

THE CANADIAN

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HALLOWE'EN PARTY AT THE HOSPITAL.

Old-time Games Indulged in and Thoroughly Enjoyed.

By the kind permission of the commanding officer, Major Frederick Guest, and at the suggestion of the matron, Miss Edith Campbell, the sisters and officers of the hospital gave the patients an old-time Hallowe'en party on Tuesday evening in Recreation Hall. A few invited guests, ladies who have assisted at various times in concerts given by the hospital, were present, and apparently enjoyed themselves to the utmost. As usual Sergt. Major Carpenter was in charge, and so it is unnecessary to state that from start to finish the programme was carried out without a hitch.

After a selection by the orchestra a game called "musical chairs" was indulged in, which afforded much amusement, staid old veterans entering into the spirit of the thing with the ardour of the youngest. Just as the game was concluded a "lady" entered the hall, pushing a perambulator in which reposed a beautiful child, which, however, in no way resembled the mother. After she had taken a seat Staff-Sergeant Morris noticed that she was apparently in deep grief and inquired the cause thereof.

"I have lost my husband," she replied, between sobs.

"And who is your husband?" asked the staff.

"Sergt. Bobby Leith" was the answer.

The matter was laid before the commanding officer, who instructed S.M. Carpenter to have the culprit produced. The sergeant was brought in, protesting vigorously, and threw up his hands in horror when the woman confronted him and presented him with the child. Whispered word, however, set him somewhat at his ease and he immediately entered into the spirit of the joke, which, on being exposed, created a great deal of merriment. Corporal Keen impersonated the woman and was so well "made up" that very few had any idea he was anything but what he pretended to be.

Putting the tail on the donkey afforded much laughter. The outlines of a donkey, minus the tail, had been drawn on a large screen, and the efforts of both patients and ladies, after being blindfolded, to place the tail in its proper place, were laughable in the extreme.

Ducking for apples in basins of water, and the efforts of the patients to fix their teeth in an apple on the end of a stick which had on the other end a piece of soap, which was kept rotating at a lively rate, added no end of amusement. Paddy O'Connor being the only one who was successful in this latter feature.

Although Staff-Sergeant Morris had not previously been regarded as a man of prodigious strength, yet he undertook to "lift" seven men, and we have the authority of Pte. Worthing that the amazing feat was successfully performed. Refreshments consisting of sweets, nuts, apples, cakes, tea and coffee were then served and this brought a very enjoyable evening to a close. The patients are duly grateful to all those who contributed in any way to the fine entertainment and will long remember the occasion as a very happy event.

HUN'S HOARD OF GOLD.

GUARDED BY IRON DOOR WITH SECRET LOCKS.

In one of the towns of Spandau, in Prussia, is stored the gold which was part of the indemnity paid by the French after the 1870 war. The Prussians at the time decided to keep the gold in order to pay the expenses of mobilisation for the next war—the present European conflict.

The money has so far cost the Germans about half its total amount, as it has been for forty years lying useless instead of bringing in interest.

Every year there is an inspection by the imperial commissioners. While the inspection is in progress the guards around the Tower are doubled. The treasure can only be approached by a massive iron door which is fitted with specially constructed locks, and there are very few, even among the high officials, who know how to unlock the door.

The Allies don't need a key to unlock the door at Spandau. The Germans are constantly unlocking it themselves and drawing gold from their hoard.

ANOTHER CONCERT.

A concert was held in the Recreation Hall of the Hospital Friday night, but as this paper had already been prepared for the press, an account of the same will necessarily have to go over till next week. Without doubt it was found to be up to the usual standard and met with the approbation of those present.

NOT THAT SORT.

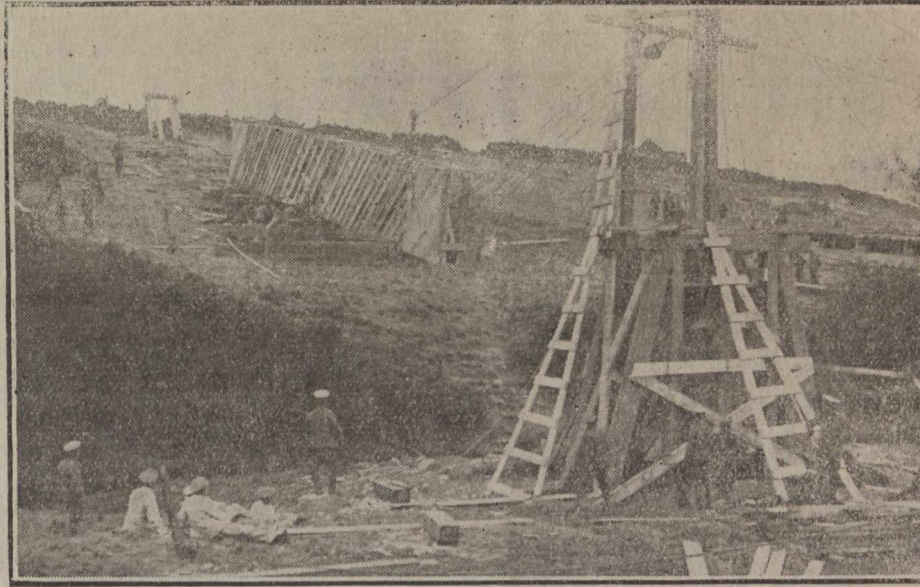
Lady Smith-Dorrien, who is appealing for hospital bags for wounded men, tells a rather touching story of a private soldier who had just recovered from a severe wound.

Feeling ill and very home-sick, he went to headquarters to obtain leave of absence. Said he, in a most dejected manner, "I haven't seen my wife for more than a year."

"Why," said the colonel, "I haven't seen my wife for nearly two years."

"Well," said the soldier quite earnestly and respectfully, "that may be, sir, but me and my wife ain't them kind!"

The furlough was granted.



Bridge in course of erection by Engineers at Buxton.

ROMANTIC ESCAPES.

TWO WELSH GIRLS RESCUE FRENCH PRISONERS.

Romantic escapes from durance vile are few and far between, and it has to be admitted that a game so energetic and exacting is not for the spiritless or faint.

In his book, "The Romance of Escapes" (John Murray), Mr. Tighe Hopkins vividly relates the circumstances surrounding the escape from the guillotine of a nobleman named Chateaubrun. The story reads more like a passage of dreamland than an adventure which actually took place during the French Revolution.

To be present as a spectator at the rehearsal of his own death by guillotine, to watch the dripping blade at work, to say, "Two more, and it will be I," and then to drift bodily from the scene, to find oneself sitting in a tavern and cracking a bottle with a stranger—this was Chateaubrun's awful experience.

After twelve or fifteen executions some part of the guillotine gave way, and a workman was sent for. The doomed man, his hands tied behind him, was standing close under the machine, a crowd of spectators at his rear. The workman came, and now all the onlookers forgot the prisoners who were to die, and watched the carpenter repairing the guillotine. Chateaubrun, passive and resigned, but very weak and weary, leaned on the persons nearest to him; the ranks opened mechanically, and he sank through them. Before he was aware of it he stood outside the throng, and no one had taken the least notice of him.

Chateaubrun looked this way and that, and ran as fast as he could to the Champs Elysees. Here he met a man returning from his day's labour, to whom he at once addressed himself. "Citizen," said Chateaubrun, "pray don't laugh, though the plight you see me in must look a little droll. Some friends have played a joke on me. Tying my hands behind me, they whisked off my hat, telling me to go and find it. I propose to be even with them. Have you a knife? Ah, now perhaps you will do me the favour of cutting this ridiculous cord."

The man seemed amused, and did as he was requested. "Thank you," said Chateaubrun, "and now in return you must take a glass with me." They went to one of the little drinking-shops in the locality, and Chateaubrun called for wine.

Another enthralling story told by Mr. Tighe Hopkins concerns an incident which is picturesque as any of its kind. Five hundred French prisoners of war were confined in a building on Yolden Hill, near Pembroke, and as was the custom, they were allowed to eke out the meagre allowance voted for their subsistence by the sale of toys which they carved out of wood and bone. Two Pembroke lasses were employed in bringing the odds and ends requisite for this work. These girls dared to fall in love with two of the Frenchmen, and formed a desperate resolve not only to rescue their lovers, but the whole of the prisoners in the same ward, one hundred in number.

It was impossible to smuggle any tools into the prison, but a skin of horseflesh seemed harmless in the eyes of the guard. With the bone extracted from this delicacy the Frenchmen undermined the walls, the faithful girls carrying off the soil in their refuse buckets. When the subway was complete, the lasses watched until some vessel should arrive. At length a sloop came in. That night the liberated men made their way down to the water, seized the sloop, and bound the crew hand and foot, but unfortunately the vessel was high and dry, and it was found impossible to get her off. Alongside was a small yacht belonging to Lord Cawdor, which they managed to launch. In a few days the stern of the yacht and other wreckage being picked up, people were satisfied that the vengeance of Heaven had overtaken the traitors. They were, however, mistaken, for the Frenchmen captured a sloop laden with corn, and abandoning the yacht compelled the crew to carry them to France. When they were safe, it is pleasant to read that the two Frenchmen married the girls.

"PHYSICALLY FIT."

WHAT IS YOUR CATEGORY?

One of the features of the Army of to-day is the classification of every man into a category which "places" him at once according to his stage of training or physical fitness.

There are five main categories—A, B, C, D, and E, and the first four of these are again sub-divided. A recruit on joining, if found physically fit for General Service, is automatically classified as A2, which means that he is physically fit for service at the front as soon as he is trained. When his training is complete, and he is ready for drafting overseas, he becomes an A1 man. Category A4 applies only to boys under 19 years of age, and they continue to be so classified until they reach that age, when they, too, become A1 if their training is complete. Category A3 is applied only to men who have returned from overseas, and denotes that they are to undergo a special hardening training to make them fit to fight again.

So much for Category A; but it sometimes happens that illness or constitutional defects that escaped observation when he joined make a man unfit for "the front." In such cases he is specially examined by a medical board and is placed in a lower category which indicates fitness for service abroad, but not for general service. Many men, though able to stand different climatic conditions, are not equal to the strenuous work of the trenches. A man with whom this is the case is put into B1, if he is fit for garrison duties abroad or for work on lines of communication. If through defective eyesight he cannot pass his musketry test he goes into B2, which signifies that he is fit for any kind of Army work abroad, where he will not be required to use his rifle. Category B3 is reserved for those unfit for anything but sedentary work.

Category C is the home-service division. A man in C1 is only fit for service in garrison or other units here. In case of an invasion he would probably be called upon to do guard or outpost duties, and would only be asked to fight in an emergency. C2 denotes that he is not even fit enough for this, but must be employed in some way that does not necessitate his carrying a pack, marching, or fighting. C3 are the hopeless physical wrecks who are only fit for sedentary work at home.

The first two divisions of Category D are purely technical, but D3 means that a man is temporarily unfit or is under medical treatment. An A1 man who sprains his ankle is temporarily placed in D3 until he is fit again, and a man of any category who is admitted to hospital or is under medical treatment is placed in D3 until he is fit once more.

If a man's health or physical fitness deteriorates so much that he is not efficient for any other category, he is placed in Category E with a view to examination by a special board with powers to sanction his discharge.

Roughly then, the meaning of the categories is as follows:—

A. Able to march, see to shoot, hear well, and able to stand active service conditions.

B. Free from serious organic disease, able to stand service conditions on lines of communication in France or in garrison units in the tropics, and, in addition, if classified under:—

B1. Able to march at least five miles, see to shoot with glasses, and hear well.

B2. Able to walk to and from work, a distance not exceeding five miles, see and hear sufficiently for ordinary purposes.

B3. Only suitable for sedentary work.

C. Free from serious organic disease, able to stand service conditions in garrisons at home, and, in addition, if classified under:—

C1. Able to march at least five miles, see to shoot with glasses, and hear well.

C2. Able to walk to and from work, a distance not exceeding five miles, see and hear sufficiently for ordinary purposes.

C3. Only suitable for sedentary work.

With the whole Army under training divided in this manner, the statistical experts can tell at any moment how many men are available for the various purposes indicated by the categories.

"STAND-TO!"

FAMOUS ARTIST-SOLDIER DESCRIBES A NERVE-RACKING ORDEAL IN THE TRENCHES.

Whenever anything is going to happen in the trenches a whisper passes down the lines. "Stand-to!"

Thereafter every man grips his rifle and waits with tightly strung nerves for whatever may happen. It may be a charge by the Huns; it may be the beginning of a movement by our own troops; or it may be nothing.

A vivid description is given by Mr. Harold Harvey in "A Soldier's Sketches Under Fire," just published by Sampson Low, Marston and Co., Ltd.

"Many a time," he says, "we had to 'stand-to' the whole night—the entire battalion, from evening twilight till the full dawn of day—as an attack was expected. Sometimes our artillery would open fire for the enemy's first line, perhaps for five or six minutes—it might be more, it might be less! Then a wait of six or seven minutes, when the enemy returned the fire, and we all got well down."

"Again silence, comrades and pals passing a few remarks in anticipation of what everybody knew was coming. The officers with us were one with us, and at their words 'Well, come on, lads!' there was never a laggard in getting 'over the top.'"

"As soon as we put our hands on the sandbags to clamber over the top of the parapet, a hailstorm of bullets pelted us. It is impossible—at all events for me—to describe the charge. Speaking for myself, always my brain seemed to snap. It was simply a rush in a mad line—or as much of a line as could be kept—towards the enemy's barbed-wire entanglements, which our guns had blown to smithereens in preparation for the assault."

"We scrambled on to their parapet, each getting at the first man he could touch. After an attack there was generally a roll-call, from which here were many absentees."

"More trying—more wearing and tearing to the nerves—than anything in my experience ever followed it was the 'Stand-to' itself. The moments, minutes, even hours that followed that old familiar order, 'Stand-to!' were the worst I ever went through."

Mr. Harvey is the well-known artist whose painting, "A Market Scene in Cairo," attracted a great deal of attention at the Royal Academy in 1909. He has given many sketches in his book-sketches, literally made under fire. As he says: "In the nature of things I might have been finished myself by shot and shell before I could have finished any of them."

Many sightings on those dark, early days of the war, when the little British Army was holding up the German hordes from Calais, are to be found here.

"Almost every available man had to do the work and duty of three. There was also some shortage of shells and ammunition for guns and rifles, while of trench mortars a division had but few. We had to make our own bombs out of jam-tins. . . . We crawled out with them at night and heaved them into the German trenches. We had to time each heave with the most extreme accuracy, for the fraction of a moment too late meant the bursting of a bomb in our hands."

"The game we played with the Huns (keeping up a continuous fire all night, for instance) was one of pure bluff. They were massed, we estimated, in four army corps, and could have walked through us—if they had only known."

There are some grim little stories in the book. "Our boys in the trenches," says Mr. Harvey, "could never understand a bright light which in daytime issued from the garden adjoining the farm building on the British side. But one day a spy, who did work disguised as a farm hand, was discovered. He used a tin bowl as a reflector to send the enemy signals. The rascal was duly attended to."

"It was, I remember, at daybreak that, under cover of our own artillery, we made an advance and took a trench. So hurried was the Germans' exit when faced by British bayonets that they left behind them in the trench quite a number of articles most useful to us, such as saws, snipers' rifles mounted on tripod-stands, haversacks, and a quantity of other equipment. Also a very fine selection of cigars, which came as a godsend."

PERSONAL MENTION.

Lieut.-Col. Finley, who has been attached to this unit, has returned to the offices of Director of Medical Services.

N.S. M. I. Plaford, of the C.A.M.C. training school, has been attached to this unit.

Pte. Harbidge returned on Tuesday from a pleasant week-end in Birmingham.

N.S. E. M. Drysdale has been taken on the strength, on being transferred from the C.A.M.C. training school.

Pte. G. W. Clancy, late of this unit, has been discharged from hospital and transferred to C.C.A.C. at Shoreham-on-Sea.

N.S. Kirk returned on Tuesday from two weeks' leave, and reports having had a very enjoyable vacation.

N.S. Manchester spent three days in London last week.

Capt. Curran spent a few days at his home in Brighton.

N.S. Popham left on Tuesday to spend a few days with friends in London.

Corpl. Grieves left for a few days with his parents at Brighton.

Major Wilson left on Thursday to rejoin his original unit, No. 10 Stationary Hospital, which has taken over the Imperial Hospital at Seaford.

B. J. Carter, of the Red Cross Hospital, Drenkister, Gloucester, paid the hospital a visit during the week. Staff-Sergt. Morris took him under his wing and saw to his comfort while here.

Sergt. Scott left on Friday for a three days' visit at Newcastle.