

# Canadian Hospital

GRANVILLE  
CHATHAM HOUSE

## News

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### SNOW

OUR theme for this week fell from heaven. During the night it came down silently, mysteriously, majestically. In the morning we looked out upon a soft coverlet of white over roofs and lawns, with downy clusters of snow nestling in the branches of the trees, and mantling the hedgerows. And when we saw it we were homesick—we say it without a single blush of shame—homesick for Canada, with its snow upon its mountains and snow upon its plains: with its crisp sparkling weather; with its brilliant wintry night lights shooting up from the northern zone; with its tobogganning and its skating; with its sleigh-bells jingling a merry tune to the sleighing party off for a jolly evening's fun; with its snow-shoes trudging over the deep snow, deep as the rail fences guarding the concession lines—but why enumerate more fully, we were homesick. We had heard that in the Isle of Thanet snow was a rare visitor, and came then only in tiny flurries, no sooner seen than dissolved in the frostless soil. But here was a real Canadian snowstorm, with that suspicion of *tang* in the air which more vividly reminded us of our Canadian winter atmosphere. As we trudged through the streets every whitened object waved us a welcome. Our spirits rose with every step. We wanted to shout, or sing, or snowball. Others were filled with the same enthusiasm, the patients waging a peaceful warfare with munitions manufactured on the spot, revelling in the fresh freedom of it all. And wonderful to relate, the Orderly Sergeant, that grim, grand personification of exemplary discipline, was engaged in a heavy bombardment upon a retaliating member of the personnel, and the white balls of warfare flew fast and furious. How they laughed when they made a good hit; how they ducked and dodged; how the victor chased the vanquished, pelting lustily all the while. It was really an outlet for the homesickness the snow had brought. We wonder if hundreds of Canadians in Thanet, on that snowy morning, did not earnestly pray that before another winter season they might be back home in Canada, the war over, and the world in peace as perfect as the whiteness of the snow. Before we can be released, however, the Kaiser and his minions must be snowed under, buried deep, deep, deep. When that is done, Canadian sleigh-bells will send across the snow a sweeter, merrier tune.

O. C. J. W.