

FIRST EXPERIENCES

was evidently a university college. Here I was taken charge of by another, but older and fatter, corporal, who having ushered me up to a small unfurnished room overlooking the quadrangle, left me standing in the middle of it with my trunks, feeling somewhat lonely.

My arrival at the school reminded me tremendously of old school days, or more particularly one's first entry into a public school, when one is absolutely unknown and feels an extraordinarily minute particle of humanity! After a long period with my Regiment, where we had been a small but very happy family, and where every officer knew his brother officers and men well, I experienced, I suppose, a homesick feeling. I think it was at this moment I felt my first and last regret at joining the corps.

After unpacking my goods and chattels, I sat down to read the voluminous Standing Orders with which I had been presented. I felt somewhat crestfallen at the end of this task, chiefly because there seemed to be little left to the discretion of officers. Numberless "do's and don't's" relating to everything from cheques to discipline,