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DISCIPLINE

SALUTING won't win the war. On the other hand the war won't be won without saluting. Why all this fuss about the bringing of the hand smartly to the forehead, palm outwards, when inferior meets superior, to be returned by the superior in the same fashion? Because it is the outward manifestation of an inner discipline which is the most important thing about any army. Men, munitions, money, commissariat are, of course, *sine qua non*; these without discipline would be casting treasure in the midst of a maddened mob. The rudiments of ceremonial are taught in the barrack square, and the finished article is seen bright and shining upon field days, and marching through the city streets. The trenches in the far-flung battle line will have none of it, but the inner discipline ingrained on the barrack square makes a good soldier in billets behind the firing line, or under the crash of armaments,

The good soldier is invariably well disciplined, and shows it in every movement. At a time like this when millions of men, who never dreamed of war as a business, have been glad to join the colours, they have cast off their individuality on doffing civilian attire and donning khaki. Each becomes a tiny part of a great machine. One recognises at once that there must be superior authority, mounting by delicate gradations until lost in the dizzy heights of field-marshal-dom. Granted that the soldier has always and ever definite obligations to his superior, the superior has no less definite obligations to his inferior in rank. The ceremonial of saluting works both ways. *Noblesse oblige*. The other day we saw a wounded private soldier turn his head and eyes smartly to the right on meeting an officer, his hands being engaged with a pair of crutches. That man was demonstrating discipline. The officer, either from carelessness or inattention, paid no heed, gave no return. The soldier probably felt like a fool for obeying an impulse inculcated by thorough training. More recently we saw a young subaltern walking in daylight hours with his arm encircling a lady's waist. But when a soldier passed and saluted, his arm left not its resting place, nor did he in any way acknowledge the courtesy paid his badges of rank. A soldier is a soldier, no matter what his rank, and he hath his obligations.

O. C. J. W.