

# CLEARINGS.



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France.

December.

1917.

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## FOREWORD.

**A**CTIVE SERVICE does not provide the most ideal conditions for literary ventures, nor do the wreck and strain of war offer the best imaginable incentives to authorship. Nevertheless, the contents of this booklet have been written by the Members of No. 4 CANADIAN CASUALTY CLEARING STATION only a little distance behind the British lines where they curve through Northern France, and this short foreword is penned in a battle area where the guns are never silent.

The work of preparation has been done amid many distractions and interruptions, but considering that less than three months elapsed between the first conception of the idea and the dispatch of the completed work for censorship; and remembering the difficulties with which printers and publishers have to contend at the present time, its appearance cannot be said to have been unduly delayed.

From its inception the aims of the Editorial Committee have been to make "CLEARINGS" original and representative in character, and to produce a booklet that will be considered a not unworthy memorial of the first eighteen months of the Unit's service. Whether or not these aims have been realized we leave to the judgment of those for whom the production is intended. Of one thing we are assured, that judgment will not be lacking in kindness or sympathy.

As it leaves our hands, our most earnest hope is that its appearance will cause no disappointment, but rather an abundance of satisfaction and pleasure. Some day, when our trying task is done and the blessings of peace and unchallenged justice have returned to the earth, "No. 4" will cease to be, and exist only in memory. But if in the coming years the pages of "CLEARINGS" have power to recall the friendship and devotion which flowered in the days of our trials abroad, and set us thinking affectionately of comrades who have passed from our life, then the labour involved in preparing them will have been paid for far beyond its greatest worth.

THE EDITOR.



### THE STORY OF THE UNIT.

WHEN the German invasion of Belgium loosed upon the world the full flood of war there were no divided counsels in Canada on the imperative duty of the Dominion to stand beside the Motherland in the attempt to hurl back the invaders. While Canada's citizen soldiers and small permanent force were assembling at Valcartier, offers from every province and university to raise units poured in to Ottawa. Among these offers was one from the University of Manitoba, at Winnipeg, to raise and equip a general hospital unit. Owing to there being no need at the time, this offer was not accepted. In the autumn of 1915, however, the Faculty of Manitoba Medical College, which is the Medical School of the University of Manitoba, offered to raise and equip a medical unit of whatever kind deemed necessary by the Military Authorities. The proposal laid dormant throughout the winter, but in the early spring of 1916 the Militia Department at Ottawa accepted the offer of a casualty clearing station, and requested that the name of the proposed officers be sent in. The Faculty proposed as Officer Commanding the Professor of Laryngology and Otology (who was also Treasurer of the Faculty), while the medical officers selected by him were either members of the Faculty or graduates of the University. On May 20th, 1916, came the telegram authorising the mobilisation of No. 4 Canadian Casualty Clearing Station. Thereafter events moved quickly.

The task was no light one. A score at least of other units were appealing for recruits, which were becoming increasingly difficult to obtain. Winnipeg had already sent overseas in medical units alone four field ambulances and one casualty clearing station, and a fifth field ambulance was being raised at the same time. Yet the task was accomplished and speedily. On May 24th the Assistant Director of Medical Services of Military District No. 10 asked how soon the unit could be ready. Ottawa had wired that it was urgently required. The reply was: "Fourteen days." Within that time the ranks were filled, though a careful selection of recruits was made, and each applicant had to pass a rigid medical examination.

During these days the Medical College hummed with activity. There was a good sprinkling of men who had seen active service, and under their tuition the awkward squads on the campus learned to step off on the left foot; to form fours; and to perform such fearsome evolutions as "At the halt—on the left—form squad," without tying themselves into collective knots. Within the building an Orderly Room was established, lectures given, khaki clothing and equipment issued, first inoculations administered, and, in a word, the thousand and one details observed which go to transform the erstwhile student, carpenter, or farmer into "every inch a soldier and a man."

At last, for those whose eyes were turned to the far-off fields of Flanders where brothers and friends were fighting (all too soon for many who were leaving behind their dear ones), came the order to leave Winnipeg, and in the early morning of June 15th the unit, headed by the band of the 100th Winnipeg Grenadiers, marched through the city to the C.P.R. Station. Then, amidst a chorus of good-byes, tender farewells and last messages, the train pulled out, and the unit started on "The Great Adventure."

The trip to the Atlantic was rapid. The distance from Winnipeg to Montreal was covered on the Canadian Pacific Railway, and from Montreal to the seaboard on the Inter-Colonial, a Canadian Government Railway. Within three-days-and-a-half the unit completed the land journey, and the following day embarked on the transport. The next morning we were moving Eastward ho! through a fog to meet the sweep of the Atlantic surge.

On shipboard the days passed quickly. All parts of the Dominion were represented by units of various branches of military service. The largest units were a battalion from Ottawa and a stationary hospital from Nova Scotia. Drills, sports, strolls about the decks, the writing of letters, and a concert helped to make time melt away until the green hills of Ireland rose before us. A few more hours brought our ship to port in old England. Then came the entraining, and a trip through England, looking at its best on a bright June day, to Bramshott Camp.

The camp being occupied almost wholly by Canadians, July 1st, Dominion Day, 1916, was worthily observed. The — Canadian Division, soon to go overseas, was reviewed by His Majesty the King. In the afternoon representatives of the Canadian Government, Sir George E. Foster, Sir George Perley, and the late Earl Grey, the former Governor-General, and others inspected the camp and made brief addresses to the assembled troops. On the following day a long and interesting programme of sports was carried out in the natural amphitheatre formed by a valley in the camp.

On July 7th orders were received for No. 4 Canadian Casualty Clearing Station to proceed to Shorncliffe. The change was fated to mean much to the unit. From this date until the end of the following January it was never wholly together. Arriving at Shorncliffe Station we marched to the camp of the C.A.M.C. Depôt in Peraker Wood, near Upper Dibgate. Next day many of the staff were given six days' leave. On July 12th thirty-one of our men were sent to Ontario Military Hospital at Orpington, Kent, and on the 17th the greater number of the Officers were detailed for duty in hospitals or on Medical Boards in the Shorncliffe Area. On the 19th the C.A.M.C. Depôt moved to a camp at Cheriton, and with it





O.C. AND SERGEANTS of No. 4 Can. C.C.S.



went the remainder of the unit. On August 2nd two officers proceeded overseas to visit other casualty clearing stations. Later, other details were sent to hospitals at Orpington, Folkestone, and Ramsgate, until only a small nucleus remained at the C.A.M.C. Dépôt. On September 16th the Colonel proceeded overseas to see work in casualty clearing stations in the Ypres salient and on the Somme, and returned on October 25th. The Officer Commanding, one or two officers, and the Orderly Room Staff spent the winter on St. Martin's Plain, a high plateau overlooking the Channel, and which, in winter, could well dispute in point of discomfort with "the ringing plains of windy Troy."

So passed Christmas, 1916. In the first week of the new year, January 7th, to be precise, orders came that the unit was to open a new Canadian Red Cross Hospital at Ramsgate in St. Lawrence College, which, up to November, 1916, had been a flourishing public school for boys. Officers and men were called in as soon as they could be spared from the units to which they had been attached. On January 15th the 2nd in Command and the Quartermaster, in charge of a party of fifteen, proceeded to Ramsgate to open up the school. On January 25th a larger party, which included the Officer Commanding and the Adjutant, left St. Martin's Plain for Princess Patricia Canadian Red Cross Special Hospital, this being the name by which the new hospital was to be identified. For the next few weeks all energy was devoted to fitting up the huge buildings for the purpose of receiving Canadian convalescent soldiers.

On February 14th the first patients were admitted. By this time, with a few exceptions, the members of the unit had returned from the other hospitals to which they had been attached. The nursing sisters also had reported for duty.

In spite of the strong desire of the unit to see service in France, life at "Princess Pat's" was pleasant. The college grounds were ample and beautiful, especially during April and May. The Thanet air was bracing, the people of Ramsgate, Broadstairs, and Margate were hospitable, and we were able to make the acquaintance of officers and men of the Senior Service whenever their ships were in port. Occasional visits by "Fritz" to the vicinity, sometimes by water and sometimes by air, added a certain spice to life and prevented ennui.

During our stay at P.P.C.R.C.S. Hospital the institution and unit were inspected on different occasions by Major-General Turner, V.C., General Officer Commanding the Canadian Overseas Forces, Surgeon-General G. Carleton Jones, Surgeon-General G. L. Foster, Director of Canadian Medical Services and Colonel Hodgetts, the Commissioner of the Canadian Red Cross Society.

On April 17th the unit was warned to be ready to proceed overseas. The final movement order, however, did not arrive until May 30th. On June 1st, almost a year after leaving Winnipeg, the unit marched out of the hospital grounds and entrained at 6.25 a.m. The train brought us to the port of embarkation where we boarded a captured German steamship and the following day landed on French soil.

During the month of June we were "parked on the Line of Communication," according to a phrase which has become classical in the unit. Perched high on cliffs, the camp where we were stationed afforded a fine view of the harbour. The beach close at hand gave opportunities for sea bathing. The city and its environs were interesting alike to the student of history and to the seeker after new things; but all rejoiced when the word came for another move.

Entraining on June 29th, after a hot and dusty march to the station, we spent the night in more or less discomfort in the troop train, and arrived at one o'clock on the following day at a considerable town in the north of France. Here the officers were given billets, and the other ranks quartered in barracks. The lares and penates of the Orderly Room were set up in one of the billets, and this remained Headquarters until we moved to our present location. On July 12th the hospital equipment which had been brought with us from England was transferred to a pleasant spot about a mile distant from the town. There was some uncertainty over the question as to whether No. 4 Canadian C.C.S. should open up a hospital on this site, but on July 19th, following a visit from Surgeon-General Sir Arthur Sloggett, the Director-General of Medical Services, and Surgeon-General McPherson, the Officer Commanding was instructed to be ready to receive patients within a few days. On the 21st the unit moved from the town to the new hospital site.

The balance of the month saw great activities. The hospital site was a pasture field without roads, water or drains. Nevertheless the marquees were erected and equipped as wards giving accommodation for four hundred patients within the time specified. On the 28th the new Matron of the hospital arrived from No. 1 Canadian General Hospital, and on the 30th the first patients were received.

For a unit that has been in existence eighteen months the changes in personnel have been very few. Some have transferred to other branches of the service; two by reason of accidents and one from illness have severed their connection with us. Those who have come to fill the vacancies have measured up to the high standard of the unit.





Officers, Nursing Sisters, N.C.O.'s and Men of  
No. 4 CANADIAN CASUALTY CLEARING STATION IN FRANCE.



Such, up to the present time, is the odyssey of the unit. What the future may hold in store is uncertain, and this is neither the time nor the place to discuss it. Our duty lies in the present. It may be, however, that some happy day after peace has been declared the record of the unit will be set down in full, and with a detail which, for obvious reasons, is impossible at the present moment.

ROSS MITCHELL.



### SACRIFICE.

'Tis said, the red-globed poppy  
Its flaming glory draws  
From soil the blood of manhood  
Has drenched in Freedom's cause.

'Tis true, the battled lowlands  
Of Flanders take the hue  
Of scarlet from the petals  
The poppy flings to view.

'Tis sure, the Flower of Freedom,  
Its rootlets drinking blood,  
Will bloom again triumphant,  
The blasts of war withstood.

J. O. TODD.



### APRÈS LA GUERRE.

PROBABLY few military units have left the Canadian Shores for the scene of the present war in which, in proportion to its size, have been represented so many different civil avocations as are represented in No. 4 Canadian C.C.S. Included in its personnel are clergymen and labourers, students and accountants, artisans and mechanics, engineers and cooks, farmers and waiters, salesmen and contractors, business managers and physicians.

All of these callings have numerous representatives throughout the Army, but it is as a rule in the larger units that the greatest variety is encountered, but just because of their size the latter offer less opportunity for that intimate observation of the effects of Army life upon their members than the smaller unit affords.

Is it possible as the result of these opportunities to draw any conclusions as to the permanent effects of their military experience on the after-life of the individuals who compose a unit such as this? Even with the opportunities referred to, judgments on many points are, from an officer's point of view, hard to arrive at. It is, after all, the barrack room companions and mess-mates whose opportunities are unequalled; but impressions one

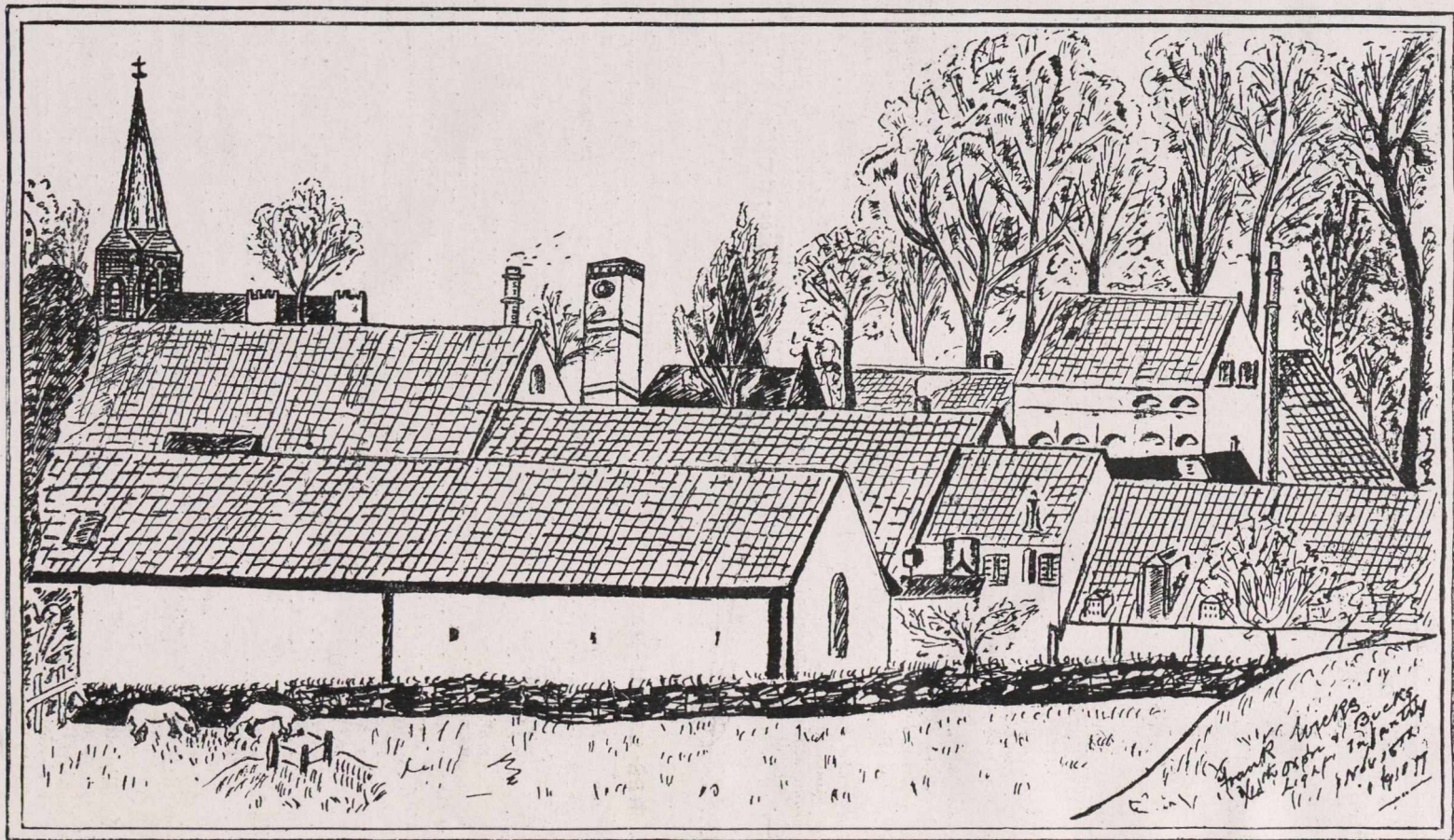
cannot help gathering during a year-and-a-half, and on the chance that some of these may possess a measure of accuracy I decide to utilize the space I have been asked to fill in this booklet by portraying in meagre outline some features of a future that I believe to be attainable by all.

One has heard much of the probable pernicious effects of Army experience on the after-life of the quondam soldier. Among these are recited restlessness, unsettled character, craving for excitement and lack of initiative in civil life. Restlessness for a time there probably will be in the case of all, but in the case of the young man who has attained the self-control which is so much a part of the soldier's life, one can only believe that this restlessness will prove as temporary an affliction as was his resentment of restraint during the weeks following his enlistment.

As to character, the lessons brought home to the thinking boy or man during his year or two in the Army may surely be fraught with more good than ill. What a world in itself is the Expeditionary Force! Practically all the important activities and industries of modern civilisation are found in one form or another within its organisation; and owing to the standardisation of pay, the element of monetary gain figures to but a slight extent, if at all, as a motive for the proper performance of the particular job in hand. On the contrary, the mutual dependence of one arm of the Service on another, of the various units of any one arm on each other, the degree to which the work of the individual is complementary to that of his fellow in the same unit afford a constant exemplification of the sociologic principle of mutual dependence—the work of each for all, and of all for each—such as cannot be paralleled in the peace-time life of a civil community. If the soldier will but allow the full import of this principle, which he sees in constant operation, to sink home, labour must come (in spite of the traditional use of the word) to possess for him for all time the dignity with which he might never have clothed it, had not his Army life enabled him to see for himself that the essential object of all work is the betterment of others, and that monetary recompense for work is in reality a minor object made necessary by the particular social structure under which he formerly lived. Must not this unit's adopted motto, "*Non Nobis Solum*," assume a significance more real because of our short Army life?

Craving for excitement. I am afraid it is too true that in the atmosphere of war one grows old more rapidly than in "the piping times of peace," but age seeks not excitement. Moreover in the mental attitude of our patients arriving in hospital from the front areas is any criterion it will be the absence of excitement rather than new forms or a repetition of the old forms of excitement that will be more appreciated when peaceful occupations are resumed.





A VILLAGE IN FRANCE.



Lack of initiative. The engendering of this negative quality in the ex-soldier is a charge that has often been laid at the door of the Army, and in the case of the old standing Armies of other days perhaps not without reason. But war to-day is a new thing—more ugly and more hideous than ever, it is true—but just in proportion as war has lost its glamour and its pomp, its scarlet and its gold, its massed formations and the exquisiteness of its ceremonial, by practically so much has the success of an Army in any given operation come to depend on the individual thinking power and initiative of its rank and file. The infantry battalion to-day is largely an aggregation of specialists. In former wars it was too often only the brains of his immediate superior officer that stood between a soldier and his fate; to-day it is instilled into the infantryman that his best, and often his only friend is his rifle. Trench warfare, hand bombs, entrenching tools, and listening patrols all serve to mark the passing of the old order and the fostering in the individual of an initiative and a self-reliance hitherto undreamed of as an attribute of Mr. Atkins. The same applies to other arms of the Service; special individual knowledge and reliance on the individual judgment of the rank and file have served to mark the increased efficiency of the various branches of the Service, including our own.

But to turn from these generalisations to the particular case. How have the past eighteen months modified the character and capacity for citizenship of the individuals of this unit? I cannot cast a horoscope for each of the individuals who collectively make this unit what it is. I would not do so if I could. But my imagination creates a sort of composite mental film of the "Mr. Number Four" of *post bellum* days, and the pictures are something like this:—

For the first few days or weeks in mufti he will feel uncomfortable, and more or less out of place—a "loose end," yearning for he knows not what. By degrees his courage, his self-control, and self-discipline will come to his aid, and he will find employment if such has not already awaited him. The first job may not be to his taste or training, but his tastes and personal inclinations have so often been over-ridden while in the Army that these objections are brushed aside, and he proceeds as of yore to "do his bit." He has been a member of a unit in which the individual and collective aim has been to make good. He has made good before—he will do so again. Advancement may be slow, and he may become "fed up," but he has been "fed up" before. The thing he has not done before was to quit—and he will not quit now. When he works he puts his best into it, and this for the work's sake; and as he works *he thinks*. These two characteristics of working conscientiously and working intelligently can only mean advancement, and in time—a time shorter probably in Western Canada than elsewhere—opportunity will open the particular door at which he desires to enter, and he will engage on his life's work and get into his final stride.

If a bachelor he may loath for a while to forego the soldier's duty of engaging the "enemy" wherever and whenever encountered, but finding that he is not so universally "fetching" out of khaki, he will eventually concentrate his affections and sign up for permanent "garrison duty."

The communal life of the Army will have given him such an interest in his fellows that "Number Four" will carry with him to the civil community in which his lot is to be cast a keen interest in all social and political movements.

As to personal habits, he will be sober; he has not been accustomed to intoxicants, moreover they will hardly be obtainable. He will forsake the cigarette in favour of the more domestic pipe; he will attend church and be interested in its work so long as the parson commands his respect. In the Army he has not been accustomed to spend money freely, but he has been accustomed to plain living, and has found that a very modest ration is sufficient to maintain health and strength; if he follows the same standards of economy in civil life his bank account will surprise him by its rapid growth. Moreover he will have found that the "deferred pay" which his former uncouth, ugly foster-parent had never allowed him to touch, came in very conveniently during those weeks following his discharge, during which he was without other means of subsistence; therefore he will again submit to a deferment of a portion of his earnings, and, by a judiciously selected form of life insurance, will provide for the day when through age his earning power will be diminished or for the future of his family should he be cut off at an earlier date.

If in time he becomes an employer his relations with his employees will be of the best, because he will turn to account his knowledge of human nature attained at first hand during the great war and since then always amplified and developed as he passes on.

As years go on and the figure of his person like that of his bank account begins to assume a comfortable plumpness he will find himself a real element in the backbone of his community, a practical idealist, broad of sympathy, one who has profited by his own experience, and happy to pass on the lessons so learned to younger men about him.

In this film I have perforce contented myself with depicting the high lights; shadows there will undoubtedly be also; these should not be of the subject's casting, but such as are added by the gods alone. Detail and colour will also have their place in the finished pictures, but if "No. 4" is equal to his talents and his opportunities these will but enhance their beauty and perfection.

Is the film an ideal one, "No. 4"? Perhaps; but your presence here to-day is evidence that you can follow an ideal and a high one. Up to date you have not failed—wherefore for the future?

"This above all, to thine own self be true."

S. W. PROWSE.



## TO JEAN.

Once more I send thee greetings, daughter mine;  
With hope October's autumn sun may shine  
Upon thy birthday through as mellow haze  
As this now flooding all the land these bright  
September days.

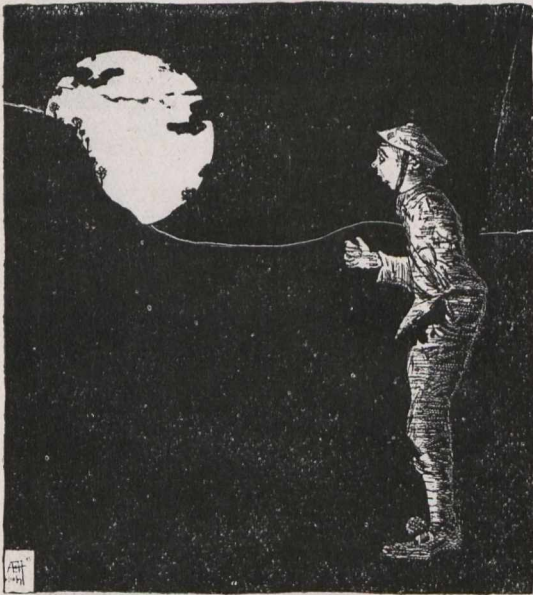
These days in France! How pleasant would they be  
Wert thou beside me! But the heaving sea  
Divides us, and the tossing billows' foam  
Stretches between me and the far-off Western home.

Yet, through the leagues between, my fancies soar  
To where my darlings are; and through the door  
In dreams I pass, and see them at their play,  
Or wrapt in slumber sweet at close of pleasant day.  
Then am I with thee, and, behold, thou'rt grown  
so tall!

No more dost look like a wee baby doll,  
But rather seem'st a maid with saucy air  
And smiling face and short, and, a la Dutch,  
bobbed hair.

Then I reflect, and, "Gracious me!" thou'rt five:  
The days are flying by and Time does drive.  
Old Time's a mischief and does play such tricks,  
Before I know it, sure thou wilt be six!

R.B.M.



## A RAID NIGHT REFLECTION.

Pte. Windup (dolefully surveying Fritz's arc lamp): Blimey! That blamed moon gets bigger every time I look at it!

## REGIMENTAL FIG LEAVES.

SCENE.—Room containing small stove, two desks, two chairs, shelves, books, papers, etc. Facing door, Corporal playing solitaire with Unit's pay-books. Under window sits "Company Clothes Doler," sometimes termed Quartermaster and even Paymaster. Between his desk and door large red screen. Knock heard at door. Enter Pte. Eveless Adam, who makes sundry grimaces at Corporal, at same time jerking thumb in direction of screen. Corporal nods, and Pte. Adam walks to end of screen, salutes, and stands at attention, facing C.C.D. [C.C.D. returns salute, narrowly missing right eye with pencil, suddenly picked up.]

"Well, Adam, what do you want?"

Pte. E.A. (stepping forward and saluting again): "Please, sir, I'd like to get a new tunic, sir."

C.C.D.: "What! another new tunic? You were in here only a week ago, wern't you?"

Pte. E.A.: "Yessir, but that was only for a tooth brush, sir."

C.C.D.: "I thought so; you're always in here for something. Let me see that tunic."

[Pte. E. A. takes off tunic and hands it to C.C.D., who holds it gingerly between thumb and first finger, looking at inside pocket only.]

"What's wrong with this? I can't see anything the matter with it. (Pause.) How long have you had it?"

Pte. E.A.: "Twenty-three months, sir."

C.C.D. (snorting): "Is that all? These tunics are made of the very best material, and you know yourself they should last three years. The trouble with you men is that you don't look after your clothes, and when they get the least bit soiled you expect new ones." [Stares at inside pocket again.]

"I can't give you a new tunic for this."

[Hands tunic back to Pte. E.A., who makes incomprehensible signs with his fingers behind his back to Corporal.]

Pte. E.A.: "But it's worn right through in several places, sir, and one of the sleeves is nearly falling off, sir."

C.C.D.: "What! Where? Let me see."

[Pte. E.A. proceeds to exhibit several holes in back, sad state of wear around pockets, and total decay of seams on both sleeves. Also front of tunic covered with large and ancient grease stains, under which are discernible several layers of dried mud.]

C.C.D. (pointing to stains, etc.): "How on earth did you come to get it in that disgraceful condition?"

Pte. E.A.: "Well, sir; it's like this, sir; I was digging trenches for several weeks during the summer and since then I've been on fatigues in the kitchen, sir."

C.C.D.: "What were you doing in the kitchen?"

Pte. E.A.: "Washin' dishes and pans, sir; and they're always very greasy, sir."

C.C.D. (sarcastically): "Looks as if you'd been trying to bath in them. (Pause.) Have you got a clothes brush?"



Pte. E.A.: "Yessir."

C.C.D.: "Do you ever use it?"

Pte. E.A.: "Yessir." (Aside: "On my boots.")

C.C.D.: "Well, take care that you do use it."

[Another pause. Keeps looking first at tunic, then at Pte. E.A., who maintains stolid front.]

C.C.D. (loudly): "Corporal Cheery there?"

Cpl. C.: (wakes up and pushes three pay-books to floor): "Yes, sir."

C.C.D.: "I say, Corporal, have we any part-worn tunics in stock?"

Cpl. C. (turning over pages of Clothing Book): "No, sir; last was issued yesterday."

[C.C.D. visibly disappointed; Pte. E.A. brightens.]

C.C.D. (to Pte. E.A.): "I really don't see why you should have a new tunic. You know—er—(faint suggestion of a smile)—er, you're not in Ramsgate now, you know."

Pte. E.A.: "No, sir. (Hesitates.) Wish we were, sir!"

C.C.D. (characteristically twisting first finger round end of nose): "M'yes; I suppose you do (Smiles.) So do I."

(To Cpl. C.): "How many tunics have you in Store?"

Cpl. C. (rapidly): "When we took stock last, sir, three-and-a-half months ago, we had six hundred and seventy-three, and there's none been issued since, sir."

C.C.D. (magnanimously): "All right! Here you are, Adam. This is an order on the Clothing Store for a new tunic." [Writes out order on specially prepared chit, signs with usual flourish, and hands to Pte. E.A.] "See that you hand your old one into Store, now, and don't forget to sign for the new one."

Pte. E.A.: "Yes, sir; very good, sir; thank you, sir."

C.C.D. (nods): "Now, take good care of that tunic, Adam, and don't let me see you in here again asking for clothes."

Pte. E.A.: "Yes, sir; no, sir."

[Exit Pte. E.A., grinning and flourishing order.]  
[C.C.D. puts pen carefully back into rack, closes inkpot, straightens blotter, and, having done a good day's work, toddles off to Sisters' Quarters for tea.]

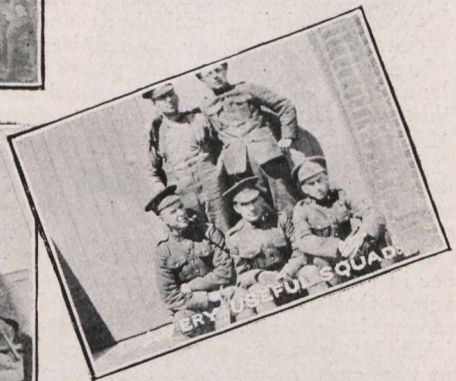
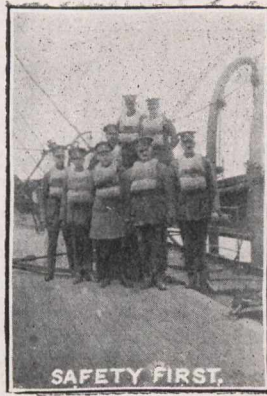
W. T. SMITH.



OFFICERS and NURSING SISTERS (No. 4 Can. C.C.S.)

Princess Patricia Canadian Red Cross Special Hospital, Ramsgate.







**AN OLD SWEET DREAM OF MINE.**

An old-world cottage near the sea  
Which laves my island home,  
I sometimes sit and dream I'll have  
When I have ceased to roam.

'Tis not a wish extravagant  
In these great days of strife;  
'Tis only I would like to live  
In truth, the simple life.

The rose should have full sway with me;  
What wealth I'd own in flower;  
Each nook to claim a peeping bud;  
A bloom for every hour.

An orchard I should hope to add  
To my possessions there;  
A horse, a dog (what selfishness!)  
To roam around my lair.

And always the eternal sea  
My moods would satisfy;  
And golden sunsets, shining stars,  
Would bring my heaven nigh.

'Tis but a dream, 'tis but a dream,  
An old sweet dream of mine:  
For toiling days are not yet done,  
But, 'tis a dream sublime.

L. W. JEFFREYS.

**FOUR GRAVES IN FLANDERS.**

**I**N a city in north-western France, whose ruined abbey, majestic cathedral and stately churches are a glory to architecture, and the beginnings of whose history are buried in a dim and ancient past, are three British hospitals. Within a short radius of this city are four other British hospitals of which ours is one, and our daily task is to piece together as best we can the human wreckage which floats down the lines of communication in a ceaseless stream from the battlefield a few kilometres distant. If there is yet a living man who speaks of the glory of war, either in thoughtless platitude or because he truly imagines that war is still a thing of chivalry and grandeur, let him look inside these tents and huts which hide the mutilated and massacred forms of what were once the flowers of the human race, and soon his illusions will be for ever shattered, and he will recognise war to be what it is in truth, a hideous and brutal butchery.

And then, to set the seal to his new-found wisdom, let him climb the long hill that winds for a distance of two kilometres from the south side of the ancient city and enter the cemetery that

spreads itself upon the summit. This is the trail we follow with the wreckage that no human skill can mend. Here will greet him a sight more melancholy and tragic than e'er his eyes rested on. Not an ordered array of rugged tombstones; not such monuments as mark the resting-place of our own ancestral dead, but a desolate sea of rude, wooden crosses, whose gaunt and dreary aspect is fittingly symbolic of the last cheerless, joyless days of the lives they commemorate.

I climbed that hill to-day and stood beside the ashes of our gallant dead: ashes blown by the blasts of war from the four corners of the Empire. Even as I watched, more ashes were added to the pile, and scarce a day goes by but the crosses grow in number. Death knows but one rule of arithmetic; he can neither subtract nor divide, but only multiply.

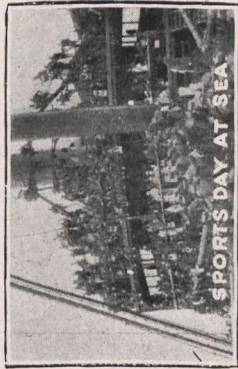
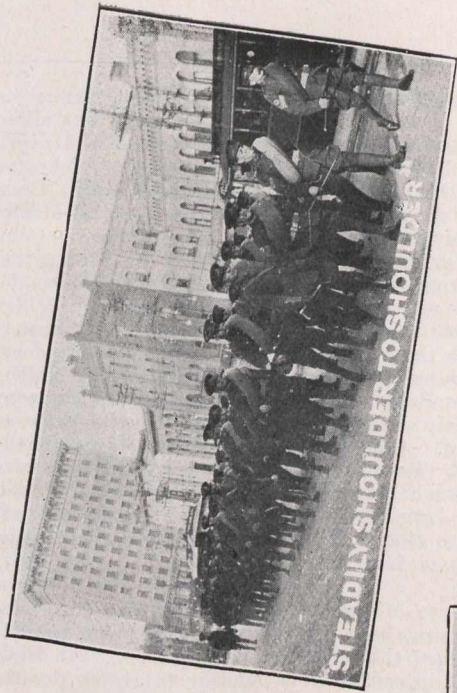
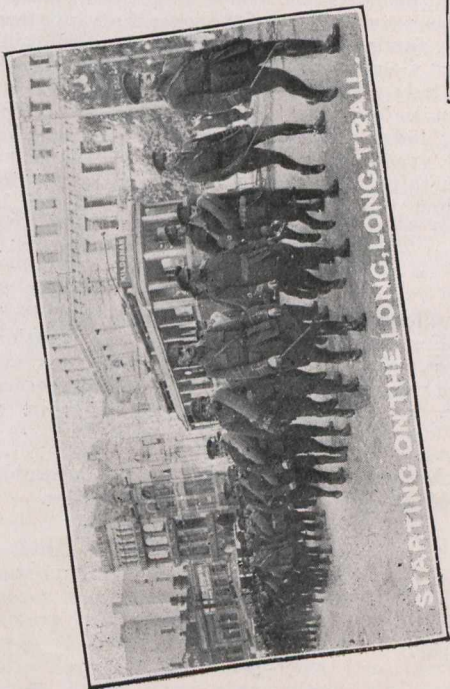
But I climbed that hill to-day to pay the tribute of a sigh at the graves that hold in keeping the ashes not of warriors, but of women. Separated from the mainland by the paths used by living feet is a small plot of turf. Rising from the plot are four little "mouldering heaps," and here, in their "narrow cell for ever laid," are the remains of four good women who lost their lives while following in the holy tracks of Florence Nightingale. Never shall I forget the night or the manner of their dying. Of it the poet might well have written:

"I would not spend another such a night,  
Though 'twere to buy a world of happy days,  
So full of dismal terror was the time."

A full-grown moon flooded the earth with her pure and radiant beams. The lamps of heaven were all alight, sparkling and glowing in majesty and splendour. It was a night for worship, and rapt meditation of beauteous and holy things. But suddenly and without warning there came from on high the whirr of those engines where-with man has achieved his proudest conquest over nature but for which monstrous minds have conceived uses the most foul and horrible, and from the glorious sea of constellations there rained upon the earth weapons of death that were first conceived in the minds of fiends incarnate. Over the city circled and swooped the unseen enemy, crueller far than the vultures of the desert, for they sought not a lawful prey, but lusted after blood and indiscriminate destruction. And then, their deeds of murder done, they hasted again to their lair, and the moon and the stars looked down on scenes of horror below.

But somewhere in the land that sent these pitiless demons forth is a man on whose soul is the blood of four innocent, defenceless women. For where fell the bombs he hurled upon the earth? On fort? On arsenal? On railways? On barracks? Ah, God! no, but (and the very devils hide their faces for shame) in the midst of a hospital; amongst







the sick and broken; upon the sign of the Red Cross that once was held sacred throughout the earth and immune from all assault. And in the crimson life-blood newly spilled upon the ground lay the forms of four fair sisters of mercy.

Lives there a man this wide world o'er who speaks of the glory of war? If such there be, let him come and climb this hill with me, and stand beside these four solitary graves, and hear the story of how they came to be, and when he again descends to the valley he will be a sadder and a wiser man.  
H. J. THORNTON.



### A.G.C.S. AT PLAY.

"What's the use of worrying?"  
The song rings out its mission,  
We're the better for our duty  
By being in condition.

**P**LAY at the Front—only those not there may oppose it. All work, no play, would dull Tommy as well as Jack; hence warm-blooded people have given their energies to this feature of war work which has been carried to the very trenches where Bill and Bert, chucking their good-natured growling, have had brought to their ears over friendly wires, ingeniously tapping some central station, the strains of "Keep the Home Fires Burning." Death brings mourning, but prohibition of amusement is not a necessary consequence—when clouds darken, we welcome the ray of sunshine.

All honour to the broad spirit shown by the Y.M.C.A., Church Hut and the Lena Ashwell Concert Organisations which at the bases and on the lines of communication have so generously provided place and programme. From rude stages one may hear to-night the cultured address of the Archbishop of York, and to-morrow pass an amusing hour with the cinema. But Tommy, Jack Canuck, Johnny Cornstalk, and the rest of the whelps (Jonathan now included), are never at a loss to entertain themselves. I have seen in one afternoon a ward of twenty-four wounded and sick organize a programme which was rendered in the evening, the chairman opening and closing with a humorous speech. Doing his bit is a habit of Tommy's, and one performer with leg in splints and bandages gave his selection from his bed, which was carried to a central point.

No. 4 C.C.C.S. is no exception, for, once established on its camping grounds, representatives quickly get in touch with neighbouring units, and

soon teams are struggling in friendly rivalry on crease, diamond, or field. Bands of Battalions fresh from Lens or Ypres make musical chateaud lawns. Thus, one day, the pipers of the celebrated Gordon Highlanders, led by their Victoria Cross Piper-Major, stimulated us by the martial airs of the Scottish Clans. Social and Literary Committees arrange programmes which are filled voluntarily from all ranks, and once the call is made, talent is revealed. Never does the piano (*sic*) lack an accompanist, and when one notes the musical maladies that these Class D corks of instruments are afflicted with, one is amazed at the ability that can draw anything approaching to harmony from their shaky keys, rusted wires, and battered hammers. Can you measure the sacrifice that a Kennerly Rumford makes to adapt his sensitive art to such discordant accompaniment? War is making rag-time a classic. Programmes are varied so that a discourse on Democracy mingles with songs from the music hall.

The case of Cookhouse *v.* Cookhouse was tried one evening before a learned judge, who gravely admonished the too eager counsel, and gave Pickwickian interpretations of the Statutes to the assembled twelve, who pronounced guilty one Cookhouse of assault and battery upon, and neglect to provide for, wife and children, the Cookhouse *entourage* of father (the prisoner), mother, the weeping plaintiff, awkward girl, and gawky boy, being represented tellingly by well-known members of the Unit. The success thus shown of males adapting themselves to female conditions presages well for the transposition of the sexes that threatens, and is further evidenced by the following incident. Coming suddenly into the ward recently I saw a lady visitor leaning over a sick bed. An air of smile in the hut drew my closer attention to the "lady." A certain familiarity, together with the vacant state of bed No. 9, convinced me that something was doing, which was demonstrated later when the "lady's" identity could not be separated from that of Pte. G——, *alias* Miss Cookhouse, and now sympathetic visitor to a sick room.

The well-stored minds of our *padres* contribute to the breaking of monotony and, on occasion, stops are made on a route march while rank and file listen to a talk on the antiquities, architectural beauties, or historical associations of ruin or church.

In such ways is it that Tommy packs his troubles in his old kit bag and smiles, smiles, smiles.

J. O. TODD.





### OUR WINTER UNDER CANVAS.

**T**HERE are many periods of our past history which most of us can recall with feelings of both gloom and joy, but it is difficult to name a time which contained such large elements of each as that during which the Headquarters of our Unit were situated at St. Martin's Plain, Shorncliffe, during the fall and part of winter of 1916-17. The hardships endured by the few whose lot it was to remain throughout the cold, rainy season under canvas on the wind-swept plain were many and severe, and it was these, coupled with the uncertainty of our future movements and prospects, which helped materially to intensify our gloomy and despondent forebodings. The opportunity so much desired by all to do our full share in the great conflict being denied us, the trial of having to be spectators of the departure of many battalions to the theatre of operations was felt very keenly. Climatically the season was very dismal, too. Day followed day of wet, misty, or stormy weather, and the sun was ever behind a barrier of heavily-laden clouds. We were equipped with tents and marquees which afforded but poor shelter from the elements. The marquee used as an orderly room was a constant source of worry and discomfort. During heavy windstorms its occupants very frequently had to turn out in the dead of night to find shelter elsewhere or run great risks of becoming entangled in its wreckage. At last one night, when the wind howled and screamed like ten thousand demons, it did collapse, and we never ventured to erect it again. So strong was the gale at times that every other marquee, with the exception of those which were struck in time to prevent it, shared the same fate. Thin walls of canvas were all that stood between us and these bitter elements, but when at last we came into possession of oil stoves our condition was materially improved.

Though hard for the casual observer to believe (by reason of its startling resemblance to a rag and bone merchant's premises), undoubtedly the most popular tent in the camp was that occupied by postman Beck and numerous rats who seemed to make this particular tent their chief place of retirement. So familiar did they all become that, in spite of the fact that he was eternally laying snares for them, they frequently shared the warmth of his bed. It was a wonderful tent in its way. It served as Quartermaster's Stores, Pack Stores and Oil House, as well as a sort of dining-room and lounge for his friends, who found great pleasure in his company, but greater in his toast-making and dish-washing capabilities.

Most of us had a few personal friends in the surrounding neighbourhood, and some of them will never know how much they helped to brighten our dreary existence during those long, dark winter nights. Such nights as those spent at the home of Mrs. Barwick and Miss Crofts, two elderly Folkestone ladies, whose acquaintance the astute post-

man had made, were hard to parallel. We were always welcome at their home, and on each occasion of our visit they showed great kindness in administering to our comfort and enabling us to spend a delightful evening. On such nights their home, instead of being the usual quiet abode of two retiring ladies, was the scene of great hilarity and enjoyment, the time being occupied by eating, singing, jokes, and speech-making. Evenings like these were the shining lights in the greyness of our life during that desolate winter, and despite the unsatisfactory conditions under which we existed, our removal to Ramsgate, though eagerly anticipated, caused more than one pang of regret at the thoughts of the pleasant associations we were forced to break.

WALTER FORD.



### KICKS.

**T**HERE was no doubt about it, Pte. Jones was in no sweet temper as he drew his ration of bread, bacon, and tea that morning in early October (6.30 a.m.), at our camp near ———.

Bending forward to meet a thirty knot gale blowing through the doorless, windowless dining-room, Jones hunched his shoulders a little higher, sank his chin a little lower, and started down the room for his accustomed place, inwardly cursing everything and everybody connected with the war from the Kaiser down (or up).

Balancing his breakfast in dangerous proximity to his neighbour's neck, he climbed into his place, being greeted with a chorus of "Mornin', Jones; just got up?"

"Morning," he replied, shortly, ignoring the sarcastic suggestion that he had slept during the hour from "Reveille" to breakfast.

Shivering, and still hunched up, Jones took half-a-dozen sips of his scalding hot tea, gripping the enamel cup with both hands to absorb as much of the welcome warmth as possible.

"Blinkin' tea tastes like leather juice again. Shoot the grease, will you?" he growled, and began savagely to attack his bread and bacon, whilst a general shivering and chattering of teeth, punctuated by vociferous demands to shut a door which did not exist, added to poor Jones' misery.

Signs of a coming storm held Jones' immediate messmates in expectant silence as they watched him suddenly cease operations, his knife and fork gripped tight, and his jaws motionless, to gaze at his bacon drip, now congealed into an unsightly paste surrounding a lonely, curled-up rasher of army pig, the whole suggestive of forlorn and abandoned wretchedness.



"This is the bloomin' limit," suddenly burst out Jones. "How the —— do they expect a guy to navigate on grub like this? —— rotten tea, stinkin' bacon, and this bloomin' place, colder'n a deserted barn. Look here, by jiminy, I'm goin' to make a kick at noon, and it'll be some kick, too; and you fellows have got to back me up, —— See!" And, with an expression of utter disgust on his usually smiling countenance, Private Jones threw the remnants of his breakfast into the pail provided therefor by far-sighted regulations, slammed his cup and plate on the table, and stalked off to his quarters.

\* \* \* \* \*

By some wonderful chance, on that particular morning the weather changed. Rain, cloud and mist, "ceaseless unchanging" for weeks, cleared off, disclosing a glittering sun. The wind seemed warmer, and even the unfailing mud looked cheerful, reflecting as it did the morning brilliance in its million pools and puddles. To snatches of song and whistling, work went apace; a convoy was taken in record time, and at noon the "Cook-house" call wasn't a minute late in blowing.

Conversation waxed fast and boisterous in the mess, and keen appetites played havoc with the dinner ration.

"Bonne soupe, eh?" remarked Jones' chum.

"Y'bet, and cabbage to-day, what! Guess we're winnin' all right," replied Jones.

"Mail man says there's a big Canadian mail in to-day," supplemented someone

"Oh, Jake, boys," quoth Jones. "I've got a box comin' this time with a lot o' ——"

"Shun! Ord'ly Officer."

A crash of knives and forks on enamel plates, and then dead silence.

The O.O. saunters down the centre of the room, smiling encouragingly, and stands opposite Jones' table—"Any complaints?"

A stamping of feet in Jones' corner, and the mess turns in its seats as one man, waiting in breathless interest, when—"No, Sir," bellowed Private Jones.

And, at the O.O.'s request, the mess "Carries on."  
W. T. SMITH.



MEN'S QUARTERS :

Princess Patricia Canadian Red Cross Special Hospital, Ramsgate.



**GOOD-BYE, MY HERO.**

WORDS AND MUSIC BY L. W. JEFFERYS.

1. Among the graves of Flanders  
I wander in my dreams;  
I seek the mounds of heroes  
Where Britain's love-light gleams.  
They tell a wondrous story,  
'Tis known o'er every sea,  
Of how they fought for Freedom  
In days that are to be.

Refrain—

Good-bye, my hero,  
Always true and brave;  
My heart is with you  
Far beyond the grave.  
Sometime we'll meet.  
Thus says the Book of Love,  
Never to part again,  
In those Realms above.

2. Although no more you'll greet him  
Beneath the old Roof-Tree,  
In God's good time, sweet mother,  
The loved one's face you'll see.  
Beyond the stars he's waiting,  
Where peace is found alway,  
He stands arrayed to lead you  
Into the Perfect Day.

**FROM A PADRE'S NOTE-BOOK.**

**T**HERE is an officer not far from us, where they get both bombs and shells; and he has made up his mind to bid defiance to both. He has a dinky little dug-out in his tent, all built up just so, with sandbags at the sides, and in it lies his sleeping bag. When Fritz gets troublesome, in he goes; and, as a last touch to his domestic arrangements, he draws over all an eiderdown of corrugated iron. Whether he really fares any better than some of us who just say a little prayer—"Now I lay me down to sleep," or something of the sort—and are snoring in five minutes, I really cannot say. For an unkind world still breaks in on his repose, and some of his comrades have been heard bitterly complaining of the noise he makes in drawing up his bed clothes.

\* \* \* \* \*

In civil life I always liked driving out the girls, and many a time the "Tin Lizzie," the dog-cart, the buggy, and the sleigh have had to "make room for one more, please." But in these beastly war days, when there is no Chaplain's pony on the picket line, and it is a Corporal, not the padre, who has got the army bike, it is hard work to gratify the primitive instincts of mankind. I did

find a substitute, a humble one I confess, on a recent visit to London. I got into a tram car one evening returning from Woolwich, and it was full of girls, munition workers, on their way home. They were dog tired; none too tidy; one grieves to say more than a little dirty; but they had been busy all day on our own job, helping to win the war. Their courtesy and kindness to one another were a lesson for the drawing-room. One girl was right played out—too done even to find her fare, which was paid for her by a companion. When the time came for her to alight, one of her mates took her bag and another slipped her arm in hers to see her home: a big, red-headed lass thrust herself between us strap-hangers and kissed her. Very English and sentimental, no doubt; but a reminder that all the comradeship isn't in the trenches or the hospitals.

\* \* \* \* \*

Some charming letters have reached me from patients who have been with us and have not been satisfied with simply expressing their thanks to the unit on leaving. What has so favourably impressed them, and has given Imperials especially a new conception of Canada, is that all-round interest in them on the part of all ranks, the *cameraderie* which comes so naturally to us and is our way of telling them how we honour them for the big work they have been doing. But letters are often the windows of the soul these days. I wrote sympathetically the other day to an able business man in a Western City who has brought his professional skill to the task of feeding the Army, and whose brother has just fallen. He wrote back telling me how his parents, and especially his mother, were full of fortitude. "Man, they're marvellous. One only grudges the older people the almost certainty that theirs will be the first joy of meeting that Heaven full of brave, happy boys. I miss my brother, but I can find it in my heart to envy the lad. He was only 23, and yet at that age he'd done a life work—giving up his own life that others might have life and have it more abundantly. What can those of us who are left behind do to merit such sacrifices? Nothing seems too big." It isn't surprising to find that my correspondent is using his scant leisure, and his means, too, I suspect, to save one of our congregations hard hit by the absence of so many of its members on service on this side.

\* \* \* \* \*

It was at Orpington, where I happened to be Chaplain in the summer of 1916, that I first met many of the personnel of Number 4, and I had no idea in those days that I was to have the honour of serving subsequently with them. And how much better we all were for contact with really big things in that great Ontario Military Hospital, where money flowed like water to secure an equipment second to none that the world can show. There were things, I know, that we all imagined could be better done: we Westerners don't believe in anybody but ourselves having the last word in



anything. But it was always "patients first," and everybody, from the Colonel downwards, played the game that way, and played it so well. Orpington meant discipline, self-denial, real work

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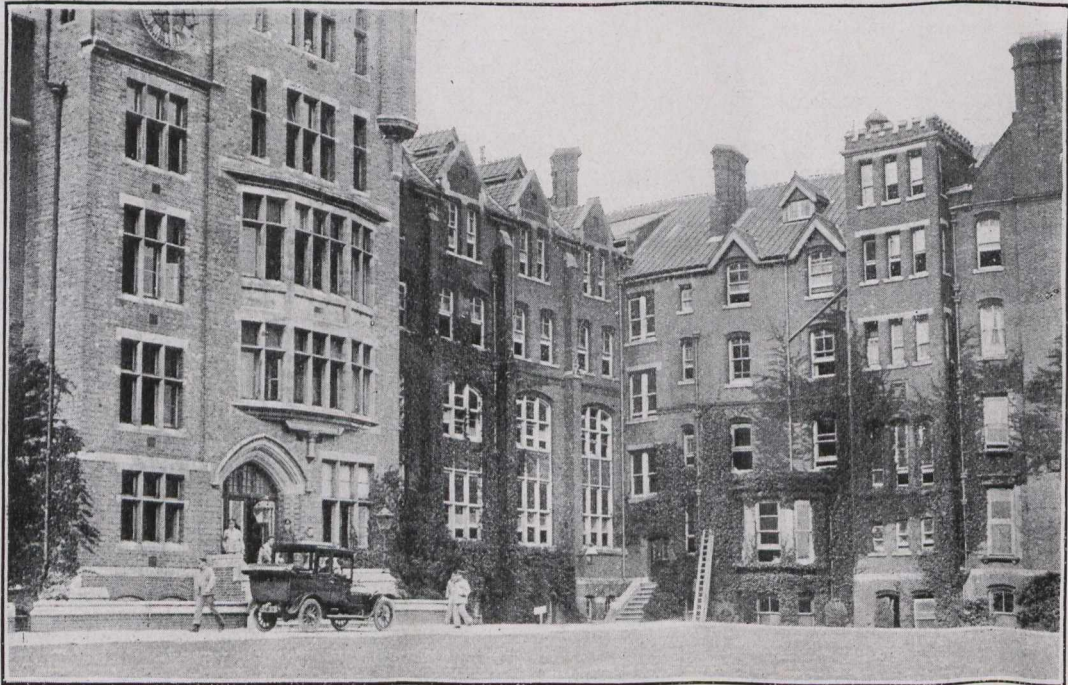
Then came Ramsgate. It was like being given a handful of pretty toys and being sent to play in the garden. Our private chapel and its pipe-organ, with Love at the key-board and Power at the bellows, made us feel how the lines had fallen to us in pleasant places. Some of us ministers in the unit had the heartiest of welcomes to the pulpits of the town and at the Y.M.C.A. Our entertainers were invited everywhere. It was great being able to turn out our patients for their walk on the front. Broadstairs, too, saw much of us. It was delightful how friends opened their homes to us all. The tripe and onion suppers smell good even yet. Some men's bridge vastly improved—there is nothing like a fair teacher. We write to Ramsgate still, and will write.

\* \* \* \* \*

That "Swear Box" in one of our wards, in which the Sister insists that those who speak inadvicably with their tongue shall forthwith drop a penny, is not a new institution. I heard of one in an Officers' Mess, installed by a Chaplain, that was a fruitful source of revenue. But the O.C. couldn't be troubled to find change. So each week he put in half-a-crown, and regarded himself as at liberty to say what he wanted till the next payday came round. Of course, it wasn't at *our* hospital.

\* \* \* \* \*

There is one memory I want to keep for all my days of a Nursing Sister from a hospital only a mile from our own, whom we followed reverently to the grave a few weeks ago. German 'planes were hovering low in the blackness of the night, and bombs were dropping; and she had in her ward a shell-shock patient whom it was difficult to calm. "Now, lie quiet, and I'll sing you a song." And as she sang, the crash came, and the Gates opened for her. Who wouldn't wish to go like that?  
W. H. MUNCASTER, C.F.



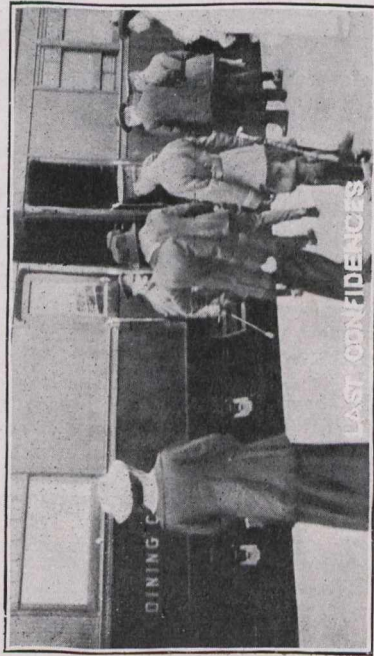
PRINCESS PATRICIA CANADIAN RED CROSS SPECIAL HOSPITAL, RAMSGATE,

Front Entrance and Administrative Wing.





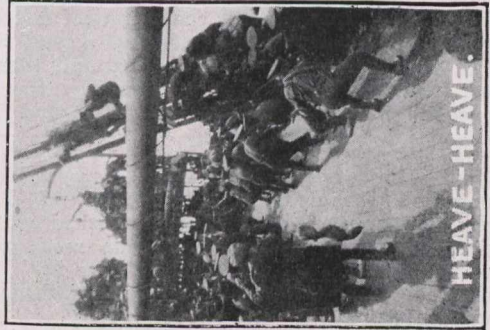
GOOD-BYE WINNIPEG.



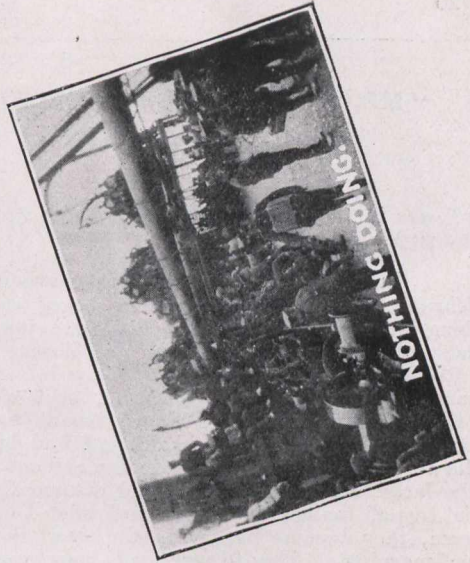
LAST CONFIDENCES



MID OCEAN: ALL'S WELL



HEAVE-HEAVE.



NOTHING DOING.



## "MA," THE CHEERY BILLET LANDLADY.

I T was in the town of Darkness that I first met "Ma."

On a certain cold and dreary evening in February, 19—, I found myself being escorted along the muddy roads of the town of Darkness, in company with a dozen other "Rookies," by a stalwart Corporal. We were all, excepting the Corporal, still wearing "Civies," but these, we knew, would soon be discarded for the King's khaki. I had been in His Majesty's service exactly one day and one night. The latter I had spent in an old disused factory, and though the boards seemed hard when I first lay down, they became harder in the small hours of the morning. The former had been spent in answering dozens of questions and signing my name times without number. Suddenly we turned into a side-street, and I found myself left alone on the pavement outside the door of a small house. The Corporal had knocked loudly, and then left me to introduce myself. Presently the door opened and a figure appeared, dim and indistinguishable, in the opening.

"I—I'm afraid I'm billeted here," I said, nervously, feeling like the rent man. "I—I hope you don't mind." The Corporal affirmed my *bona-fides* from a few doors down the road, and a woman's feeble voice bade me "Come in." So I entered. I closed the street door behind me, and waited, twitching my cap nervously. "Come right in here and get warm, young man," said the same feeble voice. "You'll be wanting to go to sleep, but first you must have some hot cocoa and toast; and I hope you'll feel at home."

I followed my landlady into a snug little kitchen, and could now better see her. She was a feeble, old lady, over whom many storms of life had passed and left their mark, and as I looked at her silvery hair and bent form I was uncomfortable at the thought that perhaps I had been forced on her hands, and I wondered if "Ma" (as I afterwards called her, in the manner of most soldiers in billets) would resent my intrusion into her household. Not a bit of it, however, for, upon my word, in five minutes I felt quite at home, just as if I had known "Ma" as many months as I had moments. There was none of your fancy, drawing-room phrases about our conversation. It was just about her late husband, her family, and her daughter's little boy: "Wee Freddy," she called him. Freddy's mother visited us frequently in later days, her husband being in France. She brought Freddy on these occasions, and he generally managed to knock over my cocoa or drop his bread and jam (jam side downwards, of course) on my clothes.

"Ma" and I had many conversations after that, and oft-times since I seemed to have heard her weak, but cheery voice above the noise of battle and the thunder of the guns. As I have gazed over the parapet into the darkness of "No Man's Land" in the dead of night I have pictured the dear old lady sitting in her favourite chair, her hands palm downwards upon her knees, and recalled the many happy hours spent in her company.

Since I have been in hospital I have been trying to think how long ago it is since I said good-bye to "Ma." One gets so confused about time out here. It must be well over two years, but it doesn't seem that long. I sigh for my old billet. It was always more to me than the picture palace, and the cheery conversation of "Ma" a greater pleasure than the attractions of the town. On several Sunday evenings I found myself in those old days walking slowly to church with her; but since I left, the walk has grown too long for her aging frame. There was nothing fussy about "Ma." The dear old soul never lavished pity upon me in anticipation of the hardships I might encounter in the field. She was always cheery and bright, and that is as it should have been. God bless you, "Ma." What a good old laugh we should have together if you could come and sit beside my bed here in the hospital. You would not overflow with outward sympathy, but would laugh all weariness away. You would remind me about my first attempt to put on putties; how that each time I had either a yard to spare or else as much too little. I look at these nurses, as they go about their duties wearing their neat uniform, and I think if you had been in your prime you would be one of them, for yours is a heart that couldn't refuse such an opportunity.

A great deal has been written and said about women's part in the war, and right glad I was to see in the newspapers the photographs of so many worthy ladies who have been honoured with the new Order of the British Empire; but I think your dear old face should have been amongst them. "Ma." I would have made you a G.B.E. if I could have had my say in the matter. All honour to the noble women who have spent themselves that their countrymen should not be short of munitions, and to the followers of Florence Nightingale who have done so much that the wounded should receive the fullest measure of care and tenderness. But let us not forget to pay a tribute to the cheery billet landlady. Her "bit" has not been done without much personal inconvenience and real sacrifice. God bless you, "Ma," and all the kind, motherly souls like you in our dear old Homeland.

G. IBBERSON (A Patient).





## SHAKESPEARE ON AIR RAIDS.

## MACBETH.

## THE WEATHER.

**F**AIR is foul and foul is fair.  
—Act 1, Scene 1.

Stars, hide your fires.  
Come thick night! Nor Heaven  
Peep through the blanket of the dark.  
—Act 1, Scene 4.

How goes the night, boy?  
—Act 11, Scene 1.

Blow wind! Come wrack!  
—Act 5, Scene 5.

So foul and fair a day I have not seen.  
—Act 1, Scene 1.

## AN AIR RAID WARNING.

Ring the alarum bell.  
—Act 2, Scene 1.

The cry is still, "They come."  
—Act 5, Scene 5.

Out, out, brief candle!  
—Act 5, Scene 4.

Their candles all are out.  
—Act 11, Scene 1.

He that's coming  
Must be provided for.  
—Act 1, Scene 6.

What is that noise?  
—Act 5, Scene 4.

Such a hideous trumpet!  
—Act 2, Scene 1.

Had I three ears I'd hear thee.  
—Act 4, Scene 1.

Sleep no more.  
—Act 2, Scene 1.

## "BEAUCOUP WIND UP."

How is't with me when every noise appals me?  
—Act 2, Scene 1.

Take any shape but that  
And my firm nerves shall never tremble.  
—Act 3, Scene 1.

Did'st thou not hear a noise?  
—Act 2, Scene 1.

Those linen cheeks of thine.  
—Act 5, Scene 5.

Make my seated heart  
Knock at my ribs.  
—Act 1, Scene 3.

## DRESSING TO GO OUT.

Let's briefly put on manly readiness.  
—Act 2, Scene 1.

And when we have our naked frailties hid  
That suffer in exposure.  
—Act 2, Scene 1.

## A PADRE.

Look to the lady!  
—Act 2, Scene 2.

## THE "BOMB BIRDS."

Night's black agents to their prey do rouse.  
—Act 3, Scene 2.

That way the noise is.  
—Act 5, Scene 8.

The clamorous harbingers of blood and death.  
—Act 5, Scene 6.

Turn, hell-hound, turn!  
Act 5, Scene 8.

Thee sightless couriers of the air.  
—Act 4, Scene 2.

## "TO THE TRENCHES."

Stand not upon the order of your going,  
But go at once.  
—Act 3, Scene 4.

Let the earth hide thee.  
—Act 3, Scene 4.

Safe in a ditch he bides.  
—Act 4, Scene 4.

## "ALL CLEAR."

Being gone  
I am a man again.  
—Act 3, Scene 4.

Come, we'll to sleep.  
—Act 3, Scene 4.

Get on your nightgown.  
—Act 2, Scene 1.

So, good-night.  
—Act 5, Scene 1.

## THE MORNING AFTER.

The night has been unruly  
. . . dire combustion and  
confused events . . . some say  
the earth

Was feverous and did shake.  
—Act 2, Scene 1.

'Twas a rough night.  
—Act 2, Scene 1.

My young remembrance cannot parallel  
A fellow to it.  
—Act 2, Scene 1.



I have two nights watched with you.  
—Act 5, Scene 1.

Double, double toil and trouble.  
—Act 4, Scene 1.

Hold, enough!  
—Act 5, Scene 8.

ROSS. MITCHELL.



## THE UNCANNY FEAR.

### AN EXPERIENCE OF THE WAR.

**I**N civilian life I always had a great abhorrence of blood and mutilation. At the very sight of it I experienced a dizzy, nauseous faintness. The thought of an accident in the street was enough to excite that feeling, and the sight of blood was repulsive to me. But when war broke out, a hot resentment at the injustice of our enemies, coupled with the desire for adventure, urged me to enlist.

War in those days was to a civilian a thing glorious and soul-stirring, and I was captivated by the glamour.

During our tedious months of training in quiet country places and military camps we saw nothing which brought the thought of slaughter to our minds; everything was done bloodlessly. The day arrived at last when we went to France and were warned for "the line," and eventually we arrived within hearing of the guns. Soon after we were in action. It was then that all the glamour and glitter of my former dreams dropped like scales from my eyes. Visions were exchanged for realities. I saw men smothered in blood and mud; some horribly mutilated and dying in agony. Over the ground, dead horses, waggons, and remnants of bodies were strewn in terrible disorder.

As I looked upon these things, a great dread crept into my heart, the dread of mutilation, and as the shells screamed overhead it became intensified. I tried to force myself into indifference, but was powerless to control the hammering of my heart, and I felt as though I was about to choke.

At last came the day when we were warned for an attack, and my thoughts became more horrible. While in the billets I felt comparatively safe, for the shells that dropped near us were only stray ones; but I dreaded going nearer to the enemy's guns, which seemed to be firing at me alone.

On the final parade before the attack the Colonel read out a General Routine Order, which told of some who had deserted, and had suffered death by being shot in consequence. He then spoke encouragingly of death with honour, as a thing even to be proud of; but, said he, a deserter's

death brought disgrace and shame, not only on his memory, but also to his regiment. We then prepared to go forward, and again I was haunted by the dreadful thought of mutilation. A shell burst in the midst of a crowd of comrades who were laughing and joking, and I saw my companions, with whom I had so often spoken, fall broken and dead. I felt my knees shaking, and that terrible, uncanny fear gripped me, intensifying the impulse to fly for my life. The old nauseous feeling laid hold of me, and I shook like an aspen leaf. A shell came whining overhead, and fell near to me, and I quaked in terror: as I waited for it to burst I was visualising myself a mutilated victim of this terrible explosive.

And so it was all through the preliminary bombardment for the attack; I was held tightly in the grip of terror. The inferno increased, and as the hour approached upon which our minds were set, we held ourselves taut and ready to rush into that dread unknown which lay beyond "NO MAN'S LAND."

The gun-fire lifted, the alarm was given, and I was conscious of tottering over a stretch of ground full of gaping shell holes, blindly following a man in front of me. Machine-gun bullets hissed spitefully around, but I paid no heed to them, for I was thinking only of mutilation, and forgot the possibility of sudden death.

As I approached nearer to the enemy's trenches I found myself mechanically reasoning that surely the enemy would not be fool enough to shell the place where his own men were lying, and as I thought thus we arrived at the parapet of his trenches. It was even as I had reasoned: no shells were bursting near us. I saw around me my comrades, seeking their prey and fighting for this ground, and, swiftly and suddenly, the uncanny terror left me. My weakness vanished, and I leapt forward and revelled in the struggle. I now fought with the enemy as I had previously fought with my terror, and soon he was as completely subdued and swept forward into the inferno of our own barrage.

H. R. BELL (A Patient).



## ADAM'S DREAM.

**A**ND it came to pass, at the end of two full years in the Army, that Adam, the postal messenger of No. — C.C.C.S., dreamed a dream as he lay in his tent amid the mail bags full of parcels and letters delivered into his keeping by the Army Post Office.

And, behold, there were placed before him seven overflowing and well-flavoured dishes.

And his messmates, seven in number, had placed before them also seven overflowing and richly-flavoured dishes of food.



And, behold, seven lean-fleshed and hungry soldiers sat near unto the table of Adam and his messmates.

And the lean-fleshed and hungry soldiers did fall upon Adam and his messmates, and did eat up their overflowing and well-flavoured dishes. So Adam awoke.

And he slept, and dreamed a second time, and, behold, in town he did meet seven sweet and pretty French lassies, and he would fain have talked with them.

But, while he looked, seven tall and azure-robed Canadian Sisters appeared and chased them all away. And Adam awoke, and, behold, it was a dream.

And it came to pass, in the morning, that his spirit was much troubled. So he repaired unto his Chief Priest, Saint Edwin, and told to him his dream, that it might be interpreted unto him.

Then spoke the Chief Priest, Saint Edwin, unto Adam, saying: I do remember thy faults this day. Behold, the seven overflowing and well-flavoured dishes signify seven long years more of this war, in which thou and thy messmates shall be well fed; indeed, thou and thy messmates shall be "fed-up" at the end of the seven years.

And the seven lean-fleshed and hungry soldiers, like unto "Slim" himself, are the first seven years of peace, during which food for thee and thine shall be more than scarce.

And the seven sweet and pretty French lassies are those thou hast made eyes at, even winked at; yea, verily, those upon whom thou hast practised thy dreadful French and conveyed thy Irish jokes.

And the seven tall and azure-robed Canadian Sisters are those of the staff bewitched by thy wit, in order that thou mightest secure a bowl of soup or café au lait, when thou didst visit the wards on duty. Adam, thy belly indeed yearneth after much food, and thy desire is for feminine grace and sweetness.

Now, Adam, take heed. Store thou up in the coming seven years of war that food of your ration which thou canst not eat. And that food shalt thou store in the Q.M.'s Dept., against the seven years of famine which shall be in the land of Canada, *après la guerre* for thee and thine, that they may not perish through famine.

And the plan was good in the eyes of Adam and in the eyes of all his messmates.

And Adam did place his Chief Priest, Saint Edwin, at the head of his affairs, and the post messenger prospered mightily.

E. R. CUNNINGHAM.



PRINCESS PATRICIA CANADIAN RED CROSS SPECIAL HOSPITAL, RAMSGATE.  
Main Entrance to the Grounds.



## A FORWARD LOOK.

SCENE: WINNIPEG RAILWAY STATION.

A TRAIN had just pulled up at No. 3 platform, and about one hundred grey, wizened old men alighted, raising, as they did so, their long, flowing beards to avoid stepping upon them. Turning, they gave helping hands to a number of blue-spectacled, grey-haired, tottering females. At the first sight of these venerable beings, the excited thousands, who had anxiously awaited the arrival of the train, set up a mighty cheer.

Eager for information, a young man pressed forward, and asked, in awed and reverent tones, "Who are these aged people?" "These," said an old man, "are the gallant men and women of the famous No. 4 Canadian Casualty Clearing Station. I have heard my father speak of them many times. They left our city away back in the year 1916 to serve in the Great War, and have grown old in their country's service. They——"

The young man could hear no more, owing to the frantic cheering of the excited throng.

W. F. SELLER.



## LITERARY AND SOCIAL NOTES.

THE formation of an association to control our requirements in matters of recreation was discussed during the early stages of our history, but it was impossible to develop the idea throughout the long months of our first winter in camp at Shorncliffe, owing to the greater portion of the *personnel* being attached to different hospitals.

The opportunity, however, presented itself when we assembled at Ramsgate and opened our own hospital in St. Lawrence College, under the name of Princess Patricia Canadian Red Cross Special Hospital. When the pioneer work had been done and the institution was running smoothly, the need for organised recreational effort again made itself felt, and, ultimately, a meeting was called on 13th April, 1917, at which the Constitution of the "No. 4 Canadian Casualty Clearing Station Social and Athletic Club" was framed and adopted. An Executive Committee was appointed, having control of sporting, social, and literary departments and our machinery for operation was complete.

As will be seen in another column, sporting activity was immediately commenced. Socially, nothing was attempted, as the town provided all the entertainment and diversion that were necessary. The literary department, however, was not idle, and a page was procured in the "Canadian Hospital News," which was published locally each

week, and, under the heading of "Patter from Pats," some interesting and amusing material was produced. The burning question during the week would be, "Wonder what's going to be in 'Pats' this week?" The appearance of the journal caused great excitement and hilarity, and its contents were the main topics of discussion at mess. The editorial sanctum was the linen-room, from which the literary convener dispatched his sly emissaries to collect incidents and anecdotes for the treatment of his merciless pen. Some unfortunates protested that their appearance in these notorious pages was too frequent, but it was pointed out that they must blame Nature, and not the Editor, for, more than others, they were endowed with peculiarities and eccentricities which simply cried out for caricature.

At last we crossed the narrow divide, and set foot in France, and for a season all thought and energy were given up to the work in hand. Our tasks were so heavy that we were too tired to play, and what leisure was ours was spent in rest and sleep. But we still had our machinery, and when we had become so far adapted to the new conditions that our work was systematic and methodical, we again set it in motion. The first endeavour was a great success. A debate was arranged on the resolution "That war is a benefit to man," and on the evening appointed a great crowd of staff and patients assembled to listen to the rival orators. Praiseworthy speeches were made by S.M. Acker, Ptes. Benwell and Smith; but the sympathy of the audience was with the negative champions, and the decision of the judges was well earned by the splendid, pointed addresses of Ptes. Kennedy and E. Woodcock and the dramatic appeals of Pte. Thornton. Succeeding Friday evenings were in turn taken up with whist drives, a mock trial, burlesque sketches, a paper on "Democracy" by Jack Kennedy, concerts and lectures. Capt. Todd's lecture, entitled "A Story of the Stars," was very delightful. Capt. Todd can always draw a great crowd, and his public appearances are all too few.

The first whist drive was very popular and was attended by every card enthusiast in the unit. Refreshments and prizes were provided and strange though it may seem, such novices as "Hank" Ford and "Pop" were first and second prize winners respectively; while such a notorious card fiend as "Tess" had to be content with the "Booby." The mock trial was another triumph for the literary department, and provided one of the best evening's entertainment we have enjoyed.

These weekly diversions have brought to light some remarkable talent, and shown that we have some gifted men in our midst. Great abilities are hidden beneath these khaki coats; no one can measure how great and varied. Our weekly ventures have done more than amuse: they have served as a medium for revelation, and powers whose existence was little suspected have flashed forth in their fulness. The greatest credit is due





INTERIOR OF WARD (NISSEN HUT),  
No. 4 CANADIAN CASUALTY CLEARING STATION



to the conveners, who have made our meetings possible. These were Pte. Kennedy (until the time of his leaving us) and Pte. Benwell, in the literary chair; Pte. Goodman, as social organiser; and Lance-Corporal Cunningham, in control of sports. Our enjoyment has been the product of their labour, and, with quiet enthusiasm, they have toiled, week by week, to make Friday night happy and care-free. What they have done is of inestimable value, and an immeasurable service to their comrades. We may not be profuse and lavish in our thanks: they neither expect nor desire us to be; but we are grateful, and shall not forget.

Under the Presidency of first Q.M.S. Gunn and second S.M. Acker, the Social and Athletic Club has nobly met a great need, not only for ourselves, for whom it was created, but also for the weary and, sometimes, broken men, who come to us from the mud and pain of the line. Here's to the whole Executive Committee. Our thanks are yours, gentlemen! We are your debtors.

W. E. GOODMAN.

W. FORD.



## TWO GREAT QUESTIONS.

**T**HE war will not last for ever. Europe will not always be a shambles. A day will break when the angelic song of peace first heard above Bethlehem's Plains will resound over the blood-drenched fields of Flanders. The contending armies will cease to rend and mutilate and shatter. Guns will no more speak their dreadful message of death and devastation, nor shining bayonets lose their lustre in warm, crimson life-blood. The last bullet will have sped upon its fatal mission, and the war-worn millions will leave the agony and filth of the trenches and turn their faces homeward.

That blessed day may not be very far distant. Although the world yet writhes in gloom and anguish, and we are still at grips with a stubborn and impenitent foe, there are those who believe that, through the darkness, they see the tiny points of light which herald the coming dawn, and that soon the distant mountain-tops will be flooded with its golden splendour. These prophets may be right or they may, alas! be wrong; but whether the day of peace is near or distant, the two following questions are of profound importance to every thinking man:—

1. What will be the greatest lesson this bitter conflict will have taught to mankind?
2. What types of men will emerge from the ordeal of horror?

1.—**THE GREATEST LESSON.**—The lessons of this unparalleled war will have been greater in number than the mind could possibly catalogue. All will have bearing upon the world of the future and give direction to the life of the nations; but I doubt whether any lesson will be greater than this: that war itself is an ineffectual and insensate thing.

Previous to the bursting of the present cataclysm people held diverse views about war. While there were those who recognised it to be the ghastly thing our experience has proved, many had not shaken off the mediæval conceptions of war. They were prone to think that the peace-time soldier was an embryonic *Ivanhoe*, and that the campaign was the native soil wherein flourished true romance and chivalry. Others declared war to be a natural means whereby the world was clarified, and the rivers of national life dredged and cleared. Others again accepted it as the final and only effectual way of settling nations' differences and quarrels. Germany, as we know, regarded it as a national policy to be adopted as the wisdom of her statesmen should decide. She believed it to be the natural method whereby an advanced and scholarly nation was to educate the less enlightened peoples of the earth. She claimed that her science and philosophy of life were the best human minds had evolved, therefore, in the interests of universal progress and evolution, it was her exalted duty to spread them throughout the world, even, if necessary, at the point of the sword.

But to-day every rational man, regardless of his nationality, has but one view of war. He sees it as a hideous, brutal butchery; a cruel, barbarous practice; a relic of primeval savagery; an insult to every truly good and noble principle, and an outrage upon reason and humanity. Even the odious German Military Caste realises this now, and it is merely national pride which prevents it bowing to its defeat and accepting the lesson. Of one thing I am sure, the German soldier sees war as it really is, and, whatever conceptions have been set before him from his youth up, the scales have now fallen from his eyes, and the delusion fled from his mind. Men, individual and collective, no longer hold any false ideas about war. This generation will never engage in it again; but whether or not our children's children will retain our wisdom, their history alone will reveal.

2.—**THE SURVIVORS OF THE ORDEAL.**—Certain zealous public men, whose conclusions are influenced by their charitable hopes rather than tested knowledge, aver that *every* man will emerge from the inferno as gold tried in the furnace; that, no matter how rough or uncouth may be the external evidences, the essential qualities of manhood will be richly developed. Their contentions, however, are idle, and are not supported by fact. The truth might as well be faced first as last. This war has meant the irreparable ruin of many promising men. The removal of home restraints and all the





NURSING SISTERS (IN THE FIELD) OF  
No. 4 CANADIAN CASUALTY CLEARING STATION.



refining influences of communal life have left them at the mercy of those insidious and vicious forces which appear to be the inevitable product of military congestion. Of these forces, drunkenness and immorality are the most active and powerful, and these scourges have either partially blighted, or doomed to ultimate disaster, many men who before the war shrank from the very thought of either.

A great host will come back as they went away—neither exceedingly good nor outrageously bad. They will gather up the threads of their life as they were dropped on the day of enlistment, and continue their uneventful jog-trot along the beaten highway of existence. They will have received many impressions, but missed the vital lessons of the conflict. Never having been accustomed to think deeply about life, even the war will have been insufficient to break up the lethargy of their minds. This, perhaps, is the most heart-breaking tragedy of all. They will have given so much, yet, personally, received nothing in return. The precious fruits of the seed that was sown in agony and blood they will not have reaped.

But a great many will come forth from the trial as fine gold from the crucible. Each essential element of character will have been so tried and tempered that the whole will be a thing of manly strength and beauty, and although the memory of the horror and brutishness of the awful months and years will leave a melancholy strain in their temperament, this will be in keeping with the clearer recognition of life's intense seriousness. In these men courage, sacrifice, endurance and patience will have been developed to an extraordinary degree, and these great qualities will be nobly exercised when dealing with the immense problems the future will present for solution. These men will be the salt of the earth, and the hope of the new world that will rise upon the ruins of the old.

It is in these men that religion will find true expression. Shibboleths and chilling creeds they will refuse to accept. Their great quest will be to find out the mind and will of the Eternal God, and then to give that will effect in the life of the world. So far as they are concerned the war has proved the breakdown, not of religion, but of its false interpretations, and of civilisation as a sufficient means for the elimination of evil from human character and the final perfecting of mankind. That church will receive their support whose perception of truth is clearest, whose vision is least of all tinged with the colour of denominational or traditional bias, and whose advocacy of spiritual excellence and graces is most commended by faithful example.

Christianity will be essential to these men. *Its emphasis upon spiritual development will meet the recoil from the material interpretation of life which the war has brought about for them.* Here again it is essence they will seek, and not the hollow shell of outward form—the real and not the

ritual—and in the setting up of the Kingdom of Christ they will see the greatest promise of human emancipation.

They will have corrected views of life and death. In the appalling waste of battle they will have learned the value of human life, and their serious and sober thinking will discover its boundless possibilities. Pondering upon life's mysteries, they will see the promise of its incomparable glory as those opportunities are seized and developed—a glory that will shine wondrously bright in this world, but which reaches its fulness in the life that is to come. For they will believe in the after-life, and in the poet's words

“There is no death: what seems so is transition.”

Familiarity breeds contempt even of death. The Ruthless Reaper will no longer make them afraid, for his scythe will but open the gate to the life that is immortal, wherein pain, sorrow and war are unknown.

Three types of men (and women) will emerge from the dreadful holocaust in which the world now travails—the bad, the indifferent, and the good. All will play a part in the new order of life, but it is in the last that the hope of humanity lies. They will not fail, but will they be strong enough to defeat the influence of the bad, or arouse the indifferent from an apathy which is not less deadly in its effect than undisguised evil? There is the greatest question a mortal can ask, but God, Who only is omniscient, alone knoweth the answer.

H. J. THORNTON.



## MY DAY'S WORK.

I AM the postman, general utility man, dispatch rider, and late fireman. I also fill many other capacities for which there are no official names in the Army List. I occupy a tent close by the orderly-room. I strongly suspect it was pitched there so that the O.R. Staff could get my advice on important matters at the shortest notice. However, I am not sure about that.

“Reveille” is at six o'clock, but the Orderly Sergeant never comes my way bellowing “Show a leg”; he has lost all his wind by the time he has finished trying to waken Benwell, Nicol, and “Hank.” My breakfast is at 6.15 a.m., a quarter-of-an-hour earlier than the staff, as I have to make my first trip to town at 6.30 a.m. On the way from the mess my troubles commence. “Going to the P.O.?” “No!” “To the Canteen?” “Yes!” “Bring me some cigarettes and matches.” “And me some tobacco, Beck.” “Will you bring me some candles and a tin of milk, and——” And they wonder, sometimes,



why I forget! I start to mount my bicycle, when up comes some of the civilian workmen with letters to mail; and I again explain that I am not going to the Post Office at that early hour. I ride about one hundred yards, when the Night Ward Master shouts out, "Say, Beck; did you get a parcel for me yesterday?" "No!" "That's funny; it should have been here a week ago." I feel like a culprit, and ride on. This trip is to draw the day's rations, and I soon arrive at the Issue Store, wherein I hear all the latest war news, true and untrue. The rations drawn and purchases made, I return to the hospital, and my appearance is the signal for a renewed bombardment of questions about the latest war news and the mail. Near the Mail Tent I meet the Orderly Sergeant. "Any news this morning, Beck?" "Yes! Raid by Canadians last night, and a few prisoners captured." Fifteen minutes later I meet a Corporal. "Say, it was good news you brought this morning, Beck." "What news is that?" "Why the advance of five miles and the capture of 80,000 prisoners." "Who told you that?" "The Orderly Sergeant; he said——"

I then have a shave before leaving on my next trip, and during the operation a gentle voice outside my tent calls, "Are you there, Beck?" "Yes, Sister." "Are you going to town?" "Yes!" "Will you bring me a chicken for a patient? Here is some money." "All right, Sister." I proceed to wash, and by the time I have finished, fifteen enquiries have been made about mail, parcels, etc.

At last I am ready, and the car which is to bring up the mail bags arrives. As I am about to get in, a sweet voice (which always thrills me) says, "Will you be passing the one-armed grocer, Beck?" "I will for your sake, Sister." "Oh, that's so good of you. Will you please bring me——" (another long list of wants). I get in the car, and off we go. We cover about a hundred yards, when a shrill whistle calls a halt. "There's a patient to be transferred; take him in your car," shouts the O.R. Sergeant. This is another fifteen minutes' delay. Meanwhile, some of the Nursing Sisters have decided to go to town, and we wait another ten minutes while they put on their hats and coats and perform a few titivations. At last we get away, and the rest of the morning is consumed in making calls, collecting mail, gathering news, etc.; and finally we reach the hospital again just in time for dinner. I enter the mess room, and the P.M.O. (Principal Mess Orderly, a title not officially recognised, but jealously guarded by its owner) shouts out, "Any news, Beck?" "Yes! I believe we're winning." As I make my way to the table there's a chorus from all sides, "Any *communiqué* to-day, Beck?" and I proceed to give the substance of the official announcements, making it as elastic as an average imagination can. Dinner finished, I proceed to the Mail Tent. Before I get there, someone shouts, "Any mail, Beck?" "Yes!" "Any for me?" "No!!!" Others take the hint, and

I get on with the sorting. There is no peace, however, even in this operation. Patients and staff vie with each other in inventing ingenious methods of discovering whether or not there are any letters for them. Then comes another vision in blue and white. "Any mail for me this morning, Beck?" "Yes!" "Oh!" (excitedly) "is there one with a 'K—Hospital' stamp in the corner?" "Yes!" "Oh! goodie; that's fine. It's a nice morning, Beck!" At last, the sorting operations finished, I proceed to deliver letters and parcels, commencing with the officers. As I enter Officers' Lounge Room I am met with another fusillade, something like this:—(1) "Well, Beck; any for me this morning?" "No, sir." (2) "Any Canadian mail, Beck?" "No, sir." (3) "Any papers?" "Yes, sir." (4) "Any *communiqué*, Beck?" "Yes, sir." (5) "Good news?" "Yes, sir." (6) "Did I pay you for that paper yesterday, Beck?" "No, sir." "How much was it?" "Twopence; thank you, sir." (7) "When do you expect Canadian mail?" "Perhaps to-morrow, sir." Here I notice a strange officer present, and, having forgotten to remove my cigarette, I beat a hasty retreat to the Sisters' quarters, where I am greeted with a full feminine chorus of, "Any mail for me, Beck?" and I do my best to give them all a letter. I retire by way of the kitchen, but here I get no friendly greeting, only a round of abuse for bringing in a homestead on my boots.

My next job is to deliver mail to the staff and patients and frame countless excuses and apologies for the Post Office's failure to produce letters and parcels for disappointed individuals. Then comes the collection and preparation of the out-going mail, which I am supposed to put into the Censor's hands at precisely two p.m. I arrive at his office ten minutes late, and am censured by the Censor for holding up the war by keeping three *padres* waiting. The remainder of the afternoon is spent in re-directing scores of letters and parcels to patients who have moved on, and this task is scarcely done when the bugle summons us to make another attempt to reduce the army's stock of cheese and jam, which millions of men have failed to exhaust, though attacking it every night for over three years.

At six o'clock I make my last trip to town to post the censored mail and purchase innumerable postal orders for small amounts and, never having graduated in mathematics, my mind becomes a maze as it juggles with the problems of French and English currency. At 7.30 p.m. I return to the hospital and settle down for a quiet game of cards, enjoying for the first time since early morning a couple of hours' leisure.

Mine is a busy round of duties, and is made more so by the many who use me as their agent; but I feel that I have my reward in the friends I have made and in the spirit of comradeship which will survive the trials of this great war and, I hope, continue to be in the distant days of peace.

ADAM BECK.



## SPORT AT THE WAR.

RECREATION is essential to the health and well-being both of body and mind, and unless the strenuous business of life is to result in the breakdown and collapse of the human constitution, suitable relaxation must be regularly sought. This is no less true of the soldier than the civilian, and the wise minds among us recognised early in our history that it was imperative, both in the interests of efficiency and health, that provision be made for sport and entertainment as an antidote for physical and spiritual enervation. To other pens has been committed the task of describing our social and literary activities: mine is to chronicle the outstanding sporting efforts we have made from time to time.

It was at Ramsgate where we were first able to indulge our cravings to any appreciable extent. Here we were ideally situated as regards grounds and courts, and our first endeavour was a handball tournament. From our very first days at St. Lawrence College handball was a favourite pastime, and many fierce games were fought out on the concrete courts. After many exciting battles, the tournament resulted in a victory for Frank Guarnera and Charlie Woodcock, who defeated Alec Stewart and Harrison Thornton in the finals.

After this the boys turned their attention to tennis, and the courts were the scene of much hard work and unremitting practice. A decision was reached to run a doubles tournament. This revealed some very commendable talent, and Art Dingle and "Slim" Woodcock had to fight every inch of the road to victory which was all the more creditable on that account. It was "Slim's" unparalleled reach and aggressive net game, and Art's back court play and slashing return which carried them all the way and won admiration on every side. One of the experts with the racquet was Erskine Ireland (whom we greatly miss). His strong delivery and back-hand return were too much for the majority of his opponents.

Lawn bowls found high favour with the more staid and stately amongst us, and the green squares in front of the hospital were in constant use. But it was cricket, football, and baseball that drew out our best, and many leisure hours were employed in one or the other, while matches were frequently played by rival teams.

At last came the day when we had to say good-bye, not only to Ramsgate, but to "Blighty" also, and one bright, moonlight night we slipped quietly over the Channel and helped to swell the millions in France. Like most other units, we spent some time in a Base Camp, where a few scratch games of football were played. A most interesting feature seemed likely to develop, when one night some American boys occupied the lines adjoining our own. A baseball battle was immediately planned, but they were forced to leave the following day, to our mutual disappointment.

Then came our turn to follow the trail to the line, and soon we found ourselves in a town within easy reach of some very interesting places, and after a couple of weeks spent in one of Napoleon's old military barracks, during which time some of our boys studied new conditions in neighbouring hospitals, we ultimately settled on the site allotted us, and for a number of weeks there was no thought or talk of play, but only hard work. As time went on, however, we found ourselves once more turning our minds to recreation.

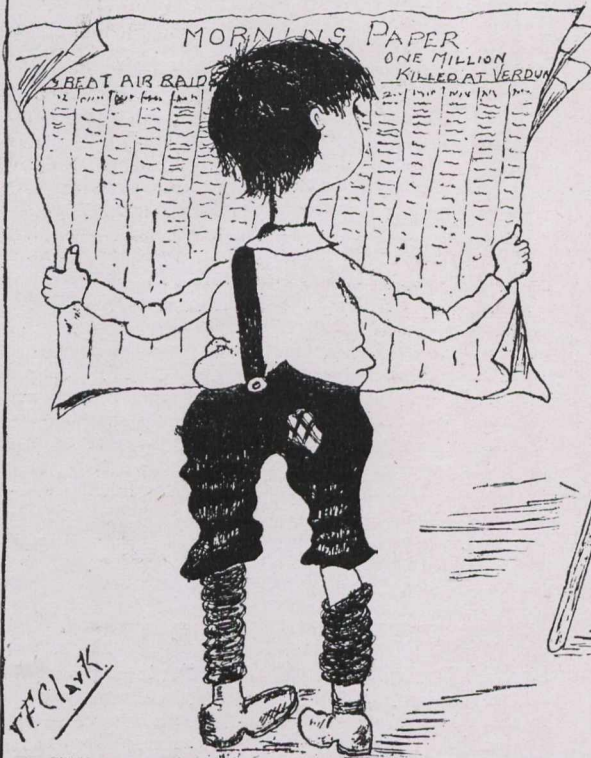
Our first effort was a really big one. After many previous attempts we were successful in arranging a Sports Field Day, and it will always remain one of the memorable days of our history. Sergts. Macnaughton and Popham, Corpls. Curry and Cunningham and Tom Clark formed themselves into a Committee, and the result of their efforts was beyond our best anticipations. Nature favoured us with beautiful weather, and our improvised course was a most animated place. Khaki was laid aside for garbs of many colours, and athletes' legs emerged from the twining puttees. Officers and Sisters were in the thick of it, and few will ever forget *Padre* Brydges's 100 yards dash, or the Sisters' furious struggle for the honours of the Egg and Spoon race. Charlie Woodcock showed himself a good athlete, and in the hands of a trainer should be able to win honours in the Dominion. Only one incident occurred to mar the day. Len Urch, whose skill has been of great help to the unit, received what eventually proved to be a "Blighty" when struggling in the Tug-of-War. Much of the success of the day's arrangements were due to S.M. Acker, who kept matters moving by his capable handling of the office of M.C. and Announcer. After the conclusion of the programme, a football match was played with a team from the R.F.C., in which we were beaten by two goals, but we didn't mind losing; the English boys are great footballers. Crowning the day was a banquet which baffles all attempts at description; we have never had its equal since, nor do we expect to until once more at our own home tables.

The following were the results of the events of a day that will long remain very pleasant to the recollection:—

- 1.—100 YDS. DASH.—1st, Pte. C. Woodcock; 2nd, Sergt. Popham; 3rd, Pte. Benwell.
- 2.—SHOT-PUT.—1st, Major Musgrove (22ft. 5in.); 2nd, Pte. C. Woodcock (21ft. 3½in.); 3rd, Pte. McLeod (19ft. 6½in.).
- 3.—RUNNING BROAD JUMP.—1st, Pte. Johnson (16ft. 3½in.); 2nd, Pte. Guarnera (15ft. 11½in.); 3rd, Pte. C. Woodcock (14ft. 10in.).



"Just Like A Kid"



"See whiz Grampa! Never thought afore about what a little no account scrap 'THE CIVIL WAR WUZ."

**THINGS WE NEVER HEAR.**

Orderly Sergeant: "Nah, I can't let yer go on fire picquet to-night, there's too many waiting ahead of yer."

\* \* \* \* \*

Pte. Flybinite: "May I book you for the next waltz, Sister?"

\* \* \* \* \*

Pte. K . . . n (after pay parade): "Er—er—verra sorry, sir; but did yer na' gie me five francs too much?"

\* \* \* \* \*

Pte. W . . s: "Come on, boys; there's lots more pie here."

**THINGS WE DO HEAR.**

"Parade—'Shun—Stand at ease—Answer yer names."

\* \* \* \* \*

"Following men f'r fire picquet; parade at five o'clock—Answer yer names."

\* \* \* \* \*

"Or such less punishment as is in this Act mentioned."

\* \* \* \* \*

"Beaucoup wind-up."



- 4.—THREE-LEGGED RACE.—1st, Ptes. C. Woodcock and Adams; 2nd, Ptes. Johnson and Waters; 3rd, Ptes. McKeague and Love.
- 5.—HALF-MILE RACE.—1st, Pte. Paget; 2nd, Pte. Waters; 3rd, Pte. Guarnera.
- 6.—EGG AND SPOON RACE.—1st, Nursing Sister Paynter; 2nd, Nursing-Sister Glasson; 3rd, Nursing-Sister Mitchell.
- 7.—HIGH JUMP.—1st, Pte. T. Clark (4ft. 2in.); 2nd, Pte. Benwell (4ft.); 3rd, Capt. Mitchell (4ft.).
- 8.—OFFICERS' RACE.—1st, Major Musgrove; 2nd, Capt. Mitchell; 3rd, Capt. Brydges.
- 9.—BOOT AND SHOE RACE.—1st, Pte. Waters; 2nd, Pte. Thornton; 3rd, Lance-Corpl Seller.
- 10.—SACK RACE.—1st, Pte. Johnson; 2nd, Corpl. Duncan; 3rd, Pte. E. C. Woodcock.
- 11.—RUNNING, HOP, STEP, AND JUMP.—1st, Pte. Guarnera (35ft.); 2nd, Major Musgrove (34ft. 3in.); 3rd, Pte. Johnson (33ft. 8in.).
- 12.—PILLOW FIGHT.—1st, Pte. C. Woodcock; 2nd, Corpl. Stewart; 3rd, Lance-Corpl. Seller.
- 13.—STANDING BROAD JUMP.—1st, Pte. Clark (8ft. 11in.); 2nd, Pte. Johnson (8ft. 10½in.); 3rd, Pte. McKeague (8ft. 8in.).
- 14.—THREAD-THE-NEEDLE RACE.—1st, Nursing-Sister Webb; 2nd, Nursing-Sister Mitchell; 3rd, Nursing-Sister Eldridge.
- 15.—TUG-OF-WAR.—Officers and N.C.O.'s against Men.—Won by the men's side.
- 16.—RE-LAY TEAM RACE.—Winning Team: Pte. C. Woodcock, Pte. Adams, Pte. Paget, and Pte. Waters.

Cricket was the favourite game during the summer, and many practice and rival matches were played. Even the O.C. could not resist its charms, and more than once helped the men to defeat the N.C.O.'s. Sergt. Macnaughton made a good captain, and Walter Ford's enthusiasm and ability with bat and ball were always a wholesome stimulus.

Baseball, of course, was much indulged in. It is our own peculiar game, and, although many matches were played with neighbouring units, our colours were only lowered on one occasion. Under the captainship of Corpl. Warman, our record was exceptionally high.

Great efforts were made to develop our football talent, and, although we bit the dust in a number of matches, we extracted much enjoyment from the game; and, in blue jerseys spread with a maple leaf, it was an imposing team that took the field under the lead of Sidney West.

I do not know how I can better close than by voicing the gratitude of every man of us to the Canadian Red Cross Society and the Y.M.C.A. for their great generosity in providing us with cricket sets, baseball outfits, and footballs. Without their aid our opportunities for wholesome recreation must have been greatly curtailed, and the many delightful memories which stand out as lighthouses in a wide, grey sea, would not be ours to-day.

E. R. CUNNINGHAM.



### PRINCESS PATRICIA CANADIAN RED CROSS SPECIAL HOSPITAL: RAMSGATE, KENT.

'Avin' turned the sainted 'all into an 'orspital,  
They 'ad to foind the bally thing a noime;  
To get a satisfyin' combination,  
They worked the bloomin' halfabet o'ertime.

\* \* \* \* \*

Fair Ramsgate's name and eke its fame  
Depend not all on fishes;  
In Red St. Lawrence's rambling halls  
Was born the first Patricia.



### INSPIRED BY AN AIR RAID.

I would I were the devil's first lieutenant  
And the keeper of his most sulphureous pits;  
In the deepest of them all without a tenant  
Would I roast the beast to mortals known as  
Fritz.



### OVERHEARD ON A BROADSTAIRS PARADE.

"There are other Irishmen than those coming  
from Ireland."  
"How do you make that out?"  
"Well, there's the Ramsgate Pat's."



Of our handsome, bright lieutenant chemist  
A remarkable thing can be sung:  
Though year upon year he grows older,  
To us he must always be Young.