

a "Veteran's" point of view, and -- but you can get first hand information by applying to him in person.

Many old familiar faces are now missing and a walk through the various Departments causes one to realize how extensive are the changes which have taken place in the personnel of the Section during the past few weeks. The Section was called upon to supply what is evidently the nucleus of the new Canadian Section at British Headquarters in France, and about fifteen of our old boys are thus lost to us. They have gone to assist in the organization of the new Section and in this particular work, the sound and practical methods with which they have become familiar here, will prove of material benefit to them there. In other words, they will show the other folks how it ought to be done. We therefore have the consolation of knowing that our loss is other people's gain.

It is with feelings of regret we record the departure of Sergeants Ruse and Proudfoot, who have returned to No. 7 Canadian Stationary Hospital. They were only on loan, as it were, to this Section and when their O. C. said "Move," move it was. Although their stay with us has been comparatively short, — their straight dealing, geniality and openness of character making them popular with all.

Sgt. Ruse was a "Dispenser sans pareil". Sympathy and sickness were synonymous with him and the "dope" he recommended was not confined to the good old staple No. 9, but was more of the "57 varieties" kind. Such were the rejuvenating powers of his "Gin fiz" that one dose on a morning after the night before would make a "Speak" look like a letter from Canada, or a leave warrant. Truly we shall miss him.

Other units are beginning to cast envious eyes on our efficient Orderly Room staff. Should a Brigadier General visit the Section the first thing to attract his attention is the pulsating life and energy radiating from the desk of the R. S. M. Vim, vigour and vitality personified, a "dragon" for dress and a martinet for discipline, one word from our "Regimental" stiffens the Section like an electric shock. Parades "jump to it" at the sound of his clear, crisp, cutting commands. The billet, formerly a home of rest for tired orderlies, is now a humming hive of industry under his firm but kindly administration. The ice encrusted Ration Supply Depot thaws untold quantities of bacon and butter under the sun of his geniality, and the "Scylla" and "Charbydis" of Ordnance and R. E. Depots have no terrors for him as he navigates his good ship "Indents" to achievement and safety.

To "slip" to the Pay Office is now no mean accomplishment for the penurious, and never was sword of Damocles more threatening than the "Regimental" eye for the tardy trifler.

Clean cut in decision, caustic in humour, unerring in solving complex regimental problems and alert to opportunity, we can write of him "Ne plus ultra".

