainly," replies the information secretary, refunding the change for the soldier's anticipated telephone bill. "War Camp Community Service will attend to that."

"Is this the train to Washington?" asks an elderly woman struggling beneath a hat-box, a hand-bag, a huge basket and a bouquet of wild flowers.

"I came through here to see my son at camp, and found he was transferred yesterday. I want to be sure I don't miss the train to Washington. I am going up to see my daughter. She has been married seven months, and I haven't seen her since."

"Do you wish to go to Washington, D. C.?" interrupts the information secretary.

"Oh, no, to Washington Court House."

"Well, you have about seven hours to



wait. Your train does not leave until half-past four this afternoon. Take that rocker over there, and make yourself at home. Have you seen the morning paper?"

Through the telephone: "Yes, I have it. Mr. Smith's son is very ill at the Base Hospital. You want Mr. Smith there immediately."

"Lady, can you tell us where we can get a room?" interrupts an impatient inquirer who stands before the desk.

"I shall try to locate him," says the secretary, hanging up the receiver.

"Mr. Jackson, will you please try to locate Mr. Smith in the crowd off the incoming train, and direct him here. His son is very low at the hospital."

A smile on the military policeman's face conveys his willingness to cooperate.

"Now! About your room. If you will take this card up to the Court House, the information secretary in the corridor there will be glad to help you find a room. The service is free of charge."

"This is not your train, mother," she hastens to inform the elderly lady with the hat-box and the bouquet, who had rushed pell-mell from her seat as a train pulls into the station.

"You have over six hours to wait yet."

Through the telephone: "It is very hard to hear. A train is just leaving the station. You want me to locate Private Murray here, and tell him that his father and mother are there; that they came by automobile instead of on the train as he expected?"

"All right, I'll do the best I can."

A middle-aged man and his wife appear at the desk. They had been waiting for an opportune moment.

"Can you get anyone at camp by telephone?" the woman queries.

"We have been out to see our boy. He is to be sent away very soon. I could not bear to tell him good-bye a while ago, for fear I would break down. So I told him we would see him again. But we must go home. I thought if I could tell him good-bye over the phone, he would never know how badly I feel."

Any-Camp is called. The father and mother each have a farewell talk with the son.

"You can never know what it meant to hear his voice say 'Good-bye, mother.' I shall always remember your kindness." The woman's countenance had suddenly become radiant with the courage of sacrifice.

An incoming train changes the scene. Another crowd scurries forth into the various channels of Any-Camp-Town life. New faces appear at the desk.

If War Camp Community Service did nothing else but act as an information bureau for soldiers and sailors and their civilian friends, it would be performing a worth-while task. But this is only where its work begins.

War Camp Community Service has issued a million or more booklets describing the worth-while places near America's military and naval training stations. These bulletins are designed to tell where Any-Camp-Town is, and to outline its claims to fame. They list the clubs for enlisted men, throw in a few words about local entertainments and dances, catalogue the churches and the hotels, and contain a paragraph or two about lodging facilities. In short,



they tell the enlisted man just what he wants to know about Any-Camp-Town and tell him right away.

War Camp Community Service has opened hotels and lodging houses in many American communities. In some instances hotels already in operation have been taken over, modernized

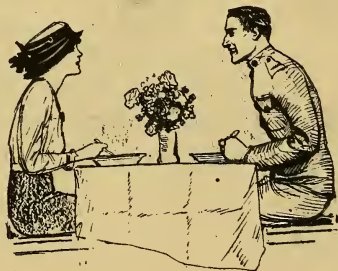
and opened under the management of this organization. In other instances, hotel managements have cut their rates for the men in the service. For example, a large hostelry in a California coast town provides a room and bath to men in uniform for fifty cents a night. It serves them food in the grill at cost, and welcomes them to its swimming pool at twelve cents a plunge. Social functions are held at the hotel for enlisted men under the supervision of the local War Camp Community Service. For these, the hotel provides music gratis.

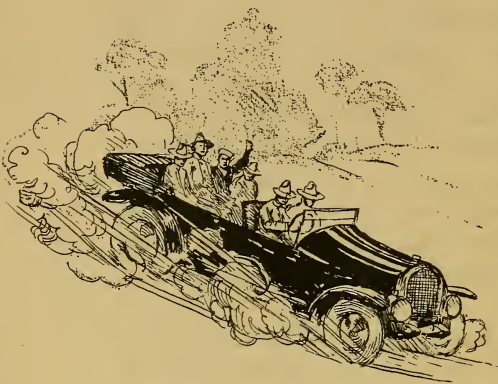
The New York War Camp Community Service operates hotels exclusively for enlisted men. One provides eight hundred beds with bath at twenty-five cents a night. Its reception room and reading, writing, billiard and pool rooms are used to the utmost. One point of particular interest about this hotel is that much of the furniture in its main corridors was confiscated by the Government from German ocean liners interned in the New York harbor at the outbreak of the war.

Where the need has created the demand, War Camp Community Service has opened dormitories and cafeterias in connection with its clubs for soldiers and sailors. Here comfortable beds with bath are provided to enlisted men at prices ranging from twenty-five to fifty cents a night.

The club cafeterias serve good food to enlisted men at under-the-market prices. Consider, for example, the chocolate-covered soup-dishful of homemade ice cream served at seven cents a helping to men in uniform in the cafeteria of the Kansas City War Camp Community Service Club. It is a veritable Vesuvius of delight as compared with the win-the-war-for-fifteen-cents size now traditional among civilian confectioners!

In towns whose hotel





and lodging house accommodations are over-taxed, War Camp Community Service manages agencies for placing transients in spare rooms. When an enlisted man desires accommo-

dations for his visiting friends and relatives he finds the door of War Camp Community Service an entrance into the best homes in the community.

“What’s the charge for this service?” is the frequent inquiry.

“No charge at all” is the invariable response.

When the enlisted man and his civilian friends first went to camp, transportation in some of the adjoining towns was offered in anything on wheels and at whatever figure the elasticity of the driver’s conscience and the willingness of the rider’s purse permitted. The street hawking rivaled that at Coney Island on a lucrative Saturday night. Panicky traffic was the result.

By securing the cooperation of the military police and of the local city officials, War Camp Community Service changed this condition over night. One middle western camp town decided to limit its issue of taxicab licenses to seven-passenger cars. It set the cab fare at twenty-five cents from town to camp, and established a ten-cent bus line. The loading and starting of cars was placed in entire charge of the military police.

Community Hospitality

A Colonel in command of fifteen hundred deserters at Fort Leavenworth decided recently to learn the reasons his prisoners would give for fool-heartedly risking their military reputations for the sake of a few hours' leave.

He commissioned five men to conduct the inquiry.

"Are you ready to make your report on the cause for desertions?" the Colonel asked the spokesman, on his return.

"Yes sir," he replied.

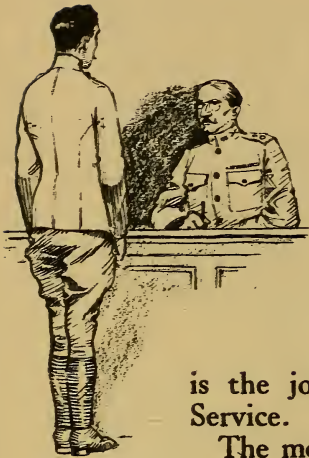
"Your first reason," questioned the Colonel.

"We find, sir, that the main reason for desertion in the army is *homesickness*."

"Your other reasons," anticipated the officer.

"The other reasons are unimportant, sir."

"Do you mean to say that the reason the



men desert from the army is because they get homesick?"

"Yes, sir," replied the soldier, "it is the longing for home, and for home comforts and companionships that causes desertion."

To make Any-Camp-Town "just like home" to soldiers, sailors and marines is the job of War Camp Community Service.

The most obvious way to make the enlisted man feel at home in the camp community is to invite him into the homes of its citizens. This War Camp Community Service does. And the doors of America's homes are swinging wide! Throughout the country, new extensions to dinner tables, extra places and extra portions are preparing the way for guests in khaki and blue.

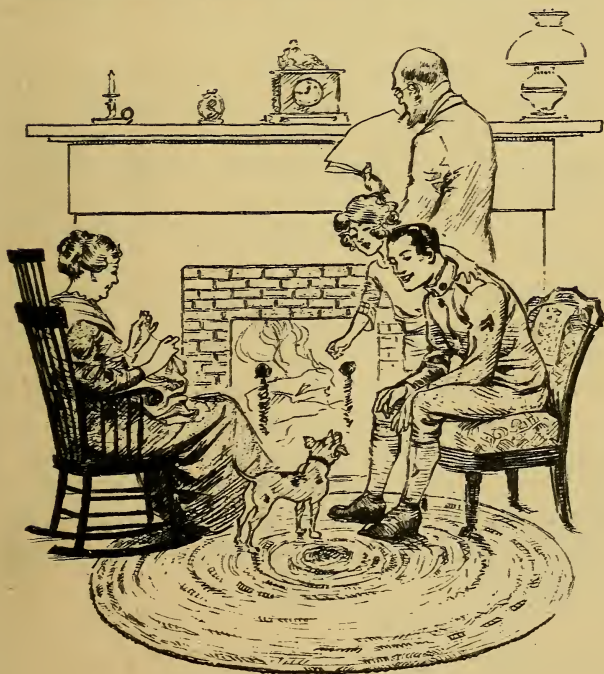
Soldiers and sailors in groups lose their individuality. Seated in the home of Mr. Burton, leading retail grocer of Any-Camp-Town, they become Mr. Craig, former district sales manager of the Osler Safe Company; Mr. Yates, formerly of the team of Tucker and Yates, comedians on the Western Vaudeville Circuit;

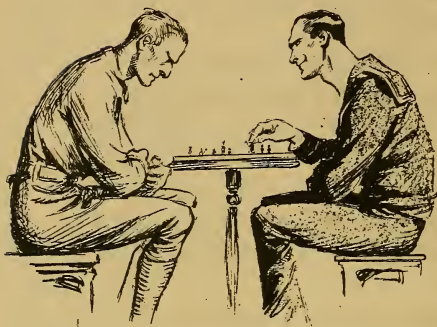
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and Mr. Bonney, son of the president of one of Chicago's largest banking firms.

Mr. Yates, as a private in the National Army, is just a "young soldier, away from home, whom it would be nice to have to dinner." But Mr. Yates as a comedian who is known by a thousand audiences scattered to the four winds, is the most interesting guest who has ever honored the home of Any-Camp-Town's grocer with his presence.

It takes a visionary to see a modern club, equipped with game rooms, writing rooms, a





combination dance floor and auditorium, a barber shop and cafeteria standing where stands a musty old saloon building; to see a spacious lounging room substituted for a grease-stained

dining room, and an immaculate billiard parlor, for a beer-soured barroom.

But these are the days for visionaries! The war with its exigencies has started "it-can't-be-done" towards the dictionary of obsolete terms. The representative of Any-Camp-Town War Camp Community Service has put the solid foundation of fact under this dream!

From coast to coast, War Camp Community Service has stretched a chain of clubs for soldiers, sailors and marines. Dark staircases, which for decades had creaked out the bi-monthly meetings of lodges, have given way to light and airy corridors leading to inviting entertainment rooms. Curtained windows, replacing panes opaque with rain-spattered dust, have transformed lofts, store buildings, unused resi-

dences, hotels, and churches into hospitable quarters for enlisted men.

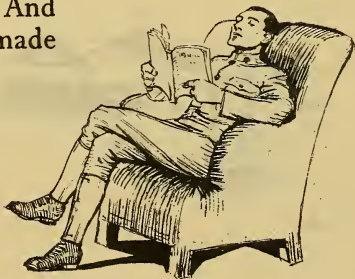
Forty-one clubs are affiliated with the New York city organization. They are open every day until midnight. They provide, not only reading, writing, game, and loafing rooms, but dormitories, canteens, and facilities for their guests to clean and press their uniforms. One club features Sunday-night community sings; and another, Tuesday-afternoon French classes. Thousands of fighters enjoy their hospitality.

Many men had never had the advantages of membership in a club before going to the war camp communities. That their uniform is their pass was not at first readily understood. There were frequent inquiries regarding membership dues.

"Ain't they gonna charge us nothin'?" was followed more than once with a surprised: "Well, what d'you know about that?"

War Camp Community Service is at its best perhaps in the near camp community house. So unique is this institution that it is difficult to keep it from a conspicuous place in the foreground of any picture of this organization's activities. And no such attempt has been made in this summary.

War Camp Community Service has helped to build

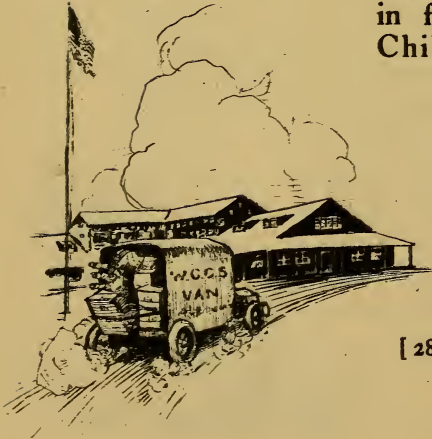


six community houses. It is proud of them. It cherishes plans for building more. It hopes to see them stand as lasting monuments to America's war-born *esprit de corps* of neighborliness, which is this organization's existence.

The Camp Sherman Community House at Chillicothe, Ohio, will serve as an example.

The spirit of the people behind the Camp Sherman Community House is evidenced by the direct and efficient way they went about its realization. The five million people of the state of Ohio put their shoulders to the wheel and heaped up a large fund. Each community was asked to give ten dollars for each of its representatives among the soldiers at the camp. At one time when the building committee was confronted untimely with bills for thirty thousand dollars, a special appeal was sent to one community, and the amount in full was forwarded to Chillicothe in less than twenty-four hours.

When the plans for erecting the structure were nearing completion, General E. F. Glenn, in



charge of the men in training at the camp, took a prominent Ohio furniture dealer to see the prospective site.

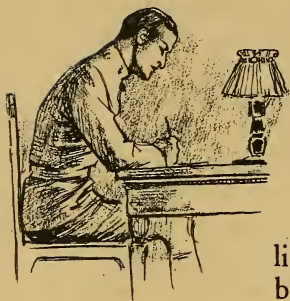
"See that corn field over there?" remarked the General.

"In twenty-one days one of the finest soldiers' clubs in the United States will be standing in that field. All we will need to make it ready for the men and their guests will be equipment. Will you see that we have it by that date?"

"I'll shoulder the responsibility of getting the furnishings here, but your building won't be ready. Not with material and labor as scarce as it is today."

"If you'll have the equipment, we'll have the building," was the General's challenge.

On the morning of the twenty-first day, six truck-loads of furniture and decorative equipment drove around a driveway leading to a colossal club building, characterized by a strong odor of fresh paint. The furniture was installed. Odds and ends were arranged. Amber shades of silk were placed on the lights. Logs were fired in the hearths. Linens were spread on cozy dining-room tables. Rugs were laid. Nooks and corners were banked with palms. The bird cages were hung. The lid to the great concert grand piano was lifted. There was a pause for admiration. The keys of the instrument were touched.



And thus was ushered onto the pages of history, the Camp Sherman Community House—literally, a fantastic dream come true.

Entering its inviting doorway, the observer finds an expansive enclosure shaped like a Maltese cross stretching before him in dreamy proportions. Here seems to have been executed by craftsmen, religiously confident that they were producing a masterpiece, a fraternal shrine for a democratic utopia of the future. It is communal, yet well supplied with nooks and corners offering seclusion. It is gorgeous but modest, and elegant but inexpensive. To Theodore Roosevelt, its scenic effect was "STUPENDOUS! *Stupendous!* stupendous!" The Colonel said he had no idea such a thing existed in America. Nor have millions of his fellow citizens living outside the state of Ohio.

It is a work of art—an expression of the emotion of a great people, stirred by a great and world-wide cause.

The framework of the building is of hard pine. Wrought-iron plates, nuts, bolts, and screws have been used uniformly in making joints. The gables are supported by huge rafters of rough, unpainted wood. Their plainness pre-

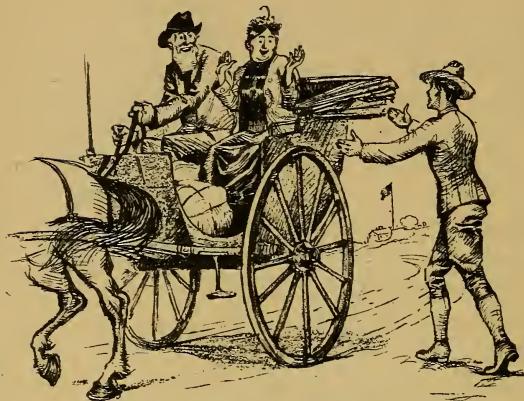
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sents the impression that they were determined to fit into the beauty of the structure's interior, regardless of their rugged, unfinished appearance. The builders must have left them unpainted with a purpose, for they seem to set the color scheme for the entire community.

A rich blue stage curtain of deep velvet, hanging at the end of the auditorium wing of the clubhouse, offers perhaps the widest contrast to the quieter tones of brown and gray used almost uniformly elsewhere.

Tucked behind an open staircase, which leads from the southwest wing of the room, stands a mission fireplace of brick, stone and rough-hewn wood. This hearth looks out upon a vast lounging lobby, containing no fewer than twenty-two huge davenports, upholstered in brown leather and in tapestries of tones so subdued that they would pass unnoticed were one not trying to understand the technique used by the artist in creating a room so inviting, so





restful and so homelike. Brown-stained wicker has been used to vary the monotony, and there are one or two sets of parlor pieces in a colonial design of dark walnut. The

rugs are of oriental patterns. Here and there, a small Navajo has found its way under a table lamp.

The Camp Sherman Community House would be too expensive for most of its guests if it were operated for profit and at a place where it does not present such a contrast to its surroundings, say off the board-walk at Atlantic City. Hotels similarly equipped, and with such elaborate resources for entertaining their patrons, can usually be patronized only by persons of considerable means.

Folks who spend only seventy-five cents a day for a room and less than that for a dinner are not customarily entertained by an orchestra during meals, and by concerts and

dances nightly—at any rate, not gratis with the seventy-five.

The guests of the Camp Sherman community, as of Any-Camp community, are selected. The Government selected them when it went into every home in the country and called into the same camp and company men who never before had been associated with each other or each other's kind.

For this reason, the camp community house has an atmosphere which is unique. It is dignified enough to make the most absent-minded visitor unconsciously throw back his shoulders and straighten his spine before he is twenty paces within. But it is not "stiff or cold." It is homelike and warm. There is a place for every soldier and his friends and relatives, whether they come from a fashionable residential district of a large city or from a cabin in a gully back in the Ohio mountains.

Could the guests of a year pass in review upon these pages, the spectacle would be amazing. They would be wear-





ing all manner of garments, made in all manner of ways, and in manifold places and times. They would be carrying all sizes of pocket-books. There would be D.Ds., Ph.Ds., LL.Ds., high school freshmen, and folks who six months previously had never heard there was a war in Europe. There would be simple country folk, prosperous Ford-owning farmers, presidents of banks in towns of less than a thousand population, persons whose names appear on the

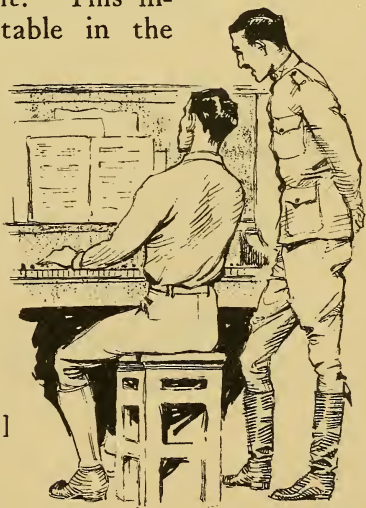
social registers of the largest cities, and millionaire manufacturers. There would be those who had never before made a trip on a train, and those whose business took them frequently around the world. There would be commissioned and non-commissioned officers from the armies and navies of America and of her allies. There would be privates and seamen. There would be preachers, masons, postmasters, insurance agents, baggagemen, ticket sellers, cooks, policemen, and stock

raisers. There would be former presidents of the United States, blacksmiths, bartenders, and writers of best sellers. There would be fathers and mothers, come to bid a last farewell to an only son about to depart on the Great Adventure. And there would be—by actual observation—a little yellow dog in the arms of a wisp of a golden-haired sister exuberantly wagging its tail in the presence of its master, lately evolved into a heroic suit of khaki!

Such are the visitors who follow America's defenders to Any-Camp. Timidity and transportation cost may keep some of them away, but never all of them.

It is no uncommon thing to see an officer in high command at Camp Sherman dancing alongside a private who has been recruited into the service within a fortnight. This intimacy of contact is notable in the restaurant, in the smoking rooms, at the concerts, in the library, and beside the fireplaces.

Nor have, nor will the selects at Camp Sherman mutiny! This democratic contact between officers and men is only a part





of General Glenn's scheme of inspiring discipline in his ranks by teaching the respect rather than the fear of authority.

"We are maintaining the democratic ideals of our common community life in the midst of a military system that is contrary to those democratic ideals, showing that it is possible for men to mingle socially without loss of military discipline or respect," claims the War Camp Community Service representative who is on the committee charged with the management of the Camp Sherman Community House. And no one qualified to judge of the matter is likely to contradict him.

Community Recreation

When the representatives of War Camp Community Service first arrived in Any-Camp-Town, the commercial amusement house was usually the chief place of entertainment open to the enlisted man. Before the camp came, the average citizen patronized these amusements only occasionally. He found his recreation in attending lodge meetings, church socials, neighborhood parties, and family gatherings. He had not given much thought to the

question of entertaining the transient—the person who could not at once become a part of the social life of his town. He had thought of the problem in the large perhaps once in his life—as a member of the entertainment committee of a Labor Day celebration—when, over his printed name, he had committed the community to sixteen hours of unrestrained hospitality to any and all out-of-town guests who would succumb to the lure of his alliterative appeal. He remembered with discomfort how the ingenuity of the community had been taxed to provide entertainment enough to keep four hundred people amused from the time the eight-twenty arrived in the morning until the eleven-fifty-six pulled out at night. For the other three hundred and sixty-odd days of the year, the average citizen had left the transient to the mercy of the commercial amusement manager.

When the Government revealed its plan to establish military and naval training stations throughout the country, there was a hurried influx into many camp towns of cheap and vulgar amusements. The problem of providing recreation to twenty thousand or more transient visitors was larger than most towns were able to solve alone. They had neither the powers to control undesirable attractions, nor facilities to provide adequate entertainment. A street



carnival, which came to one southern camp town, featured gambling devices, a hoochi-koochi show, a "peep" tent, and a coarse imitation of a Barbary Coast dance hall. This particular aggregation was practically a transient group of prostitutes and traffickers in prostitution, parading as professional entertainers.

When War Camp Community Service went into the camp towns, these attractions left! For them were substituted athletics of all sorts, diversified entertainments, pageants, festivals, parties, dances, automobile rides, sight-seeing excursions, picnics, concerts, and wholesome commercial amusements at reduced prices.

America's outdoor sports require an abundance of space and air. Given these, the average American-reared man can amuse himself at baseball, football, basketball, tennis, and their kindred outlets for energy.

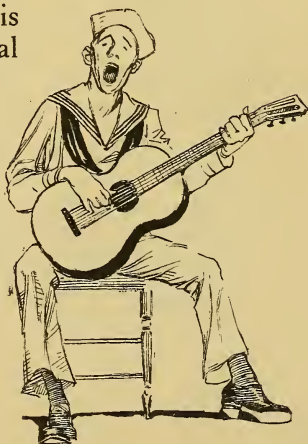
Through War Camp Community Service, American towns were quick to place their recreational facilities at the disposal of the soldier, the sailor, and the marine. Playgrounds, swimming pools, bathhouses, athletic fields, stadiums, gymnasias, amusement parks, skating-

rinks, dancing - pavilions, and auditoriums throughout the country are now open to these men. Atlanta's mayor has placed ten baseball diamonds at the service of men in the military and naval service. Enlisted men are daily guests in San Diego's world-renowned recreation building. This city operates a three-game-a-week baseball league, stages wrestling and boxing matches, and conducts track and field meets. Seattle's entertainment program features water and ice carnivals.

In the opinion of Major-General Wood, "it is just as essential that soldiers know how to sing as it is that they carry rifles and know how to use them." Boisterous when opportune and stilled when inopportune, song offers an invaluable outlet to the moods and emotions of men on battlefields. Fighters *must* sing!

A distinct branch of the War and Navy Departments Commissions on Training Camp Activities is charged with providing this vital part of the soldier's and sailor's fighting equipment *inside* their training camps and stations.

War Camp Community Service keeps them singing *outside* the camps. It conducts community





sings and festivals for mixed audiences of enlisted men and civilians. Such an occasion given at Norfolk, Virginia, was attended by some four thousand people. One sing in Des Moines was accompanied by three military bands, and combined the voices of twelve thousand civilians and enlisted men, white and colored.

Every Saturday night the camps go a-dancing! Perhaps more than any other form of recreation offered by communities, dances have been the fighter's key to the social life of the camp towns. War Camp Community Service provides the time, the place, and the girl. Usually the time is Friday or Saturday night; the place, in the city's opera house, lodge room, church social room, community house, or neighborhood club; and the girl, the very flower of Any-Camp-Town. This last feature has become so universally apparent that a recent editorial in the *New York Evening Sun* advocated the organization of the S. P. M. U. M. A. P. G. S. N.—the Society to Prevent Men in Uniform from Monopolizing All the Pretty Girls on Saturday Nights.

The men who attend these functions are sponsored. That is the way it would be done back home. And the-way-it-would-be-done-at-home is the War Camp Community Service way!

During one week—and it was a small week at that—War Camp Community Service issued twelve hundred and ten dance and entertainment invitations to enlisted men visiting in New York. During the same week, seven hundred and seventy-eight theater, skating and sight-seeing tickets were distributed.

“When we took a chance on the War Camp Community Service Club and met the people in charge, things happened,” states a private.

“We were welcomed. (And nobody appreciates a welcome more than a soldier.) But that wasn’t all.

“We were introduced to the best people in Any-Camp-Town. First thing we knew we were out on a real automobile ride, in a real car, with real folks. We were treated like a pair of officers!

“That led to supper with a family whose son is in the service; and a long series of tennis games in the evening.

“Maybe this wouldn’t sound



at all surprising to an outsider, but it took our breath away. We had known such things to happen, mind you, by accident, to some lucky devil who adventured into a stuffy church, looked good to some philanthropic pillar thereof, and was invited out to dinner. But that isn't a splash in the ocean of a big camp.

"Here, to our astonishment, we found that such entertainment was freely and eagerly waiting for every man in camp. We learned of dancing parties. We learned of citizens who own canoes on Any-Camp-Town

river. That's something I used to enjoy at home—and have never come near to, before, in the army."

Community Organization

Before War Camp Community Service went into the camp towns, there were from time to time spasmodic and unorganized attempts on the part of civilians allied with local organizations to entertain enlisted men. But uncoordinated, the best intended expressions of popular welcome often lost themselves in a maze of



WAR CAMP COMMUNITY SERVICE CALLS

conflicting ends. Community effort had to be organized to be effective. The task was national. It was quasi-Governmental. It called for military and naval direction of the nation's mobilized hospitality resources, not adjacent to one concentration camp or to a dozen, but extended to the furthest foot of American soil, where soldiers and sailors were likely to seek relaxation and service.

For this task War Camp Community Service was established.

War Camp Community Service is as broad as the community. It coordinates the war camp towns' social, religious, and political life, and by so doing, compounds the service of each to the enlisted man. It knows neither race nor creed.

The list of organizations which are cooperating with War Camp Community Service would be long. It would include the Red Cross, the Young Men's and the Young Women's Christian Associations, the Knights of Columbus, the Jewish Welfare Board, the International Association of Rotary Clubs, the Young Men's Hebrew Association, the Ameri-





can Library Association, the Travelers' Aid Society, the Salvation Army, the National Council of Defense, the National League for Women's Service; chambers of commerce, boards of trade, business men's associations, and countless other national and local business, fraternal, social, and religious organizations.

Under the Girls' Division of War Camp Community Service, the girlhood of America's camp towns is being organized for patriotic and community service. This division bands together girls in a common endeavor to raise their standards of personal efficiency in contributing to

the promotion of the war.

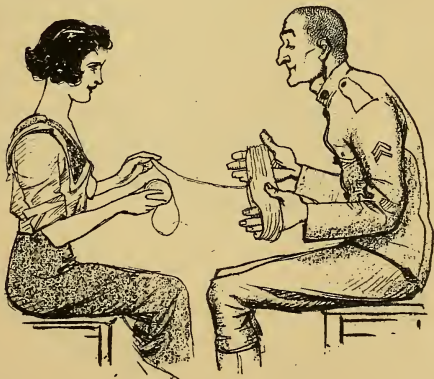
They help heap the mercy kits of the Red Cross to capacity. They make baby kits for French and Belgian mothers. They collect tin-foil, old clothes, and other waste materials and turn them into patriotic channels. They sell War Savings Stamps and Liberty Loan bonds. They boost community sings, rallies, and patriotic meetings. They sew for the camps and take flowers to the hospitals.

In one town, the girls took their allegiance to the war's cause so seriously that they adopted

the middy blouse as an "official" uniform. Some of them conferred and agreed that georgette crepe waists, fancy dresses, silk hosiery and the many extras that fill the wardrobe of the average peace-time girl, were not a war-time necessity.

The result was a "Middy Blouse Meeting," at which a resolution for the adoption of this simple garment carried by an astounding margin.

In Columbus, Ohio, they are fifteen thousand strong. Groups have been organized there in the high and grade schools and among the sororities, clubs, and literary societies of Ohio State University. Practically every organized agency in Columbus has an active unit among the membership of the Patriotic League, under which the girls are organized in that city. Out of the shops, factories, offices, homes, schools, and churches has been built up what is perhaps the strongest democratic organization of girls in the Buckeye state. At their first mass meeting over eight hundred were present. They launched a campaign which enveloped five thousand members within ten



days. Their enthusiasm for constructive war work became so tense that they swamped the Red Cross with demands for working materials.

Through participation in such activities, girls are becoming conscious citizens of the war camp community. The high school girl is being taught how to use her leisure. The factory girl is being provided with new social and cultural opportunities. Both are becoming less introspective, less cliquish, more responsive, and more socially conscious. But they don't know it! They are helping win the war and having a lot of fun in the process.

Community Betterment.

That War Camp Community Service means war camp community betterment is a reiteration. A town cannot attempt to become a good home town to a large crowd of transients from all manner of places without bringing into its own environment the best features existent in these visitors' home communities.

And that is just what War Camp Community Service is trying to do—duplicate conditions existing in the best home towns. And it is succeeding. For in an outburst of appreciation an enlisted man frequently makes the confession: "There's nothing like this where I came from."

(It is hard just here to keep from hazarding a guess about the future of American communities, when the fighters of today become the spokesmen of tomorrow—but that is not now to the point.)

(The foregoing paragraphs were written in August, 1918. The signing of the armistice on November 11th brought the question here raised to the point.

Within the next two years, most of the men who have been schooled in the camps and training stations will have been mustered back into civilian life to become leaders of public opinion and action. And they will know from experience that it pays a community to make it somebody's business to develop its recreational facilities and to see that out-of-towners are well met and well treated.

The Playground and Recreation Association of America, which is conducting War Camp Community Service, plans to maintain its resources for the organization of community recreation and service in any American community requiring it. It will be of especial value to industrial communities, which because of their rapid growth have neglected to organize adequate programs of recreation. It will continue to promote nationally its program for the physical welfare of the youth of America.)

THE spirit our fighters have left in their home communities is not purchasable with money. It has been fostered through years of intimate associations. It is the spirit of neighborliness.

But wherever soil has been consecrated by blood, spilled for liberty—wherever hearts hope for the righteous end of all wars, there exists, for it, a substitute. A substitute born of pride, gratitude, and admiration, which at times leaps to devotion!

You may call it what you will. War Camp Community Service calls it hospitality.

It is spontaneous in America—a hundred millionfold! For its expression, it needs only organization and equipment. These, War Camp Community Service exists to supply.

The Call of War Camp Community Service

CHAPTER FOUR

NO patriot desires to allow any phase of America's near camp environment to be less stimulating and worthy than the home environments he, through his Government, has asked the soldier, the sailor, and the marine to leave. These men have a right to expect that wherever they go upon this side of the ocean their country will be one vast hospitable neighborhood.

Germany's super-self-centered war machine is obsessed with the inhumane philosophy that *might makes right*. The fighters of America and her allies have terminated their home ties to stop at the bayonet's end the further barbarous flaunting of this idea on the frontiers of decency. (And feeble is any service the average citizen can render them in return!)

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You may call it what you will. War Camp Community Service calls it *hospitality*.

It is spontaneous in America—a hundred millionfold! For its expression, it needs only organization and equipment. These, War Camp Community Service exists to supply.

Through this organization, the United States Government places upon its citizens the responsibility of helping to fit America's champions of humanity for their crusade. The responsibility is unique. History records none similar.

To the average citizen it is an opportunity rather than an obligation.

By helping the fighter make wholesome use of his leisure, by putting before him in the communities where his duty calls him adequate substitutes for those necessities and comforts of life of which he is depriving himself and of which he

is being deprived—in a word, by serving him through War Camp Community Service, the civilian is armoring him with contentment, confidence, and consecration to the common cause—that trio of essentials to a triumphant morale, lacking which empire after empire has been wiped from the pages of human history.

WAR CAMP COMMUNITY SERVICE CALLS!



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