

# THE SPLINT RECORD

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No. 2 FIELD AMBULANCE.

1st Canadian Division.

B. E. F.

No. 4. EDITOR: Major J. J. Fraser.

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NEWS EDITOR: Sergt. E. B. Rogers.

## EDITORIAL.

There is a maxim in the Army—all that happens is not told. We could tell many interesting things about our present location, but *taisez vous*.

We have always pictured an editor as sitting in his shirt sleeves at a rosewood desk smoking a briar pipe, and reporters, composers, etc., rushing in to him with copy. In reality he is here to-day and gone to-morrow. One day in the salon of a fine chateau, sitting in front of a *bon* fireplace and drinking afternoon tea; the next he may be sitting in a damp little dug-out, over a brazier, mud oozing in from all sides, a half-dead cigarette between his lips, and trying to do a write up on the cheerful and optimistic spirit of Tommy at the front.

We wish to thank those who have contributed to the first number of N.Y.D., and hope to hear from them again, also from others. It is your paper, boys, so send in the news—items of interest concerning the Unit as a whole.

THE EDITORS.

## BOOKS & MAGAZINES RECEIVED.

From the Royal Colonial Institute we have received a copy of the War Number of the "United Empire," which contains some very interesting articles on the Colonies of the British Empire, also many other items of interest which tend to promote permanent union between the Mother Country and the various parts of the British Empire.

From the 16th Canadian Battalion a copy of "The Brazier" has come to hand, which is brimful of interesting matter, and we wish those in charge of this journal every success in their future issues.

From Sir Max Aitken, M.P., Canadian Record Officer, we have received a copy of "Canada in Flanders," which we read with much interest, especially as we are approaching the anniversary of the many stirring events which are so ably related in this little volume.

The "Forty-Niner" is the title of the very interesting magazine of the 49th Canadian Infantry Battalion, of which we are privileged to have a copy. This journal has some 32 pages of very lively and interesting reading matter. We have taken the liberty of publishing in this number of the "Splint Record" a very good article, entitled "Mother," which is copied from its pages, and we wish the Editorial Staff every success in the future.

## RATHER DIFFICULT.

Cheerful One (to newcomer, on being asked what the trenches are like): "If yer stands up yer get sniped; if yer keeps down yer gets drowned; if yer moves about yer gets shelled, and if yer stands still yer gets court-martialled for frost-bite."—*Punch*.

*From the 'Forty-Niner,' the Magazine of the 49th Can. Batt. Canadian Overseas Expeditionary Force.*

## MOTHER.

It would surprise the average man if he were allowed to get a glimpse of the many, yes, very many, letters that are received by the officers of the Battalion, and not a few by the post corporal, asking if so-and-so has received any letters lately, and, if he has, would it be possible to let the writers know whether all is well, as they have not received a word for so long? Boys, these letters leave room for a great deal of reflection. Who are those who are neglecting this great duty, which is beholden of us all, that of writing a letter home? Mothers, fathers, sisters, and others long and yearn for a word from those they love so well. The folks at home never forget us, so why should we forget them? Mothers more especially look for a weekly note of some sort, just a word to say that all is O.K. Some of our mothers are verging near eternity, some are sick, and more than a few have more than one son at the front. They have all willingly given them all, their dearest and their best, for the cause, and those so given are doing their work nobly, inasmuch as they have offered their all for the King and country. But there are others to whom we owe a far greater debt, a debt that has gradually been piling up since our birth, a debt that can never be repaid; but we can at least do our little bit in an effort to ease their anxiety, to make their none too smooth path a little less thorny.

Somewhere in Canada, somewhere in this great world, that "Mother," our dearest possession, is daily plodding along, patiently waiting, hoping with a hope that burns for our return. Daily her milestones of life are running out, and one day that great separation must come when memory only will be left, and times like these will stand out the most clear. What shall we think if we have not done our duty by her in this little respect? So, boys, don't let the weeks go by without a word to her who has been our all in all. In travail and pain she bore you, and through your life has with a smile borne with your idiosyncracies, and when the day comes and she is gathered with her own, let that separation be such that she may know that where'er her son wandered she was never forgotten.

JUNIUS.

## AN APPRECIATION.

We appreciate very much the kindness of Miss Florence Booth, of Manchester, England, in sending us the verses which appear in this issue of our paper. We are sure that they will be read with great interest, not only by our own boys, but also by those who are fortunate enough to secure a copy of our paper.

EDITORS.

## THE RED CROSS CAR.

They are bringing them back who went forth so bravely.

Grey, ghost-like cars down the long, white road

Come gliding, each with its cross of scarlet

On canvas hood, and its heavy load  
Of human sheaves from the crimson harvest

That greed and falsehood and hatred sowed.

Maimed and blinded and torn and shattered,

Yet with hardly a groan or cry

From lips as white as linen bandage—

Though a stifled prayer, "God, let me die!"

Is wrung, maybe, from a soul in torment,  
As the car with the blood-red cross goes by.

Oh, Red Cross car! What a world of anguish

On noiseless wheels you bear night and day!

Each one that comes from the field of slaughter

Is a moving Calvary, painted grey  
And over the water, at home in England,  
"Let's play at soldiers!" the children say.

ADA LEONORA HARRIS.

## A NIGHT AT AN ADVANCED DRESSING STATION.

By one of our M.O.'s.

———, '16.—Bosches dropped 100 shells in the neighbourhood of men's billets and cook-house, greatly to cook's discomfort, annoying him exceedingly, in that he was unable to continue his work, except at short intervals.

———, 6 p.m.—Shell activity shifted to village of ——, catching party, and wounding six, incidentally delaying the noble rescue work of our stretcher bearers, by curtaining off the road for fifteen minutes, by a very hot and rapid fire.

———, 7 p.m.—Gradual increase of incoming supply of German shells. Climax was reached at 4.15 a.m., when twenty-six shells were counted in four minutes.

———, 4.55 a.m. to 4.59 a.m.—Nineteen shells came in, and from then on they became more courteous, sending the remainder at about five minutes interval, with wonderful regularity and precision.

To quote from the big book, "Hell popped this night"—

*Observation*—(1) Conservative estimate of shells put in within a radius of one hundred yards, 300 in past ten hours.

*Casualties*—(1) Very slight.

*Observation*—(2) Under heavy fire, when alone in the darkness of night, there is almost an uncontrollable desire to wish the blank war was over. (Also personal).

A. A. A.