



FOR CANADIAN PATIENTS AND THEIR FRIENDS EVERYWHERE

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GRANVILLE
CHATHAM HOUSE

News

YARROW HOME
TOWNLEY CASTLE

VOL. V

RAMSGATE, APRIL 7, 1917

No. 1

LET US FRIVOL

OUR Lexicographer, in the person of the office boy, remarked, as he glanced over our shoulder: "There aint no sich word in the dikshunery as frivol." We turned to him with a knowing wink and answered: "Well, perhaps there *aint*, but we're going to use it anyway." For the word somehow expresses very adequately what we all have in mind these spring days. Did I say Spring? Yes.

It's good to be in England
Now that April's here,

even if stubborn winter has overstayed his leave, and made us feel both resentful and revengeful at his tardiness in departure. There is indeed a strange stirring in the blood when the April fool, in cap and bells, makes his entrance, and we would respectfully inquire what humanity is to do when all nature and the other animal kingdom welcome Spring with a joyousness of spirit akin to delirium. While the wind tosses the buds and blossoms with a playful hand, and the young lambs "bound as to the tabor's sound," with frisk and gambol, why should humanity not frivol?

The human is the only thing in God's great universe that does not respond readily to the tantalizing touch of nature. The human is ashamed to show his true God-given nature, but hedges himself with conventionalities, and bedecks himself with superficialities, until the man is smothered in his artificial adornments. There is nothing in all the world more wonderful than a natural human, but when we see him we are shocked, horrified, terrified at the consequences. Surely this great flood of war will wash away the flimsy fatuous externals, and leave the solid granite of true manhood standing beautiful and firm upon a solid rock foundation. One of the greatest needs of this old world of ours is naturalness of expression, and as the changing seasons bring new stimuli, the human soul ought to spring to meet them, like the trout to the fly. And if, in these spring days, we feel the joyous exhilaration of the season, let us rival the lamb—let us frivol, What is more, let us frivol while we work.

O. C. J. W.

EASTER DAY COMMUNION SERVICE

My dear Lads,—An opportunity will be afforded to all men in Granville to make this Easter Communion. Without any regard to religious denomination every man is cordially invited.

The Special Easter Communion Service will be conducted in the Chapel of the Chatham House. It will begin punctually at 11.15 o'clock. With the cordial approval of the Officer Commanding patients from the Granville and Yarrow will be accorded the privilege of attending.

I hope to see Chatham House Chapel at 11.15 a.m. on Easter Day filled with men desirous of attesting their allegiance and loyalty to the Risen Christ by this act of obedience to His last commandment before He died—*Do this in remembrance of Me.*

May God bless you, lads, and grant you a Happy Easter.

Your affectionate friend and *Padre*,

E. B. HOOPER, *Chaplain.*

"LET US SIT AMONG THE BAWBEES"

A certain Paymaster has received the following letter :—

"Well Sir, it might be against military disalpen for me to write to you. My balance was \$100.06 at the first of Febrnary 1917 made up by Paymaster, Sergt. February 1915. Pay stoped for ninety days \$136.40 F. P. 14 days \$15.40. Sir, would you please put this remittance through for £3 7 6. I drew prety well all of the half pay no sinedment. I am awaiting for Board which I expect to be discharged or perliment base duty or fit for service in France. Please sir try and put this remittance through for me I have A pay book you can't take from bal or the half I am drawing Sir if you make it I will go to paymaster and get it marked in my book."

TRENCH EUCLID

A German Communique lies equally to any point.

A Subaltern is one who has position but no magnitude.

A trench is that which has length, breadth and stickiness.

An observer and a pilot who are in the same line meet in the same plane

An obtuse officer is one more stupid than a superior officer, but less than two staff officers.

If things are double the price of the same thing obtainable elsewhere, it is a C.E.F. contract.

GARDENING NOTES

Dealing With Matters of Growing Importance

The Machine Shop fellows have offered to give up their Saturday afternoons to work on the potato patch.

Pte. Frew—Yes, prunes are an excellent brain food ; but Glasgow is the only place where they grow without stones.

No, Sergt. Davis, when you plant sweet peas you cannot expect to get pea-nuts.

Corp. Ashworth—It is hardly the season yet to plant electric currents.

You are quite right, R.S.M. Hodder, potatoes are sometimes sown in drills, but you could hardly call that drilling. Certainly you might sow them in fours, provided you know where four spuds can be found.

Do not worry, Staff-Sergt. Nelson, it is not too late even now to plant the turnips, but be very careful when pruning the young plants not to cut off too many of the branches.

Re your inquiry, Corp. Davidson, as to chemical manure for the Chatham House gardens, why not make an application for the recently condemned fish ?

Certainly, if kept damp, you could grow mustard and cress on the outside of your kit-bag, Corp. Armstrong, and, as you say, utilise valuable space. But how about kit inspections.

A timely suggestion, Sergt. Godwin, the dungeons at the Granville would be excellent places in which to grow mushrooms, as these tasty fungi require neither light nor fresh air.

No, Sergt. Travers, you are wrong. The cotton tied all over the gooseberry trees is not to keep birds away, but allow caterpillars to get quickly from one branch to another without having to go all the way round.

Yes, Lc.-Corp. Sugg, we think it a good idea to cultivate egg plants. Might we also suggest the planting of ham trees, then we might have ham and eggs for breakfast.

We thank Lc.-Corp. Lill for the offer of his expert knowledge to instruct a class in the art of digging, for it is not so simple as most people think. Experience has shown that few succeed in making a good turnover on the turf. Long Live the Lill.

As you say, Q.M.S. Francis, the slugs like to be in at the first sitting when the beans appear, but they entirely lose their appetite if you sprinkle a few ashes over the young plants. You might save yourself all the trouble, however, if you suggest to the Orderly Room Staff that, during the restricted hours for smoking, they could go over to the garden, and while enjoying a cigarette sprinkle the ash up and down the lines. They would thus, as the saying goes, kill two slugs with one smoke.

THE CHRONICLES OF JOYOUS JANE

The Flag Day Experiences Give Her Food for Thought

By Dorothy L. Warne

CHAPTER ONE.—HER FIRST CUSTOMER.

With the advent of sunnier days the Flag Day epilemic spreads. Last Wednesday we dropped our beauty sleep at 6 a.m. in order to sell bits of orange silk with purple spots, in aid of Overworked Orderlies. By seven I had got to the Market Place and was being welcomed effusively by Mrs. X., the lady in charge.

"My dear child, my darling Jane, *how* glad I am that you have been able to come. I was afraid that you might be ill, or, or—something" vaguely. "Never mind, though, you look *blooming*."

I crossed the road and displayed my wares outside a Barber's Saloon. Presently I glanced inside. A well-soaped customer was being operated on by a lean, lanky youth, with greased hair, who looking up, and smiling the smile peculiar to greased hair, spotty complexions, and coloured cotton socks, accosted me with, "Morning, Miss," (brandishing his brush). "Eh? Oh! yes, of course I'll buy a flag from yew," with a slightly narrowed eyelid on the personal pronoun. Deserting his customer he came across to inspect the contents of my tray. Those who have ever sold or bought flags will appreciate the enormous amount of discretion necessary in choosing from the large variety in the tray. However, my barber's boy, (evidently his was a starred occupation) found one at last to please him, and with a dying-duck-in-a-thunder-storm expression, desired me to pin it in the lapel of his coat. By this time his own customer was foaming at the mouth, a condition due partly to cerebral excitement, partly to soap.

CHAPTER TWO.—WHY SHE SWALLOWED MARGARINE.

Coming down the near side of the sidewalk was a full crowned Major, while going up the same side was one of the boys who sport blue uniform and wriggly gold braid. It was impossible to bag both, and feeling, somehow, that a Major should have more superfluous cash than a Lieutenant I planted myself in the path of the former and held up a face full of smiles and a tray full of flags. He frowned, held out two coppers and took a flag.

Meantime one of my associates in crime had stopped the naval boy and was pinning a flag on his uniform as she chatted animatedly. After half-an-hour she came to me with eyes aglow.

"Jane, old girl, he's just topping. Gave me five bob, and wants me to have tea with him at four." I made a mental calculation:—A Major, twopence; a Naval boy, five shillings and a tea thrown in.

At four-thirty we gave up in sections for tea at a little hut commandeered for the purpose. Bread and butter (margarine's non-de-plume) couldn't taste good while I thought of Vi, sporting something in blue and gold, and tucking into cream buns.

GRUNTS FROM GRANVILLE

Why not name the Nuts "Fragments from France?"

For sale at a loss:—One Large Toasting-fork. Owners have good reason for selling.

Why does the man in the Q. M.'s Office carry the key of the house? Ask Billy!

Why did the highest scorer in the recent shooting contest choose a hot water bottle as first prize?

Easter Monday — The Nuts v. Westgate, Cup Final — Chatham House Grounds, kick-off 2:30 p.m.

Was it merely coincidence that the Saturday dinner for the personnel—Rabbit Pie—and numerous inquiries for strayed cats happened at the same time?

A Granville policeman named Holder,
Once wrote to his wife and told her :
" I've developed a chest,
Rather low in my vest,
And I'm getting not older but bolder."

It is rumoured the Germans have occupied the Goodwin Sands. The Granville Fusiliers will be dispatched to drive them out as soon as the ammunition arrives.

If McC., when blowing the organ, would think about the job a little more, and the girl a little less, maybe the Hymn tunes would sound less wheezy—Some "wheezy," eh, Mac?

A little problem in arithmetic: If it takes four civilian bricklayers eight days to lay three hundred bricks, how long would it take a certain "Mac." to say Abracadabra at 10:29 p.m. any old night in the week?"

Anent this new order re uniforms, etc. One of the most pathetic sights we have seen was that of Private H. H. Clark on Saturday, trying to sell to his chum Private D. G. McIntosh, the pair of riding breeches for 2/6 he had purchased on Thursday for £1 5 11 $\frac{3}{4}$.

Of course I am Sergeant-Prevost,
So of drill a lot I don't know.
When I make 'em all "Shun"!
I think it is fun,
To keep my hands in my pockets just so.

STRIPES ONLY—(NOT GOLD)

Is it true that Sergt. Slocombe likes "flappers," and often has them in the shoe shop?

How many pounds has Staff-Sergt. Spears put on since taking over the patients' mess?

In what condition was the Chatham House Sergeant when he opened the oven door to go upstairs to bed?

Name the N.C.O. on whom the fair typist shows she has a mortgage.—Replies to Capt. Lowry, Treatment Department.

How powerful an X-Ray would be required to take an intestinal scenery of the Sergeant-in-charge of that department.

Sergt. Craig tells us that all who suffer from corns may use the sand-paper planer in the carpenter's shop. We are informed that he, himself, finds it very beneficial.

Wouldn't it be a great war economy, both in boot-leather and carpet to permanently transfer the Sergeant Cook, at the Granville, to the Sergeants' Canteen?

We trust that Sergeant Travers will allow the *Hospital News* to live for a few weeks longer, and not kill it autocratically as we hear he has threatened, with his hands in his pockets.

Lc.-Corp. Rahmer wants to know the name of the N.C.O. who is known at the Granville as the "Wrecker of Happy Homes and Devastator of Peaceful Firesides."

Congratulations to our new Fire Chief, Sergt. Dives. He has the fire-escape so well trained that at 6.30 on Tuesday morning it started all on its own towards the furnace room.

It is asserted that when Sergt. Harry Lloyd recently fell through the skylight at Chatham House he was heard to exclaim—"Now I'm quits with that bloomin' barrack damage fund."

Give the names of the two Chatham House Sergeants' wives who, on being asked to attend a "superfluity party and bring some useless article" brought their husbands with them.

The Yarrow Home staff is becoming really alarmed over the horticultural perplexities of Staff-Sergt. Cattermole. His latest tangle—not yet solved—is: "How to make a *leek(y)* potato *sprout*."

Some Chatham House Sergeants went to a party the other night. A prize was offered to the sergeant who could make the ugliest face. When the hostess presented it to the winner he protested saying he hadn't been playing. What the deuce is his name?

In the Gym, Sergt. Simonson was gently remonstrating with a patient—"Look here, bo, you're not playing the game, you should have more weights on this machine." "No, siree," retorted the injured one, "you told me yesterday not to try swinging so much."

ANOTHER CARTOON BY PTE. A. H. MILLIER



The hair of the head will be kept short. The chin and under lip will be shaved, but not the upper lip. Whiskers, if worn, will be of moderate length.

K. R. & O. No. 1696.

"CROSS SWORD" NOTES

Are some of the Instructional Corporals trying to work their tickets on account of mental aberration?

Since the advent of the Instructional Class we hear that a special post-bag has been found necessary for the ever-growing mail between Ramsgate and Shrewsbury.

Who was the sergeant-instructor who, while strolling along the Prom. the other afternoon, had his face soundly slapped by a young lady.

Corp.-Inst. A. P. Clark will give his usual entertaining lecture on physical training, with especial reference to the baby cow of the leg, in the C. of E. Recreation Room, High Street, Sheepsgate, to-night at 9.55. Lights out at 10 p.m. precisely.

We understand that because Scout Castle has not yet obtained his Instructional Certificate he was not allowed to make one of the group photographed at Chatham House on Sunday morning last. Hard lines on Billy, after hanging around so patiently.

Despite the fact that they cannot touch the paymaster, we hear that one of the Instructional Corporals has opened a bank account at the Church of England Recreation Rooms on High Street. Why didn't he put his money into War Bonds?

Over-heard At the Football Match Last Saturday :—
Little Boy—" Mammy, what is that soldier with scissors on his arm?"

His Mother—" Hush, dear, he is a regimental tailor, don't you see his bowed legs?"

An Old Amp.—" Wouldn't that give him the needle?"

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YAPS FROM YARROW

Has a private a place in the sun ?

Where does Private Savage get all the wind from ? "Some Yapper !"

Is it that the intoxicating air of Broadstairs is rather too strong for amp. cases ?

When Trombone Smith "Yaps" over the 'phone, where does he think the other end is ?

Wanted:—Several *good* singers for Wednesday evenings. Apply, Stage Manager, Yarrow Home.

Where on earth did the Yarrow Home staff get the idea that drawers and cupboards were made to keep things in ?

There was once a Sergeant named Reid,
 Who surely was not built for speed—
 When he comes to our Ward,
 He always looks bored—
 I wonder what it is indeed ?

Private J. J. MacGowan is anxious to know who does all the work "around the joint?" Does this mean that he pleads "not guilty?"

We have come to the conclusion that Horace's people were Baptists, and that consequently he received a severe shock in his younger days.

Give name, number and battalion of the author of the following famous sentence : "They may cut off our legs but they cannot break our fighting spirit."

Private J———, at table, after examining gingerly the new "dish" before him. "Ah, well, Ours is not to reason why ; Ours is ———, etc."

Does the M.O. know the difference between "Ordinary diet and *Special* diet?" The corporal cook does not, but we think our bed-patients could enlighten him a little.

Was it from the Granville that we got our recent addition to the canine section of our zoological department ? If so, we want the Granville to understand that we have plenty of mulligan over here, and hash too !

CHATS FROM CHATHAM

After witnessing the semi-final of the V.A.D. Cup on Saturday:—
 "Thank God we've got an Army."

Owing to the shortage of food the Instructional Class have offered the Skeleton to make soup.

Name the lucky private who has been transferred from the St. Lawrence to the Palace Theatre?

All the hens at Chatham House please note that the weather has moderated and Sunday is Easter—act accordingly.

Private Petran writes to inquire the name of the 18th Battalion private who swanks down town in officer's leggings?

We offer our congratulations to the Canucks who lost their money by betting against their own team on Saturday. No names no pack drill.

Did Capt. Hart manage to get a call through on the house telephone to the Arts and Crafts, or had Staff-Sergt. Nelson to come over after all and take the message "verbally?"

The "pub." at the bottom of Victoria Hill has been placed "out-of-bounds" because the inhuman proprietor refused to give the three carpenters a drink after they had pulled all that lumber up to the top.

Who was the fair apparition plentifully adorned in lace and lingerie, seen leaving from one of the top floor windows of a certain hospital in the wee sma' hour's during the recent bombardment enquiring: "What is our Navy doing?"

"Yes Sir," declared the C.M.R. hot-air artist, "and after holding the Huns at bay for four days we got out without losing a man or a _____."

"Minute," interrupted the grouchy Scotch amp. as he moved slowly away.

Why not send the "Canadian Hospital News" regularly to your folks and pals? Why not have it sent to you after you leave the Granville? Remember, the "News" will be mailed weekly to any address for three months on receipt of One Shilling. Subscriptions should be handed or mailed to the Treasurer, Lt.-Corp. S. Graham, Treatment Dept., Granville Canadian Special Hospital; or locally, to the Printing Dept., Chatham House; or to Pte. Millier, Orderly Room, Yarrow Annex.

TWO "TALL" SHORT ONES

By Anne Merrill

Outside of Hastings there is a little village named Battle, where the historic "Incident" is said to have been fought out ; and quite recently a Canadian soldier from the C.C.D. strayed out of bounds as far as the village aforesaid. On his return the miscreant was, of course arrested, and as he stood trembling before the austere O.C., his charge sheet bore the terrible indictment :—"In Battle without a pass" !

A distinguished British general—one of the real swanky ones—was inspecting some "just over" Canadians. They were in gay, rollicking mood, and just spoiling for a bit of fun ; so when the General turned his back to speak to the Canadian officer in charge of the bunch, the front line, moved by a common impulse, tore off their identification discs and stuck them in as many eyes as the story requires, leaving an equal number of chains dangling. The inspecting general, wheeling briskly, caught the Canadians red-handed ; and, quick as a flash, flicked the monocle from his eye, catching it on the end of its tether, and said smartly—"I'll wager you can't do that one !"

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GRANVILLE V. ARMED ESCORTS

SEMI-FINAL V.A.D. CUP

Despite the inclemency of the weather on Saturday afternoon a large crowd of the Army and the Navy assembled on the Chatham House ground to witness the semi-final contest for the V.A.D. Cup. between the "Nuts" and the "Cetos." Included among the spectators were Lt.-Col. J. T. Clarke, G.C.S.H.; Lieut. Hempson, of the Ceto; Lieut. Simpson, and several other officers, both naval and military; there was also present a large number of ladies.

Winning the spin of the coin the Nuts defended the Townley Castle goal. What little wind there was did not fill the Ceto's sails, for very soon the 'Villians showed that they were out to win, and they certainly had most of the play throughout the entire game. After a few exchanges by both defences the ball was sent out to "Red" Forbes; racing down the line, he passed it to Sergt. Horne who scored the first goal. It was only once in a while that the Sailors got down near Kingston's hut, but he had two splendid defenders in Dave Creighton and Frankie Willis, two hard Nuts to crack. Still, every time that Kingston was called upon he was right there with the goods. From a goal kick Horne, Longworth, and Tootell made a beautiful passing run, beating all attempts at a blockade, which ended in "Dicky" scoring a peacharino into the corner of the net. Well done Dick.

On the change of ends the Canucks were as keen as mustard, and but for the Excellent (not Whale Island) goalkeeping of Smith the score against the Cetos would have been much higher than it is. Eventually "Sammy" Horne and "Blondy" Berrett carried the leather down the pitch, and Horne beat Smith fair and square. Shortly afterwards a well contested game was called, the final score being—Canadians 3 goals; Escorts, nil.

Pte. L. J. Wall, of the Queen's (English Internationalist), did the whistle-blowing to the satisfaction of both teams.

Soldiers—		Kingston		
	Creighton		Willis	
	Strutton	Towler	Pyves	
Berrett	Longworth	Horne	Tootell	Forbes
		•		
Brough	Turner	Ferguson	Forsyth	Welsh
	Henderson	Weyers	King	
	Doyle		Wood	
		Smith		—Sailors—

The Final will be played on Easter Monday afternoon at 2.30.

The publishers of this paper are indebted to The Canadian Red Cross Society for part of the Type, Press, etc., used in the printing of this paper.

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