

Canadian Hospital News

Official Organ of the Granville Canadian Special Hospitals

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RAMSGATE, KENT, JULY 22, 1916.

PRICE ONE CENT

EDITORIAL

On another page will be found an announcement of a competition for a cover design for our paper which has been posted on the notice boards. It is proposed to change the size from quarto to octavo. With the increasing circulation it is felt that an effort is needed not only to improve the appearance of our little journal, but to cater to a wider field. To this end we should welcome news items from our sister hospitals in the service. In our own Hospital, out of a population of a thousand men, there should be no dearth of material, for the talent is certainly there. We would bespeak your sympathetic co-operation in making our paper the success it deserves—not every "squib" may be printed—not every contribution accepted—but that should be no excuse for not sending in hundreds of good natured "hits," out of which many could be chosen. Humorous paragraphs and light prose, an occasional verse—the satire that leaves its object a smiling friend—the funny side of this greatest of world tragedies. *You who have done so wonderfully "over there"—won't you "carry on" over here? Won't you help to bring a smile to the face of your fellow-patient?*

R. W.

The Medical History of the War

By the Canadian Medical Historical Recorder

It is a very significant fact that, when only a few years ago, the most widely read paper in France, asked its readers to record their vote as to whom they considered the greatest Frenchman the choice fell, not upon Napoleon, soldier and Emperor—he was given second place—but upon Pasteur, chemist and bacteriologist, the true founder of modern medicine, with all that it has achieved for the reduction of human suffering and for the good of humanity. The greatest triumphs of this war, the noblest victories thus far achieved, have been those of the Army Medical Corps. This bold statement may come as somewhat of a surprise to the reader, but let him consider for a moment.

Take only one instance. Do you realise that with the loss during the last month of 200,000 prisoners on the Russian front, not to mention the dead and wounded, and with 100,000 and more casualties on the Italian front, the Austrian army is to-day at its last ditch with no further reserves to call upon?

In the Boer war—fifteen years ago, one man out of every nine went down with Typhoid. If he did not die he had to be invalided home. Think what a mass of casualties this would mean to the British Army of 5,000,000 to-day, and how it would tell upon its effectiveness! It would mean 500,000 and more put out of action. Those who have experienced the stagnant waters of Flanders, and the crowding of our men for long months on end in the same old camps and billets behind the front, know that the conditions favouring Typhoid have been every bit as bad as, if not worse than they were in South Africa. And yet through inoculation and the chlorination of the water, Typhoid fever has been all but banished from our Armies. In this one respect alone the Army Medical Corps has saved more men than the Prussians have put out of action.

Think, too, of the agonies of those first weeks of the

war, when through the richly-manured and therefore contaminated soil of Flanders our wounded died off by the score from those terrible conditions, Tetanus and Gas Gangrene. To-day it is rare to meet with either condition. Thanks to inoculation and surgical treatment we have learnt how to conquer these and most septic conditions, while by bringing our surgeons close behind the front line and operating at the earliest possible moment upon the graver wounds of head and abdomen, innumerable lives are being saved. Typhus, which used to be a common and most fatal war pestilence, which, but a few months ago in Serbia, extorted a frightful toll, is absolutely unknown among our troops—and that because of the care taken to suppress those "minor horrors of war," the all too common body lice, and to encourage personal cleanliness. Even so apparently secondary, but most widespread and uncomfortable a matter as ulceration of the gums and around the teeth, has been taken in hand, and we owe to one of our Canadian Medical Officers the means whereby this may be completely healed within a week, even if it has been present for months.

To be continued

The Passing Hour

DEAR OLD LADY.—"And do they give you fruit in the Hospital?"

BORED PATIENT.—Yes, —m. they give us dates on our passes."

OVERLOOKED

CHAPLAIN (praying).—"Oh, give strength to our arms."

WOUNDED ONE.—"What about my darned leg?"

INHAL(T)ATIONS

A.—"Hello, B, going in to dinner?"

B.—"No, I don't need any to-day. I've just come down the back stairs!"

MUSKETRY INSTRUCTOR.—"I told you to take a fine sight, you cross-eyed son of a sea-cook. Don't you know what a fine sight is?"

C-E-SON OF A S-C.—Yes.——A musketry-instructor's name on a tombstone!

Calm after Storm.

The cool of even when the day is done—

The slacking wind that lulls the setting sun—

Calm of the harbour after stormy seas—

Racking of torture giving place to ease.

Two rows of spotless beds, all trim and neat,

The muffled patter of the sister's feet.

Geneva's cross in eloquent display,

And battle's nightmare dimming fast away.

The shriek and crash of bullet, bomb and shell;

Black madness born of carnage, torture, hell,

Are swallowed in delicious, restful "now."

(How cool the compress on the throbbing brow!)

Blood-weary, battered, stricken in the fray,

We come at last to quietness—and day;

And, to offset the havoc of the Hun,

A still voice whispers down to us "well done."

The Day's Work

By "GROUSER"

You are but little children weak, you may not move you must not speak; and if you leave untidy beds the Sister's wrath is on your heads. You rise at seven, beds to make, and soon of breakfast you partake; but if you would indulge in mush you have to rush before the crush. Following after breakfast close, you get your noxious dose to fit you for the day—(alas! it always starts with cleaning brass). When this is done you scrub the floors and wipe around the cupboard doors (For if these duties you refuse, you're minus extras, plus the blues). You work until the grim M.O. steps in and sets you fluttering so, that when he leaves you're breathing hard—you rush out for your treatment card and find you've missed your turn for rubs, or vapour baths or icy tubs. You meet a friend, your troubles tell—he says, politely, go to—

(Remainder deleted and writer given 14 days—Ed.)

MY DEAR HERBERT—In my last I gave you my impressions of Ramsgate. Listen now to my ditto of the Granville. This morning I decided on making a tour of inspection, and in accordance with my penchant for getting to the bottom of things I started off for the basement. As I descended the stairs, strains of wild music greeted my ears, and following the same brought me to a door, which I flung open. A roomful of howling savages confronted me, doing devil-dances, leering horribly, and howling until they were black in the face. I shut the door and beat a hasty retreat from what I took to be the "bughouse ward," though I have since found out that it was only the practice room of the Granville Minstrel Troupe.

In my excitement I somehow or other burst into the Pathological Dept. No sooner had I entered the door, than a burly corporal gripped my arm and in affectionate tones implored me to let him have a quart or so of my blood for a test. I refused him gently, saying that I really had no more of the fluid than I could comfortably get along with. "Well" he said, "how about a few ounces of Spinal Fluid." He was so eager that it hurt me to refuse, but I had to do so on the grounds of conscientious objection. I then took a look around at the wonderful but incomprehensible collection of tubes and retorts and things, and finally made for the door, followed by the burly corporal, who was lovingly fingering a hypodermic syringe and entreating me to have an "anti-something injection."

Feeling relieved at escaping unscathed, I turned to the left and saw a notice—"To the Nursery." Being fond of children I thought I'd take a look at this department, but the only people I could see were three cooks, in their picturesque working uniform, who were eating bread and onions and drinking out of a pail. I enquired politely where the babies were—

Ducking cleverly to avoid the pail, I wandered along the winding passages till at last I found a flight of stone steps. My progress was arrested by the sound of a shot, and listening intently I heard a voice say—"Doubtful bull at oue o'clock—doubtful bull at one o'clock."

The strange words were a puzzle to me. I spent the rest of the morning wondering what they meant. I found out later—AT DINNER TIME! I am, my dear Herbert, as ever, KRITICOS.

I've searched for a rhyme for "The Granville"
For hours, but I've come to a standstill.

I've got—no, it's fled;

And, alas! my poor head

Is pounding away like an anvil.

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FRIDAY THE THIRTIETH

*(There are two sides to every question. Old proverb.)*ACCORDING TO THE SPECIAL CORRESPONDENT OF THE
DAILY WAIL. (Pictures, page 6.)

Ramsgate, Friday.

The refulgant rays of a glorious June sun, shed a warm lampant glow on the beautifully trimmed lawns of Chatham House where, assembled in all the kaleidescopic beauty of modern fashion the elite of Ramsgate mingled with the sterner austerity of khaki in honour of the official opening of that wonderful institution of modern medical science, the Granville Canadian Special Hospitals.

Colored flags dancing gaily in the summer breeze, strains of sweet music wafted on the same breeze and the odour of bully-beef sandwiches drifting on the same breeze again, all lent an air of gaiety, ease, languor, to the scene; until one almost thought that one was once more in the pre-war days when one had one of the best times of one's life (cheese it. Ed.)

And then suddenly your eye caught the glimpse of a blue clad figure leading sorrowfully out of the top storey window, and you realized that all this was done for the "poor dear things" who have fought and bled and er— (just so—Ed.)

Later the guests having satisfied a palatial hunger, I mean having satisfied their hunger on a palatial luncheon, adjourned to the Granville proper, where more flags, breezes and patients welcomed them in the silent stoic manner peculiar to the British race. One exciting incident occurred about this time when what was apparently an anarchist, nihilist, or some other -ist attired in a red waist-coat and without a hat came under the stern eye of the Military Police and was removed by them to a place of safety. (This goes on for two and a half paragraphs. Ed.)

ACCORDING TO PRIVATE JESSE JAMES TOUGHGUY
LATE OF MONTANA

"Say, kid, any old time you get me putting up the glad rags ——! Why I should smile. Treat you like a gol darn cayuse, work, work, work. Polishing brass, cleaning floors, scrubbing ceilings, burnishing mirrors, and why? Just to set about a jamberee, and open an all-fired hospital when the blame place has been open and running nine months. What do they take us for anyway? And then when you've got all worked up and as excited as a Mormon at a midnight prayer-meeting, gosh me an' they don't go an' corral the whole lot in the treatment rooms or on a pewky two-by-four verandah and keep you there penned up an' afraid to move as an egg-bound prairie chicken. Want you there as the scenery, see. Say, fellow, one guy I know got held up in the cold spinal douche for two and a half hours and every time anyone came in they squirted cold water at him; he got mad at last and swore he'd turn the hose on the next General that blew aroun' so they had to let him go, otherwise the poor knock-kneed-broken-winded-slit-eyed-son-of-a-chink would have been washed to death

No, siree, any old time ——!!! etc.

H.S.S.

An Old Song—Re-sung

Where, Oh! where has my ten bob gone,
Oh, where, Oh where can it be?
Its stay was so short and I'd waited so long,
Oh, where, Oh, where, can it be?
It wasn't stud-poker, or billiards, or pool,
That parted my pittance from me,
I didn't go drinking or playing the fool,
I just took a flapper to tea!

KRITICOS.

Sports and Entertainments

Our Hockey boys met the Govt. Workers on Saturday last in a fast and strenuous game, and notwithstanding a depleted team they put up a splendid fight all through, though finally succumbing to a 3 to 1 defeat. The Hockey team has a splendid record, and deserves the support of all. May we suggest that a good strong "Rooters Club" be formed to cheer the boys on their way to victory. Matches are played in the County Rink. Rally round!

The Granville Minstrels and Orchestra tripped over to Herne Bay on Tuesday. In the afternoon they played to the patients of the General Hospital, and in the evening to an audience of over 2,000 people in the Grand Pavilion. The boys excelled all previous efforts, and were given a splendid reception by the huge crowd, who demanded encore after encore. The enthusiastic cheering at the close of the show will long be remembered, and we heartily congratulate both the niggers and the musicians on their great success.

Our rifle team scored another fine success last Tuesday, by beating the V.T.C. team at Margate, with the magnificent total of 793 out of a possible 800. Only 16 points separated winners from losers. The V.T.C. entertained our boys right royally after the match.

Answers to Correspondents

LOAFER—Says that he is daily put in a trough and par-boiled, then pounded and kneaded in the massage room, and finally baked under Radiant Heat. No wonder he's crusty.

POETASTER—You say your lines are original. We think them *aboriginal*.

BAYONET—criticises thus: "Notwithstanding the wonderful artillery preparation in the recent battle, it must be admitted that the British really won ON POINTS."

CAPTAIN—Wonders what to do when a patient is marked for bed. We suggest undressing him for a start.

SCHOLASTIC—You may be right in saying that children should not be drilled at school—but we believe in "infantry" drill.

SIGNALLER—Consider yourself squashed.

WEDDING BELLS—Pte. E. A. Swain, so well known to Granvillians for his genial camaraderie, was married at St. George's Church, on Wednesday last, to Miss Laker of Ramsgate. Our very best wishes to the happy couple!

For the best four designs for the cover of the new form of our paper—one prize of ten shillings, one of five shillings, and two of two shillings and sixpence—are offered. Size of cover, 6 in. x 8½ in

EDITOR,—CANADIAN HOSPITAL NEWS.—It is noted that under the title of "Signaller" in "Answers to Correspondence" in your last issue, the question is asked, "Why the Canadian Flag was not flown outside Chatham House?"

For his information I desire to say that only one Canadian Ensign was available, and this one flag collected some one hundred and fifty dollars for Canadian prisoners in Germany. Was it not doing more good in this service than haunting idly in the breeze? Perhaps when "Signaller" is a prisoner in Germany he will concur.

BASIL BAKER, CAPT.

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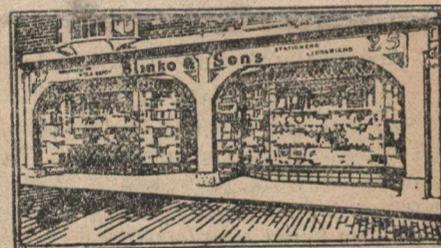
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