

# THE CONVOY CALL

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## EDITORIAL

The Editor extends his compliments to the readers of this paper and begs to announce that he is glad to be with the boys again although Salonika, as an abiding place, leaves one or two little things to be desired.

Having resuscitated the Regimental paper we have changed its name, by request. This is in response to a general feeling that the name «Blister» was a sort of hoodoo. A Blister, so we are told, has a tendency to burst, which it did. We hope that the difficulty in this respect will be overcome by the adoption of the name «Convoy Call». «Blisters may come and blisters may go, but the Convoy Call goes on for—duration.» If you don't believe it ask any of those who handle the stretchers.

This paper would not be complete without mention of the alterations that have been made and the work that has been done in the past couple of months. The accommodation of the hospital has been increased to 1700 beds and all but one or two of the tent wards have been replaced by huts. All this has necessitated much work, especially as it has been done at a time when the accommodation was taxed to the utmost with severe cases. Moreover it was done during the heat of a Salonika summer, under weather conditions trying to the extreme; conditions that strain the nerves and sapped the stren-

gth until it was an effort to accomplish the smallest necessities. What, then, must have been the labor involved in practically remodelling the establishment while housing and caring for 1700 sick and wounded? All honor is due the officers, nursing sisters and men who stood up under the strain and "carried on" without flinching.

"Impressions on returning to Salonika" is the title of a large volume which the editor is preparing for the edification of those who have never enjoyed that delightful experience.

"When ordered to stand ready for departure from Malta", he says in part, "we did not know where we were going. We were full of hope and rumours. It was published in the Orders of the Day previous that we were to embark on the s. s. — bound for Salonika. But that did not fool us for long. "spies!" a war-worn old "swotty" suggested in a voice charged with significance. That settled it. It was only a blind after all. Nevertheless, with the cold gray dawn of the eventful day, suspicions and unrest returned, and it was with rather woebegone faces that we paraded for medical inspection prior to marching off. One chap was in a terribly bad way. The M. O. slackened pace and shot the question at him, "How do you feel?" Unfortunately the

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