

CANADIAN HOSPITAL NEWS

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CANADIAN HOSPITAL

NEWS

VOL. III

DECEMBER 9, 1916

No. 8

Heart To Heart

THERE are at the Granville and its annexes two classes : Patients (Officers, N. C. O's and Men) and Personnel (Officers, N.C.O's and Men). Roughly four-fifths of our large family are patients, one-fifth personnel. Naturally we have a shifting population. Patients are here primarily for treatment, and in a few weeks or a few months they are disposed off—back to duty—back to Canada—back somewhere on the road again. The personnel is somewhat more fixed, but even here, Someone saith unto this one or that one, Go! and he goeth, and another cometh in his stead. Even so, while we tarry at the Granville we are, or ought to be, vitally interested in this unit of the Canadian forces, willing to do anything we can to make life run smoothly and happily for ourselves and others. We know that most of the movements of patients and personnel are laid down in cast iron, and with military precision. At such an hour we do thus and so, at another hour we do so and thus, but the thus and so must be done or —, but why rake up unpleasant things. However there are certain activities at the Granville which you may enter if you choose. There is no compulsion, but if you enter them with all your heart and soul they are thereby successful. Sport, Rifle Shooting, and Entertainments depend upon your interest. There is another about which we want a heart to heart talk with you, Our paper—Your paper. The Canadian Hospital News has been going on very well, thank you, but it will go even more merrily if every Officer, N.C.O. and Man in the hospital realizes that he has an interest in the paper, that it is indeed "My Paper." If you have the ability to write—for goodness sake write; if you know how to draw or sketch—get busy. Bombard us with your productions. If we can make use of them we will. If we can't you will still have accomplished something; you will have passed many pleasant hours with yourself, giving expression to the best that's in you. If you can't write or draw you can still do something. buy the paper yourself, see that some other fellow buys, and see that numbers of copies are sent to friends in England, in the firing line, and in Canada. Of course you are interested in the paper now. With your help we are planning to make it bigger and better. Watch our Prize Competitions. Theres money in it for you. And boost ! boost ! boost !

O. C. J. W.

The True Story of the Four Fishers.

And it came to pass in the reign of King George and of his law-giver Asquith, that four mighty men of physic, of the tribe which is Canadian, said one to another: "Behold, it hath been said that 'there are more fish in the sea than have ever been caught.' Let us, therefore, find a boatman that we may fish."

And in due season came a day that was fitting, and the valiant fishermen embarked, and rowing out about the space of an hundred cubits, did cast their lines into the deep.

And one was there, who rejoiced greatly when he tackled a tooth. Yea, even at times did he poke into a man's vitals through a bad molar. And he said to his companions in the boat: "Behold, I am weary of the sea; verily, it maketh me sick." And they looked, and lo, his face shone even as the colors of Joseph's coat. And again he said: "I am sick unto death, and do yearn for the shore; take me thither, I pray you, that I may die in the bosom of my family." And they took him in.

But Sparkus, the lightning man, Somnus, the maker of sleep, and the Equestrian said; "Let us fish again." And they did so. But the seas rose to a great height, so that even the mighty sailor, Sparkus, marvelled; and he did not fish, for he was anxious for his friend who had departed.

And it came to pass that Somnus hooked a monster of the deep, even that which is known as the crab. And when Sparkus saw it he said: "I pray thee put me ashore that I may search for my departed friend." And they did so.

So the Maker of Sleep and the Equestrian went out alone to fish. But the Somnus said: "It doth appear that I have not dined too wisely; my soul doth pall at fishing, and my heart yearneth for my comrades." But the Equestrian fished until the going down of the sun, nor would he land the Maker of Sleep, though he entreated him sorely.

And it came to pass that many fish were caught, whose length was even unto the tenth part of a cubit.

The fish that were dead wot not of it. But they that were alive rejoiced; for that which they had received from the fishers was greater than that which was taken away from the sea.

Logic.

Sandy, the plumber, was working on a job with an apprentice.

In the course of the forenoon the boss visited the job, and, failing to find Sandy anywhere about the premises, waited his return.

"Where have you been?" demanded the boss when Sandy put in an appearance.

"Gettin' ma hair cut," answered Sandy, quite coolly.

"And how dare you get your hair cut in my time?"

"Weel, disna it grow in your time?"

Our Weekly Cash Prize Competition.

I. WAR PUZZLE COMPETITION.

In order to make our Competitions more widely known, and to give as many Granville Canadians as possible an opportunity to get in on the prize money, we are *extending until Friday, December 15th*, the time limit for the submission of entries to the competition announced last week; viz. two prizes of 5s. and half-a-crown, for the *best original War Puzzles*. The puzzles which have appeared the last few weeks will be suggestive as a starting point. Get down to it, and see if you cannot work out a better one.

II. EXPANDED ABBREVIATIONS COMPETITION,

In addition to the extension of last week's competition we offer a new one for this week. It is one which should give a chance to every man. Here it is:—

"Charlie Chaplin's Army Corps," "Rob All My Comrades," "Poor Pat Can't Leave Ireland," etc., have become rather trite expansions of C.C.A.C., R.A.M.C., P.P.C.L.I., respectively. Now, employ a little originality, and see what are the most *original, appropriate, and amusing expansions* you can make of the following Canadian Hospital abbreviations:—

- (1) G.C.S.H.
- (2) C.A.M.C.
- (3) C.D.D. (Canadian Discharge Depot).
- (4) C.C.S. (Casualty Clearing Station).

For the best series of these four expansions a *prize of one crown* will be awarded; for the next best, a *second prize of half-a-crown*.

CONDITIONS:

1. The competition is open wholly and only to the patients and personnel of the G.C.S.H. and its annexes.
2. Each competitor may submit as many attempts as he pleases.
3. Entries to be deposited in one of the house "C.H.N." contribution boxes in the recreation rooms at the Granville, Chatham House, or Yarrow Annex, not later than Friday, December 15th; and to bear the name, regimental number, and ward address of the sender.
4. Entries will be judged by the Associate Editors, and the results announced in an early issue.

Interpretation of Dreams—For Males Only.

To dream of *shaving* denotes losses. (Whiskers, we think.)

To dream of a *claw* is a bad omen. (Beware of your female friends.)

To dream of a *horseshoe* is sure good luck; success will follow you all your life. (But it will seldom catch you up.)

To dream of having a *number of servants* denotes sickness. (Too many cooks spoil the broth.)

To dream of *climbing a fence* denotes that you will receive a rise in your present position. (Beware of the spikes.) — M. P.

Eight Months In a German Prison Camp.

In this continuation of his narrative Sergt. Walsh describes prison life at Giessen.

A board fence some seven or eight feet in height, with three strands of barbed wire on the top, surrounds the Giessen prison camp, which is divided into ten companies or compounds, each containing five barracks, two lavatories, a small canteen building, one kitchen, and a water tap. Every prisoner is provided with a mattress filled with either a sort of wood shavings, or seaweed, a pillow filled like the mattress, one blanket in the summer and two in the winter.

All money in possession of prisoners must be turned in to German officials, who give special stamps in exchange. The stamps are negotiable only in camp canteens, or in specially appointed stores when men are away from the camp at work. Sentry boxes some twenty feet in height, are placed at short intervals around the fence, and in one corner of, and overlooking the camp is a large platform, on which are mounted several machine guns.

Each morning the two camp hospitals are visited by a German medical officer, who examines, and orders treatment for any men reporting sick. A German is in charge, with English and French orderlies doing the work. Medicines are as a rule rather scarce: aspirin, castor oil, and calomel are the cure for all ailments. Amongst the French prisoners taken in October were two dentists. They sent home for their instruments and did the dental work for the prisoners. It is claimed by men who have been interned in different camps that Giessen is one of the best, not only as regards the water and sanitary arrangements, but also the general treatment of prisoners.

During the first few weeks of our imprisonment the Germans seemed to have a great antipathy towards the British. Evidently they thought we were desperate characters. All razors and pocket knives, except very small ones, were taken away. Some days we were made to stand for two or three hours, because one or two men smiled when a German warder counted us several times to make sure no mistake was made in the number.

Near the middle of June the first working parties of Canadians were sent out from camp. Some went to mines, on farms, in stone quarries, on railroads and various other work. My lot fell in with a party of twenty sent out to a small town, excavating for laying water pipes. When we arrived at our destination we were put in a basement room of a hotel, the windows being covered with barbed wire. It gave one the feeling we were caged animals. Some of the boys threw in cigarettes, to see what would happen; I suppose just life children toss peanuts to the bears in a park.

The pay promised was 50 pfeunig (12 cents) per day; 30 pfennig was paid in stamps, and the balance held until the end of the war.

About 43 cents per week was some salary. The first few days the food given us was fairly good, but the hotel man was a swine, and the rations went from bad to worse. At the end of two weeks we told our guards if they could not give us better food we would not work. The Prussian burgomaster came into our room, stamped around and shouted, but did not frighten anyone. Two days later we were sent back to Giessen, and put in the "strafe barracks."

Prisoners in the "strafe barracks" are not allowed any tobacco. Letters, but no parcels, may be received. No letters can be written, and the prisoner must sit on a stool for hours each day. No whistling or singing, and very little talking is allowed. Each day some of the men are taken out and made to dig trenches and fill them in again. The worst warders in the camp were in charge. The officer was a typical German bully. Carr and myself remained in the punishment barrack only two or three days, when we were released on account of being sick. Later in the week one of the Canadians did something which displeased the Huns. The officer ordered one of the warders to throw the Canadian outside. The warder could not do so, and the officer went to his assistance, much to the amusement of the other prisoners. The two Germans could not put the "Englander" out. Finally, with the assistance of a third man, the Canadian was pushed through the doorway.

During the summer nine British prisoners refused to work in a mine because minerals were being taken out for making munitions. The German guards prodded the prisoners with bayonets, knocked them down with rifle butts, and kicked them. Finally the men were told they would be shot. The nine men lined up with their backs against a brick wall and told the guards to shoot. One guard brought his rifle to the firing position, hesitated a moment, and lowered the rifle; the prisoners laughed. Those men, I think, had more courage than is required to face bursting shells. The party was returned to Giessen, two men were put in cells for fourteen days, and all did six weeks in strafe barracks.

A large number of Canadians tried to escape while out at work, but so far as I know, none from Giessen succeeded in gaining their freedom. When caught the runaway prisoners were brought back to camp and given a sentence of two weeks in cells and six weeks strafe barracks. A ring was painted with red paint, on either breast or knee, to distinguish them from ordinary prisoners. All prisoners of war at Giessen wearing khaki or civilian clothes had a red stripe painted on each arm from shoulder to wrist and down the outside of each leg, also a stripe down the middle of the back.

The British prisoners owe a debt of gratitude to the Red Cross Society for many parcels of clothing and blankets, in addition to parcels of food sent to Germany. While a number of parcels go astray, the great majority, if properly packed and addressed, reach the individual for whom they are intended.

Carr and myself were finally returned as non-combatants, after having spent eight and a half months in Germany.

Lt.-Col. Watt Cup Comes to Chatham House.

After a sojourn on the Fourth Floor of the Granville that threatened to become permanent, the Challenge Cup, donated by our late C. O., Lt.-Col. Watt, for monthly house competition on the Granville Miniature Rifle Range, has been brought to Chatham House, for the first time, as a result of last week's shoot-off. It is not without a feeling of pardonable pride that we record that three members of the winning quintet belong to the staff of the Chatham House Press: Pte. Grenon who made top score, Pte. Thouin, and the veteran Pte. Ford, of the 96th Batt., whose 56 years have not impaired his marksmanship, even if they have spoiled his chance of getting over to the front.

Analysis:

CHATHAM HOUSE.						
Pte. Grenon	75	(Possible, 80)
Pte. Thouin	74	
Pte. Rickard	74	
Pte. Ford	73	
Pte. Kerr	73	
				Total	369	
Personnel...	360	
Fourth Floor	351	
Third Floor	348	

MORE CLUB SUCCESSES

The Granville Rifle Club have been scoring some sweeping wins of late, as the following record shows:

Nov. 27: Return triangular match,

Canadians 533; H. M. Torpedo Boat 15, 489;

Queen's R. W. Surreys, 477.

Nov. 29: Canadians	..	695	Kent County School Cadets,	561
Dec. 1: Canadians	..	696	Kent Cyclists 568
Dec. 4: Canadians	..	662	Broadstairs V. T. C. . . .	509
Dec. 5: Canadians	..	647	Sandwich V. T. C.	610
Dec. 6: Canadians	..	693	Kent College, Canterbury	.. 675

On this evidence it seems pretty apparent who the best shots are in this part of the country.

"Nuts" Win Two More

The Granville Football Team, as now constituted, is a thoroughly well-balanced, smooth-working aggregation, as last week's games agreeably demonstrated. On Thursday the Nuts had no difficulty in defeating the 336th Battery, R.F.A., by the score of 4-1. Prospects looked very different, however, at half-time in Saturday's match, when the Kent Cyclists (battalion team) had scored 3 goals to the one which Forbes had secured for the Canadians. The Nuts came to their own with a vengeance in the second half, and Sergt. Towler, Corpl. Berritt and Pte. Brade bombarded the Cyclists' goal, until the whistle stopped the onslaught with the score 6-4 in Canada's favor.

Granville Breezes.

There's a whitish lining
Through the old blues shining;
Turn the old blues inside out,
Till the C. B.'s o'er.

Colonel—Missing the train is no excuse for over-staying your leave.

Defaulter—Couldn't help it, sir. I was going to get in the train when a blanky band struck up "God Save the King," and I had to stand to attention.

Chaplain (to patient the day after an operation): Well, how are you feeling to-day, old man?

Patient: Thank you, sir, I'm better than I was, but I ain't as good as I was before I was as bad as I was yesterday.

Who is the robust private who makes a habit of waiting on the corner 2 $\frac{3}{4}$ hours for his lady, and finally forgets what he is standing there for?

In Rome candidates at the civic elections used to appear in the Forum in white (*Candidus*) robes, as a sign of their pure, unspotted public record. But it's rather hard to discover much suggestion of innocence in the "white flannelettes" worn by certain Granvillians these days.

He only took a week-end;
It wasn't very much to spend.
But he was on a vital object bent,
And lo, he came back twice the man he went.

We know all about it now, Captain Armour.

Who was the R.P. who refused to go to the Palace last week with the Merry Widow? Private boxes are not to be had every night, gratis.

Corporal (to soldier reporting sick)—What's the matter with you?

Private—Pain in my habdomen.

Corporal—Habdomen be 'anged. Stomick you mean. It's hofficers as 'es habdomens.

Who was the 'nerve-artist' who hiked to London on French leave, and then wired for 48 hours extension?

When Asquith could not acquiesce,
And Bonar Law no honour saw,
Then Royal George called Loyal George:
"I want you, Dave, my realm to save".

Sgt. Walsh's vivid narrative of prison life in Germany ought to make every fellow feel like dropping his "bit" into the box in Chatham House entrance for contributions in aid of Canadian Prisoners in Hunland. It is hoped to send a goodly consignment of "smokes" from Granville Canadians.

Entertainments

Illustrated lectures such as that given last Friday afternoon by Mr. Sandon Perkins, F. R. G. S., are always sure to win the interest and appreciation of Granville Canadians. With the aid of 120 colored slides and an excellent lecture-voice, Mr. Perkins, who has been an incurable wanderer since his boyhood, very effectually transferred the imaginations of his audience from the bloody, howling battlefields of Europe to the great, white silences of the Arctic Continent. Mr. Perkins' voyage was made in April-November, 1907, on the Dundee whaler *Morning*, to the top of the Greenland coast. His descriptions and views of whale-hunting were very revealing; and it was rather a surprise to learn that a single whale "markets" at between £2,000 and £3,000. Mr. Perkins left immediately after his lecture for France, where he will show his views to the men at the front, under the auspices of the Y.M.C.A.

On Monday evening Mr. F. J. Bodilly's Orchestra of eighteen most harmonious pieces gave a splendid programme of well chosen and finely executed numbers, which did not fail to touch the responsive chord in the audience. Mr. Reg. V. Pay, tenor soloist of St. George's, contributed the vocal element most acceptably.

Yarrow Annex enjoyed its first entertainment on Monday evening, "The Briefs" furnishing most enjoyable diversion from their clever repertoire. The ever obliging and ever welcome "Humoresques" entertained the Yarrow patients again on Tuesday evening, and appeared on the following evening before a large audience at the Granville.

On Monday next we are promised a return visit from Miss Helen Poppmacher, Russian soprano, and Mr. Girton-Young, hand-bell soloist; while on the following Wednesday the Eastbourne Concert Company will appear for the first time at the Granville. Their reputation raises great anticipations.

AN APPRECIATION.

It deserves to be made widely known that the management of the admirable "Cinema" at Broadstairs, one of the best moving picture houses in this part of England, admits all wounded soldiers to the afternoon show free of charge, and soldiers in uniform for half-price to all shows.

As the welfare of our lads is very near to my heart, I wish publicly to express my personal appreciation of this great kindness to the wounded.—E. BERTRAM HOOPER, Chaplain.

CONGRATULATIONS.—We offer our very hearty congratulations to our Y.M.C.A. officer, Capt. Armour, on his week-end achievement. And for Mrs. Armour we raise "three hearty Canadian cheers."

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.

S. B. WOOD

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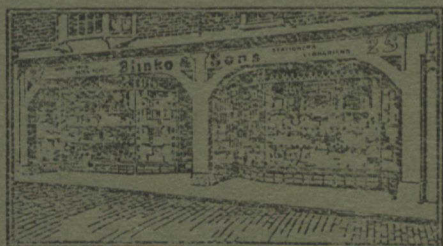
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