

CANADIAN HOSPITAL NEWS

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EDITOR: MAJOR R. WILSON.

ASSOCIATE EDITORS:

CAPT. O. C. J. WITHROW.

CAPT. W. W. PIRT.

News Editor :

Corpl. H. S. Patton, P.P.C.L.I.

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CANADIAN HOSPITAL NEWS

VOL. III

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Appendages.

ARMS and legs are appendages, dangling from our human trunk, and very useful they are, too. With the upper we fight, and with the lower we may run away. For 'twas said—

He who fights and runs away,
Will live to fight another day.

We said *may*, for boys of the British breed do not run away. When the bayonet's in hand, and there's fighting to be done, the appendages show the stuff they're made of. Firm on your pins, it is then, my lads, and parry and thrust, it is then, my boys, for the British brain sends down to those same appendages the list of duties to be done, and they never fail, unless the stout, fearless, stubborn heart is stilled in death. How eagerly those legs vault over the parapet when an attack is on hand; how magnificently those arms cut and slash in hand-to-hand conflict. Oh! but they are telling members, these appendages of ours! They were made for activity, for adventure, for accomplishment. Last year they marched through the broad highways of Canada, these boys of ours, with heads erect, arms swinging, and feet in perfect rhythm. How splendid they looked; how proud we were of them. We are prouder to-day, for from the furnace of suffering and sacrifice they have returned, many of them maimed, but magnificent in their manhood. The jolliest boys at the Granville have been our legless and armless heroes. They come and go in endless procession, but their sojourn with us is ever a benediction. We couldn't understand at first how they could be so merry, but as we have known them better, we begin to appreciate some of their philosophy. One day two of our legless lads, to while away a sunny hour, began to fence with the second crutch. The fun waxed boisterous, when he of the left leg knocked the weapon from him of the right. Nothing daunted, each grasped his remaining crutch and continued the battle, hopping to and fro. Presently both crutch weapons were knocked high in the air, and hopping on his one good appendage, each threw out an arm to steady the other, tired but triumphant. Bravo! you lads who have lost so much. Appendages are very useful, but they are not necessary to happiness, and so you have taught us.

O. C. J. W.

Christmas and After—Anticipations.

Of the "Great Birthday" itself I shall say but little. So far as the religious aspect of the day is concerned—if all is well we shall gather together for a brief service, which will give us the opportunity of singing, as we have been accustomed to at home, such lovely old hymns as "O Come all ye Faithful," "Hark! the Herald Angels," etc. Our hearts will be filled with tenderness and perhaps happy homesickness (note that I was born in Ireland) as we think of past Christmas days with the family circle unbroken.

Now for something about the word "After." To some, no doubt, "After" is of almost equal importance with Christmas itself.

The day after Christmas is known in the dear old motherland as "Boxing Day." Struck by the simple yet curious title, I asked a friend as to its meaning. I will not mention this friend's name, first, because he might not like it, and secondly, because his explanation of Boxing Day may not be altogether correct. But I will say of my friend that he is a very good fellow. He has been my "right bower" in the game of making things pleasant once or twice a week for some of the more crippled of the lads in hospital. All of you know him by sight. Many have used him as a "conveyance", and more have heard his jolly voice in song and chorus. Can anyone now guess his name?

This is what he told me as to "Boxing Day" and its significance. It is so called because it is the day for giving Christmas Boxes—*i.e.* Tips. Every one who has served you in any way during the year, expects a Christmas Box. So general is the custom, that the tips, or boxes, have by an unwritten law, their prescribed limits, at least so far as the minimum is concerned.

I will try to name a few of these. I am saving up to meet them myself.

Postman 2/-; dustman 1/-; grocer boy 6d.; butcher's boy 6d.; baker's boy 1/-; milkman 1/-; greengrocer's boy 6d.; chauffeur 2/-; chimney sweep 1/-; newspaper boy 1/-; coal man 1/-; besides an army of delivery boys, not regularly but occasionally brought into contact with you in your endeavour to live.

You notice that no box is to be more than 2/- and none less than sixpence.

In naming these restrictions it will be noted for your guidance that neither medical officers nor chaplains are referred to. So far as they are concerned there is absolutely no limit.

Through the kindness of Mr. and Mrs. Robbins of the Bell Inn at Minster, together with my friend Mr. Redbourne who has driven many a load of patients for me during the last few months, I am looking forward to a very happy Boxing Day with three bus loads of my lads. The plan is to leave at 10 a.m., go to Canterbury, make a specially conducted tour of the glorious and historic Cathedral, then drive on to Minster for a good old-fashioned

Christmas dinner, after dinner a Smoking Concert. The Vicar of Minster has kindly given the use of the Schoolroom for the Dinner and Concert.

I only wish that we could have the whole of the patients of the Granville, Chatham House, Townley Castle and Yarrow, but alas, a bus only holds 24 and we can only afford three. Those who are the least able to be about will be first considered. I am afraid I must ask to be left to myself to make up our party according to my judgment. I know right well that those who don't go will give their best wishes to those who do go.

Your faithful friend and "Padre"

E. BERTRAM HOOPER, C.F.

Advice to the Young Soldier.

By the young soldier I do not mean the Granville bunch—they've been there. But I mean the soldier who has not been to the front, who has yet to go "over the top," and who has never had to sit tight, grit his teeth, take his medicine, and hold on in the Ypres Salient.

In trench or in battle, or long weary hike,
Or wounded you grit through the long endless night;
Or, foot all one blister, and wet to the skin,
You plod stumbling along, damn nearly all in,
When your nerve is all gone and you (down on your luck)
Growl, "the next shell that comes I'm damned if I duck;"
When big shrapnel bursting howls "humming birds" near;
When coal boxes' crash makes your stomach feel queer;
Whiz-bangs and torpedoes are giving you fits,
And sausages tear the whole trench into bits;
When the air is all sizzling with zip-zipping lead,
And most of your comrades are wounded or dead;
When you're half blown to hell and rocking with pain,
While Fritz counter-attacks again and again,
When you feel in your bones you are going stark mad,—
CHEER UP! there are others who feel just as bad.
Just show them that you can deliver the goods,—
And the first thing you know you are out of the woods.

JAMES HARVEY, Sergt.

Our Christmas Special.

The Christmas number is having a large and appreciative sale, not only in the Hospital, but also in Ramsgate, Broadstairs and Margate. Granville men have not been slow in recognising its appropriateness as a Christmas souvenir to send home from Ramsgate. Some fellows have sent away a dozen or more copies. The number is still on sale by the Scouts, at the Y.M.C.A. canteen, and Chatham House "tuck" shop; and the editorial staff is hopeful of being able to turn over a respectable sum from the proceeds to the Canadian Red Cross.

Football In The Fog

When the ball was kicked off last Saturday in the match with the Middlesex Regiment Depot, the goal-posts were barely discernible through the mist. The first half was strenuous and scoreless, but in the second the ball tore four times through the fog into the Granville net. Towler was laid out temporarily with a damaged eye, and big Malcolm with an injured ankle. Capt. Okell was very useful at left half, while at right half Corp. Strutton was eternally after the ball. The Middlesex team, which contains seven pros., is one of the strongest in this part of England.

On Wednesday afternoon the Nuts had an easy time with A Battery, 336th R.F.A. Although the score was only 3—1, it was not for want of chances that the Granville forwards did not run up a bigger count. Capt. Okell again proved a valuable addition to the half-line.

Presentation to the Padre.

Cheer after cheer, lustily raised by the boys in the recreation room at the Yarrow, struck the ear of the O.C. as he made his inspection on Thursday the 14th. The doors were shut, and the O.C. passed by with a query. It leaked out in due course what it was all about. The Padre, Capt. Hooper, had been lured to the Yarrow, and had been presented with a number of gifts dear to the heart of a smoker. There was, first, a case with pipes, a tobacco pouch of splendid workmanship to carry the weed, a silver match box for the lucifers, and last of all, a dainty cigarette holder. An address accompanied the gifts setting forth that since so many of the boys were going back to Canada, they wished to show the Padre how much they loved him and appreciated his work. The Chaplain confessed that the presentation so overwhelmed him that he thought he might need the assistance of the M.O., but we hear he has sufficiently recovered to "Carry On." All good wishes to the Padre

That Awful Canteen

There is a sergeant somewhere in the G.C.S.H. who is punctilious in the extreme; always on time, exact in detail, the proper word ever at the tip of his tongue, a teetotaller of totallers. What more can be said to paint a word picture of this N.C.O.?

The other day his hour came to be sergeant of the canteen. About that time a meeting was called at which his presence was essential—no sergeant. A few minutes after the appointed hour in he came—no books nor papers. "I clean forgot, sir," said he, and settled to his task. "By the way aren't you canteen sergeant today?" mildly enquired the officer, with lifted brow. The sergeant blushes and the curtain falls.

Our Cash Prize Competitions.

I. WAR PUZZLE.

As a number of competitors, through misunderstanding, have sent us solutions to our last war puzzle, instead of submitting an Original War Puzzle for Solution, we have decided to extend the time for sending these in until the end of the year.

II. EXPANDED ABBREVIATIONS.

Several good entries have been received in this competition, but we want more fellows to have a try at it. Accordingly, we also extend to the end of the year the opportunity to send in (on the "Charlie Chaplin's Army Corps" model), the most Original, Appropriate and Amusing Expansions you can make of the following 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).

III. ORIGINAL CARTOONS AND SKETCHES.

The increasing number of sketches received for use in the Canadian Hospital News indicates considerable artistic ability amongst Granville Canadians. Accordingly, we have decided to add a third competition for the submission of Original Cartoons and Sketches. These should be drawn (in order to be reproducible) in outline only, in India ink, and on surface paper.

A First Prize of 5s., and a Second of Half-a-crown will be awarded for the two best entries submitted in each of these three competitions.

CONDITIONS:

1. The competitions are 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 "C.H.N." contribution boxes in the recreation rooms at the Granville, Chatham House, or Yarrow Annex, not later than December 31st; 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.

Canadian Soldier Poet

Just off the press comes a book of powerful war poems entitled "From Field and Hospital" from Private H. Swalley Sarson at one time a patient of the Granville Canadian Special Hospital. Some of the poems were inspired and written in the trenches in Flanders while others were penned amid the quietness of hospital life in Ramsgate. Many a line of his brightened the pages of earlier numbers of the Canadian Hospital News, and we congratulate our friend upon the appearance of this splendid volume.

We Should Like to Know.

If H—l—r still goes to Ward I. for his drinks.

Who the orderly is in the Special Diet Room who is TWICE as fond of chops and custard as the S. D. patients.

If fish and cabbage diet does not constitute an "Unholy Alliance."

How many of the "presents" bought with the "declared" extra Christmas pay were self-returning.

When the ex-Mayor of Calgary will be giving his next "open" exhibition of tailoring.

If a Granville N.C.O. finds a mud bath a permanent cure for platonic affection.

Why there have been so many electrical repairs required in the Massage Room of late. Can Corp. H— explain?

If the same corporal has succeeded yet in producing corn-starch pudding by electrolysis.

If the nightly hour and a half at the Roller Rink is proving beneficial to the Top Floor patient with "contusion of the back."

Why the owner of the blue armband, recently found outside the Chatham House, didn't go a little farther off to remove it.

What were the remarks of one heavyweight Granville N.C.O. when he found his best girl was being walked off by another heavyweight?

Which of the Granville Sergeants is responsible for a young lady awaking and partly dressing at twenty minutes to one in the morning? . . . Or was it the moon?

Who was the girl who gave a photograph to a late Granville sergeant, who lost it? How remiss! But the course of TRUE love never did run smoothly.

If the POLICE have any clue to the "midnight marauders," who raided the cupboard and apple box in the dining-room of the Chatham House personnel.

If you've seen the black and white drawing entitled "Pinched," showing the extremities of three policemen who have grabbed by the ears a wee archer with an armful of stolen apples, and if you know where the shoe pinches!

Who is the highly refined Acting Sergeant who told his best girl that the Canadian born men in the Canadian army were bums and roughnecks, and that no decent girl would be seen with them?

Granville Breezes.

With Bonar Law Chancellor of the Exchequer, Sir Max Aitken a peer, and our esteemed Chaplain the recipient of a presentation, the neglected province of New Brunswick is surely coming to its own.

When "Scotty" Waddell can beat it to Scotland without even half a pair of legs, it looks as if neither Fritz nor the C.A.M.C. have succeeded in incapacitating him for the future. "Scotch Leave" is one better than "French Leave," we think.

Overheard in the personnel dining-room:—

"Say, do you know if there have been any amputation operations lately?"

"Not that I know of. Why?"

"I've just swallowed a piece of meat that tasted like ether."

After the hour in the gym., spent in listening to the dismal reiteration of some 45 articles of the K. R. and O. with the invariable refrain of "such less punishment as is in this act mentioned," the Chatham House personnel would have found a recital of the Mosaic Law at the ensuing church service an animated relief.

A Chatham House patient entered a local hotel the other night seeking liquid refreshment. The barmaid challenged his right to be served:

"You are a patient, aren't you?"

"No, madame, I am a doctor."

"But doctors don't wear that uniform."

"That's true, madame, but you see I am a *private* doctor."

Whereupon the barmaid suspended her questions.

The "Retreat" is most inconsiderately punctual and unmodified in its intervention at Granville matinees. This was particularly blaring and glaring during the performance by Miss Lila Field's Ballet Company last Friday. When questioned as to the reason for the undue prolongation of this dismal call, the bugler replied: "I could not just remember how the call ended, so I kept on blowing until it came back to me." Here's hoping the "come-back" is a little more speedy next time.

Patient (emerging to consciousness after operation)—Nurse, what's this I've got on my head?

Nurse—Those are vinegar cloths.

P.—And what's this thing on my chest?

N.—That's a mustard plaster; you've had pneumonia.

P.—Well, what's this at my feet?

N.—Oh! those are salt bags; you had a frostbite, you know.

From the next bed—Say, Nurse, why don't you hang a pepper-box around his neck, and then he'll be a bloomin' cruet.

Entertainments

Friday the 15th was a spectacular day at the Granville Theatre. In the afternoon what everyone admitted to be "the best yet" was presented by Miss Lila Field's superb Ballet from the leading London theatres. The first part was an appeal to the eyes alone, and a ravishing treat it was. The iridescent costumes of the dainty danseuses, the poetic rhythm of the solo and ballet movements, the swift, silent succession of color, motion and tempo: all made irresistible appeal to the aesthetic sense of a delighted audience.

In the second part the ear received its treat in the perfectly rendered songs and choruses comprising the *Essence of Revue*. Little Greta Fayne as "Cupid," completely captivated all the boys with her fairy-like dancing, phenomenal singing and fascinating stage manner.

On Friday night Enos Bacon, the "Yorkshire Nightingale," played up to his reputation as a whole show and a whole host in himself. He at once got on easy, familiar terms with his audience, alternately jollying them, bullying them and exhorting them. The way he worked up the crowd from a timid, tentative response to "When the Clouds Have Rolled Away, Boys," to a unanimous, alternating whistling and singing chorus, was quite reminiscent of a Torrey-Alexander revival meeting. Mr. Bacon's programme, with his famous double register singing, his dramatic recitations, piano monologues, singing class, humorous stories and ready asides, ran the gamut of versatility; and his breezy, confident Yorkshire manner enabled him to carry off with considerable *éclat* some stories whose modernity was questionable. Mr. Bacon is a tremendous admirer of Robert Service, and his rendering of "The Whistle of Sandy McGraw" did full credit to Robert, Sandy and Enos himself.

Mr. A. W. Hayes' recital of Dickens' "Christmas Carol" on Monday afternoon was deserving of a much larger audience. From growling Scrooge to piping "Tiny Tim", Mr. Hayes' elocutionary rendering was perfect. The dramatic parts were interspersed with Mrs. Flinn's ringing solos, and the galloping songs of Mr. Wm. Noakes, bass soloist of Canterbury Cathedral.

Capt. Armour has been fortunate enough to secure the Engineers from Sandwich for a comedy show on Christmas afternoon, and for the pantomime "Dick Whittington" on Christmas evening. Yarrow is to have a Christmas concert of its own as well.

ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS

Our best thanks to Mr. W. C. Bull, 95 Ellington Road, Ramsgate, for sixteen hundred bulbs, including one thousand tulips for the flower beds of Chatham Annex. This generous gift is very much appreciated.

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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