

# THE SPLINT RECORD

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**B. E. F.**

No. 7. EDITOR: Captain J. H. Wood.

29th MARCH, 1917.

NEWS EDITOR: Sergt. H. Macdonald.

## EDITORIAL.

In presenting this the seventh number of "The Splint Record" to our readers, the Editors have been at a great disadvantage owing to the lack of material for its pages. Fortunately we have been able to secure some good articles from some of our friends, but these are not coming forward as they should do.

Now, boys, it is up to you to make our future numbers a success, by contributing articles for publication, to the fullest extent. There are numerous budding journalists in No. 2, who could give us all kinds of interesting articles for our paper; so come along, and let us hear from you—you cannot let us have too much.

We must not forget to thank all those who have contributed to our Paper on previous occasions, and helped to make our efforts successful, and we still hope to be favoured by their continued support in the future.

As our readers are no doubt aware, Lieut.-Colonel E. B. Hardy, D.S.O., has left us for service elsewhere. We all regret his departure very much, and wish him all kinds of good wishes in his new sphere of duty. One consolation remains in the fact that his position as Officer Commanding this Unit has been taken over by Major J. J. Fraser, one of our original Officers, and one who has always had the interests of No. 2 at heart, and done everything in his power to make life on "Active Service" as agreeable as possible.

Since the departure of Captain A. R. B. Duck for England some time ago, Major Fraser has been Editor of our paper, and we have enjoyed immensely the good reading matter which has adorned its pages during that period.

Now that Major Fraser has assumed the important position of O.C. of this Unit, further issues will be published with his kind permission from time to time, and we predict for No. 2 and our Paper even greater success in the near future under Major Fraser's guidance, and look forward to receiving some more of our O.C.'s interesting articles for publication in new numbers.

Captain J. H. Wood has kindly consented to take over the Editorial duties of our Paper, with Sergeant H. Macdonald as News Editor, and in undertaking these duties the Editors feel confident of success, relying on the continued support of our good friends in No. 2.

THE EDITORS.

## SUGGESTED WANT ADS.

Wanted a good cook, must have sharp can opener. Apply.....Fld. Amb.

Wanted a pass toute suite.

Wanted a real rest, by "C" Section.

Will the Mechanical Transport men who have returned to Canada be classed as returned M.T.'s.

Wasn't the Private who was about to pull the pin from a Mill's bomb recently *austin* for it.

## QUESTIONS ASKED THE ORDERLY ROOM SERGEANT.

- When do I go on leave?
- Have you got Brigade time?
- Am I entitled to a G.C. Badge?
- Is my pass signed?
- Am I entitled to separation allowance?
- When do you think we'll be paid?
- When do we move?
- Have you seen the S.M.?
- What is Army Form No.....?
- Can I get leave to Canada?
- Is the C.O. in?
- Have you got any fountain pen ink?
- Is this Ambulance ordered for purely business purposes?
- Who killed Cock Robin?

BY PAINFUL EXPERIENCE.

What will the M.T. Sergeant do when the chamois leather wears out?

How does the Dental Sergeant like this Country?



Drawn for "Splint Record" by J. L. R.

## CANADA TO "THE CANADIANS."

- Blood of mine that flowed like water,  
Voice I heard and face I knew;  
Flesh of mine that went to slaughter,  
Life I gave and flower I grew.
- Heart of mine that beat to battle  
Pulsing patriotic pride;  
Brave of mine who fell like cattle,  
Stemming "kultur's" savage tide.
- From my mountain, lake, and prairie,  
Sprang spontaneous into line,  
Men from city, field and dairy—  
All the pick, and pride of mine.
- Marshalled to the trench unhating,  
But to right a cankered wrong,  
Mothers wept, while wives were waiting;  
I acclaimed in word and song.
- Met thy day and stood to gain it,  
Fell defeated, would not yield,  
Stemmed the tide with blood and  
bayonet—  
Rallied, honoured won the field.
- Thus at Langemarck bought our glory,  
Pay in coin too scarce to give,  
Lesser deeds have place in story,  
Few could be so brave and live.
- Blood of mine that flowed like water,  
Voice I heard and face I knew;  
Flesh of mine that went to slaughter,  
Life I gave and flower I grew.

B. C.

## "C" SECTION.

We were very fortunate this year in spending Christmas back in Rest Billets, which in our case was a very very and incidentally lousy old barn. Our Xmas dinner was a great success. The cooks fairly excelled themselves in their culinary art and the way the boys did justice to the good things must have made their hearts glad. During the evening our O.C. came in and in a few well chosen words congratulated "C" Section on their work during the past twelve months.

Incidentally he mentioned that it was always "C" Section that went up the line and opened up the fresh places for the other Sections ("A" Section, please note). He then vividly reminded us of our friends across the sea, by proposing the toast of "Our folks at Home," which was heartily responded to. After dinner a very enjoyable programme was gone through. Buck was in the chair and the way he knocked the "champagne bottle" (it was an empty one, that's by the way), to call the items out would have made an auctioneer green with envy. Slim Lovell started the ball rolling by telling some of his famous coon stories, and the boys fairly held their sides with laughing at his impersonation of a Coloured Beacher giving a sermon on Old Mother Hubbard. Ernie Roberts sang the "Trumpeter," and as an encore gave an old Devon song. He was repeatedly called upon and never failed to respond. The redoubtable James Gadsby fairly brought the house down when he sang his old parody on "Down at the Mill." McDiarmid, junr., amused us by telling us of his first stretcher case. Not the least enjoyable item of the programme was a duet by Duncan and Hackson. Altogether a most enjoyable evening was spent and the proceedings came to a close at 9 p.m. by singing the National Anthem. Our very best thanks are due to Staff-Sergeant McGernon and his indefatigable helpers, who worked so hard and made it such a success."

Next year we are hoping (as many of us that are spared) to spend Xmas in dear Old Canada—that by the way however.

PONSONBY.

## NIGHT LIGHTS.

It having been said that certain of the bearers are unable to see their way at night, a remedy is suggested in the following poetical effusion:—

An idea I've got  
Which touches the spot,  
For bearers who can't see at night,  
Is to paint each boot toe  
With a phosphorous glow,  
And they'll soon find their way  
round all night.

As a stretcher they lug  
Through a trench that's been dug,  
In a winding and tortuous way,  
They will see that white glow,  
And they'll very soon know  
It's as easy as travelling by day.

BY BEARER.