

# Canadian Hospital News

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PRICE ONE CENT

## EDITORIAL

COMPETITION.—The competition for the Cover Design of this paper has proved very popular, and many excellent designs have been submitted. Owing to pressure of other work, and the changes that necessarily occur in a hospital, we have been delayed in this work. Many otherwise excellent sketches have been unavailable because of the limitations of reproduction in press work. On the whole, it has been very successful, and those competing are to be congratulated on the excellence of the work.

Prizes are awarded as follows:—1st—Corpl. A. G. Clarke, 6220315; 2nd—Sergt. A. J. Dive, Chatham Annex; 3rd—Pte. A. Stanley, 926, 8th Batt.; 4th—Corp. Oliver, (A. D. M.S., Canadians, London Area). If the winners will call at Major Wilson's office, they will be presented with the amount of the prize.

## The Medical History of the War

By the Canadian Medical Historical Recorder  
Lt-Col. J. G. Adami, A.D.M.S., Canadian Army Medical Service

(continued)

It is scarce necessary to recount to the patients at the Granville Canadian Special Hospital what the Army Medical Service has accomplished and is accomplishing during this war, or to recall the whole marvellous organisation, stretching from the trenches back through the Lines of Communication and the Base Hospitals to Ramsgate, and the eventual Convalescent Hospital: to point out the conquest of infectious disease, whereby Typhoid, Tetanus and other conditions have been practically banished, the marvels of war surgery, the cleanliness and consequent prevention of diseases, enforced by the Sanitary Sections. All these are matters of as familiar knowledge to those who have "done their bit" as are the doings of their own unit.

Are these triumphs to pass unrecorded? Are not the advances achieved by medicine during this war as fraught with good to future generations as any territorial aggrandisement; or, if we British peoples are not seeking for territorial gain, but to preserve the world from an intolerable despotism, is not the story of the conquest of disease in our ranks as worthy of record as that of the simultaneous conquest of that disease politic, the Hun, outside them?

It is not a little remarkable that of all the many wars waged by Britain during the last century there has not been written, either officially or unofficially, a single medical history worth the name. This accusation is not to be preferred against the authorities regarding this, the greatest of world wars.

Eighteen months ago the War Office appointed a Committee to collect material and prepare such a history. Almost simultaneously the Dominion Government determined that material should be collected for a history of the C.A.M.C. and its activities. Naturally, this would not be upon the same imposing scale as the former work. It will, however, preserve for the people of Canada the story of a band of men who have given up much and have accomplished much for Canada. It will record the deeds of the regimental Medical Officers and Field Ambulances at the front, and describe the very remarkable organisation and work of the units upon the Lines of Communication and at the Base, the Casualty-Clearing Stations, General

and Stationary Hospitals in France, Egypt and Salonica, the General, Special and Convalescent Hospitals in England, and it will dwell upon the medical advances inaugurated in our Hospitals, laboratories and sanitary sections. Nor will the work of one most important part of the medical personnel be forgotten—the Nursing Sisters, who occupy in the Canadian Army a unique position as compared with the nurses in the other allied forces; they alone are Officers in the medical corps.

The material is there: it rests with the Medical Historical Recorder to rise to the occasion.

J. G. A.

## Here beginneth the narrative of:

THE OFFICER WHO WAS ORDERLY

And in the sixth year of the reign of George, first-born of Edward, called the "Peacemaker," came certain of a tribe called Canadian, and established a refuge for those heroes who were maimed in the great war; upon the country where the great sea comes close to the shore:

And the chiefs of the tribe selected as Head of their sanctuary, one who was learned in Physic and the Laws of the Combat, and his authority was great in the sanctuary, because he was beloved of the afflicted, and respected by those who ministered to them:

Inasmuch as his days were full of labour he caused to be appointed each week from among his Prophets one who was called Orderly, and this man for a space of seven days and seven nights, was exalted of men: He was allowed to wear his helmet and carry a staff, and receive homage so that even the stars were not more numerous than the respects which were paid to him:

And it came to pass, in the first watch of the morning while it was yet night, and the Officer who was Orderly slept, behold there appeared at the door of his chamber one who was resplendent in new raiment. His buttons shone as the stars, and his buckles as the sun in far Canada:

And he led the Officer who was Orderly to the halls where feasted the men-at-arms, to the dungeons, to the baths, and to the battlements, to the chambers of those who slept in the midst of quiet, and to the halls where men rested, wherein the air was even as a fog at sea and there was a babel of many voices.

And he of the buttons led the Officer who was Orderly up countless stairs, through passages and chambers, ever shouting as if in the market place, "Zhunawdleorfzer;" and so great was his authority that even the music of feasting was stilled at his word:

And it came to pass that when the Officer who was Orderly was wearied unto death, with seeing things in the heavens above and in the regions under the earth, he returned to his chamber. For his legs ached mightily from much climbing, and his arms from much saluting:

And about the tenth hour of the night he of the buttons appeareth again at the door of the chamber wherein rested the Officer who was Orderly, and said that one possessed of a Devil had arrived in the camp, and the Officer who was Orderly saw that because of Evil Spirits which were within him, this man wot not of what he said nor yet of his surroundings; but talked boastfully of his doings; so he he commanded that he be led forthwith to the dungeon and that he be watched over by the Captain of the Guard.

And the Officer who was Orderly slept again in his chamber.

W.W.P.

## Among the Microbes

Thinking a few notes upon the Pathological Dept. might be of interest to readers, I recently went down and interviewed my friend the burly corporal in charge. As I entered he was seated at a table deep in some abstract calculation, and without looking up he asked "Name?" I gave it. "Was a man"? He questioned. Now I objected to this, and asked him what right he had to think that I had severed my connection with Genus Homo—gender masculine. This brought him to, and he assured me that he had merely mentioned the name of a pet treatment of his. I told him I was after copy for the paper, and he proceeded to show me round and expatiate upon the work of the department.

Being dense and short of memory I have got things mixed slightly, but here are my impressions of what I saw and heard. Take them for what they are worth.

The first thing that caught my eye was a still. Water is placed in one side, boiled, cooled again, and comes out the other side—just water! Deplorable waste of energy, it seemed to me. It might come out, well,—but it isn't that kind of still.

Nearby was an affair like a Jack Johnson shell. I don't know what it was for, but it cost twenty five pounds, so it must be very important.

The burly corporal then explained the art of blood testing. The patient is tapped and some of his vital fluid drawn off. Then they fish in the pool till they hook a microbe, and by examining him carefully they can tell whether the patient has measles or dyspepsia. Mr. Microbe is then frozen to death and pickled in saline, brine, or salted water, and when well salted he is pumped back into the patient. The other microbes (cannibals all) consume him, and consequently die of thirst, the patient thus being cured by a hair of the dog that bit him.

I was then shewn a culture of germs—almost as horrible as the Kultur of Germ—ans we so often read about—millions of the little beggars in a glass tube, all bursting to get inside of somebody and raise Kane with his internal arrangements.

"Now," said the burly corporal, "I will show you how we give healthful injections. Take off your tunic." "Time I left," said I, "Good-bye," and I never stopped till I was safe in my quarters. KRITICOS.

## Anaesthetic

Breathe! Breathe deeply!"  
My heaving lungs, scorched with the sickening fumes  
Mutiny: whilst the white-clad figures draw  
To a dim perspective; still a quiet voice  
Reiterates, "Breath deeply—count with me,  
One, two, three, four, five—"  
See! the rooms dancing in madness  
I fall!  
Falling—miles, miles, millions of miles:  
God! what a crash when I strike the rocks.  
Swifter yet! Down—down—dow—

\* \* \* \* \*

"One more kiss, lass, come!  
What a damned row those guns are making!  
Get off my leg will you, I—who's speaking?  
What's all over? Oh! How sick I feel!  
Who's that?—Sister? Yes, I'll go to sleep.  
I'm tired, I—I feel much better, thanks."

H. S. S.

We should like to know who posted the "Do Actresses Make Good Wives" bill at the canteen. Is he thinking of—?

## Twenty Years Old Scotch Whisky

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## A Losing Game

*Scene—Barrack Square.*

A peppery Drill-Sergeant training an awkward squad.

"Shun! Quick march! Lift—right—lift—right. HALT! There, you camel-backed lop-eared numbskulls, you've lost your step, lost your heads, lost your dressing, and I've lost my temper. Talking about losing, when I was a boy I had a set of wooden soldiers. One day I lost them, and I remember my mother saying, 'Never mind, you'll find them again some day, sure'—and by Hector, SHE WAS RIGHT. Now then, Quick—MARCH! SERGT. C.

## Did Shakespere Know The Granville

"Classicus" our mad poet, raises the above question and quotes as follows to support the contention.

THE O. C!—"What's in a name?"—Rom. and Jul.

THE SURGEON—"I am armed and well prepared."—  
Merch. of Venice.

THE PHYSICIAN—"But at his touch they presently amend."—Macbeth.

THE REGISTRAR—"I pray, let them be admitted."—  
Tim. of Athens.

THE DISPENSARY—"I do remember an Apothecary  
And hereabouts he dwells."—

Rom. and Jul.

CORP. X.—"If such a one be fit to govern, speak."—  
Macbeth.

CAPT. Y.—"That in the Captain's but a choleric word  
Which in the soldier is rank blasphemy."—

Meas. for Meas.

SERG. Z.—Why man, he doth bestride the narrow world  
like a Colossus.—Jul. Caesar.

THE CHAPLAIN.—"Say to all the world This was a  
MAN."—Jul. Caesar.

PATHOLOGICAL DEPT.

"Eye of newt and toe of frog,  
Wool of bat and tongue of dog;  
Now for a charm of powerful trouble  
Fire, burn, and cauldron, bubble."—Macbeth.

KRITICOS.

## A Kick

Did you ever meet a man who had nothing to kick about? I never did. Rumour says there was a man once in hospital in France who never kicked—but when I made enquiries I found he was deaf, dumb and blind, so the poor son-of-a-gun couldn't register a kick anyway, and I'm still open to bet he had some.

There's a big kick coming right here. Any day you can walk into the recreation room and see half-a-hundred fellows lolling in deck chairs, smoking, missing the cuspidors, kicking at everything in general, grumbling at the weather, the hospital, and grousing at this—our paper.

Any day you may hear the clack of billiard balls as you traverse the passage. "Nothing in the darned paper" they say—and the lazy galoots haven't the horse-sense to see that it's up to them to get busy and put something in it. Of course we know that everybody can't write, but surely to goodness there are occasional brains among the crowd capable of putting pen to paper now and then.

Hop to it, you lazy blighters; polish up your rusty old brains; sharpen your pencil and your wits; start kicking uphill instead of down—and if you want a good paper write something to put in it.

Hand your brain-storms to Pte. Dodwell, Ward 1, Granville—and he'll bless you for ever and a day.

## Granville Breezes

Who was the N.C.O. who thought taxi's were Jitney's, and had to pay five bob for what he thought was a five-cent ride?

If Adam and Eve were in Ramsgate now, would they catch the craze and substitute the Maple for the Fig?

Is the baker's complexion the Bloom of Beauty or the Flour of Perfection?

The Front-door Policeman gratefully acknowledges receipt of one penny—conscience money.

Old stationary, obsolete Army forms, etc., collected at the police office.

Does advertising pay? Have you used Cyclax?

Who said he hadn't been made corporal because he "Hadn't had enough experience with the CORPSE."

Who is the M.P. who slams the gate so hard at night that a shell-shock patient on the second floor jumps out of bed and tries to bayonet his chum with the broom?

Can anybody tell us the exact stipulations regarding moustaches, lip-moss, or facial fungi, as laid down by the K. R. and R.?

Mr. Haverley is still waiting for our late contributor to start devouring the canteen forms.

## The Evening Hymn

*Of a sworn Woman Hater after visiting Ramsgate  
for the week-end.*

Couples, couples everywhere, in varying attitudes,  
With ceaseless osculations of ten different magnitudes,  
Gloating in their joyousness to untold altitudes.

Couples, couples everywhere, a-billing and a-cooing,  
Who shock my pristine modesty with other things  
they're doing.

Till, (tho' a sworn bachelor) I wish I too were wooing.

Couples, couples everywhere, on bench or beach or walking,  
Disturbing twilight's silence with their chattering and  
talking,

Despairingly I—Look at that! that ankle's simply corking!

Couples, couples everywhere, and I who once was sadly,  
Have joined my wiser brethren, so behave, well—rather  
madly.

And Dulcinea (you see I'm shy) initiates me, gladly.

H. S. S.

## Gala Day

Beautiful warm sunshine—real "English Summer" weather—put the crowning touch to the enjoyment of yesterday's big Canadian Gala Day. The Park was thronged with a crowd of some 3,000 odd, all in holiday attire and obviously out for a good time—which they certainly had, everybody voting the day a huge success. The band of the 90th Batt. C. E. F., the Municipal Orchestra, The "Pantoeites" Concert Party, and last but by no means the least, the Granville Clowns, all contributed to the fun and entertainment of the visitors, while the dancing on the lawn attracted large crowds, and was, perhaps, the most popular feature of all.

### ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS

Winnipeg Grain Survey Board, 15 dols; Misses Rowe, Loma-Loma, Essex, £2 2s.; Mrs. Ingleby, Westwood, Broadstairs, 2 doz. Officers tea-tray clothes; Winnipeg Daughters of Empire, "Red Cross Chapter"; 50 dols.; Winnipeg Womens Medical Auxillary, 209 dols. 50 cts.

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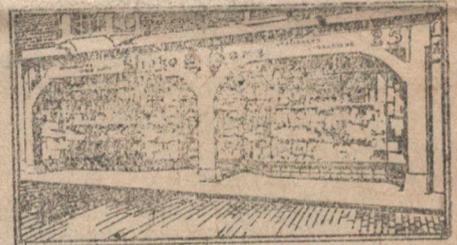
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