

# Canadian Hospital News

Official Organ of the Granville Canadian Special Hospitals

VOL. 2. NO. 1.

RAMSGATE, KENT, JULY 8, 1916.

PRICE ONE CENT

## EDITORIAL

The week that has elapsed since our last issue has been a memorable one in many respects. In the larger issues of the war it has marked the joining up of the last link in the concerted action of the allies, which, with the inexorableness of fate itself, seems destined to mark the beginning of the end. "The Mills of the Gods grind slow—"

In our own immediate little world the happy incident of the proclamation of a General Bank Holiday on the natal day of our Dominion seemed more than a coincidence, and gave opportunity for a fitting celebration, while the day preceding (June 30th) an informal opening and inspection of the work of our hospital, marked a milestone in the history of the Institution.

ON Friday, the 30th June, about two hundred invited guests assembled for luncheon at Chatham Annex, and a very happy crowd enjoyed a splendidly appointed luncheon prepared and served by our own staff and patients. An inspection of beautiful old Townley Castle Annex followed, evoking much delighted comment on the splendid transformation wrought by the patients under the untiring energy of Capt Hill. The grounds, flowers, vegetable gardens, poultry raising, etc. The gymnasium and classes were at work, and the workshops at full blast; blacksmiths, machinists, boots and saddlery, splint making, carpentry, cigarette making, etc. Later a visit was made to the Granville where the more acute cases were seen undergoing the various forms of treatment; various kinds of baths; massage; electricity in its various forms; X-ray; Radiant Heat; electric water baths, etc. The beautifully neat operating rooms, etc. At 4.30 tea was served in the large theatre-recreation room, from the large stage of which our own patients' orchestra discoursed sweet music—while dainty nursing sisters dispensed "the cup that cheers." It was indeed hard to believe that the beaming faces of our sick and wounded belonged to many who would have to face life's struggles with a handicap!

The morrow, however, belonged to Canada—early in the forenoon, the schoolchildren of St. Luke's under the able guidance of Miss Wilson, and at the youngsters own request, came to Chatham Annex (led by the band of the 6th Battalion) 400 of them!—and danced, and sang, and hoisted the Union Jack, and then Canada's Union Jack, and danced Morris dances; wove the mystic weave of England's own Maypole time and again, and sang their fairy songs—and sweetest of all—"The Maple Leaf"—how good it sounded!—till the crowds faded into the surrounding flowers and trees, and only fairies were left, who by their magic touch, had annihilated time, and war, and distance, till one saw—with rather misty eyes!—home, and other children — . . . . . Then a big soldier leading a tiny tot right up to the midst of these four hundred and presenting the fairy godmother who had caused all these things to be, with a big box of chocolates! The little soldier salutes like a veteran and Col. Watt with his little guest, Master Ingodlby, marched back. So was our Dominion Day opened most auspiciously! thousands of the citizens witnessed the games while in the evening at Granville, the prizes were presented. Surely a full day! The sun shone gloriously and with ever a thought for our comrades in less favoured circumstances.

The collection for the Prisoners of War Fund netted the handsome total of £32 4s. 6d.

One cannot let the occasion pass without heartily echoing the commanding officer's words of praise and thanks to the patients for their work and cooperation, and to all who had so signally made the two days so real a success.  
R. W.

## Here and There

Townley Castle is a delightful, rambling old building, full of the romance of a by-gone day, which, by the magic of willing workers has been transformed into a modern hospital. A more reposeful dwelling can scarcely be imagined, and it is an ideal spot for the men who have gone through the noise and din of battle. The men quartered there fully appreciate their beautiful surroundings, and are enthusiastic about their C.O., who takes as deep an interest in the old place as he does in their comfort and well-being.

Now the warm weather is here the sea looks very inviting—we wonder would it be possible to have "bathing parades" for suitable patients! We commend the idea to the powers that be!

Chatham House is on the way to being a self-supporting convalescent colony. There are the various machine shops, a splendidly-kept garden, and a live-stock branch which is raising chickens and rabbits in large numbers. An atmosphere of neatness and efficiency reigns everywhere, and the men responsible for the work are to be congratulated.

*(The following tribute has been received from a French soldier)*

"You came many thousands of miles, leaving your lovely valleys, your blue lakes, your prosperous homesteads, your dear ones, and at the call of your Mother Country, fighting young army that you are, you faced our common foe on the soil of France.

Way out in your Canada, your wives, your mothers, your little ones, are spending this Dominion Day anxious and alone.

Comrades of yours rest beneath the little green mounds of France, but their tremendous sacrifice has not been in vain. Daughters of France will deck their graves with flowers and water them with their tears.

France, on this Dominion Day, gives you a tribute of her thankfulness. Her sons and daughters will mingle the words Liberty and Canada, and in her heart are engraved your deeds at Ypres, Festubert, and many other places. We salute you, for your splendid heroism has kept the tri-colours waving, and the Lily of France intact."

Sgt. Desreux.

Dominion Day, 1916.

*To Albertans.*

In the dim distant sweet by-and bye,  
You'll remember this first of July,  
When you were at Ramsgate  
And some silly damsgate  
Made Sunny Alberta go dry.

A number of contributions are unavoidably held over.