

CAMOUFLAGE VEILS HUGE ARMY CAMP

Built in 4 Months, It Covers
Hundreds of Jersey Acres—
Named for Joyce Kilmer

PAINTED IN MANY COLORS

Newspaper Men Inspect Its
Wonders, Including Potato
Peelers and Dish Washers

A new Army camp—one of the first camouflaged camps in the country—which has risen in record time from orchard and meadow land in New Jersey, was shown to representatives of the press yesterday.

Camp Kilmer, named for Joyce Kilmer, soldier-poet and a former member of the staff of THE NEW YORK TIMES, who was killed in the World War, is now a sprawling military community covering hundreds of acres and can house thousands of troops. Like all our Army camps, it is constantly expanding and probably never will be completed, but its principal barracks and buildings were finished a few weeks ago after four months of intensive work, and yesterday Army cooks and bakers were already feeding the station complement in the 1,500-man, cafeteria-style mess halls.

Camp Kilmer, which is commanded by Colonel C. W. Baird, Coast Artillery Corps, who was formerly in command of Camp Upton, L. I., and of Pine Camp, N. Y., presents a mottled picture in comparison with other Army posts. Its barracks are the regulation two-story dormitory-type wooden structures that now dot the face of America, but they have no uniform color scheme; each is painted in two or three different shades. The colors run the gamut of the rainbow from black to white, with creams, grays, mauves, mustard yellows, pale pinks, light greens, dull browns and pastel shades predominating.

Viewed from the ground—against the background of New Jersey orchards and the winding ribbons of dusty roads—the new color scheme seemed to make little difference in visibility, but the newspaper men did not see the camp from the air and it is possible that the camouflage would confuse, though not obscure. Officers were non-committal on this point.

The party of metropolitan and New Jersey newspaper men who were the guests of Colonel Baird for the day bounced around the camp's endless roads, which four months ago were rutted fields, in that tiny but effective ubiquitous vehicle of the Army variously known from coast to coast as "peep," "beep" or (improperly) "jeep."

They saw several hundred buildings, including a rambling one-story hospital (spread out over many acres because of the fire hazard of wooden buildings) with three miles of corridors, four operating rooms and a capacity of about 1,500 beds, staffed by about 150 doctors and 200 nurses.

They saw the new mess halls, each of which can feed 3,000 men an hour, and the Army's new electric potato peelers, the delight of the "K. P.'s" heart, which can do the twelve-hour peeling job of twenty-four soldiers in two and a half hours attended by only one man. They saw the vegetable steamers and electric dish washers—another labor-saving machine of the new Army; they saw the incinerators that could service a city of 50,000; they ate an Army meal and asked for more. They saw miles of quartermasters' storehouses and great railroad sidings that connect to trunk lines. They discovered once again the one common denominator of all Army camps—dust, and they came away impressed with the speed and thoroughness with which a great military city has grown from country fields; impressed, too, with the camp's facilities and the equipment and the care the soldiers of the new Army receive.

Colonel Baird's executive officer and second-in-command is Colonel C. A. Rutledge. The camp covers several hundred acres at Stelton, N. J., a few miles from New Brunswick, Joyce Kilmer's home. His widow lives in Northern New Jersey, and his son, stationed at a Southern post, is in the new Army, of which Camp Kilmer is the latest development.