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## EDITORIAL

To many Canadians "Empire Day" will always remain in their hearts just the "Queen's Birthday"—in most affectionate memory of the late Queen Victoria, and it is peculiarly fitting that she should be so commemorated, in that Empire Day calls every son and daughter to common contemplation of the ideal-complex which we call patriotism.

Throughout our great Empire there are various types of patriots, one and all protesting that their ideal is the best. The individualistic patriot says "duty begins at home" (Home meaning himself). Mark him well all good Britishers! He is a virtuous creature, who, if he saw a neighbour beating a child, would suddenly develop "conscientious objections" to any sort of bodily interference. Again there is the sectional patriot who holds the welfare of village, city, country, etc., above that of the State, and the State above that of Empire. These good people—and they mean well—forget how their own business is conducted—that every department—however individualistic, exists for the good of the whole; even, that sometimes the energy and resources of one department may be temporarily overburdened for the good of the whole. Again!—does any one branch of our vast army exist for itself? No! Never!! It happens only too often that a given branch of the army gives of life and service unstintingly—even to extinction, in order that the others may still "carry on."

Conscience is, when roused, a sure and certain guide, but unfortunately he is often a sleepy old God, given to repeating in whispers the words of the selfish flesh he chances to inhabit. Beware of "whisperings of conscience." When he speaks he thunders forth!

Listen to him then Patriots all when he thunders, and in no uncertain words you will hear him say—"Do your bit for food of Empire, without thought of self, that the Empire may withstand,"—and to save your very own skin mister objector!

Owing to the paper going to press while the sports were in progress, we shall have to reserve a full report thereon for the next issue.

The day was a glorious one in every way, in its joyous commingling of all branches of the service, our civilian friends and the weather:

## Contributions and Acknowledgments

### PRISONER'S EXPERIENCE.

Amongst the arrivals at the Granville this week, was one of particular interest, 20196, Pte. E. P. Chappelow, of the 13th Battalion, machine gun section, who was severely wounded and taken prisoner on the afternoon of April 24th, 1915, while retiring from an advanced position back to the trenches.

He was struck in five places—his right leg being fractured badly, while the left was rendered practically useless. To give the story in his own words:—"Soon after being hit the German infantry advanced over us in open order, and as I saw one of our chaps, who asked for water, shot through the head, I pretended to be dead! They took all my belongings, including my gold ring (in the taking of

which I nearly lost my finger as well) and my fountain pen, etc. Shortly after came the German Red Cross who at once ordered all who were able to walk to stand up and fall into line, they were then marched off a distance of about twelve miles.

I heard afterwards from Pte. Foss, of the Machine Gun Section, and Corpl. Wood, of B Company, that many of them fell out from weakness and exhaustion and that when they did arrive at their destination they were put into cattle trucks. The Germans placed the Canadians alternately, side by side, with the Zouaves who had also been captured, with the remark "We'll put you with yours brothers."

At dusk a German sergeant came up with a large burying party and started to bury the dead, who were scattered all around. I asked him to pick me up, but he replied that they could not do so then, as they had too many of their own wounded to look after. He, however, was not completely devoid of humane feeling as he left me a bottle of water. I went off into a state of coma until morning. When dawn came I could see nothing but Germans entrenched on all sides. All that day I lay where I had fallen until night-fall, when the German burying party came again. (I might state here that there were at least a hundred wounded Canadians with me, but for want of help and dressing, most of them died—only about ten of us surviving till picked up. One by one they died; it was awful!) The burial party again left me a bottle of water but could not take me with them, giving me the same answer as on the previous night.

On the night of the 26th they moved me in a blanket to a safer place, to avoid our own shrapnel which was beginning to fall pretty thick, and early next morning, before it was light, I was moved to their Field Dressing Station. I was then sent to a hospital where my right leg was immediately amputated and an operation performed on my left.

Here I was left for six weeks, being the only British prisoner there; however, I must admit that at this place I was very well treated, being given all I required. This did not last long though for I was sent away on a hospital train. After travelling for about half-a-day, I became so ill that I had to be taken off the train and carried two miles to a church which had been converted into a hospital.

Here I stayed for two weeks, when I was transferred to a prisoners' camp at Mexhal where I received my first lesson in "Kultur"—receiving no food for forty-eight hours except one glass of milk. The medical attention was also very poor, indeed, as we only had our wounds dressed twice a week and sometimes we were left ten days without a dressing.

I remained there about two months after which I was sent to "Giessen Camp" where there were about 250 other Canadians. This place was worse than the last, although the food was rather more substantial. In time it was rumoured that we were to be exchanged, and at last the day came. Along with another forty invalids I was taken by street car to the station, whence we proceeded via Cologne to Aix-la-Chapelle, where prisoners are concentrated from all camps, and examined. We waited here four days and on the last day were examined by German Specialists, to make sure we were sufficiently badly wounded to be of no more further use.