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Editorial Note

IN launching this the souvenir number of the "Splint Record" upon an unsuspecting public, we are not making any apology for doing so. Owing to the rush of different matters caused by the fact that there is a War going on in this part of the World, and that the time of year is such that thoughts of goose, turkey and cranberry sauce occupy our minds almost exclusively (and what perhaps makes it still more upsetting is the knowledge that those above mentioned geese, etc., will exist in thought only), our first number is not to be taken as a sample but rather as an introduction to what we are sure will generate into a breezy little monthly in which as near as possible will be mirrored the work, feelings and thoughts of the Canadian boys of No. 2 Field Ambulance. Our aim is to make those columns interesting to all, both to the men of the unit and to those outside who will be fortunate enough to see a copy regularly. Here we will try as far as possible to forget the torn fields, the sights and sounds of war, and only remember that word in the knowledge that after it is all over and the Allies dictate their terms of peace, there are smiling homes anxious to welcome us in Dear old Canada where we can settle down once more in peace and contentment, knowing that once and for all the tyrant of Militarism has ceased to hold sway in Europe, and that each one has had his share be it ever so little in bringing this about.

We wish to thank all our contributors of articles in this number, not so much for the excellent articles written, but more for the spirit in which they gave their help to us. Now what is there left for us to say except to wish all our readers both here and at home as happy a Christmas and as jolly a New Year as you can possibly have and the wish that the next Christmas of our lives may be both happy and peaceful.

THE EDITORS.

STOP PRESS NEWS.

It is with feelings of regret that we have to announce the departure of Sergeant Rawlings and Privates Crawford and Smith from our unit. They having been granted leave to Canada in order to complete their medical studies. While wishing them "Bon Voyage" and an early graduation, we cannot but wish that they could have been with us at the finish.

Thinking Back

A few months spent together "somewhere" Thinking Back, supplies a very varied assortment of memories. What a store house to draw upon when we meet around camp fire or hearth in years to come.

The Point of View—mine or yours—are different. This fact is common to the human race. One thing let me convince you of, dear reader, my point of view is the right point of view. This simplifies the field of operations. If you ever went out with a billeting party you would know what a "fog" was really. There are various kinds of fog. A fog may simply obscure the landscape—or the mind may become unnaturally dense to reasoning. Did you ever hear of a billeting party that did not get into a fog. The area did not correspond with the numbering of the map. Roads were where roads had no right to exist, houses were already chalk marked, all arguments pro and con being unreasonably thrown out. This reminds me of a billeting party once that got into several kinds of fog. That fog in Flanders was useful in a way. It came about like this, so the story runs. All the party were excellent Interpreters—from their own point of view. The question has yet to be solved which was the right point of view—in fact it's quite foggy. Now an interpreter who cannot quite speak any language but will argue the point in several, and is always ready to agree or disagree if you agree or disagree with him, by using the expression "I don't know about that," will land you in a fog soon. So it happened that night fell and the fog. Did you know a fog was stimulating? Well it is when you're hunting for a billet and the choice is left between the muddy roadside or finding a bed. Just then the fog is stimulating.

The result of renewed energy was, the dog and his companions found a floor and some straw. 'Tis true the space under the table echoed with nasal thoughts and the dog and his companions were put upon their good behaviour. A fog may be caused by too much humidity in the atmosphere or by a chimney getting a cold in its head. Then too, in the early morning, minds may be foggy upon the subject of social ethics. For instance what is the correct thing to do when the lady of the house wishes to exercise her prerogative and lights a fire before the dog and his companions performed their toilet. Here came the fog to the rescue. That chimney had a fearful cold, in fact the dog wondered whether it was a chimney. So the question of ethics was solved instanter, wrapt in blankets of fog the dog and his companions got their way.

Still that party found another fog upon which the Interpreter is ready to argue at any time. "How much pressure must be placed upon a case of lemons to cause them to vanish?" is

a question of such profundity that the fog still hangs over it.

"Well, what are you going to do about heet," introduces the subject of cream. Its use—Oh, no, not abuse. Why should cream ever be abused even if the supply is all consumed in an abode other than the Splinters Home. Have you ever noticed the really extraordinary way in which cream—sometimes called crème is used nowadays? For instance scientific tonsorial artists manufacture Crème de Pomade for the enrichment of the capillary ducts. This, sweetly scented, has a slightly tilting effect upon the scalp. Nothing is of use when the last hair has gone—not even cream. But Ah! When the stern martinet uses crème de circ upon the hirsute and ornament of upper lip, what frightfulness is there—the fair ones are fascinated—K.R. and O. are fulfilled. What a wonderful effect, all accomplished by a little pluck and perseverance.

Can you Diabolo? What the devil? Have to all the time. Ah, now we see—the little game for old and young. We see the cunning in the twist and turn—the throw, the catch. Happy days when in the spring sunlight we watch and tried our hand. We saw them stout and strong ride upon lusty steed—stern of visage or twinkling of eye. Diabolo! We little thought that soon in life's character we would have to rise and meet the crisis and fight against the Hun. Diabolo—the gas—the cunning twist and turn and throw—but win we did and will because we fight for right.

Bear with me but a moment more. We have so many memories of "Shell." It's such a wonderful subject, sometimes it's "Shell out" at others "Shell in."

It fitly opens with the shell we all know most about—the egg shell. At night you may have a sound as of a small shell that makes a crying whistle as it passes thro' the air. Friend, 'tis no shell, only a small bird. No marvel whence the sound—out of an egg it came and hence the lonely shell sound. Ah! but eggshells; what a tale they tell! Give me two; with their contents I'll steak my lot. All kinds of shells produce a stimulating effect at first—particularly in teaching the nearest way to dug-out and cellar—these are "Shells in." Never bank on "Shell out," one way you lose beans and the other blighty.

Some may collect empty shells and fashion mementoes—"Think backs." No need of such to me just now, because I find so many memories come rushing on. Anon, perchance, when time has covered trivial things and left in clear relief the kindness, the courteousness, the manliness, without veneer, that binds like a splint the fracture caused in following the path of duty, we'll hope to tell you more as we "think back," when you and I together were with number 2.

Flanders, Dec., 1915.

B.