

Canadian Hospital News

Official Organ of the
Granville Canadian Special Hospital
Ramsgate, Kent

PRINTED AND PUBLISHED BY THE PATIENTS

Editor: Major Wilson

News Editor: Pte. Dodwell
16TH BATT.

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CANADIAN HOSPITAL

NEWS

VOL. 2.

AUGUST 19 1916

No. 6

EDITORIAL

With this number we present to our readers the HOSPITAL NEWS in its new form, saving only the Cover Design, which has not yet been received from the engravers.

The present make-up of the paper will be found more artistic, convenient, larger, and in every way more worthy of the institution it represents: to those who keep the copies as souvenirs of a pleasant chapter of their experiences in the Great War, the increased solidity and permanence of the paper will be most satisfactory.

We look to all—officers and men, staff and patients, to give us their hearty co-operation and help in the matter of suggestions, contributions etc. for it is only by such co-operation that we can realize our ambition, which is to make the HOSPITAL NEWS pre-eminent among publications of its kind.

C. D.

Granville Breezes

Who was the Sergeant who took another sergeant's girl to the reception?

—
Why do't the guinea-pig give notice?

—
Wanted.—The name of the humourist who described a pay-parade as a paper raid.

—
We suggest that all cats, especially Thomas ones, should be masked at night, as their glowing eyes may well form guiding beacons to hostile air-craft.

—
Who was the Sergeant who poured his tea into his porridge discussing affairs of state?

The Casualty Clearing Station

By Lt-Col. F. S. L. FORD, C.M.G., C.A.M.C., A.D.M.S.

(continued)

At present wherever possible, the medical authorities are arranging clearing stations in groups of three to facilitate the work. This permits of the following routine: One clearing station receives cases for twenty-four hours. The following day these cases are evacuated with the exception of the seriously sick and wounded, unfit for transport. The third is spent in clearing up the station, preparing dressings, etc. The next day the round begins again. This system has been found most satisfactory. In case of heavy casualties, a clearing station takes in until full, when the next in the pool comes into operation and so on.

If there is a large and suitable receiving room, all cases except those requiring extensive operative treatment, are more expeditiously dressed at this point, and this practice obtains at many clearing stations, concentrating, as it does, the personnel and equipment necessary for the work, and keeping the wards free from the dirt and untidiness incidental to it. The Orderly Officer or one permanently detailed for the work ensures that every man has affixed to the coat or clothing, in a conspicuous place, the card giving particulars of the case, without which no case is allowed to leave the receiving room. He also affixes a "tag" with a serial number which becomes the man's serial number in the A and D. book. A scratch A.F.A. 36 is kept for all the particulars, and from this the weekly return is made up. He allocates the cases to the different wards. The quartermaster sees that all valuables are taken from the patients and put in bags, properly labeled, and that the kits are properly labeled and stored. When the cases are evacuated, the bag containing the valuables, etc., is returned to the man. The A. and D. officer sees that the "tag" with serial number is collected when the man is put in the ambulance, thus obtaining a perfect check upon all cases sent out. The evacuations are all made by motor ambulance convoy to the ambulance train or barge.

The tour of duty for the staff on "receiving days" and the day following is practically thirty hours. The wisdom of system of rotation above is thus clearly demonstrated, the "off" day giving chance for rest and recuperation. At certain points of the line special stations have been established for the collection of all abdominal cases. During heavy fighting too, the clearing station have been divided into front and rear line, the former taking lying cases and the latter sitting, thus preventing the front line clearing station from becoming congested, while giving the serious cases the advantages of a "short haul"

Casualty clearing stations during periods of comparative quiet, evacuate about eighty per cent of cases on the day following their

reception. The remainder consist of those unfit for transport and those who will be well in a week. The latter are usually few in number having had to run the gauntlet of the R. M. O., the Field Ambulance and the Divisional Rest Station. In fact with the exception of dental and certain infectious cases, after a man has been sent to a clearing station he is struck off the strength of his unit. This does not apply to clearing station in the rear area, which, getting much lighter cases return more men to duty than those in the front area. The cases unfit for transfer are usually head, chest and abdominal. The chest cases usually are evacuated the fifth or sixth day, the abdominal the sixth or seventh day.

During active operations, the work at clearing stations taxes the staff to the utmost, more than five thousand cases in one week having passed through a single station, and as many as sixteen hundred in one day.

The clearing station has been termed "the pivot upon which the removal of the sick and wounded turns." Perhaps it might be called the keystone of the arch formed by the regimental medical service and the field ambulances; and if this arch is complete and perfect, and is backed up by an adequate ambulance train service, the clearing of the fighting area is assured.

"The Tears of Letitia"

Chapter VI of the stirring serial.

Letitia swayed to the overmantle and pulled the BELL. "Stay! O'LEARY beauty," cried Archibald, "I BEGGS of you to wait." Let us but set our WILLS ON happiness; come fly with me, leave the parental hearth: I have two NICKELS, sufficient for tea and WHELKS"

The RUSTLE of her petticoats showed her agitation. "WATT, marry a thief who ROBS ON sight WITH ROW on row to follow? Away, false man! Cease your importunate BRAYING, to MAK ME AND my boy live a life of druggery in Hammer SMITH; fickle un-KENNY wretch, do you despise me that I am a BAKER'S daughter? Go, climb your hill of fame: to unCOOP A tiger is safer than to love a ROBBERS SON."

Archibald flopped on the diVAN NOR MANacled her hands. "Pretty, PERT, PEG o' my HEART," said he, "I am no paltry CLERK. Love me, darling, and lend me a bob. "But she sneeringly answered," HOOP Along, old top, to BED, FOR Days are passed when I lend bobs.

* * * *

Such was the END 'E GOT!

On Leaving Canada

Farewell to thee, dear Canada, farewell;
 As from my view thy wooded seacoast fades,
 And old Acadia's headlands disappear
 In the grey gloom of evenings gathering shades.

Farewell to thee, dear Canada, farewell:
 Land where my feet were won't to tread of late:
 Not mine by birth, but by adoption mine:
 Radiant with golden hope, majestic, great.

Farewell to thee, yet not without regret
 Leave I the country that to me was home;
 For there are friends—the faithful and the tried
 Friends, from whose presence I am loth to roam

God bless thy shores, forever may they be
 The fair abode of freedom, truth and peace,
 Nor ever foeman's devastating hand
 Mar thy fair provinces till time shall cease.

Pte J Abbott.

A Ward Episode.

Even as it approached I had a premonition that all was not well with it, and my heart went out as it ever does to the sick or afflicted. There was an unhealthy pallor on its surface, and my caressing fingers told me of a high temperature. I tapped it gently with a spoon—it coughed helplessly. I lifted away a portion of the outer covering, bringing to view its palpitating interior, of sickly hue and its obvious distress.

Sad, sad end to a career at one time so full of promise! My fancy took me back to a quaint old farmyard—to a fond feathery mother clucking to the world the attainment of her life-ambition—to it lying there in a soot nest, full of the warm anticipation of a short, useful existence. I pictured its enthusiasm gradually cooling under a freezing neglect—the insidious change from healthy hopefulness to mortified bitterness. What more cruel fate than destiny unachieved, or achieved, alas! too late!

I looked once again: it had stiffened and shrivelled and felt cold to my touch. I beckoned to an Orderly—he bore it reverently away—I shed a tear—and turned to my bread and butter with a sigh.

KRITICOS.

Correspondence

To the Editor,

Sir:—Re our conversation the other morning, and your request that I would obtain some fashion notes for your enterprising literary phenomén, I visited the Sergeant Mess, Enquiry Office, and the Sanctum Sanctorum of the Y. M. C. A. management, and append herewith the results.

yours, etc., H. S. S.

P. S.—Do you pay your contributors per word, column, or square yard?

Tailor made tunics of buff-colored drill are very fashionable just now and when worn in conjunction with leggings, give at a distance of twenty-five yards, quite an Officers effect; tucks two inches wide in the brest pockets and double hem-stitched raised seams add the "Dont-give-a-dam-if-its-nows-bombs" air so much admired by the Ramsgate belles. (the what? Ed.) This may be procured for about thirty-five shillings and is recommended to all above the rank of Corporal, especially if the rank is acting.

The rolled collar effect so much in evidence with "blues" should really be white on a blue ground, though blue on a white ground is preferred by some of the "Jeunesse d'Or", whilst of course for promenade wear the really smart thing is to have the usual red neckerchief round the waist, where it is more easily get-at-able for conversion into a dog lead. Many delightful shades of blue are at present on the market, varying from the rich ultramarine to art tones of washed purple and crushed quince.

The leather strappings on riding breeches should be always rubbed down with sandpaper and coconut oil, two treatments usually being sufficient to produce the correct Cavalry touch. Spurs (worn with the points up), a crop, and a few remarks about "Exercising my mare Old Top" completing the hallucination to satisfaction. This tout ensemble is highly recommended to C.A.M. C. orderlies on leave.

Hats of a soft variety, worn to cover the left or right ear according to taste, have been seen on a number of the elite and are greatly favoured by the ultra smart Motor Transport; when used with a tight reefer jacket, cut to just cover the—that is, to come just below the hip, you are quite likely to be taken for a member of the Royal Flying Corps and so "Gain extra glory in Dulcinea's eyes."

The wearing of one gold stripe is really shocking bad taste; they should be in pairs on both arms so as not to disturb the symmetry of the costume.

The Patriot

By kind permission of the writer, a local gentleman.

Often have I thought of the Patriot. Often he has come into his own again; and, in the days that are coming, I trust there will be a place for him. In my memory of many broken men he stands out conspicuously clear. He moved, when I met him, slowly and fearfully as a man who expects a fall. He wore no bandages, but his presence was appalling,—his face at times haunts me with its patient but palpable expectancy. His story (he was one of the Pats) was told to me with a sympathetic manner, but with also a dramatic effect that carried me away. Instead of the the wind-swept promenade I was within sound of the guns; squeezing the soft grease of the ground; mingling with men who had watched death and desolation; and who had their being amid scenes of desolation and ruin. As I listened his real name faded away and he became "the Patriot," and by that name I always think of him. He was one of many. One of the men whose patriotism rang out a clarion note of comfort in the early days of the war. He came—one of the virile types of Colonial Manhood—to emphasise the solaridity of Empire. He was a patriot.

All of the happenings to the "Pats" would want much telling. The Patriot himself might still have been with them but for one German and one happening for which I must find space. There came a day when, by the ordering of fate, the Patriot was face to face with this ONE German—when he came up against a new emotion. The German was very young, and he threw his rifle down, saying in effect "Me boy, me no fight", the Patriot succumbed to the emotion, and marched his prisoner back to an old shed. The easy attitudes of his comrades at arms proclaimed it a rest-house. They turned as the Patriot came in after his prisoner and leaned his rifle behind the door. One fellow enquired what—

* * * * *

The Patriot opened his eyes to the uniformity of a hospital ward. He tried to pick something out of the obscurity of his mind, but failed. He lay feebly counting the long windows. One - two - three one - two - three. A sister appeared from nowhere at his bedside. "And so you are awake"? she asked, with a curious look at the awakened one. And after a time, during which she stroked the coverlet and said soothing things to cover her inspection, she added, "Do you know how long you have been asleep"? The Patriot lacked the strength to guess the riddle.

The Sister saved him the trouble. "Eight days", she added, in the tone of the woman who watches professionally by the sick-bed

—quietly and evenly, without suggesting a crisis or climax.

* * * * *

Later he was told his story, which was forwarded along the wonderfully organized lines of communication that stand to the credit of the Red Cross. When the Patriot entered the rest-house with his prisoner he stood his rifle down by the door and turned to the enquiry of the man who spoke. In a flash the German reached out and swung the rifle over with a crash onto the Patriot's head, and was out through the open door. When I heard this part of the story I eagerly asked. "Did he get away?" The reply came back grimly, "No—but—HE'S GONE!"

I have missed the Patriot from the promenade of late. I hope he has come into his own again—the strenuous manhood which he brought across the seas in response to the call of the Motherland.

A Few Don'ts For Granvillains

DON'T.—think that you are the only patient in the hospital.

- think, because you get up in the wee hours, that it is necessary to waken everybody else.
- leave your seat at a concert during a number—you might be singing yourself someday.
- whistle through your teeth to applaud. The artists are not usually deaf, and it sounds like the deuce.
- tell everybody your troubles—they've usually got some of their own.
- annoy your fellow patients with your grumbles—use the complaint-box.
- forget that "a certain number of fleas are good for a dog: they keep him from thinking about being a dog."
- forget that the other fellow has a right to his opinion.
- forget that it takes patience as well as patients to make a good M. O.
- forget that the shooting gallery is open from 9 to 12, and from 6 to 9.

WANTED—A poem or article on "That" or "The locked bathroom door".

Answers to Correspondents

PHYSO FUNGOID-- All enquiries re variety. "CHARLY CHAPLINI VULGARIS" referred to in our last issue will no doubt be gladly answered by a Toronto gentleman residing in ward 70.

ANXIOUS :--The following prescription, which can be obtained in the Pathological Department, may prove useful if applied regularly 3 times a day :

1 gill Mother Seigell's Syrup. 1 gill Codmical. $\frac{1}{2}$ oz. black pepper. $\frac{1}{2}$ gill spirits of salts.

If this proves ineffectual in 6 months, try Mellins Très Moutarde : **FUNGUS ELANDI** should only be worn by Military Policemen: it is usually considered bad form for a Private.

Sports and Entertainments

FOOTBALL. The Granville team meet the Shorncliffe Military Hospital, last Saturday on the Chatham House ground, and added to their laurels by securing a 2 to 1 victory over their opponents. The match was a close and interesting one, and despite the hot weather some fast, skilful play was witnessed.

The "Amateur Night" on Wednesday produced some excellent talent and a great deal of fun. In addition to the competitions the audience were privileged to listen to Miss Cole, of Vancouver, whose sweet soprano was keenly enjoyed by the boys; Capt. Robertson, who gave "Songs of Araby" and other splendid numbers: and Corp. Beech, an accomplished elocutionist, whose "Lonely Bachelor" was a superb character study.

The different classes were judged by Sisters, who awarded prizes as follows :--Instrumental: Pte Shrimp, Corp. Aspinwell. Humorous Sgt. Orsborne. Sentimental: Pte. Gregory, Sgt. Stevens, Pte. Murdock.

"SOLOMON AT THE GRANVILLE."

An unique musical treat was provided for the Granvillians on Thursday afternoon, when Solomon, the famous boy virtuoso, came along and played selections from his repertoire. This youthful genius played before His Majesty the King when only eight years of age; he has now seen only thirteen summers, yet his rendering of the most brilliantly difficult music is flawless. Among other works he played the Hungarian Fantasin (Lizt) Papillion (Schumann) and Gavotte (Evers.) During the recital several songs were given by Miss. Cole, the Vancouver Soprano.

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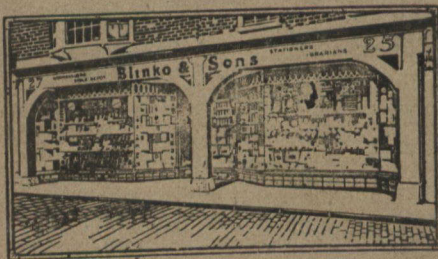
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