

Canadian Hospital News

Official Organ of the Granville Canadian Special Hospitals

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PRICE ONE CENT

EDITORIAL

A hospital paper caters to a special audience; an audience of men who have tasted the horrors of war—men who have suffered the dangers and discomforts of life at the front, and are now recovering from injuries sustained there. We feel that a hospital paper may materially help the work of the hospital by administering to these men a certain modicum of that wonderful tonic, Humour. That the merry jest has a great influence upon us nobody can deny, and we all especially appreciate the jest which has a bearing on the people and places with which the reader is in immediate contact.

Bearing these things in mind, we invite the Laughter-makers to gather round and assist in the good work. There must be many such among the Ramsgate Canadians, and we want them to help us in our endeavours to provide a few mirthful moments for the comrades who are seeking health, rest and laughter.

Contributions to the Hospital News are invited; they may be sent either addressed to the Editor, or placed in the boxes provided at Granville or Chatham Annex, or handed to Pte. C. H. Dodwell, Ward 2, Granville Hospital.

SHELL SHOCK PROVERBS

A bird in the hand's worth a case of tinned chicken.
One drill doesn't make a soldier.
Khaki covers a multitude of sins.
Once bitten—try Keatings.
The early bird pinches the custard.
A stitch in time, save a crime.
Two's company, three's a fatigue party.
A Miss is as good as a smile.

H. S. S.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

ENQUIRER—No. We had not heard that the rookery at Chatham House was in danger of extinction owing to the increase of chicken-diets.

INTERESTED—Your evidence does not prove that the Palace and Y.M.C.A. are under the same management.

CONSTANT READER—The gallant Capt. is not responsible for the twice weekly entertainments of the lady in brown.

A.E.G.—He may have a Government Contract, but because he collects all the butts in front of the Granville each morning doesn't necessarily mean so!

MORBID—You complain that nobody loves you! How long have you been in Ramsgate, anyway?

FINANCIAL—We cannot advise you to invest in the "Patients Detachable Blue-Armlet Co." A police sergts. name on the prospectus does not necessarily mean it is sound.

Contributions and Acknowledgments

SONG OF THE FIGHTERS

This is the song of the fellows who fight
Fight for the Motherland, freedom and right.
Fight for the victims of barbarous Huns,
Fight in the trenches and fight at the guns.

Boys from Australia, boys from the West,
Boys from New Zealand, and India's best.
Englishmen, Irishmen, Welshman and Scot,
This is the song of the whole fighting lot.

Fight! When the bullets are screaming around.
Fight when your comrades are biting the ground.
Fight! when the enemy makes his attack.
Fight when his masses are driving you back.

Fight when you feel that the last hope has fled,
Fight when the Captain and Sergeant are dead.
Fight when you're wounded, alone in the night;
And when you feel yourself stiffening, Fight!

C.H.D.

My Dear Herbert.—

You will see by the above address that I am now recuperating in the salubrious village of Ramsgate. In ordinary times the place is the resort of vast crowds of the semi-washed from town and city, who journey here to enjoy the ozone, shrimps, niggers, and Ramsgate Rock, (for which the place is justly famous), to convert the blue-and-briny into an impromptu footbath, and to enhance the bank-rolls of the local tradesmen. We, my dear Herbert, are endeavouring to take their place! Ramsgate is principally inhabited by G. M. P's, flappers, and longshoremen.

The first I need not describe,—you know them only too well. The flappers are in amazing numbers and of all varieties—fat, fairy-like, freezing, friendly, frolicsome, fatuous—every known variety, including the prim prom flipper with the "how-dare-you-sir-but-try-again" air. Most interesting of all are the longshoremen. They are a race apart, and spend the fleeting hours leaning over the rails and gazing with intense absorption into the waters of the inner harbour. Only once have I known one of them to break the sphinx-like silence they preserve. He shook his head for seven minutes (by my trusty Ingersoll) spat reflectively, shifted his quid, and murmured "D—m the war" Evidently longshoremen have *some* feelings in common with the rest of us! The hospital itself is top-hole, although (how the horrors of war follow one!) it is only two minutes from the Plains of Waterloo. It used to be an hotel, and even yet one can see the legend "wholesale wines and liqueurs," reminding us of (alas!) departed glories. They feed us very well, too! Last evening the supper-dish was 'oysters on the half shell'. The patient next to me (he hailed from Brandon) devoured a large quantity, *shells and all*. I understand he has since developed acute symptoms of *shell shock*.

Am doing splendidly, and begin to feel quite fit to go back—to Canada.

As ever, my dear Herbert,

KRITICOS.