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EDITORIAL

VALE

"K. of K." The familiar names by which great men have been known to their day and generation is perhaps a truer gauge of their intrinsic worth than the opinions of their more intimate contemporaries, whose judgment, narrowed by proximity, has lacked the larger view that the more distant proletariat has instinctively envisioned. To that vague but powerful entity, "The man in the street," Gladstone was ever "The Grand Old Man," and the Earl of Beaconsfield "Dizzy." To how many loyal and remembering comrades will Field Marshal Lord Roberts be anything but "Bobs Bahadour." To those of us who remember the tense and agonising days of 1880, General Gordon was always "Chinese Gordon," and to those of our day, the man who conquered the best part of that continent which had slain Gordon—took to its heart of hearts Kitchener of Khartoum. Because he stood for the best traditions of our race—unostentatiousness—an unbending sense of justice—the doing of a deed rather than the talking of it—the possession of an iron will dominated by unerring judgment—the abnegation of self for the sake of his country—because, in a word he embodied the ideals which our strange race endeavours to hide under an armour of insouciance and apparent indifference, at once the despair and admiration of the world. These were the talismans that enabled him to work the miracles of organization during the first year of this war—and with prophetic foresight, out of his great experience, to see something of the future which with almost uncanny exactness, is running the course he expected—and so, still intent on serving his King and country—he passes to his last roll-call—greater and more inscrutable in his death than ever even in life, falling in our field of battle, and having as mausoleum the vast and mighty deep, with the star-studded vault of heaven itself as a canopy, and the free-singing winds to moan his dirge or whisper in zephyrs of the glorious peace to come for whose consummation he wrought so ably and so long.

In Memoriam

*Gone is the Chief! A mighty army mourns
This day it's Idol and it's sup-r-me head,
Gone! To that bourne from which no soul returns,
Kitchener dead!*

*Not 'mid the roll of drums the canon's roar;
But on the billows of Eternal Deep
Following Duty to a distant shore,
Fell he asleep.*

*Master of men! The magic of his hand
Thrill'd into being in the hour of strife
Endless battalions. Armies grim and grand
Sprang into life.*

*Pillar of Strength; inscrutable and great.
Silently tow'ring over lesser clay.
Holding the destinies of King and State
Under his sway.*

*Fallen not Britain! And be undismayed.
Though Death, inexorable, claims his debt.
Kitchener, Living in the men he made,
Will triumph yet!*

Kriticos. (Pte C. H. Dodwell)

Contributions and Acknowledgments

"PATIENTS."

By the Ward Sergeant.

"Patients," said the ward-sergeant," are of two kinds.—Them that recovers, and them that don't. Them that don't are the most satisfactory and easy to manage. Them that do are infernal nuisance and the plague of my life. "Get 'em up," says the M. O.: but "keep 'em in," says I, knowing something about up-patients.

Look at number 20, for instance: he came in five or six days ago as a bed-patient on milk and soda. Next day he wants eggs: next day chicken: next day beef and stout. To-day he asks me for a permanent midnight pass and five pounds in cash. Goodness knows what he'll want to-morrow!

Then there's number 16. He's bughouse, and thinks that anything in a glass is a "rum ration." The medicines for the whole ward were laid out this morning, and while my back was turned for an instant he drank the lot. It took two M. O.'s and a stomach-pump to bring him round, and the first thing he did when he came to was to ask for "a chaser."

And the things they ask you! Morning to night it's "Sergeant, lend me a needle to sew my armlet on." "Sergeant, put me wise to a hard-luck story to spring on the Paymaster." "Sergeant, somebody's pinched my socks." "Were you ever at the Front, Sergeant?" "Got any cigarettes, Sergeant?" Sergeant, I want my diet changed, I've drunk enough milk to float the navy," and so on, all day long!

Yesterday number 16 came to me and asked if I could find him a light-duty job so that he could get his khaki. "What can you do?" says I. "Anything," says he. "Can you scrub floors?" says I. "Can't bend my back," says he. "Can you do the dusting?" says I. "No," says he, "when I reach out it catches me here." "What about clerical work," says I. "Can't sit still for five minutes," says he. "What the dickens can you do?" says I. "Well, says he, I thought perhaps I could get a job flicking the mosquitoes off the bed-patients."

Now, what would you do with a man like that?!!

Overheard at an M.O.'s Inspection at the Granville—

M.O. to Patient—How is it that you have not shaved to-day?

Patient—Being only one mirror in the ward and so many faces around it, I guess I must have shaved the wrong face.

* * *

Suggested as a test to be used by the guard, when the legs appear to be alright:—She saw six shy sergeants in silk socks sufferings from shell shock.