

HERE AND THERE.

BY ZETO.

THIS number of the "Stretcher" is to be of a decidedly utilitarian character. In order that the people of Ontario and other less-known parts of the British Empire may be the better able to visualise the Ontario Military Hospital and have a more adequate conception of its various features the help of the photographer has been requisitioned. The word-story of the bringing of the hospital into being is from the pen of Captain W. H. Fox, the never-stop-work Quartermaster. We hope that the extensive devotion to things concrete and actual which marks this issue will not arouse a suspicion that the "Stretcher" is aiming to become a "serious and respectable" journal. If at times we are compelled to be—journalistically—seriously respectable or respectably serious, we hope those who so gladly pay their "thrippences" and "tuppences" will not feel they have been done or ask for a rebate. According to the "Toronto Sunday World," which in its issue of June 25th gave a good portion of two columns to criticism and quotations from the "Stretcher," "It is good reading even on this side of the water." May it be so while the war lasts and the "Stretcher" stretches.

WHY do three padres go round with silent tread, And speak in gentle whispers as if in the presence of the dead? Have they all got laryngitis or are their feet beset with blisters? Not so; but behind the beaver board partition slumber tired nursing sisters.

A "SHELL-SHOCK" case in a recent convoy engaged the serious attention of the M.O.'s whose especial care is that class of wounded. In spite of every effort, this "case," otherwise seemingly uninjured, remained deaf and dumb. Not an articulate sound could the poor chap put forth. Where high medical science failed, the one-time condemned cigarette and natural instinct succeeded. Returning from a bath the nerve-benumbed soldier was given a fag, which he apparently thoroughly enjoyed until he inadvertently put the lighted end in his mouth. The spell of the shell shock was broken, and a stream of adjectives and other unprintable ejaculations proclaimed convincingly that the power of speech had returned.

APPOINTED by the Canadian Red Cross Society for the purpose, five ladies periodically visit the wounded Canadians in the wards and provide them with many much-appreciated little comforts for the inner and the outer man and for the mind. It is an excellent work, but one cannot but regret that it is (of necessity so far as the present workers are concerned) limited to one section of the Empire's wounded. It was the expressed wish of His Majesty the King that there should not be separate hospitals for the various Overseas soldiers and Imperial soldiers, but that the sense of unity and common effort so marked in the response to the call to arms and on the battlefield, and mutual understanding, should be deepened, if possible, by "Union" hospitals. What good fruit has been borne by this all who have had close contact with military hospitals fully realize. We hope that what is being done by Canadian effort for the Canadians, who constitute ten per cent. of the patients, will be done by some organisation for the Imperials and others, constituting such a very large proportion of the ward population.

THE circle has been broken. For fields afar have started half-a-dozen of those who since mid-April have been wont to gather round the festive board at mess—after an unconscionably long wait. France and Salonika are the pastures new sought by those at one time content to browse upon the opportunities for service that grew, and increasingly grew, at Ontario Military Hospital. But if opportunities for service were constantly increasing here, in greater measure and in greater rapidity were they increasing "over there," and so for the greater and more distant things our quondam fellow-masticators reached out. If not in England before the Kaiser ceases to kaise, then in old Ontario when the war is over, may we all foregather once again and discuss, if not tough beef and oleomargarine, historic eggs, and jam of many names, at least a simple meal washed down with something else than milk. Methinks, and certain is the hope, that Captains Jepson, Fripp, Lawson, McArthur, and P. G. (Prize Golfer) Graham will be there. In the meantime, may the best of luck attend them.

WE do not believe in killing Kaiserism with the mouth, and there is the minimum of satisfaction in compiling adjectives, but the one unalterable conviction that is borne in upon anyone who moves among our wounded soldiers—men from all parts of the Empire—and hears their simple matter-of-fact statements of actual occurrences within their own personal experience, is that the most degraded type of human being extant to-day, the one most void of decency of thought and manliness of action, the one nearest to the beast of the field in instinct, desire, and effort, is the average "German officer." We hear of some particularly loathsome deeds of inhumanity and treachery and ingratitude, and express for the hundredth time an irrepressible desire in respect of things German and people (especially people) German, and the mangled narrator of the incident will hasten to add "But of course, sir, it was only an officer. It is not often you'll find a private play a game like that, but the German officers will do anything."

EVERY officer of the Ontario Military Hospital is ipso facto an honorary playing member of the Bromley Bowling Club. Of such is the brand of hospitality of our Bromley friends. They have other brands, too, which they dispense with equal liberality, and to those members of a dry mess who do not bowl with the bowls but who can bowl for all that, this is more than a sop of satisfaction. Among the keenest of Bromley's bowlers—with the bowls on the green, of course—is the Mayor of Bromley (Ald. Lindley-Jones), who among other good things to his credit sent us a most excellent troupe of entertainers recently. He is an excellent sport, plays golf, and already has links with Canada, his brother being a well-known citizen of Toronto, Mr. Sydney H. Jones, bursar of Trinity College, two of whose sons have been long at the front, and one having been awarded the D.C.M. The Mayor's visit to the Hospital, however, he declared, brought home to him for the first time the full depth of the unity of the Empire. His Worship was one of the twelve bowlers (on the green) who bowled against twelve officers of the O.M.H., who were recently guests of the Bromley Club. After the bowling on the green he presided at the supper in the clubhouse, and all the bowlers were happy under his skilful guidance, and the bowlers, and all kinds of bowlers, enjoyed a further treat, in, and while inspecting, Mr. Lindley-Jones' rose garden.

WE are endeavouring to make one or two cricket fixtures with Bromley clubs. We hope the Mayor of Bromley is interested in cricket.

THE old saw about the busy man being the best man to tackle when you want something done is refreshingly illustrated in our midst, the refreshing illustration being our Quartermaster, Captain Fox. We have never seen the family records, but we honestly believe he was weaned on work, and that nothing else will agree with him. He happens to be business manager of the "Stretcher," and perhaps we ought not to make personal remarks about a member of the staff, but he is only business manager, all he does for the paper is—work. He was loaded to the water-line at the time, but he took it on at the earnest solicitation of and out of charity to an editor who, as a business manager, would have been about as happy and successful as Captain Thomas would be managing a day nursery or a dry canteen. Thus we have no compunction in holding up Capt. Fox as a horrible example of insatiable greed—for work. If you want to win and retain his friendship, require and ask for something that will mean more work for him. He may scowl—that's a bit of a habit—occasionally, but he will chuckle inwardly at "more work." Consumption of work is with him what consumption of whiskey is with a Scotchman—a gift.

THE patients a few weeks ago were the guests of the manager of the Orpington Moving Picture Show. They so thoroughly enjoyed the treat that the work-bug in the Quartermaster became more ravenous than ever. A search was made, and successfully made, for a moving picture machine to be sold at a reasonable figure. The interest of the Canadian Red Cross was secured, and then the machine was secured. Personal labour for many nights resulted in the restoration of the machine to working order and in its complete equipment with all accessories; supplies of films were provided for by

the generosity of a film manufacturer, and now to the great enjoyment of the patients, not to mention the staff, Captain Fox personally "conducts" two exhibitions on at least two nights a week. We have great respect and considerable sympathy for quartermasters in general, but as the owner of the most insatiable and versatile "work-bug" that ever got possession of a quartermaster, or any other master, Captain Fox takes the prize, which is—more work.

SO many kind people have done so many kind things, providing entertainments and proffering hospitality in various ways, that we are waiting until we are sure we have omitted none before we publish the names of those of whom patients and staff have such grateful recollections.

THE exigencies of space play havoc with Editorial intentions and contributors' expectations, and we gaze more or less sadly upon various pieces of copy which cannot be translated into "Stretcherese" this month.

There was an M.O. named Carson,
Who one windy day went out with the
Parson;
They both liked to smoke, and on the way
back
Tried to light up their pipes behind a hay-
stack;
And now it is rumoured that Parson and
Carson will "go in" for arson.

SOME people seem to think an Editor is like an Adjutant, made for the purpose of being asked questions. It is entirely a mistake, and if people could only know how little Editors know we know people would know better than to tell us so much they don't know in the belief the editor does know, so that they may be able to know. But as people do not know that the editor does not know the things the people want to know, we know we shall still know what people want to know, and—the compositor is quite right—people will not believe we have a dry mess if we go on hiccupping like this.

WE will try to answer some of the questions that have reached us, and we will try and correct some erroneous ideas of which the questions give evidence.

Nil Desperandum.—A "pass" does not mean something that will let you pass, but something you cannot get. Try again, and give him our kind regards.

"Left Behind."—"Ambulance" is from the Latin "ambulo"—"I walk about." Now do you understand? Hard lines: but if you will study etymology you will derive much comfort from your disappointment. If patient you go in an ambulance; if not patient you are restricted to ambulation. It is very simple. And that is the way you feel when you try to make it work the other way.

Hard to Crack.—Cannot explain it beyond the self-evident fact that while there are several nuts there are only five colonels.

Captain George Downing Fripp
Is off on a nice little trip,
He has packed up his scalpel and lance
To be used in the future on wounded in
France.

Captain George Downing Fripp,
Permit us to give you a tip:
When the day's work is done don't roam
without gun,
Don't look for trouble; don't hunt for the
Hun.

If by chance you should happen to meet him,
Don't stop to consider for what you should
treat him,
But treat him at once for sepsis of soul and
heart gangrene;
When you've done for that Hun you'll have
done what we mean.
And that is our tip as you start on your
trip,
Au revoir—Captain George Downing Fripp.

THE news that Captain Hume had been promoted, and was thenceforth Lieutenant-Colonel Hume, evoked expressions of pleasure and congratulation on every side, and these in turn evoked expressions of embarrassment on the face of the worthy but modest recipient of promotion and congratulations. When Promotion takes Modest Merit by the hand, Modest Merit finds congratulations hard to stand.

ZETO.