

THE SPLINT RECORD

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No. 2 FIELD AMBULANCE.

1st Canadian Division.

B. E. F.

No. 6. EDITOR: Major J. J. Fraser.

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NEWS EDITOR: Sergt. E. B. Rogers.

EDITORIAL.

Christmas is here once again, and to some of us it is the third Christmas which we have spent on Active Service. Again our thoughts go back to the good old time we had at home, at this festive season of the year, when we and all our friends were gathered together to enjoy the good things provided for us; but alas, it is different now, the same old "game" goes on Christmas and New Year alike, and will go on until what we have set out to accomplish is accomplished. Then we shall have "some" Christmas, which will blot out all trace of the many dull, dark, winter months which we spent on Active Service.

Looking back to last Christmas, one must confess to having had a very enjoyable time of it. This year we hope will eclipse even that of 1915, our only regret is that some of our comrades who celebrated with us last year will not be with us this year. Some have given their life in the cause which we have at heart, some have gone back to England sick, or for other reasons have left us, but there are still a good bunch of boys left, to whom the Editors wish a very Happy Christmas, and in doing so hope they will have as enjoyable time as circumstances will permit.

Remembering the old saying—
Xmas comes but once a year,
And when it comes, be of good cheer.

THE EDITORS.

MAPLE LEAVES IN FLANDERS.

We have just had the pleasure of reading this book, by Herbert Rae. It is a story most interestingly told of the 1st Canadian Contingent from the time it left Valcartier, till after the Battle of Ypres. The book may be compared with Boyd Cables—Between the Lines, for vivid narrative, humor and the spirit of the fighting men, as the Scotch say "over beyant."

The epic of their deeds at Ypres will live as long as the name of Canada endures, and it has been told in this book in a manner worthy of the deeds of the First Contingent.

Herbert Rae has shown clearly what manner of man they were, and his book is an outstanding one among the many personal records of the War.

The Author, who is one of the few original M.O.'s of the First Contingent left, is one of our staunchest friends, and we bespeak for his story a large circle of readers.

THE EDITORS.

GASTRITIS.

There is a French Battery of 75's on the Western Front that shoots nothing but gas shells. When our aeroplanes spot a Boche battery they wireless to this French battery the location, and the B. C. puts it down in his little book. Then when the enemy start something the 75's open up on him. Voila!! At this end it sounds just like a small boy running a stick along a picket fence. At

the other end it sounds like a dud—makes not much noise exploding, and throws up smoke and gas.

When not strafing a battery, they drop them carelessly about behind the German lines in any old place, and at any old time. I like to fancy one of these with a scene like this at the other end:—A big fat German after a meal of canned sausage and beans, sitting in the sun with his back against a tree, and his hands across his stomach, and the folds of his fat neck draped gracefully over his collar, not even thinking to strafe, but just sitting. All at once he hears a p-pheon phut!! and a cloud of gas rises. He jumps up frantically, and scrambles into his gas mask.

Wouldn't he tear his hair, and "Gott strafe der stink-pots."

ANON.

ODE

(OWED TO CALCIUM CHLORIDE).

With apologies to Nemo.

What is it that the stern C.O.,
As on his rounds he daily go,
Looks round for, would you like to
know?

Its Calcium Chloride.

What is it makes the pungent drain
After a most refreshing rain,
So sweet and cleanly once again,
But Calcium Chloride?

What plays a most important part,
In each Regimental water cart,
And causes tea to taste so "tart"?
Why! Calcium Chloride.

Though here its virtues we extol,
It ain't the only thing by goll,
For we all bank on Creosol,
Not Calcium Chloride.

FINIS.

BLIGHTY.

Into the Ward they bore him,
He came when the light was dim,
From the May trees over yonder—
Hear the songster's matin hymn.

He's only a youth, a boy,
Too early by far to die;
He asks: "Will I get to Blighty?"
I smile to him and lie.

"Yes, you'll get to Blighty; yes,
The boat goes soon, I guess."
I turned away with moistened eye,
I saw Death's cold caress.

Beneath the flag they bear him,
The fading light grows dim,
From the May trees over yonder,
Hear the night bird's dismal hymn.

ANON.

BASE-BALL.

No. 2 Field Ambulance is open to
play any Team in Flanders.

Apply—"Crappy" Craig,
No. 2 Field Ambulance,
1st Canadian Division.

ISSY'S BACKWARD DIVE.

You may have seen some famous swimmer do aquatic stunts, but Issy's backward sitting dive had them all skinned a mile. A cold bath is alright in its place, but unexpectedly and by the roadside in the middle of the night its "No bon!" It happened thus—We were doing a night march at the time, when a halt was called; it was fairly clear and moonlight, and the march had been long and dreary, so everyone looked for a place to sit down. It did not take Issy, with his eagle eye, long to spot what he thought was a "tres bon" place which looked just like a plot of grass, and away he goes to sit down. Ough! Ough! was all that could be heard for a few seconds (that grass turned out to be a ditch full of water, covered on the top with green slime). The smell that came from it after Issy had stirred it up was worse than all the asphyxiating gases ever used by Fritz. Its smell we shall never forget. After recovering from the first dose, we looked for Issy. There he was, lying in the ditch, half reclining, stuck in the slime. All that could be seen of him was the top of his knees and head. He was spitting and spluttering, trying to cough up some of the refuse he had swallowed. Some called for a rope, others for chloride of lime, eventually the former was procured, and Issy was pulled out covered from head to foot with mud and corruption. Everybody began offering advice (from a distance, as it was unbearable to be near). Some suggested putting him under the water cart and turn the taps on, but as drinking water was scarce, and it was very uncertain when we should get any more, it was out of the question. Others said get a hose pipe, but not one could be found. Meanwhile Issy was blue in the face with the cold, and the obnoxious ozone. A sudden inspiration came to one—why not let him strip, and then wrap himself in a blanket, he said. This was quickly done, and a wagon was drawn up, and he got in, and so finished the rest of the journey. (What the driver of the wagon said is unprintable).

A few days he was around again, looking very little the worse for his trying experience. Needless to say for months after, every green pool we passed, some one was sure to remark "Issy will now do the Sitting Dive." Then he sure would get sore.

Now he only smiles whenever it is mentioned. However, all's well that ends well.

REPORTUS.

FROM THE ADV. DRESSING STATION.

Overheard at the recent attack:—
Sergeant "A" to Sergeant "B."—
"Let me in that dugout, Bill."

Reply scarcely audible but very much to the point, "Nothing doing. I was here first."