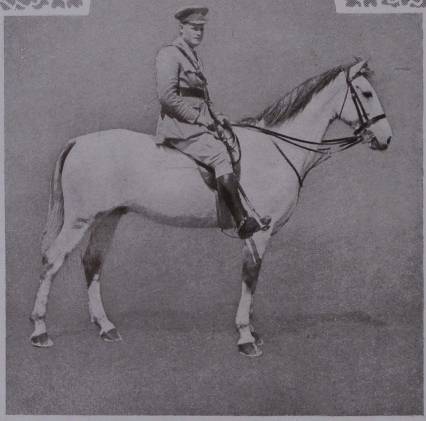
N.Z.E.F.

FEATHERSTON MILITARY TRAINING CAMP

The record of a . . . .

REMARKABLE ACHIEVEMENT

FEATHERSTON
Military Training
CAMP



COLONEL N. P. ADAMS, C.M.G.
N.Z.F.A., Camp Commandant.

FEATHERSTON
Military Training
CAMP

BEING A RECORD
OF ITS *WONDERFUL*
GROWTH AND *DAILY*
OPERATION

SOLDIERS IN THE MAKING

THE WORK OF THE CAMP
Described and
Illustrated

Third Edition, completing 20,000.

INTRODUCTORY.

As recently as August, 1915, the site now occupied by Featherston Military Training Camp was nothing but a rock-strewn field, set in the midst of a drowsy, pleasant country district. The selection of this spot as a fitting place for the establishment of a great training camp came as a bombshell to the settlers, who viewed this move on the part of the authorities with no little apprehension. The need for a camp, surrounded by vast training fields such as the Wairarapa provides, was, however, urgent, and the work was pushed ahead with all possible speed.

To-day the camp—now a town in itself, pulsating with life and brimful of achievement—stands as a monument to the wonderful resources of our little country and her ability to rise nobly to great occasions.

Thousands of men have passed through the camp, and on no occasion have the settlers seen cause to justify the alarm they at first experienced, so firm and far-reaching has been the discipline enforced.

Many so-called "souvenirs" of the camp have been published, but none have so far attempted to at all adequately describe its growth or the increasing operations and activities of its occupants. This little book has been compiled in the hope that it will serve to show the people of New Zealand the important part played by Featherston Military Training Camp in the preparation of our young manhood for the grim work at the battle front.

FEATHERSTON M.C.,
March, 1917.

THE CAMP'S ANNIVERSARY.

(By WILL LAWSON.)

FEATHERSTON Military Training Camp celebrated its first anniversary on January 26th last. Exactly twelve months prior to that date the troops in training at Tauherenikau were in the throes of moving; the road between the old tent camp and the new camp of modern buildings, paved streets, proper drainage and water supply, and electric light, was busy with A.S.C. waggons and any other waggons that could be pressed into service. Into the new camp everything was carried, and even when all was in and the troops had left the old camp for good—as it seemed then—the new camp still appeared half empty. Those were days when the Public Works workmen, who were putting finishing touches on old work or engaged on new work, had to watch their hammers, nails, and little bits of odd timber. The officers and men were bent on adding nails, shelves, and other luxuries to the accommodation. But there was no clashing whatever. Big as the camp was then, however, it has grown prodigiously since, and its ramifications extend far over the Wairarapa Plain and the foothills. Tauherenikau has been put into commission again, Papawai is a permanent rifle range camp, and the main camp grows all the time. To-day it contains men of every arm, and it is the artillery,

The move from Tauherenikau.—The Last Parade.

mounted, and specialist camp for New Zealand. For the training of these arms the Wairarapa country is specially well adapted.

The most noticeable feature of Featherston Camp, to the visitor who saw it twelve months ago, is that the mass of buildings that previously were to the north of the main Greytown road only has overflowed across that thoroughfare, while a camp of tents is an established thing further along on the southern side, and there are gateways and guard-rooms at each end of the camp on the main road.

The Camp as it is.

FEATHERSTON Camp, which now contains over 8,000 men, is awakened at reveille by the sound of trumpets. The Trumpet Band is one of the camp's regimental touches. The bugle is an infantry instrument, but the trumpets do duty for both mounted and foot soldiers. That reveille, played by twelve trumpeters, awakens the camp in every one of its departments. The mounted men, the artillery, the A.S.C. turn out to stables, while the night pickets, who have kept guard over the horses all night, seek rest and refreshment; the infantry turns out, too, and this is the time when the infantryman thanks his stars that he has no horse to bother with. The Divisional Signallers and the Specialists, and the Artillery Signallers, awaken, too, to another day of dots and dashes and manipulation of machine-guns or wireless, flags or flashes, discs or diagrams.

Signallers at Work.

Off to the Training Grounds.

AFTER breakfast the infantry is played out to drill by the Camp Military Band or the Trumpet Band, the artillery sends a battery clattering out to fire live shell across a two-mile range, or moves out to its training ground, a paddock from whose emerald sward every stone has been carefully gathered. There the teams wheel and manoeuvre, with the keen eye of an instructor to make the men look lively. The mounted infantry are the rovers of the camp. They may be met with in any part of the valley or hills, reconnoitring, scouting, map-making, or engaged in other of the many phases of their training.

The Army Service Corps waggon may rumble out, too, on a long trek, which will take them from camp for three days, during which they will go through every feature of their field training, even to recording in their note-books the crops available for fodder, the houses in which the troops might be billeted, and the food supplies available.

The Signallers are always busy on the roads and hills. Their waggon, with its drum of insulated wire that is paid out by the roadside, is a familiar object to travellers in the district. From the waggon to flag-stations, and from the flag-stations to the helios in the hills, head-quarters keep in touch with all that is being done, and when the artillery

In the Early Stages.

and machine-guns are at battle practice the signallers of all grades keep the guns and targets in touch with the various signal centres, and with the camp. The Engineers are trained at Trentham, but the Engineers' Signallers are trained in the trenches at Featherston, near where the wireless rears its aerials on high, and where the dug-outs are many and named by strange names. The Machine-Gun Specialists are always training. They have much to learn, and pay strict attention to business, and their battle practice is a stirring spectacle.

Coming Home.

AT noon the band will go out and bring the infantry back to camp, playing cheery airs that speed the weary feet. This is another of the fine sights of the camp, to see the infantry, thousands strong, marching in. Perhaps a body of them has been out route-marching. Sun-burned and dusty, wearing shorts that show bare brown knees, they swing into camp and down to their quarters. All meals are served in the huge dining halls, and after lunch there is time for relaxation ere the Camp Military Band—that has silver instruments—leads the troops out to parade again.

Towards evening the troops begin to drift back to camp from outlying parts. In a solid body the infantry marches in from the evening

Machine-Gun Emplacement.

dismiss, and at evening the trumpeters halt beneath the flag outside Headquarters to play the "Retreat." At the first notes of the trumpets the flag is slowly lowered, while every man in camp stands at attention. Soon lights begin to twinkle throughout the camp. The main road within the camp bounds, with its row of shops and institutes, is thronged with men. Further on, behind the trees, the hospital shows bright and comfortable-looking and quiet. Sounds of singing, mellowed by distance, come from the ghostly-looking tent camp. The long camp streets, with their remarkable perspectives, are twinkling with lights that are fed from the humming engine-house beside the tall shower-bath building, wherein some soldiers are enjoying a hot bath.

In twelve months Featherston Camp has come into its own. It has "found itself"; from a collection of buildings it has become a camp in being. From beginning to end the achieving of this has been a matter of congratulation for those concerned—and it still is.

THE CAMP BEAUTIFUL.

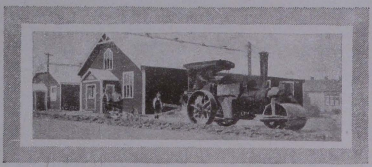
THE casual visitor to the Camp cannot but be struck by the many pretty little spots where flowers have been induced to grow, and these colourful beds, which are being gradually increased and improved, show up in refreshing contrast to the somewhat business-like tone of the Camp. Immediately upon entering the Camp from the western gate, one is pleasantly impressed by the green carpet surrounding the officers' recreation quarters on the right; but the vista of garden opening up on the left and framing the avenue to the Administrative Quarters is sufficient to show that, while the staff has had its hands full in completing the construction of the Camp and carrying out the training of the men entrusted to its care, it has not overlooked the beautiful. This pattern of floricultural decoration has already threaded its way through the open spaces and recesses in the centre of the Camp and the Hospital grounds, and is gradually spreading across the gaps between the buildings of the Dental Hospital, and, when completed, should form a correlated whole, adding the artistic to a community essentially devoted to the material.

THE CONSTRUCTION OF THE CAMP.

THE site selected for the Camp by the Military authorities is about one and a-half miles from Featherston on the main Greytown Road, on the left side as one travels towards Greytown. The Camp stretches away, hutment after hutment, street after street, towards the main Wairarapa railway line and the hills. Although the land appears to be practically level, there is a fall of six inches to the chain—ample for drainage purposes. The full extent of the Camp, its excellent roads, water channels, footpaths, and other appointments are not fully apparent to the passers-by on the road because the headquarters offices, a huge forage store, Army Service offices, and clothing and equipment stores form a line of buildings which hide from view the long streets with their mass of hutments.

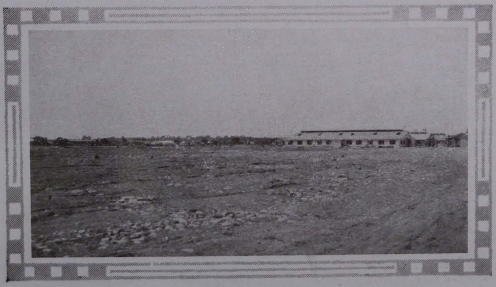
The Camp was constructed practically in its entirety by the Public Works Department. Late in August, 1915, the site presented nothing but a bare field, but the work of building was carried on so well under an organisation so complete that the finished camp, capable of accommodating 4,500 men, was handed over to the Defence authorities and occupied by the Reinforcements then under training by January 26, 1916. It is almost safe to say that Featherston Camp was built at a rate which has never been equalled in New Zealand or in Australia; it is doubtful whether such a place has been constructed so rapidly and substantially in the Southern Hemisphere. This huge undertaking was carried out by Mr. R. W. Holmes, Engineer-in-Chief of the Public Works Department. The work was under the general supervision of

The First Hut.

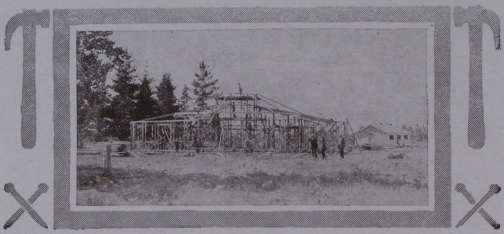


Mr. F. W. Furkert, Inspecting Engineer of the Department; Mr. A. Tyndall, assistant engineer, was in charge on the ground. With him were associated Mr. S. R. James, inspector, in charge of buildings, and Mr. J. Simpson, inspector, in charge of street formation, drainage, and such work. The overseers were Messrs. Gayford, Bartlett, and Hinton. Not only had an army of workmen, numbering about 1,060, to be organised and housed and fed, but unprecedented orders for seasoned timber and other material had to be placed, and the work so planned that there would be a maximum of efficiency as well as of speed. The men were gathered from all the centres and all the corners of New Zealand. At first they lived in tents, but as the work proceeded they were moved into more comfortable quarters in the new hutments.

To-day the buildings in the main camp alone number 252, including 90 double huts for the accommodation of the soldiers, 16 officers' cubicle huts, 16 dining halls, 6 cook-houses, 31 buildings devoted to the needs of the Camp Hospital and the Dental Corps, 5 institutes, 17 shops, the canteen (measuring 320ft. by 50ft.), a large picture hall, 3 billiard rooms (holding 28 tables), 20 stables for the accommodation of over 500 horses, officers' club, staff officers' quarters, and many others, administrative and equipment buildings alone numbering over 40. The hutments, dining halls, and other big buildings are painted cream, with maroon facings, and with their dark grey malthoid roofing they



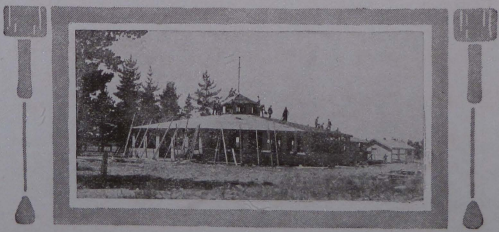
The Camp Site.



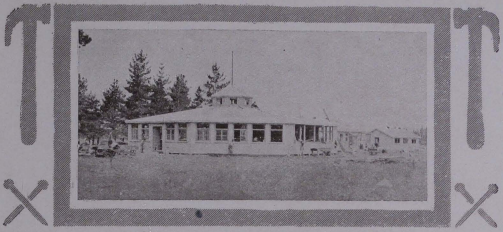
The First Hospital Rotunda, November 24, 1915.

present quite a decent appearance. Some idea of the magnitude of the job undertaken by the Public Works Department, and later taken over and carried on by the Camp and Barrack Construction Department of the Camp's permanent staff, may be gained from the fact that over 3¼ million superficial feet of timber and 30 tons of nails have been used, in addition to 4,600 rolls of patent roofing. In other words, the timber used, if spread out in boards one inch in thickness, would cover an area of about 75 acres, the surface painted would amount to 40 acres, and the roof space to about 22 acres.

The actual camp itself, exclusive of the excellent training grounds which spread out on all sides, occupies seventy acres, and on this area the buildings have been laid out in four main blocks, comprising—the residential hutments and dining halls; administrative block; social halls, amusements, shopping and canteen, etc., and the hospital block. Throughout the whole run no less than three and a-half miles of streets, all fine, broad, well-made thoroughfares, and flanked on either side by miles of concrete channelling and footpaths. The main road dividing the hutments is quite an imposing promenade; it is 147 feet wide by over a quarter of a mile long.



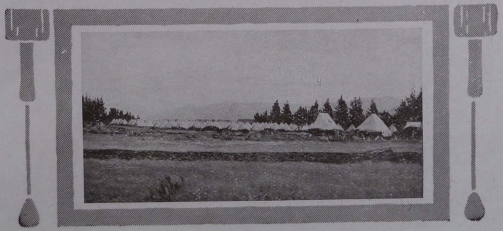
The Same Building, November 28, 1915.



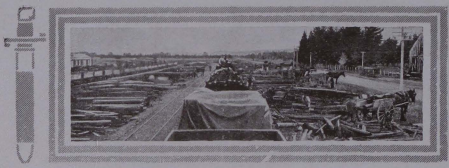
Rotunda Completed, December 1, 1915.

What the Huts Look Like.

The hutments form the main portion of the camp, the ninety buildings being divided in the centre by a partitioned drying-room, making in all 180 sleeping apartments. The experience gained by the Defence Department was embodied in the plans for the new camp at Featherston, and the hutments are naturally of the most approved pattern, as they are higher and longer than those previously planned, and are built in two sections, with a special room for drying the men's clothes in between. Each of the compartments houses 25 men, including the N.C.O. in charge, who occupies a cubicle partitioned off in the corner. The ventilation in the hutments is good, as air-vents are provided on the ridge, and the eaves, being open, admit a steady current of air. The windows, of which there are twelve in each compartment, are wide and deep, and are so fitted that the top half can be opened inwards about eight inches without causing a draught downwards, or can be doubled right back on the hinges. Stretchers are placed between the windows, the men thus avoiding draughts when the windows are opened to their full extent. The drying-room already mentioned runs across the centre of each hutment, and is itself divided in two by a sheet of expanded metal. A separate



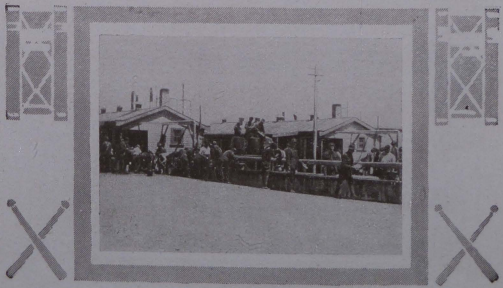
The Public Works Camp.



door from each dormitory admits into the drying compartments, so that the men in the one dormitory cannot interfere with the clothes in the drying-room of the other. It is the duty of the hut orderly to make and light a fire in the drying-room stove on wet days, so that when the men come in off parade they are able to dry their clothes with the least possible delay. Each hutment is 120 ft. in length, has an inside width of 20ft., and measures 13ft. from floor to ridge. The sixteen officers' hutments, each of which houses ten officers, are divided into cubicles, and are placed around the area occupied by the men's hutments.

The Dining Halls and Cook-Houses.

The dining halls are an important feature of the camp. They are in the middle of the camp, half on each side of Second Avenue, which is a wide street with cook-houses in its centre. The men who have started their training at Trentham have been in the habit of having their meals in the huts in which they slept, but at Featherston the system is somewhat different, as the men are paraded in front of their huts a few minutes before meal hour and are marched to the halls, where the mess orderlies, who have been told off for duty a little earlier, serve them with the wholesome food that has been one of the main factors in making Featherston so popular with the Reinforcements. All these dining halls are fine large buildings, each being capable of taking 600 men at a



Around the Cook-Houses.

The Main Road through the Camp.

sitting—300 in each of the two compartments into which the halls are divided. The floor is of concrete, the air and lighting are good, and the long tables and forms and other fittings are kept so scrupulously clean that it is no wonder the men enjoy having their meals there.

Each of the cook-houses is capable of cooking for 1,500 men, and, being placed close to the dining halls, there is very little chance of the food losing any of its heat or flavour before being placed on the tables. The cook-houses are of the latest military design, with model butchers' shops, dairies, pantries, and vegetable stores, and are fitted with high-pressure boilers, giving hot water for the washing up of the dishes and cooking utensils at the stands outside specially provided for this purpose.

Water and Drainage.

The camp has two water supply systems—one for drinking and cooking purposes, and the other for ablutions, stables, latrines, etc. The drinking water is derived from two wells which have been sunk and lined with concrete to a depth of 40 feet, and is lifted into the 13,000 gallon cistern on the water-tower to a height of 30 feet, a good pressure thus being obtained. The centrifugal pumps used for this purpose are driven by oil-engine by day and by electric motor during the night, when the camp's electrical plant is at work. The other water supply is derived from the Tauherenikau River by means of a water-race, and is diverted

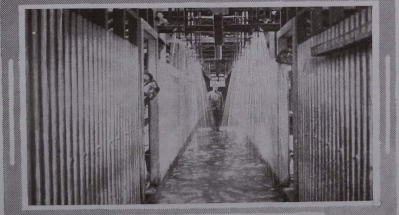
Mr. A. Tyndall and His Staff.

Corner of the Ever-increasing Gardens.

into water-pipes at a point about 30 chains from the north-east corner of the camp. Before being delivered for use this water passes through a system of filter-beds. In all over 6¾ miles of steel piping have been used in the reticulation of the camp, in sizes ranging from 8 inches downward, while nearly 700 taps have been connected.

Surface water from the streets, roofs, etc., is collected in open concrete channels in the streets and conducted away from the Camp, partly in pipes and partly in an open race, after passing through a suitable mud-tank. All polluted water from the ablution-stands, cook-houses, showers, etc., is gathered by an underground drainage system, converging into a 12in. gravity sewer 50 chains long, discharging into the Tauherenikau River. The Hospital Block is relieved of its polluted drainage by two large septic tanks, the effluent being discharged into the main sewer. The surface drainage system necessitated the construction of 263 chains of open concrete channelling and the laying of 10½ chains of 18 inch pipe. The foul drainage system includes a total length of 321 chains, or over four miles of pipes. Other matter is disposed of by incinerators and a special sanitary service.

The two bathing-houses contain 100 showers, and the men may indulge in a hot or cold shower bath at almost any hour. The small bathing-house set apart for the officers contains eight showers of exactly the same type as those used by the men.



The Shower Baths.

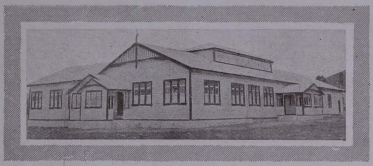
The Lighting of the Camp.

Every building in the camp is supplied with electric light from the main power-house, so that it can readily be seen that the plant installed for the purpose is no makeshift affair. The plant, which is complete and modern in every way, provides 3,000 points of light, ranging in candle-power from 16 to 300, all of which are in use simultaneously. The current is derived from two 75 kilowatt Crampton generators, each coupled up to a Westinghouse engine of 125 B.H.P. driven by suction gas. To maintain the full service the combined efforts of both sets are required. The distribution of the power has used up over 30 miles of copper cables, and as all of these are carried overhead, constant vigilance and attention are needed in view of the fact that the prevailing winds often attain a high velocity in this part of the country.

Administrative Quarters.

The administrative quarters form quite a large section of the Camp, comprising Headquarters, Pay Office, Records Office, Instructors' Rooms, Company Orderly Rooms, the huge stores of the Camp Quartermaster's department, Army Service and Supply Stores, and many work-

The Camp Post Office.



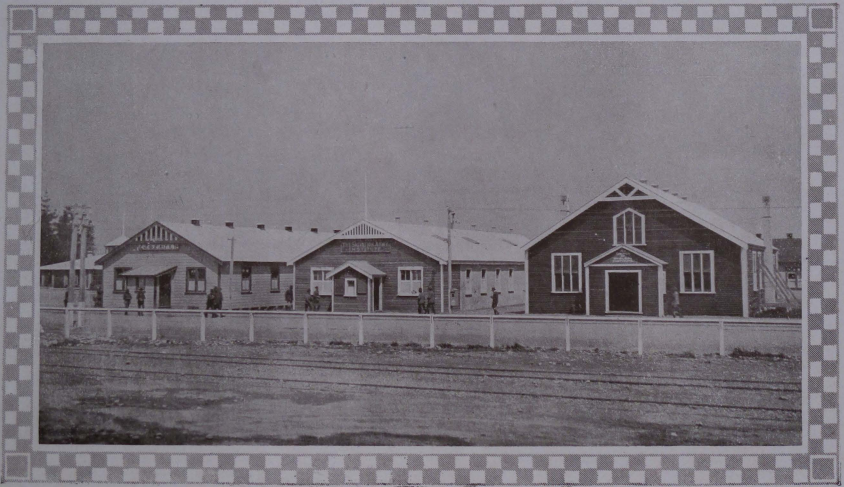
Anzac Club, Featherston.

shops. A railway siding from Featherston Station runs into Camp, terminating at the yard of the Camp stores. This has reduced the cost of delivering supplies, equipment, etc., to a minimum, as the goods are taken straight from the trucks into the stores. All of these stores buildings front the main road leading through the Camp.

The Camp Post Office.

Perhaps the most frequented place in the camp is the post office, which is situated in the midst of the administrative block. This is a compact and well-arranged building, and includes the public office, with counters for parcel post, letters, money orders, savings bank, and for telegrams. The Postmaster's office, telegraph operators' room, and posting lobby complete the main building; but attached is a large combined kitchen and dining-room, where the members of the staff, numbering 17 all told, have their meals. The post office possesses a motor mail-van, and by this means the mails for the soldiers are taken to and from the trains at Featherston with the least possible delay. While the camp is, in fact, a complete township in itself, the business done through its post office is far greater than any town of equal population can show, as the following figures amply prove. In point of business done, the

The Canteen.

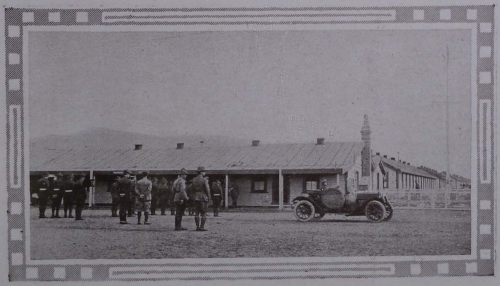


Some of the Institutes—Catholic, Salvation Army, Church of England.

Camp post office ranks as the fifth in the Dominion. For the year 1916 the articles posted by the men in camp were:—Letters, 1,012,380; post-cards, 8,270; printed matter, 69,780; newspapers, 31,010; parcels, 12,700—a total of 1,134,140. Articles delivered to the men were:—Letters, 951,050; post-cards, 14,470; printed matter, 72,150; newspapers, 138,160; parcels, 74,820—a total of 1,250,650. Telegrams to the number of 99,510, and of a value of £4,149, were sent by the men, while they received 66,094. The value of money orders issued was £51,304, and of those paid £10,513. Eight hundred and fifty-three savings bank accounts were opened, into which a total of £28,913 was paid, and from which the sum of £14,271 was withdrawn. Mails are delivered daily to the Orderly Corporals at 11.30 a.m., 7 p.m., and 8.45 p.m. The work of the post office staff is by no means the least arduous of the duties performed at the Camp.

Social Halls, Shops, and Canteen.

While the Camp proper is on the northern side of the main Greytown Road, the hospital, dental hospital, canteen, social halls, shops, and other places of commerce and amusement are situated across the road. On the main frontage are the Church of England, Roman Catholic, and



Camp Headquarters.

Salvation Army Institutes, the huge canteen, and the many shops where the soldier may buy everything he requires in the way of clothing, jewellery, etc. A well-appointed dining and tea-room has just been completed for the convenience of visitors. At the canteen the soldier is able to buy clothing, toilet requisites, fruit, soft drinks, all kinds of tinned goods, cigarettes and various tobaccos, stationery, hot tea and coffee, cakes and meat pies—in short, the canteen has nearly everything for the man who has money to spend.

Farther back will be found the finely-appointed Soldiers' Club, erected by the Wairarapa Patriotic Association, and conducted by the officers of the Y.M.C.A.; and the United Institute, the latter a spacious building used by the Presbyterians, Methodists, Congregationalists, Baptists, and the members of the Church of Christ. Both buildings have large concert halls, reading and writing-rooms, and sections devoted to indoor games. This also applies to the Institutes on the main frontage. In the rear of the canteen there is also a large picture hall, with accommodation for 400 men, where a new programme of pictures is screened every evening, Sundays included. Next to this is the large billiard-room, housing 20 tables; and there are others with fewer tables.

Out in the open space behind are the Dental Hospital buildings and the quarters of the dental staff.

Officers' Mess.

Officers' Club.

It has always been the way in the British Army to provide for the comfort and convenience of the men in the ranks first, and that this has extended to the colonial branches of the service is seen in the fact that the recreation halls for the men were in use at the Camp before any move was made to provide for the officers in this way. At first the commissioned men had their meals in a building now utilised for stores. The present Officers' Club is a commodious and lofty building, situated near the main entrance to the Camp, and is sheltered by a fine belt of tall trees. This building, with the exception of the mess-room, was erected and furnished by the Wairarapa Patriotic Association, and stands as a splendid tribute to an organisation that has done much to make the time put in at Featherston by both officers and men pleasant and memorable.

The spacious dining-room seats 200 officers comfortably, and the arrangement of the adjoining kitchen and pantries enables the staff to serve meals to this large number without any unnecessary loss of time. Leading off the mess-room is the ante-room, with its easy chairs and open fireplace, and next to this is the billiard-room. Here there are three well-lighted tables and all the required fittings. The room also contains a piano and an abundance of easy chairs, while opening on to it is the bar, where soft drinks and smokes are on sale. The writing-room is in

Tauherenikau Camp.

a small wing apart, and provides a quiet retreat to which the officers can retire after their strenuous day in the field and attend to their mail.

Staff Officers' Mess.

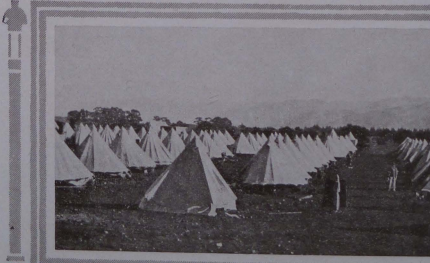
Until quite recently the officers attached to the permanent staff were without private quarters, the only "home" they could boast of being their small cubicles. However, that has now been altered, and the erection of a small building containing mess and ante-rooms has rendered their living conditions much more pleasant. The mess, which is alongside the Officers' Club, is plainly but comfortably furnished, and it is here that the officers responsible for the smooth running and efficiency of the Camp find solace and rest.

THE SUBSIDIARY CAMPS.

The authorities at Featherston are in the satisfactory position of being able to take over drafts of men at short notice, owing to having smaller canvas camps at their disposal. These small camps are frequently used to take the overflow from the big camp, and on one or two occasions as many as 2,000 men have been accommodated at twelve hours' notice, a feat which speaks well for the organisation that has been built up.

Canvas Camp.

The chief of these is that known as Canvas Camp, situated across the road from the main camp, and behind the hospital, where the



Papawai.

reinforcements are placed for a period before finally leaving Featherston to harden up for the more strenuous work ahead. Canvas Camp is laid out in the ordered exactness of a model township, and is quite one of the sights. The camp has accommodation for 2,100 of all ranks, and for the more economic handling of stores and baggage is connected with the main camp by a light railway.

Tauherenikau.

The old camp at Tauherenikau, where the mounted reinforcements received their training up to the time of the opening of the present Featherston Camp, is still used when required, but mainly for infantry.

This site was selected for the New Zealand Staff Corps training camp early in 1911, owing to its extremely suitable and pleasant location. Level, roomy paddocks surround it, and at the back is a very beautiful piece of native bush, affording shelter from the prevailing wind and a welcome shade during the warmer months. There is a copious supply of spring water in the vicinity, and the Tauherenikau River, flowing between the old and the new camps, is used for watering horses and for swimming. The speed with which the tents can be pitched and the camp put into full working order is nothing short of amazing to the uninitiated.

Interior of Hut.

Papawai Camp.

Papawai Canvas Camp is situated a mile or two outside the township of Greytown, and is used principally as a musketry camp for the mounted units and the Specialists. The two rifle ranges, which, with the machine-gun emplacements, are the principal features of the camp, are fully equipped in every way, and it is here that the Artillery, A.S.C., Mounted Rifles, Signallers, and Machine Gunners go through their musketry course. At this camp the Machine Gunners receive all their advanced training, and their battle practice is carried out over the adjoining country.

This camp is permanently established, and the main buildings, such as Headquarters, Quartermaster's Stores, Dining Halls, Post Office, Canteen, Y.M.C.A. Institute, and Hospital Casualty Station, are of substantial construction, but the men sleep under canvas. The camp can accommodate 500.

THE RECRUITS ARRIVE.

The most interesting sight in or around the Camp is the arrival of recruits, who are sent in from the various group areas in batches of from ten and twelve upwards. They come in garbed in their civilian clothes, and carrying all sorts of luggage. One has a queer tin box, another a biscuit tin wrapped in brown paper, another has a suit-case. The popular dress-basket usually predominates, and many carry parcels wrapped in newspaper. In through the main gates they swing, and are marched up past Headquarters and halted in front of the Camp Records Office, where the roll is called.

At the Records Office.

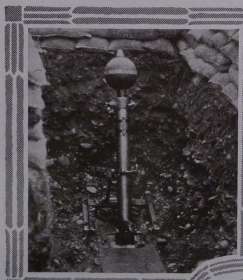
When a man joins the forces the officers of the Group wherein he enlists make out his Attestation Paper, in which some very pertinent questions—and not a few that seem quite impertinent to the recruit—are answered, and this forms the nucleus of his Personal File, a record which is added to and adjusted as the conduct and progress of the soldier necessitate. On arrival in camp this file is handed to the officers of the Camp Records, whose duty it is to see that entries are made, showing all transfers, promotions, reversions, inoculations, vaccinations, admissions and discharges to and from hospital, and misconduct for the period during which the soldier is in the camp. This also applies to the files of the men who are transferred from Trentham for advanced training, the arrival of a whole infantry reinforcement from "across the Hill"

adding considerably to the labours of the staff. The recruits sent direct from the groups to Featherston usually comprise men for the Artillery, Mounted Rifles, A.S.C., Specialist and Veterinary Divisions.

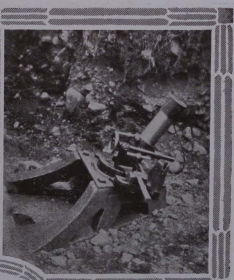
When the recruits have answered the roll call they are provided with messing gear at the Quartermaster's Stores, and the order is given for them to be taken to the dining halls. The non-commissioned officer in charge orders "right about turn," and the recruits turn instantly, some to the right and some to the left—much to the amusement of the many about who have been through a little training. Soon the newcomers are eating heartily and passing favourable comments upon the quality and quantity of the food.

The men are next taken before the Camp doctors, who merely look for signs of infectious diseases, and the draft is marched back to the Records Office, where the papers prepared in the group are brought up to date by the addition of particulars as to next-of-kin, and the fixing of the date from which military pay is to commence. The men are then handed over to the representative of the unit to which they are to be attached, Records' direct contact with the recruit ending there.

The departure of a Reinforcement again causes a stir in the Camp Records Office, for if the contingent is marching over the Rimutakas to Trentham, the files have to be sent to that camp, after each man on the strength of the departing companies has been checked off; and in the event of the Reinforcement going direct to the troopship, Embarkation Rolls must be prepared, the local section of the Personal Files sent to Base Records, Wellington, where they are held, and the foreign section prepared for despatch to England. There are also the Personal Files of the many Home Service men to be kept.



Ready to Fire. 2in. Trench Mortar loaded with Bomb.



Vickers 1.576 inch in its Emplacement.

His Excellency the Governor Visits the Camp.

Recruits Arriving.

CAMP QUARTERMASTER'S STORES.

THE next step is to provide each recruit with his first issue of clothing, blankets, and necessary gear. This is done at the Camp Quartermaster's Stores, where the issue is made smoothly and rapidly. Helped by the assistants, the recruits try on hats, overcoats, denims, boots, and jerseys, and select socks and underwear, other assistants meanwhile spreading waterproof sheets on the floor, to which they add blankets and towels and a few smaller articles, such as toothbrushes, holdalls, housewives, and the like. The issue is then written on to a card bearing the recruit's name and number, and the whole signed for. Soon the friendly shelter of the huts ments is reached, and the men quickly choose their places and begin to step from civilian to military clothes. This is the actual change, and it is invariably made with eagerness and accompanied by much good-natured banter. Palliasses are filled with straw from the Forage Store, and rolled up until wanted for the night. The first evening is devoted to exploring the Camp and getting the hang of things, and before "lights out" the newcomers turn in with thoughts of the morrow, when their training as soldiers will commence in earnest.

Some of the Camp Bootmakers.

Clothing Store.

THE CAMP ADMINISTRATION.

Perhaps the busiest spot in the Camp is the Headquarters building, from which the work of the Camp is directed. This building, which is connected with the various departments by a complete telephone system, contains the offices of the Camp Commandant, the Camp Adjutant, and the Assistant Camp Adjutant, and the main inquiry and business office.

The Camp Commandant is responsible for the whole organisation and interior economy of the Camp. The Camp Adjutant, who relegates certain of the duties to the Assistant Camp Adjutant, is directly responsible to the Camp Commandant for the efficiency of the administration and for the discipline of the Camp.

All correspondence dealing with the training and movements of troops is put through Headquarters, and in order to cope with this comprehensive work a staff of trained clerks is employed, while the Chief Instructors in the various arms of the service are responsible to the Camp Commandant that the prescribed system of training is strictly adhered to.

Every morning each unit in Camp is required to furnish returns to Headquarters showing the number of men on parade, with increases and decreases fully explained, and sick reports. There are also the Captain of the Day's, Guard and Medical Officers' reports daily, twice-weekly returns of men to appear before Medical Boards, and many other daily,

Major Neville Newcomb, M.S.C., Camp Adjutant.

weekly, and monthly returns and reports, which have to be checked and dealt with by the Headquarters Staff.

Orderly Room is held by the Camp Commandant at 8.30 a.m. daily, when offenders whose lapses are of too serious a nature for the Unit Commander to deal with are brought up and tried, and in most cases detention or forfeiture of pay are imposed, or the offender is reprimanded, although there are very often cases with a happy ending, officially recorded as "case dismissed."

The granting of sick leave and extensions of leave requires a great deal of attention, but the heaviest work in this regard comes when a reinforcement is being sent away on final leave. The preparation for this begins some weeks before the leave is due, the organisation and direction being in the hands of the Assistant Camp Adjutant. Arrangements must be made with the railway authorities and the steamship companies, the destination of each man ascertained, and the route to be followed by him worked out. The papers containing a railway warrant for each man, together with his pass out of and into camp, steamer or coach voucher, as the case may be, are handed to the company commanders for distribution. The passes show the soldier the date upon which he must return to camp, and the train or vessel upon which he must travel, and an attached slip gives him clear instructions just what to do in the event of an emergency, such as sudden sickness, arising. This is a big undertaking, but the system which has been evolved ensures every man reaching his home with the least possible loss of time. During the absence of the Reinforcement the huts are cleaned and fumigated and tents neatly folded, so that when the men return their quarters are clean and ready for their reception.

All notices and orders dealing with the running and routine of the Camp are sent out in a daily Gazette known as "Routine Orders," and

Captain J. W. Silcock, Camp Adjutant (2).

A Typical Troop Train.

Officers of the Permanent Staff.

Back Row—Lieut. J. B. Jordan, Lieut. F. J. Mackintosh (Record Officer), Lieut. P. S. K. Mason (Headquarters Staff), Capt. P. N. Petty (Supply Officer), *Middle Row*—Capt. A. Tayler (Veterinary Officer), Lieut. R. S. Park, Lieut. K. L. Stewart, Lieut. D. G. Smith, Lieut. W. Ivory, Lieut. C. E. Isbister (Asst. Supply Officer), Lieut. A. M. Jameson (Provost Marshal), Lieut. G. B. Parkinson, Lieut. D. Donaldson, Lieut. T. Hoare (Asst. M.R. Instr.), *Front Row*—Capt. J. W. Silcock (Camp A.-J. (2), Capt. H. A. Wilson (Artillery Instr.), Major P. H. Johnson (M.R. Instr.), Major J. E. Barton, Major D. J. Sweetzer (Infantry Instr.), Colonel C. R. Macdonald (Chief Infantry Instr.), Colonel N. P. Adams, C.M.G. (Camp Comdt.), Major N. Newcomb (Camp Adjt.), Major R. M. Gunn Capt. W. O. Bradley (Chief Artillery Instr.), Major W. R. Hursthouse (P.D.O.), Capt. G. M. Abbot (C.P.M.).

Headquarters: Main Office.

nothing can be done in camp without this authority from Headquarters. Two hundred copies of "Routine Orders," averaging about eight foolscap sheets of typewritten matter, are sent out daily, these copies being printed from wax sheets used on Gestetner rotary cyclostyle machines installed for the purpose. Matters dealt with in Orders comprise Camp Duties, Medical Inspections and Dental Parades, Movements of Troops, Transfers, Promotions and Appointments, Lectures, Admissions and Discharges to and from Hospital, Absentees, Forfeitures, notices relating to Courts Martial, Boards of Enquiry, Promulgation of Sentences, and many minor details.

Courts Martial are held in Camp occasionally, and the preparation of the necessary papers is another of the duties of the staff. Discharges also occasion a great deal of work.

From 7 a.m. until 10 p.m. the Headquarters Staff is busy with its appointed tasks, imparting information for the benefit of the units in training and carrying out the functions of the heart of the Camp.

Major Banks, Camp Quartermaster.

ARMY PAY DEPARTMENT.

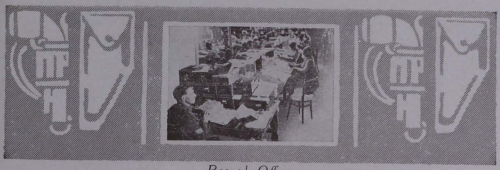
THE business of the Camp Pay Office is to issue pay for distribution to the soldiers and to attend to allotments and allowances for the period during which a soldier is on the strength of the Camp. Each reinforcement is entitled to four pay clerks, who are transferred to the Pay Office for training with the permanent staff. The staff is divided into two departments—one to deal with pay and the other to attend to the allowances and allotments.

The pay of the permanent establishments in camp—such as Headquarters, Quartermaster's Stores, Army Service Corps, Medical, Dental, and Veterinary Corps—is dealt with under a separate heading, a different set of cards being kept for the men of the Expeditionary Force.

Pay is issued fortnightly, and companies are required to furnish a return showing the men to be paid, together with a record of allotments in operation, forfeiture of pay, sick leave granted, extra duty pay, transfers, kit deficiencies, promotions, reductions, fines, etc. This is known as an Acquittance Roll, and is accompanied by a specification of the cash required. These rolls are then checked off with the records of the office, which are brought up to date, day by day, by comparison with Routine Orders, and when this is completed the cash is handed over to the officers commanding units, who, in their turn, pay over to the men.

Army Pay Department.

Camp Pay Staff. Captain G. M. Abbot, Paymaster, in centre.



Records Office.

obtain a receipt, and enter the amount in the individual's pay-book. A summary of the payments made to the troops is compiled, and, with the roll and unpaid monies, handed into the Pay Office, where the clerks again check up and make the necessary entries on the pay-cards, one of which is kept for every soldier in camp.

Other disbursements of cash for the pay period are made by the payment of vouchers covering expenses such as travelling, supplies, lodging allowances, officers' outfit grants, and the like.

The payment of Separation, Children's, and Widowed Mothers' Allowances, as well as the allotments of pay made by the men themselves, involves a great deal of detail work, birth and marriage certificates having to be checked and the information given by the men verified.

CAMP MILITARY BAND.

The Camp has two permanent bands—the Military Band, which is equipped with a full set of silver instruments, and the Trumpet Band, referred to elsewhere. The Camp Military Band, which is composed of 28 players, drawn from the principal bands of the Dominion, does daily duty with the troops, marching them in and out of Camp as the training requires, and accompanying the men on route marches. The Band also supplies the music for the hymns at the Sunday morning Church parade, and the open-air concerts given on Sunday afternoons are much appreciated by the soldiers and their visiting friends.

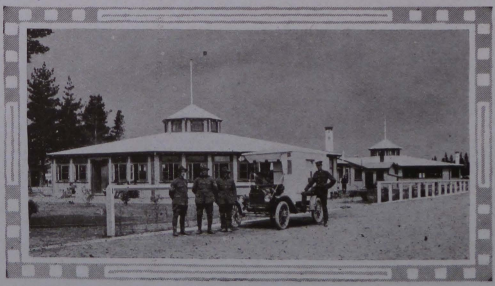
Camp Military Band.

Inoculation.

THE CAMP HOSPITAL.

THE Camp Hospital, in its compound, is practically a self-contained unit. The two main buildings are of the Rotunda type, with open sides that can be closed as desired, so that there is an abundance of fresh air for the patients at all times. Attached to the central system are special external wards, where overflow patients are treated. The Hospital compound also contains the administrative block, nurses', officers', and N.Z.M.C. quarters, and all the buildings necessary for out-patient treatment. The Sick Hut, where all patients are first received, is placed at a convenient point inside the main Hospital gates, and in close proximity to the general wards. First there is the Chiropodic Department, which is under the care of experts; then follow the receiving rooms for men awaiting treatment. These lead into the room where the medical officers inspect the men paraded for examination. Thence surgical cases pass through to the dressing-room, while medical cases go directly to the dispensary, the system of keeping the patients moving in the one direction thus reducing confusion to a minimum. Men with throat trouble, a common complaint, receive vapour inhalation treatment in a specially-designed room. This treatment has given remarkable results.

At the present time infectious cases are treated away from the main



Hospital Rotundas.

Major H. Graham Robertson, N.Z.M.C., and Hospital Staff.

Hospital, and the convalescents are put in the Isolation Camp at Tauherenikau whilst awaiting the termination of their quarantine period, and provision is also made here for the reception of contacts, who are given the inhalation treatment. It is intended, however, to construct a special Infectious Hospital, with an isolation annex for the observation of doubtful cases, and for diseases requiring special care or isolation. This hospital will be built on a site convenient for centralisation of treatment and administration. The authorities have been greatly assisted by the Executive of the Wairarapa Racing Club, who have placed the Tauherenikau Racecourse and its buildings at their disposal, to be used in the event of any sudden calls—epidemics and the like—beyond the capacity of the Hospital being made.

Quite an important department is the Bacteriological Laboratory, which has recently been added to the Hospital equipment.

THE CAMP MILITARY POLICE.

Despite the excellent discipline of the vast majority of the men undergoing training, there are always a few soldiers who do not try to play the game, and a small force of Military Police is necessary to maintain absolute order in and around the Camp. When the Tauherenikau Camp was in its infancy the services of only four Military Police were required, but on the removal of Headquarters to the new camp the staff had to be increased. The Camp Military Police now number 33 N.C.O.'s and men, and this body is assisted by men who are drawn from the various Reinforcements as required.

The area covered by the Police includes the Camps, Featherston Township, and Greytown. Other work performed by the Police is considerable, for, in addition to patrolling this country, they attend to the guarding of the main entrances to the camps, controlling the taxi services, collecting passes on the troop trains, maintaining order at the entraining of troops at the Camp sidings and other stations, besides providing escorts for military prisoners to and from the Camps.

The question of increasing the number of Military Police to 50 is under consideration, and if this is done it will no longer be necessary to call on the Reinforcements for assistance.

Lieut. A. M. Jameson, Assistant Provost Marshal, is in charge of the Camp Military Police at Featherston.

Camp Military Police.

FIRE PREVENTION.

The Camp has an organised fire brigade, ready to turn out to any sudden call. The brigade has at its disposal two manual engines and a chemical engine. When the Camp was being built, nine underground sumps, each holding 6,000 gallons of water, were put down at suitable points, and as these tanks are full at all times, there is an adequate supply of water for any emergency. The members of the two bands and a number of the Military Police form the *personnel* of the brigade, and these men—about 60 in all—receive instruction in the art of fire fighting under a fully qualified fireman, who holds the rank of sergeant-major. The chemical engine is housed at the entrance to the Hospital compound, and is capable of suppressing quite a large fire. As a further precaution, fire extinguishers are placed in the bigger buildings and in cabinets along the streets, and fire-buckets, placed outside the huts, are filled with water and ready for use at all times.

A modern motor-driven fire-pump has been on order for the Camp for some months, and when this comes to hand from England the appliances of the department will be complete.

One of the Manual Engines.

Dental Treatment.

TENDING THE SICK HORSES.

The health of the hundreds of horses on the strength of the Camp has to be as jealously guarded as that of the soldiers, and a sick or injured animal has to be reported by the picquet immediately any ailment or injury is detected. The horse is then taken to the Veterinary Hospital, where an examination is made and treatment prescribed. The Featherston branch of the New Zealand Veterinary Corps has treated over 1,200 horses since the Camp opened, a few of these cases requiring operations, which have been carried out with gratifying success.

In cases where the horse is suffering from fever, the temperature is taken and the respiration and pulse recorded, the chart thus made serving

Thrown for an Operation.

Badly broken knees.

Mess Orderlies at one of the Cook-houses.

as a guide while the animal is being treated or under observation. Many cases are simple sores, sprains, and strains, for which "blisters" and poultices are applied, and not a few of the patients are admitted to the lines with broken knees or bearing kick marks. The Hospital has its own dispensary, where all ointments, lotions, and drenches are made up, and even the farriers are specialists in their own line. Where operations are necessary, the horse is thrown to the ground by means of a special hobble, and chloroform or cocaine administered. Dental troubles are also attended to, a gag attachment being used to hold the horse's mouth rigid and protect the operators while they are at work on the teeth.

"Kindness" would seem to be the slogan of the Veterinary Corps, for no horse is subjected to any pain that can possibly be avoided or alleviated—and that the horses are conscious of this is shown in the dumb patience with which they undergo treatment, and the fact that they invariably return to the Veterinary lines after being discharged if not carefully watched.

The Veterinary Hospital is under the charge of Captain Siddall, who has associated with him a staff of highly qualified officers.

THE DENTAL CORPS.

THOUSANDS of soldiers come into camp every month, and practically all of them have more or less diseased teeth. It would no doubt occasion grave concern if nine-tenths of the men of a reinforcement were found to be suffering from nasal catarrh or enlarged tonsils; but no one seems much surprised at the alarming prevalence of disease of the teeth. And yet the symptoms and results of the latter disease are serious enough to arrest the attention of every soldier. The first fact is that imperfect teeth cannot secure for the body the fullest benefit from the food; then bacteria, which cause most of the infectious diseases, get into the system from the mouth, and an unhealthy mouth, in turn, encourages and breeds these bacteria; discharging abscesses in the mouth upset the whole system, and make the soldier quite unequal to the physical demands of his military duties. When on active service he will find good teeth of the utmost value to him. It will mean for him immunity from toothache and neuralgia; but, more important than that, it will mean that he will get the requisite vital energy from the food supplied, and so will avoid all sorts of bodily ills that would otherwise attack him; and it means lastly, that if he is wounded a clean and healthy mouth will give him the best chance of a speedy recovery. For these reasons every soldier is given the opportunity of getting his teeth attended to and put into good clean working order.

The Featherston branch of the New Zealand Dental Corps came into existence on December 1, 1915, and then consisted of three operators and one mechanic. They were stationed at the old Tauherenikau Camp, and worked in two marquees. It was very difficult in those days to keep instruments and working materials free from dust and to prevent things from blowing over; but a great deal of work was done in spite of inconveniences, and the Corps has steadily grown until now there is an establishment of thirteen officers and 39 N.C.O.'s and men, and a further increase has just been approved. The Corps urgently needs more room to work in, and this is very shortly to be provided. A new mechanical laboratory has just been completed, and this considerably relieves the congestion that prevailed in the Main Hospital. The group of buildings erected for the Dental Corps occupies the south-west corner of the Camp, where there is plenty of space and a pleasant outlook. The surroundings are being made gay and methodical by the laying out of gardens of flowers, and even vegetables, and both officers and men lend their help and interest towards making the grounds attractive.

The Main Hospital—a convenient building 80ft. by 20ft.—is now provided with acetylene gas. Here water is laid on, electric light is installed, and the acetylene gas is used for heating water, sterilizing instruments, and heating vulcanizers.

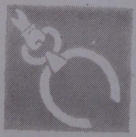
A feature of the Mechanical Department is a big 12-flask vulcanizer that the boys call "Big Lizzie." The number of dentures made is so great that the largest vulcanizer obtainable—a 5-flask one—proved quite inadequate, and it was decided that a larger one must be created.

Major Hursthouse (Principal Dental Officer) and Dental Staff.

The sergeant-major of the corps designed "Big Lizzie," and she has been a great comfort to all concerned since she came from the manufacturers in Wellington.

From 8 a.m. till noon, and from 1.30 p.m. till 4.45 p.m., the Dental Hospital presents a scene of keen activity. As showing the amount of work that is done, the figures for November, 1916, may be taken as a fair sample:—Amalgam fillings, 2,897; root fillings, 405; root dressings, 459; scaling operations, 440; dressings, 165; attendances for dentures and sundry, 1,837; crowns, 4; extractions, 539; making a total of 6,746 operations and 3,133 attendances. In the Mechanical Department 401 dentures were made and 42 repaired.

The Hospital is open, too, every evening for appointments and special cases, and there is always an officer on duty in case anything urgent should be required. When the present establishment is filled up and the approved additions and enlargements are carried out, the N.Z.D.C. expects to be able to make dentally efficient every soldier who leaves New Zealand.



On the Banks of the Ruamahanga River.

Records Staff.

TWELVE TRUMPETERS.

From "Reveille" to "Lights Out."

(By Will Lawson.)

The Trumpet Band of Featherston Camp is a new thing in bands in New Zealand, a creation brought about by the War in general, and by Featherston Camp in particular. Being a mounted camp, Featherston was entitled to a trumpet band, and now that it has got what it wanted, the Camp is very proud of its band of twelve trumpets and eight drums. The trumpeters are buglers, too, and those infantry calls which etiquette demands should be so sounded are blown on the bugles. But most of the regulation calls are made on the trumpets, and the recruit who, in Featherston Camp, has become used to the sound of the reveille, or "rouse," on the bugle, gets a surprise when twelve trumpeters make the welkin ring with their clear, brilliant notes.

The quarters of the Trumpet Band in the Camp are in a half-hutment, over which flies a red pennant with the word "Trumpets" blazoned upon it. Inside the long room are to be seen the signs of the martial minstrelsy which is the calling of the lads who occupy it—for most of the trumpeters and drummers are mere lads, full of life and high spirits. Trumpets, drums, and bugles are hung on the walls. At one end a cabinet gramophone is discoursing operatic music, while in the centre of the aisle between the beds two bandsmen, in shirt sleeves, engage in a catch-as-catch-can wrestling bout. It is late forenoon, and an off moment, one of the rare occasions during the day when the band is neither practising nor playing according to camp schedule.

The trumpet-major is resting, too, as though Time had not claimed him as one of its slaves. He is not watching the clock; but he has the sailor's or bushman's instinct of time, and presently he warns his men that they are due on the parade ground within a few minutes, to play the troops that are drilling into camp for lunch. Then a transformation takes place. The gramophone stops suddenly, the wrestlers separate, and in less time than it takes to tell it the band has got into its tunics and artillery hats, picked up its trumpets and drums, and is gathering at the door. The trumpet-major gives the order to fall in. The drummer hangs the big drum to the strap that circles his shoulders; the small drums, that go in the lead of the band, are hooked to the drummers' harness. The trumpeters are in their places behind the big drum, and the band is ready. Tall, lithe lads they are for the most part, and looking smart in their artillery uniforms.

"Quick march!" is the trumpet-major's order. The big drum beats twice, "Boom, boom!" Then a side-drum whirrs in staccato, and gives a double note for the step as they swing away to lead the troops back to camp.

It is one of the sights of the camp to see the Reinforcements in

training march in to the music of a band. At Featherston they never move from camp to parade ground, or from parade ground to camp, without either the Trumpet Band or the Camp Military Band at their head. The khaki column comes into view with the glitter of trumpets at its head and the heartening music of drums and trumpets playing in 6-8 time to lift the weary feet along. The band halts outside Headquarters until the last file has passed, and then returns to quarters and dinner.

That is only one of the duties of the Trumpet Band, whose round of work extends from 5.30 in the morning till 10.15 at night. When most of the camp is still asleep, the twelve trumpeters turn out, some of them with sleep still clinging to their eyes. They march to a certain place near Headquarters, swing their trumpets to their lips, and while the Camp flag is hoisted, the reveille's first, slow notes, like clear voices hailing, float away on the breeze. Many a man, lying in bed wide awake, waits for the twelve trumpeters to come and make music of the reveille. At six o'clock one trumpeter blows the defaulters' call, and at 6.30 the "fall in." "Breakfast" and "defaulters" are sounded again at 7.45, and "sick parade" at eight—all are trumpet calls. Half an hour later the massed trumpets lift their ringing notes in "boot and saddle" and "warning for parade"—calls that cover both mounted and infantry requirements. "Fall in" follows at nine, when the band leads the troops out of camp to parade. During the morning there are calls to be made at 9.30 for the guard, and at 11 o'clock for rations. The march in is at 11.50, and "dinner" sounds at 12. At one o'clock "boot and saddle" and warning for parade come round again, and at 1.30 "fall in." Then the Camp Military Band plays the troops out, and the trumpets have respite, save to sound "orders" when required, until 4.45. But the afternoons are filled with practices, which only cease in time for the Trumpet Band to play selections at "Retreat," when the guard turns out, and every man in camp stands to attention as the flag outside Headquarters floats slowly down.

"Officers' Mess" is at 5.30. The Camp Military Band plays twice a week during mess, and the trumpets occasionally. Then the evening calls begin: "Defaulters" at 6.45, and again at 8.45; "First Post," at 9.30, is a massed call, the twelve trumpeters again; "Last Post" at ten; and "Lights Out" at 10.15—and the trumpeters' day is ended.

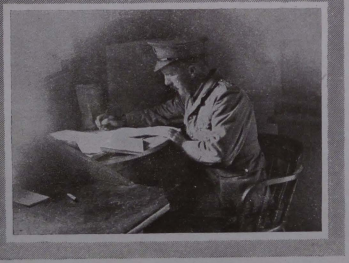
Dry Ration Store.

ARMY SERVICE CORPS SUPPLY DEPOT.

THE large and important task of feeding the troops and horses in camp, and providing and maintaining road transport, both mechanical and horse, is allocated to the Army Service Corps.

The Supply Section is responsible for obtaining and accumulating food stuffs for issue to the units in Camp. Rations are provided on a most liberal scale, which has been drawn up and scientifically improved and varied from time to time, as a result of experience gained, to meet the needs of the strenuous military and physical training experienced by the troops. In addition to such necessities as bread, fresh meat, first-grade butter, tea, cheese, the scale includes tapioca, sago, oatmeal, sausages, green vegetables, dried fruits, treacle, curry, etc.

Both in quality and bulk there is no stint whatever exercised by the Military authorities. Those responsible for purchasing from the markets exercise the greatest care in selecting first quality foodstuffs, and each consignment is again submitted to detailed examination by the A.S.C. upon its arrival in camp. That the keen and healthy appetites of the men are by no means easily satisfied is instanced by the fact that the total weight of one man's daily ration of food is 6 lbs. 2.750 ozs., or



Captain Petty, Supply Officer.

about 21 tons of foodstuffs daily for the whole Camp. The cost of a daily ration per man is approximately 1s. 8d.

An average daily issue of fresh meat is about 9,000 lbs., and a consignment reaches the A.S.C. Supply Depot, which is built alongside the camp railway siding, each morning, when it is immediately inspected and cut up for distribution to the cook-houses of the various units and hospitals.

For several months past all bread has been baked in the A.S.C. bakery, whose business it is to turn out about 7,000 lbs. of bread daily. To attain this end the bakers use home-brewed yeast and some 5,400 lbs. of flour each day, to produce bread of a quality much appreciated by the troops.

Except for a very short period during the winter, fresh milk obtained from the locality, and delivered at the Camp morning and evening, is issued to the troops at the rate of one half-pint per man daily. To make this issue a supply of about 400 gallons is usually needed.

Another most important task of the work of the A.S.C. is that of providing the necessary chaff, bran, hay and oats, and bedding straw for the 450 draught and riding horses used for administrative and instructional purposes. The weight of a daily ration for draught and riding horses (exclusive of bedding straw) is 29 lbs. 8 ozs. and 26 lbs. 8 ozs. respectively, and the cost of these is about 1s. 10d. for the

Transport Vehicles.

former and 1s. 8d. for the latter, the sum total weight of a day's issue of forage (including bedding straw) being approximately 6½ tons.

It will therefore be seen that, together with other issues, such as coal, of which some 60 tons are issued weekly, coke (12 tons), wood (32 cords), oils, disinfectant, etc., the responsibilities and importance of the Supply Section of the A.S.C. are by no means light. In bulk, some 40 tons of food, forage, etc., have to be handled each day, and on the quality of the stores supplied primarily depends the well-being, health, and strength of the troops, and enables them to cope all the more earnestly and advantageously with their military duties and studies.

The Supply Depot is divided up into various shops and stores for groceries, forage, milk, bread, and meat. Special cool chambers have been erected.

The Transport Section of the Supply Depot Establishment is responsible for the transport of the stores from the Depot to the various stores of the units, the camp and racecourse hospitals, Featherston, Tauherenikau, Papawai, and Isolation Canvas Camps, several of which are situated at considerable distances from the Depot; also for the transport of supplies to troops engaged in field operations in the manoeuvre areas, and the transport of ordnance stores and kits in connection with the very frequent movements of units from one camp to another.

Both horse and mechanical transport are utilised, the horse section

The Bakery.

having at their disposal some 31 vehicles, consisting of General Service, General Service limbered, heavy local and various patterns of light express waggons; also waggons specially designed and constructed by the A.S.C. artificers for conveying bread and meat. Harness of various patterns generally adopted by the A.S.C. and Artillery, and pack saddlery for conveying stores, machine-gun equipment, ammunition, etc., over rough country, are used throughout the transport service. The harness and saddle store-rooms have been erected within easy reach of the stables and the Wagon Park.

The Mechanical Transport Section, instituted comparatively recently, has already proved of great value. Included in its establishment is a latest model 40 H.P. Thorneycroft motor lorry, using either kerosene or benzine, and hospital ambulances and cars for official use.

An important establishment in the A.S.C. is that of the artificers. The wheelwrights', farriers', and saddlers' shops are amongst the most busy and invaluable of the camp's departments, and the efficiency of their work renders the transport section entirely independent of outside civil sources for the renewal and repairs of equipment.

C.I.

The Armoury.

IN HOSPITAL.

The Patient's View-point.

THE hospitals play a big part in camp life. The experience of Sergeant D—— may be taken as typical.

One morning Sergeant D—— found himself unable to go out on parade, and he reported sick at the usual hour. In turn he came before one of the medical officers, and was ordered immediately into the hospital, with a slightly over-wrought heart which required a few days' rest.

He was directed first to a Red Cross sergeant, who questioned him thoroughly and told him to get certain things he would require in hospital—shaving material, hair-brush, and other small requisites. He was next taken to a store-room and given pyjamas, dressing-gown, pillow-slip, shoes, and a few other things, for which he had to sign. These, placed in a kit bag, he was directed to carry in to the hospital, where he was taken in charge and ordered a hot bath. In pyjamas and dressing-gown he was then piloted into the big, circular kiosk hospital and literally put to bed. This was at 9.30 a.m.

Half an hour later he was given his throat gargle by an orderly, and this was followed by the visit of a nurse, who felt his pulse, asked how he was, told him not to mind if his heart "jumped" a bit, gave him some medicine, and he soon dozed off to sleep. Rest was evidently the treatment prescribed for this case, for the sergeant was allowed to have the day in peace, and after sleeping well during the night he was awakened at 5 a.m. and given a basin of hot gruel. Already he felt better, and was able to sit up and take an interest in the men around him. Some were already convalescent and full of spirits; most of them were influenza cases of varying severity.

"Feel better?" was the kindly enquiry that assailed him from all sides.

The morning passed on. The patients were given breakfast according to their capacity to stand solid or liquid foods, those who were able to leave their beds doing so.

A little before ten o'clock every patient's chart was taken down from the post near the bed and laid on the coverlet, so that the doctor could see at a glance the details of the case. Soon the doctor arrived, and quietly but rapidly, accompanied by nurse and matron, passed from bed to bed, stopping at this or that more serious case, or feeling a pulse, asking a question, and passing on. Previously temperatures had been taken, and each was read out in turn from a book carried by a nurse.

"You can get up if you like," the sergeant was told, "but you must not go away from the hospital." Earnest enquiry elicited the information that there was nothing wrong with his heart, and all that he needed was to look after himself. He loafed about, alternating his time between the bed and the convalescents' quarter—a warm, cosy room, holding about a dozen men, who sat about, talked, smoked, and told yarns.

In the ward fresh arrivals came, some of them brought in by

stretcher, some walking in. If weak and in collapse, a screen would be drawn around them, and behind the shelter of this orderlies would wash and attend to them.

The day passed somehow; the sergeant scarcely knew how. He was on good nourishing diet, and was rapidly feeling better.

At 8 p.m. everyone was abed and lights were out. Sleep came easily to all who were not in pain. Certainly there were disturbances, but few took interest in them. A groaning "case" was brought in, a man suffering from severe influenza, and for a time quiet, yet busy, orderlies worked about him, washing and bedding him. About midnight violent protests about something, the subject-matter of which could not be heard, came from the direction of the bed occupied by an alcoholic convalescent. This patient was warned several times by the orderlies, but it was not until a nurse had administered something that the noise ceased.

Thus the night passed. The sergeant slept well on the whole. Next day he went through much the same experiences, and two days later was discharged as quite well again, with five days' sick leave, if he wanted it. Sick leave, he discovered, with the endorsement "Fit to travel," was something eagerly sought by all patients.

Before leaving the hospital all patients hand in to the stores all the articles they have received before entering, anything unaccounted for being charged against them. Meanwhile their own kit has been looked after by their Quartermaster-Sergeant, and on their return to the lines they have their belongings handed to them.

H.T.B.D.

THE CAMP FOOD.

A Typical Menu.

BREAKFAST.	LUNCH.	DINNER.
MONDAY. Curry and Rice.	Dry Rations only: Bread, Butter, Jam, Cheese, and Tea. Puddings when materials supplied by units.	Boiled Mutton, Potatoes and Onion Sauce.
TUESDAY: Stew.		Roast Beef, Potatoes, Sago and Fruit.
WEDNESDAY: Mince and Potatoes.		Roast Mutton, Potatoes, and Currant Pudding.
THURSDAY: Curry and Rice.		Beef Steak Pie, Potatoes, Tapioca and Fruit.
FRIDAY: Stew.		Roast Mutton, Potatoes, Suet Pudding.
SATURDAY: Chops and Potatoes.		Roast Beef, Potatoes, and other Vegetables.
SUNDAY: Sausages.		Roast Mutton, Potatoes, Rice Pudding and Fruit.
Porridge, Bread, Butter, and Tea daily.		Tea, Bread, Butter, Jam, and Cheese daily.

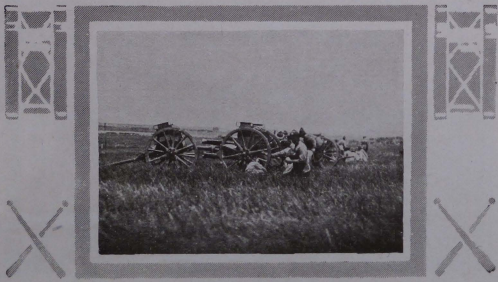
Battery coming into Action.

FIELD ARTILLERY.

18-Pounders and 4.5 Howitzer.

(By WILL LAWSON.)

THE marching men came first, then the guns and waggons moving in battery column. They turned in at a gateway, ploughing through some soft ground, and the green was soon dotted with khaki. The Artillery and Divisional Signallers swarmed in, too, with telephone wires and flags. But the double line of guns and waggons was the centre of interest. They came in pairs, a gun to the left, a waggon to the right. At the word "Sections left," the guns wheeled to the front, with dancing horses. The waggons turned, too, each behind its gun. Then the guns were unlimbered, the horses with the limber, or fore-carriage, galloping to the rear. The trail on which the gun is mounted was seized by the gunners and swung into position to the right of the ammunition waggon, the waggon teams having been quickly unhooked and hurried to the rear. As each gun came into action, the sergeant, who rides always at its side, leaped to the ground, and handed his horse to the wheel driver, to be taken to the rear with the others. On the slopes of the highest knoll the artillerymen, who were spectators, were deposed, and above



18-Pounder Battery in Action.

Battery Commander working out his information.

them were the civilians, including a number of women and children. They were fully 60 feet above the guns.

The target was a shield of enemy guns, in action in a gully in the distant hills. To convey to the gun-layers information as to the position of the enemy, the artillery use clock-face symbols. Taking a prominent peak as a landmark, the description is given in the following terms:—

"Six degrees, half-past five, from big peak."

The laying of the guns is to be direct for line—that is, for the direction of the shells; and indirect for elevation. So the order is:

"Forty minutes elevation; right ranging percussion 35, 32."

These figures represent in hundreds of yards the nearest and furthest limits of the area in which the target is judged to be. By systematically searching the area, or bracket, the range is found. No. 1, on No. 1 gun, raises his hand to show that he has received the order. His duty is to traverse the gun—that is, move the muzzle to either side as desired; No. 2 attends to the range and the breech; No. 3 fires and lays the gun; No. 4 sets fuses and loads; Nos. 5 and 6 are the ammunition men; crouching behind the waggon, No. 5 passes to No. 6, who is in a similar position behind the gun.

The battery leader himself was to fire the first twelve shots, the

Training Gunners with 18-Pounder.

laying of the guns being by direct aim. While the crew of No. 1 gun aimed according to orders, there was a great stillness on the slope. The whipping, stunning bang of No. 1 gun broke it. A flare of flame, like an aura, ringed the black muzzle, blue smoke rose in a thin cloud, and the shrill cry of the shell was a diminishing note as it fled towards the white specks on the distant spur. Right above them on the hillside a spurt of smoke rose. A murmur of approval came from the watchers. The battery commander observed the shot, and shortened the range to "34, 33."

The second shot struck the bank below the nearest mark. The third was somewhat like the first, but shorter, and the fourth was to the right of the nearest target. These shots were made with shrapnel, intended to explode on percussion, that is, on striking a solid target, and they were range-finders, the first two being aimed for the outer margins of a "bracket," or area of 300 yards radius, at ranges between 3,500 and 3,200 yards—nearly two miles. The guns stood on a grassy slope facing Jury's Hills and a wide valley, and the Ruamahanga River flowed between.

The second range was repeated to verify the range for fuses. The voices of the fuse-setters could be heard repeating the orders loudly enough for the section commander to hear so that he could check them. After the fourth shot had gone singing on its way, the order was:

"One round battery fire, fifteen seconds."

No. 1 gun opened the ball. Fifteen seconds later No. 2 gun's voice was heard; then No. 3 spoke, then No. 4. The battery was in action in earnest. Now could be seen the difference between the percussion and the air-bursts. The shells were bursting in pretty puffs of white smoke, apparently above the targets, but actually some distance

The Howitzer.

in front of them, the shrapnel bullets released by the burst pelting forwards and down upon the targets.

The battery commander was still observing the results of the shots from a position away to the right of the guns, with which he was kept in close touch by alert signallers. Everything depended on line. One of the guns had got out of line.

"No. 2 gun ten minutes more right," he said, and his words were repeated through a field telephone to a station behind the guns. From there a runner sprinted to the section commander. Sometimes, when several orders follow one another closely, half-a-dozen runners are spaced in the short distance between the telephone and the guns, all running for dear life.

On the whole it was good shooting, and the range had settled down to 3,450 yards. The order came:

"Section fire two rounds, ten seconds."

There are two guns in each section. Nos. 1 and 2 guns and 3 and 4 whipped out their hymns of hate independently of each other as sections, and the effect was grand. But not so impressive as when the order was for:

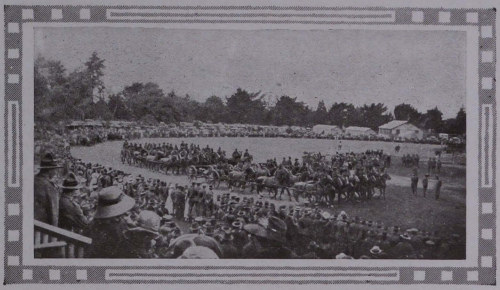
"One round battery fire, one second."

Then the very earth shook to the concussions which followed one another at one-second intervals, while the shells burst in quick succession over the devoted targets.

"It takes 8 and 4-5th seconds from the firing of the gun till the shell bursts," said a calm civilian with a stop-watch. And nobody gainsaid him.

The guns were moved presently to a position lower down, near a line of scrub. From there the targets were invisible, and the guns had to be laid by indirect aim. To do this an aiming point was selected,

The Shell Burst.



its relative position in regard to the targets being known approximately. The battery commander now took charge, ranging with his first four shots. His fifth shot grazed over, and the sixth got the target. Now, in mimic fashion, he and the battery leader were pronounced to be casualties, and another commander carried on. All his shots were effective air shots, except the last, which burst too high. It appeared to have struck the top of the hill, but that was because it had exploded prematurely as it fell from the zenith of its high flight towards the target.

Had the scene been laid in a theatre, the crowd gathered on the knolls behind the guns would have stamped and applauded. As it was, they discussed the matter quietly among themselves, for they felt rather like boys who had been permitted, as a favour, to stand by and watch men who were doing interesting work.

At the Battle Practice.
Colonel Gibbon, I.G.S., who supervises the training of all Reinforcements leaving N.Z. Captain Bradley, Chief Artillery Instructor, in the background.

The Field Howitzer.

"What next?" a girl asked a bombardier.

"The howitzer. That's her they're unlimbering now."

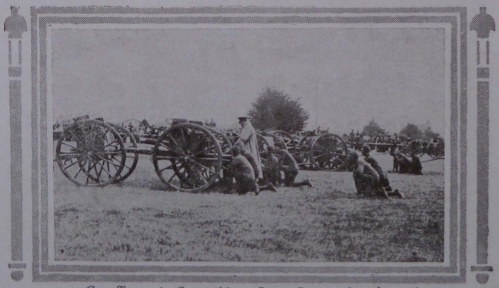
A gun on mountings somewhat similar to those of the 18-pounders was being placed in position. Its barrel was thicker and looked shorter, while there was a difference in the gear for elevating or depressing the gun.

"She's a 4.5, fires a 35lb. shell," was the information offered by one who knew.

"And can you see the shells in the air?" a girl asked.

"If you're right behind the gun, and keep your eye along the barrel, you might."

The muzzle of the new gun rose slowly, in response to the gun-layer's hand, till it pointed at the blue skies above the line of the distant hill-tops. Never before had the howitzer raised its voice among the fraternity of guns at Featherston Camp. And if the 18-pounders had



Gun Teams in Competition: Camp Commandant Inspecting.

One of the many Flower Beds.

been animate things it might have been said that they looked slyly along their noses, as though they said to themselves:

"What sort of shooting will this high-falutin' fellow bring off?"

The Chief Artillery Instructor was to fire the howitzer himself, and the target was a line of trenches behind a spur which the more direct shooting 18-pounders could hardly get a line on to with any chance of success. But the howitzer hurls its projectile high into the blue, so that it falls at a steep angle upon the enemy's position, and drives him to cover elsewhere.

There were signallers posted in the hills who had a good view of the target. In fact, the countryside between Featherston Camp, Papawai, Morrison's Bush, and the targets was alive with the activities of the Engineers and Artillery signallers. The whole of the results of the shooting of the 18-pounders were already on record at Camp headquarters, and every important move on the green slope, where the guns were, was flashed into camp. So that it was known there, and at every station and drop station over a radius of several miles, that the howitzer was ready, and that the crowd was breathless with suspense as the artillery officer in charge glanced towards the gunners and spoke.

"Fire!"

BANG!!

As the blue wisp of smoke cleared, the gun moved slowly back to position from the recoil. Everyone was ready for the loud report, yet many flinched a little. It was a new note to most ears. Like the 18-pounders' scolding din, it was sharp. But it lacked the whip-like conciseness of that sound. It was deeper, and there was a hoarse roar, as an aftermath of sound.

Now was the chance for the keen-eyed ones who wished to see the shell that was mounting swiftly, and invisibly to the average eye, into the heavens.

"I see it, Dad," a youngster said.

"What is it like?" the parent asked indulgently.

"Like a bird's egg—now it's burst," was the surprising reply.

Some of the spectators had binoculars, one girl was trying to steady an officer's telescope sufficiently to watch for smoke above the target, but the majority were straining their eyes in the intensity of watching. Bluish-white, like the smoke from shrapnel bursting in the air, the smoke rose behind the spur, and the flags of the signallers on the hillside began to flutter. These were the Artillery Signallers. The Engineers' Signallers were sending the news through by telegraph to a central station on a waggon along the Papawai Road, and that station was repeating it to the station beside the guns. With the information concerning the result of his first shot as a guide, the artillery officer at the howitzer set to work again, and soon the howitzer was punching shells into the high heavens with regular precision, while the smoke of the explosions rose from behind the hill-spur; and the silent 18-pounders looked along their shining barrels and seemed to size the stranger up.

The Horse Lines.

Flags wagged on the hillside, the teams were brought forward and hooked to guns and waggons. Telephone wires were wound up, and the men who were to march back to camp formed into line. The big shoot was over.

The guns and waggons began to march off, and from the far hillside a "helio" went "wink-wink-wink," telling the folk in the camp, 7½ miles away, all about it.

WAIRARAPA PATRIOTIC ASSOCIATION.

NO record of the work done at Featherston Camp would be complete without at least a reference to the operations of the Wairarapa Patriotic Association. The work now carried out by this organisation was inaugurated by the Farmers' Union, the officials of which still take a very prominent part in caring for the soldiers in many ways. So far the Association has collected over £150,000 for war work, all of which has been spent or allocated. As elsewhere mentioned, this body, with

Concert Hall, Anzac Club.

Wairarapa Patriotic Association: Executive Committee.

Front Row (left to right)—D. McGregor (Masterton), A. O. Considine (Martinboro'), Sir W. C. Buchanan (Gladstone), A. McDonald (Martinboro'), J. W. Card (Featherston), Hugh Morrison, Chairman (Masterton), W. Candy (Masterton), E. Flanagan (Masterton), J. T. M. Hornsby, M.P. (Carterton), J. R. Rue (Masterton), A. P. Whatman (Masterton). *Back Row*—W. B. Matheson (Eketahuna), D. Hebenton (Late Secretary), J. M. Coradine (Masterton), G. R. Sykes, M.P. (Masterton), A. H. Vile (Masterton), A. J. Percy Masterton), Q. Donald (Featherston), F. C. Turnor (Eketahuna H. H. S. Ryder (Tinui), A. E. Prentice (Secretary).

Opening of Anzac Club.

a subsidy from the Government, erected the Soldiers' Club (Y.M.C.A. Institute) at a cost of £1,200, and the portion of the Officers' Club devoted to recreation. Every Wednesday evening entertainments are given in the Masterton Town Hall, a special troop train being run for the purpose. Similar functions are held at Carterton and Greytown, where the soldiers are treated in a most liberal fashion.

The Anzac Club, in Featherston township, was erected for the use of the soldiers by the early settlers in the Wairarapa, at a cost of over £8,000 for buildings and furnishings, and this has become the favourite resort of the men out on local leave. This Club has a large concert hall, reading and writing rooms, and officers' and N.C.O.'s quarters. The Club is provided with four first-class billiard tables and three pianos, while the other furnishings include an abundance of easy chairs and lounges. Progressive euchre parties and socials are held every week, and a farewell dance is held just prior to the departure of each reinforcement for the South.

The Featherston Ladies' Committee always arranges the supply of refreshments for the men when they are on the long march over the Rimutakas, and this is no mean undertaking, as the body moving over the hill is usually composed of over 2,000 men.

MOUNTED RIFLES.

THE functions of mounted troops comprise both fighting and reconnaissance, whether they are employed to cover the advance of an army or to co-operate with other arms on the battlefield. By virtue of their mobility, they can be pushed forward to gain information of the enemy and to compel him to display his strength and dispositions.

The tactical methods of mounted rifles and infantry differ, firstly, because the former are much more mobile than the latter, and can combine rapid movement with fire action; secondly, because mounted rifles, having to detach a proportion of men to take charge of the led horses, have relatively less fire power than a body of infantry of the same size. Mounted rifles are not trained in mounted shock action.

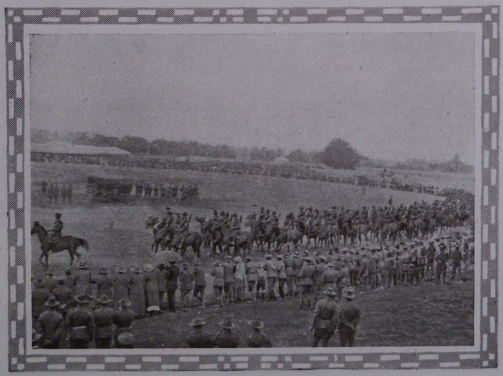
Reinforcements mobilise at Featherston Military Camp, where they go through the full course of training, covering twenty weeks.

At the outset of the War, and up till twelve months ago, mounted rifles reinforcements were organised in four squadrons; at present a reinforcement comprises one squadron only, the strength being 128 all ranks.

The training may be summarised as under:—1st to 5th weeks, dismounted drill; 6th week, musketry, Table "A"; 7th to 14th weeks, mounted drill; 15th week, dismounted drill; 16th week, musketry, Table "B"; 17th and 18th weeks, extended leave; 19th and 20th weeks, dismounted drill. Reinforcements march to Papawai Range for Tables "A" and "B."

After the recruit has been formally sworn in, he is taken to the Quartermaster's Stores, where he receives his first issue of clothing and eating utensils, and is subsequently shown round the camp. The first week is devoted to squad drill, with intervals, and thus the recruit is

"broken in" slowly but surely. It is surprising how quickly the raw recruit gets into shape after the first week, the change being most apparent, for the slow, uncertain attitude has given place to dash and confidence. The men look forward to the time when they take over horses (7th week), and it is at this period that they settle down in real earnest, realising, as they do, that they have reached the practical part of the training. Speaking generally, a mounted man is fond of that noble animal the horse, and accordingly he carries out stable and picquet duties in a manner commanding admiration. The hours for Stables are 5.45 - 6.30 a.m., 11.30 - 12 noon, and 4.0 - 4.45 p.m. daily. It is amusing to hear the men criticise their horses in the early stages, expressing great surprise at the knowledge the animals have of the drill, obeying orders given with little or no effort on the part of the rider. These horses are handed over from reinforcement to reinforcement, consequently are thoroughly accustomed to the drill. Every fresh syllabus of training (issued weekly) adds additional interest to the work, the reinforcement meantime becoming expert mounted riflemen. Particularly is this the case in the last four weeks of mounted drill, which are devoted to tactical training, and which give the men a very practical idea of what will be required of them on the battlefield. They proceed several miles away from camp, taking dry rations for themselves and small feeds for the horses. Reference to the following subjects will give an idea of the elaborate training mounted men receive:—The outpost squadron,



picquets, detached posts, traffic through the outposts, flags of truce, readiness for action, outpost patrols, standing patrols, the conduct of patrols, gaining information, reports, transmission of information, the movement mounted to the first fire position, dismounting, led horses, movement on foot to fire position, the combination of dismounted action with movement mounted in attack, the deliberate attack, the defence, covering a retirement, pursuit, the combination of fire action with a cavalry charge, action if attacked by cavalry, and artillery employed with mounted rifles. Map reading is carried out at all mid-day halts. Lectures are delivered during the day on subjects such as soldierly spirit, care of feet, health and sanitation, military law and discipline, and care of clothing. Night operations consist of night drill, elementary night training, sentry duties and patrols, entrenching, night marches, saddling up and marching off, and continuous operations, day and night outposts, night advance; while evening lectures include criticism of day's work, troop and squadron training, animal management, and stable duties.

After extended leave, the reinforcement is put through two weeks of dismounted drill, thus refreshing their memories of the work which they performed in the earlier stages.

Three men are selected from each reinforcement as farriers and shoeing smiths, who attend to the shoeing of the horses, which is carried out at the farriers' shop, placed in close proximity to the stables. There is also a saddlers' shop in camp, so that reinforcements are provided for in every respect.

Up to the present time approximately 8,000 mounted riflemen have been trained, and are in training, to reinforce the Main Body.

J.N.

THE SALVATION ARMY.

Chiming Clock lent by Auckland City Council.

THE Sunday night Song Services held regularly in the Salvation Army Institute are quite a feature of camp life, the Missioner's chief trouble being to find seating accommodation for all who wish to attend. In fact, this might well be said of most of the Army's services, and although the Institute has been enlarged on three occasions since first being erected, it is still not large enough. Concert competitions, in which one reinforcement is pitted against another, are frequently held in the Institute, and cause much diversion. All sorts of games are provided, and, in addition to the reading and writing conveniences and a well-stocked library, there is a small room nicely furnished to which a soldier may take his lady visitors. The Chaplain is a good friend to the men, and is kept busy preparing wills and other necessary documents, and is often seen at Courts Martial pleading the cause of some unfortunate. Another service is that rendered by the Sisters, who visit the Hospital twice a week for the purpose of handing round small gifts of sweets and fruit and scented handkerchiefs, and having short talks with the men. Hundreds of specially-bound copies of the New Testament are presented to the soldiers, the only condition being that a personal request be made for them. Chaplain-Captain Green has charge of the work of the Salvation Army in Featherston and Tauherenikau Camps, and in Featherston town, and is assisted by Captain and Mrs. Jackson.

Outside the Camp the Salvation Army is also helping the soldiers by providing accommodation in Featherston for the families of men who are undergoing training at the Camp. Until the Army's present scheme was put into operation there was very little housing space in the vicinity of the Camp for the families making a short stay, and that little was very expensive.

The erection of a building containing fifty rooms, run somewhat similarly to the People's Palaces of the Army, is meeting with the approval of the Camp authorities and the appreciation of the families concerned.

CHURCH OF ENGLAND INSTITUTE.

THE Church of England Institute was erected more than twelve months ago, and was ready for use at the opening of the Camp. It is the loftiest of all the Institutes, but its floor space is limited, although the addition of a gallery in the north end has increased the seating accommodation considerably. The Camp has grown beyond the expectations of the Church authorities, with the result that it is impossible to hold a full Parade Service in the Institute. Owing to the proximity of other buildings, extension will be a difficult matter.

The main hall is used occasionally by the military instructors for lectures. Its chief use, however, is for games, writing and reading, and for these purposes it is equipped with piano, billiard tables, shuffle boards, draught boards, indoor bowling greens, and writing desks, whilst all kinds of light literature can be found on the reading tables. Two small rooms under the gallery are used for quiet reading.

A feature of the Institute is the Side Chapel, in the S.E. corner of the main hall. This chapel serves for celebrations of the Holy Communion, Evening Prayers, and private devotions. Meetings of the Church of England Men's Society are also held here. In the N.E. corner of the hall is the Chaplain's room.

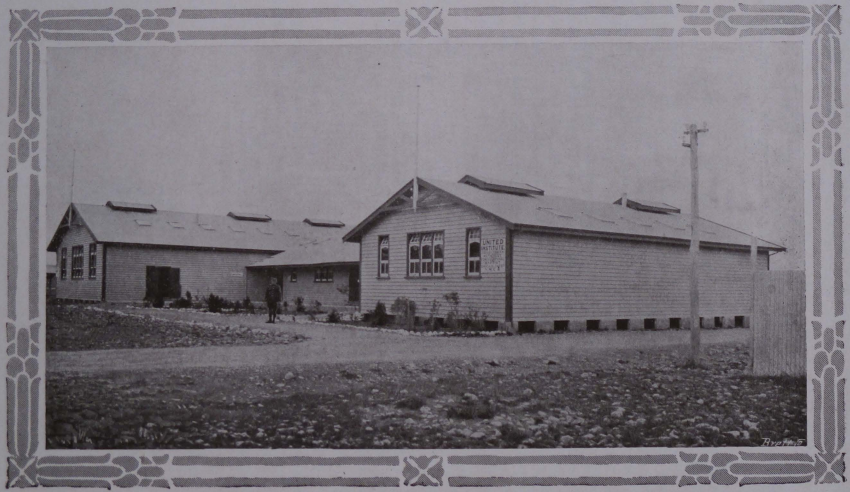
The Main Hall is provided with a concert platform, and this can be transformed into a chancel on Sundays. The altar, screened by folding doors during the week, adds the ecclesiastical touch.

The Institute, as its name implies, is principally for the use of members of the Church of England; but, like all the other Camp Institutes, its privileges are open to all soldiers, irrespective of denomination. It is absolutely non-sectarian in this respect. The first Chaplain was the Rev. G. C. Cruickshank, who was succeeded by Chaplain-Captain W. H. Roberts, the present officer in charge.

THE CATHOLIC INSTITUTE.

THE Catholic Institute takes its stand alongside the other Institutes, and next to the entrance to the Camp Hospital. The building is substantially put together, and measures 140 feet by 40 feet, divided up into four rooms. Three of these are small ones, consisting of the Chapel, the Chaplain's room, and a library for N.C.O.'s. The chapel is said to be the only one of its kind in Australasia, for here the Most Holy Sacrament is preserved day and night, the little light burning before the altar telling its tale. In this chapel confessions are heard every evening, and Holy Mass is offered up each morning, and it is constantly in use by the soldiers for private devotions. On Sunday two Masses are said, and these, with the evening devotions, take place in the fourth room of the Institute, which is the Hall or Institute proper. This room is fully equipped with material for catering to the happiness of the men, all being stamped with the essential quality of "comfort." Everything in the hall is at the disposal of each and every man in camp, and the supporters of the Institute have the satisfaction of knowing that the facilities provided are fully made use of. The hall has a stage at one end, and at the back of this is a small altar, cut off from the public view during the week by folding doors. On the stage also are the organ and a piano. One hundred writing desks are arranged conveniently along the walls of the main hall, while the centre is occupied by reading tables, billiard, bagatelle, ping-pong, bobs, card and other tables, and big, comfortable chairs. Concerts are frequently given in the Institute, and on these occasions there are never any seats to spare.

Since the Institute was built it has been presided over by many chaplains. Chaplain-Captains Bara, Seigrief, and Bartley were the immediate predecessors of the present Chaplain—Chaplain-Captain O'Doherty.



The United Institute.

THE UNITED INSTITUTE.

"UNION is strength" would seem to have been the point considered by the representatives of the various churches when they decided to erect a suitable building for their work in Featherston Camp. Perhaps former experience influenced them in this direction, but it is probable that the sight of a vast army of fighting men, of different creeds and different nationalities, banded together in one great *entente* for the attainment of one common object, made them realise that their own campaign might very well be conducted along similar lines. Out of this resolve, and the expenditure of £2,000, the United Institute came into being. The cost was borne by the various churches represented, *i.e.*, Presbyterian, Methodist, Baptist, Congregationalist, Church of Christ, and the Y.M.C.A., and contributions came from all parts of the Dominion. Two chaplains—Presbyterian and Methodist—and a Y.M.C.A. secretary are in charge.

The building contains two large halls, a writing room and library, a private devotional room, and quarters for the chaplains. The big hall, which is the largest in camp, accommodates 900 men, and is used on Sundays for the Presbyterian Church Parade; while the smaller seats 350, and is used for the parade of the Methodists. Throughout the week these halls, both of which have pianos, are available for the men for meetings, games, and recreation, and the larger is in constant requisition by the Camp authorities for medical lectures and various indoor parades. Concerts are held in the Institute as frequently as possible, and are always well attended by the men.

An idea of the use made of the writing-room may be gathered from the fact that the usual order placed by those in charge for writing material is for 300,000 letter heads and 150,000 envelopes. This is a department that is much appreciated and liberally patronised.

The United Institute has proved a boon to the soldiers in every way, and it is a credit to the men and women who made its existence possible.

The Writing Room, Soldiers' Club.

OUR FRIEND THE "Y.M."

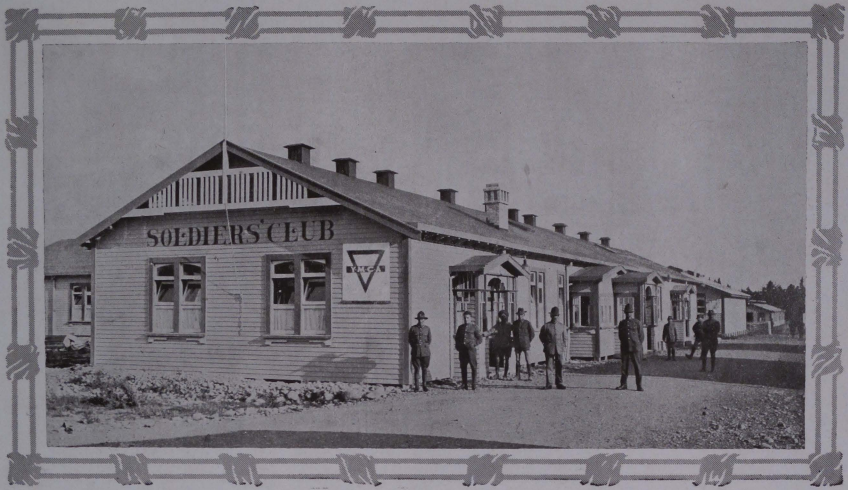
"SIR, we couldn't live without it," were the apt words of a British soldier when asked by Bishop Welldon what he thought of the Y.M.C.A. This is also true of the work of the Young Men's Christian Association at the New Zealand end of the "Long, Long Trail," and in after years many will be the happy memories of bright hours spent in the popular Soldiers' Club at Featherston Military Camp.

The Red Triangle came at the very beginning, making its *debut* over the modest marquee that sprang up like a mushroom in the night, and remained until the first stiff gale scattered it to the winds. Thrice was it blown down, and thrice erected. However, small beginnings led to bigger things, as witness the present modern club so comfortably equipped. The Triangle stands for the development of the Four-Square man—mentally and spiritually, as well as morally and physically.

Viscount French spoke truly on a recent occasion when he said:—"This war has demanded more in the way of nerve and courage than "any in the past, and one cannot help thinking that the magnificent "courage which has been shown is to be traced to the work of such "institutions as the Y.M.C.A."

Pass through the Y.M.C.A. Club at Featherston on any normal evening, and you will see that the scores of writing desks are fully used—180,000 free letter-heads and envelopes disappear in a single week. In the rooms set apart for games, billiard balls click merrily, and ping-pong tables are a centre of boisterous fun; in quieter compartments men in khaki vie keenly with one another at draughts, chess, etc.; in sundry cosy corners others find enjoyment in reading; in the Concert Hall a profitable lecture is often heard; and occasionally the boys make the rafters ring in their enjoyment of those rare concerts experienced only where soldiers do congregate.

R.A.K.



The Soldiers' Club, erected and furnished by the Wairarapa Patriotic Association, and conducted by the Y.M.C.A.

Troops arriving by Train.

THE DAY'S WORK.

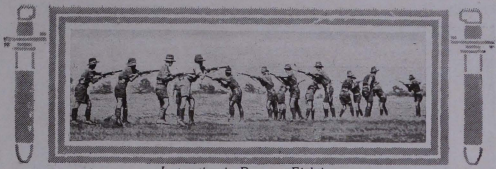
Infantry Reinforcements Training.

FEATHERSTON has two infantry training grounds—Burt's, which lies a little way along the road to Featherston on the left, and Elgar's, to the north, on the left side of the Greytown Road.

The Reinforcements parade for training at these areas at 8.30 a.m., but between Reveille and the parade hour the troops perform their ablutions, make their beds, and tidy their portion of the hut, attend gargle parade, clean their rifles and boots, shave, and go through their physical drill before having breakfast.

The troops assemble in close column on their respective parade grounds, which are adjacent to their lines. The reinforcement is to drill on Burt's ground, and therefore must march out in column of route, the head of the column to pass the Main Guard at 9 o'clock sharp. Rolls are called, the O.C.'s take over, and the troops are set in motion, the Trumpet Band picking them up in front of Headquarters and leading

A Company Parade.



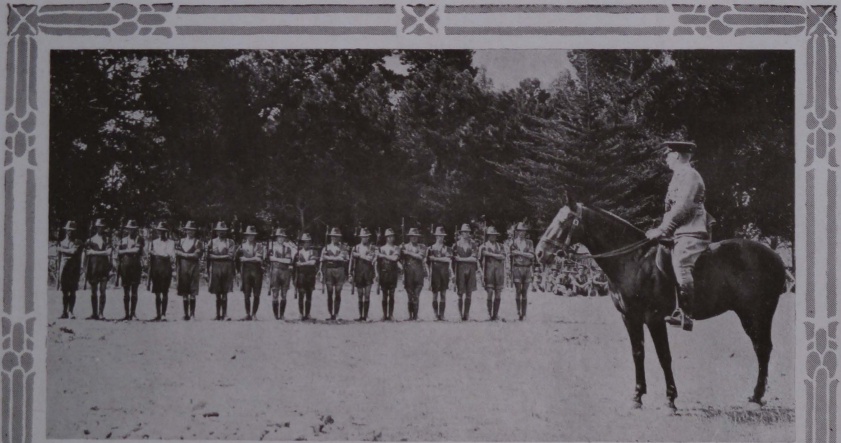
Instruction in Bayonet Fighting.

them out. Outside the south camp gate "March at ease" is the order. It is only a short march, and much of the going is rough, but once on the ground the conditions are better. Burt's Paddock, as the Syllabus has it, is a "large, square enclosure, sufficient to accommodate at drill 2,000." Each company, as the reinforcement marches up the paddock, moves aside out of the line as it comes to its allotted ground, and immediately gets to work, according to the direction of the Syllabus. The scene is soon a busy one. All officers take a share in instructing, and over all an observant officer, the green band on his cap denoting his position as a Staff Instructor, keeps careful watch, checking where wrong instruction is being given, and helping where he can.

At 11.40 o'clock the order comes to assemble. The sections, squads, or platoons, as the case may be, are quickly closed up, and the companies march off in various formations to the assembly ground to line up in mass formation. Here the instructor takes charge, and presently gives the order to march off to Camp, naming the company which is to lead.

After lunch the drill will perhaps be at Elgar's, where the grass is a little longer, and the surface less stony. The move out is made at 1.30, and the routine followed is somewhat similar to that of the morning. Work is carried on until 4.15 o'clock, and the march back to Camp is accomplished by 4.30 p.m.

Returning from the Training Grounds.



Instruction in handling Arms.

If the Reinforcement is doing advanced field work, it will probably be taken out to Morrison's Bush, five or six miles away, or to Papawai, or to other broad, level fields somewhere in the intervening distance, to enable advance guard work, outpost schemes, or attack and defence practice to be carried out. Usually a reinforcement has one night's bivouac at Morrison's Bush, and in such cases half the body will guard a range of hills in that locality, and the other half will attack at dawn. Well known, indeed, are these parts to many soldiers now at the Front, and not a few will smile at recollections of mimic battles fought here, and of their first experience of practical work. These occasions are noticeable also for the fact that officers commanding companies are allowed the privilege of horses, and as it often happens few of them have been on horse-back before, there are features connected with the outing which the men taking part in are not likely to forget. It sometimes happens that reinforcements are required to do butt-shooting at Papawai, and all the conveniences for this branch of their training are there.

It is the expanse of clear country, rocky and rough though it be, and the clear free air, that combine to make Featherston Camp and its vicinity a very excellent training ground.

COMING AND GOING.

The Course of an Infantry Recruit.

IT is not often that infantry recruits are seen at Featherston Camp. By the time a reinforcement reaches Featherston from Trentham the men are six-weeks-old soldiers. Sometimes special circumstances compel the earlier diversion of a draft "over the hill," but such a thing is unusual. He enters camp a respectably-dressed citizen, marching in with several hundred mates as neat-looking as himself. At Trentham he is stripped of his clothes, his personality, and his dignity, and is changed into a strange-looking, wonder-eyed object, wandering about the camp in slow-moving groups, clad in yellow, blue, brown, or slatey-coloured denims, in a narrow shouldered coat that is short behind and full at the waist, trousers that hang stiff and straight, with perhaps two or three inches of surplus length turned up at the bottoms; a hat of greenish-yellow felt without a pugaree ––an object more like a comic opera Chinaman than a soldier, for comic opera Chinamen always have new, stiff clothes. When the soldier reaches Featherston his denims have lost their newness, and the long pants have been cut down to "shorts." He has also lost the wondering look, he does not appear self-conscious and awkward when he salutes his officer; in short, in many ways he has developed into an independent, half-fledged soldier. He doesn't enter Featherston a nervous stranger, but as if he owned the place. He fully believes that his reinforcement is quite the best that has come into the camp.

Expeditionary Officers.

Outpost Drill—Sentry Duties.

What Featherston Does.

AND now that Featherston has got him, what does it do with him? He has come up in a troop train—that is, a train composed of converted luggage vans—packed in with thirty-nine others like himself on hard seats placed cross-wise—he who perhaps never travelled before in aught save a cushioned first-class car. *En route* he learned how to fight for a sandwich at Kaitoke without getting hurt. Whatever his adventures, he has now arrived at Featherston safely, and is in the hands of the authorities there. First he is fed and hutted. The feeding is a new experience; previously at Trentham mess orderlies had brought food to the huts for him, but now he has to fall in with his platoon and be marched to one or other of the large dining halls, which form part of the Featherston system, to partake of the wholesome meals provided there. At first he feels strange, but in time he learns to appreciate the greater convenience of

Attack Drill.

the one big mess. He now washes his own plate, mug, and other messing gear, instead of leaving them to his mess orderly mates to clean up. But these are small things.

For a day or two his training goes on much the same as at Trentham. He is marched either to Burt's or Elgar's paddocks, the two principal training grounds at Featherston, each morning and afternoon. After a little while the daily syllabus moves along, and more advanced work is introduced: close order drill gives place to open order extensions, to outpost work, "attack" drill, and trench digging. He comes under instructors who are higher up the tree than those formerly guiding him, and the work gets more interesting. When he goes out in extended order at the attack he knows his new individuality—a disciplined, trained individuality—and he delights at the prospect of being able to use it intelligently and show what he can do. Thus his training goes on.

The Soldier Goes Home.

Meanwhile time proceeds apace, and it seems hardly a week or two when the day arrives upon which he will entrain on his final leave, with railway and steamer warrants to take him to his home. He has had his week-end leave and his local leave, but the little excursions on which he embarks on these occasions are as nothing compared to the possibilities of his final leave. Visions open up of kinsfolk and friends with waiting, outstretched arms, parties, welcomes, picnics, and send-offs—when that day arrives the joy-bells ring in Featherston.

A Route March.

Final leave over, the soldier returns to Camp, content now to buckle to more determinedly than ever for the serious work ahead. He puts in another fortnight or so at field work—attacks and defence operations at Morrison's Bush, Papawai, and other neighbouring places—and carries out in actual practice the things he has been learning in the previous three months.

Over the Rimutakas.

Then, one early morning, he is to be seen, pack on back, now a member of the Senior Reinforcement in New Zealand, the admired and envy of the newcomers from Trentham, fallen in and ready to start out for the march over the Rimutakas, southward. This is the culminating point of his training, and expectancy awakens him to a big endeavour.

Featherston has nurtured him and helped him on his career of soldiering, and now, proud of him and confident in his fitness for the great things beyond, the Camp, from its Commandant downwards, turns out to cheer him on his way.

H.T.B.D.

A DAY AND A NIGHT WITH THE MAIN GUARD.

Duties of the Camp Sentries.

THE men selected for the Guard (six, with a corporal and sergeant) are notified the day before, and in the interim give as much time as possible to the cleaning of buttons and clothing and furbishing up of arms and accoutrements, for each member of the Guard is carefully inspected before going on duty, and is expected to be an example to the camp for neatness, smartness, and soldierly bearing.

At 9.30 a.m. we are paraded to Headquarters, and are then marched to the guard-room. Connected with the changing of the guard is an interesting ceremonial. The new guard lines up, facing the old guard, called out for the purpose. The old guard then receives from its sergeant the command to "order arms," after which the same is done by the new guard. Each in turn then slopes arms, presents arms, slopes arms again, and orders arms. Bayonets had been fixed before we marched away from Headquarters, so that our appearance is somewhat impressive and formidable.

A Bathing Parade.

There are two posts on the main guard, No. 1 being a beat of about thirty paces immediately in front of the guard-room, and No. 2 a beat of a dozen paces or so on a raised platform overlooking the exercise-room of the prisoners.

Each sentry has two hours on his post and four off. When relieved, however, he must stay in the guard-room, nor is he permitted to remove any of his clothing during the twenty-four hours, as he is liable to be called out at any moment, day or night. The sentry on No. 1 post has to salute all passing officers, and on certain occasions has to call out the guard. He should see to it that proper respect is paid by all persons passing his beat, no loitering about or smoking being permitted. During my turn on this beat I have frequently to salute passing officers, and on several occasions give my *peremptory* orders for "smokes" to be taken out. Inside the guard-room those who have been relieved are reading, writing, chatting, or amusing themselves. Meals are brought in by orderlies.

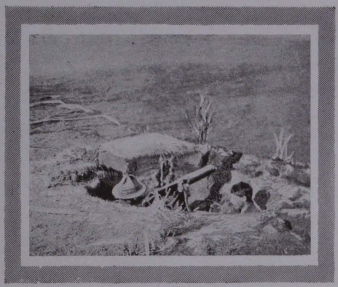
The day draws to a close; twinkling lights appear in the gathering darkness; now the streets are emptying, and in the huts men are "turning in"; soon the sentry will be watching over a sleeping camp. Just before ten o'clock the buglers take up their position outside the guard-room, forming up in single rank across the road, facing Headquarters. On their approach the guard turns out smartly, in two ranks, with rifles at the slope and bayonets fixed. The sentry, on reaching the end of his beat, turns to his front and halts. The trumpeters stand, with bugles to their lips, ready. As the hour strikes, the whispered signal of the leader can be heard, "One, two——" and seven bugles speak out as one. The guard and sentry stand at attention, silent, motionless. The strains of music rise and fall, and rise and fall, and die away. A pause; the buglers march off; the guard is dismissed; the sentry again paces his beat, and another day's work in the camp is ended.

The period of duty of the guard, however, is but half completed, and we settle down to our duties for the night. Instead of mounting the platform for No. 2 beat, the sentry has now to remain in the "clink" with the prisoners, taking one hour there and one hour on No. 1 beat, in turn. The room where the detention men sleep opens from the guard-room. I go in; the door is locked behind me, the electric light switched off, and with rifle and fixed bayonet I remain until relieved at 11 o'clock, when I change with the sentry outside until midnight. From midnight until 4 a.m. I lie down in the guard-room with one blanket between me and the boards, and another over me, and sleep soundly.

At 10 a.m. guards are changed. We are not sorry to see our successors opposite us, and to hear our sergeant give the command, "Old guard, present *arms*," followed by the same ceremonial as on the previous morning. As we march away the new guard pays the compliment of "present arms," and our commander acknowledges the salute by giving the order as we pass, "Eyes left." We are then marched back to our quarters and dismissed, pleased that our task is accomplished, but glad also that we have been privileged to perform this, the most honourable of the camp duties.

A.H.R.

Instruction in Changing Guard.



Maxim in Front Line Trench.

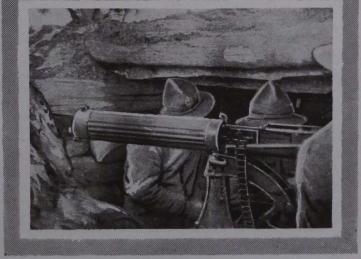
MACHINE GUNS.

Battle Practice at Papawai.

(By WILL LAWSON.)

"HI-HI—hallo—hallo—hi-hi-hi!" sang the Lewis guns on a sand-bank in the Ruamahanga River. They had been loaned to an infantry regiment that was holding part of the line which the enemy across the river was trying to break through. The regiment on its left was being forced back, and the Lewis guns were losing support on that side. Still they were not going to retire yet.

"Hi-hi-hi-hi—hallo—hallo—hallo!" they barked in light, high notes, like terriers telling the crowd in the road to keep on their side of the fence. But the enemy was pressing them hard. Soon the order came for the regiment represented by the Lewis guns to retire to the front line on the river bank. The gunners carried their light machines, and



Vickers in Emplacement.

waded through the shallow waters towards the emplacements and redoubts in the front line. While they did this, the hidden machine-guns behind them were silent, for fear of damaging their own troops. It did not take long for the Lewis gunners to get their guns into position. Then they started again:

"Hi-hi-hi—hallo—hallo—hi-hi!" raking the advancing enemy troops that were trying to force a crossing.

"Tut-tut-tut-tut—utter-utter——" a Maxim on the right had chimed in, when a Vickers' quick note interrupted:

"Rot-tot-tot-tot—rotter—rotter—rotter."

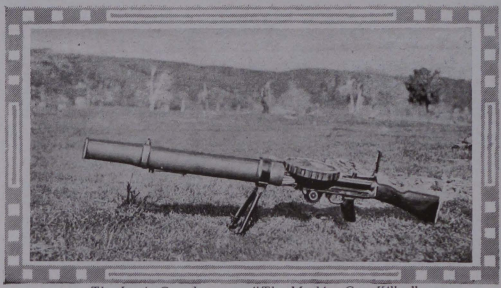
The Lewis were going altogether, and the Vickers and Maxims had got into their stride, when a sound was heard overhead, like sea-swallows calling as they flew.

"Cheap—cheap—cheap!"

Involuntarily some of the men in the emplacements on the river bank ducked their heads, and the spectators—yes, there were spectators, for this was a battle practice at Papawai by a Specialist Company, and not the real battle of the Ruamahanga—the spectators made no bones about showing their dislike to the bullets whizzing overhead, though most of them turned in surprise at the sound of machine-guns, which came from brigade headquarters on a high bluff to the rear of the right regiment.

The Petone Gun. First Machine-Gun made in New Zealand.

Headquarters Staff.



The Lewis Gun, known as "The Machine-Gun Killer."

"Dad-dad-dad-dad-dadda!" a husky Maxim seemed to call from the distance. Other Maxims and some Vickers joined in, and the invisible sea-swallows flew in greater numbers. The river where the enemy was trying to cross was churned white with the bullets from the angry muzzles that peeped out of little curtained openings in their earth redoubts.

The order came over the telephones to the guns:

"All guns, rapid fire."

All the letters of the alphabet, arranged in any of the thousands of possible ways, would fail to convey an idea of the noise of the guns; and it was as though deafness had come to all when the clamour ceased at the order:

"Cease fire!"

The enemy was driven back for a time. But very soon he was seen by an imaginative patrol to be building a pontoon bridge further down the river. The Divisional Signallers sent the news whizzing to brigade

headquarters, and the G.O.C. there sent his orders over the wires that fork in a dozen places, so that each sergeant in charge of two or more guns got the word promptly. The order ran:

"G.O.C. brigade wishes enemy prevented from completing bridge between Willow Wood and Bluff."

At regimental headquarters the order was split into four parts, one to each group of guns, and each part was condensed, so that the message which reached No. 2 redoubt was:

"No. 2, engage D."

While other guns received appropriate simple orders.

"Hi-hi-hi!" shouted the Lewis guns, always quickest off the mark.

"Get-get-get-get-out-out-get-out-get-out!" the Vickers stuttered.

"Toddle-toddle-toddle!" sang the Maxims, and

"Cheap-cheap-cheap!" cried the bullets overhead. Again the river foamed with bullets, and the signallers, with ears glued to the receivers, had to place a hand over their idle ears to keep some of the din out of their brains. All along the river, and over the plain, the thudding sound of the guns rolled, while in the hills beyond the echoes were too busy to separate the sounds contained in the chorus, and passed it on in one loud uproar.

"Cease fire!"

The enemy was driven back again, the battle practice was over, the Signallers were giving news of it to the Camp seven miles away, where the sound of the quarrelling guns could not be heard.

OUT UNDER THE STARS.

Infantry at Night Tests.

(By Will Lawson.)

It is a still, starry night, with the hills in the distance looming black against the purple sky. In the starlight the ground shows grey when the eye has become accustomed to the dim light, and there are no artificial gleams to dazzle or baulk the vision. On the battlefield it is part of a soldier's duty to be able to see in the dim night greyness. Therefore the training of New Zealand soldiers includes night work. Within the manoeuvre area near the Camp a company of infantry is undergoing part of this training. Each platoon works separately at first, and the

men move with confidence, their eyes having become used to the light. To them the landscape, though vague in definition, is clear enough. But more exact tests than a survey of the general lay of the land are to be applied.

"Seeing" the Enemy.

A platoon is drawn up in double ranks, and one man is ordered to march forward into the dimness, counting his paces as he goes. Like most orders given in night manoeuvres, the words of command are whispered. Every eye in the platoon is watching the khaki figure pacing slowly away. Having focussed their eyes upon the soldier while he was clearly visible, all the men are able to see him, as he grows less and less distinct, until he has paced nearly one hundred yards. But it is a hard visual test. Suddenly a low voice says:

"Lost him, sir."

Another and another reports his inability to distinguish the vanishing soldier any longer. The officer keeps count of the number who report that they cannot see the man. When the last whisper has been recorded, he calls to the invisible soldier:

"Halt! How many paces?"

"One hundred and ten, sir," the answer comes out of the vagueness.

"Who was the last man to speak?" asks the officer.

A corporal answers.

"Very good," comments the officer, mentioning the man by name.

The soldier who marched away is now told to turn about and pace slowly back to his platoon. This is a much harder test, as the eye has to find the khaki figure when still quite indistinct; and, moreover, though each man thinks he knows exactly where the figure will reappear, most likely the eye has erred in the strange light.

There is absolute silence in the ranks. All interest is centred on the fact that a soldier—some day it might be an enemy soldier—is approaching, and that it is necessary to locate him at the earliest possible moment. Seconds seem long-drawn-out in the silence.

"I see him, sir," the same sharp-sighted soldier exclaims, almost forgetting to subdue his voice.

"Halt!" the order sounds again, just loud enough for the solitary soldier to hear it. "Now pace in."

The soldier obeys, and one after another the men whisper:

"I see him."

The soldier halts at the front rank.

"Eighty paces, sir," he reports.

Then he falls in in his proper place, and raises a giggle, that is promptly smothered, by remarking in a hoarse whisper:

"You blokes sounded like a Black Hand crowd from out there."

Listening in the Darkness.

Another platoon marches out of the greyness and halts while the two commanders confer. Then it passes on and is lost from sight

again. But it is out there, and the business of the first platoon is to find its whereabouts by listening for the sound made by the fixing of bayonets. The other platoon is the enemy creeping up to the attack. Before charging they must fix their bayonets. Perhaps, some day, the lives of the men will depend on their quickness in hearing the slight sound, for the attackers will fix bayonets with as little noise as possible. So they stand very still and listen.

For a time, though the invisible platoon, at a considerable distance, fix and unfix bayonets twice, no man reports hearing anything. Then one of the attackers accidentally clinks the bayonet butt on the rifle ring.

"I hear, sir," several men report. The distance is paced in. Then the two platoons, with the other two that have been practising in the same way, fall in for a route march along the main road. All orders are whispered, and no man is allowed to strike a light or do anything to give notice of the passing of the body of troops. Two scouts march ahead and two behind, to give notice of the approach of vehicles, and between each platoon—in a full route march they would be companies—runners are kept busy in conveying orders that have been whispered down the lines from platoon to platoon.

"Left wheel!" is the first of these. It is passed in whispers, and a runner passes it to the next platoon. Ere it has reached the rear ranks another order is whispering its way along. The tramp of the men in the darkness is a queer sound, when they can scarcely make out the men in the rank ahead of them, and cannot see the faces of those who tramp by their side.

Ships that Pass.

The scouts at the rear have heard and seen something that must be reported. One of them runs up to the rear rank.

"Motor-car!" he whispers, and "motor-car!" "motor-car!" the whisper runs like wind in long grass, till it reaches the O.C.

He sends an order back:

"Keep to the left," and it travels in the same way, while the company sidles to the roadside to let the car pass. It has powerful lamps, and, swinging round a curve, it suddenly illuminates the marching men. Belts and buttons and brass titles gleam like gold, the whites of the men's eyes flash white as they turn glances towards the light, and the rifles and bayonets glitter in the vivid rays. A surprised exclamation comes from a girl in the car.

"Soldiers marching now! Why, I thought they always went to bed very early, and got up very early in the morning."

The troops are plunged into utter darkness again, but the whispered jest is passed along:

"Why ain't you boys in bed?"

"Silence! Silence in the ranks," is the return whisper that this sally provokes. And the troops go marching on in the gloom.

WORK UNDERGROUND.

The Signallers' Trenches.

(By WILL LAWSON.)

IF the stranger in Featherston town or Featherston Camp inquired the way to Pall Mall or Hyde Park corner, he would be met with black looks or words of ridicule, unless he chanced to make his inquiries at the headquarters of the Engineers' Signallers in the camp. The thoroughfares referred to are within a few minutes' walk of the camp, yet on the clearest day they are invisible from that point of view because they are underground—they are part of a labyrinth of trenches made by the Engineers, and used for training purposes in signalling with flags, telephones, and buzzers. It is necessary to have a guide when visiting them, otherwise half the importance of the work is missed, and the interesting names missed too.

At the corner of a grassy paddock, wherein lofty wireless aerials are erected, a mass of heaped-up earth and timber indicates the presence of a dug-out. It is well and solidly built, with sandbags placed as steps to lead into the lofty interior. This is Auckland Battalion Headquarters, an important post, from which wires lead away through underground trenches to all parts of the works and to headquarters. But it is not really a part of the trenches. To reach the nearest ramifications of these, the visitor must go out into the open, to a machine-gun emplacement near at hand. Beside the gun emplacement are small shelters for the gunners, and leading to the left is the beginning of the labyrinth. Following the trench for a short distance, a cosy shelter, dug out of the earth, is reached. This is Bill Ben's Doss-house. The sergeant who is guide does not

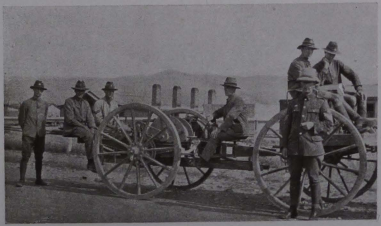
Sending and Receiving Messages.

Crossing with the Telephone Wire.

explain who Bill Ben was, but his tastes, evidently, were simple ones, to judge by his "doss-house." The first-line trench runs straight in its general line. But there are numerous "traverses" where it makes U-shaped bends, to prevent the enemy pouring in an enfilading fire. Nesbit's Nest occurs near one of these traverses, and a number of other underground shelters are seen, seeming to show that more cautious individuals among the signallers had an eye to further shelter in case the traverses were shattered by shells. After passing the dark yawning opening of the Whispering Gallery, the trench terminates at the Scratchings, where the picks have been busy, but have not completed their work. Sitting on the edge of the trench is another sergeant of signallers, waving a flag. The guide draws attention to him in a picturesque, descriptive way. To which the signaller retorts:

"You fellows don't seem to know that you are under rapid rifle fire, and I'm just calling up the machine-guns to open fire."

That being the case, all speed is made to reach Pall Mall and the protection of the London police. Back to the Whispering Gallery, and down into its gloomy passage, the route runs, till Hyde Park corner is reached, from which Lacey's Lane leads. A short trench links this narrow way with Pall Mall, but ere the machine-guns begin in earnest



Cable Waggon.

there is time to reach Proude's Point, at the end of Lacey's Lane, and then return to Pall Mall.

Pall Mall runs left and to right of the short connecting trench. To the right—the deep way—in which, walking upright, a man's head is several feet below ground level—curves and proceeds until another dark cavern yawns. This is the entrance to Baker's Retreat. One has to stoop to reach the retreat, but once there it is found to be lofty and airy, with a table and stools, and the terminals of telephone wires ready for attachment to the instruments. It is very cool and still underground, and there is a big fly buzzing solemnly round in the light of the guide's match. Out again into daylight, and the way leads to Jonah's Listening Post. This is at the end of the trench, and it is roofed with heavy timber and earth, with small ventilating shafts, through which the pale daylight comes. It is still as death, and one readily understands how easy it would be to hear the sounds of enemy tunnellers working underground.

By an underground passage, the way runs on into the rear trench and to Pullyn Point, with Sutherland's Drive and Dall's Hidie Hole as special items of interest to the tourist. Some more gun emplacements are seen, and then there comes another plunge into gloom at Skipper's Headquarters. The tunnel leading in is very dark, and no light shines down the air-shafts, because there is a tent erected on the ground above Skipper's Headquarters, in which the wireless station is situated. Wires

Headquarters Signal Office.

Telephone Detachment.

from the trench telephones, which, in turn, are connected with battalion and divisional headquarters, are linked with the wireless station above.

On the table in Skipper's Headquarters are two lanterns and a leather box. The sergeant lights one of the lanterns, and at once another fly that has been lurking in the darkness buzzes lazily about. But it is not the buzz of the fly that has made the sergeant stand in a listening attitude. Another sound is clearly heard. It comes from the leather box. Lifting the lid, the guide takes out the metal telephone receiver, and extends it to its full size.

"Are you there?" the voice is saying loudly enough to be heard in the dug-out. But it is not calling Skipper's Headquarters.

"Listen!" the sergeant says, handing the spare receiver.

Now one has an explanation of the numerous black-covered wires which have been seen running along the roofs, walls or floors of the trenches and galleries. Headquarters is talking to one of the battalion headquarters, and another post is trying to cut in with the buzzer. As the talk goes on, the sound of hoots echoing down the tunnel tells of a man's approach—a signaller coming to his duty in the still, underground place. After some adjusting of instruments and conversation, he sets to work in the lantern light, and the visitor blunders out into the daylight once more. Along Pall Mall to Culley's Dug-out is the last item, and then, with a leap and a scramble, up into the breeze again, where the sergeant of signallers still flutters his flag and dares the rifles and the machine-guns.

Cyclist Signalling Detachment.

HOW THE CAMP IS KEPT CLEAN.

War Against Bacteria.

THE worst treated inhabitant of Featherston Camp is not the stray pup or the night duty man, but the disease germ. The tiny germ and his family are "up against it" from the moment of nativity. No housewife or city sanitary staff wages such vigorous, scientific, and unremitting warfare against all bacteria harmful to the human body as is done at Featherston Camp.

First, there is the deadly Featherston wind. It searches every corner and cranny, and no place is sacred from its rude intrusion, but it saves many lives.

Science of Hygiene.

Then all the science of hygiene has been brought to bear to bring the germs escaping the winds and the sun to an untimely end. The huts ments are so designed that wind can enter through open eaves which cannot be blocked up by those who dislike fresh air and its free circulation. Camp offices and orderly rooms are similarly designed. Drains and latrines are so constructed as to harbour a minimum number of germs; and the drastic treatment meted out to those that do find a lodging still further reduces that minimum. Billiard rooms, canteen, social institutes, all are constructed with an eye to comfort, certainly, but with an equally vigilant eye upon their capacity to offer inhospitality to the disease germ. Even then disease germs find a lodgment in the Camp, and the medical authorities set themselves out to combat the enemy. The easiest way to defeat an enemy is to induce him to come out into the open, and it is therefore instructed in Camp Standing Orders that any man, soldier or officer, feeling unwell, must report sick. Every morning, shortly after reveille, the Orderly Corporal makes a tour of the huts occupied by the men of his company and records the names of men reporting sick, telling such men that they must parade at half-past seven in their overcoats. At the appointed hour the men are marched off to the Medical Hut. The total number attending sick parade each morning is considerable, because the men are impressed with the necessity of reporting sick if they have the slightest thing wrong with them. If a man feels unable to go on parade, he must parade sick, as he cannot remain off parade without leave from the doctor; so he reports sick, and if any disease germ has found lodgment with him it is in a fair way to suffer detection. The medical man inspects him, has his temperature taken, and probably administers treatment that gives the germ its quietus.

Swabs!

Swabs! The name is suggestive. For those who do not know, it might be explained that at the back of the throat there is a quarter where disease germs sometimes accumulate. Human beings can thus be "carriers." To detect these carriers in camp the authorities hold a periodical parade, on which occasions a piece of receptive cotton wool is fastened to a wire holder and each soldier in turn must have a swab

inserted in his mouth and placed against the back of the throat. The product is then placed in a bottle, hermetically sealed, and marked with the name of the soldier and his company. If, when the swab is treated, evidence of germs is detected, the soldier is at once taken in hand. If he is a carrier he is segregated, and steps are taken to see that the germs in him are killed.

Other Likely Places.

Cook-houses might be thought likely places for germs. In reality they are not. Every day they come under the minutest inspection—cook-house, butchery, and all utensils. This inspection is the business of the Medical Officer, and is performed daily in the presence of the Officer of the Day. If a little grease is left in the corner of a tin, or a "rosy" or "dixie" shows the least evidence of careless cleaning, the sergeant-cook knows what to expect. Similarly the most careful inspection is made of the dining halls, huts, orderly rooms, canteen, shops, institutes—in fact, every building in camp is, perforce, a model of cleanliness.

Flies do not live with any degree of comfort or security at Featherston Camp. Search as they will, they cannot find comfortable breeding places. There is no fermenting refuse about, and the places they usually frequent are veritable death-traps for them. In the mess-rooms and

One of the Incinerators.

institutes numbers of wires, smeared with a sticky substance, are suspended from the rafters. At intervals a man, told off for the purpose, gathers these wires with their trapped flies and passes them through a fire. This anti-fly campaign is directed by Professor Kirk, and is a factor which bears directly on the health of the camp. The results obtained during the past year have fully demonstrated its value.

When a man is seen spraying beds and the contents of kits with formalin, it is easy to guess that measles or some other catchy complaint has made its appearance in that hut. If the infection seems to be bad, the occupants of the hut are isolated for a time; but should the case be a mild one, the occupants have merely to parade for medical inspection every day for a term sufficiently long to enable the doctors to watch the possible development of the disease.

Knowing all these things, the soldier has little fear of epidemics.

H.T.B.D.

CAMP PERMANENT STAFF.

Administrative.

Camp Commandant: Colonel N. P. Adams, C.M.G., N.Z.F.A.

Camp Adjutants: Major Neville Newcomb, M.S.C., and Captain J. W. Silcock, 6th (Hauraki) Regt.

Camp Quartermaster: Major G. B. Banks, N.Z.S.C. *Assistant Camp Quartermaster:* Lieut. L. A. Clements.

Supply Officer: Captain P. N. Petty, N.Z.A.S.C. *Assistant Supply Officer:* Lieut. C. E. Isbister, N.Z.A.S.C. *Instructor in Transport:* Lieut. J. G. W. Salt.

Camp Paymaster: Captain G. M. Abbot, 4th (Waikato) Mounted Rifles.

Records Officer: Lieut. F. J. Mackintosh.

Principal Medical Officer: Major H. Graham Robertson, N.Z.M.C.

Principal Dental Officer: Major W. R. Hursthouse, N.Z.D.C.

Veterinary Officer: Captain E. L. Siddall, N.Z.V.C.

Assistant Provost Marshal: Lieut. A. M. Jameson.

Officers in Charge of Subsidiary Camps: Major H. R. Ryder, King's Own Yorkshire Light Infantry (Tauherenikau); Captain A. Fairbairn, Canterbury Infantry Battalion (Canvas Camp); Captain R. C. Smith (Papawai).

Officer in Charge of Details: Major J. E. Batten, 7th (Wellington West Coast) Regiment.

2nd Lieut. N. S. Davies, attached to Headquarters Staff, 3rd (Auckland) Regiment, C.D.D.

Instructional.

Chief Infantry Instructor: Colonel C. R. Macdonald, I.G.S. *Instructors:* Major D. J. Sweetzer, Gloucester Regiment; Major W. McG. Turnbull, D.S.O., N.Z.S.C

Chief Artillery Instructor: Captain W. O. Bradley, R.N.Z.A. *Equitation Instructor:* Captain H. A. Wilson, R.N.Z.A.

Chief Instructor Mounted Rifles: Major D. E. Cardale, N.Z.S.C. *Instructors:* Major P. H. Johnson, C.Y.C.; Lieut. T. Hoare; Lieut. H. D. Stride.

Chief Machine-Gun Instructor: Major E. G. Fraser, 3rd (Auckland) Regiment. *Instructor:* Lieut. D. J. Smith.

Chief Musketry Instructor: Captain N. McD. Weir, N.Z.S.C.

CROSSING THE HILL.

An Historic Road.

(By WILL LAWSON.)

THE Infantry Reinforcements that were the senior draft in camp were to begin their march across the Rimutaka Hill to Trentham in the morning. The men, in full marching equipment, went into bivouac. With a greatcoat, two blankets, and a waterproof sheet, they prepared to pass the night in the open, on ground adjoining the camp.

At ten o'clock every man's water-bottle was filled with hot tea. When this operation was over, the men got between blankets. Few, however, slept. There seemed to be an air of suppressed excitement which kept many awake. But it did not prevent some of them from using their hot-water bottles as different articles of a similar name are used, that is, to keep them warm in their blankets. Those who did sleep felt that they had hardly closed their eyes when the reveille was sounded. This occurred half an hour after midnight. Evidence that few of the 1,900 soldiers were asleep was found in the loud cheers which greeted this usually unpopular bugle-call. It was sounded twice, and at the second sounding the cheers were louder still. Then the wags in the different companies got some fine work in. They imitated their sergeants and corporals.

Marching through Featherston.

Colonel Adams, C.M.G., and Colonel Macdonald leading the Troops up the Hill.

"Now then," said one, in tones that made the sluggards jump, "are you going to sleep the whole blessed night?"

In the darkness it was hard to say that it was not the sergeant or corporal himself who was speaking, especially when the voice imitated one who could not sound his r's.

The men had to shave in the dark, and, judging by their appearance when day broke, made a pretty good fist of it. Breakfast was served at 1 o'clock. Then followed a free and easy period, during which most of the platoons lighted fires of manuka, round which they gathered to sing and play pranks.

Shortly before 3 o'clock the bugles sounded again. The troops fell in in full equipment, which included an overcoat, haversack, water-bottle, eating utensils, trenching tools, and rifle—a good swag to carry over the hill. Punctually at 3 o'clock they moved out of their bivouac, with the band playing. It was still quite dark, with the stars in the sky. The Camp Commandant, Colonel N. P. Adams, rode at the head of the column. With him was Colonel C. R. Macdonald, who would march right through with the column, Colonel Adams leaving it at the Summit, where Colonel C. M. Gibbon, Chief of Staff, would meet them.

Singing up the Hill.

At Featherston, about four miles from camp, the band left the troops, or, rather, it was dispersed. Most of the bandsmen belonged to

The End of the Column.

The Beginning of the Ascent.

the infantry, so the few permanent bandsmen took the instruments from their fellow-bandsmen, who fell into the ranks. Featherston was very quiet, few of the residents being astir, though it was broad daylight when the troops passed, singing. The few young men who looked on were greeted by the soldiers with the words:

"Kitchener wants you."

And the answer invariably was:

"All right. He'll get me after Christmas."

"How these civilians love their Christmas dinners," was the soldiers' comment.

With the morning light glorious in the eastern skies, and a cool wind blowing, the troops breasted the stiff incline. After the first hour of marching the leading company had halted in the roadway while the column marched past, and had then taken its place in the rear, allowing the next company to lead. A similar change was made at the end of every hour. At the discretion of company commanders, the men in each file of four also changed places. They were wise company commanders who ordered this change, for the man on the left was walking on the inside and lower level all the time, and was glad to change to the right or outside place.

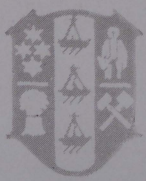
Early as the column was on the road, another cavalcade had preceded it. This was composed of waggons and motor-cars. In the waggons were steam-boilers to make tea; in the motor-cars were a number of Featherston ladies and gentlemen under the direction of Dr. Palmer. As soon as they reached the summit the boilers were put into operation, and an enormous supply of sandwiches was set out in readiness for the arrival of the troops. When it is said that every man of the 1,900 got at least ten sandwiches, some idea of the hospitality of these good people can be had.

The Hut at the Summit.

The troops reached the summit at 7.15, and sang all the way up the hill. No other body of men had done this. Perhaps the fresh, cool morning inspired them. Only six fell out on the hill. Of these, several rejoined at the top of the hill. Only one was exhausted and had to be taken up by the Red Cross motor-car which followed the troops. So far from being tired out on reaching the summit, most of the soldiers indulged in horse-play.

The summit was left at a quarter to nine, the soldiers cheering the ladies of the volunteer commissariat as they passed them on the march, and the ladies, on their part, cheering the men and wishing them God-speed, with tears in their eyes. A strcng wind blew, and the road was dusty. Soon the marching men were grey with dust from head to foot. But no one minded. So by the winding road through the hills the troops came to their bivouacking ground, nearly eight miles away, arriving there at half-past ten.

So sped one of the earlier Reinforcements across the hill. Since then nearly a score more have gone by the mountain road, and every time the thoughtful ladies of the Featherston Committee of the Wairarapa Patriotic Association have made hot meals for them. A hut has been built on the summit, and permanent tanks and boilers are established at this historic point of a road that is old in history and is making history to-day.



General appreciation was expressed throughout the Camp when the honour conferred upon the Camp Commandant, Colonel N. P. Adams, C.M.G., by His Majesty the King, was announced.

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS.

It is desired to express thanks for the number of descriptive articles from the facile pen of Mr. Will Lawson appearing in this book, and for permission to use them so readily granted by the Proprietors of the *Dominion*, in which journal they first appeared.

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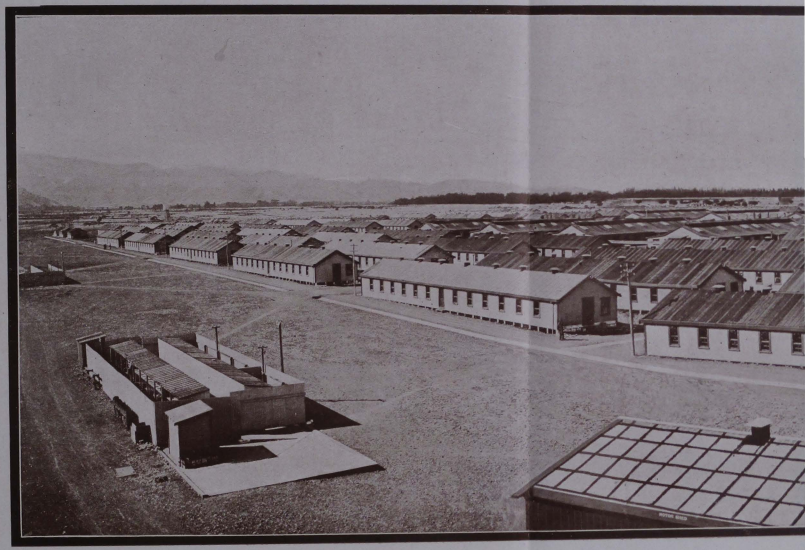

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