

# THE CONVOY CALL

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No. 5 Canadian General Hospital

(BRITISH COLUMBIA)

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## EDITORIAL

It is our firm conviction that the precept "It is better to give than to receive" does not apply to editors. Accordingly anyone who may have the idea that he can get a "buckshee" copy of the "Convoy Call" on the strength of having treated the editor to a stogie or a glass of lemonade on some occasion of reckless extravagance in the past, had better dismiss it from his mind forthwith.

—o-o—

Yes, sir, we are above being bribed by stogies or any like commodity of current value in the community. And while we are on this subject we would like to state in most emphatic terms that the individual has our heartiest contempt, who, wishing to use the columns of this paper for the purpose of wreaking a spiteful vengeance—under a nom de plume of course—tempted a certain member of the staff with a khaki shirt, almost new and boasting both pockets and epaulets. The pockets and epaulets almost did the but fortunately for the fair

name of the paper it was discovered just in the nick of time that there was a large hole in one sleeve, cunningly concealed by the wretched vendor in displaying his goods.

—o-o—

We are pleased to note the rise of a spirit of friendly rivalry among the various departments of the unit due to the playing of departmental football in which everyone, irrespective of skill, may take a part. The boys have Fred Hill and his colleagues to thank for the arrangement of these matches. It is decidedly a well-advised move, one from which much good may result, but it needs lots of encouragement and careful management, and it might well be elaborated on. The complaint of the men always has been that there is no recreation, nothing to do and nowhere to go when their work is finished for the day. The want would be filled in a very considerable degree by sports tournaments—football, basketball, boxing, anything at all—so arranged

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## "LOOKING BACK"

### A SERIAL RETROSPECT

*(Continued from previous number)*

The halt at Moose Jaw and march to the Drill Hall made a pleasant break in our journey; the street and clock tower reminded me of Douglas street.

Without mishap we detrained at Montreal and slept that night on the "Scandinavian," which was to be our floating home for the next nine days.

And what excellent weather favored us! After the first few days when some of us didn't know whether to crawl away and die, or die just where we were, we all found our sea legs—so much so that when the sports were held we were able to give a splendid account of ourselves. It was only "dousing the glim" at night that made us realise the fact that this was war.

What a sight that was the morning of Sept. 14th when our two little black friends came rushing over the horizon, ranging alongside, and all day and night scouring the water, backing each other like a pair of well trained setters. The regular wink of the Lizard light was our first sight of land; and we came under the lee of the hills at Plymouth and dropped anchor on Sept. 4th—so far so good.

Next day we had our first view of the ancient and modern in naval warfare; the little submarine which chugged past our stern, and the old wooden ships, their yards

alive with embryo Beatties and Jellicoes welcoming us to Glorious Devon.

Disembarking was a tedious performance and aggravating. To begin with, most of us had just finished our snack of bread and cheese a few moments before it was announced that lunch would be served; and our condition at the table was reminiscent of the Irishman at his first twelve course dinner—"There I sot, chock full of soup!"

To make matters worse, our cross-country rail journey lasted well into the wee sma' hours of Monday morning, and we had had no ration. But hungry or no, not one of us but would have gladly given a day's pay for that moving picture of the Garden of England—everything red, the sheep, the soil, the girls' cheeks—that beautiful park-like rolling country, the glimpse of the sea; darkness fell all too soon, and here again the order "Blinds down" reminded us that this was war and Zepp time.

After dark our fancies turned, by no means lightly, to little Mary and the inner man—fresh air and scenery are all very well, but they don't keep life in—but nothing doing; it was a cranky, hungry mob that tumbled out at Shorncliffe in the early, inky, raw, windy morning, sullen and full of grievances, k'its all mixed up and nobody happy.

Here for the first time we were broken up into groups, and indeed some of us never met again. We reached Salonica, a good num-



ber of the Sisters being detailed to duty a few days later in various English hospitals. Marking time at Shorncliffe was by no means an unpleasant occupation. After our inspection we moved to the hollow at South Digate. It was nice to be by ourselves and we spent some pleasant weeks. A few of the luckier ones were detailed for duty at Taplow, Woolwich, and the London Hospital, while the also-rans "held the house down" at Digate Hollow visited daily by the wasps and the drizzling rain.

On October 6 Number Five was ordered to carry on the work of Number Four at Shorncliffe Military Hospital, the Toronto men having been ordered to the Mediterranean. With a few exceptions everyone was recalled and our experience began in hospital work, an experience which has proved a lasting benefit.

Within a month we were officially warned for the Mediterranean and what excitement reigned! Speculation was rife as to our ultimate destination: Salonica, Egypt, the Persian Gulf, all possibilities were discussed pro and con, and shopping began in feverish haste and that uncertainty which the Folkestone robbers noted with glee. Helmets, gnm boots, mosquito netting, what a mixture! An advance party went to Southampton to assist in the loading of our freight and in the early hours of November 16th. the rest of us took train for that port.

It would have been a dire mishap had the enemy gained the priceless

information that No. 5 was off to the Mediterranean, so "with cat-like tread" we issued forth in a pouring rain, and arrived chilled, hungry, in the worst of tempers, at the dock.

(To be continued)

### THANKS, OLD TIMER

The business management of the "Convoy Call" wish to thank the "Balkan News" for their help in getting out our third number. A friend in need is a friend indeed. And anyone who has tried to get English printing done in Salonica will realise that we were in need of all the help we could get. If any member of the "Balkan News" Staff happens to come to No. 5 Canadian we will surely give him a royal welcome.

### FOOTBALL COLORS

At a meeting of the executive of the Unit Football Club it was unanimously decided to present "colors" to the members of the senior team. "Colors" of a suitable design are being procured and any member of the Unit playing in two-thirds of the games up to the end of November will be entitled to wear them on his jersey.

All competitors for the 1st. team positions will be given try-outs by the manager at the regular practices and it is confidently expected that the "color" men will be the best football material that the unit can produce. Just now the men playing in the matches are hitting quite a stride and anyone trying for a position will have to get out and work.



## SISTER HAS HER SAY

Rumours that we are to leave Salonica are rife again, and not altogether welcome, for are we not fast getting our "duration" quarters ship shape and succeeding in adjusting our mode of living and general viewpoint sufficiently to accept Army life as it is and make the best of it?

When we arrived someone kindly told us that the first five years here were likely to be the worst. We are quite sure the first six months were the worst.

When we left Macaulay Plains we could form fours after about four attempts and generally knew our right foot from our left, but we had still to learn the rigidity of Army Diet Sheets and other things. The "out of bounds" places seemed so many and hard to avoid. In the early days of our sojourn a visit to the hospital or other ships in the harbour was our chief dissipation, but how to reach a nearby wharf or landing place seemed to be a conundrum that only the ever-vigilant French sentry could solve.

At one time we feared we might have to leave Macedonia without setting foot in Salonica. It was hard to believe that this city of creamy-white stone buildings and dainty minarets could be altogether as foul and uninteresting as we were told.

Our first trips to town! Who will ever forget them? Certainly not the Sisters who went in the rain for fear of losing their turn or the unhappy M.O. who had to keep his eye on six Sisters, no two of whom ever wanted to do the same thing at the same time.

This is all far in the past, as is the sweltering summer heat, S. diet Sheets, moving etc. We know it is the places that are out of bounds that are unfortunate, not we, and we take it all as a matter of course. A trip to Salonica is as uninteresting as the necessary pass ts. easy to get. Once, to get in by ambulance was

a treat; now, if the ambulance is going when we are, well and good, but we do not wait; there are motor lorries and aircraft repair vans and the ambulances of other units, all with kindly drivers ready to give a lift to the sisters.

Many of us, perhaps all, were very sure of two things when we joined the C.A.M.C. We were going to care for the wounded and contend with many hardship. We have done little of either. Our greatest hardship has been that we have had to care for the sick instead of the wounded. To the uninitiated this may sound cruel, but Tommy himself prefers to fall a victim to the Bulgar, knowing he has given as good as he got, to being strafed by the various microbes that lie in wait for him in every damp corner of the Struma and other places.

We cannot, however, complain that we have not been needed. If necessary there is the A. and D. room records of five figures, but most of us still have vivid memories of grilling days when we scarcely knew what to do first; when the ice was scarce and the primus would not burn. Those days seem to be over for a time at least, but we are content to remain where we are knowing that if we were not here someone else would be.

We have found healthful pastime in walking, riding, tennis and now hockey, at which we hope ere the winter is over to prove ourselves worthy of No. 5 C. G. H. and to be the better fitted for whatever the future holds in store for us, whether in France or England, where great deeds are done, or as a small part of the British Expeditionary Forces in Salonica.

ANON

There are only two things to do on Hallowe'en night according to Ch-d-y. One of them is bobbing for apples, and the other hasn't got a thing to do with apples. The cantons disposed of several apples, however.



## SPORTS OF ALL SORTS

### FOOTBALL FACTS

The football season is again with us and prospects are bright for a good winter's sport.

Already five games have been played and won, the opening game being against No. 1 Canadian Stationary, who were beaten by the only goal scored after a keen game.

The 29th Reserve Park were next disposed of by a score of 3 to 1 and following this the Third Base Horse Transport got on the wrong side of a 4 to 2 score.

The fourth and possibly the best contested match was against the Ordnance Shipping, a fine game ending in favour of No. 5 by 4 goals to nil—the score hardly doing justice to our opponents who put up a very fine exhibition.

In the latest game, played a few days ago, our men again proved their superiority by winning over the Seaforths by 8 to 1.

The players are gradually finding their form as the season proceeds and ought to be in good shape for the local "Derby" against No 4 Canadian.

The defence, which has always been the mainstay of the team is as safe as ever. Gostiller is a reliable goalkeeper, besides doing a considerable amount of rooting for "Mushy." Len McKenzie is playing a great game at right back and with Big Bill Sedger (a tower of Strength) this combination is hard to beat.

Tommy Brown is at the height of his form and a great favourite with the crowd and with Jack Watt and Baird on either side of him the halves are as sound as the most critical could desire.

Fred Hill is again at centre forward and it is quite unnecessary to enlarge on the form of this fine player. Scotty Clarke, Jeff Baker and Wale are all strong players and with Sgt. Thompson back again and such players as Corsbie, McDonald, Scott

and Jones to draw upon, there is no reason why the forwards should not reach the high standard of the defence.—Combination is the one thing needed.

The team is very proud of its unbeaten record. More than twenty games have been played since our arrival, and with the present line up we can confidently look forward to another successful season.

*The Critic*

### DEPARTMENTAL LEAGUE

The first game of the Departmental League was played on Nov. 6 between the Q.M. Stores and the Adpors resulting in a win for the latter by the close score of 2 goals to 1.

The scoring was opened for the Adpors by Wallace, who took advantage by a hesitancy on the part of Gostiller. Thereafter the Stores pressed hard and Sgt. Thompson scored a somewhat similar goal for his side. As the result of some combination and a pass from the right wing Jones scored the final goal of the game for the Adpors.

The second half saw occasional bursts of speed on the part of the forwards of both teams and both defences were hard pressed. Altogether the game was very interesting and enjoyable.

At a meeting held recently for the purposes of forming the Departmental Leagues Sgt. Clarke was elected president and Sgt. Nairn secretary. If present arrangements are carried out the teams in the league will be Officers, A. and D. Room, Stewards' Dept., Q.M. Stores and two teams of ward orderlies. The Adpors include A. and D. Room, Post Office and Orderly Room.

### HOCKEY

Hockey seems to have become a favourite game with some of the members of the unit; more particu-



arly the Sisters, who have taken it up enthusiastically. They have played four games to date with the Scottish Womens' Hospital, and although they have lost all four, they are making rapid strides in their knowledge of the game. What they need most now is to make rapid strides on the field, and to learn to hit the ball hard. The team plays well together, but is rather weak in front of goal. They can manage to keep the ball during the greater part of the game in the neighbourhood of their opponents' circle, but they cannot get through the goal. However they are so keen on practising that they will soon remedy these defects. When one remembers that the majority of them had never had a stick in their hands, or even seen a game before the first one with the S.W.H. the progress they have made is excellent.

The M. O's, too, are beginning to work up a little enthusiasm in the game, and fixtures with No. 4 C.G.H. the Seaforth Highlanders, the 43rd General Hospital, and the Indian Hospital, loom ahead in the near future.

## BURNING QUESTIONS

Do you think there's any chance that we'll ever get to France, before the Great advance has done the trick?

Do you think it's fair to halt a chap and put him off at Malta, surely a grievous fault; a man needs Blighty when he's sick.

Is there any likelihood (if we're very, very good) of our getting any leave before the Spring?

Do you realise the boon it would be—another unit! Do you think a transfer's feasible? if so, the very thing!

Do you think the time is ripe to demand another stripe? (We've only one lone Major and that's really not enough)

Is it but an idle dream that there'll ever be a team who will show our

soccer wonders that they're not the hottest stuff?

Do you think the Engineers (who are driving us to tears) will e'er finish with the job they have in hand?

Will we force the wily Greek to give up fair Salonique and "beat it" for another better land?

Don't you think the hour has come to be issued weekly rum, the best of prophylactics when it's chilly?

And (if I may be so bold) the Recreation Hut's dashed cold—can't we have a stove to warm up little Willie?

Can't you guess what it will be like in little old B.C. now that they've Votes for Women and the province has gone "dry"?

Is it worth while going back, for it surely will be "slack"—that is unless we get our "morning's morning" on the sly?

And (between me and you) will dances always be taboo, surely the "Powers that Be" will have a heart?

Now just a final thought, are your Christmas presents bought?—merely a slight reminder ere we part.

## SHOWERS OF "BLESSING"

*The boys round here, they do not know  
The full extent of crimes.  
The awfulness of doing things  
They shouldn't in the lines*

*For Showerbathing in a bath  
That n'er was meant for you  
Means something more than you  
would think—  
Just two days No 2.*

*Suppose that in the morning  
When Cupid's clarion call  
Gives you a gentle warning  
You're up against the wall.*

*Now, when this war is over,  
At the end of all this strife.  
For "Showering where you shouldn't"  
"Your crimes will stick for life."*

"Antonio"



(Continued from page one)

that the rawest beginner would find every encouragement to compete. Certain sacrifices would have to be made by the more skilled athletes, but we think the majority of them at least are unselfish enough to do their best in such a good cause. A start has been made. Now let us all get together. Quit thinking about when we are going away and let's have some fun.

### TOURS TO THE FRONT No. 1

Lt. Col. K.D. Panton, Capt. J.T. Wall, Capt. D.J. Millar, N]S E.E. Lumsden, L]S M. McBride N]S S. Heaney, N]S A. A. Taylor, N]S G.M. Carvolth, Sgt. J. Stevenson, Cpl. W. McHardy, Private, B. Thorsteinson, J.M. Baker, T. Pattinson, J. Syme, R. T. French and J.B. Tubb.

We congratulate the above members of the Unit on the swift, expeditious way in which they cleaned up the recent push on the Front and returned to the old camp after only three days' absence. For about six months their names had been selected as reinforcements to Casualty Clearing Stations, but time had slipped past and we had almost forgotten the incident. When, therefore the call came on the 30th. of October for them to "proceed" to No. 27 Casualty Clearing Station there was considerable excitement, and most of us envied them their chance of "seeing something." They rumbled off on ambulance vans on an afternoon when the rain made things very unpleasant, and the

next day there were rumours that one of the number had won the D.S.O. and another had collected some shrapnel in his cranium; which proves that No. 5 is nothing if not right up to stop-press heat with good stories. It was quite like the good old times on the evening papers when we "slugged" lightning coloured pars. before the source had finished telling the tale.

They left on the 30th. They were back on the 2nd. Nobody had got the D.S.O. and there were no shrapnel pieces to be dug out of frontal bones. But nevertheless they had done the work they were sent up to do, and they had done it expeditiously. The Front was cleaned up, and the contingent from No. 5 was back almost before we had time to realise they had left. There seems little doubt that they had a strenuous enough time at No. 27 Casualty while they were there.

### IT IS RUMORED

That we are going away.

That Staff Allix says and therefore it must be so.

That a certain Major has written from England corroborating Allix's statement.

That the "relieving" unit is now in the harbor.

That the ship on which we will depart is also there.

That the Q. M. Stores has orders to save all empty boxes for "packing-up" purposes.

That some of the men, who believe in preparedness, have already packed their kits.



That some of our equipment is, even now, being loaded on the ship.

That we are as good as in England, if not already there.

That we are all "bughouse" and know it.

That one of the privates had a dream and it came true.

That he dreamt he got "orderly room" for not being on parade.

That he would have been on parade if he hadn't had such a long dream.

That a S. M. and several sergeants climbed to the top of Mt. Hortiac, while a party of less ambitious men spent an hour or two at Lake Langanza one day last week.

That, not to be outdone, the staff of the Convoy Call plans a jaunt to Constantinople on its next afternoon off.

That the aerial evolutions of our friend, the French aviator, are hugely enjoyed, but that we would rather he didn't do the corkscrew right above our heads.

That Charlie Chaplin rises to remark that his performance is a "baffler."

That the S. M. of the Seaforths doesn't yet know whether it was football game or a "sacrifice of innocents" which his team participated in last week.

That this was No 5's answer to his query as to whether they had a team worthy of the mettle of the Scotsmen.

That an 8 to 1 thrashing ought to convince even a Scotchman.

That he plans a deadly revenge which will, however, work a hard-

ship on his already over-worked pipers.

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## CORRESPONDENCE

To The Editor

*There is nothing I enjoy more than music and more than once have I spent a pleasant hour or so listening to "Hoppy's" performance. But while music may have charms to do lots of other things—to cause, for instance, one of our quietest young men to throw himself about in a veritable ecstasy of joy—it does not get us any heat, unless we follow the forementioned Y. M.'s violent example and do physical jerks to its syncopating measure. I would propose two things—a stove in the Recreation Hut and a change in the present musical entertainment, which, in my opinion, has run itself out here and is about due for a tour around the provinces.*

"Pai Froid."

To The Editor:

*With regard to a change of position for the men's mess tent, mentioned in the correspondence column of the last issue of the "Convoy Call," I beg to suggest that the tent in question be moved entirely from its present stand and re-erected alongside those of the Sergeants' Mess. We would then get the benefit of the Sgts.' gramophone, and when the wind blows favorably to us, perchance our mess would be visited by the fairy dances of the Spirits emanating from the mess of our neighbors.*

*If the above suggestion does not meet with the approval of the majority then one, and only one other exit from the difficulty remains. The sergeants have a monopoly on the construction boxes, so I propose we build a substantial mess room with the empty beer barrels; bung holes facing inwards, and unobstructed.*

"Ad Finem"