

# Canadian Hospital News

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## EDITORIAL

We Canadians, in common with our American cousins, have been apt to regard the Mother Country as unduly wed to precedent, rather a slave to ancient rites and usages, and guarding her privileges and customs with a jealousy that was regarded with something of an indulgent smile by Colonials, and, perhaps, a little wonder not unmixed with envy by our cousins—the one living example of a monarchical government more democratic than the greatest democracy—an ancient ritual unparalleled in its modernity.

Only the old change slowly—and the very old not at all—only virile youth—with its adaptability and abounding confidence in the future and its own powers—moves quickly. If it were not a work of supererogation, if any proof were needed, of the intense virility of our race, its abounding confidence in itself—its undying belief in its future and its marvelous adaptability to circumstances, the two Bills now before the Imperial Parliament, and which will undoubtedly receive the Royal Assent, are proof. To the individual to decide to serve his King and Country, seems to us of course natural. That a nation which has for so long fought shy of any appearance of compulsion should herself demand it: that a nation which prides herself on the faithful guarding of her ways—which looks askance on innovations, should decide to alter her clocks to one hour earlier, that thereby the nation may gain: that a whole nation should so unanimously accept the restrictions of the liquor laws. These are the signs of eternal youth, of a strength which is but reaching its zenith, not indeed declining—and which makes us hope for the early realization of the dream of those ardent Imperialists who have blazed the way we are treading, but to whom the realization of that vision which now seems so near to us, was not given.

### The Work of a Clearing Hospital

By Major R. WILSON, C.A. M.C.

Being the Fourth of a Series of Articles on the Canadian Medical Service

The work of a Clearing Hospital attached to a Division in the Field commences with the receipt of patients for the Field Ambulance. Its proper and distinctive title is a "Casualty Clearing Station" and exactly describes its functions. It is a reservoir, expansile and adaptable, situated somewhere back of the line, eight or ten miles, as circumstances dictate, mobile, and the number of patients it is capable of assimilating is limited only by the accommodation, and the facility for passing them on to the Stationary, General or Base Hospital. The normal capacity is for two hundred wounded, and there are no beds. While this is the theoretical condition actual circumstances may alter the status of a Clearing Station even in neighbouring Divisions. The condition and nature of wounds of the injured—the facilities for transportation—all these decide whether, in addition to the normal functions of a clearing station, it may not partake in more or less degree of the status of a stationary hospital, and indeed, events have shown that a vast amount of splendid surgical work, ranking high in surgical skill and results, has been performed under circum-

stances that pre-war opinion would have deemed impossible—and as a result, nursing sisters have been attached, and are now part of the establishment with us.

Naturally the work varies. In the absence of a "Push," or "Marked Infantry Activity" on either side, there is only the normal intake—empty beds are the rule, and ground sheets are not in evidence—but on occasion every available corner is busy—emergency dressings, antiseptic precautions when needed, and where the field ambulance dressers have had little or no time to do more than apply first field dressings—urgent and minor operations—prophylactic injections where not already given, and most important of all—classification—the quick decision what cases to send in, what minimum to keep.

With an eye on the facilities for transport, the Casualty Clearing Station will as a rule be situated out of the direct line, and fairly out of reach of the enemy's big gun fire. There is not the same anxiety and necessity for preparedness to move at short notice. Its immediate predecessor, the Field Ambulance's functions do not vary—its duties are to collect, dress as far as possible, and evacuate as soon as possible—the Casualty Clearing Station is concerned with evacuation, returns, rolls, and to some degree, with the reception and retaining of a few patients, with the necessary operations this implies.

With this part of the work done, the patient passes smoothly by ambulance train, canal barge, or other more regular means of transport, to the Stationery or General Hospital, our next link in the chain concerned in the care and speedy return of the wounded soldier to his active duties.

## Contributions and Acknowledgments

### IN MEMORIAM

Just once again to hear your cheery voice,  
And once again to watch with you at night;  
To whisper, through the darkness, "Are you hit?"  
And get your whisper back, "No, I'm alright!"  
How I remember up at Ypres that night—  
When we were getting shelled for hours on end,  
You said: "I bet you'd laugh if I got hit;"  
You didn't think I'd miss you, did you friend?  
You made no noise or fuss when you were shot,  
You put a hand up to you curly head  
And moaned, so very softly, "Comrade, here!"  
But when I reached you—you were dead.  
'Twas I who got your disc, boy, from your neck,  
And I who wiped the blood from your dim eyes:  
My own, I think, were very wet just then—  
That you were gone, I seemed to realize.  
Its damned hard lines, for you were such a kid  
To go through all that hell-on-earth out there:  
No man of "OURS" fought better; that I know!  
And so, God bless your rest, you've done your share  
And really, since there's no one here to grieve,  
And life is dull with idleness and pain—  
I shall not worry when I'm called, to march  
For "Somewhere," with a rifle, once again."  
M.E.G.—Ramsgate

## ON RABBIT

The rabbit is a fur-clad quadruped of a mild and gentle disposition; familiarly known as "Bunny." He is beloved by sportsmen, poets and children, his worst enemies being farmers and soldiers.

There are many varieties of rabbits, among them being the Jack, the Bush, the Welsh and the Granville Special. With regard to the latter variety a matter of deep interest has arisen which bids fair to develop into a wide and learned controversy—I refer to the question of its head or heads.

The writer must plead ignorance of the animal in its live state and its native lair, wherever that may be, having only become acquainted after it has undergone the processes of devitalization, dismemberment and ebullition. Even in the latter state, however, the preponderance of heads is amazing, and during a two-months acquaintance the writer has never partaken of the dainty fare without at least one head being present. On a recent occasion he observed eleven patients served with rabbit, and on each plate reposed either a toothsome forequarter—and a head, or a luscious hindquarter—and a head.

Here, then, we have a problem—a profound problem. Is the Granville rabbit a single-headed monopod or a multi-headed quadruped? If the latter, is the number of heads a fixed or a variable one? Are the animals born that way, or do extra heads develop with the passing years?

Having brought the question to a head, we can go ahead! The medical profession will doubtless be deeply interested in this modern anatomical wonder. Students of natural history will naturally be deeply concerned. Mythologists will endeavour to trace a descent from Hydra, the many-headed monster. Archaeologists will search for remains of fossilized progenitors. Theologians will bring forward comparisons and parallels; and Granville gastronomists will follow the researches with deep interest and increased appetite. We would suggest that a learned committee be appointed to sit on the subject—preferably on its head!

KRITICOS.

## MY PAL

No friend was there to sooth his pain,  
To ease him to his rest;]  
No Padre to pray the prayer for him,  
No warning hand to press.

His eyes turned upward from the dark  
And reeking field, are eager—wide  
With the wonder they behold on yonder bank  
Of this life's stream; — so ebbs his tide!

A sigh, a smile; — and lo! beside,  
Gray death "stands to"— at s'lute the hand  
That reaps the harvest grim and wide—  
And so you've passed, my pal! — good man!

## The Passing Hour

Orderly Officer—"Shun!" Any complaints?"—  
dead silence. "All right, carry on!"—and then the  
grumbling starts afresh.

Did the bakers' shop, recently bombed by a Zepp.,  
belong to the Air-raided Bread Company?

Is it true that some of the patients wish the "no  
treatment" order applied to the hospital as well as the  
town?

Is a medical "board" always a "square deal?"

## RETURN OF THE LEGION

[Acknowledgments to R.M.]

When we grew to years of manhood  
(Or what we thought the same),  
Fresh from college or the workshop,—in a scrape;  
We had cursed the cuffs and collars,  
(And, perhaps, the Family Name)  
We've voted teas and politics "a jape"  
We longed for broader atmosperes: we heard the desert  
call:

So packed our trunks and vanished in a day,  
With a fare to Buenos Ayres, Mandalay, or Montreal  
And the Little Mother sent her sons away.

So we fought; and worked, and plundered  
In the desert and the bush.

Or drifted, hobo-like, the Beach to comb,  
We peraled and mined and ranched it—  
Gave the Empire bounds a push,  
And occassionally thought a bit of home  
Till a vague and startling message came!  
Upon a camels back:

Behind a dog-team, by the weekly train.

"The war is on" was shouted

And the whisper down the track—

Was the Little Mother calling us again?

Well, we leased the mines and ranches:

And we sold the dust and steers:

Abandoned tender memories in a shack:

We said good-bye to pals we'd made,

Left sundry girls in tears.

We "soaked" our shirts to make the passage back.

The call of blood was on us—we, who never count the  
cost

The needs of Empire set our hearts aflame:

The wander-lusting brotherhood—the Legion of the Lost,

The Little Mother called us—and we came.

KRITICOS.

## Sports and Entertainments

## SHOOTING

PRESENTATION OF PRIZES BY LT.-COL. WATT.

GRANVILLE RIFLE CLUB

LIEUT.-COL. WATT CUP—Winners: Second Floor Team  
for third time in succession. Highest individual score  
Pte. Fordham, Donegal badge, First Prize; Mr. Thomson  
R.M.R.C., Second Prize.

PRIZES BY RAMSGATE RIFLE CLUB—Mr. Reg. V. Pay,  
First Prize; Cpl. Porter, Second Prize.

DAILY MAIL CERTIFICATE—H. Smith, First Prize, Pte.  
Meyer, Second Prize.

PRIZES GIVEN BY MEMBERS—Pte. Jack Frost, First  
Prize, by Mr. Thomson; Mr. Mockridge, Second Prize,  
by Blundell Clark; Cpl. Porter, Third Prize, by Mr.  
Mockridge.

OPEN SIGHT CONTEST—Sergt. H. Hye, First Prize, by  
Capt. Pequegnet; Pte. Frost, Second Prize, by Cpl.  
Porter; Pte. Smith, Third Prize, by Capt. Thomas.

On Tuesday, May 16th, the Sixth Match for Gen. Sir  
Charles Warren's Shield was shot off, our team winning  
by 69 points. There are two matches still to be con-  
tested for this Trophy. In the event of winning both of  
these the Canadian Rifle Team secures this splendid  
shield.

Col. Watt very kindly promised a new rifle and Capt.  
Campbell is supplying us with first-class shooting trous  
which will greatly add to our competitiveness.

There is still room for a few good shots on the team  
so anybody with an idea that he can shoot had better  
come down for practice.

## CONCERT REPORTS.

The Palace Theatre Coy. tripped up to the Granville on Friday afternoon and treated the boys to an entertainment full of music and mirth. A bright and entertaining concert programme was pleasingly varied with excerpts from the Revue "Ever Been Had." Miss Rosie Day was particularly chic and tuneful, while the breezy humour of Mr. Nat Lewis, the elephantine comedian, tickled the audience immensely.

"Amateur Nights" always provide lots of fun and reveal unexpected talent, and the one held on Saturday last was no exception. Several new faces were seen on the platform as well as the ones we have grown accustomed to, and every item was followed with interest by a large audience. In addition to the competitors, Miss Gladys Broxub, a really talented violinist, and Miss Marion Pilcher, possessor of a rich flexible contralto voice, contributed to the making of a splendid evening. These ladies also assisted Mr. Boyland in awarding the various prizes, and their judgments were confirmed by the applause of the audience. The awards in connection with the Granville Rifle Club were also made in the course of the evening, by Lt.-Col. Watt. The Granville Orchestra excelled themselves and played a number of selections in a manner which astonished and delighted everybody.

Prize winners in the Amateur Competition were:—Sentimental—1st, Lce.-Cpl. Jones; 2nd, Pte. Scotney; 3rd, Cpl. Porter; Humorous—1st, Pte. W. Brown; 2nd, Pte. Griffin; 3rd, Pte. Brookes; Recitation—1st, Gunner Cooney; Instrumental—1st, Pte. Dodwell (Banjo).

Members and Associates of "The Children's League of Pity" entertained the Granville audience on Monday evening. The children taking part shewed truly wonderful training, the various dances, tableaux, etc., being performed in finished style. The greatest credit is due to the ladies who trained the little tots, as well as to the children themselves, and the costuming and stage-managing were exceptionally well done.

Our congratulations and thanks are due to the party for a delightful evening.

Wednesday evening was spent by the Granvillains in good company—that of Mr. Miller's Concert Party. Enjoyable always, the company put forward a programme of unusual interest, and the boys shewed their appreciation whole-heartedly.

The Granville Orchestra and Minstrel Troupe played to the patients of the Yarrow Hospital, Broadstairs, on Monday evening. The audience was most appreciative, and many nice things were said to "our bhoys" after the show.

On Saturday night our Roller Hockey Team defeated the 12th Res. Batt. boys, Shorncliffe, in a very interesting game before a fairly large crowd at County Rink. Score, 2—0.

\* \* \*

Who is the Granville patient who belongs to two distinct armies? And in which does he rank as sergeant?

## Coming Events

Friday 3.30—Fine Feathers Revue (Palace Theatre)  
 " 6.15—Gran. Minstrels at Wanstead Hosp. Margate  
 Saturday—London Concert Party  
 Sunday 8 p.m.—Sacred Song Service.  
 Monday—"Georgians" of Margate.  
 Wednesday—Wood's Party, from Dover.  
 Thursday—Mr. Boyland and Party.

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: : :

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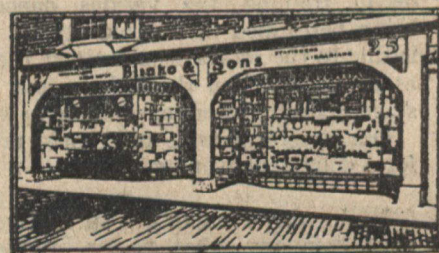
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