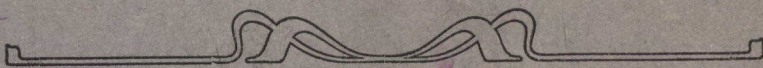
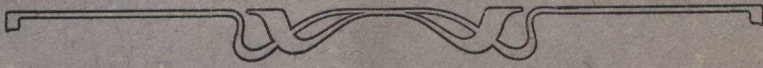




THE



CONVOY CALL



CHRISTMAS NUMBER



PUBLISHED AT SALONICA

By permission of Lieut. Col. E. C. HART, C. M. G.

O. C. No. 5 Canadian General Hospital
[BRITISH COLUMBIA]

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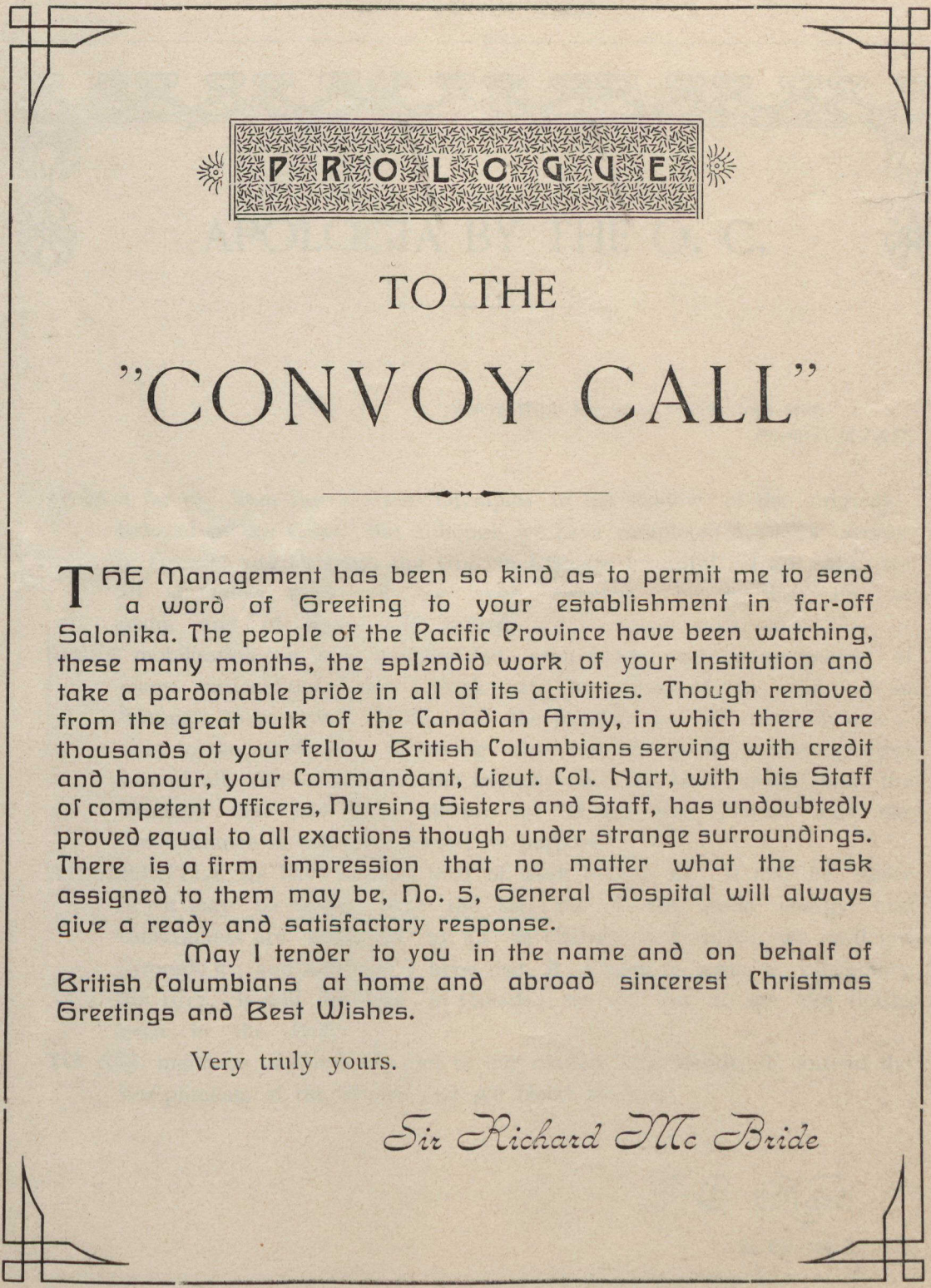
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No. 5 Canadian General Hospital



CHRISTMAS
1916





PROLOGUE

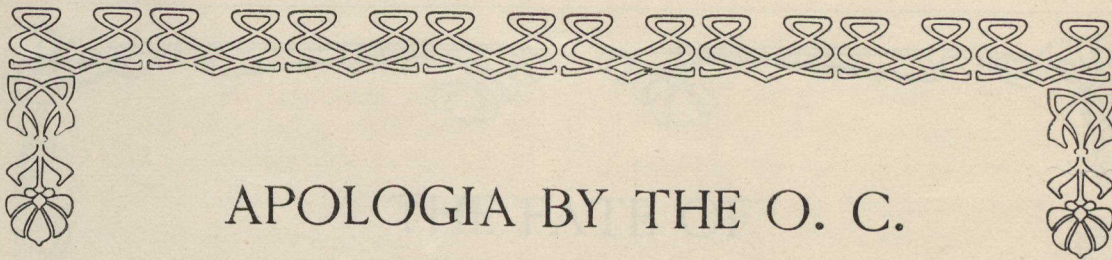
TO THE
"CONVOY CALL"

THE Management has been so kind as to permit me to send a word of Greeting to your establishment in far-off Salonika. The people of the Pacific Province have been watching, these many months, the splendid work of your Institution and take a pardonable pride in all of its activities. Though removed from the great bulk of the Canadian Army, in which there are thousands of your fellow British Columbians serving with credit and honour, your Commandant, Lieut. Col. Hart, with his Staff of competent Officers, Nursing Sisters and Staff, has undoubtedly proved equal to all exactions though under strange surroundings. There is a firm impression that no matter what the task assigned to them may be, No. 5, General Hospital will always give a ready and satisfactory response.

May I tender to you in the name and on behalf of British Columbians at home and abroad sincerest Christmas Greetings and Best Wishes.

Very truly yours.

Sir Richard Mc Bride



APOLOGIA BY THE O. C.

"Where High Olympus' cloudy tops arise".

POPE'S ILIAD.

IT IS a far cry from the western Olympics to the shadow of the original—beloved of the Gods! But although we have completed a year's service in Greece, and although the Grecian hills are beautiful, I am sure we all at times think of our own country, be it mountain or plain, and of those left behind.

SINCE mobilisation we have travelled far, seen much, met many people of many nationalities, and I think that, for those of us who are so fortunate as to return to Canada, the peculiar joy of remembrance—next to the satisfaction of having done our humble bit in the greatest war of all time — will be the friends that we have made and the kindness that has been shown us. If this little journal aids our remembrance it will have served its purpose.

APPARENTLY we have another year of work before us. It may be easier or it may be harder than the last, but if the same energy and cheerfulness are displayed by all as characterised 1916, we will get through it; and although I hope that, if I have to write a valedictory for 1917, it will be done in Canada, we are out to see the finish, even in the Balkans.

TO ALL members of the Unit, and to our readers and friends, I extend the Compliments of the Season and All Good Wishes.

E. C. Hart.

Lt. Col. "No. 5".



THE FATE OF LITTLE KARABURNOU

By Pte STUART MARTIN

WE of "The Fifth" had grown to love Little Karaburnou. The very name "Little" conveyed a subtle, loveable charm. It was as if the petit fort at the end of the bluff was a fragile thing; something that needed to be cared for; something to be handled tenderly, intimately, as one would handle and love all little things.

We could stand at the end of the main road between the lines of the hospital and look across the slightly undulating ground towards the little fort which flashed back the sun's rays from its red brick walls. It had become "our" fort in imagination. It was barely half a mile from us. **LITTLE** Karaburnou! And this is the first true story of its fate. **OUR** Little Karaburnou.

In those days the Greek Royalist soldiers swaggered over its rough parade ground or loitered on the sward beside its walls. They took little, and even then a sort of supercilious, interest in us or our allies. Then the Revolution and the Venizelist Party came to town and set up their National Defence Committee. The Greeks at the fort ceased to swagger.

The capture of the fort by the newcomers was accomplished in a day and a night. They came one day in August after evening fell and startled our guard tent considerably during that night by bumming coffee at frequent intervals till dawn broke. In the morning we saw Cretans, in their skin-tight, abnormal pants, gathered together in hushed groups down by the sea front; and their comrades had entrenched themselves in the ditch that runs round the French sentries who didn't exactly know what to do with them. "We are Venizelists", the Cretans told us proudly. "We are fighting with the French and we are going to take that fort." Thus was the news broken to us that we were to see real war. They gave a victorious rustle and wave to their pants as they spoke, which clearly indicated that they were devils at taking forts.

Officers, Nursing Sisters, and the hospital staff came out to see the war. There was even some undignified scrambling to get a good view; it was quite like the real, kinematographic thing. Then about 200 Cretans took up their station outside our "S" wards.

The grim business was about to begin when suddenly along the dusty road from town came hiccoughing a Greek lorry. It drew up next the guard tent of No. 5, and down jumped two Greek officers who at once unloosed the back flap of the lorry — and out fell a mountain of bread! Immediately the Venizelists fell upon that bread and began to eat; thus proving that they, being Greeks, were by nature and heredity philosophers. Can men capture forts on empty stomachs? Certainly not. Plato could not have answered more truly — though he would have written many fragments about it; all of which shows that the modern Greek is greater than Plato, being able to make his wisdom practicable.

When they had broken and eaten bread in this manner — and bummed more coffee from "S" ward — the officers called the men to "Shun", and the men "shunned". They [the men] then "fell" themselves out, and then "fell" themselves in again, and continued this clever exercise for the remainder of the morning. About noon some French soldiers came on the scene on the shore road, and more Greeks arrived to swell the party near "S" ward. At this time, it must be confessed, considerable anxiety was shown on the part of the besiegers. They gazed anxiously down the road, obviously expecting something. The officers came out of our guard tent with a pair of field glasses belonging to a Canadian, and with this additional aid they also scanned the road. The owner of the glasses was in close and suspicious attendance all the time.

All this while the crowd of spectators was growing. M. Os., Nursing Sisters and Orderlies were being joined by patients who had crept out of the wards, and it was an imposing throng that waited developments. But there was never a word from our fort. It sat in silence, without so much as a sign of life. It was whispered that the big chiefs within its walls were deep in a game of poker and hated to be disturbed.

Nevertheless the business of capturing our Little Karaburnou went ahead. The spectators retired to No. 5 for lunch and came back to find events where they had left them. The bread van returned with more bread, then lumbered off again. It was rumoured that it was the intention of the besiegers to starve out the enemy, and to make them wild by open displays of plentiful rations. But when the afternoon was drawing to a close an event occurred which thrilled the on-lookers.

A bunch of French soldiers, headed by an officer, marched along the shore road straight for the Royalist Greek sentries who stood with fixed bayonets gazing fiercely at the advancing party. Their whole attitude told that they would do their duty whatever happened. Nearer and nearer came the French soldiers. The Greek sentries, casting a glance over their shoulders towards the fort to see if they were duly being applauded, gripped their rifles tightly. Their faces paled, their muscles became tense. Already the spectators saw blood running red on the dusty road.

The officer and his soldiers were within ten feet of the sentries. The

bayonets of the latter pointed towards him. Did he shrink? Never a shrink. He raised his hand "smartly to the salute", as the R. S. M. would say, pushed an obtrusive bayonet aside gracefully—and walked on! His men followed at his heels. The Greek sentries let their riflebutts fall with a thump, and gathering into one animated group, heads close together, began to jabber their opinions and convictions to each other. One could clearly see they considered that the officer was not playing the game.

Meanwhile the officer and his men had marched into the parade ground, circled the fort, and was marching out again by another road! It was a famous victory; and Little Karaburnou murmured not a word.

The climax, however, came soon afterwards when half a battalion of French infantry appeared. They made no bones about their mission. They had come to take over the little fort: and


they simply marched in and took it over. Nothing could have been simpler.

Seeing that the French and their allies really meant to take Little Karaburnou the Greeks went away in a huff: but some of the garrison had become so attached to the place — WE could understand their emotion at the thought of parting with it—that they joined the Venizelists rather than pack their kits. After all it was rather a hot day.

And that is how Little Karaburnou was taken from the Royalist Greeks. The one great comfort about it for us was that the little fort might be captured, but it could not be removed. We sometimes stand and look across at its pretty, homely walls. It is so unlike a real fort. It is just a baby fort that has never grown up to be battered by a strong, relentless world. It is a Peter Pan among forts.

It stands today, with its new occupants, our fort before all else; our LITTLE Karaburnou! OUR Little Karaburnou!





A PICNIC

FROM

CAIRO

IT took place in January in the Year of Grace one thousand nine hundred and sixteen. The weather was beautiful and tempting for an excursion. That was the first allurement. We had been sightseeing strenuously for days and felt that a restful day out of town would be the most delightful thing in the world. That was the second allure-ment. A picnic to the Barrage was agreed upon as the most decided change from mosques, bazaars, pyramids and camel riding. That was the third and final allurement which made the event history.

We planned to sail DOWN the Nile to the Barrage in the morning, and sail UP the Nile back to Cairo in the afternoon. Our guide assured us this was a very fine thing to do and quite practicable as a breeze blew up the river every afternoon and there would be no danger of our not getting home in time for dinner. We wanted—who doesn't?—to do very fine things which were eminently practicable, and a happy party of six set off shortly after breakfast. We were well chaperoned, having the assistant Matron of the hotel and an-

other Matron who was staying there in our party. The hotel was situated on the east bank of the Nile near the Kasr-el-Nil Bridge and the felucca and our guide were at the bank just opposite the hotel awaiting us.

We took lunch with us—remember that we intended to have a real picnic. As we sailed along we saw women filling their earthen water jars from the wells; we saw blindfolded oxen plodding around in the eternal circle drawing water with the queer, old, china water buckets; we saw natives ploughing with the old-fashioned, wooden plough just as we had seen them in the Bible picture-books of our childhood days. On the shore we could see our old friends the water wagtails, king-fishers and even pelicans. We passed many feluccas and dohebeahs with their queer shaped high sails, and we took many photos.

Nearing the Barrage we landed, before lunch, at a native village through which we walked, followed by all sizes of children—and dirty, smelly, happy little things they were—and men and women begging. [Why is the East so

full of beggars?] There was a rather interesting pottery establishment in the village for making common pottery, all very crude indeed.

The Dam — who was it who said that Egypt could never be saved till she was Dammed? — was most interesting. There is a small railway with hand-cars, and if you don't feel like walking across, the natives will push you along on the cars for a small sum. But the most fascinating part of the Barrage — at least to me—was its beautiful garden. This garden is laid out on the land lying between the two arms of the Nile and has every conceivable kind of tree, shrub and vine growing in it; and the blaze of colour from the flowering shrubs and vines is never to be forgotten. There you see acres of beautiful green turf, which seems very unusual in Egypt. The hoopoe is quite common and many pretty birds are there, for instance, the Egyptian dove whose cry is like a human laugh. No doubt it has a sense of humor.

After we had our lunch seated on the turf we strolled about. By chance we met the guardian of the garden, a man who had formerly been at Kew, and he invited us to tea— what a delicious tea that was! —and then took us and showed us the wonders of his “nursery”.

We left for home about five o'clock. There was still a breeze but we had a suspicion that it was dropping; however, we didn't know the country and trusted to the guide although our recent friend remarked “Don't you think you had better go back by train?” At first our progress was slow but pleasant, but

alas every five minutes saw us going slower and slower. We tacked and tacked and seemed to come back to the same spot every time. The breeze wasn't strong enough to take us against the current. We moved slower and slower, and finally we moved not at all. The sun set, and the after-glow was beautiful as only sunsets on the Nile can be. Then darkness fell. Each minute the blackness seemed to get thicker; it was as though we were looking through a thick veil close to our eyes. The dohobeahs with their larger sails passed us slowly and mysteriously. They came out of the blackness, slowly, faintly silhouetted against the deeper blackness, and they were as slowly lost again.

The native sailing our boat kept up an unintelligible, wicked-sounding flow of words directed at our guide — I should judge that he was giving his opinion of the whole English-speaking race. And our guide became sullen, only answering when forced and his answers seemed to have the effect of increasing the torrent of words being flung at us.

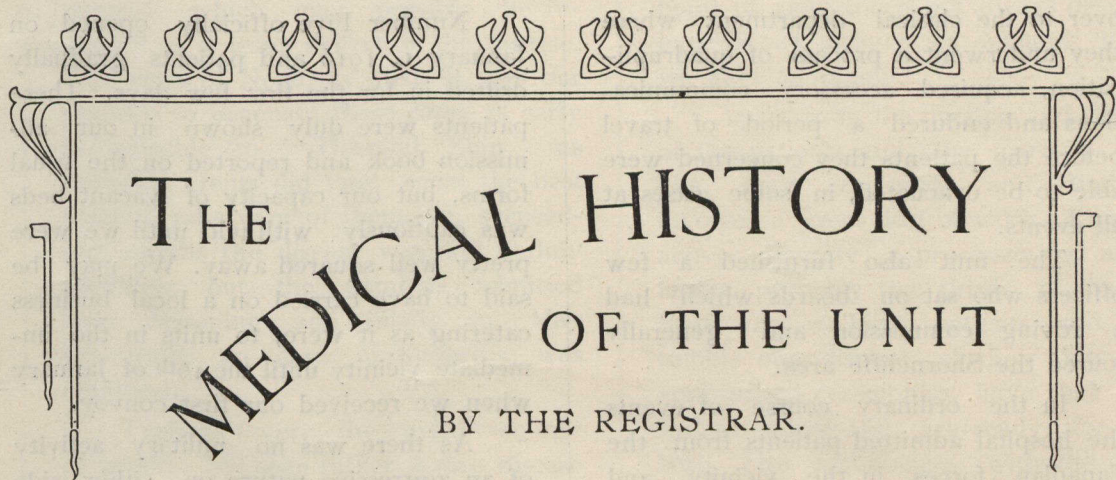
Imagine six poor, helpless women in a small boat on the Nile with three native men, in the blackest kind of darkness, not able to understand a word said, and worse—being women—unable to tell them what we thought of them! Presently we saw suddenly beside us a huge vessel — so it seemed — so close that it appeared to be an ocean liner. Our guide began talking to the crew thereof evidently asking them to give us a tow, which eventually they did, but not without much talking and, I suppose, bargaining. We were attached

close in under the stern of the ship, her quarter bulging over us in a most menacing way, and all the crew of this ocean liner—which was really only an ordinary dohobeah—congregated at the stern over our heads. Our men joined them leaving the guide and a boy with us. We could see their evil-looking faces every time they struck a match to light their everlasting cigarettes. We began to wonder what awful fate they were decreeing for us. The silence was as intense as the darkness, but every now and then that frightful jabber broke out among them mingling with the gentle lapping of the water against the boat. The situation was weird beyond description and decidedly uncanny.

Finally they decided to row the remainder of the way, and row they did, and it was with thankfulness that

we finally disembarked at the end of the car lines which run into the city and caught the last tram. We were stiff with cold and our hair was stiff with fright. We reached the hotel to find that the country was alarmed at our absence. The police all along the river had been notified, telephones had been ringing between the Barrage and the hotel, and enquiries were being made in every direction. When the Matron met us at the door we were all relieved to feel that we had with us the assistant Matron to help us explain. And of course we explained. Six women explained. Six women explained as only six women can. And it is hardly necessary to add that from THAT DAY all picnics to the Barrage came home by train.





THE MEDICAL HISTORY OF THE UNIT

BY THE REGISTRAR.

THE medical history of the unit begins on the sixth of October 1916 when it replaced Number Four Canadian General hospital in the administration of Shorncliffe Military Hospital. At that time the capacity of this hospital was about 250 beds, so that only a comparatively few medical officers were required. The Helena Hospital, a contiguous institution, and for officers only, was included in the command and employed an extra officer. The change took place without any difficulty particularly as regards the Medical and surgical departments, but the various forms and ceremonies which had to be observed in the disposal of patients were a positive nightmare to the Registrar's department for the greater part of our occupation. During Number Five's regime the hospital was doubled in size by the addition of several hutments, which however did not seem to make any great difference.

Shorncliffe Military Hospital in addition to its function as a military general hospital also represented the end of a chain ; though perhaps chain is an un-

fortunate word as it represents an ordered continuity, whereas it would have required a superlative imagination to discover any order at all in the peregrinations of patients who eventually arrived at Shorncliffe. At all events it was supposed to be the final hospital and general delivery from the Army of all unfortunates who had made the round of most of the hospitals and convalescent homes in the command. It may have been possible to have got rid of these patients before they were sent to Shorncliffe but it wasn't done. It was also quite possible to send these patients out on another trip, but being reasonably conscientious we tried to avoid it.

As a consequence of accumulating all these derelicts it was necessary to dispose of them, and this was done by the process o' boarding. Three of our own medical officers constituted the permanent board of the hospital and they were constantly employed. They readily developed a disciplinary manner and got the work done. After the Board's labours the papers were turned

over to the clerical department where they underwent a process of quadruplication, acquired accessory communications and endured a period of travel before the patients they concerned were able to be evacuated, in some cases at all events.

The unit also furnished a few officers who sat on boards which had a roving commission and generally toured the Shorncliffe area.

In the ordinary course of events the hospital admitted patients from the Canadian forces in the vicinity, and from certain Imperial units as well belonging to that Military District, so that there was a reasonable amount of regular hospital work. There was also a certain amount of patching up to be done and a Zeppelin raid contributed a very fair substitute for Military surgery at the Front. Just towards the end of our occupation the hospital became officially the place where all cases who needed to be invalided from the Army were sent. As a consequence we left in a perfect orgy of boarding and with a positive sigh of relief.

The Unit was in charge of Shorncliffe Military Hospital from the 6th of October till the 12th of November 1916, though the sisters, the men and some of the officers stayed on until the 15th of November.

The medical activity of the Unit ceased until we disembarked at Salonica. Our first efforts in Greece were not altogether startling although quite effective as we managed to provide accommodation and care for three sick officers of our own and a few importunate men from a neighbouring unit.

Number Five officially opened on January 1, 1916 and patients gradually drifted in for the first few days. These patients were duly shown in our admission book and reported on the usual forms, but our capacity of vacant beds was cautiously withheld until we were pretty well squared away. We may be said to have carried on a local business catering as it were, to units in the immediate vicinity until the 16th of January when we received our first convoy.

As there was no military activity of an aggressive nature on either side the surgical talent had to lie fallow or employ itself on the various accidents, disabilities and diseases which all flesh is heir to and are amenable to surgical treatment. Our first patients for the most part were suffering from ordinary ailments due no doubt largely to exposure.

Very probably Influenza and Rheumatism would have been the popular diagnoses during the first month, if the terms had been allowed, but the War Office regarded the former as an infectious disease and the latter does not exist in the Army. There were however no really severe effects of exposure such as extreme degrees of frost-bite and only a very few cases, of what were Trench feet, were admitted.

The first serious disease which was unduly prevalent and very definite in its manifestations was Nephritis, the so-called Trench-nephritis. Its first appearance was its worst, that is to say there were more cases in January than there have been in any other month since. There were 42 in this month though in addition there were 26 cases of Albu-

minuria, which may possibly be regarded as a lesser degree of the disease. Two cases of Nephritis died. It was our practice to evacuate these cases as early as possible to "Hospital Ship" as draughty tents did not seem the best place to take care of them. In succeeding months the disease was still unduly prevalent but the numbers admitted were lessening and finally in May practically no case of Nephritis was admitted.

Typhoid fever, the usual scourge of armies, has been rather a rare disease but its two near relations, Para-typhoid A and B showed their presence from time to time. As it isn't always easy to say which is which they went by the family name of Enterica. Enterica was never unduly prevalent and rarely very severe.

Generally speaking the first four months of the year were very healthy and the percentage of sickness in the Army must have been quite low, so much so in fact that the hospitals were not worked to their full capacity and it was the rule for the hospitals to take turns in receiving patients from the whole area. Every third week was then a busy one and convoys would be received daily.

Under ordinary conditions a military hospital is not strictly an humanitarian institution, its principal aim and function is to get men back to the firing line as quickly as possible. If a man's recovery is likely to be delayed beyond three weeks it is better to send him away on a Hospital Ship and have his bed available for another man of greater fighting value. From a strictly medical

point of view this is not always desirable but Military Exigencies demand it, so we have to submit.

Apart from the nursing and feeding of the patients and the care of their kits, their admission and discharge involves a great deal of work. A convoy arrives, literally a procession of ambulances, probably two thirds of the patients are walking patients and they tumble out, dispose of their kits with appropriate ceremonies, have their particulars taken and are ready for their bath. The ambulances with the lying or stretcher patients are emptied by orderlies summoned for the purpose by bugle call, the stretchers put on wheeled stretchers, particulars taken and wheeled away to the wards, which are designated by a card given the patient. These particulars, name, rank, unit and so on are most important as it is quite easy to lose a patient and Headquarters locally, and the War Office are insatiable in their desire for definite information. Patients on leaving the hospital either for duty or when invalided to Hospital ships have special rituals for the occasion.

This is merely a bare outline of the process for there are innumerable other details and an astounding amount of clerical work connected with the performance.

The Month of May and decidedly warmer weather brought many more patients into the hospital. The disease which was unduly prevalent was P.U.O. Nobody knew what P.U.O. was. The initials stand for Pyrexia or Fever of unknown origin. There were not really very many cases admitted after all, but

the disease was obscure and in certain cases the symptoms were definite and quite unusual. That is many of these cases had very tender shins and a periodic fever. One of our consultants suggested the name periodic pyrexia with periosteal pains for the condition, but in spite of its alliterative value it didn't become popular. The term P.U.O. was a perfect Godsend, it was so convenient. Later P. U. O. (A) was introduced for a certain set of symptoms leaving P.U.O. to take care of any unexplained rise of temperature. June showed about the same number of cases as May, but it almost vanished about the end of July, other diseases demanded more attention. In the last few days of May and June dysentery became extremely common and compelled attention and a great deal of care. Since then it has been constantly present though it lessened very considerably during the months of July and August, but increased again reaching its highest mark in September and October. It was a rather incapacitating disease as only about 20 per cent were able to return to duty; fortunately the mortality in our experience was quite low. Generally speaking although the disease was undoubtedly unduly prevalent, yet the number of cases admitted is only a fraction of the number of cases of Malaria and they could be reasonably well segregated. In July malaria made its debüt and did it with a vengeance.

Malaria is not usually a fatal disease, but with the large number admitted it was inevitable that there should be fatalities though comparatively speaking they were few. Towards the

end of September the numbers diminished but the disease was still obviously unduly prevalent.

On July 11th. the hospital increased its capacity from 1040 to 1240 beds. Early in August another 100 beds were added and later in the month the capacity was increased to 1500. Eventually on the 15 of September our total beds were still further increased to 1700 where it has remained. The largest number of patients in the hospital on any one occasion has been 1661.

From May till the end of October the Hospital has been constantly full and the bulk of the work medical. Lately a certain amount of military activity has resulted in a number of wounded being brought in.

For some time we were monarchs of all we surveyed, but soon hutments were commenced on adjoining land for two other hospitals. For some particular reason we had to stand our ground until the other hospitals were finished and then the process of building huts on the same ground occupied by the tents commenced. Not until well on in the summer was the first hut occupied as a ward, and it was the latter end of October before all huts were finished. Even now a few tents are still used for isolation purposes and all the male personnel of the hospital is under canvas. The hutting of the hospital has not interfered in the slightest degree with its work, though it has entailed additional labour and the appearance of the place was positively chaotic. Roads are still being built and drains being dug and no doubt some day every thing will be ship-shape. Anyhow such

minor discomforts as unlimited mud, the occasional flooding of a ward and the distressing flapping of canvas when the Vardar wind blows are now known no more. Water laid on, shower baths, electric light and all modern conveniences alleviate the horrors of war as seen in a Base Hospital.

The original hospital consisted entirely of tents, the regulation Canadian hospital tent or Hubert, a large khaki coloured ridge tent with a white fly, which was later painted with mud on account of predatory aeroplanes. These tents were arranged in rows of six end to end and communicating with each other, and as such constituted the wards. There were 26 at first. The orderly room, bath house, Registrar's department, dental clinic, operating room, Xray department, and laboratory were all housed in tents as well and approximately in the middle line of the hospital, the wards being on either side. Excrescences in the form of isolation wards, fumigators and pack stores developed from time to time. As the hospital has been constantly growing other wards were added on occasions and interfered with the original pattern. The Sisters lived luxuriously in E.P.I.P. tents, marquees of an indian pattern and manufacture, and the officers and men were reasonably comfortable in the ordinary bell.

In spite of being amongst so much disease the health of the unit has been excellent. It is true there have been casualties of a minor nature and officers, sisters and men have all been invalided, but none were at all seriously ill and those who were invalided had every

expectation of recovering in a less "extreme climate". The only really serious loss was the dentist as he was not replaced and unfortunately the dental department was demoralized on that account. Where any other loss occurred a rearrangement or reinforcement filled the vacancy, and continuity, the soul of any Military organisation was secured. The percentage of sickness even in the unit was very low and there were only two or three cases of malaria. Other hospitals were evidently not so fortunate and no doubt our freedom from disease must be attributed very largely to the situation of the encampment. Flies of the common house fly order were a positive abomination during the early summer, but while the very hot and dry weather lasted they almost disappeared. Mosquitoes were never a pest, though an odd one is seen in every month of the year.

Now as the unit has practically completed a year in Salonika it will be interesting to see whether there is a repetition of the order of disease. This however is not at all likely, as new diseases may appear or what is much more probable the results of Malaria will complicate practically everything. At all events it has been an unique experience and we hope we have done our share and only regret that we have been unable to do more.

Capt. J. E. Campbell.



CHRISTMAS

— DAY, 1916 —

IN MACEDONIA.

THOSE of us who have had the doubtful privilege of celebrations our second Christmas in Macedonia are now making smiling comparisons between this year and last. Picture 1915 ! Dumped into a dirty vacant lot on the side of a dusty road with "Bully and Biscuits" as our main staff and — no mail ! Only the interest in a new environment and the fascination of an unknown future, prevented a general epidemic of home sickness. For many it was just as well that the letters were delayed a few days more. Fresh mental pictures of home-fires and home-cooking would probably have been the last straw, and Melancholy would have come into its own.

Many changes of many kinds have taken place since then and the net result was that Officers, Sisters and men looked forward to the best Christmas treat that Macedonia could produce for Canadians. Thrown on our own resources the day was just what we made it,

and its success is due to those who for days worked steadily at planning, arranging and decorating, and all the countless details which when totalled up meant a happy Christmas for over a thousand people. By the evening of the 24th. everything was ready. Wards, messes and dining—hall were gaily decorated with miniature Christmas trees, holly and multicoloured bunting and streamers; presents had been prepared for every patient, the turkey was plucked, stuffed and in the pan, and the sisters, waiving custom and convention, had their Xmas dinner that evening, the better to devote the whole of their time to making the next day a success.

The 25th. December, 1916, was ushered in by Old Sol in one of his most amiable moods. Prancing gaily in through all the ward windows, he brightly approved of all the decorations, and cheerfully wished one and all a "Merry Christmas". All returned the salutation, and there passed from one

to the other, that time honoured phrase—the mere giving and receiving of which made every one feel good. Things were starting well. Then came the first event on the programme.

Patients dinner at 12 noon. 400 sat down in the dining-hall and the remainder celebrated in the wards, where tables were set for these who were out of bed. Every table boasted a spotless cloth, and bright decorations; every man an illustrated place-card; and the Dinner! Soup, fish, turkey—right down the regulation list it went, to nuts cigars and cigarettes—and not a man fell out! In fact, they hardly had a chance to “stand at ease”, for the cookhouse staff had everything just right, and with the Sisters waiting on the table, everyone was at attention all the time. At 2 p.m. the Officers had dinner and at 5 p.m. the men of the Unit had their innings and, with the Sisters again serving, had a thoroughly enjoyable meal and a thoroughly good time.

At 8 p.m. came the EVENT of the day—a masquerade, in the Sisters' quarters to which had been invited all members of the Unit. Ante-room and mess had been cleared for dancing and it was a gay and many coloured crowd

that wandered through the rooms in search of evasive, unknown partners. In spite of Kipling, the East and West were together, for that evening at least. Warlike Albanians jostled by Charlie Chaplin, a full-blooded negro bowing with exaggerated dignity before a stately mid-Victorian: Egyptian boys giving the right of way to swaggering cowboys, and impassive Tunks dancing with women in modern evening dress—Jew and Gentile, they were all there. The veiled mystery of the East and the democratic freedom of the West—and how they did mix! Midnight and Auld Lang Syne came all too soon, and with them, the passing of Christmas 1916, a day that will not soon be forgotten by No. 5.

All praise is due to those who by their work and enthusiasm did so much towards making for success, and amongst these the name “Sisters” leads all the rest. They did much of the preparatory work, helped with the dinners, and gave us the Masquerade. But don't forget the men in the various cookhouses. What would Christmas have been without the dinner, and what would the dinner have been without our cooks and their merry men? And didn't they rise to the occasion!



A "VOYAGE OF DISCOVERY"

By Pte FRANK DUNN.

WHEN the war is over and we are gathered around the home fires again what a spinning of yarns there will be! What a host of tales we will have to tell of the many strange things we have seen and heard and done while engaged in the "great adventure!" Some of these tales will be told with bated breath and a catch in the throat and some with indignation and wrath swelling in our breasts for, directly or indirectly, we have run the gamut of that most instructive and revealing experience of life—life at its worst and best—Active Service. But, happily for us, although many of us may not fully appreciate this at the present time, by far the greater number of our fireside recollections will have to do with the humorous side of war and, of these, had we the space and ability, we could collate a volume that would cause the shade of Mark Twain to walk out of sheer envy.

And in our moments of quiet musing what a flood of memories, rendered poignantly pleasant by the enchantment of passing time, will come surging upon us to carry us back to the days when, as one big family, squabbling and larking, as all really happy families do, we journeyed out into the world in quest of the great work we were destined to do! Who will ever regret that wonderful "voyage of discovery" through the highways and byways of the universe, the great centres of civilization and the backyards, so to speak, of wretched, unenlightened humanity? It is in one of the latter that we are located now, but the voyage is not yet completed and who knows what the future may hold in store?

MUCH TO COME YET

No, we have still many a ship and many a train to board, and much must happen, whether the war last a day or

a decade longer, before we are landed back on the sunny shores of the Pacific Coast of British Columbia, but as it is our record of globe-trotting to date would surely satisfy the soul of the average Cook's tourist. How many military units will be able to claim the like? We have travelled Canada from West to East, we have braved the perils of submarines and seasickness on the broad bosom of the Atlantic, we have shot across Merrie England, through its brightest, loveliest parts and have distributed ourselves, on leave or duty, among many of the large cities of that country as well as Scotland; some of us have visited France and seen Active Service on the Western Front; we have been tossed, and agonized by the revolting of a much-enduring stomach, on the stormy waters of the Bay of Biscay and we have voyaged the length and breadth of the Mediterranean, touching at Egypt to bask for a while in the warm sunshine of Cairo or Alexandria before proceeding northward through the Ægean to our present sphere of service, Salonica, Macedonia.

Owing to the exigencies of space we can only touch lightly on the kaleidoscopic series of impressions gained in all this travelling and we will review very briefly the early stages of our career as a hospital unit. Those of us who enlisted at Victoria [I am referring to the men only now] will hardly forget the first night at Work Point Barracks. We may have carried it off with an air of bravado but we were nevertheless as self-conscious as a little boy at school for the first time as we entered the room, a couple of blankets and a

ground-sheet under our arm, and looked around among the motley crowd of strangers for a place to sleep. How unfriendly and cheerless everything looked! The first flush of enthusiasm was passing and disillusionment was coming on apace.

WE ARE DISILLUSIONED

We noticed one young fellow pulling a night-gown over his head and immediately "cottoned" to him as being likely to be more innocent and inexperienced than ourself. Alas! that same fair-haired young man later acquired a crime sheet of formidable length. Somehow or other we made down our bed, but, while its promise was fair, it did not live up to expectations any more than our young friend. It proved to be a veritable rack from which we rose in the morning feeling certain that our days of usefulness as a soldier had already passed, if they had ever come. We were one huge mass of aches and pains from head to foot and we could not help but wonder what insane impulse had ever induced us to leave our happy homes for this.

This, however, was only the first of a series of rude, practical lessons which gradually transformed us from the effete civilian into the hardened soldier. They came difficult at first but, one by one, we mastered them all, until even the mysteries of Cook's Orderly, the Guard Room and the Puttee were no secret to us, and we emerged triumphant from our novitiate, the finished article, ready and eager to be shipped on active service.

Skipping over the happy three

months we passed under canvas at Macaulay Plains with the multitude of little pleasantries and petty aggravations experienced during that period of squad, platoon and stretcher drill we arrive at the momentous day, August 21, 1915, when we shouldered our packs and set off on the first leg of our trip. That was a day long to be remembered. The sun shone benignantly, bands played a triumphant "bon voyage" and the wharves and docks groaned beneath their load of well-wishers, who had come in thousands to see us away. Through it all we marched silently aboard ship, souls uplifted and hearts too full for words. Never was a task entered upon under more inspiring circumstances than ours. And throughout Canada, at every city and little town at which we stopped on our five day train trip we were received and given God-speed in much the same heartfelt gratifying manner.

CROSSING ATLANTIC

Life on board the "Scandinavian", on which we sailed from Montreal to Plymouth, left much to be desired, but it was no worse than most other Canadian troops had to endure. Fortunately we were favored with the most beautifully calm, sunny weather and, as our quarters were stuffy in the extreme—the bunks of some of the men were well below water level—we had plenty of incentive to stay up on deck and enjoy it. Worst of all was the food, rendered the less appetizing by the foul smells which flooded the men's dining room from the passage leading by the cook's galleys, correctly referred to as Canton Alley. Sports, in which No. 5. took a

very creditable part, enlivened an otherwise tiresome nine days' voyage. The last two days were passed in company of a couple of destroyers, the presence of which brought home to us the fact that we were now "entering the danger zone."

Landing at Portsmouth we immediately boarded a train and dashed across the south of England to the base of the Canadian troops at Shorncliffe. Many of us being complete strangers to England we found enough of interest and novelty on this all too brief journey to compensate for the tribulations of the "Scandinavian". We could not but marvel at the landscape and, while we did not think it could compare with Canadian scenery in many respects, there was that about its unbroken succession of beauties, ever-changing in color and form and yet all bearing the same well-kempt, spic and span appearance, that held us in constant wonderment. Kent, we agreed, was well named the Garden of England, for it looked to us, accustomed to the wild, rugged vastnesses of Canadian scenery, like nothing so much as a huge garden presided over by a host of gardeners, who, every morning cut the grass of the meadow lands, trimmed the trees and hedges and pulled the weeds from the banks of the streams.

UNIT BROKEN UP

The only real complaint we had to make about England was that we did not stay long enough to see it all although we did our best while we were there. A few comfortable days in Risboro Barracks gave us time to find our

bearings and then we got a taste of real soldiering at Dibgate Hollow where occasionally rain washed us out and winds lifted our tents from their moorings. Here the unit was broken up temporarily. One draft went to do duty at the Duchess of Connaught's hospital at Taplow and another at Uxbridge. Some of the nursing sisters and non-regimental officers had already been attached to the Queen Alexandria hospital for officers at Millbank, the London Hospital and the Royal Herbert Hospital at Woolwich while Capts. Nicholson Walker and Mc Kee had gone to No. 1 and 2 Canadian General Hospitals in France.

The remainder of us spent the time profitably and not at all unenjoyably, in drills, lectures and route marches to places of interest about the nearby country, until we were called upon to relieve No. 4. at the Shorncliffe Military Hospital. Thus we were all placed where we could obtain practical experience in our work.

On Nov. 14. we were called together again. The second stage of our career was at its close. Orders had come to stand ready to proceed overseas. With the exception of Lt. - Col. Robertson, who was in command at Uxbridge, and the nursing sisters, the unit was re-united at Shorncliffe and in the early morning of Nov. 16, in the midst of a heavy snowfall, we turned out and entrained for Southampton. There we boarded the s.s. "Asturias", destination—unknown.

Rumors were rife as to what was going to be done with us, some of them startling in the extreme. We did

not know where we were going, but we suspected it was Salonica, Macedonia, which was then very much in the public eye, as one of the crucial centres of the Allies, campaign; and, we may say, the prospect was not unpleasant for it promised excitement in plenty. There is no need to dilate on the voyage for one voyage through the Mediterranean is much the same as another in respect to what there is to see, which is not much when one is on a non-stop liner. We might say that in the matter of food and sleeping quarters we—the men—were much more comfortable than we had been on the "Scandinavian", no doubt due to the fact that the unit had the boat to itself.

NEARING SALONICA

The sight of Gibraltar, rising dimly out of the mists and bearing down on our starboard like some huge monster of the deep about to crush us insignificant pigmies and our cockle-shell craft beneath its terrible mass, excited our interest in the early hours of Nov. 21st, but with this exception we saw practically nothing at all until we came opposite Greece and picked our way through the bald, lumpy little islands of the Archipelago, gradually assuming a northerly course. Our destination now seemed assured and we were, therefore, in no way surprised when, upon sailing through a barrier of nets at the entrance to a horseshoe-shaped harbor and sighting dimly through a veil of fog the suggestive outlines of countless ships of war and, beyond them, the russet-colored buildings of a city, mounting, in a semi-circle, the slope of a ridge of hills

we were told that we were at Salonica. And mightily glad we were to get there. But, tiresome as our immuration within the confines of the ship was becoming, it was not yet at an end by a long way. The available docks were all doing a rush business as it was landing troops for transports day and night for the belated dash to Serbia's assistance and orders to disembark were cancelled day after day almost as soon as they were given. Finally we took on, by means of lighters, a load of wounded and frost-bitten patients, and proceeded to Alexandria. There we got so far as to take off the hatches preparatory to unloading our equipment when orders came to return to Salonica. Our life at this stage was, indeed, just one uncertainty after another, for we had no more than got halfway back to the Macedonian port when we were recalled by wireless to Alexandria. Altogether we had a week there. We did, however, manage to make the full distance to Salonica on the second try and, as all things must come to an end some time, we did finally land after lying in the harbor again for several days.

FIVE WEEKS ABOARD SHIP

Five full weeks we had had on board ship, the only break being a couple of hours shore leave in Alexandria, and to say we were glad to quit the sea and take to the land again is putting it very, very mildly. It was on a Sunday night, Dec. 19th. in a drizzling, chill rain, that our advance party went ashore. We had about a thousand tons of equipment to unload and the

men hustled it off with a celerity that opened the eyes of the dock officials.

Our first impression of Salonica was not exactly favorable. The sanitary squads of the Allied Forces had not made their presence felt as yet and the city looked indescribably filthy and smelled likewise. We pitched a temporary camp just off the main road on the outskirts to the southwest of the city and there we wallowed in mud and slush for several weeks until the authorities settled the question of our permanent location.

The question was settled and we set to work to lay out our hospital in the Kalamaria area about half a mile south of our first camp. The site was a splendid one, on a gentle slope close to and overlooking the harbor, and sufficiently isolated from the city to be free of its unhealthy influences. Soon we were taking in patients. Our wandering was over for some time to come—how long is a question that is agitating us now—and we settled down to steady, strenuous work.

The nursing sisters who, with Lt. Col. Robertson in charge, had left England some time after us, did not join us until later. They had been holiday-making in Cairo for a few weeks. Needless to say when they did arrive they found all the rough, preparatory work completed and were able to settle down to their ward duties with some degree of comfort.

PIONEERS OF KALAMARIA

No. 5. was the first military unit to establish its quarters in Kalamaria. We were the pioneers of the area, so

to speak, and since our coming over a year ago now, wonderful changes have taken place. In somewhat the same manner as the mushroom cities of the gold mining districts of America are rushed up in a night and a dreary wilderness gives way to noisy, bustling life, the face of the country round about

us has been transformed. Where before we stood alone in a barren expanse of rolling fields we are now in the very centre of what might be termed a large and exceedingly active military community in which is to be found a representative unit from almost every branch of the Service.

WE CONGRATULATE.

THE O. C., the Matron, Captain W. A. Clarke, Sister Morrison Sgt. G. Nairn and Pte. T. Sayer on having been mentioned in Lieut. General Milne's dispatches. This recognition of their services during the past year is well deserved and reflects great credit on the unit as a whole.

No. 4 on their excellent troupe of minstrels, whose performance afforded the members of this unit no end of enjoyment on the evening of Dec. 16.

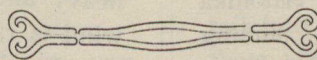
The following members of the unit on having got off on leave: Sgt. Major Glass, Sgt. Rawlinson, Cpl. Davies, Ptes. Wing, Fairclough, Hunkin, and Kelleway. We can imagine what a jolly time they had in Blighty during the Christmas week.

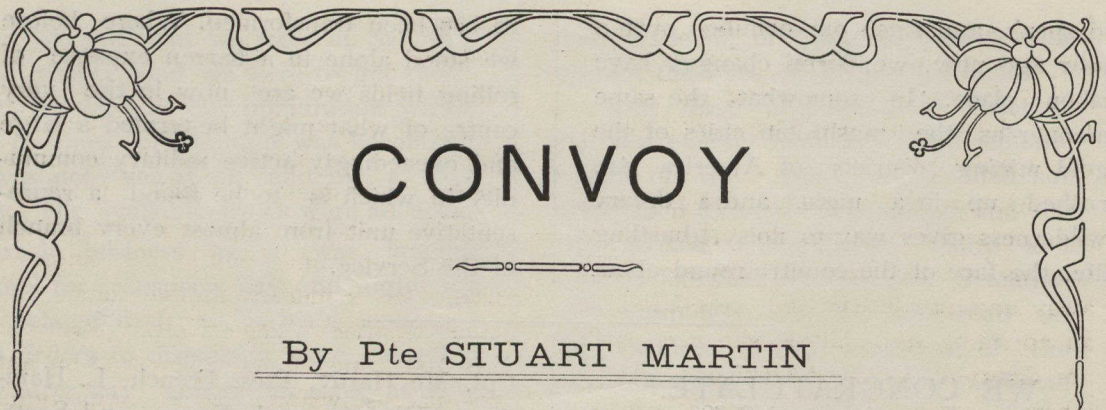
The following members who were selected and have gone on the second leave batch: —Sgts. Harrup and Russell,

Cpl. Mc Hardy, Ptes. French, L. Hamilton, O'Leary, and Evans, and Scott. Other batches are going — or expecting to go—soon.

NEW ADJUTANT AND S. M.

AS the result of some of No. 5 officers leaving to take up duties temporarily in Field Ambulances near the trenches and some of the N. C. O.'s going to England on leave a number of changes have taken place in the administration of the unit, two of which, at least, we must mention. Capt. D. J. Miller has taken Capt. Hannington's place as adjutant, the latter being for the present at the 81st Field Ambulance. Captain Mackintosh filled this position for a brief time until he went away on leave. Staff Sgt. Lawlor has been promoted Sergt. Major to replace S. M. Glass who is on leave.





CONVOY

By Pte STUART MARTIN

THE gloom of the tent is split in twain by the flash of a lantern just as you are about to get into "bed", and the Orderly Sergeant's head appears through the flap.

"Men on convoy duty are not to take their clothes off. Convoy is expected," he raps out.

His head is withdrawn, the flash of light zig-zags drunkenly up and down the sloping roof; then darkness. You hear his retreating footsteps sounding as a background for your rising irritation.

"They expect you to work day and night here," you grumble as you pull on your breeches again and observe your puttees tucked into your muddy boots. You remember with bitterness that Orders declare every man to be on duty "for twenty-four hours daily every day in the month". There is no appeal beyond Cæsar.

You poke your head outside the tent to have a look at the weather. A strong wind blows in over Salonika from the sea and the stars are shining from a deep, dark-blue void. Here and there a light twinkles in the wards of No. 5. From above, Ursa Major and

the great Orion are looking down upon you.

That sobers you. The war seems so paltry in face of the Milky Way. You feel ashamed of being irritated at the Orderly Sergeant. Are not broken men, who at this moment are being bumped over rough roads towards you, dreaming of the clean beds and the comforts to be had at the end of their journeying? They are relying on you; could you fail them?

You lie down, dozing and waking through the long hours. At last, when you have almost given up expectation, the lantern comes again.

"All right," you answer, and push aside your blankets. In two minutes you are outside the tent, great-coat buttoned tight, shivering in the night wind. Other shadows are moving ahead; they, too, have been called to the convoy.

You cross the parade ground and try to race a little to make yourself warm; but somehow your feet are too heavy and your limbs are stiff. The wind is raw. It is 2 a. m.

Far down, at the end of the camp, headlights and lanterns are making yellow holes in the blackness and

figures are moving to and fro. That is the convoy. You hasten. You wonder, jerkily, what they are doing at home. Ursa Major and great Orion are looking down upon you.

Already the wounded and the sick are being borne from the Red Cross wagons on stretchers. All kits are taken away and tabulated and scheduled in an adjoining hut. Those who can walk are directed to the Admission Room where a cup of coffee or cocoa is given them. That coffee or cocoa was made earlier in the night by the Nursing Sisters for these broken men. They sit in rows in the dim light of the room awaiting their turn to give their "particulars". The clerking staff handle them as quickly as their cold fingers will write the entries.

Outside the hut, at a small table on which there is a stable lantern another clerk sits. He is muffled up to the ears and a slouch hat is pulled down to his brows. The wind is blowing his papers about and he grabs them savagely, luridly.

You move down to a wagon and help to lift a stretcher case down. By the light of the swinging lantern you see that the man is one of those the War Office in Whitehall tabulates coldly as "severely wounded". He has been hit on the head, in the chest, and his left leg is shot to bits. It is bandaged stiff and straight by his side, and through the bandages comes oozing a dull, crimson stain. It is the Red Badge of Courage.

He does not speak, but as you help to carry him to a two-wheeled stretcher you can see the glint of the

lantern reflected in his eyes. At the Admission Room he is given a slip of cardboard; you tuck it under his blankets and wheel him alongside the table where sits the slouch-hatted, benumbed clerk. He does not look up as you approach. All he knows is that another "case" has come out of the night to him. This is merely another name, another number; nevertheless his voice has lost some of its violence as he puts the queries, writing as he is answered.

"Name" ?

"Private So-and-so."

"Regiment" ?

"So-and-so."

"Company" ?

"So-and-so."

"Length of service" ?

"Two years".

"Active service" ?

"Eighteen months."

The clerk glances at the swathed figure.

"Guess they've soaked you, son", he says sympathetically.

The only reply is an added gleam in the man's eye.

"Take him to Ward E 16. Carry him. He's had enough jolting."

A Staff-Sergeant steps into the ring of light for an instant, then moves on to meet the next case.

You take a handle of the stretcher and so you process, four of you, switch-backing over the rough ground. You curse the day workmen who leave behind them heaps of their unfinished toil into which you stumble. You curse them silently, but with fervour. After all, they are merely Greeks.

At the door of E 16 an Orderly

aids you to carry your burden up the steps and along the ward to a vacant bed. Silent figures lie on either side of the long apartment; none move save a white-faced boy, who peers over his blankets with feverish eyes, to see the new arrival.

You can see the Highlander better now. He is a strong fellow, and he does not flinch as he is eased from the stretcher to the white sheets, though the moving must hurt him. He is shivering with cold. "Cold as hell", whispers the Orderly.

"Is this a Canadian Hospital?" asks the wounded man suddenly.

"Sure thing, son."

"Thank God."

He sighs, then groans and closes his eyes.

"I'll wash him at once," says the Orderly.

"Carry on!"

You pick up the stretcher and move towards the door. The last you see is the Orderly bending over the still form on the bed.

You reach the Admission Room at

last after the final journey. Every "casualty" has been disposed of. You help to put the stretchers back into their places and take the blankets to the stores. A lonely Sergeant, shivering in his great-coat, greets you as you emerge.

"You can beat it now," he says. "It's all over. We've taken in more'n two hundred."

You give him a cigarette as a parting gift and walk slowly up to your tent. Your shoulders and arms are aching; your feet drag; sleep is heavy on your eyelids, but somehow you cannot think of sleep after THAT.

You turn and look out over Salonika Bay where an occasional light glimmers. The wind is raw; tent canvases are flapping eerily.

You wonder, do they really know what war means, they who gave the signal for its beginning? There will be more convoys tomorrow, and the next day, and the next, and so on for months. At home

It is 4 a.m.

Ursa Major and great Orion are looking down upon you





NO 5'S CHRISTMAS THEATRICALS

NO. 5 long since established a reputation for versatility and excellence of talent by doing well every one of the many things it has tackled. In fact, at the risk of being charged with boasting we must say that No. 5 has generally been able to go its rivals one better. And its reputation has been no little enhanced by its latest venture—the constructing of a very respectable little theatre and the assembling and training of a splendid little troupe of “variety” entertainers to perform therein.

Originality has been the watchword of the chief promoters, Messrs Stuhardt and BuClay, or, if we may be excused the familiarity, Ptes. Stuart and Buckley, and in this respect they have scored, for their inaugural production was certainly “different”. Realizing that even trench-weary Tommy has just about drawn a full “ration” of revue and, in the manner of his kind, was looking for a change of “issue”, they decided to fool him for once and satisfy the want. Needless to say there was no one more surprised or delighted than that same T. W. Tommy.

The first show, as witnessed by the members of No. 5 on the evening of Jan. 2, and the patients on Dec. 30, consisted of nine vaudeville acts, every one of them very good, and all carried out with a smooth correctness of detail that would have done credit to professionals. The theatre was crowded to the doors for both performances and the audience hung on every word and gesture of the performers with that keen delight and eager expectation which betokens the very acme of success. As each of the various bright, clever little turns was concluded the prolonged applause indicated that the audience wanted more and still more and then some more. Enough said!

Ptes. Stuart and Buckley and all their talented assistants have reason to be proud of their achievement. And the unit as a whole has reason to be proud of them. The patients can take it out in enjoyment. But just a word of warning here: Is it not possible, if this sort of thing keeps up, that the hospital will become altogether too popular among potential patients?

In the opening act of the show Pte. Buckley is seen at his best as an acrobat. He puts on a turn which many a highly paid professional would have difficulty beating. His dancing while skipping the rope is particularly good. "Nimble Hands and Feet" the act is entitled but Buckley has more than this; he has also a nimble body if a body can ever be described as being nimble. He can skip the rope lying on his back just about as well as he can standing on his feet.

"Sense and Nonsense" with Stuart in the lead and "Paddy" Brake and Buckley assisting is a conveyance for a very clever monologue which was provocative of roars of laughter. In this Buckley is made up as a coy, flirtations girl so deceptively that the writer was about to credit the part to another member of the troupe of the opposite sex.

"The Kiltie and His Lassie" by R. P. Jaggard and Nursing Sister Bradshaw, another big hit. Jaggard's singing is always popular and he takes off the great comedian splendidly, while Miss Bradshaw makes a very demure, fascinating lassie.

"The Dandy Four", in comic and lyrical songs, is a special treat. Ptes. Morrow, Thorburn, Mc Gimpsey and Brake are a quartette it would be hard to beat anywhere. On opening night they were encored again and again, and they brought down the house with a topical skit running, "Sister loves me this I know, for the patients tell me so."

A delicious comedy item "Medicine and Music" is provided by Nursing Sister Thomas and Pte. Morrow's

splendid baritone voice is heard to advantage in the next turn "The Male Melba."

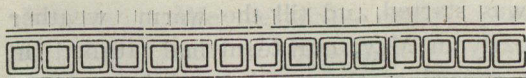
"Trampology and Laundry" give Buckley and Stuart another opportunity for the display of their fine acrobatic ability and they make the very best of it, but they are seen in even better form, both as acrobats and comedians, in the last act of all, "Dark Clouds" when they appear as coons. In this Stuart is simply inimitable. Nursing Sister Thomas' singing in "The Musical Maid"—another of the prime features—was hugely enjoyed.

While according the performers the praise that is due them the other members of the unit who have so ably assisted towards the successful promotion of No. 5's theatricals must not be overlooked. The whole scheme of arrangement on the stage, behind the scenes and in the orchestra is as good in its way as the performance itself and for this thanks are due to Pte. Collins, whose painting of the street and forest scenes reveals the touch of a "master hand"; to Ptes. Acton, Shuttlewood, Whitham and Gregson, who compose the orchestra; and to Ptes. Mills, Luyken and others who assist behind the scenes.

Other performances by this talented company will be eagerly awaited. Already the company has been booked out for four or five appearances at camps in the vicinity.

Meanwhile the theatre is being used for various entertainments, notable among which being the "Follies of 1917" given by the Sisters of No. 5.

F.M.D.



SUCCESS FOR SISTERS

A most enjoyable entertainment was given by the Sisters on Tuesday, Jan. 2, and Thursday, Jan. 4. The first night they played to a full house of the Unit, who were very enthusiastic and the second night was for the benefit of the sick and wounded men at present here, who had over two hours of pleasure and, as many of them remarked afterwards "it did them more good than any physic."

The entertainment was bright all through and without the waits so noticeable in most amateur affairs.

The opening tableau, entitled "Chinatown", in which Nursing Sister Thomas took the leading part, was very pretty. The Eastern Tableau was exquisitely staged, the dresses and general effect being indeed magnificent. [It might be remarked here that the Sisters themselves made all the dresses for the entertainment].

During this scene Miss Eve Musson entertained the posing "Eastern" ladies and the audience with a very graceful dance.

The first part of the programme was concluded with a vastly amusing farce entitled "Ma-in-Law" in which Capt. W. P. Walker appeared as a very hen-pecked husband, a part which he carried off in an exceedingly mirth-making manner, Miss Heeley took the part to perfection of the domineering wife with a fondness for going out at night to women's clubs and leaving her husband at home to do the domestic duties. Miss Monica Green filled the role of the Ma-in-Law nicely and Lieut.

Bayley, as the wife-tamer, and Capt. MacDonald, a friend, both much interested in the unsuccessful experiment of wife-taming, also did well. The second night this sketch seemed to have a better climax and the finale was slightly altered in a way that much improved it. The minuet, which opened the second part, was graceful and pretty.

The "Gypsy Warning" Tableau was also well done. In this romantic scene Miss Thomas' beautiful voice was heard to great advantage. Miss Thomas, dressed for the part in the quaint Welsh style, also sang a Welsh song, which greatly pleased the audience, especially members of Welsh regiments.

The evening ended with a very smart revue effect in which Miss Blewett and Pte. Max Morrow sang the well-known duet, "Tulip and Rose", while daintily gowned young ladies danced in the woodland background.

A great deal of credit for the success of the affair is due to Major South and Pte. Smith, two well-known entertainers, who filled in the intervals between the tableaux with amusing songs and impersonations. Their turns were invariably provocative of huge amusement among the audience and the sisters are greatly indebted to them for their invaluable assistance. Too much cannot be said of the excellent work done by the following: Sister Mary McLean, who organized the tableaux and worked very hard for the success of the affair, and Sisters, Carvolth, Mulhall, Hamilton, Trenchard, Thomas, Bennett, Wade, Blewett, Bradshaw, Joseph, Heeley, Binks, John, Whitworth, Collis, Green, McLean, Robbin, Ballantyne, McNicol, Ritchie, Ballantyne, Douglas, Lazier, & McDiarmid, all of whom took part.

As in the Men's Entertainment the orchestra, under the able leadership of Pte. Dan Witham, performed excellently.

Lt. H.



No. 5 AT SPORT.

LAST summer newspapers all over the world featured the story of how a British company kicked a football into a German trench and followed the ball up and won the day.

Now, had old No. 5 been there, the Huns besides the football would have seen Base ball, Lacrosse, Hockey, Tennis and Cricket balls coming towards them in quick succession : for since we played all these games, we probably would have been unable to make a choice under these exciting circumstances.

In the summer of 1915 in Victoria we started in to enjoy whatever spare time we had and managed a couple of inter-company football and baseball games, and had a track meet under way when orders came to get ready to leave on the "Scandinavian". We more than held up our end in competition with 1500 other troops, in fact made a clean up in boxing, running and tug-of-war.

In England we were moved around a little too often to get settled down to any sport, but on the way out to this neck of the woods on the "Asturias", we again maintained our reputation by taking down all the prizes offered.

There was very little doing all winter, but as soon as the fields dried up around the first of March, football

was started and till the warm weather early in May, our team had turned in a record of eleven wins and three draws out of the fourteen real matches played; and there are a lot of real teams out this way too. By this time the baseball diamond had been put in good shape and of the six games played our boys were able to claim five victories. Our opponents were No. 1, No. 4 and a Canadian team from the Serbian Motor Transport.

In Lacrosse we were not able to get many outside games, but won the two we did play, namely those with No. 4 and No. 1. Nearly every week, however, the Officers played the men and there were some rattling good games.

Of course where we advertised ourselves most was in the big Field Sports we had on the first anniversary of our mobilization, May 30th. Thousands came in from neighbouring camps and from up the country, and naturally the competition was of the keenest in every single event. Despite the crowd, No. 5 won practically everything both in the single events and in team competitions. The Officers have three quite good tennis courts and the sergeants one, so they've had a lot of good fun all summer and at the same time have been able to entertain a lot of visitors thereby.

The camp is very handy to as good swimming as one could wish, and it was certainly a boon in the hot weather. In fact, some of the boys were in the water as early as the first week in March, and were still able to go in during November, so the season is a

long one. We certainly consider ourselves fortunate to have had the time to indulge in the various games and to have been located at a spot where grounds were plentiful and easily fixed up, and it can be easily seen how much we have benefited by the fun we had both as to health and morale.

THE
O. C. & MATRON DECORATED

Extract from C. A. M. C. Orders
of January 1st 1917 : —

THE KING has been graciously pleased to give directions for the following promotions in and appointment to the Most Distinguished Order of Saint

Michael and Saint George for services rendered in connection with Military Operations in the Field :

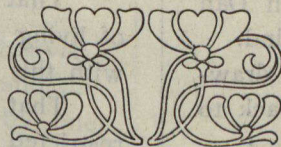
*TO BE ADDITIONAL MEMBER OF THE
THIRD CLASS OR COMPANION OF THE SAID
MOST DISTINGUISHED ORDER,*

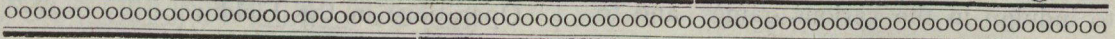
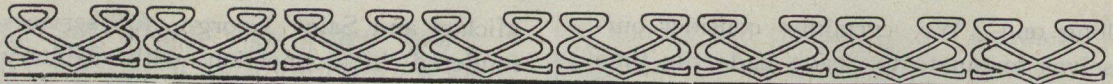
Lt.-Col. EDWARD CHARLES
HART, C.A.M.C.

*AWARDED THE DECORATION OF THE
ROYAL RED CROSS FIRST CLASS, IN RE-
COGNITION OF HER VALUABLE SERVICES
WITH THE ARMIES IN THE FIELD,*

MATRON F. WILSON.

It gives the "Convoy Call" much pleasure to have this opportunity of offering its congratulations to the O. C. and Matron on this official recognition of their good work.





TOLD ABOUT CAMP

WHAT THE BOYS—AND SISTERS—ARE SAYING

THAT one member of the unit is having his mail addressed "No. 5 Theatrical Coy."

That we did not know we had so many excellent exponents of the Thesdian art.

That in this respect the Sisters are but little behind the men.

That a combination of the two companies would be classed A1 at Pantages.

That Stuart and Buckley are a good pair to draw to and that with Dan Witham we made it three of a kind.

That there are enough good drawing cards in the rest of the pack to make a "full house" any night

That No. 5 bids fair to do more than its share towards providing amusement for the Salonica area.

That "England expects every man to do his duty" twenty-four hours a day anyway.

That certain members of the unit are dropping the Pte. in favor of the Mr.

That, considering what we said in a previous number regarding their state of mind, this needs no further comment.

That commissions will be all the rage this Spring.

That this probably applies only to Salonica as we have heard that they are a glut on Somme markets.

That as for crowns, they will be strictly de trop. They may come later in the season; possibly sooner than expected.

That Providence and one's manner of living will probably have more to do with this than personal taste.

That although the selection is very restricted — beauty being absolutely sacrificed for service—the Aviation style is said to be very fetching and is already being affected by the more "flighty" minded.

That wonders will never cease—
Leave HAS BEEN GRANTED.

That every man will have had a chance for leave by the end of March.

That this a tough one to swallow, as tough as a No. 9, although a little more exhilarating in its effect.

That "Solomon in all his glory" wouldn't have had a "look-in" at the masked carnival on Christmas night.

That had Joseph, with his coat of many colors, happened along, he, too, would have had to take a back seat in order not to spoil the gorgeously brilliant effect.

That one man with weak eyes is said to have experienced a miraculous cure immediately on entering the sisters mess where the ball was held.

That the O. C. had hard luck at the ball which goes to show that "heavy hangs the head that wears the crown."

That stern necessity compelled him to remove his mask in order that certain men, who were smoking, might be properly reprov'd and lo! his evening's fun was spoiled. He made such a charming pierrot too!

That the recent football game between the No. 4 and No. 5 and the all-star Old Contry team illustrated very clearly that dogged pluck is a big factor in any game.

That the Canadians were outplayed, although not by very much, and the fact that they were only beaten by one penalty goal (a doubtful one at that) is very significant.

That the No. 5 team is being more severely tested this season but that it has shown more clearly than ever that it is a team to be proud of.

That it is too bad Fred Hill could not have played against the Old Country. His presence might have meant that

little more which would have turned the tide.

That we have uncovered a "find" in Menzies as a goal-tender.

That this is the last of our Xmas Number. What do you think of the production?

POSTSCRIPT.

WE have first time, before going to Press, to squeeze in this congratulation and send our Best Wishes after Cpl. F. C. T. Brake, Cpl. Fred. Hill, and Ptes. R.C. Smart, A.W. Whitmore, F. Oliver and F. M. Dunn who have gone to "Blighty" to be trained for Commissions in the Imperial Army.

They left us on the morning of Friday, 12th January 1917 and by this time are probably in England. They were cheered as they set off for their ship and they take with them the kindest wishes for their future which the whole Unit can send. May they make good and meet us in old B. C. when the war is over!

FINIS

Printed by TYPO-LITHO GATTEGNO Salonica