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PRICE ONE CENT

EDITORIAL

On another page will be found an announcement of a competition for a cover design for our paper which has been posted on the notice boards. It is proposed to change the size from quarto to octavo. With the increasing circulation it is felt that an effort is needed not only to improve the appearance of our little journal, but to cater to a wider field. To this end we should welcome news items from our sister hospitals in the service. In our own Hospital, out of a population of a thousand men, there should be no dearth of material, for the talent is certainly there. We would bespeak your sympathetic co-operation in making our paper the success it deserves—not every "squib" may be printed—not every contribution accepted—but that should be no excuse for not sending in hundreds of good natured "hits," out of which many could be chosen. Humorous paragraphs and light prose, an occasional verse—the satire that leaves its object a smiling friend—the funny side of this greatest of world tragedies. *You who have done so wonderfully "over there"—won't you "carry on" over here? Won't you help to bring a smile to the face of your fellow-patient?*

R. W.

The Medical History of the War

By the Canadian Medical Historical Recorder

It is a very significant fact that, when only a few years ago, the most widely read paper in France, asked its readers to record their vote as to whom they considered the greatest Frenchman the choice fell, not upon Napoleon, soldier and Emperor—he was given second place—but upon Pasteur, chemist and bacteriologist, the true founder of modern medicine, with all that it has achieved for the reduction of human suffering and for the good of humanity. The greatest triumphs of this war, the noblest victories thus far achieved, have been those of the Army Medical Corps. This bold statement may come as somewhat of a surprise to the reader, but let him consider for a moment.

Take only one instance. Do you realise that with the loss during the last month of 200,000 prisoners on the Russian front, not to mention the dead and wounded, and with 100,000 and more casualties on the Italian front, the Austrian army is to-day at its last ditch with no further reserves to call upon?

In the Boer war—fifteen years ago, one man out of every nine went down with Typhoid. If he did not die he had to be invalided home. Think what a mass of casualties this would mean to the British Army of 5,000,000 to-day, and how it would tell upon its effectiveness! It would mean 500,000 and more put out of action. Those who have experienced the stagnant waters of Flanders, and the crowding of our men for long months on end in the same old camps and billets behind the front, know that the conditions favouring Typhoid have been every bit as bad as, if not worse than they were in South Africa. And yet through inoculation and the chlorination of the water, Typhoid fever has been all but banished from our Armies. In this one respect alone the Army Medical Corps has saved more men than the Prussians have put out of action.

Think, too, of the agonies of those first weeks of the

war, when through the richly-manured and therefore contaminated soil of Flanders our wounded died off by the score from those terrible conditions, Tetanus and Gas Gangrene. To-day it is rare to meet with either condition. Thanks to inoculation and surgical treatment we have learnt how to conquer these and most septic conditions, while by bringing our surgeons close behind the front line and operating at the earliest possible moment upon the graver wounds of head and abdomen, innumerable lives are being saved. Typhus, which used to be a common and most fatal war pestilence, which, but a few months ago in Serbia, extorted a frightful toll, is absolutely unknown among our troops—and that because of the care taken to suppress those "minor horrors of war," the all too common body lice, and to encourage personal cleanliness. Even so apparently secondary, but most widespread and uncomfortable a matter as ulceration of the gums and around the teeth, has been taken in hand, and we owe to one of our Canadian Medical Officers the means whereby this may be completely healed within a week, even if it has been present for months.

To be continued

The Passing Hour

DEAR OLD LADY.—"And do they give you fruit in the Hospital?"

BORED PATIENT.—Yes, —m. they give us dates on our passes."

OVERLOOKED

CHAPLAIN (praying).—"Oh, give strength to our arms."

WOUNDED ONE.—"What about my darned leg?"

INHAL(T)ATIONS

A.—"Hello, B, going in to dinner?"

B.—"No, I don't need any to-day. I've just come down the back stairs!"

MUSKETRY INSTRUCTOR.—"I told you to take a fine sight, you cross-eyed son of a sea-cook. Don't you know what a fine sight is?"

C-E-SON OF A S-C.—Yes.——A musketry-instructor's name on a tombstone!

Calm after Storm.

The cool of even when the day is done—

The slacking wind that lulls the setting sun—

Calm of the harbour after stormy seas—

Racking of torture giving place to ease.

Two rows of spotless beds, all trim and neat,

The muffled patter of the sister's feet.

Geneva's cross in eloquent display,

And battle's nightmare dimming fast away.

The shriek and crash of bullet, bomb and shell;

Black madness born of carnage, torture, hell,

Are swallowed in delicious, restful "now."

(How cool the compress on the throbbing brow!)

Blood-weary, battered, stricken in the fray,

We come at last to quietness—and day;

And, to offset the havoc of the Hun,

A still voice whispers down to us "well done."