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DECEMBER, 1915] Editor: CAPT. A. R. B. DUCK. Business Manager: CAPT. W. FOX. News Editor: CORPL. MCKENDRICK. [Price ONE FRANC

Editorial Note

IN launching this the souvenir number of the "Splint Record" upon an unsuspecting public, we are not making any apology for doing so. Owing to the rush of different matters caused by the fact that there is a War going on in this part of the World, and that the time of year is such that thoughts of goose, turkey and cranberry sauce occupy our minds almost exclusively (and what perhaps makes it still more upsetting is the knowledge that those above mentioned geese, etc., will exist in thought only), our first number is not to be taken as a sample but rather as an introduction to what we are sure will generate into a breezy little monthly in which as near as possible will be mirrored the work, feelings and thoughts of the Canadian boys of No. 2 Field Ambulance. Our aim is to make those columns interesting to all, both to the men of the unit and to those outside who will be fortunate enough to see a copy regularly. Here we will try as far as possible to forget the torn fields, the sights and sounds of war, and only remember that word in the knowledge that after it is all over and the Allies dictate their terms of peace, there are smiling homes anxious to welcome us in Dear old Canada where we can settle down once more in peace and contentment, knowing that once and for all the tyrant of Militarism has ceased to hold sway in Europe, and that each one has had his share be it ever so little in bringing this about.

We wish to thank all our contributors of articles in this number, not so much for the excellent articles written, but more for the spirit in which they gave their help to us. Now what is there left for us to say except to wish all our readers both here and at home as happy a Christmas and as jolly a New Year as you can possibly have and the wish that the next Christmas of our lives may be both happy and peaceful.

THE EDITORS.

STOP PRESS NEWS.

It is with feelings of regret that we have to announce the departure of Sergeant Rawlings and Privates Crawford and Smith from our unit. They having been granted leave to Canada in order to complete their medical studies. While wishing them "Bon Voyage" and an early graduation, we cannot but wish that they could have been with us at the finish.

Thinking Back

A few months spent together "somewhere" Thinking Back, supplies a very varied assortment of memories. What a store house to draw upon when we meet around camp fire or hearth in years to come.

The Point of View—mine or yours—are different. This fact is common to the human race. One thing let me convince you of, dear reader, my point of view is the right point of view. This simplifies the field of operations. If you ever went out with a billeting party you would know what a "fog" was really. There are various kinds of fog. A fog may simply obscure the landscape—or the mind may become unnaturally dense to reasoning. Did you ever hear of a billeting party that did not get into a fog. The area did not correspond with the numbering of the map. Roads were where roads had no right to exist, houses were already chalk marked, all arguments pro and con being unreasonably thrown out. This reminds me of a billeting party once that got into several kinds of fog. That fog in Flanders was useful in a way. It came about like this, so the story runs. All the party were excellent Interpreters—from their own point of view. The question has yet to be solved which was the right point of view—in fact it's quite foggy. Now an interpreter who cannot quite speak any language but will argue the point in several, and is always ready to agree or disagree if you agree or disagree with him, by using the expression "I don't know about that," will land you in a fog soon. So it happened that night fell and the fog. Did you know a fog was stimulating? Well it is when you're hunting for a billet and the choice is left between the muddy roadside or finding a bed. Just then the fog is stimulating.

The result of renewed energy was, the dog and his companions found a floor and some straw. 'Tis true the space under the table echoed with nasal thoughts and the dog and his companions were put upon their good behaviour. A fog may be caused by too much humidity in the atmosphere or by a chimney getting a cold in its head. Then too, in the early morning, minds may be foggy upon the subject of social ethics. For instance what is the correct thing to do when the lady of the house wishes to exercise her prerogative and lights a fire before the dog and his companions performed their toilet. Here came the fog to the rescue. That chimney had a fearful cold, in fact the dog wondered whether it was a chimney. So the question of ethics was solved instanter, wrapt in blankets of fog the dog and his companions got their way.

Still that party found another fog upon which the Interpreter is ready to argue at any time. "How much pressure must be placed upon a case of lemons to cause them to vanish?" is

a question of such profundity that the fog still hangs over it.

"Well, what are you going to do about heet," introduces the subject of cream. Its use—Oh, no, not abuse. Why should cream ever be abused even if the supply is all consumed in an abode other than the Splinters Home. Have you ever noticed the really extraordinary way in which cream—sometimes called crème is used nowadays? For instance scientific tonsorial artists manufacture Crème de Pomade for the enrichment of the capillary ducts. This, sweetly scented, has a slightly tilting effect upon the scalp. Nothing is of use when the last hair has gone—not even cream. But Ah! When the stern martinet uses crème de circ upon the hirsute and ornament of upper lip, what frightfulness is there—the fair ones are fascinated—K.R. and O. are fulfilled. What a wonderful effect, all accomplished by a little pluck and perseverance.

Can you Diabolo? What the devil? Have to all the time. Ah, now we see—the little game for old and young. We see the cunning in the twist and turn—the throw, the catch. Happy days when in the spring sunlight we watch and tried our hand. We saw them stout and strong ride upon lusty steed—stern of visage or twinkling of eye. Diabolo! We little thought that soon in life's character we would have to rise and meet the crisis and fight against the Hun. Diabolo—the gas—the cunning twist and turn and throw—but win we did and will because we fight for right.

Bear with me but a moment more. We have so many memories of "Shell." It's such a wonderful subject, sometimes it's "Shell out" at others "Shell in."

It fitly opens with the shell we all know most about—the egg shell. At night you may have a sound as of a small shell that makes a crying whistle as it passes thro' the air. Friend, 'tis no shell, only a small bird. No marvel whence the sound—out of an egg it came and hence the lonely shell sound. Ah! but eggshells; what a tale they tell! Give me two; with their contents I'll steak my lot. All kinds of shells produce a stimulating effect at first—particularly in teaching the nearest way to dug-out and cellar—these are "Shells in." Never bank on "Shell out," one way you lose beans and the other blighty.

Some may collect empty shells and fashion mementoes—"Think backs." No need of such to me just now, because I find so many memories come rushing on. Anon, perchance, when time has covered trivial things and left in clear relief the kindness, the courteousness, the manliness, without veneer, that binds like a splint the fracture caused in following the path of duty, we'll hope to tell you more as we "think back," when you and I together were with number 2.

Flanders, Dec., 1915.

B.

Roll of Honour

KILLED IN ACTION

Private C. L. Pitts.
Private H. J. Bacon.

DIED OF WOUNDS

Sergeant J. W. McKay.
Sergeant W. H. Baskett.
Private J. Collins.
Private A. E. Lawton.

WOUNDED IN ACTION

Sergeant J. W. Cook.
Corporal W. J. Johnston.
Private R. M. Chester.
Private J. Dalton.
Private S. M. Godfrey.
Private W. M. Leishman.
Private S. Smith.
Private T. E. Seale.
Acting-Sergeant C. J. Venn.
Private H. N. Bethune.
Private J. B. Mair.
Private S. N. Hillen.
Private A. Hyde.
Private J. A. Moore.
Private C. H. Archibald.
Private R. Thomas.
Private L. F. Allingham.

Xmas—Noel—Kerstdag

Yuletide is fast approaching.

What so rare in Flanders as a Christmassy day? And yet, such a day—when all the world seems in tune—such a rara avis inspires this article.

A bright cheerful day—frosty and clear—a sprinkling of snow, pure and white, on red-tiled roofs and on the green leaves of the tall poplars, which like sentinels guard the Flemish roads. A tang in the air that makes for comradeship, good cheer, pleasant greetings, which renders spontaneous a hearty Merry Xmas—reminiscent of yule-log fires, roast turkey, plum pudding, Xmas trees, presents given and received, pendant mistletoe, and the ruby-red holly berries nestling in their green leaves.

The crash of a 12in. Howitzer, the staccato of a machine gun, the sharp snapping of rifles, the purring of an aeroplane speeding high and almost invisible in the blue vault, the huge bulk of a captive balloon swaying in the breeze directly above our headquarters, the immense motor trucks rumbling over the pavé, the khaki clad columns swinging with rhythmic step down to the trenches—now whistling, now singing—bring us to the sharp realisation that this is Belgium, that this is war, and the thought that Xmas 1915 will not be a real Xmas—a Canadian Xmas for the Canadian Expeditionary Overseas Force. For there is a Canadian Xmas as there is an English Xmas, as there is a Flemish Kerstdag.

Xmas in Canada.

There if ever, there if anywhere Xmas is Xmas—Noel is Noel.

There if anywhere, nature is most lavish in showering upon us those of her gifts, without which Xmas would not be Xmas for Canadians. She covers the ground with a soft mantle of snow, the trees, the housetops, the bushes, have each their decorations. The air is scintillating

with frost particles, the ground iron-hard frozen, the rivers tight-locked in the grip of winter.

Music of sleigh bells, the jingle of harness, the song of steel runners gliding over frozen roads, the ring of skates, sharp and clear, cheery voices, the harmonious pealing of church bells, the crunch of snow underfoot, all combine with the spirit of goodwill to make a Canadian Xmas.

From Atlantic to Pacific our Lady of the Snows is ready for the great Feast of the Nativity.

From Prince Edward Island to Vancouver, from the Great Lakes to the North Pole, the spirit of Xmas is in the air, the spirit of peace and goodwill.

Xmas in England, 1914.

Salisbury Plain at Xmastide was the abomination of desolation. Rain, with more rain, steady downpouring, till all was wet, inside, outside, the earth, the air, the sky. Traffic of countless motors, wagons and horses. The passage of numberless troops had turned the historic plain into a bog, a never-ceasing churning mass of sticky fluid mud thro' which at intervals ran rivers of yellow clay and chalk—formerly roads—emptying in turn into great sluggish arteries of liquid slime.

And in the midst of this sea of mud the flower of Canada's soldiery, our Canadian braves, strove to celebrate Xmas.

In Memory

of our Comrades of the first Canadian Division who fell at Ypres, April 22nd, 1915, while blocking the German rush to Calais

*What reck you whether your resting place
Be decked with the golden lilies of France
Or amidst the vine-clad hills of the Rhine.
The principles for which you fought are eternal.*

SIR S. HUGHES.

Wading, struggling thro' the treacherous sticky mud they scoured the plains for green branches of fir and pine, and with these and treasured bits of bunting gave to the drab hutments a semblance of festivity.

They did their best, officers and men inspired by thoughts of Xmas at home and aided by hampers of good things from Canada, by music of mouth organ and concertina, by songs of the homeland, did their best to forget—at least on Xmas Day—the dreary waste, the clammy damp of Salisbury Plains.

But that was impossible, each newcomer brought with him several cubic feet of mud, the rain beat a dismal tattoo on the iron-roofed huts. Xmas—a Canadian Xmas—well perhaps Xmas 1915 would be spent in Canada, and that would be a real Xmas, an appreciated Xmas.

Xmas in Flanders, 1915.

The "paysaus" tell me that winter in Belgium means sleet, rain, mud, mist, day in and day out, that the sun but rarely shows his glowing cheerful disc from November till March.

Since we have already experienced several weeks of this Flemish winter our imagination may without difficulty depict Xmas Day, Kerstdag, in the Canadian sector.

The earth and sky merging into a sombre, misty, desolate background, the pavé with its

coating of greasy mud, the pedestrian bespattered with mud from head to feet by passing motors.

Away from the paved roads a quagmire, drains, ditches, trenches, dugouts, all water-logged.

Ruined churches, heaps of stone and brick and twisted iron, piles of rubbish once extensive farmhouses, here and there a little cemetery each with its complement of wooden crosses, marking the graves of our Canadian heroes, graves decorated with a crucifix, a statue, a kindly thought of true comrades.

In barns, in huts, in shelters, in the trenches, Xmas Day.

Already the preparations are in full swing. Good things are coming from far off Canada, by boat, by train, to our Canadian fathers, brothers and sons, cheering words and wishes and gifts. The spirit of Xmas is here in Flanders and Xmas Day will be Xmas Day. Hardships, yes, difficulties of course. Some must spend Xmas in the mud and water of the trenches, some in the shelters, but wherever they are "Merry Xmas" will be the pass-word, and it will be as merry a Xmas as can be—as on the plains of Salisbury—Xmas will be Xmas in spite of rain and fog, in memory of past Xmas in Canada, in anticipation of Xmas in Canada in the year 1916.

"To be or not to be," that is the question, whether we shall be at war a year hence or whether peace is soon to come? Victory of course, will be ours some day, but when? We like to picture Xmas 1916 in Canada as "the" Xmas of our dreams, when we shall be there in body as well as in spirit and enjoy to the full the glories of that Xmas in Canada, which we have learned to appreciate, which we shall the more enjoy when there is "Peace on Earth to men of goodwill," and just peace in our hearts which surpasseth all understanding.

ANON.

Honours and Rewards

D.S.O.

Captain T. H. McKillip

DISTINGUISHED CONDUCT MEDAL

Private F. Turner.

MEDAL OF ST. GEORGE, 3rd CLASS (RUSSIA)

Private F. Turner.

MENTIONED IN DISPATCHES

Lieut.-Colonel D. W. McPherson.

Major E. B. Hardy.

Captain J. I. Fraser.

Captain P. G. Brown.

Captain T. H. McKillip.

Sergeant J. W. McKay (decd.).

Private R. M. Chester.

Private J. Dalton.

Private C. J. E. Farr.

Private W. M. Leishman.

Private J. G. Youldon.

THE CZAR AS A SOLDIER

The Czar's action in placing himself at the head of his army makes it interesting to know that at one time he served as a private, submitting himself to all the hardships of a common soldier and carrying the full equipment, which then weighed nearly seventy five pounds exclusive of the weight of the rifle. He appeared on the Regimental role as Private Nicholas Romanoff, married, of the Orthodox faith, coming "Tsarkoe Selo."

When he was given a commission he set himself very much against snobbishness. A young Lieutenant had annoyed his fellow officers by travelling in a tram car to the barracks, and they were promptly admonished by the Czar who said "I hear that to ride in a tram is considered beneath the dignity of an officer in your regiment. I am your Colonel and I have just been riding in a tram. Do you wish me to send in my papers?" The regiment after that lost a lot of its uppishness.

THE RUM ISSUE

*I suppose we're a lot of heathens,
Don't live on the angel plan;
But we're sticking it here in the trenches,
And doing the best we can.*

*While preachers over in Canada,
Who rave about kingdom come,
Ain't pleased with our ability,
And are wanting to stop our rum.*

*Water they say would be better,
Water, Great Scott, out here;
We're up to our knees in water,
Do they think we are standing in beer?*

*Oh, it sounds all right from the pulpit,
When you sit in a cushioned pew;
But try four days in the trenches,
And see how water will do.*

*They haven't the heart to say "Thank you"
For fighting on their behalf;
Perhaps they object to our smoking,
Perhaps it's a fault to laugh.*

*Some of those coffee-faced blighters,
I think must be German bred;
It's time they called in a Doctor,
For it's water they have in the head.*

Flanders, 1915.

A SOLDIER'S CHRISTMAS LITANY

From the sound of Fritz playing carols in his trenches.

From undersized socks and scented respirators.

From all Hail, Rain, Snow and surface water.

From well-meaning relatives who last year sent tracts and postal orders.

From requests for the acknowledgement of parcels which have not arrived.

From more than two dozen periscopes.

From all requests for German Helmets.

From all working parties.

From bully beef and biscuits.

From all "arf a mo's."

From Trench feet.

From all third divisions.

From all Turks, Huns, Austrians, Kaisers and other pests both at home and abroad.

Good Lord deliver us.

FAREWELL DINNER TO
COL. McPHERSON

On Monday evening, November 15th, the eve of his departure to his new command, Colonel McPherson was entertained at a farewell dinner by the officers of No. 2 Field Ambulance. Given that sincere esteem in which the Colonel has always been held at No. 2, the success of the evening was a foregone conclusion. Everyone was at his best, from our oft proven Mess Chef to that best of Toast masters, Major Hordy.

To do honour to the guest of the evening, the Divisional A.D.M.S., Colonel Ross, came over from— to be present, and with him Major Chisholm and Major —. Very welcome visitors, too, were Colonel Hill, O.C., of the 1st Battalion, and his genial Adjutant, Major Creighton, who on being relieved from the trenches that night hastened over to pay their respects to our departing O.C.

At the request of the Pacifics we refrain from reprinting the menu, as it certainly would very materially soften the sting in their "Horrors of War" pamphlet. When justice had been done to the good things it listed, Colonel Ross rose to propose the health of Colonel McPherson. He paid a well-deserved tribute to the man who had made No. 2 Field Ambulance second to none in the B.E.F. His words of praise and well-wishing found a hearty echo in the applause with which they were greeted. Other toasts of the evening were: No. 2 Field Ambulance, by Colonel Hill; The C.A.M.C., by Major Creighton; The Infantry, eloquently given by Capt. Atkinson, C.A.D.S.; The Navy was brilliantly proposed by Capt. Kelly, whose feeling tribute to "all those at sea" will long be remembered; our Home Folk was given by Rev. Father Doe, and some who should not be "Home Folk" just now must have felt their ears burning. In Comrades, Capt. Brown was at his best, and made us all feel as though we were D.M.S.'s and G.O.C.'s rolled into one. Capt. Duck gave us The Press, speaking admirably of its achievements and the new path to be blazed for it by the "Splint Record," as to its failures in the present war he stamped them N.Y.D., but prophesied a cure when the S.R. would get to be known. Our Allies was fervently given by Capt. Poisson. Capt. Jeffs snatched an hour from the "Advanced" to voice our God-speed to the Colonel. No matter how varied were the themes of the different speakers, Major Hordy, as Toast Master, knew how to make them all spell our admiration for Colonel McPherson, our regret at his going and our unconquerable assurance that greater success, if possible, awaited him in wider fields.

At a Mess Meeting of the Medical, Dental, Oculist, Aurist, Osteopathic, Dermatology, and Chiropodist Officers of No. 2 Field Ambulance, it was stated that acute disease, Toothache, Pinkeye, Earache, Pimples and Corns, are all preventable diseases, and that compulsory examination of soldiers' bodies, teeth, eyes, ears, backs, skin and feet, by a qualified M.D., D.D., O.D., E.D., D.O., S.D., or C.D., would add to the longevity of soldiers' usefulness.

With apologies to "Life."

THE ADVANCED

This is how one of the officers described his advanced dressing station to me:—

"It consists of a stable, two cupboards and a cellar (according to my instructions there was a house facing Germany, but up to now I have not been able to find it). One cupboard is simply but tastefully furnished with two surgical panniers and one "medical comfort" box. The cellar, with an incomplete escritoire made out of an empty bacon box and four bricks (loot), helped out with lilacs, soldiers' buttons (Made in Germany), badges, cigarette labels, and pieces of shell picked up near by, hardly knows itself, and the whole might be mistaken for a room by the casual caller. Reinforced with sand bags in front and a dug-out behind, it may be said in the language of the real Estate Dealer, to have all modern conveniences.

SING ME TO SLEEP

*Sing me to sleep on Belgian soil,
The latest stunt makes my blood boil;
How can I still be of good cheer,
Now they've cut out the English beer.
Sing me to sleep in my little hut,
Blankets ad lib upon me put;
All I've got left to do is snooze,
Now they have banned the English booze.*

CHORUS.

*Far from Dranoutre I want to be,
Where there's some good booze waiting for me,
Some Hiram Walker my lips to steep,
In a nice soft bed, sing me to sleep.*

*Sing me to sleep, maybe some day
In an old country estaminet
Once more I'll get a decent glass
Of a decoction that's known as Bass.
Sing me to sleep and let me rest
Upon a hotel bar, for that is best;
Longing for Bass's, it makes me weep,
Until half nutty I fall asleep.*

CHORUS.

*Far, far from Flanders I would be gone,
Belgian beer you bet is no bon;
And at six hours when night shadows creep,
I don't buy booze, just lay down to sleep.*

J. G.

With apologies to Signor Piccini.

Menu Recommended for the Dinner which
the Sergeants intend having on
Christmas

Field Olives. Anchovies on Holland. Nifty Celery.

McIntosh Soup.

Fish Cakes without Rowe.

Rawling Cutlets Breaded with McGernon's Peas.

McLaughlin's Young Chicken.

Shad's Sprouts. Paddy Murphies.

Quarter's Roast Beef and Brown's Gravey.

Thom's Salad.

Bach's Xmas Pudding with Patient's Brandy Sauce.

Matty's Apple Pie.

Perley Cream.

McKay's Jellies. Blank Page.

Preserved Hurst.

Minced Rogers.

Samuels a nut, followed by Almonds, Raisons and Keith's.

Watt? Cheese and Coffee.

God Save the Sergeants.

What We Would Like to Know

When will Staff-Sergeant Hurst remember that we are on active service and not with Ringling's Circus?

? ? ?

Has Staff-Sergeant Page found out where the River Ebb is situated?

? ? ?

When will we get our next rum issue?

? ? ?

When will No. 2 Field Ambulance Quartette appear in public?

? ? ?

Who is our senior compounder?

? ? ?

Is Hamilton Mountain still there? The wind blew up the Mountain I heard.

? ? ?

Who is responsible for cutting down our working pay?

? ? ?

When was Medical Student Bethune promoted to Sergeant, and "Happy" Johnson to Sergeant-Major?

? ? ?

Who is responsible for "sicing" the fife and drum band on us? This is what the Corporals want to know.

? ? ?

When in civil life, what trade does Sergeant Holland follow?

? ? ?

Sammy wants to know "who put the snuff in Snuffy?"

? ? ?

When is it going to start raining?

? ? ?

What does Sergeant Neff know about artillery?

? ? ?

How many times in a week does a man have to have his hair cut?

? ? ?

Who is in charge of the dressing station when Sergeant McKay is away?

? ? ?

Who keeps the roll book of "A" section now?

? ? ?

Who was senior N.C.O. up at the advanced dressing station during the week ending December 4th, and what was the trouble?

? ? ?

Who is the Sergeant who contemplates marriage on his next leave? He has our sympathy.

? ? ?

Who stole Dutchy's rabbit, and who got the blame?

? ? ?

What hair-raising experience has a certain dental Sergeant been through?

? ? ?

"A" SECTION NOTES

Who is supervising the construction of a sidewalk round the "A" Section huts, and when will it be finished?

? ? ?

Why our new messenger boy does not have the D.C.M. ribbon up?

? ? ?

Who is the little bantam cock of the 2nd Field Ambulance?

? ? ?

We have heard of the Gold Dust Twins in this unit. Who are they?

? ? ?

Are the Privates of No. 2 Field Ambulance housemaids or titled ladies?

? ? ?

What will the Padre say when the band plays the protestant boys?

? ? ?

Will the band be ready by the 17th of Ireland?

? ? ?

Was it intended that the roof of No. 2 hut be rainproof or shellproof? And did the rain stay out after the roof had been changed three times?

? ? ?

Who was the "A" Section man who was on time?

? ? ?

Who was the little Scotchman who wanted to fight the biggest man in the company? Would it be a stretcher case?

? ? ?

Who is the Corporal who is carrying a 6in. Howitzer around as a souvenir? Did he wear his red cross whilst on leave for protection?

? ? ?

Is the football team resting for the spring?

? ? ?

Who is next season's star pitcher?

? ? ?

Who is the officer who needed a bodyguard every morning at 9 a.m. at the advanced dressing station? Was it necessary?

Would the Motor Ambulance Driver have been pinched for not having a tail light if a certain Sergeant had been seated in the rear of the car?

? ? ?

Where did the cow-puncher learn to ride?

? ? ?

Will there be a bar for the men who took part in the "Battle of Cognac?"

? ? ?

Are there any more Staff-Sergeants in need of batmen?

? ? ?

Who is the Sergeant whose kidneys are at fault?

? ? ?

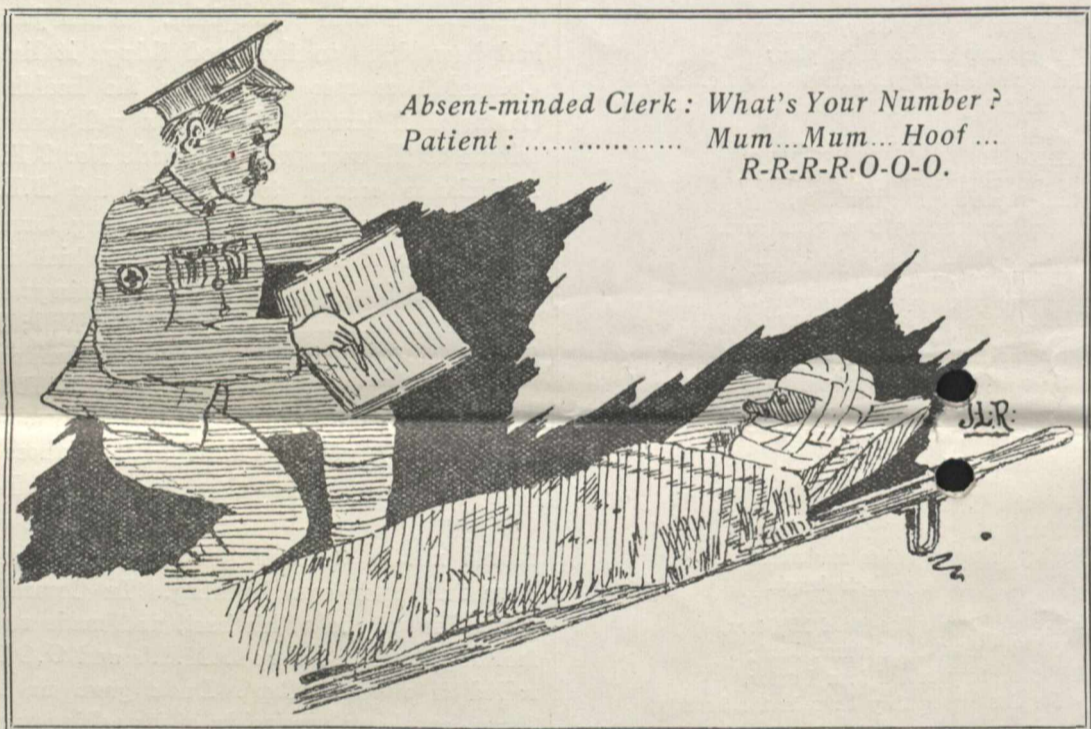
Who is the Corporal who was "Best Man" at a wedding recently? Is the "Bridesmaid" responsible for his present condition?

? ? ?

Does the fumes of the Rum take effect on the Q.M.S. when he is issuing the same to the boys?

"C" SECTION NOTES AND QUERIES

Congratulations to our Section O.C. on his well deserved promotion. We trust he will attain still giddier heights.



And why were the men lined up to take a long look at the graveyard opposite before commencing their day's routine?

? ? ?

Who is the "C" Section Sergeant who has cold feet? Or were they only wet?

? ? ?

Who is the old soldier who does all the work in "A" Section? Are there any more Staff jobs going?

? ? ?

Is the Xmas Dinner to be a fiasco this year too?

? ? ?

What became of the Maple Sugar last Xmas?

? ? ?

Where all the Rum goes to?

? ? ?

If the Q.M.S. and his staff cannot be a little more civil?

? ? ?

Is the shoemaker waiting until January 1st? Will he revise the price list after that date?

? ? ?

We hear that the 2nd Contingent boys have nearly all been on leave?

? ? ?

Who authorised the O.C.'s of the infantry battalions to not issue rum to the Field Ambulance stretcher-bearers?

Star gazing will no doubt be out of favour now the SAGE has departed basewards.

? ? ?

Jimmy Walker is pretty busy these days entralling his hutmates with selections from the Quartette's repertoire. To visitors—"Verb Sap" keep out for the present.

? ? ?

Still another compounder. "Ye Gods," what a glorious chance to form a Drug Combine—Apres la Guerre.

? ? ?

Poor old George, we never thought he could stay the distance, but no doubt he will make good at the Base where another friend of ours has gone to HYDE.

? ? ?

WANTED. A new uniform every week.—Apply Pte Horsman, c/o Huts.

? ? ?

LOST. A monocle, finder please return to SCRAPNEL, c/o ADVANCE.

? ? ?

TO EXCHANGE. An Acetylene Lamp for a set of BONES.—Apply CRAPPY, address as above.

? ? ?

A Gramophone—to record my famous speeches after the war.—Apply EYE-WITNESS.

? ? ?

Who is the Private whose mother sent him a copy of the famous song "I didn't raise my boy to be a soldier," and if she wouldn't think so if she saw him now.

THE HABITANT RECRUIT

*It's only oder day ago
Dat my boy Aime say,
"I want to ask you what you tink
About my goin' away.*

*"Dis war has got to be big ting
For France and Angletterre,
An' now it's for Canadienne
To even up hees share.*

*"We've feexed de fences 'round de farm,
De cordwood's cut in half;
Enough for winter, an' dere's hay
For all de cows an' calf.*

*"I don't like leeve de old place here,
De trees and reever lot,
An' we're de bes' of company
Dat each of us has got."*

*When Aime spek like dat I go
An' feed he horses oat,
It takes me while to mak go down
De lump inside my throat.*

*But I feel better on nex' day,
For den I thought of how
His moder she'd be proud of him,
Had she been leevin' now.*

*So Aime leeve to-morrow night
On steamer Montreal
Wit hundred more of oder boy,
Dat here dere country's call.*

*I'll feel de lonesome all de tam,
Won't seem de same place here
We've mak the chum togedder now
For nearly twenty year.*

*I'll pray de Bon Dieu keep my boy,
Dat when hees len' a han'
To stop dis murder—he'll come home
As good or better man.*

Dr. LEXIS MORI.

AUS LA GUERRE

*Over the crest of the dream hills
In never never land,
They say a day is breaking,
Coaxed by some mystic hand.
Hearts that are weary its gleam fills
With hope to do and dare,
We call this day that's awakening
Après la Guerre.*

*Marie's the girl in my billet,
She works and smiles like two,
With many little comforts,
Making my billet doux.
Whether my Marie may will it
Or no, I'm always there
With the promise to marry Marie
Après la Guerre.*

*Sergeant, my sergeant, I love you.
And how you love me too,
You're always seeking my company
When fatigues are due.
Pinching me isn't above you,
When guiltless I can swear,
Some night I hope to meet you
Après la Guerre.*

*Floundering here in Flanders,
One day in rain and mud,
I met a solemn padre
Just as I fell with a thud.
Padre who never slanders,
Said my language was rare,
So I promised to swear off swearing
Après la Guerre.*

*Here's to the day that is breaking,
When all good dreams come true,
When Fritz will quit his strafing,
And Flanders we'll quit you.
God in his heaven is aching
To utter his great "as you were,"
And only the Hun shall 'slack' then
Après la Guerre.*

Flanders, December, 1915.

AT THE MORNING SICK PARADE

The M.O. saunters into the dressing station with a bored look and a cigarette. While many on the parade are sick and ailing, they are still soldiers, and an effort is made to come to attention. The stiff joints begin to creak, the lame backs to straighten up, and by the time the M.O. has reached his entrenchment they are more or less at the "stand to."

They are waiting for a command of some kind, and the "carry on" being given, they sink into attitudes that betoken hope, indifference, despair, etc.

The sergeant picks up one from the bundle of sick reports that are of every kind and description, from the official A.F.B. 256, to the back of a much used envelope. He calls out the first name—Private Smith.

M.O.: "What's the matter with you?"
Private Smith: "Sir, I've got a rash all over me."

M.O.: "Take off your shirt." Scratches B.B. on his back which is at first invisible but in a few seconds comes out in brilliant scarlet wheals. "Tin Rash, you've been eating too much bully beef."

Private Smith: "I haven't been eating much bully beef lately, sir."

M.O.: "Well, you should have been. Two No. 9's. Cut out bully beef, Machonochie's, cheese, jam and tea."

Exit Tommy wondering how long he can keep up existence on a diet of biscuits.

Sergeant calls out the next name.

M.O.: "Well, what's your trouble?"

Private: "I haven't slept any for four nights."

M.O.: "You are just the man we want for night orderly. Report to the Sergt-Major."

Third victim—

M.O.: "What's the matter with you?"

Private: "Trench feet, sir."

M.O.: "Take off your boots. When did you wash your feet last, not since (deleted by censor). Take a bath and ask your Q.M. for a box of Walker's Foot-ease."

Enter orderly load of wounded from the advanced. Instantly the atmosphere changes. Orderlies get boiling water, sterile instruments and dressings, an air of quiet efficiency is felt, and the dressings are done with as much care and skill as in the theatre of the best hospitals. When the wounded are made comfortable with hot bovril and cigarettes they are sent to the C.C.S. rejoicing, happy that they are at last safely wounded, with prospects of getting to Blighty. Things settle down again.

M.O.: "Next man?"

Private: "I have a sinking feeling, doctor, every time a shell comes over."

M.O.: "Sergeant, give him castor oil, an ounce, followed by lead and opium."

M.O.: "Next?"

Private: "I have a running in my ear and a sore heel."—"Anything else?"—"I can't get my breath at night."—"Yes, anything else?"—"Pain in my back."—"Yes, go on."—"My varico vein troubles me." The M.O. marks him down as gastritis and wonders why a medical officer at the Base who has everything from a test-tube to an X-ray apparatus, and plenty of time can pass an N.Y.D., while one at the front cannot let a man go through without a diagnosis.

The next man may say—"I'm not feeling badly, but am not up to the mark."—"You are sick and will have to go to the hospital. Get your kit." He comes back with about seven hundred and fifty pounds distributed over his anatomy and trailing his rifle.

Next man comes up: "I e-c-can't lift anything h-h-heavy with this hand, sir."—"Can you lift fifteen francs?"—"Oh, y-y-yes sir."—"Well, that's all you have to do to-day, go and see the Paymaster."

And so it goes on. To a civilian doctor it seems a crude way. But one gets so accustomed to sizing up the situation that it becomes second nature. The only sore point with the patients is that they couldn't put one over on the M.O.

A CANADIAN TWILIGHT—MAY, 1915

BY ONE UNFIT.

*Peace . . . peace . . . the peace of dusky shores
And tremulous waters where dark shadows lie;
The stillness of low sounds—the ripple's urge
Along the keel, the distant thrush's call,
The drip of oars; the calm of dew-filled air;
The peace of after-glow; the golden peace
Of the moon's finger laid across the flood.*

*Yet, ah! how few brief fleeting moments since
That same still finger lay at Langemarck,
And touched the silent dead, and wanly moved
Across the murky fields and battle-lines
Where late my country's bravest kept their faith.*

*O heavenly beauty of our northern wild
I held it once the perfect death to die
In such a scene, in such an hour, and pass
From glory unto glory—Time, perhaps,
May yet retrieve that vision—Oh! but now,
These quiet hills oppress me: I am hedged
As in that selfish Eden of the dawn
(Wherein man fell to rise); and I have sucked
The bitter fruit of knowledge, and am robbed
Of my rose-decked contentment, when I hear,
Tho' far, the clash of arms, the shouts the groans—
A world in torment dying to be saved.*

*Oh God! the blood of Outram in these veins
Cries shame upon the doom that dams it here
In useless impotence, while the red torrent runs
In glorious spate for Liberty and Right!
Oh, to have died that day at Langemarck!
In one fierce moment to have paid it all—
The debt of life to Earth, and Hell, and Heaven!
To have perished nobly in a noble cause.
Untarnished, unpolluted, undismayed,
By the dank world's corruption, to have passed,
A flaming beacon-light to gods and men!
For in the years to come it shall be told
How these laid down their lives, not for their homes,
Their orchards, fields, and cities. They were driven
To slaughter by no tyrant's lust for power.
Of their free manhood's choice they crossed the sea
To save a stricken people from its foe:
They died for Justice—Justice owes them this:
"That what they died for be not overthrown."*

*Peace . . . peace . . . not thus may I find peace:
Like a cogged leopard, shoving at its bars
In ineffectual movement, this clogged spirit
Must pad its life as an unwilling drone,
In safety and in comfort; at the best,
Achieving patience in the gods' despite,
And at the worst—somehow the debt is paid.*

TO THE MEN WHO STAY AT HOME
(Selected)

*Oft in my trench I think
Of the poor chaps left at home,
And the perils that surround them
Where'er they choose to roam.*

*There's train and tram collisions,
The juggernaut motor 'bus,
Bacilli in the cow's milk,
And Zepp raids which are worse.*

*How awful it must be at night
To sleep on a feather bed,
And find at breakfast in the morn
There is butter on your bread.*

*With all these shocking worries
A man's life must be sad;
And to know that I am missing them
Makes me exceeding glad.*

*Now out here things are different,
Life is funny and is free;
There ain't butter on our bread
Or cow's milk in our tea.*

*There are no car collisions,
Or feather beds at night,
All we have to trouble us
Are bullets, bombs, and shells,
Bully beef and biscuits,
And nasty horrid smells.*

*So to the chaps in Canada
I send my sympathy,
And tell them for their safety's sake
To come out here with me.*

W.

HEARD AROUND THE FRONT LINE

Sentry (in front trench): "Halt! who goes there?"

Tommy —: "Submarine E. No. 33447."

Sentry (2nd Div.): "Halt! who are you?"

M. O.'s Orderly: "Joe Doyle."

We have heard of several strange requests for souvenirs, but here is one—

A Canadian Private passing a 12in. gun asked the officer in charge "for a clip of them thar cartridges you use in her."

Adjutant to S.M.: "How far is it to B.L. No. 713?"

S.M.: "About two miles as the cry flows."

"You mean about two miles as the flow cries," said the Adjutant. The Colonel here spoke up. "No, you D—n Ass! he means as the fly crows." Now they wonder why the O.R.S. left the dug-out as if he had cramps.

S.M. (w.o.): "Put on that sack immediately."

Pte. —: "I refuse, sir, on grounds of —"

S.M.: "What? Why?"

Pte —: "It's against K.R. and R."

Collapse of S.M. who regains consciousness in a base hospital three weeks later.

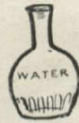
It is reported that German snipers are clad in a uniform that is invisible at a distance of twenty yards. The Paymaster of No. 2 has offered a reward of one hundred francs to the man who brings him one of those uniforms—the men of No. 2 say they will shoot the man who does. Up to the present the P.M. still has his francs.

SOME MESS

*Our Mess consists of one great bunch,
To introduce them I have a hunch.
Their names would easily fill a PAGE,
Though "WATTS" in a name said one old sage.*

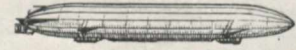
*There's SAM-UEL agree with me,
Is full of "PATERSON-ity."
SHAD-WELL knows he can't survive,
For a HURST has just arrived.
Jolly ROGERS always wear
MACINTOSHES that never tear.
When in HOLLAND they'll intern them,
So beware our friend McGERNON.
Young McLAUGHLIN of trench fame,
It's hard to rhyme about his name.
But a RAW-LINGUist that we have,
All he needs is some BROWN salve.
In the FIELD they do McKAY,
Where BACH-ful people NEFF-er stay.
But ROWE-ing on the river EBB,
Is PERLEY'S joy so 'tis said.
There's Messrs. THOM, MATTHEWS and KEITH,
We stick their names underneath.
To bring them in we had some job,
So off we go to "Land of Nod."*

A. A. S.



TAISEZ VOUS

Someone has said that silence is golden, but if ever it were then it is doubly so now. So much has been said and written on the subject of spying that it is with fear and trembling I venture to remind you that the Spy question is not at all dead. Don't imagine that because a few have suffered the extreme penalty that no one is left who will undertake the job, but rather remember that what one man has done there is always somebody ready to carry it on. Don't think the pretty little girl who sells you post cards and wishes you to believe that you are the best lot of boys yet to be billeted in the village is absolutely true; perhaps she is, and again perhaps she has told every one the same story. So boys keep your ideas to yourself. Don't let everybody know all you know, but keep in your mind always the notice posted by our friends and allies—Taisez Vous. Mefiez vous Les oreilles ennemies vous ecoutent.



The "Splint Record" is edited, printed, etc., in the zone of Shells, Bombs, Grenades, French Beer, Zeppelins, Flares and Spies, but then, everybody will know this once they have read it, so why need we like others advertise the fact.



A Circle of Leaves

A year ago, when I was on Salisbury Plain, a friend, on Amhurst Island, Ontario, sent me a box of Maple leaves. When I opened it my memory went spinning from end to end of Canada, and I saw people and scenes which I had seemed to have forgotten. It needed the familiar leaves and, I won't deny it, the name of an old friend attached to them, to touch the button and to start the procession of memories. I shall not write about war. Let us, if we can, forget it. We shall win. There can be no other ending of this great struggle of the giants. I do not worry. God, righteousness, and the long run are on our side. Then, while we may sing as of old:

"The Thistle, Shamrock, Rose entwined,
"The Maple leaf for ever,"

we shall know that the maple leaf and some other bit of colour from farther south, shall be as much parts of the circle of Empire as the Thistle, Shamrock and Rose are now. Our boys here, and the sacrifices of our people at home, have made a permanent place for the Maple leaf.

This year I got a Christmas cake made by Highland hands in Cape Breton, and around it was a circle of very beautiful Autumn leaves. Memory is a very sensitive faculty, so that even a leaf, if a proper one, may be very effective as a starter. I contemplated the leaves, all shades of red and gold. I saw bits of colour representative of every part of Canada. "The Island" home of my boyhood. The swaying sea, the dark spruces and "Vars," and the red

gleam of the primeval maple groves, of which there are, I think, none now remaining.

The Laurentians as you see them from Dufferin Terrace, Quebec, one blaze of red, a kind of forest fire, as far as the eye can reach, a scene perhaps unequalled in the world.

The old "Limestone" city, one of the homes of my earlier boy life in the Tête du Pont barracks, Fort Henry, and later "Queen's" on the "Old Ontario Strand." Have you seen the Thousand Islands in gorgeous Autumn dress reflected in the waters of the St. Lawrence? I know it is an abiding memory if you have.

The prairies, their monotony and their variety, there is a place in memory for them also. The lavender anemone in Spring; the lilies and roses in Summer, and then the glow of the leaves of the rose and cranberry bushes as they tell us in red and pink and crimson to get ready for the snows and frosts of Winter.

I am in a little frontier hamlet in Northern British Columbia, a kind of wayside shrine on the long trail to Dawson. I could write interminably of the boys and the trail and tragedy of '98. But I see just the mountain side on the Stikine trail, fire swept a few years before, its rugged surface clad, to the oblivion of all else upon it, with a carpet of rose colour. A lonely grave on a high mound of sand and gravel formed by the swirl of swift waters ages ago, where we laid to rest the tired body of old Mike Riley, in the fall of '98. I see the poplar grove on the mound's summit, coloured in gold and apple pink, and, in its heart the coffin, the minister and the circle of "Sour doughs," the

old timers, I could tell you the names, saying good-bye to their old "Tillikum."

And then the long and memorable Autumn cruise in my own boat, "The Sky Pilot," from Athia to Dawson. On the lakes' shore and by the mighty rivers, lowest down, a line of duller red, the rose bushes; then the crimson red of the cranberry leaves—the kind with the shirt button in its berry; the golden yellow of the poplars; the light green of the Jack-pine needles; the dark green of the spruce in which the mountain sides are sombre right up to the timber line; and then, the otherwise bare rocks covered completely with the leaves of the wine berry plant—three rough spear-shaped leaves and, in season, from the heart of them, three claret-coloured berries—the rocks right up to the snow line a flame of red, with here and there a streak of green running up and down in great rents in the mountain side. The only thing I have ever seen to equal and, perhaps, surpass the Autumn view of the Laurentians from the Terrace, when the Westering Sun sets them ablaze, is the Autumn colour along the bottoms, benches, and mountain slopes seen from the lakes and rivers of the Yukon.

I know, without conceit, that I have done all that I intended, when I began this somewhat rambling and pointless sketch. I have stirred the fountains of memory, and those who have taken the trouble to read this will have added, as they read, endlessly to the simple pictures which I have tried to draw.

JOHN PRINGLE, Chaplain,
3rd Canadian Field Ambulance.