

THE SPLINT RECORD

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No. 2 FIELD AMBULANCE.

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B. E. F.

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MY FIRST NIGHT AT AN ADVANCED DRESSING STATION.

'Twas some time ago, and I can laugh about it now, but so long as I live I'll never forget my first night at the Advance.

I had been at one of the base hospitals, doing surgery to the quiet musical roll of the waves on the beach near by; naturally timid, this work suited me down to the ground. But after nearly a year of it I welcomed the prospect of doing Ambulance work.

"Captain 'B'—You will report to the M.O. at the Advance for instruction. He is at 'K' farm. The ambulance will take you up." Thus said the O.C.

I had only arrived in D— at noon, and six o'clock the same day saw me safely dumped down at the so-called K— Farm. I say "safely" but I didn't feel that way then. I thought I had landed in the middle of a battle. Guns were roaring on all sides, and there were queer whistling sounds, a cloud of black smoke followed by deafening crashes. Fortunately they were some distance away, so pulling myself together I said "Regular thing, Sergeant?"

"Evening hate, Sir—tho' a bit lively to-night!" he replied.

I was somewhat reassured by the unconcerned way he took it all, tho' I noticed him stoop slightly when one seemed to whizz right over head.

"Where will I find the M.O.?" I asked, as I handed him my note.

"Not back yet, Sir, from his rounds of the aid-posts," then looking up from the note added, "Will you come over to his room, Sir?" and taking the will for the deed, led me over to a near-by farmhouse.

Have you ever seen one of these French farms, with its long narrow one-storied farmhouse, the two rows of sheds running at right angles from each end where the horses, cows, water-pump, chickens, and pigs are all mixed up. And then the barn on the fourth side, enclosing in the centre the far-famed "midden," filled with decaying stinking manure, and refuse of all kinds. It may not be an ideal sanitary arrangement, but it looks handy alright.

This aromatic pile was just under the M.O.'s window.

I was sitting there taking it all in, and wondering why I had ever given up my good home at the base, when along comes the M.O. himself.

"Hello"!! says he, "where did you come from?"

I explained that he was to initiate me into the secrets and mysteries of the War.

"That's fine; let's have some grub," and then we sat down to the repast prepared by "Jock," one time jockey, but now batman to the M.O. 'Twas "bully and biscuits," washed down by well boiled tea.

"The Ritz Carlton hasn't got anything on this when you're hungry" says the M.O. "Jock! bring in the Escoffier!"

"There isn't any, Sir."

"Well, peaches or strawberry jam."

"Sorry, Sir, but there are only a few cold apricots."

"That's a nice state of affairs," grouses the M.O., what the dickens is the matter with the Q.M., I wonder what he uses my indents for—"

Whiz, Whir-r-r-r-r—bang!!!

"Huh! getting close eh!"

Whirr-r-r-r-r—bang!!! and then another.

"Hey, Jock, where are they alighting now!" yells the M.O., looking a trifle concerned.

"Fifty yards up to the right," answers the faithful Jock.

I was too scared for words.

Crump!!! C-r-r-r-r-ump!!!

"Sounds as if they were after W—" instructs the M.O.

"Got a hit on the Church, Sir!" informs Jock.

Bang!!!!!!! Z-Z-Z-Z-Z-Z-Z-z-z-z-z-z.

"Ah! listen! says the M.O., did you hear that? There it goes."

"What's that?" I managed to ask.

"That, my friend"—smiles the M.O.

—"That is the lone traveller of the sky that silences the Boschs all the way from Armentieres to the sea."

"One of our guns?" I venture.

"You bet—12" how.—throws a shell that costs a hundred pounds and busts up the Germans for 600 yards round when it explodes."

* * * * *

"Well what do you say, lets turn in," suggests the M.O., "got a gas helmet?—Yes!—that's good—never know when its going to come over, and the wind's in the east to-night!"

"What's it like?" I asked.

"Well, if you wait to smell it—you're dead that's all—you see the Boschs put on a machine gun fire to cover up the hissing of the cylinders—but we're on to them now."

* * * * *

"Pretty snug?" asks the M.O. as I crawl into my woolsey.

"Fine" says I, tho' I was never more scared in all my life. Out went the candles, and in two or three minutes the M.O. was sleeping the sleep of the just.

Between the sound of the shells, and thinking about the gas, I knew I couldn't sleep. But after awhile the big guns seemed to get tired, and one after another became silent.

I began to feel drowsy, and the M.O.'s musical snoring helped to re-assure me that I might live till the morning

I don't know what time it was, but I was just slipping away into oblivion, when the M.O. sat up in bed with a roar—"B—R—man, we're gassed."

You might as well kill a man as scare him to death, and I was so scared I couldn't answer.

"Do you hear that," yells the M.O. "They're at it—there goes the machine guns!"

Up we got in the darkness.

"Will it explode?" I venture to ask trying to light a match. "Better not chance it," warns the M.O., as we feel

our way to the door. Once outside the noise soon quiets down to a few scattered rifle shots, and a beautifully rich smell of manure pervades the atmosphere.

"Guess it is alright"—sniffs the M.O., and back we go and get into our blankets—Guess I looked startled alright for the M.O. says—"Now B— you go to sleep—don't you worry—I'll smell the first bit of gas that comes in that door."

This time it took me longer to get to sleep and the M.O. again beat me to it. But I got there and was blissfully away back "Somewhere in Canada," when I was awakened a second time—again it was the M.O.'s terror-stricken cry—"B— B— look! there it is." I was too frightened to ask what "it" was, but in the light of dawn, I saw the M.O. make a vicious blow at the coal-scuttle near the head of his bed.

"Did you see that," yells the M.O.

"What was it?" I managed to ask.

"What was it?" a big rat standing right up looking at me. This is awful."

And then there are those who will maintain there is no romance in WAR.

M.O.

SPORTING NOTES.

MAY 21ST.—After defeating the Divisional Cavalry in two games, the baseball team lost to-day to the 10th Bn. by 11 to 9, ragged support losing Austin his game.

Score.	A.B.	R.	H.	P.O.	A.	E.	S.B.
De Gruchy	5	2	1	5	0	1	1
Burgess	5	2	2	2	1	3	1
Miller	5	1	1	0	1	4	3
Jeffs	4	0	0	1	1	2	1
Sherritt	5	0	2	16	1	0	0
Smith	5	2	0	1	0	0	2
Coyne	5	0	1	2	1	0	0
Austin	4	1	1	0	4	0	0
Cossey	5	1	0	0	0	0	1
Total	43	9	8	27	9	10	9

Score.	A.B.	R.	H.	P.O.	A.	E.	S.B.
Ross	6	2	3	3	0	1	1
Piket	2	1	0	0	0	1	0
Sixby	4	0	0	0	0	1	0
Wilson	6	3	2	0	3	0	0
Madill	6	0	1	3	0	3	0
Lefebvre	6	1	2	0	2	1	1
Stump	6	0	0	15	2	0	0
Atherton	5	0	0	1	0	0	0
Reid	5	2	1	5	0	4	0
Hardy	4	2	2	0	0	0	1
Total	48	11	11	27	7	11	3

Struck out by Austin, 10; Wilson, 10; Madill, 3.

MAY 23RD.—Won a poor 5 innings game from 10th to-day, 25—3.

Score.	A.B.	R.	H.	P.O.	A.	E.	S.B.
No 2 F.A.	38	25	17	15	3	2	10
10th Bn.	23	3	5	15	6	13	1

Struck out by Jeffs, 6; Hardy, 2; Wilson, 4.

THE ETERNAL QUESTION:

When do I go on leave?

THE BURNING QUESTION:

When's pay-day?

WHAT WE ALL WANT TO KNOW:

When the bloomin' war is going to end!