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CANADIAN HOSPITAL

NEWS

VOL. 2.

OCTOBER 14, 1916

No. 13

In No Man's Land.

In No Man's land wave here and there the petaled flare
of poppy hue,
A comrade true, though fragile-fair
As those who, yielding all of heart's own crimson rare
fare forth— ah pray!
The gentler way of poppy breath.

And this dear flow'r, than all the world's full-fragrant bloom
doth love to weave
A ruddy wreath on nature's loom
For frenzied fervid earth's forlorn and troubled tomb
in No Man's land—
Where sleep our noblest brave in death.

EDITORIAL

Does one often stop to think how literally and absolutely true is the familiar phrase "No Man's Land"—the long and tortuous strip of earth which has the unique distinction of being entirely without personal or national ownership? Yet it harbours the weirdest and most varied crop of man's sowing. Shell holes, mine craters, splintered trees, torn shrubbery and finally the broken and tattered grain of a happier day's sowing.

Just two things seem to live and flourish in this unrelenting land; one a mighty writhing monster—mayhap the reincarnation of a glorious saurian of pre-historic days when all the earth was no man's land because there wasn't any man!—the other a simple faced and friendly little crimson flower. Yes, the "Tank" and the poppy live and flourish together.

In many a letter is there mention of the little red poppy which dots the disfigured landscape with its friendly small face. Many an envelope goes homeward the world over, rich with its content of word and token—a ruby blossom picked from the inhospitable strip of sod before the trench.

Many a lonely lad has fond soothing uplift in contemplation of this little friend.

To The Grafters

The Boche is a creature whose virtues are few,
His crimes are too many to tell.
He plotted and labored thro' long years of peace
To turn half the world into hell.
He butchers brave Belgians; he scuttles good ships;
He bombs British babies in bed.
In short, for his manners and morals and case
There's not very much to be said.

There's this much at least: he is true to his flag,
And steadfastly helps it to win.
There's one slimy breed doesn't thrive in his land,
(Or else we would be in Berlin!)

The scoundrel who preys on his country's distress,
The renegade, crocodile-souled,
Who looks on her need as his heaven-sent chance
For stuffing his pockets with gold.

We know him of old by the rifle that jams,
The boots that curl up on our feet,
The khaki that's shoddy, the misfires and duds,
The tins of pestiferous meat.
He isn't too common—thank heaven for that—
For England fights now with a will.
(The "nation of shopkeepers" knows what is due
To men who are guarding the till.)

In Hunland, the traitor, when caught in the act,
Would stand with his back to a wall,
And twelve sturdy soldiers would joyfully aim
To riddle his body with ball.
Our customs are milder; the grafter escapes,
His pocket, at most, suffers loss.
But might we not justly compel him to wear
Forever, the Hun—Iron—Cross

Pte. E. G. McDougall.

P.P.C.L.I.

Imaginary Interviews

THE HALL POLICEMAN

Yes, Sir, I looks after the Hospital. A big responsibility you say, Sir? Well yes it is; but taking them on the whole they are not a bad lot. I looks after them well too. When I sees a lady going past with some fruit or flowers, I ses, "Here you are mum!! The Boneyard is on the thlrd floor." Then I keeps a sharp look—out for Zeppelins and report them to the Examining Room. They never comes here now, Sir. The last one that came we put on Galvanism, Massage, Turkish Baths and Physical Jerks; it went right, off Sir and didn't wait for its treatment slip.

Yes, Sir! We get celebrities. I was here when the King of Portugal and Sir Sam Hughes came. The King was a bit stand-offish, but Sir Sam ses, "Hello, Old Sport! How are all the boys?" "Tickled to death to see you, Sir," says I.

Then we get the Palace girls; I like them best. They come and hold my hand and ask me to let them go in without a pass. Oh no, Sir!! Of course I never does.

You wouldn't believe it, Sir, but the staff don't appreciate me. They ses my duties is only to salute all officers and make the patients go out by the back door. They don't know how I looks after them. Last week a bobby came to arrest the orderly officer for showing lights at night. I sent him down to the basement and it was two days before he could find his way out again, and then he got run in for being absent from duty.

No, Sir. You don't need a pass. Go right in.— Thank you, Sir.

"DRUB"

Will "Drub" kindly disclose his identity to the News Editor? We should like to have more of his work.

A Distinguished Patient.

Among this week's arrivals at the Granville is Major Hamilton Gault, D. S. O. the founder, second in command, and hero of the Princess Patricia's C. L. I. Major Gault, who has been honored with the Russian Order of St. Vladimir, went to France with the Pats. in December, 1914, and has since then been wounded three times, at St. Eloi, the second battle of Ypres, and at Hooge in June, when he lost his leg. It has been a great pleasure for the wounded Pats at Granville to meet their old commander again.

Granville "Nuts" Football Team.



(Official photograph)

(Standing)—Corp. DuCros (Sec.), Pte. Hays, Pte. Campbell, Pte. Willis.
 (Sitting)—Pte. Brade, Pte. Menzies, Pte. Sharpe.
 (Squatting)—Pte. Berritt, Corp. Longworth, Sgt. Towler, Corp. Gibbs, Pte. Thompson.

Euclid in the Army.

A Dug-out is that which, if inhabited by any given number of men, contain rooms for less than half that number.

An Adjutant is that which has no heart nor gratitude.

Any two whiz-bangs together will cause a new comer to duck.

Any number of army biscuits are together worth less than a sound tooth.

A Major has the shortest temper between two meals.

No one may wear more than one gas helmet on the same head.

Sergeants who swear in the same manner are equal to one another. Y.

Haig's "Tanks" and Job's Leviathan.

In his immortal stories of the British Tanks, which will rank with Captain Bairnsfather's "Fragments from France" as the finest humors of the war, Mr. Philip Gibbs has more than once referred to the new armoured monster as Behemoth or Leviathan. Certainly the rhetorical description of Leviathan in the 41st chapter of Job is a remarkable anticipation of the New Terror. The following verses are particularly à propos :

His bones are as strong pieces of brass ; his bones are like bars of iron.

Who can open the doors of his face ? his teeth are terrible round about.

His scales are his pride, shut up together as with a close seal.

They are joined one to another, they stick together, that they cannot be sundered.

Out of his mouth go burning lamps, and sparks of fire leap out.

Out of his nostrils goeth smoke, as out of a seething pot or caldron.

The flakes of his flesh are joined together: they are firm in themselves ; they cannot be moved.

His heart is as firm as a stone ; yea, as hard as a piece of the nether millstone.

When he raiseth up himself, the mighty are afraid : by reason of breakings they purify themselves.

He esteemeth iron as straw, and brass as rotten wood.

The arrow cannot make him flee : sling stones are turned with him into stubble.

Sharp stones are under him : he spreadeth sharp pointed things upon the mire.

He maketh a path to shine after him ; upon earth there is not is like.

He beholdeth all high things : he is a king over all the children of pride.

"Little Fritzie went to war ;
John Bull shot off a five point four :
When he'd registered the hits,
John Bull picked up the bits of Fritz." —Y.

That Enfield Zepp.

When a Chatham House man, with the tune of "Back Home in Tennessee" still running in his head from the previous night's concert, read in the morning paper the thrilling story of the destruction of the super-Zepp at Enfield, the following rhapsody at once flowed forth.

Back home in Germany
 Thou Zepp wilt never be ;
 Though on his bended knee,
 Count Zeppelin prayed for thee.
 All folks could think of that night,
 Were the searchlights flashing bright.
 Shells were crashing, bombs were smashing,
 All the sky alight.
 The people at their doors,
 Were shouting out encores.
 Our airmen brought it low,
 And crowds began to flow.
 Yes, they were right there to greet it,
 Just imagine how the'd greet it ;
 When it came down, when it came down,
 To its doom by London Town.

The Indispensable Elements.

MILITARY HOSPITAL : Red Cross, Red Tape, Red Ties.

WEEKLY INSPECTION : C. O.—" See Here "—C. B.

TREATMENT : Cards, Tickets, Slips.

EXAMINATION : Waiting, Wrenching, Writing.

BED-MAKING : Rectangularity, Perpendicularity, Particularity.

PAY-PARADE ; Protraction, Subtraction, Dissatisfaction.

MASSAGE : Talcum, Ticklin', Ticket.

DINING-ROOM : Push, Crush, Fish.

GRANVILLE ENTERTAINMENTS : Encore—" Three good Canadian Cheers"—God Save the King.

KEYSTONE COMEDIES : Chase, Police, Embrace.

GERMAN COMMUNIQUEs : " Violent artillery preparation.....
 fruitless hostile attacks.....enemy occupied unimportant
 positions "

Granville Breezes

Who is the Sister who finds it necessary to wear rubber gloves in making beds ?

Heard at the foot of the hall stairway,--

New Patient : "Can you tell me where the second floor is, please ?"

Orderly : "Sure, two stairs up."

Who was the hard-hearing Ward-Sergeant who forgot to put up his ear trumpet when asked if he would have a drink ?

Who were the chemie-tailed Sergeants who had to turn out the other night and drive in tent pegs, when Granville Breezes proved to much for the new marquees ?

Who is the Granville S. M. who offers up the morning prayer, "O Lord, be gracious unto the massage sisters, and take from them, I beseech thee, their strength this day !" ?

Has our popular Granville Staff Sergeant had his morning paper returned yet ?

Why tantalise us by announcements in orders of late char-à-banc service to Margate Hippodrome, returning 10.45 *p.m.* ?

War Time Musings

By "P.P."

There are now between 5,000,000 and 6,000,000 prisoners in the prison camps of the European nations at war, double the number of men engaged in any previous war in history. One is reminded of the exclamation of a Japanese officer, on hearing of Hindenburg's huge haul of Russian prisoners after his early victory at Tannenberg. "Why, you don't call this a war! It's an emigration!"

In a speech the other day Sir William Robertson, Chief of the General Staff, said, "Whenever I get rather run down, I always go over to the Front" Some of us have found though that even the Front is a place where one sometimes gets run down.

The action of the War Office in cutting up the several miles of wire salvaged from the wreck of the L 21 and selling them as Zeppelin souvenirs in aid of funds for wounded soldiers, displays both thriftiness and a sense of humour. Besides it is rather "stringing out" the humiliation for Fritz.

We quite anticipate someone will propose a Tag Day now, in aid of American business interests damaged by the new U-boat outrages in New England waters.

Granville Theatre.

Last Friday night our good friend Mr. H. S. Boyland from Pegwell Bay provided another enjoyable evening for Granville Canadians. Mr. Boyland is particularly happy in his choice of lady soloists for his programmes, and Miss King's vivacious songs were especially well received. Lieut Simpson, R.N.R. got ashore in time to contribute his breezy personality and monologues to the latter part of the programme.

"The Georgians" composed of Messrs. Cleveland and their respective wives from the St. George Hotel, Ramsgate, proved a most original and resourceful quartet on Monday night. While most of the songs, monologues and concerted numbers were given in the Pierrot and Pierrette costumes,—so popular on the Kentish coast, there was a startling change of costume in the Cannibal chant and dance, accompanied by the weird beating of the tom, toms.

"Say When" from the Palace, billboarded as "a spirited tonic in three shakes," went down strong on Wednesday. Jackson and Marte, the two adventurers, were well equipped with quips, not the weakest being Blighty's recommendation of Noah as the best man in history to raise the new war loan, on his record of having "Floated all his own stock, while the rest of the world was in liquidation."

"The Humouresques" returned to the Granville on Wednesday evening with a most generous programme. Mr. Lowman's "Take me Back to Canada" found a distinct echo in the audience, as did Mr. Miller's "Soup" concoction. Mr. Duckett had a great fund of pleasing songs.

Football

Good weather and a good crowd greeted the third meeting of the Shorncliffe Military Hospital and the Granville Nuts on Saturday afternoon.

The Granville forwards pressed right from the kick-off. Brade worked the ball in close, and passed to Corp. Berritt who missed the goal only by inches. Sgt. Towler, the center forward, then got the ball, and passed to Jones, the new inside left, who, after tricking the opposing right half centered to Brade, took the return, and scored a beauty after 25 minutes play.

The visitors pressed hard in the second half but Menzies and Willis were always in the way. After some nice combination between Sgt. Towler and Jones, the latter pounced on the ball, and gave the Shorncliffe goalie no chance. This ended the day's scoring. Granville 2. Shorncliffe 0.

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