

## R.S.M. Murray—An Appreciation.

"Won't your feet of yours come together? Well, try and make them." There isn't much that the R.S.M. misses as his eye runs down a parade. I think it is Emerson who says that a man cannot see too much—meaning, of course, of the things that count. In the case of an R.S.M. looking over a parade everything counts—the shine of brass and leather, the cleanliness of a great-coat or a face, the cut of the hair, the drooping even of an eyelid. And when a man is discovered who has offended or slacked in the matter of one of the least of these seemingly little things, it becomes the duty of the R.S.M. to deal with the case in such a way that the offence will not be repeated. Here is where discipline comes in and the point at which the character of an R.S.M. is tested. Watch our Senior N.C.O. when he spies a pair of dirty boots. You will not hear him ask the victim whether his ancestors lived in the gutter—there will be no brow-beating nor taunting—but a crisp sentence uttered in an abstract, impersonal tone of voice, will make it abundantly clear that a second similar offence would be unhealthy.

It is precisely this sense of Cromwellian justice, impersonal and impartial, which Mr. Murray manages to convey with a reprimand, that makes the reprimand of value. And once again, it is in the eyes—the organs where most men's secrets can be read—that his honesty of purpose may be seen. On parade those eyes see everything—not because they are naturally of a searching kind, but because a life of soldiering has made them so. But see him in the Mess, at the head of the table, when a fun-loving Irishman, who sits on his right, is pouring a story into his ears; you will notice that he is not missing any of it, but you will see also that his eyes are fixed on the opposite wall with the look of a visionary who sees beyond and through the trivialities of the moment. It occurs to you that if he had not been a soldier he would have been a philosopher.

Mr. Murray did not begin life as a soldier, though he enlisted at the age of 14—just sixteen years ago the 8th of

this month—with the Royal Engineers. In those days the Engineers had charge of the Submarine Department, and the youthful Jock was posted to a submarine minelayer with base at Chatham. He served a year in Home waters, and was then sent to Nova Scotia. In 1905, when the Royal Engineers stationed in Canada were given the option of transferring to the Canadian Forces, he seized the opportunity of becoming a full-fledged Canadian. Three years later he transferred to the C.A.S.C. On the outbreak of war he assisted Major (now Colonel) Bell, of Toronto, in organising the 1st Divisional Ammunition Park, came over with that Unit, and went to France with it. He spent ten months in France, returning at the end of that time to Shorncliffe. He received the appointment to his present position several months ago.

Last of all, there is a Jock Junior at the R.M.S.'s home who is just at the age where he wants to learn Army Service drill.

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 MISCELLANEOUS.
 

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Sunday evening, April 1st, an innovation was begun in Hut 5, Room 1, that speaks well for the members of the Hut. A sacred service was held, Mr. Docker in the chair, and Pte. Greville-Sedon in the pulpit. An harmonium requisitioned from the Wesleyan Home, supplied the music. The boys say the service was a humdinger.

A young lady, formerly stenographer in-chief for the Repayments Department, has recently been transferred to another Office. Now the Officers of that establishment hold a daily parade at 9.30 a.m.—one that does not appear in Orders, but which is as inevitable as the striking of the hour and the entrance of a smiling feminine face. The senior Officer calls the room to attention and salutes, and all receive a smile and a "Carry on, boys."