

# Canadian Hospital News

Official Organ of the Granville Canadian Special Hospitals

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PRICE ONE CENT

## EDITORIAL

A hospital paper caters to a special audience; an audience of men who have tasted the horrors of war—men who have suffered the dangers and discomforts of life at the front, and are now recovering from injuries sustained there. We feel that a hospital paper may materially help the work of the hospital by administering to these men a certain modicum of that wonderful tonic, Humour. That the merry jest has a great influence upon us nobody can deny, and we all especially appreciate the jest which has a bearing on the people and places with which the reader is in immediate contact.

Bearing these things in mind, we invite the Laughter-makers to gather round and assist in the good work. There must be many such among the Ramsgate Canadians, and we want them to help us in our endeavours to provide a few mirthful moments for the comrades who are seeking health, rest and laughter.

Contributions to the Hospital News are invited; they may be sent either addressed to the Editor, or placed in the boxes provided at Granville or Chatham Annex, or handed to Pte. C. H. Dodwell, Ward 2, Granville Hospital.

## SHELL SHOCK PROVERBS

A bird in the hand's worth a case of tinned chicken.  
One drill doesn't make a soldier.  
Khaki covers a multitude of sins.  
Once bitten—try Keatings.  
The early bird pinches the custard.  
A stitch in time, save a crime.  
Two's company, three's a fatigue party.  
A Miss is as good as a smile.

H. S. S.

## ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

ENQUIRER—No. We had not heard that the rookery at Chatham House was in danger of extinction owing to the increase of chicken-diets.

INTERESTED—Your evidence does not prove that the Palace and Y.M.C.A. are under the same management.

CONSTANT READER—The gallant Capt. is not responsible for the twice weekly entertainments of the lady in brown.

A.E.G.—He may have a Government Contract, but because he collects all the butts in front of the Granville each morning doesn't necessarily mean so!

MORBID—You complain that nobody loves you! How long have you been in Ramsgate, anyway?

FINANCIAL—We cannot advise you to invest in the "Patients Detachable Blue-Armlet Co." A police sergts. name on the prospectus does not necessarily mean it is sound.

## Contributions and Acknowledgments

### SONG OF THE FIGHTERS

This is the song of the fellows who fight  
Fight for the Motherland, freedom and right.  
Fight for the victims of barbarous Huns,  
Fight in the trenches and fight at the guns.

Boys from Australia, boys from the West,  
Boys from New Zealand, and India's best.  
Englishmen, Irishmen, Welshman and Scot,  
This is the song of the whole fighting lot.

Fight! When the bullets are screaming around.  
Fight when your comrades are biting the ground.  
Fight! when the enemy makes his attack.  
Fight when his masses are driving you back.

Fight when you feel that the last hope has fled,  
Fight when the Captain and Sergeant are dead.  
Fight when you're wounded, alone in the night;  
And when you feel yourself stiffening, Fight!

C.H.D.

My Dear Herbert.—

You will see by the above address that I am now recuperating in the salubrious village of Ramsgate. In ordinary times the place is the resort of vast crowds of the semi-washed from town and city, who journey here to enjoy the ozone, shrimps, niggers, and Ramsgate Rock, (for which the place is justly famous), to convert the blue-and-briny into an impromptu footbath, and to enhance the bank-rolls of the local tradesmen. We, my dear Herbert, are endeavouring to take their place! Ramsgate is principally inhabited by G. M. P's, flappers, and longshoremen.

The first I need not describe,—you know them only too well. The flappers are in amazing numbers and of all varieties—fat, fairy-like, freezing, friendly, frolicsome, fatuous—every known variety, including the prim prom flipper with the "how-dare-you-sir-but-try-again" air. Most interesting of all are the longshoremen. They are a race apart, and spend the fleeting hours leaning over the rails and gazing with intense absorption into the waters of the inner harbour. Only once have I known one of them to break the sphinx-like silence they preserve. He shook his head for seven minutes (by my trusty Ingersoll) spat reflectively, shifted his quid, and murmured "D—m the war" Evidently longshoremen have *some* feelings in common with the rest of us! The hospital itself is top-hole, although (how the horrors of war follow one!) it is only two minutes from the Plains of Waterloo. It used to be an hotel, and even yet one can see the legend "wholesale wines and liqueurs," reminding us of (alas!) departed glories. They feed us very well, too! Last evening the supper-dish was 'oysters on the half shell'. The patient next to me (he hailed from Brandon) devoured a large quantity, *shells and all*. I understand he has since developed acute symptoms of *shell shock*.

Am doing splendidly, and begin to feel quite fit to go back—to Canada.

As ever, my dear Herbert,

KRITICOS.



## THE WARD SERGEANT.

By A Patient.

"Speaking of Ward-Sergeants," said the tired and weary one, who had not yet attained the power and glory of khaki, "he's a conundrum." Just clean his buttons, polish his boots, and make yourself generally useful, and you are an angel; even stout may come your way. But leave your bed untidy or drop a match on the floor, and the air immediately assumes a luminous blue, and your chances of khaki or extras dwindle to nothing. Where the Ward-sergeant really shines is as a living encyclopedia. There are few questions he cannot answer, and he will even bet as to whether you get your pass or not, which is taking a big chance these days.

Observe him on inspections, with flushed face and trembling visibly, chasing here and there adjusting a locker, or bestowing a friendly curse on some poor unfortunate, who has not tidied his locker or straightened his devotional books. Oh! Those lockers! When some of the patients die "LOCKERS" will be found engraved on their hearts!

As the fatal inspection hour approaches, he despatches scouts to ascertain the approach of the O.C., whether he is in a genial humour, and what he is specializing in this week. By this time the W.S. is a mental wreck, and one poor Nerve Case, who is forcibly remonstrated with for sitting on his bed, starts doing the jelly crawl and is with difficulty restrained from Hysteria. A slight commotion and the sound of feet at length reaches the ears of the W.S., who immediately "shuns" and assumes an air of angelic innocence. If things pass muster he is an angel for the rest of the day, and this is the time to wheedle out of him anything you may happen to want;—but do it carefully; for he is the potentate who holds dominion over khaki, passes, and extras. (By the way, a small Bass often helps in these little matters.) Sometimes he makes you a promise, and is occasionally known to keep it.

At other times it is a dangerous matter to approach him, so beware!

To sum up, he's not such a bad fellow after all, for like the old hoss, "he has his good points." Good luck to him!

U. N. O.

## WE WONDER:—

—who the patient is who tried to make a date with the statute in front of the Palace Theatre.

—if Shorty Bruce will take a donkey-ride on the sands?  
—We'll pay!

—if the man who goes out of bounds is a "bounder."

—which of our M.P.'s tried to arrest one of the stone lions in front of the Granville the other night.

—if the second-floor man really needs all that powder to keep his chin warm.

—how the member of the staff felt, after having taken the trouble to "wear out" the seat of his trows, when the Q.M.S. refused to give him a new pair. Does he enjoy wearing his overcoat these warm days?

—why the patient went to the carpenter's shop to get his board.

—who closed the blinds "To keep out the Zeppelins?"

—why the fiery charger wouldn't carry our gallant Captain the way he wanted to go on the Pegwell Road a few days ago.

Chinaman's description of a Granville Ambulance.  
"No pushee—no pullee—but goes like hellee."

## ORDERLY'S LAMENT.

When first I joined the Medical Corps  
To tend our wounded horde,  
I dreamed of healing their wounds so sore;  
But I find the job's a fraud.  
We dont "breathe words of comfort" to  
The heroes battered and bored,  
But morning to eve, the whole day through,  
We polish the floor o' the ward.  
We starts at reveille with broom and brush,  
To sweep the floor o' the ward;  
Starts at the double and ends with a rush  
To scrub the floor o' the ward.  
The Matron comes, and the Officer comes,  
Inspecting the floor o' the ward,  
The sick heroes scatter their ashes and crumbs  
All over the floor o' the ward!  
We works like fiends till it shines like silk.  
And mirrors the whole o' the ward;  
Then somebody drops a bucket o' milk,  
And soaks the floor o' the ward!  
We dare'nt swear so we sweats like mutes  
A—swabbing the floor o' the ward,  
The heroes dance in their 'ob-nailed boots  
Improving the floor o' the ward.  
We swings the rubber and bashes the paint  
Around the floor o' the ward,  
Then Sister comes and asks why we 'aint  
Got through with the floor o' the ward!  
Oh! Take me out of the Medical Corps,  
Gimme a gun and a sword:  
Let me wallow in rivers o' gore,  
And d—— the floor o' the war!!!

KRITICOS.

## The Passing Hour

ELDERLY LADY—"And do the patients die often in hospital?"

GRANVILLE PATIENT—"Oh no, ma'm—only once!"

A SONG RE-SUNG—"Who are these that are arrayed in white robes?"

ANOTHER—"Ye'll tak the West Cliff an I'll tak the East.  
An I'll be in Granville afore ye.

AT "TRADESMEN'S ENTRANCE."

PRIVATE—"Scuse me, please, b-but has (hic!) Private S—h come in yet?"

M.P.—"Yes, some rime ago."

PRIVATE—"W-w-was I with him?"

NEWS HEADING—"GERMAN OFFENSIVE"  
—— they always are!!

FIRST RECRUIT—"What do you think of the Major, Bill?"

SECOND RECRUIT—"E's a changeable kind o' bloke. Last night I says to 'im, 'Oo goes there?' An' 'e says, 'Friend!' An' today 'e 'ardly knows me!"

Remarks overheard by a Ramsgate flapper during a walk on the prom.

OLD GENTLEMAN—"Pretty child."

OLD LADY—"Pert minx!"

KNUT—"Ripping, charmer!"

ANOTHER FLAPPER—"Forward cat!"

CANADIAN SOLDIER—"Some chicken!"

ENGLISH TOMMY—"Tray Bong!"

HIGHLANDER—"Braw Lassie!"



**Sports and Entertainments**

Chatham House hockey men had the Margate team as their opponents last Thursday, and registered their first defeat. The Margate men had things their own way in the first half, scoring three goals, but a fine rally by our boys, who found the net three times in three minutes, put us level. A penalty goal gave Margate the game with the score 4 to 3.

After losing their first game in a series of 51 played, the Hockey men are on their mettle for the match with the Ramsgate Govt. Workers, to be played on Saturday, June 24, 8.30 p.m., at the County Rink. Their record is a splendid one—250 goals to 60 in 50 games! The Officers at Chatham House are presenting the team with a set of new sweaters in appreciation of their good work.

Everybody is looking forward to the big Sports Day on July 1st. Many of our men are training for various events, and we look for several of their names to appear on the list of prize winners.

**CRICKET**—Granville v. Ramsgate Govt. Workers. Our boys were beaten by 78 runs to 54.

**GRANVILLE RIFLE CLUB**—Last Saturday's match with the R.G.A. resulted in a win for the Granville Canadians by a margin of 48 points. Fine individual scores were made by Ptes. Smith and Macdonald, who each scored 76 points out of 80.

The 9th match in the competition for Gen. Sir. Charles Warren's Shield, was won by the Granville Canadians with the fine score of 601 points

Our fellows are shewing great improvement, and the two teams are now "level pegging." The final and decisive match is to be shot on Tuesday next.

Capt. Bray has kindly given 3 prizes for the weekly open competition. Conditions, 5 shots, open sights; 5 shots, peep sights.

The Col. Watt Cup competition will be shot off on Wednesday. Captains of teams must send in team-lists not later than Tuesday.

Last Thursday saw the "Rouge et Noir Party," of Margate, playing to a crowded house at the Granville. The programme was voted excellent, each turn being of a high order. Specially pleasing were the concerted items, "The Tea Shop" and "Tulip time in Holland," while the duet and solo members were all of a high standard. Our thanks and congratulations are extended to the party.

The Sunshine Revue Coy. played to the Granvillians on Friday, and they certainly succeeded brightening things up with their sunshine and song.

Our old friends, "The Briefs" Concert Party, have re-organised again, and received a hearty welcome on their re-appearance at the Granville. Many of the men remember their concerts of some months ago, and all agreed that Monday's performance was quite up to the old standard. Miss Jessie Wood and Miss Wiggington sang as joyously as ever, while Messrs. Moncrieff and Anderson pleased the boys immensely.

**RIFLE SHOOTING.**—Canadian Officers v. Officers of the R.N. This match resulted in a win for "our" officers by a margin of 28 points.

Wednesday's concert was given by Mr. Miller and his popular party. Miss Sybil Smith danced pretty, and Mr. M. Price gave some excellent recitations. The whole programme was much appreciated by the boys.

Mr. Boyland's Party entertained us in splendid style on Thursday. The talented party were assisted by Capt. Pequenat and Pte. Brown, "our" Scotch comedian.

**GIFTS**—MEAT MINCER—From His Worship the Mayor of Ramsgate.

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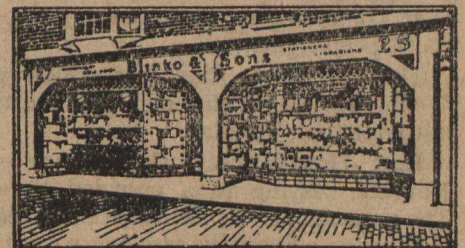
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