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| Lieut. S. C. Ellis,                | Canada.    | D. B. A. A. Brasfort,  | Poetry. |
| "PAT"—(an unknown genius)          |            | Lieut. J. M. Bishop.   |         |
| "Nuts and Rations".                |            | Lieut. E. A. Lockhart. |         |
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THE BIG THING IN THE ARMY:—DISCIPLINE.

No apology is required for turning again this week to the big question of Discipline. It is absolutely essential that the soldier in training be persuaded of its value and importance, if he is to get anywhere and do anything worth while. Military operations do not consist in spasmodic rushes and glittering individual escapades, but in the orderly and cohesive action of a body of men acting together. To produce this result, each one must fit into his place in the general scheme of things, and "carry on" with a full realization that his part is equally important with every other.

The civilian recruit can find all this illustrated in the efforts of his life, or the lives of other individuals, who have attained to some measure of success. His personality is a unit. The body with its several members, his mind with its perception and his will with its moving power, have all had to act in concert and under discipline to make him accomplish anything. If his development has been lop-sided and undisciplined, if he has been drunken, lewd and incontinent, loud-mouthed and vulgar, pampered and lacking in decision of character, he will find military life very much like a reform school. It has already proved to be a fine reforming institution to many such. If, on the other hand, he has been abstemious, chaste, restrained in speech, clean and close-knit in thought, and strong in will, he will soon find himself at home in the army. He will see what is fundamental, and his disciplined body will respond readily to the assent of his mind and the impulse of his will.

The purpose of Discipline is to secure immediate obedience to orders. The quicker that obedience can be obtained the better, and military training is an education of the recruit to this very end,—the bringing out of an immediate obedience to each and every order received. Beginning with Squad Drill and ending with the most involved strategic manoeuvres, each step is equally vital. There are no minor things. The movements and appearance of a slow, slovenly, slouching, recruit on parade or walking out, is an eye-sore to the man who knows, for it reveals a sluggish and untidy mind, and a standing menace to the man himself and to his comrades. When this is realized, the work of discipline will begin in the man's own mind and will. He will determine to so carry himself, that he will not have to apologise for being alive, and suggest that he is walking around to save funeral expenses. The elementary disciplinary exercises aim at making the recruit smart, erect, snappy and confident, so that he may worthily wear the King's uniform and not do it an indignity by his undisciplined bearing.

The writer was once talking over general conditions in an Officers' Mess, with a gallant O. C. of a Canadian regiment who now sleeps "In Flanders Fields", and he remarked the slouch of several

Subalterns. "Yes, I know," said the Colonel, "and if they don't straighten up I'll strap them to a board. They have got to do it." The secret of the matter is wrapped up in that reply. The recruit has "got to do it" himself. He has to accept so implicitly the required discipline, that it will become self-discipline, a new measure of discipline added to that which he has already, or should already have become accustomed to as a good citizen.

Of course Discipline is a hard master, and the young recruit who has not known this master, well will have his hands full for a time. If, on the other hand, he comes from a home where parental control has been firm, or from a public school where he has been obliged to keep himself in hand and recognize authority, his course will be comparatively easy. More than that, he will get on. He has learned how to give respectful and willing obedience, and the man who has learned that lesson, has gone a long way toward becoming a good soldier, for "respectful obedience", as General Otter points out in his "Guide", "is the only true basis upon which sound discipline can rest." Should that respect ever seem to be hindered by personal antipathy for those over him, let the soldier, be he recruit or veteran, remember that the order comes not from the individual but from the system; that all in the army are under authority, and that he is himself an equally honourable unit with every other, in the great corporate body of the British Army.

We should like to make one other point. The recruit probably chafes under the monotony of his work and life, and the prolonged character of elementary training. It must not be forgotten that only the repetition of exercises by a man of military age, will enable him to form the habit of doing them properly. The whole atmosphere of military life has to be acquired. Discipline in every particular must be acquired, else we shall have what Russia had, just as victory was within her grasp,—disaster. There is no great or small in the matter of discipline, and a month or two more or less, may mean all the difference between efficiency and demoralization. Mass Discipline proceeds slowly and exacts much from the proficient. Let the soldier who is proficient be willing to bear with his less responsive comrade, but woe to the man, in this awful crisis of human history, who retards the progress of training by refusing to accept and practice discipline, and speed up his training in every particular. He is actually playing into the hands of the Hun.

In every military situation, be it training, action, victory or defeat, Discipline is the first principle and duty, and requisite of every soldier. It alone can enable him to do his bit and inspire him with the necessary self-confidence to go to his task, as Tennyson puts it so well,

" . . . . . Strong in will  
To strive, to seek, to find, but not to yield."  
"ON GUARD".

THE "PEACOCK FUSILEERS"  
ANSWER GEN. FOCH'S  
CALL FOR REIN-  
FORCEMENTS.

Six weeks ago today, a new section, still clad in "civvies", appeared on the Parade Ground of the E. T. D. They "fell in" at the extreme rear of the Parade. Nor was their modesty at all affected. A more untrained, unkept and utterly unmilitary rabble, it has seldom been our lot to see. On the right flank, resplendent in his well known "frock", stood their O.C., Lieut. Peacock. And to him we mentally extended our sympathy.

But that was six weeks ago, and six weeks at the E. T. D. may mean much. First of all, the "rabble" shed its "civvies", and emerged from the crysillis stage into becoming khaki. Then they started in to master squad drill from "the grass roots".

On Wednesday morning last, the erstwhile "rabble", with our old and esteemed comrade Lieut. Peacock at their head, climbed aboard the train en route for "Flanders Fields". But it was a rabble no longer. Down the dusty road they came, heads up, arms swinging free, each section of fours in perfect alignment. Like a smooth running piece of machinery they formed two deep, came to the halt and almost before the echoes of their tread had ceased, were climbing aboard in perfect order.

And that was the last we saw of "Peacocks Fusileers";—the rabble of six weeks ago. Six weeks of discipline, six weeks of drill, six weeks of system, six weeks at the E. T. D. Just six weeks!

We do not wonder that the men from the St. Johns Depot have made a name for themselves wherever they are found.