

CAMOUFLEURS BUILD REALISTIC MOUNTAIN

Division Fakirs Construct Stout Hill With Intent to Deceive.

"Sir, you are a fakir. You are probably the biggest fakir in the Division."

"Thank you, thank you very much, indeed," replied Private Lauren Stout, Co. E, 107th Infantry, beaming in a pleased manner.

If you don't believe Pvt. Stout is a fakir come around and see Stout Hill, which he and the members of his camouflage class have constructed across the street from Division Headquarters, and within eye-shot of the GAS ATTACK office in the Y. M. C. A. headquarters building.

If you don't get someone to point it out to you, you might miss it, for the home-made mountain is such a perfect example of camouflage that flowers have been deceived into growing on it. Just between us, though, it is made up of a lot of burlap bags, some leaves and a few pieces of lumber, and a rock or two which look like young Gibaltars, but which can be folded up and put in your vest pocket (if you have a vest.)

A Home-Made Hill.

The problem given to Pvt. Stout and his class in the Divisional Camouflage School was to camouflage a good sized wooden building used to store gasoline. They had a lot of that faith which is supposed to move mountains, and after five weeks of hard work they built a hill which defies detection even from a man standing on it. Of course an enemy aeroplane would be completely fooled. The same hill could be built in a day by the class now, because all the material is ready and they know just how to stick a sizeable young mountain together for the protection of a headquarters building or any other army building. A company of infantry can be quartered comfortably in the interior of Mt. Stout.

Major General O'Ryan and his staff inspected Stout Hill the other day. They pronounced it a remarkable example of imitation camouflage. There are two kinds of camouflage—imitation and invisible. In imitation camouflage an attempt is made to simulate nature. In invisible camouflage the idea is to make the object camouflaged disappear completely.

"Gentlemen," said Major General O'Ryan, to the assembled officers, as they stood at the front of Stout Hill, "within a few feet of you a soldier is stationed who can hear every word we say. Within twenty feet three more soldiers are watching every movement we make. Within fifty feet, a sniper has his rifle trained on us. Can you find them?"

They couldn't. They surveyed the landscape thoroughly but not a soldier could they spy.

WADSWORTH IN 19— A Fantastic Dream of Life After the War.

The war had been brought to a close. The army had been reduced in size to a peace footing. Industry had once more adjusted itself to a normal basis. "War Contracts" had ceased to be. The country as a whole had settled down and resumed its usual mode of living. All this had happened before I had the pleasure of the experience that I am now about to tell about. Of course, you are only too familiar with the details of the war to have me relate any further of them. You may remember how the 27th Division distinguished itself in action. The papers had full details and then again you may have met some of the veterans. And if I know anything about "old soldiers" I know that you are then acquainted with all the facts and then some.

"Bill" Randolph had always been a close friend of mine; though he was much older and had a family that he was justly proud of. He had ideas all his own which were hard to change. Even his very charming wife had never been able to change his ideas on living. Life, to him, was given to be spent out-of-doors and he could talk for hours on the "healthful environment," as he called it. Luckily, Bill was born with oodles of gold and could foster, and furthermore, back up his ideas. Since the war, I had not heard from Randolph and so was naturally surprised to receive a letter from him post-marked "Spartanburg, S. C." It was an invitation to "come down and spend a few weeks amongst the Healthful Environmentists."

Out Pop the Soldiers.

Then Lieut. Linwood P. Ames, chief Divisional Camouflage instructor, who has had general charge of all the camouflage classes, blew his whistle. The officers were amazed to see emerge from under an old tree stump that had apparently been rooted up and thrown aside, a figure in khaki. The stump was just a camouflage periscope. Then from what appeared to be an old well, two other men came. Still another came from what seemed to be the stump of a freshly cut tree. The sniper emerged from the branches of a lofty pine tree. Then a couple of snipers came out of the top of the mountain. The officers watched their step after that. They were afraid they might inadvertently step on an infantry battalion disguised as leaves or twigs or something.

The Divisional Camouflage School, in its last semester, demonstrated that it contains some very efficient fakirs. They concealed trenches, machine gun emplacements, painted tanks to look like pieces of South Carolina made screens and displayed marked proficiency in every branch of the new science.

R. E. C.

Back to Spartanburg.

It was mostly out of curiosity that I found myself heading south for Spartanburg where I had spent months in training at the beginning of the war. Bill met me at the station that warm September day, the same old Bill. I suggested that we take the P. & N. to camp just for old time sake, so he dismissed his waiting motor. I was not disappointed in my desire to bring back old times once more. It took us three hours to get to Wadsworthville. As we poked ahead, backed up and waited, I had Bill go into details concerning his "group" of healthful environmentists.

It seems in going over some records he had discovered an army health bulletin in which it pointed out in just so many percentages how living the regular routine (ever present in army life) was much more beneficial than any other life could be. My friend decided that what was healthful for a soldier would be the same for civilians under the same conditions. So gathering together his followers, they organized their little "group," rented Camp Wadsworth from the Government and moved south with their families to "enjoy the benefits of army life without being soldiers." He seemed so enthusiastic and had lived through a month of the existence that I just had to agree with him that the idea was "quite novel."

Wadsworth Revisited.

When we finally arrived, we walked past the campsite of the Ammunition Train to where the 104th Field Artillery had camped in my day. I had noticed as we passed that tents of green balloon silk were pitched in the streets as of yore and that women dressed in sport clothes were numerous. Stopping at about the old "F" Battery street, he informed me it was where he lived. Little had been changed except officer's row and there on that sacred ground were two couples playing tennis on a well built court.

Great Scott! there was the old incinerator still doing duty; tended now by a dignified footman in livery. It sent a shudder down my back as it brought back my K. P. days. We continued down past the mess hall and a butler came forward, took my grip and showed me to my tent. Not a detail had been omitted in fitting up my sleeping quarters, running hot and cold water, a double bed, a clothes closet, and everything to make one comfortable. I quickly changed to my lighter clothes because I was anxious to look around.

Beyond the shower baths where we had parked our guns, was now lined with Bill's machines and carriages. In the stables, where many a night I had been on guard over those ever quartering and restless horses, were now quartered thoroughbreds of the best breeding.

Soldiering de Luxe.

It was explained to me that each family
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