

# CANADIAN HOSPITAL NEWS

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# CANADIAN HOSPITAL

## NEWS

VOL. 2.

OCTOBER 7, 1916

No. 12

### The Sentry.

A BRASIER fire at twilight,  
A thousand stars ashine,  
A searchlight sweeping heaven,  
Above the firing line.  
The rifle bullet whistles  
The message that it brings  
Of death and desolation  
To common folk and kings.  
A sentry at his station  
Upon the trench's rim,  
Has thoughts that draw souls nearer—  
And you are there with him.

*Patrick MacGill.*

### The Canadian Soldier In England.

Most of us are looking and longing more or less eagerly for the warrant that shall send us back to the blessed Land of the Maple. And yet, not so numerous months ago, we were impatiently anticipating the trip across the Atlantic which would bring us to old England. There were not a few to whom that trip involved only a return to the land from which they had emigrated. But to most of us it meant our first direct acquaintance with Europe, our first sight of our fathers' land. There are thousands of Canadians who, it is safe to say, would never have seen the British Isles but for the Great War, which has diverted private plans, and swept athwart national as well as personal prospects the world over.

Our horizon has been advanced almost over night, into another hemisphere. We have been projected by shiploads into a new, and yet very ancient environment. Kent and Hampshire have become almost as well known to Expeditionary Canadians as their own Ontario and Saskatchewan. Every Maple Leafsmen who has ever drawn a week-end pass speaks as familiarly of London as of Winnipeg or Toronto. Those who have spent a crowded, concentrated eight days' leave from the trenches, in England or Scotland

acquire a new acquaintance with, and fresh affection for Blighty. (I recall a man from my platoon who returned to the Salient from his leave with the declaration: "The English are alright! And I don't mind coming back here to fight some more for their blooming country.") While those of us who have spent successive months in English hospitals and convalescent homes have come to know England and the English in a very personal and intimate way.

This extended and enforced, but by no means disagreeable, sojourn in the Old Country is bound to mean a good deal more to Overseas Canadians than visiting a few famous sights and historic spots, than seeing some big shows in London theatres, than viewing American films in British cinema halls, or than enjoying the chance company of some English "Janes." These may mark some animated evenings or enjoyable week-ends. But all the time we are absorbing, more or less unconsciously, impressions and experiences that we can hardly estimate at the moment, but which are educating us to a new viewpoint and understanding.

Our daily scan of the great London papers means a daily reading of the most critical chapter in the world's history, hot and plastic in the making. It is history in which the directing and prevailing part—as the enemy press fiercely points out, is being played by the little island we are quartered in. It is momentous history, in which we are both actors and spectators. All around us we have been watching a loose and unprepared democracy rising, serious but unfrenzied, first, to confront, and then to surmount a colossal peril. We have witnessed the inspiring response of a fighting, yet not a bellicose people, deliberately sacrificing confirmed traditions to meet the full demands of National Service. We have beheld the women of England proving their right to equal privileges by the unanswerable argument of equal sacrifice. We have looked on at the mustering and concentrating of the nation's mechanical, scientific and organising energies.

We have witnessed the fortitude of an air-raided country that yet refused to weaken its air service at the front for home defence. We have watched the nation grappling with, and triumphing over the unprecedented problem of aerial defence. We have shared the enthusiasm of a people that have seen the murderers of the night hurled to their doom, and have marvelled at the national temper that has given these same murderers a military funeral. We have, indeed, been feeling and sharing the very heart throbs of a nation in the gravest and most glorious struggle of all her history. And this is a privilege, we shall appreciate the more justly, the longer we live to look back upon it.

In the general hospitals of England we Canadians have lain alongside Imperial Tommies that we have come to know and knowing, to appreciate. We have chatted across the ward with Anzacs that were far more strangers to us than our non-British American

neighbors. And in the quiet, leisurely, intimate environment of these hospital wards all over the island there has been going on a silent forging of the bonds of Empire, the true cementing that comes from understanding and mutual respect. The discharged Imperials who come to settle in Canada after the war will have no equivocal welcome. And amongst Expeditionary Canadians, at least, I think, the "Broncho" epithet will be dropped.

Of course we are all keen to return to Canada—the new Canada which has achieved her birthrate among the nations with the price of blood. But we cannot return the same as we departed. We'll be wiser Canadians—with a knowledge not only of the geography and manners, but also of the viewpoint and institutions of Western Europe. We'll be bigger Canadians,—with an Imperial, not merely a provincial outlook.

This great league of Empire that we have fought under must, by no means, be allowed to fall asunder. We may leave the Mother Island for our spacious, breezy Canada, but we'll leave her, loving her. And we'll return to make the Land of the Maple not only a greater Canada, but a full-blooded, full-bodied member of a close knit League of Free British Nations.

"P. P."

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### Some things a Blue Armlet Can't Do.

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The other afternoon Miss Romer from the Palace told us in her own confidential way, about "Some things a man can't do!" These limitations are only too true, and it set one thinking of a good many things that a wounded man can't do. For instance a Patient at Ramsgate —

Can't fool the Examining Board.

Can't throw off a fit (or misfit) of the "blues" for the first three days at least.

Can't see the idea of the 6.30 a.m. "Roll Call."

Can't help changing his linen once a week.

Can't make his bed to satisfy the powers that see.

Can't make nine shillings last two weeks.

Can't help liking the masseuses. Even if they do rub it in pretty hard at times.

Can't complain much after all, for Blighty has one or two advantages over the Salient, when you really think about it.

## A Message from Bath

Pte. C H Dodwell, who for the past four months acted as News Editor of the Canadian Hospital News, sends the following letter from Bath, where he is awaiting discharge to Canada (lucky beggar !)

To Ye Editore,—For the first time in my life I am in Bath, (capital B, if you please, for fear of misunderstandings)—staying at the C D.D. What the Dickens that stands for I don't know, though I have heard several interpretations, in all of which one at least of the D's stands for DAMN. However, to write consecutively, I must start with my departure from the old Granville; and here let me advise the Granville grousers to abstain from grousing until they have left it a few days—they will inevitably cut loose then, but not against the Granville.

After a more or less exciting journey, I arrived with my party at the C.C.A.C., where they Closely Congregate All Comers and Cause Canadians Awful Curses. We were rapturously welcomed in the back-yard by a leather-lunged Sergeant who smelt of Macdonald Chewing, and joined the 200 or so other guests congregated there. One of the first things to strike one was a placard explaining that "This is no Leicester Lounge,"—a needless statement of an, alas! only too obvious fact. The principal topic of conversation after the first five minutes was relative to the length of time one was detained there—I talked to a man who had been there five days—and my heart sank within me!

The morning after—I will omit the night, as my object is not to scare my old friends—we were paraded by the Macdonald-scented Sergeant for a Medical Board. After a few hours waiting, which reduced me to the blanc mange stage again, I was ushered into the Presence. The next thing I remember was a voice from somewhere which said "You may go," and greatly to my surprise my legs turned round and staggered me out of the chamber.

Recovering slightly after some hours, it dawned on me I had had my board and been discharged from the service, and then there was great rejoicing. That night I sneaked out and feasted on ham and eggs—I always was rather reckless!

In the two days that followed I explored to its uttermost bounds the back-yard, and should have compared the hardness of every chair in the smoke-room had they not always been occupied with other guests. But all good things come to an end, and one fine morning I heard my name shouted and was told to pack up for Bath. For the next few hours I followed the portly Sergeant every where for fear I should miss the party, and my diligence was at length rewarded by a seat in railway train, and a sight of open country speeding by. Then was my heart rejoiced and my spirit glad within me.

As I said before, I am now at Bath—and jolly glad to be here!

Your late Scribe, KRITICOS.

## Acknowledging Socks.

A N.C.O. at the Front who had become rather embarrassed with trying to suitably acknowledge presents of socks from numerous "Sisters" in Canada, and who was, nevertheless, anxious that the supply should be maintained, finally struck upon the following "Lay" which served both as an acknowledgement and as an intimation for more. With great success he dispatched the following lines to each sender.

### THE SOXOLOGY.

(KILO-METRE)

Here are the socks so comfy and white,  
 They came with the mail to the trenches to-night,  
 They were knit by a dear Canadian "Sister,"  
 To save my feet from many a blister.  
 There are the old socks, stiff and wet,  
 And stained right through with two weeks' sweat,  
 They stuck so tight they'd hardly quit,—  
 But these of yours are a beautiful fit.  
 There is the shell hole I fell in tonight,  
 When on patrol out there on the right,  
 There's the old sap with its "gooey" floor,  
 Where I sank a good twelve inches or more.  
 Hum! Here are your socks once comfy and white,  
 That I just pulled on so gladly tonight,  
 Behold them now, all soaked and mucky,  
 Their first time on was sure unlucky.  
 Ah! These socks of your I'll ne'er discard,  
 I'll wear them still their stiff and hard.  
 But if you're on another pair, my dear,  
 Then I don't mind how soon they're here.

### Holding Down the Hero

Sir Francis Elliott who fills the trying post of British Minister at King Constantine's Court, is fond of telling the following story of the guide who was showing an American gentleman around the tombs in St. Paul's:—

"That, Sir," said the guide, "is the tomb of the greatest 'ero Europe or the world hever knew—Lord Nelson's. That marble sarcophagus weighs forty-two tons. Hinside that is a steel receptacle weighing twelve tons, an' hinside that is a leaden casket 'ermetically sealed, weighing two tons. Hinside that is a mahogany coffin 'olding the hashes of the great 'aval 'ero."

"Wal," said the Yankee, after a few minutes' meditation, "I guess you've got him. If he ever gets out of that, telegraph me at my expense."

## The War and Canadian Sport

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Under this caption a writer in a leading Canadian weekly makes the following comments :—

“The steady march of athletes from the playing field to the training camp has more than justified the efforts of the mature men who considered it important in the past to encourage the national sports. They believed that the strenuous games, well played, would make good citizens, though they could not foresee that they were also manufacturing good soldiers. A man who will bore in on a determined defence in lacrosse to score a necessary goal ought to possess the nerve and strength of purpose to face most dangers; a man who takes a flying tackle at a charging half-back of the famous Shirley Lawson type should have in him the proper stuff to make a good aviator; and the rushing forwards of a hockey team doubtless find that a charge is not altogether an unfamiliar experience. We have always prided ourselves that our three typical Canadian games bring out all that is best in the physical and mental make-up of the players. In playing lacrosse, hockey and rugby, the body is trained and the mind disciplined. To excel at any of them the players must be in good condition, daring and willing to take a chance, and they have also to use good judgment. What better material for making a soldier?”

The response of lacrosse, hockey and rugby players to the call of the Big Game certainly seems to justify these observations. During 1914 and even 1915 these amateur leagues carried on very much as usual, but 1916 has found teams deserted and schedules suspended everywhere.

“In Ontario alone, sixty per cent. of the men who wielded the gutted stick during the season of 1915 put on khaki in the following winter, and two of the four championship O.L.A. teams saw all but a couple of their players depart as soldiers.” The M.A.A.A., one of the oldest and biggest athletic clubs in Canada, has withdrawn both from lacrosse and rugby competition during the war. The Inter-Collegiate Rugby games were suspended even last year. And this season there will be no Big Four rugby. Most of the championship Hamilton Club have joined the Tigers Battalion, while nearly all the Argos players have changed dark blue for khaki. The C. R. F. U. has declared there will be no Dominion Championships played off this year. In hockey, which calls for a smaller playing personnel, the prostration will be less pronounced. But when it is announced that Ottawa will not play in the N. H. A. this season, then it is apparent that the national winter game has indeed been affected by the war.



## We Should Like To Know.

Who was the gallant Granville officer who presented two of our popular "masseuses" with fancy sugar shakers for talcum dusters.

Who was the indignant Chatham House Kiltie who called down the postman when told there was no mail for him, even after posting a letter to himself the day before.

Who was the fellow at the lathe who industriously whistled "The Gaby Glide" when Manuel of Portugal visited the Hospital Machine Shop.

Who can inform the Quartermaster about the destination of the plums that vanished at the Granville last week.

Who some of the people are, with whom we collide in the High Street, on these artificially blackened nights.

Who the deuce commits all the "barrack-room damages" that costs us ten per cent. of our income.

Who can tell us, confidentially, "when the war'll be finie."

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## The Granville Way

Bill (Old Patient) "Have you been to the Examining Room yet?"

Harry (Just arrived, on crutches.) "No."

Bill, "What's the matter with you, anyway?"

Harry (Giving forth a thousand word diagnosis of his case.)--  
"Yes, I guess I'll never be able to bend that knee again, so I suppose it's me for Canada!"

Bill, "Don't make up yer mind too soon. Wait till the fellow with the ribbon has had a look at yer."

Harry, "Lot of good he'll do! I've had about fifteen monkeying with it already, and they haven't budged it an inch!"

Bill, "That maybe: but take my tip and leave your crutches behind when you go up!"

Next day in same waif

Harry, (Looking puzzled and without crutches) "Well I'm--!"

Bill, (smiling) "Hello, chum, where's the wooden leg?"

Harry, "Gone! He pinched them! Lord, but I feel nervy!"

Bill, "Don't worry—they'll soon fix that."

Harry, "Let's go for a stroll."

Sergt. L.C.R.

## Entertainments

The weekly Wednesday revue from the Palace was varied on Sept. 27th, by the very pleasing English comedy of "The Headmaster," in which boarding-school life, episcopal ambition, and love matches, both voluntary and involuntary, were amusingly combined. Mr. James Harcourt's acting as the vehement, yet docile, the stubborn, yet gentle, the pompous yet helpless, the officious yet lovable Headmaster, was quite delightful.

Although two-thirds of Mr. Woodhall's party from Canterbury were prevented from appearing at the Granville on the evening of 27th, Driver Fletcher's baritone solos, Driver Fulljames' lightning charcoal caricatures, and Mr. Woodhall's own humorous recitations and Dickens' readings, amply entertained the audience.

The party from the 41st Provisional Battalion on the 28th scored emphatically, especially in the excruciating quartet, "The End of Poor Bill Kaiser." Lance Corporal Watson's finger whistling of the Mellow Melody put to shame every canary that ever pecked hempseed and cuttle bone.

Revue returned to the boards last Wednesday with "The Very Thing" from the Palace, which was patronized by a record crowd. Some of the men found it hard to keep their seats when one of the comedienues with far-reaching curls and out-reaching arms, *tout nus*, sang enticingly:—

"Is there anyone here,  
Who would like to make a home,  
For a nice little baby like me?"

## Sports

On Thursday, September 28th, the Granville defeated an eleven from the Royal Naval Air Service Detachment at Manston, by three goals to one. The chief feature of the game was the energetic work of big Tompkins "the Shorncliffe Special" who went on in khaki and ammunition boots to fill Thompson's place at inside left, and who scored no less than two-thirds of the Hospital goals.

The game last Saturday with the Ashford Permanent Guards did not materialise, as the visitors were detained owing to exigencies of inoculation.

## ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS

1 Doz. New Laid Eggs from Mrs. Frank J. Fenner of Margate.

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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