

VALCARTIER.

(This poem was first written for the *Quebec Chronicle*, by W.P.O.)

Again the white tents glisten against the glorious dawn,
Again the bugles echo across the woodland lawn;

The startled foals cease romping, the wild life hides in fear,
But my heart is sad and lonesome for the Men of Yesteryear.

They gathered in their thousands, a goodly, valiant host,
From the shoreland of Cape Breton, from the far-flung western coast,
From the highways and the byways, busy mart and lonely mere,
Came that band of brave crusaders, came the Men of Yesteryear.

They awoke this sleepy hollow when the searching feet of Change
Had found their way but seldom. And they gathered at the range.
They sang of Tipperary, and with hearts that knew no fear
They yearned for coming battles, did the Men of Yesteryear.

They disturbed the solemn mountains with the thunder of their guns,
We heard the tramp of marching feet on every road that runs
Along this beauteous valley. By the river winding clear,
They laughed and learned and laboured, did the Men of Yesteryear.

The tents were struck ere dawning beneath a starry sky,
They marched away to old Quebec to hear their last good-bye;
The streets were filled with khaki, and on the crowded pier
Were tear-wet eyes and breaking hearts, O Men of Yesteryear.

O gallant little army, the months have passed away,
And bravely have ye borne yourselves in many a cruel fray;
But many a gay young comrade, who laughed and laboured here,
Sleeps beneath the soil of Flanders, O Men of Yesteryear.

O sacred soil of Flanders, red altar of our pride,
Historic field of Langemarck, whereon they fought and died.
There were none that fought more bravely or their honour held more dear,
Than the men who lit their camp fires in this valley Yesteryear.

They have writ another chapter on our envied scroll of fame,
They have set the Empire ringing with our proud Dominion's name;
But they paid a costly quittance. And we, with sigh and tear,
We, too, must pay our reckoning, O Men of Yesteryear.

Once more the heavy lorries plough up Valcartier hill,
Once more within the dusty lines the troop-horse whinnies shrill,
And khaki figures come and go, their sharp commands I hear;
But I see a phantom army—'tis the Men of Yesteryear.

And in the night, when stars are out above the pine-ringed plain,
I seem to hear the tramp of those who will not come again.
The sound of marching heroes, with shining eyes sincere,
Who go to meet their Captain, the Men of Yesteryear.

O men who left Valcartier, God rest your valiant shades
That walk amid the ghostly tents and haunt the lonely glades,
When the last loud trump is sounding, and the warrior hosts appear,
He shall number you among them, O Men of Yesteryear.

STRETTERS!

(By a Member of No. 3.)

I can imagine readers outside a Field Ambulance catching sight of the heading of this little article and wondering if it is a new word coined "somewhere in France" for strafing purposes, or one of our patent nostrums. It is none of these things, however, but simply the word "stretchers" spelt phonetically, as used by a former officer now in England. Now it is not intended to give a dissertation on stretchers, their uses and abuses, peculiarities and failings. Using them daily we have got so used to them that we take them as a matter of course, and I thought these few paragraphs on the subject might be interesting to the readers of N.Y.D.

Little do we think now of the hours spent by the man who wrote the R.A.M.C. Manual, in writing a description of what we know only as a stretcher—a thing of wood, canvas and iron. We have forgotten that the tonnage of a stretcher with the pillow is .0514 tons, of which the pillow weighs .015 tons! From the manual one might imagine that a stretcher is used only for carrying wounded and sick, but a few months on active service shows that it can be utilised for a variety of purposes. For instance, it makes an excellent camp cot (if you can get away with it), while ration parties will find it extremely useful. A very decent bivouac can be made with three of them also.

Stretchers are of various kinds. We have the ordinary kind referred to above; then there is the wheeled stretcher, a useful form; the trench stretcher—a wonderful contrivance of canvas; then at various intervals we have experimental stretchers sent to us for trial. These vary in design. Some are like wheelbarrows, others like elongated cycles, and I am looking forward with keen enjoyment to the time when a new manual of stretcher drill covering these different appliances is issued. Even at present I can recommend a perusal of the drill book as a sure cure for the blues, and future issues will, I am sure, rival the writings of Jerome K. Jerome or W. W. Jacobs.

I remember when I first joined the C.A.M.C. that I felt that I should never be able to get a stripe, for I was sure I could never memorise the tremendous mass of detail to explain the simple movements connected with "preparing stretchers." By a fortunate chance I was lucky enough one day to double the sling "correctly on itself, slip the loop thus formed on the near handle, and place the free end over the opposite handle; grip plate uppermost." The O.C. was so tickled that I was promoted on the spot! Then it was that my troubles started. I determined to get that detail down pat, and night after night I burnt the midnight oil studying it, until it became an obsession. In conversation with friends I would suddenly burst forth with "On the command 'supply stretchers,' the

Nos. 3 will march by the shortest route to the pile of stretchers; each bearer will in turn lay hold of the near handle of a stretcher, raise it to a perpendicular position, runners to the front; stoop, grasp, &c., &c.," or something similar, until my acquaintances avoided me, and I found myself ostracised like the clergyman that Mark Twain writes of, with his—

"Punch, brothers, punch,
Punch in the presence of the passengere,
A blue-trip slip for a two-cent fare," &c.

I absented myself from drills for several weeks, until I got a peremptory order to parade. I was given four squads to drill, and when I gave them "about turn," without previously giving the order "change stretchers," I was given the option of resigning or going back to the ranks.

I resigned.

HERE AND THERE.

Can anyone inform us what year the "Old Boys" of No. 2 are going on leave?

Also if it is true that the Band is going to take part in the great recruiting rally at the close of the month?

Why is "Bach" so bashful?

ANOTHER FROM THE ADVANCED DRESSING STATION.

Man needs but little here below,
The rations we get prove it,
But if we got three times as much,
We wouldn't need salts to move it!

We read that Canadian soldiers are about to have a fish diet once a week. Sergeants say it will out of "plaice." Privates think they are "cod-ing."

AT THE CAISSE D'PARGNE.

A factor that has contributed considerably, to the enlivening and cheering of the troops on our front has been the nightly series of Concerts and Entertainments that have been held in a certain town behind the firing line. Lately moving pictures have been an additional feature and crowded houses have been the order of the day. The undertaking is under the official wing of the Canadian Army Corps, Capt. H. A. McGreer, President, and Staff Sergt. Milborne, 3rd Field Ambulance, Secretary-Treasurer, whilst Sgt. Gitz Rice, who had quite a reputation in that line in Eastern Canada, is Musical Director. Several very clever little plays, the castes of which included Capt. W. R. Critchley, 10th Battn., Corpl. Scanlon, 5th Battn., Corpl. Basil Green, 8th Battn., and Pte. Syd Bennet, 7th Battn., convulsed the audience on several occasions, whilst other special features have included the Pierott troupe of a British Flying Corps, the 3rd Can. Field Amb. Minstrels, Lena Ashwell's Concert Party, and the 2nd Brigade and 27th and 29th Battns. Bands.

By the way, the price of admission is only twopence, and in this connection we were amused to overhear a Westerner say to a comrade, when leaving the performance the other day, "You couldn't see a show like that in Winnipeg for 4 cents." We agree with him.