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5th AUGUST, 1916.

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EDITORIAL.

Canada's national emblem, the Maple Leaf, has not the antiquity of the Rose, the historic interest of the Shamrock, the significance of the Thistle, but at this time of national crisis it is much more than a mere symbol, it is something for whose honour thousands of Canada's sons have already laid down their lives, and for which thousands more are gladly fighting to-day.

The Maple Leaf stands for Canada, an integral part of our great Empire, it turns our thoughts homewards to our fair Dominion, to our lakes and our forests, our valleys and rivers, our wayside hamlets and thriving cities, our institutions founded on principles of freedom, justice and industry, and last, but not least, to the dear loved ones left behind.

Well do we remember our departure from Valcartier almost two years ago. The maple leaves were then wearing their brightest autumnal tints, and many of our boys proudly wore this emblem as they boarded the troopship about to bear them across the broad Atlantic. Many of these boys have fallen on the field of honour, and now rest in graves scattered throughout Flanders. This thought renders the Maple Leaf still more sacred. We will ever associate it with those who will never again see Canada, but whose example will always help those who had the privilege of knowing them.

We regret that circumstances prevent us giving lists of casualties in the 1st, 2nd and 3rd Canadian Field Ambulances, but we take this occasion to extend to all relatives of those who have fallen the heartfelt sympathy of all the Officers, N.C.O.'s and men. The greatest consolation is that they made the sacrifice in devoting themselves to their wounded and suffering fellow-men.

"DULCE ET DECORUM EST PRO PATRIA MORI."

THE BOLD CANADIAN SPIRIT.

My friends at home, may I for a moment take your attention, and draw for you a picture of true bravery.

Picture to yourselves a dug-out, dimly lit by candles, with shelves on which are dressings and bandages of various shapes and sizes, and here and there a bottle of Iodine, which the

wounded dread more than bullets because of its sting.

The doctors are waiting to work over a stretcher case just being brought in by two muddy stretcher-bearers. The stretcher is put in place and the blanket is drawn back from the face of a man whose head is swathed in wadding or a bandage, covered with mud. Both legs are broken and equally covered with mud and slime. In spite of all these horrible wounds and the pain caused by them, a smile lights up the face of the hero; he asks for water in a hollow voice, and after he has received it he says: "Well, Doc, old sport, we did the trick, and Fritz will not forget us in a hurry. We've won the lost trenches and more; those four days in the land swept by a hell of shot and shell have passed, and Gee! I wish I had the Kaiser in my grasp; he would die for the pain and suffering caused, and the death of my chum Jack, who, poor lad, has been with me through it all from the first. Say, Doc., how's the chance for a cig., I'm crazy for a smoke!"

The work of dressing the wounds and applying splints to the broken limbs has finished and the hero is carried to the ambulance. God speed him and may he have the best of luck and a speedy recovery.

Say! do you guys at home in your fancy-cut suits and dinky shirts and ties, realise what the men are doing out here for you? Men lying out in the open for four days wounded, and exposed to all kinds of weather, and living through it all with a smile and a joke on their lips. Do not let your conscience trouble you any longer, but join up and be a man, for a time is coming when those of us who are left will return, and then where will you fit?

E. D. F.

FALSE ALARM.

A frightful whiff that made us choke
Came wafted on the breeze;
It killed the vegetation and
It shrivelled up the trees,
We thought it was a gas cloud that
Was coming from afar—
'Twas only *— — puffing at
A dix centime cigar.

(* The gentle reader can fill in the name. We really must not be too personal.)

YPRES AT NIGHT.

(Written for "N.Y.D.")

Gaunt ruins, standing bleak and bare,
Departed is thy glory,
The night flares' intermittent glare,
Unfold thy bitter story.
Where all was life and busy toil
A few short months ago,
Now desolation reigns supreme,
And sad and bitter woe.

Yon gaping wall upon our right
Was once a stately hall,
An artist's joy, a builder's pride,
Supreme and stately, tall—
Whilst crumbling ruins close at hand,
Standing out gaunt and white,
Were once a sacred edifice,
Indeed a sorry sight.

(A deafening crash salutes the ear
That echoes far and wide;
There's a sound of rending timbers
And of falling brick beside.
Old Fritz is getting busy on
The poor old town to-night,
He's just a-throwing off his chest
His usual evening spite.)

Within thy square, now desolate,
On toil and pleasure bent,
And through thy thronging busy streets
A care-free people went
Upon their daily task, without
A thought of war's alarms.
Alas! grim harvest of the war,
Departed are thy charms.

(What is that running 'cross the road,
That black, uncanny thing?
See! there's another one as well,
What omen does it bring?
'Tis the old town's chief habitant—
And vermin too at that!
All living things have quit the town
And left it to the RAT!)

Historic city of the past,
In days that are to be,
May glad and peaceful times in store
The future hold for thee.
From out thy ruins, bleak and bare,
May a new city rise,
With spires and turrets pointing up
Once more unto the skies.

R. O. S.

SURE THING!

Send in the news what'er it be,
Don't let it run to waste,
A page of local stuff is worth
A ton of "Scissors and paste."

The Iodine Chronicle

Printed by kind permission of Lt.-Col. R. P. WRIGHT, Officer Commanding
No. 1 CANADIAN FIELD AMBULANCE.—1st Canadian Division.

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Major George J. Boyce.

CIRCULATION MANAGER:
Capt. A. D. McConnell.

NEWS EDITOR:
Corpl. R. O. Spreckley.

No. 9.

5th AUGUST, 1916.

ANOTHER BRILLIANT FEAT BY DAY, THE GREAT DETECTIVE.

(THE MYSTERY OF THE NIBBLED PENCIL.)

Three soldiers walking along a country road in Belgium, one day, picked up a pocket book; it was just an ordinary pocket book, such a one as can be obtained at any canteen, and there was nothing remarkable about that—but—*it was full of the most weird hieroglyphics* and that was what caused them surprise. The first, as he scanned the pages, was of opinion that it had been left behind by a Sikh, and therefore it was of no use trying to *sikh* for the owner. The second was of opinion that it was a diary, written in his native tongue by a Chinese attaché attached to the General Staff, whilst the third was confident that it was the note-book of an Allemand airman dropped from a Taube, and he supported this contention by saying it was *Double-Dutch* to him anyway, and further that it should be taken to H.Q. "*toot sweet*," the more so, as on one page some peculiar markings looked not unlike the grand plan of front line trenches. Having heard of Day (of the firm of Day and Night, the great detectives) they decided, however, to consult him forthwith, which they accordingly did. They stated their case and produced their find, and the great detective examined the book carefully, first asking his visitors to be seated; and during the 15 minutes while he was giving the unique find undivided attention, the silence was so intense that one could have heard a "whiz-bang" drop.

At last the detective spoke: "the mystery is solved," said he. "Firstly, the owner is a Corporal." "Marvellous," unanimously cried the three in chorus. "You ask me how I come to that conclusion," he continued, "it is very simple—only a Corporal could find time to do all those marvellous hieroglyphics, for no private (for privates, mind you, always do all the work) could ever find time to do this, if he could. "Secondly," said the great Day, waving aside the fulsome praises in honour of his skill, "its owner is also a News Editor," and he triumphantly held up a lead pencil, badly nibbled at the end, which was stuck in the note-book. "As you are no doubt aware, a News Editor, if he wants to obtain pithy remarks, has to obtain pith somewhere or another; where does he obtain it? The solution is simple; where but by nibbling the pencil with which he writes—hence the nibbled pencil."

After his three listeners had been brought to, with the combined Sylvester, Schaefer and 15 other known remedies of restoring the unconscious, the detective proceeded: "Thirdly, as the writing in the book is the fiercest parody of calligraphy and the very worst specimen of the art I have ever been up against in all the years I have been in the business, and as a News Editor of a certain Field Ambulance has the reputation of being the worst proposition in this

respect (for confirmation of this go to the printers) I think I have solved the riddle to your satisfaction."

"Just one thing more," said one of his hearers, "whence come these plans of trenches in the note-book in question?" "Quite simple," responded the detective. "They are merely a rough outline of some *trench-ant* remarks for the next issue."

"A" SECTION NOTES.

The boys are rejoicing at being back in semi-civilisation again after their long and hard spell up the line.

Our old pal, S/Sgt. Smith, has returned to this outfit again, after being at Medical Stores for two months. As is well known, Smithy much prefers the smell of gunpowder to that of a drug-store. We are sorry to lose S/Sgt. Boone and Jack Le Caine, who have been sent to hospital. Anyway, after seventeen months in this country, we think they're entitled to say that they've done their bit.

Lieutenant Tommy Griggs, once a member of this Section, and now an officer in the R.A.M.C., is out in this glorious country again, and looking forward to the time when we shall meet. To use his own expression, "There'll be something doing."

Scotty Woods has lost his bay elephant again.

THIS AND THAT.

Congratulations to Sergt.-Major Boswell upon his being mentioned in Sir Douglas Haig's recent despatch.

Out of six matches played by No. One's football team this year, only one has been lost. Three recent victories were won against No. 3 Can. C.C.S., 1st Canadian Div. Train, and 5th Imperial Artillery Bgde.

No. 3 of the journal with the most original name in the B.E.F., viz., "The Dead Horse Corner Gazette," has now made its appearance, and we have to congratulate Editor Trowsdale upon his recovery from a serious illness, which was the cause of this number not making its appearance earlier.

Congratulations to our friend and contemporary Editor, Staff-Sergeant A. J. B. Milbourne upon his promotion to the rank of Lieutenant, and to his appointment to the position of Paymaster of "No. 3."

Don't forget to call at the Victoria League Club (16, Regent Street), Maple Leaf Club (11, Charles Street, Berkeley Square, W.), and Peel House Club (Regency Street, Westminster), when you go on pass, boys. These splendid clubs are run specially for Canadians and other men from the Overseas Dominions, and you'll be treated "white."

"B" SECTION NOTES.

F. M. Cahill writes cheerfully from a Hospital in Cambridge, although it is the *home of the Blues* (of a light variety, however). Arnprior papers please copy.

J. E. Perrault, the well-known apologist for the Canadian Navy, is thinking of getting a typewriter to repel all future attacks on the "Niobe."

Who was the "B" Section Staff Sergeant who spent quite a bit of time looking for the *N.C.O.'s dugout*? Was he successful in his quest?

Who was the compounder who could not diagnose the difference between petrol and water for shaving purposes?

A new and very popular book is shortly to be published by a very prominent delegate in "B" Section, entitled, "Your Ticket, and how to work it." The following are only a few of the interesting appreciations received:—

"After reading your book, *made the grade in 24 hours*."—Gratefully yours, BILLY FLAT FOOT (Pte.), No. 999,999,999 (Shorncliffe).

"Thanks to advice in your valuable work; managed to get back to the tall timbers absolutely without any difficulty."—HARRY COTT-VEINS, No. 23 (Canada).

AMPOULES.

The following startling cutting was clipped from our especially intellectual contemporary, "Tit Bits," so it is bound to be true:—

"The Government has ordered 10,000,000 lbs. of jam from Australia for the use of the troops at the Front. Much of it will be a novelty for the men, for it will consist of "Pie Melon" jam, made of melon, lemon, honey, and ginger."

"Hang on a little longer, boys,
To good old marmalade,
The jam, some jam is coming, boys,
So do not be dismayed.
(We only hope that on the road
It will not be delayed)."

Say, boys, wouldn't "Pie melon pie" have pumpkin just about beaten a mile?

After reading the above-mentioned clipping we went to sleep, and dreamt we saw something like the following in the "Pudville Gazette":—

"The British Government has given an order for umpteen millions of tins of potted meat to the Canadian Government. It will be some novelty, and a decided change to Bully Beef and Machonochie, consisting as it will of canvas back, antelope, gopher, caribou, kioti, prairie chicken and gopher meat.

Then we woke up!

THE TALE OF A PIE.

In the courtyard of a handsome residence, situated on the Rue du Musee, in the fair French town of B——, there lays an object which is a source of mystery to all strangers who see it. Pilgrims and antiquarians from all parts of the earth have travelled many weary miles to gaze upon it and endeavour to solve the mystery of its origin. Some have declared it to be an ancient Roman tomb-stone, others a meteor, but the majority seem to think it the foundation stone of an old feudal castle, time of William the Conqueror. But they are all wrong, utterly and absolutely wrong. Now for the revelation! Once upon a time, ages ago, this unit, between spells spent up in the firing line, converted that mansion in B—— into a Rest Station for weary soldiers, feeding them, resting

wreaths of smoke were emanating from the oven. In a frenzy of fear he threw open the oven door and drew forth what looked like a block of coal, incidentally burning his hands in the process. "She's just a little overdone, but, I guess when I scrape the black off she'll be O.K." With these words Lo—no, I won't tell his name—got to work scraping. Just then loud howls floated down from the officer's quarters, and an angry voice was heard demanding his beef steak *Toot sweet*. "Coming, sir," yelled the cook, but he had the forethought to send someone else up with the "pie." (At this moment I fled, thinking discretion was the better part of valour, so I must continue with stories told by eye-witnesses). "Hullo! what's this?" "Beg pardon, sir, cook thought you might prefer pie to steak." "Oh, he did, did

MECHANICAL TRANSPORT NOTES.

Much of the comfort and health of the drivers during the last few weeks of very tiring work was due to the efficient services of John L. in the kitchen. Hot meals and midnight lunches helped more than one man to keep a stiff upper lip under conditions that have been known to break men before.

By unanimous vote of the members of our convoy, Pte. Gowan's plan to erect a marble slab over the grave of our former comrade, William Sebborn, was adopted.

Those who were present with the First Field Ambulance at the Battle of Ypres last year, will remember Sebborn as one of the English boys attached to our convoy at that time. On the night of 25th April, 1915, his car was hit by a shell, and both drivers were terribly wounded, Sebborn dying the next day.

Will was one of the most fearless in the discharge of his duty, and he faced the supreme sacrifice in the same spirit, only regretting that he could do no more.

By the time this notice appears in print our hero's resting place will be permanently marked by the slab properly engraved. We hope this may be at least a small comfort to Will's only surviving sister in the Mother Country.

One punctured gas tank, one cracked crank case, one broken head-light, and three cars with the canvas forced off by concussion, comprise the list of our car casualties during the recent engagements. We are lucky to escape with such slight damage, and especially to know that while several of our drivers had their dignity hurt by being splashed with mud and fragments from shell explosions, no more serious results than headaches and temporary deafness were experienced. J. D. S.

THE TALE OF A PIE.



Drawn for the "I.C."

by Pte. Don Stuart.

them, clothing them, and filling their stomachs with medicines of a remarkable nastiness. And into that rest station one day came a gallant officer, weary and worn, demanding rest and good food to enable him in a short while to return and fight the savage Hun. He was asked what he desired for dinner. "A big juicy beef-steak and all the trimmings," said he, smacking his lips, at the very thought of the gorgeous feed to come. But the cook thought "No, I can do better than that. I'll gladden that officer's heart and stomach by constructing the most marvellous pie that ever was." Now some say that cookie was a builder before he came to war, but the truth of that statement cannot be vouched for. But he started in as if he knew *something* about bricklaying. First he drew plans, then with much sweating, and lolling of the tongue, he mixed the dough and started to build. Brick by brick—no, I mean little by little, the walls rose until the proper height was reached. The *tender* meat was then placed gently inside, rafters of dough laid on top, and the roof stuck, slammed (and some say nailed) on. Placing his work of art into the oven with a last caress, Mr. Chef thought he'd take a little walk, but, when alas! he gravitated back to his kitchen, thin

he? Well, we'll try it anyway." Try it he did, or at least he tried to try it. Knives, forks, swords, rifles, axes, chairs—all were smashed in a vain endeavour to crush in the iron walls of "the best pie that ever was." At last, with a despairing groan, the poor officer fell exhausted and had to be carried away on a stretcher. Someone fired the pie out of the window, but it killed two men and smashed a wagon before it struck the earth with a thud like a "Jack Johnson" landing. Poor cook nearly died under the fire of sarcasm and ridicule shot at him by his comrades, but, nevertheless, that "pie" remains as a lasting monument to his great constructive genius, let people say what they will. D.S.

AN INVERTEBRATE REPLY.

M. O. "Where are the *lumbar* regions?"

Particularly bright Private. "In British Columbia and Northern Ontario, sir!"

PESSIMISTIC, VERY.

"When is the paymaster going to pay?"

"After the war."

"After this war or the next war?"

"C" SECTION NOTES.

Honest Joe writes a characteristic letter to Cpl. Brown from Birmingham. He says in part, "I arrived in Blighty quite cheerfully, expecting operation to-day. Please convey to all the boys my best wishes. Tell them the old-timer is never downhearted; you would smile to see me with a blue suit on." We have since been pleased to hear that Fritz's souvenir has been successfully extracted.

After the appearance of our last number we had sympathy for the poor Umpire, when cries of "Kill the Ump." are rending the air. In a base-ball article it was inadvertently stated that "B" Section beat "C" Section. This was incorrect. "B" Section didn't beat "C" Section. How could they, when the latter team boasts such stars as Monette, McLean, and the redoubtable Dope Stewart in its line-up? The two teams tied on that memorable occasion when they came up against each other.

W. Craig, we are glad to hear, is getting along *jake*. He is a patient in the 1st London General Hospital.

At the Y.M.C.A. Victoria Day sports, W. Owen won a 3rd prize in the mile race, in which there were 15 entrants, whilst F. McLean came in 3rd in the running "hop, step and jump" and the broad jump. Who says that "C" Section hasn't any athletes?

THE SPLINT RECORD

Printed by kind permission of Lt.-Col. E. B. HARDY, O.C.

No. 2 FIELD AMBULANCE.

1st Canadian Division.

B. E. F.

No. 5. EDITOR: Major J. J. Fraser.

5th AUGUST, 1916.

NEWS EDITOR: Sergt. E. B. Rogers.

MY FIRST NIGHT AT AN ADVANCED DRESSING STATION.

'Twas some time ago, and I can laugh about it now, but so long as I live I'll never forget my first night at the Advance.

I had been at one of the base hospitals, doing surgery to the quiet musical roll of the waves on the beach near by; naturally timid, this work suited me down to the ground. But after nearly a year of it I welcomed the prospect of doing Ambulance work.

"Captain 'B'—You will report to the M.O. at the Advance for instruction. He is at 'K' farm. The ambulance will take you up." Thus said the O.C.

I had only arrived in D— at noon, and six o'clock the same day saw me safely dumped down at the so-called K— Farm. I say "safely" but I didn't feel that way then. I thought I had landed in the middle of a battle. Guns were roaring on all sides, and there were queer whistling sounds, a cloud of black smoke followed by deafening crashes. Fortunately they were some distance away, so pulling myself together I said "Regular thing, Sergeant?"

"Evening hate, Sir—tho' a bit lively to-night!" he replied.

I was somewhat reassured by the unconcerned way he took it all, tho' I noticed him stoop slightly when one seemed to whizz right over head.

"Where will I find the M.O.?" I asked, as I handed him my note.

"Not back yet, Sir, from his rounds of the aid-posts," then looking up from the note added, "Will you come over to his room, Sir?" and taking the will for the deed, led me over to a near-by farmhouse.

Have you ever seen one of these French farms, with its long narrow one-storied farmhouse, the two rows of sheds running at right angles from each end where the horses, cows, water-pump, chickens, and pigs are all mixed up. And then the barn on the fourth side, enclosing in the centre the far-famed "midden," filled with decaying stinking manure, and refuse of all kinds. It may not be an ideal sanitary arrangement, but it looks handy alright.

This aromatic pile was just under the M.O.'s window.

I was sitting there taking it all in, and wondering why I had ever given up my good home at the base, when along comes the M.O. himself.

"Hello"!! says he, "where did you come from?"

I explained that he was to initiate me into the secrets and mysteries of the War.

"That's fine; let's have some grub," and then we sat down to the repast prepared by "Jock," one time jockey, but now batman to the M.O. 'Twas "bully and biscuits," washed down by well boiled tea.

"The Ritz Carlton hasn't got anything on this when you're hungry" says the M.O. "Jock! bring in the Escoffier!"

"There isn't any, Sir."

"Well, peaches or strawberry jam."
"Sorry, Sir, but there are only a few cold apricots."

"That's a nice state of affairs," grouses the M.O., what the dickens is the matter with the Q.M., I wonder what he uses my indents for—"

Whiz, Whir-r-r-r-r—bang!!!

"Huh! getting close eh!"

Whirr-r-r-r-r—bang!!! and then another.

"Hey, Jock, where are they alighting now!" yells the M.O., looking a trifle concerned.

"Fifty yards up to the right," answers the faithful Jock.

I was too scared for words.

Crump!!! C-r-r-r-r-ump!!!

"Sounds as if they were after W—"

instructs the M.O.

"Got a hit on the Church, Sir!"

informs Jock."

Bang!!!!!!!!!! Z-Z-Z-Z-Z-Z-Z-z-z-z-z-z.

"Ah! listen! says the M.O., did you hear that? There it goes."

"What's that?" I managed to ask.

"That, my friend"—smiles the M.O.

—"That is the lone traveller of the sky that silences the Boschs all the way from Armentieres to the sea."

"One of our guns?" I venture.

"You bet—12" how.—throws a shell that costs a hundred pounds and busts up the Germans for 600 yards round when it explodes."

* * * * *

"Well what do you say, lets turn in," suggests the M.O., "got a gas helmet?—Yes!—that's good—never know when its going to come over, and the wind's in the east to-night!"

"What's it like?" I asked.

"Well, if you wait to smell it—you're dead that's all—you see the Boschs put on a machine gun fire to cover up the hissing of the cylinders—but we're on to them now."

* * * * *

"Pretty snug?" asks the M.O. as I crawl into my woolsey.

"Fine" says I, tho' I was never more scared in all my life. Out went the candles, and in two or three minutes the M.O. was sleeping the sleep of the just.

Between the sound of the shells, and thinking about the gas, I knew I couldn't sleep. But after awhile the big guns seemed to get tired, and one after another became silent.

I began to feel drowsy, and the M.O.'s musical snoring helped to re-assure me that I might live till the morning

I don't know what time it was, but I was just slipping away into oblivion, when the M.O. sat up in bed with a roar—"B—R—man, we're gassed."

You might as well kill a man as scare him to death, and I was so scared I couldn't answer.

"Do you hear that," yells the M.O.

"They're at it—there goes the machine guns!"

Up we got in the darkness.

"Will it explode?" I venture to ask trying to light a match. "Better not chance it," warns the M.O., as we feel

our way to the door. Once outside the noise soon quiets down to a few scattered rifle shots, and a beautifully rich smell of manure pervades the atmosphere.

"Guess it is alright"—sniffs the M.O., and back we go and get into our blankets—Guess I looked startled alright for the M.O. says—"Now B— you go to sleep—don't you worry—I'll smell the first bit of gas that comes in that door."

This time it took me longer to get to sleep and the M.O. again beat me to it. But I got there and was blissfully away back "Somewhere in Canada," when I was awakened a second time—again it was the M.O.'s terror-stricken cry—"B— B— look! there it is." I was too frightened to ask what "it" was, but in the light of dawn, I saw the M.O. make a vicious blow at the coal-scuttle near the head of his bed.

"Did you see that," yells the M.O.

"What was it?" I managed to ask.

"What was it?" a big rat standing right up looking at me. This is awful."

And then there are those who will maintain there is no romance in WAR.

M.O.

SPORTING NOTES.

MAY 21ST.—After defeating the Divisional Cavalry in two games, the baseball team lost to-day to the 10th Bn. by 11 to 9, ragged support losing Austin his game.

Score.	A.B.	R.	H.	P.O.	A.	E.	S.B.
De Gruchy	5	2	1	5	0	1	1
Burgess	5	2	2	2	1	3	1
Miller	5	1	1	0	1	4	3
Jeffs	4	0	0	1	1	2	1
Sherritt	5	0	2	16	1	0	0
Smith	5	2	0	1	0	0	2
Coyne	5	0	1	2	1	0	0
Austin	4	1	1	0	4	0	0
Cossey	5	1	0	0	0	0	1
Total	43	9	8	27	9	10	9

Score.	A.B.	R.	H.	P.O.	A.	E.	S.B.
Ross	6	2	3	3	0	1	1
Piket	2	1	0	0	0	1	0
Sixby	4	0	0	0	0	1	0
Wilson	6	3	2	0	3	0	0
Madill	6	0	1	3	0	3	0
Lefebvre	6	1	2	0	2	1	1
Stump	6	0	0	15	2	0	0
Atherton	5	0	0	1	0	0	0
Reid	5	2	1	5	0	4	0
Hardy	4	2	2	0	0	0	1
Total	48	11	11	27	7	11	3

Struck out by Austin, 10; Wilson, 10; Madill, 3.

MAY 23RD.—Won a poor 5 innings game from 10th to-day, 25—3.

Score.	A.B.	R.	H.	P.O.	A.	E.	S.B.
No 2 F.A.	38	25	17	15	3	2	10
10th Bn.	23	3	5	15	6	13	1

Struck out by Jeffs, 6; Hardy, 2; Wilson, 4.

THE ETERNAL QUESTION:

When do I go on leave?

THE BURNING QUESTION:

When's pay-day?

WHAT WE ALL WANT TO KNOW:

When the bloomin' war is going to end!

CHRONICLES OF THE
2nd FIELD AMBULANCE.

CHAPTER IV.

1. And it came to pass, on the first day of the tenth month, at the third hour, that all the vessels were gathered together unto one place.

2. And the word came unto the Commander of all the Army, saying :

3. This day do thou and all thy people that are with thee, look long upon the land of thy forefathers ;

4. For even at the fifteenth hour shall the Captain of the vessels order the Masters of vessels to lift their anchors, that they may be free to journey to a far country.

5. And even so it came to pass.

6. For the ships-of-war arrayed themselves thusly : in front three, and on the right one, and on the left one.

7. And the word came from the Captain of the ships-of-war, unto the Masters of the vessels carrying the men of war and their horses and their implements of war, saying :

8. Array thy vessels in lines of three and follow hard on the ship-of-war that leads you.

15. Two and twenty days was I and my leaders and my men, in the great vessel Laurentic.

16. We have eaten of the fat of the land, and slept in the easy places, and we waxed merry and our time lay not heavy upon our hands.

17. For my leaders did train my men in the art of their calling, even from the sixth unto the sixteenth hour.

18. And Hardy, my leader, did teach unto my men the art of signs and symbols, even with great perseverance.

19. And Snell and Fraser and Burgess worked cures even with the strangest of diseases.

20. And verily did not McKillip wax wroth at the smallest sign of uncleanness, and Fox prepare for his trials and troubles to come with much eating and sleeping.

21. And behold my men vied with each other and worked with cheerful hearts, yea, lifted their voices in strange tuneful music, in the early hours of the evenings.

22. And wonderful sights did we see, even vessels of unknown lands, and whales in the sea and all manner of strange fishes.

good ship Arcadian, soft our beds, and of the best our daily bread, yea even of the meat of the wild partridge and the wild pheasant.

31. And no day was like unto its fellow, for many were the pastimes of pleasure, and in the evenings were we filled with music and laughter.

32. And in the manly encounters did my men stand out high over the others, in wrestling and in boxing, in the long jump and in the rolling of dices.

33. Verily fifteen days dwelt we in the land of Canaan, in the Garden of Eden.

AT THE MORNING SICK PARADE.

M.O.—“What do you complain of?”

Pte.—“Beg pardon, sir?”

M.O.—“What's the trouble?”

Pte. (watching the M.O's lips).—“Deaf, sir.”

One who is feigning deafness will make no effort at all to hear, but one who really is tries to hear and tries to read the motions of the questioner's lips. So the M.O. asks a few questions in an ordinary tone. Just then there is a cr-r-r-r-rump outside the dressing station.

Pte.—“Beg pardon, sir.”

M.O.—“All right; keep him a few days.”

The First Canadian Division, without disparagement to the Second and Third, have been spoken of as part of the First Hundred Thousand. Last summer we were a flying column, here to-day and gone to-morrow, sent in where there was any fighting to be done. One reason given by the First Canadians why they were not in the Loos scrap is a very flattering one, but not to be divulged, lest Fritz gets more peeved at the Canadian rats, as he calls them.

There is a rumour that those of the First Division who can be given less strenuous jobs without interfering with the efficiency of the service, are to get them. But the spirit of the men is such that they turn these so-called soft positions cold.

All this leading up to the following incident, which took place in the advanced dressing station. A French Canadian Sergeant came in with a rifle grenade wound in the right arm. He was told he would be sent down the line with the other wounded. But he said he didn't want to go down, just wanted it dressed and return to his unit.

He had been sent to the A.P.M.'s branch for an easier time for awhile. But he said, “I go to the A.P.M. and I say, Na pou finee, Alphonse no compree dis job, me for the trench; my boys they want me, I dress all the wounds my own self in de trench; I get de wool, and what you call them the ideal; do everyding but give the dope, de antitepanus juice. Compree?”

The Labour Bn. has evidently done its bit on this part of the line and marched off to conquer other ditches, and their place on the sick parade is taken by the Tunnelling Coy.

When Tommy joined the Army his idea of war was brilliant charges alternated with swanking round the Grande Place and walking out with Marie, the estaminet in the French ville. In reality he finds himself in a Tunnelling Coy. In a mud-soaked shirt and trousers he lives and labours in a hole underground, damp and dirty.

9. And even so it came to pass; and there were one and ten vessels in one line, even three and thirty all told, and great was the sight thereof.

10. And behold a great ship-of-war followed in the rear of the vessels.

11. And so it came to pass that the largest number of vessels ever gathered together in one fleet, to carry men of war and men of healing and sisters of mercy, set sail from the Bay called Gaspé, and the home of their forefathers, to journey into a far country.

12. And they thought nought of the dangers to face them.

13. And four and ten days did they sail across the sea, and on the fourteenth day at the sixteenth hour, did they cast anchor in the harbour of Plymouth, even by the shores of Old England.

14. And it came to pass, that on the nineteenth day of the tenth month, the Chosen Commander called together all his Leaders of Sections into his tent, and said unto them :

23. And the Chosen Commander spoke unto Bentley, his Leader of section, saying :

24. Greatly hast thou been favoured. O my Leader, for thou wast chosen to be with the men of war on the vessel called Cassandra, having great renown as a singer of verses and a way with men and diseases.

25. And Bentley, the Leader, answered saying :

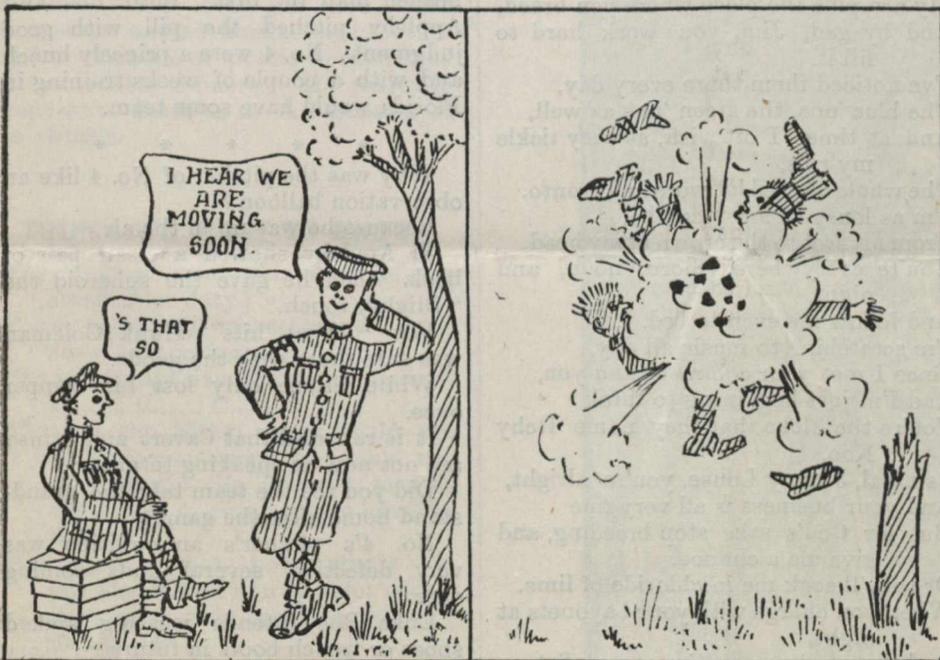
26. Long has the journey been, O Commander, even weariness to me and my companion, George Musson.

27. We, too, have cured all manner of diseases and seen the strange sights; verily we lay not in easy places and my men were cast in the lowest regions and ate of mush without ending.

28. Truly glad, O Commander, am I and my men to have ended the journey in that vessel of convicts, and to dwell in the tents with our comrades.

29. Then the Leader Brown spoke, saying :

30. Great, O Commander, was the



Drawn for "Splint Record"

by J. L. R.

NOW AND THEN

BEING THE OFFICIAL ORGAN OF

No. 3 CANADIAN FIELD AMBULANCE,

1st Canadian Division, B.E.F.

(Published by kind permission of Lt.-Col. C. P. TEMPLETON, O.C.)

EDITOR ...

Lieut. A. J. B. Milborne.

No. 4.

5th AUGUST, 1916.

EN PASSANT.

Lt. Col. J. D. McQueen who recently proceeded to Canada has returned to England in command of No. 11 Field Ambulance.

* * *
"A" Section will be interested to hear that Pte. J. Smith, who was wounded at Ypres last year and who subsequently had his left hand amputated at the wrist, participated in a Swimming Gala held at the City Baths, Winnipeg, recently. Johnny Smith is a keen swimmer and it must be a great pleasure to him to find that despite his handicap he is not prevented from taking part in races and water polo matches. It may be noted that the Gala realised some \$200, for the Returned Soldiers' Association.

* * *
Copies of the "Canadian Hospital News," the Official Organ of the Granville Canadian Special Hospitals, have been received. The issue before us contains the words of Harry Sarson's song "Rum," as sung by our Minstrels with such great success during the past winter, as well as his other hit, "Won't you take me back again?" If Sarson had been with us during the past month he would have experienced enough mud and rain to last him another seven or eight verses. The "News" is a weekly paper and judging from the quantity of advertising, is a paying proposition.

* * *
The Sergeants had the honour of being entertained by the Sergeant-Major and Sergeants of the 1st Canadian Divisional Cyclist Company recently, and an exceedingly pleasant time was spent.

* * *
Congratulations to Sergeant-Major A. E. Rotsey on being mentioned in Sir Douglas Haig's recent Despatch.

* * *
On St. George's Day our football team played a team from the 1st Canadian Divisional Cyclists. A good game resulted in a win for the Ambulance.

* * *
Last month the Sergeants' Mess entertained the Sergeants of a number of units in the neighbourhood to a smoker. This is the first opportunity that has occurred for social intercourse since arrival in France, and the "get-together" was highly successful, some sixty guests being entertained. Lt.-Col. Templeton and his officers visited the Mess in the course of the evening.

FOR THE SUN SHINES BRIGHT ON CHARLIE CHAPLIN.

At the —th Divisional Cinema.
They say as Charlie Chaplin ain't
A doing of his bit,
Yet all the same with all the boys
He sure has made a hit;
He licks the Western cowboy and
His Broncho-busting trick—
Of all the reels upon the film
Old Charlie is the pick.

AN ODE TO THE LOUSE.

What a mate, what a chum, Jimmy Louse,
You have been since the greyback I donned,
Your friendship is faithful and true,
And of you I'm becoming quite fond.
When I left old Canada's shores
Of pals I had only a few,
But since you've made your home in my shirt

I've now got a thousand or two.
You stick to me, Jim, all the time.
And you never grumble or grouse,
But get on with your business, just as you should,
A respectable hard-working Louse.
The hair of my chest is your home,
My greyback's the roof to your billet,
My armpit's the place where you breed,
And by gad, Jim, you work hard to fill it.

I've noticed them there every day,
The blue 'uns, the green 'uns as well,
And at times I oft wish, as they tickle my ribs,

The whole blessed lot were in Toronto.
I'm as lousy as lousy can be,
From my feet to the crown of my head,
You're everywhere, morn, noon, and night,
And follow me even to bed.
I'm scratching to music all day,
Since I met your comrades and you,
And I'm just beginning to think
You're the bloke that they name Itchy Koo.

As a pal, Jimmy Louse, you're alright,
And your business is all very fine
But for God's sake stop breeding, and give me a chance,
Or they'll soak me in chloride of lime.
When you charge with your bayonets at night,

And the maxims you aim at my dial,
You give me the bird, you do, 'pon my word,

As the trenches you fill single file.
You're drilling from morning to night,
Forming fours, keeping guard, on parade,
And each morn at six on my chest you refill.

I've burnt every shirt that I had,
Since I landed in France for the war,
But, by Gad, you're soon back in your place,
Round my ribs, up my back by the score.
So roll on, when the war is all over,
And my greyback's a thing of the past,
Every regiment of you, Jimmy Louse,
and your pals,
I'll be rid of you blighters at last.

Sergt. E. C. H. ROWLAND,
A S.C.

BASEBALL.

On June 16th we played No. 4 Canadian Field Ambulance, the game, full of interest ending in our favour by 14—6. There was quite a big crowd in the dollar seats and we noticed Lt.-Col. W. Webster, Major Spurgeon Campbell,

Major McGuffin, Capt. T. A. Lomer, and others, besides a full turn out of officers from No. 3. The ground was in rather bad shape and its condition no doubt accounted for a number of the errors. The game was delayed for about fifteen minutes while searches was made for an umpire—Major Donaldson finally consenting to act. Our bunch has had little chance to get into it's stride yet, but Wilson at centre field promises to be a whirlwind. Right field was good, but there is room for improvement. Another issue of rum would have improved short stop's play. Cavers, like the Ypres City Hall clock, was "off," but his play amused the fans. Mahan, at first, is Ben Allen the second. Really, we are sure the team would go to pieces without a red-headed man on first. Both Roe and Appleby pitched the pill with good judgment. No. 4 were a princely bunch and with a couple of weeks training in Florida would have some team.

* * * * *
Why was the pitcher of No. 4 like an observation balloon?

Because he was up in the air.
Si Appleby showed a clean pair of heels when he gave the spheroid the "Blighty touch."

For "direct hits" Hank Coleman was sure there with the goods.

While Stinse only lost his temper once.

It is reported that Cavert and Stinse are not now on speaking terms.

Did you see the team take the grandstand home after the game?

No. 4's pitcher's ammunition was very defective, several duds coming over.

Luke Roe intends wearing spiked shoes or trench boots in future.

"Bones" was in the crowd and he and his team mate at right field with his "Charley Chaplinisms" kept the fans in good humour.

* * * * *
On June 18th, the team met that of the First Canadian Divisional Supply Column, which ended in a win for the Ambulance by 19—4. The play was somewhat one-sided due to the excellence of our pitcher and the hitting powers of our batters. In the fourth innings the Column scored three runs to which McCreery added another in the fifth. At the end of the sixth the score stood 10—4 and in the opening of the seventh everybody ran with the result that our score was increased to 19. The Column failed to add to their 4, and an interesting game closed with the score as indicated. The fielding generally was good, though there were one or two avoidable errors. Both Stinson and Waddell played exceedingly well, the latter "shutting out" the Column in the fourth. Roe, Secord, and Wilson were quite dependable, as usual. Mahan on first was caught napping in the third, but this was his only error.

AN ESSAY ON HELMETS.

Helmets are of two kinds—steel and gas. The steel helmets of war are worn by the French Poilu and the British Tommy. The French steel helmet was designed by a milliner and is a credit to the nation. The British steel helmet was designed by a boiler-maker and is a life-saver.

On a hot day a soldier wearing a steel helmet doesn't work at much else at the same time.

But there is a thing much more dreadful to wear on a hot day than the steel helmet. It is the gas helmet. When the human head made of any less durable material than vulcanised flint is encased in a gas helmet, made of every kind of goods from horse blankets to remnants of rag carpet; when, I say, any human head is incarcerated within this portable Turkish bath, in a battlefield on a south-west hillside at 2 o'clock p.m., on a clear, still day, when the temperature is 1,100° in the shade and there is no shade, the owner of said head thinks longingly of the Bastille, the Stocks, the Pillory, the Thumb Screw, the Rack, the Stake and other mediæval pleasantries.

Anyone who has gone long hours within a battlefield with one of these asbestos things over his head, filled with steam and air-hunger has in future no fear of death, or public speaking, or of fashionable dinners. He playfully enquires of death as to the location of its stinger.

THINGS WE WANT TO KNOW.

Why "Cocky" went sick when he was detailed for duty?

If the aeroplane inspectors are still drawing working pay?

Who was it said Sam drank the rum at H..... P..... C.....?

Who was the N.C.O. who would not send his men where he would not go himself? He was not seen at the A.D.S. to even enquire how the boys were.

Are we getting these new "stunts" to put the N.C.O.'s in trim for carrying stretchers in case of a "pinch" up the line?

Was our Transport Sergeant acting recently as A.D.C. to Hon. Sir Sam Hughes, or as understudy to Captain Bairnsfather?

If "C" Section Tent Sub-Division are qualified for going on guard?

Who said the Sergeant-Major couldn't duck?

Why do the Batmen and Sanitary officials have separate Messes from the real men?

Why we hear so much from certain people on parade grounds, and so little when they are up the line?

Who are the N.C.O.'s who have a mortgage on _____

Are the rations for the Officers' and Sergeants' Messes weighed on the same scales as those for the Privates?

OUR RAILROADERS.

"B" Section were up for their tour of duty at one of our Advanced Dressing Stations known, strangely enough, as _____. This was particularly aptly named as the majority of "B" Section

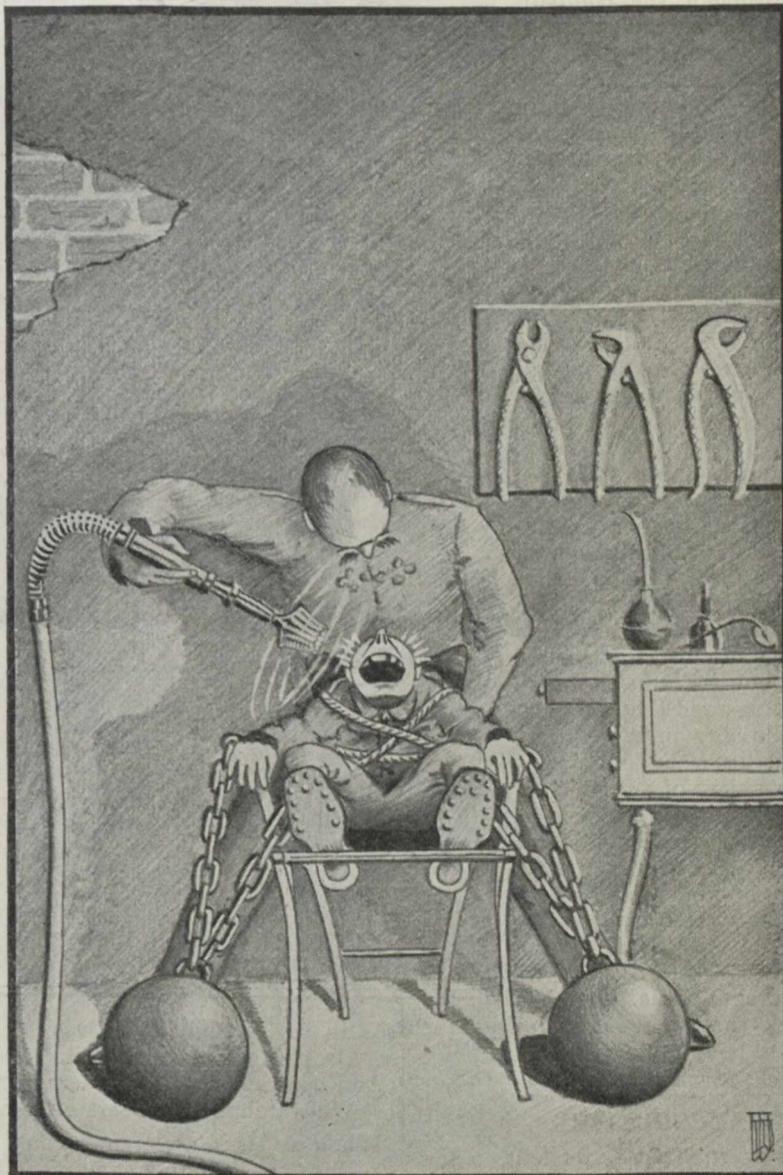
are railwaymen and judging from remarks frequently overheard at their billets there is no post between that of General Traffic Manager and Superintendent of Terminals that could not be handled by the boys that hail from Brandon—a town, well known on the C.P.R. system on account of its being a Divisional Point, *i.e.*, a place where engines are changed, etc.

As is invariably the case the conversation had turned into a discussion of the usual topic and one heard references to "side-swipes," 100% engines, flying switches, humps, and other railroad technicalities.

wage, too, for unskilled labour." The fat was in the fire now. "Unskilled labour! Why, you big stiff, I'd like to see you do it. I suppose you think reading train orders is skilled labour?"

Things got worse and worse, in fact it looked as if Gus Landstrom would have to call them to order to prevent the disputants coming to blows, when Bateman saved the situation by shouting, "But why don't they send up our rum issue?"

A common grouse having been discovered, the bunch settled down to its amicable discussion.



"THAT 6-INCH SENSATION."

(With apologies to Bruce Bairnsfather.)

Drawn for "Now and Then,"

by Sgt. T. W. Whitefoot.

"Scotty" Anderson, of Huntly Castle, had just regaled the party with a story of how he had forced a big hobo to "dent the rail" when Agnew enquired if they had heard of the new Mogul engine now being used. This was discussed at length as well as the amount of energy that railroad corporations endeavour to extract from their employees and eventually the point of view of the fireman was reached. The argument grew hotter and hotter until the statement was made that "to keep a firebox as big as this here dug-out trim on forty a hundred miles was pretty tough." This was followed by a remark from someone or other, "And a pretty good

BLIGHTY.

(Sung with great success by Jack Higham, "Bones" of No. 3 Can. Field Ambulance Minstrels, in the latest Revue, "ON ACTIVE SERVICE," now being produced by Messrs. Haig and Joffre, in the Western Theatre).
I wandered on as in a dream,
Where I could hear the bullets scream,
As they came whistling through the trees
The mud almost up to my knees.
In the trench where I am lying
I can hear the shrapnel flying,
Flying, as it bursts o'erhead.
But—I care not for the mud and grit,
I only wanted to get hit,
I only want a Blighty,
A Blighty and it's Home for mine.

CANADIAN EMPIRE DAY SPORTS.

Although they took place nearly two months ago, we can't afford to forget the Canadian Sports which were held to celebrate Empire Day, 24th May, 1916. That Day counts a lot with all patriotic Britishers, and is always a day of rejoicing with Canadians, especially Empire Day last year, we celebrated by giving Fritz a good old whipping at Festubert, and it is not likely to be forgotten in a hurry. This year, though some of the boys were in the trenches, a good-sized crowd were able to gather together to witness a first-class performance held under the auspices of the Canadian Y.M.C.A., at a town a few miles back of the firing line. Although the competitors didn't have much time to get into training, they put up a real fine show, and the winners of the events fully deserved the handsome prizes that were put up. In addition to the usual items seen at a sports meeting, games of baseball and football were played, and, although we're an awfully modest crowd, we're very proud of the fact that the boys of No. 1, Can. Fld. Amb., carried off the honours of both the ball games. Another conspicuous performance was that of Capt. Archibald in the Pole Jump. The Captain, a famous athlete, although not competing for obvious reasons, gave an exhibition of Pole Vaulting, which put the efforts of the other performers right in the shade. Owing to lack of space, it is impossible to give the results in detail, but the folks at home may rest assured that we celebrated the day in rare style, and went back to our duties with the spirit of the Empire burning within us stronger than ever. Whatever the boys do out here, be it grim work or play, they do it well, and it was that spirit which made the Empire Day celebrations the great success they were. A few "impressionistic" sketches of things that happened during the Sports will be found on this page.

D.S.

AMPOULETTES.

A writer in that excellent paper "To-day," which is our old friend "T.P.'s Weekly" blossomed out into a new and improved form, says: "N.Y.D. is 'No you don't,' presumably addressed to the Kaiser, though Ambulance men may interpret it 'Not Yet Diagnosed.'"

The "Castironical" asks the question: "Who are the Salisbury Marines?" If we were consulted we should say at once that they hit the trail from Bustard to Amesbury station on a certain day in FEBRUARY, 1915.

The Gasper wants to know "The name of the Corporal who murmurs in his sleep, 'Where's that other stripe?'" We have suspicions that the aforesaid Corporal might be in a certain Canadian Field Ambulance.

"Who was the Officer's batman who fried his Officer's breakfast in dubbin?" asks the "Listening Post." That's got nothing on us:—"Who was the B Section N.C.O. who started boiling eggs in gasoline?"

AT MAIL TIME.

(These verses were picked up after some recent hard fighting, and we do not know who the author is, but from the circumstances under which they were found, we fear that he laid down his life for his country. They speak for themselves.)

Mother o' mine you will never know
What mail time means to us,
Out in the front line trenches,
In all this awful fuss.

CHOP SUEY.

Cheer up if you're not good looking,
every man looks the same when he's
got his gas helmet on.

Who was the M.T. expert who, according to his own account, carried 72 patients 85 miles with 4 gallons of petrol?

Who was the H.T. driver who had a marvellous escape (according to his own story, of course) when driving his team; a shell burst between the horses and neither of them were hurt?

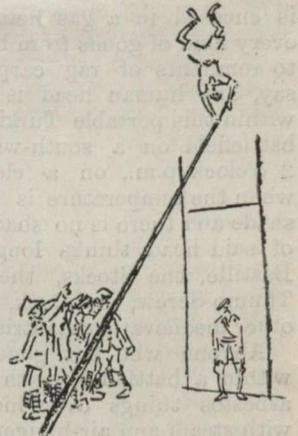
Canadian Y.M.C.A. Sports in Flanders, Empire Day, 1916.



THE BALL GAME
BILL CHARRON SHOTS ONE
OVER.



DILLY BUTTON COMES IN FOURTH
(AND LAST) IN THE N.C.O.'S RACE.



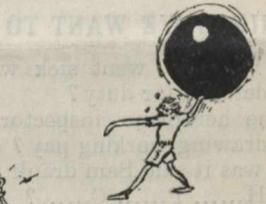
THE POLE VAULT.
CAPT. ARCHIBALD SHOWS
HOW IT'S DONE.



THE BOMB THROWING CONTEST.
SPECTATORS TAKING COVER



A BAD LANDING
AFTER
THE HIGH JUMP



WHAT THE SHOT FELT
LIKE!

Drawn for "N.Y.D."

by Private Don Stuart.

With Fritz's high explosives
Dropping round like hail,
And our pals, God help them, in pieces,
We watch for the overseas mail.

When we sit in a rotten dugout,
With the roof just caving in,
Feeling not what you'd call happy
With the sights that we have seen.

The mail comes in, believe me,
We're glad that we're alive;
And the seas between are like a dream,
The day the mail arrives.

We forget the awful horrors
When we touch what you have knit;
And the mud and water up to our knees,
Don't bother us a bit.

And the eats! say, they are scrumptious,
We're sorry for the boys
Who petered out before they came,
We like to share our joys.

I'm back to the trenches to-morrow,
After a three day's spell;
At rest camp, I'm not dead anxious
To be back again in that hell.

But it helps a lot when at mail time,
We find we're not forgot
By the ones at home, now, so long, dear
(That's a tear, please excuse the blot).

(When we were on pass in London recently we met Corpl. Carroll, who is an old friend of many old-timers of No. 1. He was on Military Police duty, having been invalided from Flanders some time ago.)

"In spite of raiding Zeppelins,
Old London's safe, I know,
For we met old 'Yorkie' Carroll,
Walking down Southampton Row."

Enquirer. "Sorry we can't give an exact definition of the word Gadget. We looked it up in Webster's Dictionary, but—nothing doing!"

Who was the private in C Section of No. 1, who ended up an official letter as follows:—"Hoping this letter meets with your full dis-approval"?

AT FOLKESTONE.

If you're inclined to think too much
Of your u important self,
If you're stuck up or conceited,
Proud of talents or of pelf,
Just take a trip to the sea-shore,
A lesson it will teach,
'Tis this, you'll learn that you are not
The only pebble on the beach.