

Camouflage.

This word which baffles most of civilians and confounds and bewilders our enemies is pronounced thusly :

KAM—OO—flah—zhe,

But it conveys volumes to the military man, and covers a multitude of devices.

If there is one word more baffling than another in our war lingo, that word is Camouflage—Kam—oo—flah—zhe! Probably the answers to the question, "What does Camouflage mean?" would be just as varied as *Answers*. Camouflage means, primarily, making something look like nothing. It means generally the art of fooling the enemy, hoodwinking him!

Take the Tanks, for instance, that everyone at home sees going into action, in the moving pictures, like crawling ships covered with streaks and patches of vari-coloured paint, thus reproducing light and shadows to make them look like nothing, and so fool the eye of the Hun birdman. This is the art of Camouflage.

Another example of this gentle art is seen in the placing of green branches and burlap interwoven in the Chicken Wire over the sites of big guns, and ammunition dumps. Then we have a few examples of ancient Camouflage. Probably the oldest example of the art is the wooden horse of ancient Troy, of which we read in our happy school days down on the farm, or in the little red school house on the hill. There is also the scene in Macbeth, where Sancho or is it Duncan and his Scottish warriors approach the castle, wherein Macbeth is besieged, each warrior carrying a small fir tree over his head while he marches on, thus imitating a moving forest, if there be such a phenomenon.

As for modern examples of camouflage we have a multitude, indeed. Take the Army Medical Corps for an instance of this practice. Good synonyms for camouflage are found in the following expressions:—"Bluff," "Swinging the lead," "Putting one over," "Telling the tale," and malingering—although the latter is not a slang word. The wily trick of painting a large spot of indelible ink on the leg to simulate a bruise is the art of camouflage—making something look like what it is not. Concealing a piece of hot potato in the mouth, and then inserting the thermometer thus simulates P.U.O., and the marking of the patient "C.R.S." or even "C.C.S." by the M.O. This again is the gentle art of camouflage—making something like what it is not.

Camouflage has also been introduced into the greatest of indoor sports. I mean the game of Poker! We see the false baby stare of the player, who tries to disguise the fact that he has filled that four card flush, or that he's drawn to that middle straight. How often do we see camouflage on parade and inspection days when our best front is in evidence! How often do we find cotton wool and paper in the kits, to give it the proper contour but minus the weight; packets of spearmint and cigarettes in the pouches of the bandoliers of the transport instead of the much heavier clips of

cartridges. Neglecting to remove the daily growth of face-fungus and rubbing into the dark blue cheek and jowl of Colgate's Talcum Powder is also practicing the gentle art of camouflage. The sergeant-major has another name for this, however. But everybody's doing it now!

The private in the rear rank "puts one over" on the Corporal; the Corporal "swings the lead" on the Sergeant; the Sergeant "bluffs" the orderly officer; the orderly officer "tells the tale" to the commanding officer; and so on ad infinitum. It's a problem to find out what really does happen near the top of the ladder—wierd at any rate.

On looking into the spirit of "bluff" and deception so widely used to-day, one experiences a feeling of insincerity—a feeling of awe, in fact. Is anything above us real? Is war really a bad dream? Anyway, Reveille is real, and so is "lights out," and it is a fact that the paymaster will not part with more than forty francs to each man per month—one cannot put anything over in that quarter, and you cannot make an overdrawn account look like anything at all. This is anti-camouflage.

One can fool some people all the time, and all the people some of the time, but it is useless to expect to fool all of the people all of the time. Phenias T. Barnum, of Circus fame, once said this, long ago, and he knew, if anybody ever did or does. As a necromancer and devotee to the art of camouflage, "P.T.B." was in class A, and passed "ad astra" full of years and well beloved by his countrymen. And he left a huge fortune behind!

So there is something in this camouflage which we should mark, learn, and inwardly digest.

Some People Have a Heart After All.

Somebody, with malicious intent, had mailed the officer who controls our fiscal policy a copy of Charles Dickens' Christmas Carol. This is no joke, but a serious thing for the fair ladies who operate estaminets in the theatre of war. 'Twas Christmas Day in the field, and the noble officer stood appalled at the thought that anybody could have the heart to compare him with Scrooge. "What!" thought he, "am I really like that? Am I Schooge, or am I Turkey?" Deeply and long he thought upon this unkind criticism. "Nobody appreciated me," he wailed, "they don't realise how much money I am saving. They seem to think that it is their money that I pay out!"

Nevertheless, it broke the old man's heart. His hair grew whiter, and his hand less firm over his cash box. No longer was there the old delight in thinking how much dough reposed within. The old man wavered—his mouth grew firm with a sudden resolution. And the glad news spread through the camp that old Turkey was going to pay that extra fifty at last!

Things We Want to Know.

Who was the N.C.O. in "C" section caught painting his steel helmet?