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## Appendages.

ARMS and legs are appendages, dangling from our human trunk, and very useful they are, too. With the upper we fight, and with the lower we may run away. For 'twas said—

He who fights and runs away,  
Will live to fight another day.

We said *may*, for boys of the British breed do not run away. When the bayonet's in hand, and there's fighting to be done, the appendages show the stuff they're made of. Firm on your pins, it is then, my lads, and parry and thrust, it is then, my boys, for the British brain sends down to those same appendages the list of duties to be done, and they never fail, unless the stout, fearless, stubborn heart is stilled in death. How eagerly those legs vault over the parapet when an attack is on hand; how magnificently those arms cut and slash in hand-to-hand conflict. Oh! but they are telling members, these appendages of ours! They were made for activity, for adventure, for accomplishment. Last year they marched through the broad highways of Canada, these boys of ours, with heads erect, arms swinging, and feet in perfect rhythm. How splendid they looked; how proud we were of them. We are prouder to-day, for from the furnace of suffering and sacrifice they have returned, many of them maimed, but magnificent in their manhood. The jolliest boys at the Granville have been our legless and armless heroes. They come and go in endless procession, but their sojourn with us is ever a benediction. We couldn't understand at first how they could be so merry, but as we have known them better, we begin to appreciate some of their philosophy. One day two of our legless lads, to while away a sunny hour, began to fence with the second crutch. The fun waxed boisterous, when he of the left leg knocked the weapon from him of the right. Nothing daunted, each grasped his remaining crutch and continued the battle, hopping to and fro. Presently both crutch weapons were knocked high in the air, and hopping on his one good appendage, each threw out an arm to steady the other, tired but triumphant. Bravo! you lads who have lost so much. Appendages are very useful, but they are not necessary to happiness, and so you have taught us.

O. C. J. W.