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EDITORIAL

VALE

"K. of K." The familiar names by which great men have been known to their day and generation is perhaps a truer gauge of their intrinsic worth than the opinions of their more intimate contemporaries, whose judgment, narrowed by proximity, has lacked the larger view that the more distant proletariat has instinctively envisioned. To that vague but powerful entity, "The man in the street," Gladstone was ever "The Grand Old Man," and the Earl of Beaconsfield "Dizzy." To how many loyal and remembering comrades will Field Marshal Lord Roberts be anything but "Bobs Bahadour." To those of us who remember the tense and agonising days of 1880, General Gordon was always "Chinese Gordon," and to those of our day, the man who conquered the best part of that continent which had slain Gordon—took to its heart of hearts Kitchener of Khartoum. Because he stood for the best traditions of our race—unostentatiousness—an unbending sense of justice—the doing of a deed rather than the talking of it—the possession of an iron will dominated by unerring judgment—the abnegation of self for the sake of his country—because, in a word he embodied the ideals which our strange race endeavours to hide under an armour of insouciance and apparent indifference, at once the despair and admiration of the world. These were the talismans that enabled him to work the miracles of organization during the first year of this war—and with prophetic foresight, out of his great experience, to see something of the future which with almost uncanny exactness, is running the course he expected—and so, still intent on serving his King and country—he passes to his last roll-call—greater and more inscrutable in his death than ever even in life, falling in our field of battle, and having as mausoleum the vast and mighty deep, with the star-studded vault of heaven itself as a canopy, and the free-singing winds to moan his dirge or whisper in zephyrs of the glorious peace to come for whose consummation he wrought so ably and so long.

In Memoriam

*Gone is the Chief! A mighty army mourns
This day it's Idol and it's sup-r-me head,
Gone! To that bourne from which no soul returns,
Kitchener dead!*

*Not 'mid the roll of drums the canon's roar;
But on the billows of Eternal Deep
Following Duty to a distant shore,
Fell he asleep.*

*Master of men! The magic of his hand
Thrill'd into being in the hour of strife
Endless battalions. Armies grim and grand
Sprang into life.*

*Pillar of Strength; inscrutable and great.
Silently tow'ring over lesser clay.
Holding the destinies of King and State
Under his sway.*

*Fallen not Britain! And be undismayed.
Though Death, inexorable, claims his debt.
Kitchener, Living in the men he made,
Will triumph yet!*

Kriticos. (Pte C. H. Dodwell)

Contributions and Acknowledgments

"PATIENTS."

By the Ward Sergeant.

"Patients," said the ward-sergeant," are of two kinds.—Them that recovers, and them that don't. Them that don't are the most satisfactory and easy to manage. Them that do are infernal nuisance and the plague of my life. "Get 'em up," says the M. O.: but "keep 'em in," says I, knowing something about up-patients.

Look at number 20, for instance: he came in five or six days ago as a bed-patient on milk and soda. Next day he wants eggs: next day chicken: next day beef and stout. To-day he asks me for a permanent midnight pass and five pounds in cash. Goodness knows what he'll want to-morrow!

Then there's number 16. He's bughouse, and thinks that anything in a glass is a "rum ration." The medicines for the whole ward were laid out this morning, and while my back was turned for an instant he drank the lot. It took two M. O.'s and a stomach-pump to bring him round, and the first thing he did when he came to was to ask for "a chaser."

And the things they ask you! Morning to night it's "Sergeant, lend me a needle to sew my armlet on." "Sergeant, put me wise to a hard-luck story to spring on the Paymaster." "Sergeant, somebody's pinched my socks." "Were you ever at the Front, Sergeant?" "Got any cigarettes, Sergeant?" Sergeant, I want my diet changed, I've drunk enough milk to float the navy," and so on, all day long!

Yesterday number 16 came to me and asked if I could find him a light-duty job so that he could get his khaki. "What can you do?" says I. "Anything," says he. "Can you scrub floors?" says I. "Can't bend my back," says he. "Can you do the dusting?" says I. "No," says he, "when I reach out it catches me here." "What about clerical work," says I. "Can't sit still for five minutes," says he. "What the dickens can you do?" says I. "Well, says he, I thought perhaps I could get a job flicking the mosquitoes off the bed-patients."

Now, what would you do with a man like that?!!

Overheard at an M.O.'s Inspection at the Granville—

M.O. to Patient—How is it that you have not shaved to-day?

Patient—Being only one mirror in the ward and so many faces around it, I guess I must have shaved the wrong face.

* * *

Suggested as a test to be used by the guard, when the legs appear to be alright:—She saw six shy sergeants in silk socks sufferings from shell shock.

THE TREATMENT SLIP.

When you get a treatment slip,
Take another victim's tip,
And scan it very closely e'er you go.
It won't help much to do it;
They're sure to put you through it:
But torture lessens somewhat if you know.

Perhaps you'll find its "Massage,"
Then go along the passage,
And enter where you see a white-robed host.
They'll lay you down and rub you,
They'll punch and knead and scrub you
(Particularly where it hurts the most.)

Don't squirm and try to "hike" it,
But just pretend you like it,
(Although you feel like animated dough.)
And thank them very sweetly,
E'er you collapse completely,
Inviting them to "have another go".

Scotch Douche perhaps your fate is,
(A Vapour Bath the mate is.)
The one will freeze the marrow in your spine
And make you squirm and shiver.
The other boils your liver,
And sets your nasal-organ all a'shine.

Perhaps Electric issues
Will ramble round your tissues:
High Frequency your cerebellum rip:
But one thing I implore you,
Though horrors stand before you,
Oh! never never, let your TREATMENT SLIP.

KRITICOS.

WE WONDER—

- If the "balling out" caused the umpire to "strike"
- Who yelled for "goodness sake don't kill the paymaster," when the officers behind the plate had to scatter, It was a "foul" remark, anyway!
- Who defined "the omnipotent triumvirate" as God, the Kaiser—and the Sergeant Major.
- Whether the patient in blue who left the prom. without a pass, will be tried for "breach of prom."
- If the Dental Officer really has a "pull".
- How the corner-man got "cornered" last Tuesday.
- Who was the N.C.O. of the Granville who decided to join the Minstrel Troupe last Sunday night?—was he a study in "Black & White?"
- Who is the Instructor that has just banished his blue armlet?—"more rum."
- Who is the "Scottie" that keeps his kilts for Sunday wear only?
- How the Canal Fleet happened to be out on the deep blue sea last Wednesday!
- When Heligoland will be rechristened "Jellicoland?"
- Where our orchestra has got to—and whether we shall soon listen to the Lay of the Last Minstrel!
- How the fellows manage to do such things on ten shillings per!
- Whether "chicken" patients ever play for high steaks—and get stung!
- Why they persist in calling them "still-rooms."

Memorial Service for the late Field Marshall Earl Kitchener of Khartoum

A memorial service for our beloved "Kitchener" was held in St. Georges Parish Church on Tuesday, June 13th. The church was thronged with a large gathering desirous of paying homage to the memory of the foremost figure of our times, a large portion of the congregation being members of His Majesty's Forces. Canada was represented by Capts. Pequenat and Hooper, together with a number of patients from the Granville Hospital.

Beautiful in its simple solemnity, the service made a profound impression on all present, and testified eloquently to the large place Kitchener held in the hearts of the British people.

The hymns were sung with much feeling, especially the beautiful "Rock of Ages" and "Through the night of doubt and sorrow." The Vicar, in a short and stirring address, paid tribute to the sterling qualities of our Great Soldier. He spoke of Kitchener's devotion to duty, his indomitable spirit, and his services to the Empire. The poem, which appears in this issue of the Hospital News, was read by the Vicar in the course of his remarks.

The service was brought to a close with the Last Post, played by buglers of the King's Liverpools, followed by the Dead March and the singing of "God save the King."

Sports and Entertainments

A Hockey game was played on the County Rink on Whit Monday night between the Granville and Ramsgate Munition Workers. The game was well contested and ended in a draw. The Granville, being unable to form a team, was represented by four of the Chatham House "Big Six." Simpson did well in goal, Lill played an excellent back; Carr, Balfour and Vansickle doing just what was expected of them as forwards. The munition workers scored the first goal, but it was disputed on the grounds that it went through the net; however, it was counted and the Canucks went all out to win, and a beautiful pass from Vansickle found the net from Balfours' club. Both teams tried hard for the winning goal, but the time being short the game ended as above.

Athletic Sports will be held in Chatham House Grounds, on July 13th by kind permission of Lieut.-Colonel Watt. A strong Committee formed from both services has in hand the programme, which will include a Marathon Race.

In the Baseball Match, Officers v. Patients at Chatham House on Saturday, the patients scored 16 runs to the officers 8.

Heard at the Ball Game. Stalwart Canadian—"Some game, baseball, eh?"

English Flapper—"Oh! yes, a perfectly lovely game, and such splendid practise for cricket."

The lacrosse men are doing good work and getting into first-class shape. Some excellent team-work was shewn in the last practise game, and they are on the look-out for challenges.

Weather has been against the cricketers, but the newly-formed club is flourishing and hopes soon to be wielding the willow.

GRANVILLE RIFLE CLUB.—Open-sights Contest.—After a good fight for the honors, they were finally carried off by Sergt. Powell (1st prize), Corpl. Porter (2nd) and Pte. H. Smith (3rd).

Sergt. Hye secured the first prize in the Ramsgate R.C. Treasurers contest, and Pte. H. Smith secured second place after shooting off a draw with Mr. A. Andrews (Capt)

The contest for Gen. Sir Chas. Warren's Shield now stands as follows:—

Granville Canadians			R. M. R. C.		
Won	Lost	Drawn	Won	Lost	Drawn
3	4	1	4	3	1

There are still two matches, and if we can win both we shall secure this splendid trophy, so any Canuck who can shoot a bit will be welcomed at the Range. Every encouragement in the way of weekly prize contests is held out. Uphold Canadian prestige and show you can shoot!

Some of the Sisters are doing great shooting these days, and Capt. Thomas has great hopes of forming a strong ladies team in the near future.

A match will be held at the Granville at 2 p.m. on Saturday between the R.G.A. and our own boys. Come and see the shooting.

Concert Reports

Mr. Boyland has a happy knack of finding new talent. Last Thursday, in addition to the party we know and like so well, he brought with him Mr. F. P. Carlton, a dialect and character artiste who was in himself a complete entertainment. The programme was of the usual high standard, encores being the order of the day, or rather, night.

The "prom" is very attractive these fine evenings, but Mr. Boyland always finds a full house to greet him.

Friday afternoon saw the "Keep Fit" Revue Coy. at the Granville, and the Granvillains spent two very enjoyable hours listening to their merry jest and song. Some excellent dancing and a "stunning" chorus were special features of an entertainment full of sparkle and vim.

Mr. Miller brought a strong party to entertain the Granville boys on Saturday last. Excellent numbers were rendered, and highly appreciated. Especially enjoyable were the dances of the Misses Myrtle Cash and E. Gardiner, who performed a minuet in a very stately manner. The wee tots appeared to enjoy the dance quite as much as the audience.

The Pantoettes, from the West Cliff Concert Hall, gave a concert at Granville on Wednesday. This talented party, consisting of Miss Neve (late soloist, Queen's Hall), Talbot and Clare, of the Moss-Stall tours, Harry Collins (late of the Hippodrome, London), and Eric Ross (Pierrette Pierrot Coy.), gave a programme of unusual excellence which was greeted with sustained applause throughout. We understand the company is at the West Cliff Hall for the season, and they have promised to pay us a return visit e'er long. We shall look forward to it!

The Passing Hour

Overheard in the Recreation-room.

First Patient—"You're looking glum. What's the matter?"

Second Patient—"I started on 'Swedish jerks' to-day.

First Patient—"Made 'yer rustle, eh!"

* * *

WHY "PLEASE"—Why do military authorities tack on that absurd "please" at the end of official memoranda? Here is one that I have just seen. "Your communication has been forwarded to the officer commanding the battalion please"—which is not merely ungrammatical, but silly. Even adjutants whom I have asked for an explanation have, for once, been at a loss.

* * *

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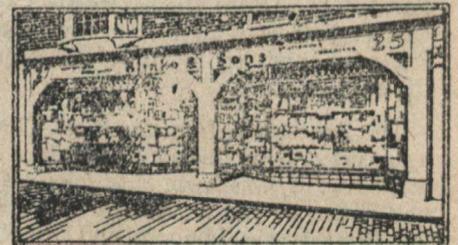
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