

# CANADIAN HOSPITAL NEWS

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# CANADIAN HOSPITAL NEWS

VOL. III

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No. 4

## MUSIC

What's the matter with Fritz?  
He isn't singing now.  
Deutschland über Alles  
Is out of date, I trow.  
Die Wacht am Rhein has passed  
Into oblivion,  
It's hard to keep on singing  
When Fritzie's on the run;  
For Tommy presses strong  
A-running to Berlin  
His bayonet a-pressing  
Hard in Fritzie's skin.  
So that is why it's hard  
For Fritz to raise a hymn  
Cause he ain't no bloomin' cherub  
Nor yet a seraphim.

O.C.J.W.

From the diary of a German Infantryman we extract the following; "On the way back to the billets we were to sing "Deutschland über Alles," but this broke down completely. One never hears songs of the Fatherland any more. When there is singing nine times out of ten it is street songs in such a crude style as I have never heard before the war." When the spirit of a nation is broken it does not sing. It hangs its harps on the willows and sits down disconsolate. Our enemy has been disappointed—bitterly disappointed. His dream of world-empire has been shattered; his campaign of frightfulness has been frustrated. Hoping to scatter terror he has provoked laughter; seeking to destroy woman and innocent children he has caused their soldier boys to break into song. Yes, Tommy Atkins sings—and laughs—and jokes in the midst of his hellish work. From the trenches comes a steady stream of inspired poesy—of studies in black and white, that cause ripples of merriment and paroxysms of laughter. Kitchener's Army laughs and sings. That's the secret of success. The Spirit of our Nation is the Spirit of Song. The piper on the parapet is the vane of the Army. The wind is blowing victory-ward and the sound of the pibroch is wafted to the ears of the Hun. That's the reason Fritz doesn't sing any more. His spirit is broken. But while Tommy Atkins plies the steel he sings. And though the battle is not yet won, his is the Song of Victory.

## Imaginary Interviews

### THE LIFTMAN

Having got successfully past the Hall Policeman I reached the lift and found the Liftman engaged in the study of a Latin Grammar.

He took no notice of me but continued to chant: "*Amo, amare, amavi, amatum.*" I trod on his foot, begged his pardon, and told him that as I was interviewing the "Men that Count" in the hospital, I would be very much obliged if he would give me a short résumé of his work.

"Well," he said, "I think that I get more ups and downs than any other officials in the hospital, but the work is interesting. In the morning I wait until the cripples have walked down to breakfast before I start the lift. This saves the machinery and also gives the patients some much needed exercise. They get too much sleep, some of them. I take a great interest in them, and I know they think a lot of me. As soon as they are able to walk I always make them go up the stairs.

"The 'lift' runs to four floors. First, 'Leicester Lounge', where the officer patients are. Second, 'The Beehive', which contains the light duty men, and there is a buzz there in the morning. Third, 'The Boneyard,' where all the legs and arms are cut off. The Fourth, 'Zeppelin Alley', is at the top of the building.

"The lift has three speeds, medium, slow, and very slow. The 'Medium' is used for members of the staff, 'Slow' for patients, and 'Very slow' for lady visitors and nice sisters.

"We have rules but we never take any notice of them. We can always tell when there are too many in the lift, because the cable breaks, and then we tell the sergeant major that it wants mending."

At this point, I intimated that I would like to see the Examining Room, and not wishing to interrupt the Liftman's studies any longer, I walked upstairs, hearing as I went the strains of—*amo, amare amavi, amatum.*

DRUB.

### FOR CANADIAN PRISONERS OF WAR IN GERMANY

A box for the contributions in aid of our comrades in the hands of the Huns has been set up in the archway at Chatham House. This is something to which every Canadian who "makes Blighty" will want to contribute. Tobacco, cigarettes, etc., will be sent.

Don't throw away the silver foil with your cigarette boxes, but drop it in the box at the Gymnasium for the Daily Express "Cheery Fund" for trench comforts. Sergt. Simonson has already collected and sent 15 pounds.

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## Journalism Under Arms.

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The British Museum has recently opened an exhibit of newspapers and magazines published by the fighting forces of the Empire. Some of these have been laboriously handwritten on gelatine or stencil paper, and run off by roller, right in dugouts, while others are handsomely printed on glazed paper, with artistic half-tones, by presses in England.

The Canadian Expeditionary Force is well to the front in the field of trench journalism. Most of us are familiar with the *Dead Horse Gazette* of the First Brigade; the admirably named *Listening Post* of the B.C. Battalion; the *R.M.R Growler* of the 14th Battalion; the *Twentieth Gazette*, which was started before the 20th left Canada; The *Forty-Niner* of the crack Edmonton Battalion; and the cheerful *Brazier* of the Canadian Scottish. Amongst the Canadian Field Ambulances rose the *Splint Record*, *Now and Then*, and the *Iodine Chronicle*, the three being since incorporated into the *N.Y.D. (Not Yet Dead?) Chronicle*.

The Australian Ammunition Park have their very unsubdued *Honk* printed "every sometimes" in France. And the New Zealanders on troopship No. 43, a converted old coast trader, appropriated the original name of the ship in their rag the *Mokoian*, which went to press every time the transport touched a port.

Many of the Imperial Battalions have their regimental papers, such as the *Pew—Wow* of the 20th Royal Fusiliers, and the *Fall In* of the Middlesex Regiment. The *Comb and Paper* purports to be a dramatic review of concerts and entertainments at the front. The *Hangar Herald* is the appropriate organ of the Royal Flying Corps; while *Dicksey Scrapings* describes itself somewhat profusely as, "The only Authorized Version of the Doings of the Honourable and Ancient Order of the Cooks of the Artists' Rifles."

The French, too, have numerous trench papers, *Le Poilu* being the most prominent. But so far no trace has been discovered of any such field journalism amongst the Huns. Perhaps the censorship gives the Boche no chance. But in any case it is doubtful if Fritz has an adequate sense of humour for such an effort. "Strafing" sign-boards above the parapet seem to be the nearest approach that the Hun can make.

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## Football

Three to one was the adverse issue of the game with Manston R.N.A.S. Detachment last Saturday. The Nuts, however, are uncovering some good new material. Forbes, the new youngster at outside left, made good emphatically, and managed to score Granville's goal.

## Rhymes of a Red Cross Man.

If Rudyard Kipling's pen has disappointed us in the great occasion of this war, Robert Service, the Canadian Kipling, has risen to its full theme in his latest volume, "Rhymes of a Red Cross Man." As a volunteer in the R. A. M. C. Mr. Service has seen the worst of the whole bloody business, and his robust soul catches up the spirit of the trenches as we think no other war-poet has done. This volume in which he says:

"I've tinkered at my bits of rhymes  
In weary, woeful, waiting times;"

is dedicated to the poet's brother, Lieut. Albert Service, of the Canadian Infantry, who was killed in action in August of this year.

No more vivid picture of the Red Retreat from Mons has appeared surely, than just these four lines:

"Retreat! That was the bitter bit, a-limpin' and a-blunderin';  
All day and night a-hoofin' it and sleepin' on our feet;  
A-fightin' rearguard actions for a bit of rest, and wonderin'  
If sugar beets or mangels was the 'olsomest to eat."

His rousing ballad of "Tipperary Days" concludes with the interpolated version:

"It's a long way to Tipperary  
(Which means 'ome anywhere);  
It's a long way to Tipperary  
(And the things wot make you care)  
Good-bye Piccadilly  
('Ow I 'opes my felks is well);  
It's a long, long way to Tipperary—  
('R! Ain't War just 'ell?)."

Most of us in hospital here, when we got our "Blighty one" gave voice to the sentiment, if not just the words, of the verse in "Going Home":

"I'm goin' 'ome to Blighty: can you wonder as I'm gay?  
I've got a wound I wouldn't sell for 'alf a year o' pay;  
A harm that's mashed to jelly in the nicest sort o' way,  
For it takes me 'ome to Blighty in the mawnin'."

We all know what he means, too, in his "Song of the Sandbags"—

"A-leanin' against the sandbags  
Wiv me rifle under me ear,  
Oh, I've 'ad more thoughts on a sentry-go  
Than I used to 'ave in a year."

And again, in "A Song of Winter Weather"—

"It isn't the foe that we fear;  
It isn't the bullets that whine;  
It isn't the business career  
Of a shell, or the bust of a mine;  
It isn't the sniper who seeks  
To nip your yong hopes in the bud:  
No, it isn't the guns,  
And it isn't the Huns—  
It's the MUD, MUD, MUD."

Service's humor, of course, comes out all the way through, conspicuously in the ballad of "Soulful Sam", where a bullet, billeted right for the heart of that pious private is arrested,

"Just where 'e'd tracts for a army corps stowed away in 'is vest," while the hoary old gambler beside him is similarly, and most unorthodoxically, saved by a greasy deck of cards in his tunic pocket.

Service, as is to be expected, does not attempt to palliate the ghastly realism of war. Very grim and yet very familiar, for instance, is the touch from "My Mate" :

"I've been sittin' starin', starin' at 'is muddy pair of boots,  
And tryin' to convince meself it's 'im.

Jim as lies there in the dug-out wiv 'is blanket round 'is 'ead,  
To keep 'is brains from mixin' wiv the mud ;

And 'is face as white as putty, and his overcoat all red,

Like 'e's spilt a blooming paint-pot—but it's blood."

But the finer, tenderer note is there, too. Those of us who have listened to the unheeding songs of the joyous birds in Maple Copse, while the air sighed and whistled with shells, cannot fail to respond to this verse from "The Lark:"

"A fusilade of melody,  
That sprays us from yon trench of sky ;  
A new amazing enemy  
We cannot silence though we try ;  
A battery on radiant wings,  
That from yon gap of golden fleece  
Hurls at us hopes of such strange things  
As joy and home and love and peace."

### An Essay on Blue.

Blue is the most contradictory color in the world. The bluer the sky looks the less blue one is inclined to appear. The Bluebird is the spirit of happiness, but the Bluejay is only the butt of a joke. Blue is heaven's own color, but if a man gets too blue he generally goes to the devil. Blue blood is aristocratic, but a Bluenose is horribly provincial. The Blue Label is a mark of quality, but a Bluebook is only a measure of quantity. "Bluebeard" inspires horror, but Blue Eyes evoke tenderness. Reckitt's Blue makes linen spotless, but Stephens' Blue makes it ineffaceably spotted. Blue clay may contain a fortune, but blue stone is sure death. A "True Blue" is honored, but a truly blue person is avoided. The blue field in the Union Jack stands for freedom, but the blue band on a soldier's jacket means restriction. Navy blue makes all the girls love a sailor, but "hospital blue" makes a soldier ashamed of himself. Finally, blue is the prevailing hue of the day after Sunday, with one notable exception in the year—Whit(e) Monday.

BLUE STREAK.

## The Chaplains' Corner.

My Dear Lads :—

Capt. Oke and myself, desiring at a time like the present to minimise denominational differences, have agreed to carry on our Sunday services in the following manner. On Sunday next, Capt. Oke will conduct the Church parade at the Granville, while I will take the service at Chatham House. The following Sunday we will exchange, and this arrangement will be followed alternately until further notice.

Hoping to meet many of you at the services of Holy Communion next Sunday, and hoping again that the arrangements with regard to the Church Parade services will meet with your unanimous approval. I am,

Your faithful friend and "Padre," E. B. HOOPER. C.F.

My Dear Men :

I am looking forward with a great deal of interest to my work amongst you, as Presbyterian Chaplain. Many of the men here I have known before, but I am very anxious to get to know you all as soon as possible.

I take this opportunity of saying that I have but one desire in my work here, and that is that I may be of service to you. If there is anything that I can do I hope you will not hesitate to speak to me.

I shall be very glad to meet any man who cares to introduce himself. Do not feel at all backward in letting me know who you are, and in this way we shall get to know each other soon.

Your sincere friend, CHAS. S. OKE, C.F.

## Shooting.

Several individual prizes have been awarded during the past week, for competitions on the Miniature Ranges. In the 10 shots in 90 seconds contest, Pte. Le Nourey won the field glasses donated by Capt. Nickle ; L.-Cpl. Graham captured the second prize, while the third fell to Spr. Bailey.

In the 50 shot competition on twin-targets, Pte. H. Smith with 46r out of a possible 500, won the tea-set presented by Sgt. Hye, an ex-member of the Granville Rifle Team.

The four handsome silver medals presented by our late O.C., Lt.-Col. Watt, have arrived from the silversmith's. The winners are Pte. R. V. Pay (295) ; Pte. H. Smith (294) ; Capt. Robson, R. A.M.C. (26r) ; and Sgt. Hye (29r).

Capt. Nickle has qualified for the N.R.A. Skilled Shot Silver Medal.

In the match with Westgate V.T.C. last Thursday (10 shots in 90 seconds) the Granville team won by the exciting score of 771 to 767.

## Granville Breezes.

It speaks well for the good conduct of the patients, when the only men the Chatham House police could find to arrest the other night, were three Granville R. P.'s.

Irish-Canadian Patient (with leg in splint) to Nurse:— Sisther, when oire ye goin' to let me git out av bed?

Sister: What could you do, Paddy, with a leg like that?

I. C. P.: Ah! ye know, Sisther, me leg ain't raley broken; it's only fracthured like.

With Hughes on top in Canada, Australia, and United States, it looks as if the Hohenzollerns have at last found a rival dynasty.

*From the advt. column of the 'East Kent Times.'*—

WANTED TO PURCHASE.—*Old Hens*, any number; best prices given; serving government hospitals for wounded soldiers. Apply M. D. etc., Ramsgate.

This may help to account for the masticative difficulties of our Chicken Diet patients.

## We Should Like to Know

Why a certain Granville sergeant insists on singing Molly (—?), instead of Mother Macrea.

Who was the "inexperienced operator" who had "messed up" the cinema film that Mr. Haverley endeavoured to run one night last week.

How the Roller Rink management, in their carnival dates manage to synchronise so felicitously with Granville pay day.

Why the "Devonshire Girls" were led to excel themselves last Wednesday night. Can the Granville Sergeants tell?

Whether there'll be any chance of warming ourselves over the Chatham House hot (?) water pipes on Christmas Day.

Who was smart fellow that assumed that Capt. Oke, the new chaplain, must be O. K.

Who is the Chatham House sergeant who never fails to be present on "photographic parades."

We are all pleased to see Sergt. Donald Mowat back among us once more. Donald has done his bit and his shadow has not grown a little bit less, despite the third Battle of Ypres. We all remember, what a pair himself and Sister Wishart made when they ran the second floor. We hope Donald has come to stay this time.

## Granville Theatre.

Last Saturday night we were again entertained by another female quartet from London, who rendered excellent soprano, contralto, violin and piano solos and duets.

Monday evening two more distinguished London artists occupied the platform, Miss Helen Poppmacher, a fascinating Russian soprano, and Mr. Girton-Young, champion handbell ringer of England, who also accompanied, and sang in duo with Miss Poppmacher.

The "Beauty Spot" Company from the Palace gave an unabridged and unexpurgated performance on Wednesday afternoon, to a packed audience. The singing, specially of Kingsley's "Three Fishers" was rather above the ordinary.

In the evening "The Humoresques" again demonstrated their resourcefulness in their selections, their generosity in their encores, and the smoothness of their concerted work. Mrs. Duckett, with her vivacious songs and movements has become a great favorite with Granville audiences.

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### Death of Miss Edith Rowe.

Word has just reached us of the death in France of Miss Edith Rowe, ex-Mayoress of Exeter, well known and gratefully remembered by many Granvillians. For three months Miss Rowe and her sister served at the Granville Y.M.C.A. canteen with an earnestness and friendliness that cannot be forgotten.

As soon as the war broke out, these two sisters devoted themselves to war work. Many Canadians traveling from Plymouth to Shorncliffe have recollections of their hospitality at the Exeter Station platform. After leaving the Granville the Misses Rowe worked at Woolwich Arsenal, pushing trucks of food about in the dark hours of the night. Then, although warned of the hard life before them, they went over to France, to be with the lads at the front. And here it was that Miss Edith Rowe made the supreme sacrifice for the cause she had lived for.

We thank God for such noble women, and extend to the bereaved family our sincerest sympathy and appreciation.

F. J. H.

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Copies of "Canadian Hospital News" may be bought at Major Wilson's office and the Y.M.C.A. canteen, at the Granville; and at the "tuck-shop", at Chatham House. Copies may be mailed to the United Kingdom or Canada for One Halfpenny.

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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