

CANADIAN HOSPITAL NEWS

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RAMSGATE, KENT.



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CANADIAN HOSPITAL NEWS

VOL. III

NOVEMBER 25, 1916

No. 6

Organize !

You call yourself defender of the Right against the Might ?

I do

Of Freedom from the servitude of Fear ?

You've counted well the cost of it—the bitter long-drawn fight ?

Ah ! true

It's lasted now for months, why not for years !

You'd lay your life and labour on this altar—lest you fall ?

I would

They've money, men and valour, too, you know !

They're disciplined, united far above the nations all !

Oh ! really !

This nation of efficiency — your foe !

Though in peace they grabbed your commerce, will you ever realize

What ?

That the whole damn Hun-game all the time is simply Organize !

All folly, nonsense ! !

A. R. R.

GOT it ? —Organize ! after twenty-eight months of war every paper in the Empire from the Yukon to the Transvaal—and back again, any way you like—is preaching this sound doctrine. Men are everywhere casting down the false God of the Briton—the fetish of individual irresponsibility, commonly mistaken for freedom. There is only one freedom—that of the man who is all for the state, yet body and soul of the state.

A small part of the great ship is its propeller—the unit that is master and servant of the giant that arms it. Whether it be the serene and stately compass in the pilot house, or the meanest screw in her plates—each rules, each serves the great ship.

The propeller, compass, and screw are sad and silly things unless they get together. They may boast and puff importantly, yet the ship will not go unless they shut up, stand to, and do their part as units of a great organization.

They—the foe—know this great truth, and each and every screw in his ship of state is bent on being a first class screw until the higher command singles him out and fashions him into a compass needle.

Trouble is, our Empire is too full of loose screws not doing a

decent screw's work—who point the finger, as if they were compass needles !

Fortunately the Hun's abounding genius for organization is spilling over his borders, and we at last are becoming positively electrified, are catching the fascinating habit that spells our victory.—ORGANIZATION !

For all of which—thank you, Herr Hun, and our apologies, to Mr. Bottomley, for the loan of your Waterman's fountain pen !

Putting in the Time at Ramsgate.

In spite of the time consumed in rigid courses of treatment and exercise, in perpetual examinations and inspections, and in ever recurring pay parades, the Granville patient usually finds he has rather an embarrassing amount of unassigned time on his hands. A few notes, therefore, about "legitimate" resorts and points of interest in Ramsgate may not be amiss.

The Y. M. C. A., of course, have provided very generous and very considerate facilities at the Granville in the way of recreation and writing room, canteen, and nightly entertainments and cinema shows. But in addition to this "home" resort, and by way of variety, might be mentioned the Church of England Soldiers' Rooms on High St., with their quiet upstairs writing rooms ; the lively Soldiers' and Sailors' Home on the harbor front, with its obliging lady assistants ; the very homelike Kinnaird House on the Royal Parade, with its cheery grate fires, upholstered furniture, and friendly social atmosphere ; and the Cavendish Hall club rooms on Cavendish St., where real home made-pies, cakes and puddings can be generously sampled for a penny.

In addition, also, to our excellent Granville Hall entertainments, and the local theatres, there are the first class illustrated lectures every Tuesday evening at the Congregational Institute, on George St. (admission to soldiers, 3d.). For the fellow who wants to improve his convalescent time, there is the Soldiers' French Class, taught by a bona-fide Frenchman, every Wednesday evening at the Kinnaird House. While for the chap that prefers the girls and movement, and who hasn't had to leave a leg behind in the dugout or operating room, the Roller Rink on Bellevue Road has allurements all its own. Then for the man who is impatiently waiting to get back to the front, the Miniature Rifle Range in the basement of the Granville offers excellent facilities for keeping his hand and eye in. The frequent competitions and club fixtures give the patient-marksman plenty of chances for prize winning, and club trips about Thanet.

The patient who has wisely made up his mind to employ some of his enforced idleness under Red Cross auspices, in doing some of the reading that he has long been promising himself, but never yet

found time for, will find several attractive titles in the Granville Y. M. C. A. bookcase. The Public Library on George St. opens up to him, of course, current periodical literature, while at Blinko's Library on Queen St. a great range of novels is available for loan at 2d. a volume (2s. deposit, refunded on disconnection).

Many an interesting afternoon may be spent knocking around the harbour, examining the famous Ramsgate smacks, the patrol boats, submarine chasers, and other craft. An obliging bluejacket will usually undertake to get you permission to go aboard one of H. M. torpedo boats, and inspect its truly wonderful mechanism of destruction. The sailormen and smackboys around the piers have many an illuminating coast yarn to tell; while some fascinating moments can be spent searching the Goodwin wrecks and the shipping out in the Narrows through the big telescope on the West Cliff.

After all, though, however a blue armleteer may chose to put in his time, it is doubtful if any hours can be spent to more advantage than those given just to reading and discussing the daily news, and to letter writing. With such tremendous events happening daily, every morning's paper is a vital historical record, and a fellow needs to read its volumes pretty thoroughly, merely to keep abreast of the race of mighty events. Again, now that there's neither necessity nor excuse to employ field service post-cards, every hour of convalescent leisure shared through the letter-medium with the folks left behind at home, and the comrades left behind at the front, wins an appreciation that rarely fails to find its way back.

And then, of course, as a last resort, there is always the Hospital News Weekly War Puzzle.

A Year.

We met in April hours,
'Neath sun and haze
Of swift-spent showers,
In April days.

We loved, when June-tide glints
With rainbow maze
Of glowing tints,
The Summer days.

We wed at Autumn's feet,
Where poppies blaze
Amid the wheat,
In Autumn days.

* * *

He sleeps 'neath God's fair sky
In death-strewn ways;
My heart.. but aye,—
'Tis Winter days! D. L. W.

Imaginary Interviews.

III.—MR. POND OF THE EXAMINING ROOM.

Before entering the Examining Room I listened outside the closed door. There was a confused murmur of voices, and distinct groans could be heard; but suddenly a clear, firm voice rang out: "All right, Pte. Swinger. Sit down there, take off your boots and show your feet to Capt. Lark. Corporal Dodge, get on the bed for examination, and Sgt. Growl we sha'n't want you today. Come again in the morning. What! You have been here three mornings already? Well another one won't do any harm then."

This, I concluded, was the voice of Mr. Pond, and my heart sank into my boots. But plucking up my courage I sent in my card, and received an answer that "Mr. Pond would see me at 12.30."

I was really surprised to hear from the conversation of the patient's how badly they were treated, and what an incompetent set of men there were on the Examining Board. This seemed especially the case with men who were marked "fit" or "light duty." I decided that I would mention the matter when I saw Mr. Pond.

Every now again the inner door opened and Mr. Pond had only to speak the word, for men to spring up and follow him in. One man tried to get in before his turn, but Mr. Pond, in a few crisp words, made him feel so small, that he crept into a corner and stayed there all morning.

At last the room was empty, and I ventured to open the inner door and go inside. Here I was by a little man with glasses, and before I knew what was happening, he had me in a chair and was passing electricity through all my limbs. If Mr. Pond hadn't rescued me, I believe I should have been killed. When I recovered I found that I was alone with my deliverer. I began to thank him, but he cut me short by saying: "See that pile of sticks and crutches in the corner? They belonged to men who came in here, lame, and walked out cured. Men come in here, blind, and our hypnotist causes them to see in five minutes. They come in dumb, and the little man with the electricity makes them speak directly." I said that I could quite believe it. "This department, of which I have charge, is the finest of its kind in England, and probably the whole world. What we say to-day, the medical profession says tomorrow." I ventured to speak here of the men that I had heard grumbling in the ante-room.

"Leadswingers, Sir, Leadswingers. They ought to be back in the firing line long ago. They want to get back to Canada, and if they can get past the 'board,' they certainly deserve to."

The bugle for lunch cut short my interview here, but I felt that I had been amply repaid for my three hours wait, and shall long remember my five minutes in the Granville Examining Room.

DRUB.

Adapted Songs.

- REVELLE : " I hear you calling me."
 Q.M. STORES : "There's nothing too good for the boys in khaki."
 SECOND SITTING : " Here we are ! Here we are again ! !"
 THE CHAPLAIN : " Bad as you are, I love you."
 PAY PARADE : " I'm on my way to Landmapay."
 CHURCH PARADE : A little bit of Heaven.
 FISH : " In all my dreams I dream of you."
 SATURDAY AFTERNOON : Over the Hills to Mar(gate).
 STREET COLLISION IN DARK : " Hello ! Hello ! Who's your lady friend ?"
 NIGHT POLICEMAN : " There's a light still burning in the window."
 APPLICATION TO P.M. : " That's how I need you."
 MAIL LIST : " Just a-wearyin' for you."
 ATTACHED TO PERSONNEL : " Back Home in Tents-you-see."
 MESSAGE : " Hold your hand out, knotty boy."
 AMPUTATION : " When I lost you."
 AFTER THE OPERATION : " All dressed up and no place to go."
 SWEDISH DRILL : " Every moment has a little movement of its own."
 " BALLED OUT " BY A LANCE-JACK : My " Wild Irish " Rose.
 " UP THE LINE : " " Pack up your troubles in your old kit bag."
 EXIT FROM FLYING BOARD : " That was the end of my dream."
 PALACE REVUE CHORUS : " I want to see more of you."
 8TH BATTALION : ' Peg o' My Heart.
 DISCHARGED FROM RAMSGATE : " You left behind a broken doll."
 Psmith.

Our Weekly War Puzzle

Those who found last week's anagrams a bit baffling will find this week's poser a simpler affair. By guessing the following names and words, and arranging their letters in their numbered order, a series of eleven letters will be obtained, which gives the name of an eastern theatre of war.

- 1.—3, 4, 1, 9, 2 : A river on the Western front,
- 2.—9, 11, 1, 10, 2 : A girl's name.
- 3.—3, 10, 8, 9 : A kingdom in Asia.
- 4.—9, 6, 4, 3, 2 : The badge of a well-known Canadian overseas brigade.
- 5.—3, 7, 11, 1, 5 : Essential in correspondence.
- 6.—2, 5, 3, 4, 9 : A convalescent camp in the south of England.
- 7.—3, 7, 6, 4, 5 : Necessary in entering a dug-out.
- 8.—3, 2, 5, 10, 8 : A finishing tone in photography.

Answers to Last Week's Puzzles.

2. Predeal ; 3. Madden ; 4. Rhodes ; 5. Brusiloff ; 6. Monastir ;
7. Persia ; 8. Thiaumont ; 9. Le Sars ; 10. Montague (Minister of Munitions) ; 11. Peronne ; 12. New Guinea.

What's A Man To Do ?

Proverbs are said to be the condensed wisdom of philosophy and experience, and the man who follows them is assured of happiness and success. Try following the following, and see where you come out :

NEVER judge by appearances.

Every bird is know by its feathers.

Stick with the ship.

Wise rats desert a sinking ship.

Love never dies.

When poverty enters the door, love leaps out the window.

Return good for evil.

Pay him back in his own coin.

As you sow, so shall you reap.

A bad start, a good finish.

Everybody feels for the under- dog.

When a man is down everybody jumps on him.

Better half bad than all bad.

A lie that is half truth is the blackest.

An honest man cannot be bought.

Every man has his price.

A rolling stone gathers no moss.

A setting hen lays no eggs.

Look before you leap.

Hesitate and all is lost.

Put by for a rainy day.

Live while you live.

—Adapted from *Life*.

Football

In spite of the greasy field and pouring rain last Saturday, the game with the Ashford Permanent Guard was played out to within 10 minutes of full time. Then with the score 2—0 against them, and the mud approaching Somme consistency, the visitors called the game. Sergt. Towler and Brade got both Granville's goals in the second half.

A big turnout of Granvillians is expected for to-day's charity match with the Ramsgate Naval Base at Southwood Park. Corpl. Ducros' men have promised themselves the silver medals, and the naval blockade will have to be mighty tight to hold them off.

Granville Breezes.

Chatham House Policeman: Don't walk on that grass there, fellow. Don't you see that notice?

The Man in Blues: I ain't walkin' on yer blomin' grass. I'm steppin' between it.

We are told that Sergt. T—r's cycling act up the aisle of the Palace Theatre on the Sergeant's Stag Night produced a veritable "cyclone" in the house.

A news-item states that in Rome the women walk about dressed like tight-rope walkers, wearing short skirts, transparent stockings, and having arms and necks bare. A propos of which a spectator of the "Something Doing" Chorus was quite right when he said. "It is not necessary to live in Rome to do as the Romans do."

Query: What is a Medical Board?

Ans: A Medical Board is a local institution actively engaged in disproving the statement that we are entitled to life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness.

F. N. W.

Canadian officer to local stationer: Well, how much do I owe you for fixing this fountain pen?

L. S. (Having adjusted the feed): A guinea, please.

C. O.: What! you haven't replaced any parts, and the pen itself didn't cost me that much. Outrageous!

L. S.: You're a Canadian, aren't you, Sir? Well then, I cant charge you less.—But there's no hurry about paying it, Sir.

C. O.: Oh! thanks very much.

Returning Soldier—'Ullo, mother!

His Wife (with stoic self-control)—'Ullo, Fred! Better wipe yer boots before yer come in, after them muddy trenches.

We Should Like to Know.

Who is the Granville policeman who goes around collecting "civies" with the idea of re-entering life in the near future.

Who the Ramsgate maiden is for whom the Liftman is working his fancy-work cushion cover.

Whether those ragging sergeants at the Palace last Thursday night were only shamming, or had really been "cham-ing."

If G.C.S.H. is meant to imply General Cold Storage Headquarters.

Why we never receive any contributious to the paper from the all-seeing Nursing Sisters,

Entertainments

Mr. Boyland's "Carry On" Party quite enhanced their reputation by their splendid programme on the 16th. In addition to Miss Winnie Bryan, Miss Olive Harvey and Mr. Boyland, who have become established favorites with us, Mr. F. J. Bodilly gave some masterly selections on his violin, and Mrs. Sutton proved a most engaging comedienne, especially in her song, "It's Cauliflower Time in Cal'bage Land." The Navy was most acceptably represented by Signalman Faulkner, in his baritone solos, and by Seaman Bob Lewis, in his ragtimes, dances and rhythmic tumbling.

At the Saturday night concert, the vocal solos of the London lady artists, found a masculine supplement in Corpl. Roe's baritone songs.

The Granville amateurs who were to have presented their skit on Monday night, asked for a week's grace. We are very eager to see Pte. Leonard's production.

In spite of almost weekly appearances and unstinted encores, "The Humoresques" always bring something fresh and breezy, and Wednesday evening's programme won its usual hearty welcome.

On Thursday "The Briefs" (whose name is formed from the initials of the Entente states), appearing in the national dresses of the Allies, gave a ripping entertainment. The aesthetic dancing of Miss Wiggington quite transcended to the ethereal; Miss Biddy Ryder, as comedienne, was irresistible; while the singing of the other costumed members was singularly pleasing.

Thanks to Mr. Haverley's faithful and efficient efforts, the Tuesday and Friday evening cinema shows are becoming established attractions.

Next Monday the Engineers from Sandwich are coming with a brand new show, and everyone who has seen this original company before, will be at Granville hall early.

Arrangements are now being made for entertainments both at Chatham House and Yarrow Home, during the winter.

Shooting.

The Granville Rifle Team are keeping up their splendid record, as the following match results indicate.

Nov. 16. Westgate V.T.C., 770; Canadians, 744

Nov. 20. Sandwich V.T.C., 730; Canadians, 748

Nov. 22. Ramsgate V.T.C., 791; Canadians, 794

Nov. 28. Triangular meet: Canadians, 497; Queen's West Surreys, 474; H.M. Torpedo Boat 15, 472.

Pte. Kerr is working up a Chatham House team to meet Granville. All Chatham men who are anxious to try out, are invited to visit the Miniature Ranges.

The publishers of this paper are indebted to The Canadian Red Cross Society for the type, press, etc., used in printing, and to the services of the patients in composing, setting, and issuing the paper.

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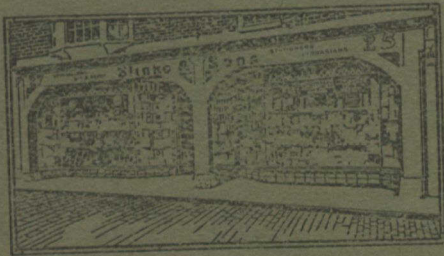
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