

RED CROSS SPECIAL.

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BUXTON TURNS OUT TO GREET PATIENTS.

The Seating Capacity of the Opera House Taxed to the Utmost.

The word must have been passed around among the citizens of Buxton as to the excellence of the concert given by the Canadians of the Red Cross Special Hospital at the Pavilion on the 11th inst., for a crowded house greeted the talent of the three hospitals in Buxton, the Devonshire, the Auxiliary and the Canadian Red Cross Special. By the time the curtain was raised for the first number every seat in the house had been filled, and when the superb programme had been finished it was the unanimous verdict that no better entertainment had ever been given in the town of Buxton.

The programme opened with a selection entitled "Tipperaryland," which was followed by a song, "Glorious Devon," by Pte. Haggart, who has a fine voice which he used with good effect. At the opening bars of the "Marseillaise," which was sung by three French Canadians, the audience, as a mark of respect for our able ally, rose to their feet, and at the close of the beautiful anthem the trio were compelled to respond to an encore, "Allonette," a comic song which has a catchy air, and which pleased the audience immensely. "The Song That Reached My Heart," which is always a favourite, was next given by Sergt. Reddie, which was accorded liberal applause. Two songs, "Sincerity" and "Into the Dawn," with cello obligato by Mons. Paul Delstanche, was sung very beautifully by Miss Annie Copen, who graciously responded to an encore. "Two Eyes of Grey," which was very good, by Sergt. Wright and a selection by the Pavilion Orchestra was followed by one of the best numbers on the programme, "When You Come Home," by Pte. Rocca, who has an especially fine voice that captivated the audience, which by this time had begun to appreciate the excellence of the programme that had been prepared for them. Sergt. Reeves, who is nothing less than a professional, rendered a comic song, "When We Went on Active Service," in fine style, but it was in his next number, "I'm Shy, Mary Ellen, I'm Shy," that he fairly brought down the house. His make-up was excellent and his acting, to say the least, astonished his auditors.

A real treat was the cello solos, "Largo" and "Arlequin," by Mons. Delstanche, who showed perfect control of his instrument and played with great feeling. The outburst of applause that followed his efforts was sufficient evidence of approval. "Character Studies" by Rifleman Machlin, was another star feature, and was followed by Corpl. Thompson, who had been the efficient accompanist for the various singers, in his inimitable rendition of "The Chimes," and as the master musician is now well-known in Buxton musical circles it is unnecessary to comment further on his performance any more than to say that a pin could almost be heard to drop in any part of the house. The "Chaplin Twins," in pantomime, assisted by Pte. Jones and Harold Guest, son of the commanding officer, next delighted the audience with their comical antics. Master Harold, dressed as a little flapper, made such an engaging little miss that few of those present were aware of the fact that he was not what he appeared to be. Next came one of the best numbers, the Highland Fling, by Miss Hilda Dee, in costume, which was the embodiment of graceful execution. Sergt.-Major Carpenter, who is too well-known to need any comment whatever, kept the house in a roar of laughter in song and story and closed a very delightful matinee. He is a finished performer, a manager of rare ability, and untiring in his efforts to please.

Present were noticed Major and Mrs. Guest, Captain and Mrs. Thurgar, and many other officers and ladies with whose names we are not familiar. It is safe to predict that should another concert be given in the near future there is not a hall in all Buxton that would be large enough to hold all who would wish to attend.

FAREWELL DINNER.

A pleasant affair occurred on Wednesday evening, when the officers and sisters of the Canadian Red Cross Special Hospital tendered a farewell dinner at Bishopdale to the matron, Sister C. F. Macalister, who left on Friday for Ramsgate, where she will assume the duties of matron in the hospital there. After the dinner, which began at 7-30, and during which speeches were made by several of those present, bridge was indulged in, a very pleasant evening being brought to a close by the singing of "Auld Lang Syne."

WANTS THE PAPER.

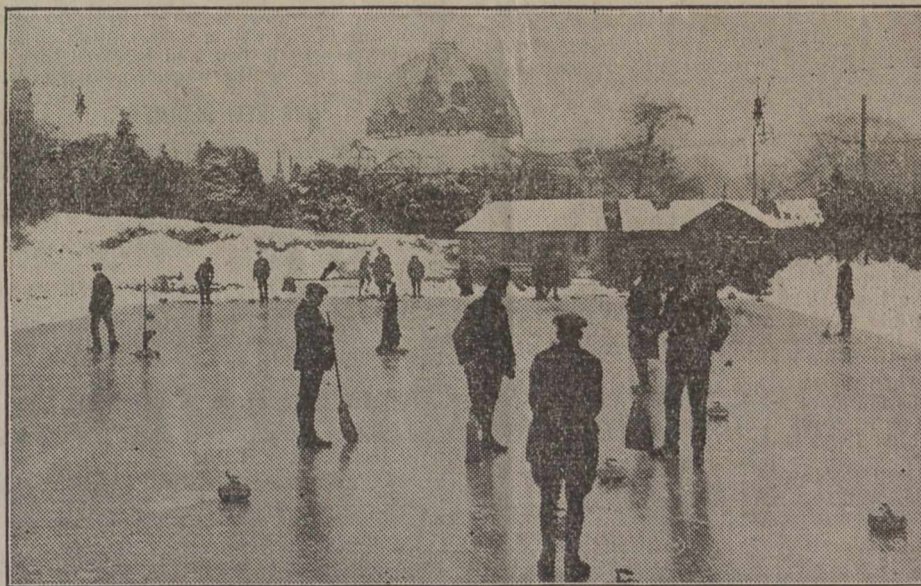
The following letter has been received by the commanding officer, and it is unnecessary to state that the request therein contained will be complied with:

"St. George's Hospital,
"Lawn Road,
"Doncaster,

"To the O.C., Canadian Red Cross Hospital,
Buxton.

"Dear Sir,—I am in the above-named hospital and have received one of your papers, "Red Cross Special," and thought it very good. There are several of the Canadians here, and all say they would like the paper regular. Would it be any trouble to you or your staff to send a copy or two each week and so help some of us along. Hoping you will excuse the liberty I have taken in writing.—I am,
Dear Sir, yours truly,

26th Canadians.



Curling in Buxton.

MILITARY MISTAKES.

WHEN COLOURS ARE NOT COLOURS.

Never talk about the "colours" of a cavalry regiment. Cavalry regiments carry "standards" or "guidons." The Household Cavalry carry the former, as well as the Dragoon Guards. Other dragoon regiments carry the latter.

Hussar and lancer regiments do not carry colours of any sort. Neither do rifle regiments. The Royal Regiment of Artillery carry neither colours nor battle honours. The guns are their colours, and they have been in every battle.

Very few regiments have the right of marching through London with "colours flying" (in spite of the newspaper reports). The Buffs (East Kent Regiment) is one of the few. This privilege is a relic of the days when the Buffs began as one of the Trained Bands.

If you tell your friends that you heard a cavalry bugler sound the charge, you are being foolish. Only infantry regiments have buglers; cavalry regiments have trumpeters.

Be wary about talking of non-commission ranks in the Household Cavalry. There are no sergeants in the corps. They are called corporals-of-horse and corporal-majors.

Don't say that the Royal Artillery has the "Right of the Line," that is, that the Artillery has right to take precedence on parade before all other regiments. Only the Royal Horse Artillery has the "Right of the Line." The Royal Field Artillery ranks after the cavalry.

The fact that their buttons and shoulder plates are black and don't need the button-stick is not the only distinguishing mark of rifle regiments. Rifle regiments never "slope arms," they carry their rifles at the "trail"; in non-technical terms, that means gripped by the middle and held by the side.

Speaking of buttons, the Royal Field Artillery has the right to wear a flat button. At the battle of Maiwand, where several batteries fought magnificently, a driver fell and was trampled on by a horse; his battery, nevertheless, brought both him and the guns away safely. In hospital the wounded man's tunic button was found flattened on his breast-plate. To commemorate Maiwand the R.F.A. wear flat buttons.

Another "dress" point. The Black Watch is the only kilted regiment to wear a red plume. All the others sport white "haches." The Black Watch won this in Flanders in 1794, by saving two guns after the defenders and some cavalry that was supporting had been thrust back by the French. Enraged that the cavalry had been driven back, the general, Sir David Dundas, called, "Forty-Second, the Dragoons shall never wear the red plume in their helmets any more, and I hope the Forty-Second will carry it so long as they are the Black Watch." It might be said that the Dragoons, in spite of Sir David Dundas, still carry a shade of red as well as white in their plumes.

Do not speak in general terms of officers being in mufti in these days of war, or if you are wiser than that, don't insist that all officers have to wear khaki all the time in war. Most officers have to wear khaki all the time; officers of the Guards, on the other hand, have the privilege of wearing mufti in the evening.

Look carefully at the officers of the Guards and you will see that they do not wear riding breeches as other officers do. It is strict etiquette to wear loose trousers turned down over the puttees in the style enforced on privates.

The officers of some regiments—the Royal Irish Regiment, for instance—have the right to discard the sword-holder on their Sam Browne.

Finally, don't call the Coldstream Guards the "Coldstreams"; next to losing a battle they consider this the most terrible thing to happen to them. Their correct name is the "oldstreamers."

MORE KIND WORDS.

October 14th, 1916.

Dear Sir,—I enjoy reading your racy periodical and wish you and it every success.

Your lines on "Thou shalt not kill" are particularly fine and deserve the widest publicity. Any prints I have you may use for reproduction.—Sincerely yours,

W. PILKINGTON.

PAIN IN LOST LIMBS.

SOME QUEER SURGICAL MYSTERIES.

Soldiers who have lost their arms and legs in battle often tell astonishing stories about feeling intense pain in the stumps of the limbs that have been cut off. One man had his left foot shot off. He used to have corns on it, from which he suffered excruciating pain. Now, though he has lost the foot, he states that he still continues to feel the twinges of pain that formerly came from the corns. It seems difficult to believe. But it is true all the same. Here is an instance of a man in America who lost his leg by an accident. It was buried in a churchyard. But it was not buried straight, and the man continued to feel cramp-pains till it was dug up and straightened. This is the story as told by a New York Journalist.

Strange tales have often been told of cripples who, many years after the accident which left them maimed, have suffered aches and pains from the severed member, though it was safely buried, perhaps in some quiet churchyard a thousand miles away, but such statements, though backed by medical science, have seemed so weird and improbable that the average reader will probably remain sceptical even though such a case has recently come to light in McAlester, and is vouched for by the sexton of Oakhill Cemetery and his wife, as well as the party who owned the buried limb.

About three weeks ago Anderson Pugh, a local employe of the Standard Oil Company, had his leg amputated as a result of an accident. The leg was buried by George Burt, the sexton of Oakhill Cemetery. What happened after that time is told by Mr. Burt in his own way, and affirmed by Mrs. Burt, who was a witness to all that transpired.

"A few days ago," says Mr. Burt, "Anderson Pugh came to me and said, 'Burt, you have buried my leg in a cramped position, leaving a crease in the bottom of the foot, and it is giving me such pain that I want you to take it up, straighten it out, and bury 't again.' He described the crease, telling just how it ran across the bottom of the foot.

"Well, I went to the cemetery the next day and dug up the limb, and sure enough I found that I had buried it so that it was cramped, leaving a crease in the foot just as Mr. Pugh had described. I straightened the member out and replaced it in the grave. Mr. Pugh says that since that time he has not suffered the slightest pain from the missing leg."

Anderson Pugh, the man who lost the leg, said that everything Sexton Burt had told was true. He declared that he had suffered constant pain from the time his leg was buried, and the feeling had always been with him that the leg was stiff and cramped until it had been unearthed and reinterred by the sexton, after which all pain had vanished.

Sexton Burt said this was the second case of the kind which had come under his observation, the other being that of Elmer Mize, an employe of the City Barber Shop, who lost an arm in a railroad accident about four years ago. Young Mize, when seen recently, said his arm had been buried with the hand doubled, and the pains had become so severe that he was forced to go to Sexton Burt and request him to take up the member and straighten the fingers. This was done, but such a space of time had elapsed that it was impossible to fully remedy the evil, and Mize declared that the cramping sensation in the missing arm is always with him, becoming so pronounced sometimes at night that he will awaken from sleep and spring out of bed crying with pain.

WHIST DRIVE AND DANCE.

The first public whist drive and dance given by the 288th Company, R.E., was held Thursday evening in the Town Hall, which was liberally patronized, and a most enjoyable time was passed. Good music was in attendance and the floor all that could be desired. It is understood that Thursday's night's affair will be followed by many others of a similar nature during the winter months.

Old Gent in a restaurant: "Waiter, do you know you have your thumb in my soup?"
Waiter: "That's all right, sir; it isn't hot."

LIGHT GREY FOR SOLDIERS.

UNIFORMS WHICH BECOME INVISIBLE.

What colour can be seen the farthest? What is the most conspicuous colour? Experiments to answer these questions have been made to determine the colour best suited for a soldier's uniform. The experiments proved that few people realize the difference colours can make or their real relation to one another.

The ideal soldier's costume is one that soon fades into the background, and that does not show at all from a distance, making it invisible to the enemy. In order to prove the relative conspicuousness of colours, twelve soldiers were dressed in coloured uniforms and ordered to march off, while a group of officers and colour experts remained behind to take notes on the uniforms. Two of the twelve soldiers were clad in light grey, two in dark grey, two in green, two in dark blue, two in scarlet, and two in tan, as these are the colours most fitted for uniforms.

The first to disappear were the light grey. The next two were the tan. The next, surprising as it may seem to those who believe they know colours, were the scarlet. Then followed the dark grey, while the dark blue and green remained visible long after the other colours had disappeared.

Experiments were also made at firing at targets of various colours, with the same results. Red and blue targets were also experimented with, and it was proved that blue could be more easily seen at a distance, and hit, than could red.

MAKING STEEL HELMETS.

The steel helmets adopted by the French and British weigh from 14lb. to 15lb. each. The materials employed in the making consist of plates of steel for the convex helmet and for the visor and neck piece, leather and cloth for the lining, and aluminium to make the waving "plaquettes" which form the springs between the lining and the interior surface of the steel. The rolled steel plate has to be supple enough to be worked cold, as heating would lessen its resisting qualities. A special steel obtained from very pure castings, free from phosphorus or sulphur, has therefore to be used. The outer lining is made of sheepskin, whilst for the inner old cloth is utilized.

The helmets are painted with a dull grey similar to that of the gun, which is difficult to distinguish at a very short distance. The spraying process used has the advantage of being very rapid and of giving an inequality of surface, besides drying almost immediately. The interior of the helmet is painted by the same process. To add to the permanence of the paint the helmets are then suspended on bars in a gas-oven, where they are thoroughly dried.

The lining consists of a cloth cap, to which is fixed a segment of black glazed (glacé) leather cut in a particular form. Each skin provides at least five linings, so that for 3,000,000 helmets 600,000 sheepskins have been used. The lining projects a trifle below the helmet, so that the metal in no place comes into contact with the man's head, says the "Sphere." When finished the helmets are packed in wooden cases and sent off to the different corps, where they are distributed.

THRASHED THE KAISER.

WHEN HE DEFIED HIS ROYAL GRANDMOTHER.

Sir Charles Hallé, the famous musician, once described the Kaiser in his boyhood as "charming, but a devil." On one occasion the little Prince was staying with Queen Victoria, and entered the Queen's room just as Sir Charles was leaving it. The Queen told him to salute her visitor. He refused, and she asked him what his mamma would say if she were told that her little boy was impolite. However, he would not move. The Queen insisted that he should obey, and the delightful eight-year-old boy, looking straight into her eyes, said:—

"I will not!"
This, according to Miss Clare Jerrold in "The Widowhood of Queen Victoria" (Eveling Nash), was followed by a spanking, or, as the musician put it, "a veritable struggle and a very painful one took place between grandmother and grandson. At last the child yielded and made a deep bow."

It would seem that the only person who could defy Queen Victoria with impunity was the immortal John Brown, her faithful servant. One morning when he was busy salmon fishing a servant went to him, saying: "Mr. Brown, Her Majesty wishes you to go to her."

"Weel, just tell Her Majesty that Ah canna come; Ah'm juist hooking a feesh."

A little later the servant went again; the Queen wanted to see him at once.

"Weel, ye must tell Her Majesty that Ah've juist hooked the saumun, and Ah canna come the noo."

Queen Victoria, wishing to have a boat of some sort for use on Virginia Water, consulted John Brown, who asked her what was the good of fooling away so much money. Later Her Majesty suggested a steam launch, but her servant snubbed her with the same retort. At last, through some influence, the Admiralty provided a barge at the public cost of £700. John Brown, however, still scowled until told that the Admiralty had paid for it, whereupon he graciously ejaculated:—

"Weel, if they like to fule awa' their money, o' course they can."
Brown was also credited with telling the Queen on more than one occasion that she did not know her own mind for two minutes together, a freedom which would have been allowed to no one else on earth.

Lady (rather difficult to please): "I like this one, but I see it is made in Germany."

Salesman: "Well, if you like it madam, I wouldn't take much notice of that statement; it's probably another German lie."