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PRICE ONE CENT

EDITORIAL

To many Canadians "Empire Day" will always remain in their hearts just the "Queen's Birthday"—in most affectionate memory of the late Queen Victoria, and it is peculiarly fitting that she should be so commemorated, in that Empire Day calls every son and daughter to common contemplation of the ideal-complex which we call patriotism.

Throughout our great Empire there are various types of patriots, one and all protesting that their ideal is the best. The individualistic patriot says "duty begins at home" (Home meaning himself). Mark him well all good Britishers! He is a virtuous creature, who, if he saw a neighbour beating a child, would suddenly develop "conscientious objections" to any sort of bodily interference. Again there is the sectional patriot who holds the welfare of village, city, country, etc., above that of the State, and the State above that of Empire. These good people—and they mean well—forget how their own business is conducted—that every department—however individualistic, exists for the good of the whole; even, that sometimes the energy and resources of one department may be temporarily overburdened for the good of the whole. Again!—does any one branch of our vast army exist for itself? No! Never!! It happens only too often that a given branch of the army gives of life and service unstintingly—even to extinction, in order that the others may still "carry on."

Conscience is, when roused, a sure and certain guide, but unfortunately he is often a sleepy old God, given to repeating in whispers the words of the selfish flesh he chances to inhabit. Beware of "whisperings of conscience." When he speaks he thunders forth!

Listen to him then Patriots all when he thunders, and in no uncertain words you will hear him say—"Do your bit for food of Empire, without thought of self, that the Empire may withstand,"—and to save your very own skin mister objector!

Owing to the paper going to press while the sports were in progress, we shall have to reserve a full report thereon for the next issue.

The day was a glorious one in every way, in its joyous commingling of all branches of the service, our civilian friends and the weather:

Contributions and Acknowledgments

PRISONER'S EXPERIENCE.

Amongst the arrivals at the Granville this week, was one of particular interest, 20196, Pte. E. P. Chappelow, of the 13th Battalion, machine gun section, who was severely wounded and taken prisoner on the afternoon of April 24th, 1915, while retiring from an advanced position back to the trenches.

He was struck in five places—his right leg being fractured badly, while the left was rendered practically useless. To give the story in his own words:—"Soon after being hit the German infantry advanced over us in open order, and as I saw one of our chaps, who asked for water, shot through the head, I pretended to be dead! They took all my belongings, including my gold ring (in the taking of

which I nearly lost my finger as well) and my fountain pen, etc. Shortly after came the German Red Cross who at once ordered all who were able to walk to stand up and fall into line, they were then marched off a distance of about twelve miles.

I heard afterwards from Pte. Foss, of the Machine Gun Section, and Corpl. Wood, of B Company, that many of them fell out from weakness and exhaustion and that when they did arrive at their destination they were put into cattle trucks. The Germans placed the Canadians alternately, side by side, with the Zouaves who had also been captured, with the remark "We'll put you with yours brothers."

At dusk a German sergeant came up with a large burying party and started to bury the dead, who were scattered all around. I asked him to pick me up, but he replied that they could not do so then, as they had too many of their own wounded to look after. He, however, was not completely devoid of humane feeling as he left me a bottle of water. I went off into a state of coma until morning. When dawn came I could see nothing but Germans entrenched on all sides. All that day I lay where I had fallen until night-fall, when the German burying party came again. (I might state here that there were at least a hundred wounded Canadians with me, but for want of help and dressing, most of them died—only about ten of us surviving till picked up. One by one they died; it was awful!) The burial party again left me a bottle of water but could not take me with them, giving me the same answer as on the previous night.

On the night of the 26th they moved me in a blanket to a safer place, to avoid our own shrapnel which was beginning to fall pretty thick, and early next morning, before it was light, I was moved to their Field Dressing Station. I was then sent to a hospital where my right leg was immediately amputated and an operation performed on my left.

Here I was left for six weeks, being the only British prisoner there; however, I must admit that at this place I was very well treated, being given all I required. This did not last long though for I was sent away on a hospital train. After travelling for about half-a-day, I became so ill that I had to be taken off the train and carried two miles to a church which had been converted into a hospital.

Here I stayed for two weeks, when I was transferred to a prisoners' camp at Mexhal where I received my first lesson in "Kultur"—receiving no food for forty-eight hours except one glass of milk. The medical attention was also very poor, indeed, as we only had our wounds dressed twice a week and sometimes we were left ten days without a dressing.

I remained there about two months after which I was sent to "Giessen Camp" where there were about 250 other Canadians. This place was worse than the last, although the food was rather more substantial. In time it was rumoured that we were to be exchanged, and at last the day came. Along with another forty invalids I was taken by street car to the station, whence we proceeded via Cologne to Aix-la-Chapelle, where prisoners are concentrated from all camps, and examined. We waited here four days and on the last day were examined by German Specialists, to make sure we were sufficiently badly wounded to be of no more further use.

HOW THE SCOTCH THISTLE GOT ITS NAME.

An old legend gives this account of the origin of the National Emblem of Scotland.

The Danes had invaded Scotland in considerable force. The Scots were a brave warlike people and scorned to take what they considered an unfair advantage of the enemy. According to one of their axioms it was dishonourable to surprise a foe under cover of darkness.

At dawn, therefore, one winter's morning, the Danes carefully laid their plans to steal upon the Scottish Camp while still asleep. The soldiers were ordered to march bare-footed that the enemy might not hear them.

Silently and unobserved they crept as near as they dared to the sleeping camp, and then sent forward scouts to discover the weak points of the enemy's position. One of these was stealing cautiously round when he trod on a Thistle with his bare foot. The unfortunate man gave an agonized howl. In an instant the Scots were aroused. At once they attacked and completely routed the invaders.

Out of gratitude to the prickly little plant, the Scots dubbed it the "Scotch" Thistle and made it their National emblem with the Motto—*Nemo me impune lacessit* ("no one injures me with impunity.")

HOW THE SCOTCH WHISKEY GOT ITS FAME

Since I'm Irish, and me dear country is far away, sufferin' plenty, makin' history and thinkin' serious, it do appear to me that the daily ration of wit-producin' stuff is getting very low. I'm sure that its in the lack of good Irish whiskey that the trouble lies—the Irish whiskey that used to fill one with wit and contentment on an empty stomach and empty pocket! Now I know that they are all so sober over there that they tell the truth—the literal truth! Me uncle writes me (I'm wid me regiment in Scotland) that everything is gettin' plackarded so that you don't need to use yer wits—"Wait until the car stops; it stops at both ends," says one! Now who in Hivin doesn't know that! Shure, I'll be thinking it sounds like the Scotch. — And another sign on a station says "If the train don't shtop here, it'll go on"! Now by all the saints, who would be so literal and matter-o-fact as that but an Englishman!

Begorra! I'll say no more for I'll lose me own wit in recounting the deficiencies of it in me fellow men.

But I'll tell you one about a Scottie,—aye my Pal Sandy—He disremembered to take his pipe wid him when he started out the other night, and was in such a hurry to get it that he bumped into himself coming back! "I've no had a single dhrink," said Sandy in explanation—*I drank it a'!*

But, since my learned friend has just told you how the Scotch Thistle got its name—I'll tell you how the Scotch whiskey got its fame.

Once upon a time,—before Johnnie Walker started going strong even, the Scotch Thistle had such a kick of its own that the people sought long for a pain-killer to alleviate the sufferings engendered by the national plant. It was a priest from Ireland, let me tell you, who found that a drink of dope made of fermented barley, green heather and boggy peat, cooked and distilled—would give you courage and comfort enough to do a highland fling over a whole acre of tull grown emblem—without a murmur!

That's why the old time Scottie drank his smoky dope, and so, to-day, when a fellow thinks he's found a bed of Roses, but which aint, he takes the national dope.

"You can do anything with night clothes," is the heading which the Daily Mail puts over an interview with Miss Ruth Chatterton. Well, maybe, but has Miss Chatterton tried going to church in them?

The Passing Hour

AT THE PAY DESK.

Pte. Brown—"If you please, Sir, I'd like to get a little extra money this time.

P. M.—"What do you need it for"?

Pte. Brown—"I want to buy a new wrist-watch."

P. M.—"That's the third watch in six weeks:—can't be done!"

Pte. Brown—"Then, Sir, my Aunt is coming down to-morrow and I want to shew her around.

P. M.—"That tale has long white whiskers—nothing doing!"

Pte. Brown—"And I want to get my teeth fixed and buy a fountain-pen."

P. M.—"I fancy I've heard that tale before—next please.

Pte. Brown—"Well, Sir, the fact of the matter is, I've discovered a German plot to land an army in Ramsgate, and I want to finance a moving-picture company to take exclusive feature films of the landing.

P. M.—"By Jove, I believe that's original! Sergeant, give this man five pounds!"

* * *

As sung with great success in the latest Revue—

"A LA TRANCHEE"

When I first joined the Army I thought that the life
Of a soldier was perfectly grand,
I pictured myself with a sword and a gun
Keeping step to a military band,
But after a year at the front I confess
I am wiser far wiser by now,
For they fed me on biscuits that ought to be bricks,
And tins of solidified cow.
Yet there's one Army custom I really think fine,
You won't hear me grouse when I'm falling in line—

CHORUS:

For my—Rum, Rum, issue of Rum!
Nobody's late for their issue of Rum!
You forget all your trouble
And go on the double
For Rum, your issue of Rum, Boys!
Rum, your issue of Rum.

When you've been in the trenches a couple of days
And are frozen right through to the bone,
When you paddle around in two feet of slush
Life dosen't seem cheery, I'll own.
When its raining and snowing and blowing all day
And freezing the whole of the night,
How you long for a bullet, a soft "cushy" wound,
That'll ease your deplorable plight.
But wait, I've a rumour, cheer up, don't be glum,
To night, yes, to-night, there's an issue of Rum
(Prolonged cheers)

CHORUS AD LIB.

After the manner of Miss Letty Queen
I thought I'd join the Army not so long ago,
I said I'd fight the foe, help Kitchener you know,
I've been out here six months or more a fighting them, and yet,
I haven't seen a German, all I've seen is mud and wet.
So to-morrow when the officer asks "Any-ah-complaints?"
I'm going to stand right up and say "You bet not 'alf there aint"

LAMENT

Won't you take me back, take me home again,
Take me away from Belgium, where its rain, rain, rain,
I thought I'd seen some climate when I lived on Salisbury Plain,
But here, oh my I know I'll die, with water on the brain.
At this point our poet was placed under close arrest pending enquiry as to his sanity.—Ed.

WE WONDER:—

- where some of the "light-duty" men spend the "pass-in" hour!
- who the lady is who sings "Peg o' my heart" so sweetly!
- whether the Minstrel Troupe has a black outlook!
- if the patient who habitually "talks fight" has ever been there!
- if Sunday's pass regulations were a further development of the Daylight Saving stunt!
- what was the cause of the "Hair-raid" in No. 1 Ward!
- which of the N. C. O.'s wears corsets!
- whether the Ordly. Corpl. was successful in his search for the three G's that were missing from Friday's "break-fast call."

Kriticos

* * *

ALWAYS.

George Ade has just given another excuse for being a bachelor. He says:

"The reason why I've never married is that, at a wedding I attended in early youth, the minister said nervously at the end—and I have feared ever since that there may have been truth in his words—
"I believe it is always kistomary to cuss the bride."

* * *

UNVERSATILE NATURE.

Marie, the five-year-old hopeful, was seated at the breakfast table one morning. As usual, eggs were served.

Now, either Mary was not hungry or she had grown tired of the inevitable bill of fare, for very earnestly she lifted her eyes to heaven and exclaimed:

"I wish to goodness hens would lay something besides eggs!"

Tommy. Amen!

Concert Reports

The "Fine Feathers" Revue Company were with us on Friday afternoon, and a right good show they gave us. Scenes from the Revue, Songs, and "Specialty" numbers constituted the programme. Miss Mary Moran, as "Mary the Cleaner," was too funny for words, and the comedy of Mr. Harry, Roxbury convulsed the boys. Miss Hilda Cross sang very sweetly, her song "Caroline" being particularly well received. Everybody was happy.

The "Georgians" who entertained the Granvillains on Monday evening, are only four in number: "Just a family quartette," as one of them quaintly observed. Yet they provided a concert in which was never a dull moment from the opening "Laugh" to the "Operatic Finale." In addition to splendid voices and a thorough knowledge of stage craft, the party possesses a happy gift of originality which imparts a high tone to their work.

Miss Wood, of Dover, brought her Concert Party to the Granville on Wednesday, and treated the boys to two hours of fun and frolic. Many delightful numbers were rendered, and a "tongue-twisting" competition was held with the evergreen "Sea-Shells" chorus which provided great amusement for the audience.

The Granville Minstrels went to Margate on Friday and gave a concert to the boys of the Wanstead Hospital. Both the "niggers" and the musicians worked splendidly, several new items being introduced. We hope to see them and hear them at the Granville in the near future.

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Donation of Ten Dollars from John Ross Robertson, Esq., of Toronto, to Refreshment Fund of Canadian Hospital Sports.

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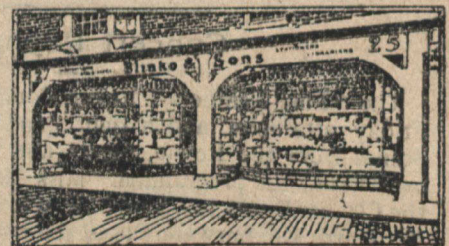
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