

CHRONICLES OF THE 2nd FIELD AMBULANCE.

CHAPTER IV.

1. And it came to pass, on the first day of the tenth month, at the third hour, that all the vessels were gathered together unto one place.

2. And the word came unto the Commander of all the Army, saying:

3. This day do thou and all thy people that are with thee, look long upon the land of thy forefathers;

4. For even at the fifteenth hour shall the Captain of the vessels order the Masters of vessels to lift their anchors, that they may be free to journey to a far country.

5. And even so it came to pass.

6. For the ships-of-war arrayed themselves thusly: in front three, and on the right one, and on the left one.

7. And the word came from the Captain of the ships-of-war, unto the Masters of the vessels carrying the men of war and their horses and their implements of war, saying:

8. Array thy vessels in lines of three and follow hard on the ship-of-war that leads you.

15. Two and twenty days was I and my leaders and my men, in the great vessel Laurentic.

16. We have eaten of the fat of the land, and slept in the easy places, and we waxed merry and our time lay not heavy upon our hands.

17. For my leaders did train my men in the art of their calling, even from the sixth unto the sixteenth hour.

18. And Hardy, my leader, did teach unto my men the art of signs and symbols, even with great perseverance.

19. And Snell and Fraser and Burgess worked cures even with the strangest of diseases.

20. And verily did not McKillip wax wroth at the smallest sign of uncleanness, and Fox prepare for his trials and troubles to come with much eating and sleeping.

21. And behold my men vied with each other and worked with cheerful hearts, yea, lifted their voices in strange tuneful music, in the early hours of the evenings.

22. And wonderful sights did we see, even vessels of unknown lands, and whales in the sea and all manner of strange fishes.

good ship Arcadian, soft our beds, and of the best our daily bread, yea even of the meat of the wild partridge and the wild pheasant.

31. And no day was like unto its fellow, for many were the pastimes of pleasure, and in the evenings were we filled with music and laughter.

32. And in the manly encounters did my men stand out high over the others, in wrestling and in boxing, in the long jump and in the rolling of dices.

33. Verily fifteen days dwelt we in the land of Canaan, in the Garden of Eden.

AT THE MORNING SICK PARADE.

M.O.—“What do you complain of?”

Pte.—“Beg pardon, sir?”

M.O.—“What's the trouble?”

Pte. (watching the M.O's lips).—“Deaf, sir.”

One who is feigning deafness will make no effort at all to hear, but one who really is tries to hear and tries to read the motions of the questioner's lips. So the M.O. asks a few questions in an ordinary tone. Just then there is a cr-r-r-r-rump outside the dressing station.

Pte.—“Beg pardon, sir.”

M.O.—“All right; keep him a few days.”

The First Canadian Division, without disparagement to the Second and Third, have been spoken of as part of the First Hundred Thousand. Last summer we were a flying column, here to-day and gone to-morrow, sent in where there was any fighting to be done. One reason given by the First Canadians why they were not in the Loos scrap is a very flattering one, but not to be divulged, lest Fritz gets more peeved at the Canadian rats, as he calls them.

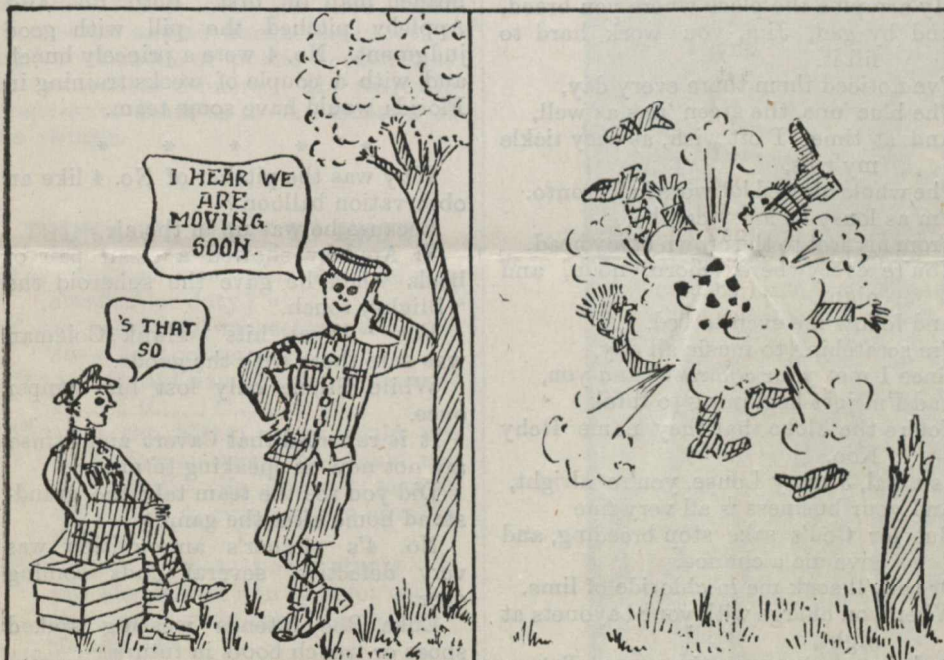
There is a rumour that those of the First Division who can be given less strenuous jobs without interfering with the efficiency of the service, are to get them. But the spirit of the men is such that they turn these so-called soft positions cold.

All this leading up to the following incident, which took place in the advanced dressing station. A French Canadian Sergeant came in with a rifle grenade wound in the right arm. He was told he would be sent down the line with the other wounded. But he said he didn't want to go down, just wanted it dressed and return to his unit.

He had been sent to the A.P.M.'s branch for an easier time for awhile. But he said, “I go to the A.P.M. and I say, Na pou finee, Alphonse no compree dis job, me for the trench; my boys they want me, I dress all the wounds my own self in de trench; I get de wool, and what you call them the ideal; do everyding but give the dope, de antipanus juice. Compree?”

The Labour Bn. has evidently done its bit on this part of the line and marched off to conquer other ditches, and their place on the sick parade is taken by the Tunnelling Coy.

When Tommy joined the Army his idea of war was brilliant charges alternated with swanking round the Grande Place and walking out with Marie, the estaminet in the French ville. In reality he finds himself in a Tunnelling Coy. In a mud-soaked shirt and trousers he lives and labours in a hole underground, damp and dirty.



Drawn for "Splint Record"

by J. L. R.

9. And even so it came to pass; and there were one and ten vessels in one line, even three and thirty all told, and great was the sight thereof.

10. And behold a great ship-of-war followed in the rear of the vessels.

11. And so it came to pass that the largest number of vessels ever gathered together in one fleet, to carry men of war and men of healing and sisters of mercy, set sail from the Bay called Gaspé, and the home of their forefathers, to journey into a far country.

12. And they thought nought of the dangers to face them.

13. And four and ten days did they sail across the sea, and on the fourteenth day at the sixteenth hour, did they cast anchor in the harbour of Plymouth, even by the shores of Old England.

14. And it came to pass, that on the nineteenth day of the tenth month, the Chosen Commander called together all his Leaders of Sections into his tent, and said unto them:

23. And the Chosen Commander spoke unto Bentley, his Leader of section, saying:

24. Greatly hast thou been favoured. O my Leader, for thou wast chosen to be with the men of war on the vessel called Cassandra, having great renown as a singer of verses and a way with men and diseases.

25. And Bentley, the Leader, answered saying:

26. Long has the journey been, O Commander, even weariness to me and my companion, George Musson.

27. We, too, have cured all manner of diseases and seen the strange sights; verily we lay not in easy places and my men were cast in the lowest regions and ate of mush without ending.

28. Truly glad, O Commander, am I and my men to have ended the journey in that vessel of convicts, and to dwell in the tents with our comrades.

29. Then the Leader Brown spoke, saying:

30. Great, O Commander, was the