

Our Two O.C.'s.

Our two O.C.'s, Major Scott and Captain Ferguson have left us. The "News," as the official organ of the unit and the only medium for the expression of the opinion of the Corps as a whole desires to express the regret that is felt among all ranks at their departure, and to wish them success in their new work.

Major Scott has not made himself widely known while he has been with us; he has held Orderly Room no oftener than three times, but those who have been privileged to work with him testify to his sterling qualities. And there are not a few men in the Corps who knew Major Scott in Winnipeg as a sportsman, as the Manager of a large sporting goods house, and as a soldier. Many of them bought their first ten-cent. red hockey sticks from his establishment, or had the bullets bored out of their "twenty-twos." But then, as now, Major (then Mr. Scott) was rarely seen, being securely screened behind glazed windows.

Then came the Great War. Major Scott was O.C. Number Eleven Company, and in his military position there was no screen between himself and his men. He frequently took parades himself, and was quick to see and to reward the men who knew their drill. Then he was appointed A.D. of S. and T.—a position of great importance during the early days of organisation. He came overseas in the spring of 1916, and has held important posts in the Canadian area before coming to Shorncliffe.

Major Scott is a quiet man. He is more of a thinker than a talker, and he has a thinker's dynamic power of concentrating into half-a-dozen words what many men could take all day and not express. Moreover, he has the ability to read men; a "lead-swing" will receive scant courtesy from him, but a

man with a just case can count on having it heard and equitably adjusted. Finally an old soldier who was with Major Scott at Brighton has told me that he was "the finest gentleman he ever met." Among those who have been privileged to know him in this Depot the same conviction prevails.

Quick march; halt; right turn. Before you is a wooden railing, and behind it a desk, at which sits a man whose daily duty it is to hand out the penalties for infractions of discipline. As the charge is being read and your knees begin to quiver slightly—not altogether with the strain of standing to attention—you look at the man behind the desk. He is not tall, but he has broad shoulders, a well-formed head, inclined to squareness, a chin that is commonly called "determined," above it an aggressive iron-grey moustache, above that, and strongly in contrast with the fighting qualities in the face, a pair of dark eyes in which there shines a gentle benignity that says: "Don't be afraid, old chap, we'll give you a square deal." Let us say the offence is: On such a day, at such an hour, wearing a non-issue (officer's) cap in Folkestone. The man behind the desk speaks: "Have you anything to say?" "Nothing, sir." "Reprimand." Then the R.S.M.: "Right turn, quick march." The scene is over. This is Captain Ferguson in action.

Captain Ferguson has been very popular with the unit, and deservedly so, during his short régime. He is quite approachable, and is always ready to assist a man who has been the victim of circumstances, providing the facts are proved. He has been a strong supporter of sport within the Unit, and the different branches that have just been organised owe much to him. We wish him every success in his new position.