

"Discipline."

THIS publication is intended primarily to record the amusing incidents occurring during each course. Incidentally, it may be that opportunity is also afforded for the long-suffering student to give expression to his pent-up feelings concerning some particularly arrogant instructor, the weight of whose heavy hand he has felt. But all this is in fun, and is to provoke a smile, not a frown.

There is no way, however, for a class to express collectively just exactly what opinion it holds as regards the effectiveness of the training, unless it be in these columns.

Coming from the trenches to a school at which the instruction commences, at the beginning of things it is not unnatural the trench-weary man, who has the belief well fixed in his mind that he is a superior being, should experience a sense of irritation when he first comes under the strict discipline of the school. "What's the use of this?" he asks. "It isn't going to make me more skilful in killing Bosches because I cut my hand away sharply on the third movement of the Slope from the Order." If he is an intelligent man he doesn't continue to argue from this false premise. He recognises that the whole fabric of military training is woven around discipline, which is not, to a man who sees things in the right perspective, merely the maximum and minimum punishments for military crimes, but is the development of a spirit which induces cheerful and intelligent obedience of orders, with cheerful and intelligent underlined.

The school has brought this first principle home to the students, and there is no man who does not feel he is better qualified to fill his post in the front line now than before he underwent the training. This being the case the school has been a success so far as the present class is concerned. The officers, N.C.O's and men will presently return to their units. Those with an aptitude for teaching will

become instructors; but all will be better soldiers. Any institution, therefore, which brings about an improvement in the mental and physical equipment of the ready-made Canadian soldier is an agency for betterment, which should be made use of by every battalion in the corps. Such an institution the present class believes the Canadian Corps Training School to be.

The Kaiser's St. Helena.

There's an isolated, desolated spot I'd like to mention,

Where all you hear is "Stand at Ease," "Slope Hip," "Slow March," "Attention."

It's miles away from anywhere, by gad, it is a rum'un;

A chap lived there for fifty years and never saw a woman!

*There are lots of little huts all dotted here and there,
For those who have to live inside I've offered many a prayer.*

Inside the huts there are cracks as big as any sap.

Last night a soldier disappeared; we found him down the gap.

With tunics, boots and puttees off you quickly get the habit.

You gallop up and down the hill, just like a blooming rabbit.

"Head backward, bend," "Arms upward, stretch,"

"Heels raise," then, "Ranks change places."

And later on they make you put your knee-cap where your face is.

Now, when the war is over, and we've captured Kaiser Billy,

To shoot him would be merciful and absolutely silly:

Just send him down to the C.T.S., amidst the snow and clay,

And I'll bet it won't be long before he droops and fades away.

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