THE SPLINT RECORD

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No. 2 FIELD AMBULANCE. 1st Canadian Division.

B. E. F.

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Heard in a Rest Station.

SOME COLD.

M.O.—"What's the matter with you?"

Pte.—"I have a cold, Sir."

M.O.—"Take some cough mixture."

Pte.—"I've taken cough medicine and asperin, quinine, and calomel, and I'm no better."

M.O.—"You're taken too much already. Here, try those two pills; take one when you go to bed, and the other three hours afterwards if the cough has not stopped."

Pte.—"Thank you, Sir."

Later the Pte. reaches his billet, and remarks to his comrade: "Say, Bill, I got two pills from the M.O., and he told me to take one when I go to bed, and the other in three hours' time if the coughing has not stopped." Then in a surly voice he remarked, "I'll be blanked if I'll lose three hours sleep for the sake of taking the second one; I wonder what he takes me for."

———

Little songs and laughter,
Little drops of beer;
When the night has ended,
Oh dear, dear, dear.

NO QUARTER.

So-and-So.—"Can I have a new mess tin?"

Q.M.S.—"You had one last month."

So-and-So.—"No, Quarter."

Q.M.S.—"Well, you had a new cap."

So-and-So.—"No, Quarter."

Q.M.S.—"Well, did you have a new pair of pants?"

So-and-So.—"No, Quarter."

Collapse of Q.M.S. and production of mess tin. ———

Where did the formaldehyde?
Under the acetane lid.

AT THE ADVANCED DRESSING STATION.

Some die of drinking whiskey,
Some die of drinking beer,
But nobody will ever die
Of the rum that's issued here.

CONGRATULATIONS

To Sergeant-Major J. P. McIntosh (W.O.) on his promotion to the Commissioned Rank of Hon. Lieut. and Quartermaster.

To Staff-Sergeant W. Keith, on his promotion to Sergeant-Major.

They both come from the Land o' the cakes and heather, and are "tres bon soldats."

———

It is with sincere regret we report the transfer of Captain A. R. B. Duck to the Canadian Convalescent Hospital at Epsom.

He was the original Editor of the "Splint Record," and worked hard to put it on a good working basis. He was an ideal Paymaster, as no one ever asked him for five francs who did not get it without having the whole of K. R. & O. quoted to him.

AT THE MORNING SICK PARADE.

For the benefit of those who do not know, a few definitions are given:—

Morning Sick Parade.—What would look like heaven to a struggling young doctor, but like something else to the M.O.

M.O.—Medical Officer, a specialist in every disease except housemaid's knee and twins.

Doctor.—One who thinks he knows a little medicine. When he sheds civvies and dons khaki he becomes an M.O. (see M.O.)

M. & D.—Medicine and Duty.

Medicine.—Two No. 9's.

Duty.—Work.

Light Duty.—More work.

Excused Duty.—Work in the kitchen.

Destination.—Duty, Dressing Station, Rest Station, C.C.S. Boneyard and Base.

C.C.S.—The pivot between the collecting zone and the evacuating zone.

Dressing Station. — Where the wounded are first dressed. *Syn.*—Ruined house, cellar, &c.

"*Flu.*"—Influenza; when a man looks sick and has a temperature.

N.Y.D.—Not yet diagnosed; when a man looks sick and hasn't a temperature.

Sergeant calls up first man:—

M.O.—"What's the matter with you?"

Pte.—"Chilblains, Sir."

M.O.—"Take off your boots." Examines feet carefully. "What did you say you had? Chilblains? The girls at home go to a dance with worse feet than those, then go home and cry themselves to sleep; they don't go to a doctor. Grease your feet and carry on."

Next man:—

M.O.—"What do you complain of?"

Pte.—"Insomnia, Sir."

M.O.—"Insomnia, what's that?"

Pte.—"That's what our doctor says it is; when I hear a shell explode at night I can't sleep."

M.O.—"How long have you been out here?"

Pte.—"Two weeks."

M.O.—Pats him on the back. "That's all right, my boy, after a while you'll wake up on a quiet night and wonder what's wrong; run away and learn that song—'Sing me to sleep where bombs explode'—it's great. Next?"

M.O.—"What is your trouble?"

Pte.—"Sick in de head, de fevair, de bowel she don't move, the pins she run up de leg. Oh, mon Dieu, beaucoup malade."

M.O.—"You've got the 'Flu,' Grippe."

Pte.—"Oh de Greep, she one bad seekness. When mon Frere Jean——"

M.O.—"Never mind your brother John, take these." He is put to bed still talking, for if a Frenchman were tongue-tied, he'd still talk with his hands.

The soldier thinks the hospital is a nice cushy place, where *reveille* means he can turn over and go to sleep again, the meals are all "bombardier fritz" fried eggs and French beer, and lights out means he can start a game of Black Jack. But he knows it is easier for a camel to go through the eye of a needle than for a soldier who is not sick to enter a hospital. So he lies awake nights thinking up schemes. He knows that many a doctor keeps up his automobile on lame backs, so he must get up a lame back.

One that looks good is to be hit on the back with a sandbag. So he reports to his orderly Corporal, who strafes him for going sick at all. He is taken before his own Medical Officer, who also strafes him, but passes him on. Then he comes before the M.O. at the Dressing Station.

Now the M.O. knows that some of them are hit and he has every sympathy with them. But the man who really gets a wallop is rather proud of it, while the man who only says he did has an open and shut woe-begone look about him, the same look one sees on the face of the old toper, who comes into the office at home and wants a prescription for whiskey for his wife's cold.

The M.O. strafes him and sends him back to duty.

It is only right to say that this sort of thing is not common among the Canadians, but malingerers, like the poor, are always with us.

FIRST DIVISIONAL SANITARY SECTION.

A member of the Sanitary Section of the First Division sends us some notes of their Section to insert (to quote his own words) in our "*famous and widespread newspaper*," and in view of the fact that the aforesaid correspondent *hopes that the circulation will treble itself as the paper gets older*," we, of course, have very much pleasure in inserting them herewith:—

1.—Upon the opening of the new Canadian Soldiers' Inst. at ———, our Section was represented by our famous quartette, Privates Anderson, Warner, Blondal and Turner; their efforts must have been a success, because nobody evacuated the hall while they were singing.

2.—One of our members has gained the name of *Lightning*; he is so called because of his great speed, rivalling Tom Longboat, Alf. Shrubb, Dorando, and all other speed artists of international reputation. The Allemands final home sprint to Berlin (when they really get going) will be able to put nothing over *him*.

3.—Discussing the war the other day, Pte. Towle said it was near its conclusion, when a voice cried out, "I cannot see it." "Well," said Pte. Towle," I am long sighted." [Only the super-intelligent will be expected to properly appreciate this joke.—ED.]

4.—Anyone desiring to know the way "to touch" the Q.M.S. for a new pair of boots is advised to consult *Lightning*. His method has proved to be very efficient and satisfactory.

5.—Who is the private in our Section who eats six men's rations daily, and then has the gall to ask for more? [We should say he was a *full private*. —ED.]