

The New S. M.

The news of the appointment of Sergeant Tinling to the very responsible position of Sergeant Major, was extremely well received by all ranks. As a Corporal, then as a Sergeant his ability, business capacity, intelligence, and perhaps above all, his fairmindedness had marked him as one of the very best men in the Unit. If a job had to be done well and rapidly, "the powers that be" knew well that Tinling was the man to be put in charge of the party that was to tackle it. When the Hospital was opened he was put at the head of a ward and did his work in a most creditable manner.

Charles Burnaby Tinling was born in the City of Hamilton, Ontario, on the 30th. of March 1893. His early education was obtained in that City, and he prepared for McGill at Highfield School. He represented his school at cricket, football and was known as a good all round sportsman.

In the spring of 1910 he passed his matriculation examinations and in the fall of the same year he entered McGill with the class of Arts'14. "Burn." during his first three years at College, was one of the most regular performers on the football field; he played several games with the second team and was for two years on the first "squad". Owing to the amount of work entailed by a "double" course, he had to retire from athletics after his second year in Medicine, but he nevertheless helped Med'17 to win the class championship last season, by playing inside wing.

On his return from France in the autumn of 1914 "Tin." immediately joined the McGill C.O.T.C. His proficiency marked him for rapid promotion: he was made Sergeant of No. 1 Platoon then Sergeant Major of "A" Company. On the death of John Abbott he was promoted to a Lieutenancy and was given command of No. 1 Platoon.

Soon after joining the McGill Hospital, Tinling was made Corporal and for a long time was in charge of "C" Section. His proficiency in drill made him one of the most useful N.C.O's of the Unit and as soon as a vacancy arose he was given a Sergeancy.

His advancement to the position of Sergeant Major in charge of Wards is thus well deserved, and the good wishes of all accompany the new S.M. in his new appointment.

Our Barracks

Barracks! How suggestive this word is to most of the world, of militarism, of discipline rigorous and exacting. To us — of the elect it is different. Two large dormitories lined with beds, blankets, kit bags and various other military and unmilitary possessions. The scene varies but little. Here, an energetic and heated argument is in full swing concerning the advisability of opening the windows. Choice indeed, are the vocabularies and unlimited in resources, of those would be orators. It is a pleasure to listen to the artistic blending of the choicest tit bits of the British Army jargon garnished with select phrases from every corner of the earth.

Here a quiet harmless game of cards. Around the stove a ring of book worms devour the new adventures of Craig Kennedy or sit spell bound, under the wondrous enchantment of the wordly wise and spicy tales in "Snappy Stories".

Your next neighbour is quite ten inches away. Not too close if he is your best friend but otherwise "Unsanitary but military" is an oft quoted phrase.

At night the dormitory hums like a metropolis. A few careful ones, wise by experience make their beds early. The majority, prompted by an intimate knowledge of the soft yielding qualities of two inch pine flooring, are less brave and neglect this pressing duty. Suddenly a blast shrills forth, clear unmistakable, just such a blast as Gabriel — we hope — will not blow, and immediately chaos and confusion hold sway. A throaty murmur of maledictions arises, ceases abruptly and then, as the lights go out, breaks forth anew in a glorified roar which puts to shame even the mob in Julius Caesar.

Twenty minutes later the scene has changed. The nocturnal stillness is broken only by stentorian snores, the wailings of cats and an occasional epithet accompanying a boot directed at the snorers, and last but not least, the agonized turnings and twistings of those trying to locate one soft board.

A life of luxury and ease! Just as the moon achieves her height, just as the fevered tosser sinks into blissful sleep, the soft seductive notes of the bugle announce the day. Once again is the old proverb justified "Any fool can go to bed, but it takes a man to get up". G. S.

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"We are as soldiers fighting in a foreign land; that understand not the plan of campaign, and having no need to understand it; seeing well what is at hand to be done. Let us to it like soldiers; with submission, with courage, and with a heroic joy".

... Carlyle