

Some of our clients have registered a complaint about the cracks and knot-holes that tend to make our home rather draughty, but we can assure them that it is very necessary for them to be there, as the "Bull" is so often shot here, that we must have some place to drive him through these cold nights, the door usually being closed.

We would respectfully suggest that you would grace our little home with your presence next time you miss the last car, and give us an opportunity to greet you with a smile. Cheerio.

Sanitation.

In this war sanitation has received the careful consideration of all the armies concerned, and statistics show the wonderful results that are the direct outcome of the efforts of the authorities along these lines. In previous wars the number of deaths from disease was far greater than the number caused by the enemy's bullets, but in the present cataclysm that has overtaken this sphere, the number of deaths from disease has been reduced to a minimum, due solely to the perfection of sanitary arrangements, as everyone recognises that perfect sanitation will be a potent factor in deciding this great struggle of nations.

In no unit of the Canadian army has sanitation attained a higher standard of perfection than at Cooden Camp. Every man in the Sanitary section is an enthusiast at his work, and each is an expert in his special line; for one and all realise that the health and even the lives of the Personnel, Patients, and V.A.D.'s, would be jeopardised if any member of the section would neglect his work in the slightest degree. Hence the great interest that each and every man of the section takes in rounding up and destroying the different bacteria that are likely to be injurious to the health of the humans in the Camp.

The N.C.O.'s (or, as Trebex would say, the "Getfrichisse") of the section have very responsible duties to perform. The senior N.C.O. is at present conducting research work on the bacteria of the foot-and-mouth disease, and important results are anticipated as a result of his efforts along that line. Any day the *Lancet* may make the announcement that he has succeeded in isolating the germ. Most of the responsibility of the routine rests on the shoulders of his understudy, whose labours begin very early in the day, at Reveille, while his comrades are slumbering. Every morning at six his cheery voice can be heard encouraging and rallying his men for their day's labours, and it is largely due to his great executive ability that the section has attained such a high standard. His wonderful tact in handling men has won him the unswerving loyalty of the whole section, and he is greatly adored by all the men under his command. Strictly speaking, the duties of the Sanitary Section are confined to the limits of the Camp,

but the N.C.O.'s of the section, with the welfare of their comrades always in their mind, scour the surrounding country, destroying rodents, and so the splendid sanitary condition of the Camp spreads far beyond its borders, even as far as the "Wheatsheaf."

It is one of the sights of the South Coast to see Cooden Camp's Sanitary Section drilling on the Parade Ground every morning at 7.30, and visitors say that it is on a par with the changing of the guard at Whitehall. The esprit de corps of the section is magnificent, and it is wonderful to watch their manoeuvres, as they obey the ringing commands of the Corporal, whose voice can be distinctly heard in all parts of the line. After a short drill they are marched off the Parade Ground to their duties, which every man endeavours to do to the best of his ability, as they know that work faithfully done will be rewarded by kindly words of commendation from their N.C.O.'s. And so we leave them at their labours, resting assured that our health is in good keeping with Cooden Camp's Sanitary Squad.

An Appreciation.

Well! Look who we have here. A smack on the back, and you turn to find a chap who was hit about a week before you. "Gee, but you're looking good," you exclaim. "When did you get in?" "Have you seen Johnson?" And a flood of questions pour from you, and some from him. Then the inevitable question—"How do you like this place?" What a world of thought there is in that! During the week I have been in the Camp I have heard that question put by many, and the majority start off with the one thing nearest the boys' hearts—*Grub*. Old man "Nap," is credited with saying, "An army marches on its belly," and I am of the opinion that the boys get fit again through this same organ. Take the lad who has lived on the farm practically all his life, and had never given much thought to what was put on the table before him. If you ask him what he thinks of the food, he will inevitably say, "Fine, only there *ain't* enough of it." The city chap, accustomed to the fancy dishes served in restaurants, thinks we might get a greater variety of foodstuff, but guesses it's not too bad—had worse in France. And so on, we find differences of opinion all around; but there is one thing the boys are unanimous in, that the presence of the white-capped, pleasant-faced ladies that wait on us makes the food taste *jake a bon*. After all is said and done—where will you find a healthier, better fed, and happier-looking lot of chaps than the boys who are resting up from what has been well termed "A h— of a life out there." When this scrap is over, and we get back home again, our thoughts will often wander back to Cooden, and that building of pleasure—The Dining-Hall. Here's hoping.