

THE CANADIAN RED CROSS SPECIAL.

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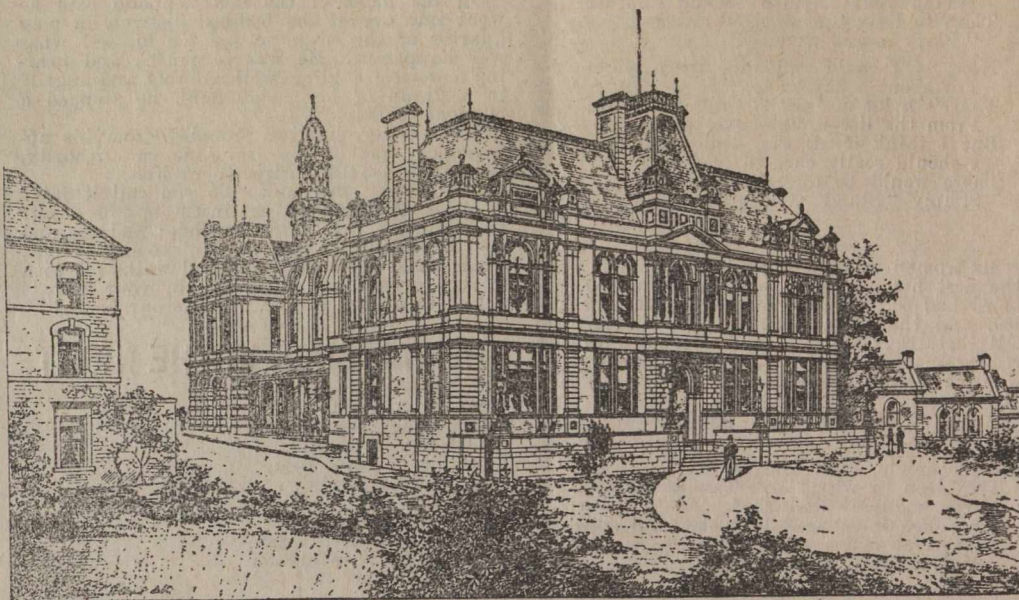
BUXTON, SATURDAY, OCTOBER 28, 1916.

NO. 11.

COMBINED CONCERT AT GRANGE SCHOOL.

Talent of Three Hospitals Give an Excellent Programme.

What was practically a repetition of the feast of music rendered last week at the Opera House was given on Saturday last at the Grange Girls' School in the hall of that institution. A good-sized audience was present and thoroughly enjoyed the splendid programme that was presented. Each number was heartily applauded and encores demanded and accorded. Among a number of performers of such excellence it would be unfair to mention any particular one. A detailed account of the previous event was given in last week's issue of this paper, and it is unnecessary to repeat it. After the concert had been brought to a successful close to the entire satisfaction of those present, tea was served in the dining room to the soldier entertainers and thoroughly enjoyed by them. Several of the young ladies of the school looked after the wants of the invited guests, and that their efforts were successful was attested by the ample justice done to the tempting viands.



Town Hall, Buxton.

SELECT AUDIENCE GREETS CANADIANS.

Concert Given in the Drawing Room of the Buxton Hydro.

A select audience of about 100 people listened to a well-rendered programme on Sunday evening in the drawing room of the Buxton Hydro by the orchestra of the Canadian Red Cross Special Hospital, ably assisted by Sergt.-Major Carpenter, Pte. Lebreche, and Pte. Rocca, the latter of the V.A.D. Hospital, and, judging by the generous applause accorded each number those present were well pleased with the efforts of the entertainers.

After a selection by the orchestra, "The Quaker Girl," which was rendered in fine style, Pte. Rocca, who has never before been heard to better advantage, gave two selections, "Because," and "When You Come Home," the latter sweet melody being especially well received. Sergt.-Major Carpenter, whose ability is now better known hereabouts than that of any professional entertainer, next gave, "How We Save the Barge," and as an encore told a number of amusing stories, of which he seemingly has an inexhaustible store. Still more was demanded of him and he sang "Uncle George," which was heartily applauded. Pte. Rocca was again called upon and very feelingly sang "Until," giving "Juinessi" as an encore. "Valse Decembre" by the orchestra was followed by the French comic song, "Alouette," by Pte. Lebreche, who has become a great favourite with Buxton music lovers. He has a splendid baritone voice which he uses to good advantage. The audience demanded an encore, to which he responded with "The Marseillaise," which never fails to please an English audience, especially at this time. A selection by the orchestra, "Miss Hook or Holland," was well received, when Sergt.-Major Carpenter again delighted those present with two songs and a number of stories, receiving his customary meed of applause. "O Canada," and "God Save the King" brought a very enjoyable programme to a close, after which the performers were conducted to the dining room, where delicious refreshments were served to them. In the absence of Corpl. Thompson, who usually fills the position of accompanist, Miss Whitaker, of the V.A.D., very acceptably acted in that capacity, and to the entire satisfaction of all present.

UNDER WATER ALL THE WAY!

WHY SUBMARINES WILL NEVER BE USED FOR PASSENGERS AND CARGO.

When the German submarine Deutschland crossed the Atlantic with a commercial cargo, a discussion arose as to whether there is any likelihood of submarine voyages of this character becoming general. A quiet and unbiassed look at the facts may help in coming to a decision on this point.

From the view-point of profit the trip of the German submarine may be counted a success, but this is only because of her particular cargo and the abnormal conditions which happen to prevail just now.

America is threatened with a famine in dyes. The Deutschland could not have carried anything that would have commanded a higher figure. Before the war, dyes in America could be bought at \$12 a ton, and now the manufacturers are prepared to pay twenty times this price for even the commonest kind of dye. That is one side.

The biggest difficulty, and the most costly thing about the Deutschland's trip was fuel, the average price of which is about £3 per ton. Now, it must be borne in mind that a submarine is really a double ship, or really a ship with a double hull, and that the space between the outer and inner skins is usually employed for water ballast tanks, for taking the ship below the surface when required.

Supposing that these tanks were filled with oil or gasoline when the ship left harbour. As this was utilised water would be admitted, thus leaving the weight of the hull practically unaltered, and it would be possible for a voyage of about 6,000 miles to be accomplished without re-fuelling.

The Deutschland's speed was, no doubt, about 10 knots throughout the voyage, and it is safe to assume that she did at least three-quarters of the distance on the surface. Her fuel consumption at this speed is about fifteen tons per 1,000 miles, or over fifty tons for the trip outwards.

At £3 per ton this equals £150, which, under the conditions I have already mentioned, is equal to a ton of cargo. I am basing my figures on the statement of her commander, who says that it took sixteen days to make the journey, and that she travelled 3,800 miles, measured by the log.

On the face of it this trip seems sensational, but when one remembers that, long before the war, two submarines made the trip from England to Australia under their own power; that submarines far smaller than the Deutschland went out to China; and that a number of British boats have crossed the Atlantic since hostilities were commenced, it proves itself an ordinary occurrence, not worth boasting about.

Personally, I do not think that the submarine is every likely to be employed in ordinary circumstances, either as a cargo or passenger-carrying boat.

For instance, the only room that can be allowed for the storage of cargo is that at present occupied by the torpedo tubes and war-head magazines in war vessels; the rest of the space is occupied by the hundred and one things that go to make up necessary equipment and driving machinery and in providing exceedingly cramped quarters for as small a crew as possible.

Under the deck of a submarine colossal electric storage batteries have to be fitted for running the motors, simply because gasoline engines cannot be used when the vessel is submerged. As a matter of fact they occupy rather more than two-thirds of the interior space of the vessel, and if these could be cleared away by the invention of an engine which would run the boat both on top of and under the water, there would be provided a much larger stowage space for cargo. But this time is not yet, in spite of the efforts of hundreds of ship constructors.

The cost of running a line of this kind, the small number of articles which could be carried as cargo, and the difficulties with regard to berthing at terminal ports—all these point to the conclusion that neither now nor at any future time shall we run trans-Atlantic liners under, rather than on the surface of the water.



FAT FIGHTERS IN FUNNY FIXES.

HUMOURS OF ARMY OBESITY.

Now that the British Army runs into millions, it has provided many new problems for the authorities to wrestle with.

Not the least weighty of these is that presented by the abnormally obese recruit. Fortunately there are not many of him, but what he lacks in numbers he makes up for in perplexity.

The difficulty is to know how to house, clothe, and feed him. For one such fleshy recruit, who joined up in a northern town, there was no uniform that would go anywhere near him. As for boots, his size was absolutely unknown in Army circles.

His bulk was such that he would require a whole hut or tent to himself; and, liberal as Army rations are, to keep him going he required about three times the amount of food served out to the normal soldier. Small wonder that, after pondering over his extraordinary ponderosity, the military authorities told him to go home and stay there until further notice.

A gallant French soldier's obesity was responsible for putting him in a good many funny fixes. For years it was to him a weariness of the flesh in more senses than one. It restricted his enjoyment of life, although it added to the entertainment of others.

On various occasions it caused him to become jammed in doorways and to travel in luggage vans, not to mention sleeping on the floor because no bed of sufficient size was available.

He tried all manner of means to throw off his obesity, but it continued to grow upon him. If he fasted his weight only increased, and if he took arduous exercise he lost nothing by it.

When war broke out he carried his fat on to the battlefield. Even there it proved nearly his undoing, for one day he got stuck in a crater made by a German shell, and had to be hauled out by his comrades under heavy fire. They declare that he has already killed several Huns by falling on them.

Then there was the case of a certain French naval officer. Some time ago he arranged to make a trip in a submarine off Toulon. On essaying to board the vessel at that port, however, he proved to be much too portly.

By no manner of means could he be squeezed aboard, and the consequence was that the intended trip had to be abandoned.

The Italian military authorities are not without their "fat" problems. The other day an exceedingly stout Piedmontese presented himself for training.

He had made the journey from his home in a cattle truck, into which he was hoisted from outside the railway station, which had no gateway wide enough to admit him.

There are probably more abnormally fat men in the German Army than in any other in the world. Not a few fat Huns owe their capture to the superfluous flesh they carried; and one of the loudest laughs our Tommies have had in the whole course of the war was provided by it.

After a very lively "scrap," when the prisoners were coming in, a huge Bavarian, of enormous bulk, with a little Englishman astride of him, was seen approaching.

With his human burden he presented such a grotesque spectacle that he was greeted with roars of laughter, which were redoubled when his "mount" nimbly descended and handed over his two-legged steed as a prisoner.

A Buxton citizen sends in the following: "My nephew, a sergeant in the R.E. Signals, writing from Salonica says: 'One of the first things seen by a Tommy on landing at Salonica was a man sawing timber by drawing the wood across a saw fixed between his legs. He also found that each street has its own peculiar smell, with a blend at every corner.'"

MODERN GIANTS.

A RECRUIT WHO IS 8FT. 2 1/2 IN.

An unusual problem has to be faced by the military authorities in Wiltshire in the shape of a young man named Mr. Frederick Hempster, who is said to be 8ft. 2 1/2 in. in height and still growing.

Mr. Hempster, who not long ago passed his majority, turns the scale at 27st. His boots are marked "size 22," and a penny can be dropped through his ring. When he travels he goes in the guard's van, the available space in an ordinary coach being too restricted for comfort. Three ordinary beds have to be placed side by side for him to sleep in; he can span two octaves on a piano and light a cigarette comfortably at a street lamp. As the military authorities do not know what they could possibly do with him in the Army, he remains for the time being peacefully at home.

At one time the distinction of being the tallest man in the British Army belonged to Pte. H. Barter, who joined the Grenadier Guards five years ago. Eighteen years of age at that time, he stood 6ft. 8 1/2 in. in his stockings, and was still growing rapidly.

On Pte. Barter joining the Army the record of Major Oswald Ames, of the 2nd Life Guards, who reached the height of 6ft. 7 1/2 in. was beaten. Major Ames had previously held the record for the British Army by 3in.

These records, however, are easily surpassed by that of Machnow, who created a sensation at the London Hippodrome some years ago, and who weighed over 32st., and was 9ft. 3in. in height. The cloth used for one suit of clothes for him was sufficient to have made suits for six ordinary individuals.

Mention of Machnow recalls Miss Mariedl, the Tyrolean giantess, who stood 8ft. 3in. high. Twenty-three years of age, her physical attractions were such that while appearing at the London Hippodrome she received a proposal of marriage from a Mr. Darra, the son of a wealthy Australian farmer, who stood no less than 8ft. 8in. high in his boots. Mr. Darra was reported to have two sisters in Australia, each of whom was 7ft. 6in. in height, while his father stood 8ft. 3in. in his socks.

Another giant whom Londoners had an opportunity of seeing a few years ago was Constantine the Great, a giant standing 8ft. 1in. in his stockings, with a chest girth of 53in. To satisfy the needs of the inner man he partook of five or six meals a day.

Chang, the Chinese giant, who ended his days at Bournemouth some years ago, was a man of enormous size, tanding over 8ft. in his socks and turning the scale at 26st. He used to declare, however, that he had a sister in China who could easily look over his head. This remarkable aldy was 8ft. 4in. in height weighed 23st., and had a hand with a span of 2ft.

CANADA'S FIRST FARMER.

The first farmer settler in Canada who lived on the produce of the soil was Louis Hebert, an apothecary from Paris, who landed in Quebec in 1617 with his wife and children, and at once started to clear and cultivate the soil on what is now the site of the Cathedral of Quebec, the Seminary, and part of the Upper Town. With a spade as his only tool he worked and re-worked the soil until it was ready to receive seed. He threw in seed from France, planted apple and rose trees, and at last saw waving in the breeze the golden grain, the flowers, and fruits from his motherland. The third centenary of the landing of Louis Hebert will be commemorated in Quebec in 1917, and a Citizens' Committee has been formed to erect a monument to the first farmer of the Dominion.

HEARD IN THE TRAIN.

THE INQUIRING MIND.

Soldier (on leave): W'y 'e seems to 'ave grow'd since I saw 'im larst.
Wife (querulously): I can't see it meself. If 'e's grow'd in anythink it's wickedness. The queschuns 'e arks is enough to drive ennybody mad.

Soldier: Pooch! They do awsk queschuns at 'is age, don't they, son?
Small Boy: Don't 'oo wot, farther?

Soldier: W'y, little boys like you awsk lots o' queschuns?
Small Boy: Wot about?

Soldier: W'y everything. (To Wife): Let 'em, I ses. The's 'ow they learn. W'en I was in our mess-room the other day, a lance-corporal wot was swankin' 'is noo stripe sed—
Small Boy: Farther, wot's a mess-room?

Soldier: W'y, the room w'ere you messes, o course.
Small Boy: I never!

Soldier: Don't be silly. I sed a mess-room was the room w'ere we messes.
Small Boy: 'Oo messes, farther?

Soldier: W'y, my platoon.
Small Boy: Wot's a platoon, farther? Is it a animal?

Soldier (bitterly): No, but the platoon sergeant is.
Small Boy (excitedly): Do you keep it chained up, farther?

Soldier: No—worse luck. (Turning to wife): But I was tellin' you about that lance-corporal. 'E comes into the mess an'—
Small Boy: Wot's a lance-corporal, dad?

Soldier: Not so much as 'e thinks 'e is. (To wife): But I was tellin' you about 'im. 'E comes into the mess—
Small Boy: W'y does 'e come into the mess, farther?

Soldier: Becos it's 'is duty, o' course. Well, 'e comes into the mess, an' shouts—
Small Boy: Did 'e shout becoss 'e came into the mess, farther?

Soldier: Keep quiet a minute, sonny, there's a good lad. 'E comes into the mess, an' shouts—
Small Boy: Shouldn't 'e 'ave shouted, farther? Mother's orlways tellin' me I shouldn't shout.

Soldier: You shouldn't ask so many queschuns, my son.
Wife: Don't be so sharp with 'im, Jim. 'Ere you are, on'y jest comin' 'ome on leaf, an' you're scoldin' the boy already.

Soldier: Nothink o' the sort! On'y w'en 'e interrupts, I—
Wife: 'E never. You've gotter narsty temper, the's wot it is.

Soldier: 'Ere, wot's the matter?
Wife: Never you mind wot's the matter. The Army ain't doin' you no good, the's wot it is. (Left yapping.)