

NOW AND THEN

BEING THE OFFICIAL ORGAN OF

No. 3 CANADIAN FIELD AMBULANCE,

1st Canadian Division, B.E.F.

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EDITOR ...

... Lieut. A. J. B. Milborne.

No. 5.

22nd DECEMBER, 1916.

EN PASSANT.

As we go to press, the martial strains of drum and bugle reach our ears, and we are once more reminded of the existence of our Band.

It has always been our ambition to be headed by a Band whilst on the march, and we have ever cast envious eyes on more fortunate units as they swung past.

In spite of the many obstacles which invariably are encountered in the organization of and attainment of proficiency in such ambitions, the enthusiasm of Lance-Corporal Yeates, Pte. J. A. Goode, and their brother musicians, have overcome all obstacles and we are now in the happy possession of a first-rate Drum and Bugle Band.

The Band made its first appearance on the march to our present location, and was of great assistance to all ranks during the "long hike."

We wish to congratulate the musicians on the attainment of their present efficiency in such a short space of time, and even greater things are expected of them in the future.

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Our old Commanding Officer, Lieut.-Col. W. L. Watt, has recently been appointed A.D.M.S. of the London Area, and the old boys wish to congratulate him upon his appointment to such an important position, with the assurance that he will attain the same success as hitherto.

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Lieut.-Col. J. D. McQueen and Major P. G. Bell are now with Medical Units of the 4th Canadian Division, and the old-timers were more than pleased to see them recently.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

"*Ecosy.*"—We are unable to give you the latest figures. Sam denies your statement.

"*Jock.*"—It looks like the dickins going ahead of Shorty & Co., but you should worry when the Staff "don't."

"*Lizz.*"—No. We cannot consider your application to run the Canteen.

A.S.D.—No. The Canteen will not stock Keatings, Creosol makes an excellent substitute.

J. Kerr—See answer to "Lizz."

R.A.M.—Does your estimate specify Rubberoid roofing?

PROGRAM FOR FORTHCOMING CONCERT.

- Song ... "The British Navy"
Staff-Sergt. C. W. Crowe
- Song ... "Ve Free Jolly Smifs"
Corpl. Spooner
- Duet "The Ramsgate Sick Parade"
Ptes. Spencer and Turnbull
- Song & } "Call again, says Colligan"
Dance } Sergt. Turner
- Duet ... "Love and War"
Ptes. Millner and Goodfellow
- Song ... "Itchy Koo" The Major

THE MORNING SICK PARADE.

We were on advance duty and about thirty patients had gathered from the various units around on sick parade. The Orderly Officer was a well-known personage, very blunt in his questions and remarks which very often contained a great amount of unconscious humour. The patients were all sitting on the form in the barn, which was doing duty as an Admitting-room awaiting the coming of the M.O. In half-an-hour or probably an hour he appeared. The sick reports he picked up from the table and after scanning them shortly he called out the first name.

"Private Smith."

Private Smith hobbled over to the table looking as if the rest of his days were numbered.

"Well, Smith, what's up with you?"

"Very weak, Sir, pains in the back and knees, Sir, have headaches, and a bad cough and haven't had any sleep for five nights, Sir."

"Gee! All that? You're still alive, though?"

"Why, y-e-e-ss, Sir."

"Pain in your back, eh?"

"The pain in my back is the worst, Sir."

"All right. Belladonna plaster on his back. Some tonic pills, and some asperin."

"Private Jenkins,"

Jenkins steps mildly over.

"Well, what's the matter?"

"I think it's my nerves, Sir. I am not feeling good, Sir."

"You belong to the Artillery, eh?"

"Yes, Sir, 6th Naval, and the noise of the guns sets me all off, Sir."

"Where's your Battery?"

"Just up the——road, Sir. About 15 minutes' walk from here, Sir."

"Have you any shell noses or shells up there you can get me as souvenirs?"

"Well, Sir, yes, Sir. There is a German 4.2 dud up there, Sir, I think you can have."

"Private McDonald."

McDonald belongs to the Tunnelling Company, and from his name one would deduce that he is a Scotchman.

"What's wrong with you, MacDonald?"

"Last night, Sir, I wis gaun up tae the trenches, an' I fell off the tail-board o' the waggon. I landed right there, Sir, an' it hurts me tae sit doon. It's guy sair an' I wid jist like tae get something tae rub it wi'."

"All right, give Scotty some liniment to rub himself with."

"Private Green."

Green seemed very stiff and weary.

"What have you got, Green?"

"All in, Sir."

"All in. How do you mean?"

"Well, I'm sore all over, Sir, and have headaches and don't feel fit for anything."

"Take this man's temperature."

The temperature was taken and indicated 99.5.

"All right. Some tonic pills and some asperin."

Just at this juncture the unmistakable whistle of a German shell was heard, followed closely by the bang of the explosion. From the door of the main building a voice was heard energetically calling:—"Inside! Inside! Come along! Move smartly! Double up there! Inside! Inside!" Everyone finally got inside the main building, which from the nature of its construction and the thickness of the walls afforded splendid shelter. It sounded like a hive of bees or the Tower of Babel, everyone talking at once. A few remarks, however, could be picked up amidst the din, some humorous, some otherwise. A member of C Section was heard to remark: "This is an outfit! Get the wind up at the least blank thing and have to beat it 'Inside! Inside!' everytime a shell comes over. I would rather be up the sanguinary line."

Fritz did not pay us too much attention, but just merely let us know he was still on the job and after throwing over half a dozen shells, he quit.

The M.O. returned to his sick parade and again began to dispose of all the many ailments which soldiers are heir to. Tonic pills and asperin were the magic cures for most cases. The parade was nearly over when there arrived a couple of stretcher cases from a Battery near by. They were both pretty bad, but one of them, a real Irishman, was very talkative. He was in great pain but proved a cheery customer. "Doc-thor," says he, "I'm all right, but the pain uv me arm is a howly terror. Shure an' a drap of spirrits wud help me." He got a tot of brandy and "Shure now and it's meself I am now," says he.

It took some little time to dress him and fix him up and one of the Orderlies remarked just as he was putting on the last blanket:—"There you are, Pat, you're on your way to Blighty now all-right, and you'll soon be having a holiday in Old Ireland again."

"I don't want to go to Oireland. There's too much foightin' there for me. Thim damned ribils, they're not Oirish, jist ribils, damn thim."

Pat was carried out and placed on the Motor Ambulance along with the other chap and the last remark we heard as we lifted him up to the top carrier, was:—"Holy Mother! and it's away up to Hivin, I am, away up to Hivin, shure."

Again the M.O. went back to the remnants of his sick parade and with the tonic pills and asperin got the whole lot disposed of.