

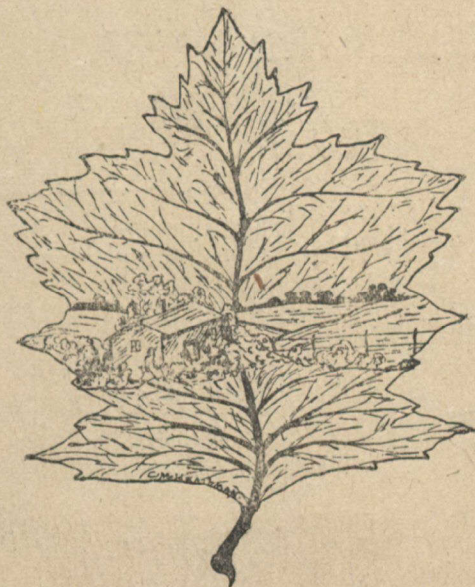
Vol. VII.

DECEMBER 27, 1917.

No. 1.

Canadian Hospital News.

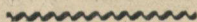
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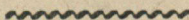
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Canadian Hospital News

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VOL. VII.

BUXTON, DECEMBER 22, 1917.

No. 1

Editor:

CAPT. R. BARTHOLOMEW, C.A.P.C.

News Editor:

PRIVATE G. FITZGERALD.

Hon. Treasurer:

STAFF-SERGEANT A. TOWLER.

CHRISTMAS LEAVE

BY the time this appears in print, a number of our lads will be returning from their Christmas leave. Many have spent the holiday season with relatives. Fathers and Mothers have had one or more of their sons with them for a few days. To these fortunate ones they were no doubt happy days. Many a mother shed tears of thankfulness as she gazed upon her soldier boy, it mattered not to her if he was maimed and wounded, she saw only the bright faced lad that played around her knee. The parents heart filled with pride as they listened to tales of the battlefield, the evidence of which, many a gallant lad will carry with him during the remainder of his life. To these fathers, mothers, sons and daughters, we extend greetings and express the hope that the gods of war may deal leniently with them during the New Year.

In thousands of other homes there has been no joy and gladness, that vacant chair speaks more eloquently than words, of the boy who went away a short time ago so full of life and spirits, and who is now sleeping beneath the soil of France. In these homes the Christmas season brought no joy and gladness. To the fathers, mothers and wives of the brave lads who have paid the full price, we offer our deepest sympathy in the dark hours of their affliction. Their homes are now vacant and gloomy and dark, but a brighter day is dawning in our land, when German military rule will be forever smashed and right and justice will triumph over might. It is then the fathers, mothers and wives of our fallen comrades, notwithstanding their sorrow and pain, will be able to look back with a feeling of pride and say: "They died for God, for King and Country."

THE EDITOR.

Items of Interest

One of the most popular and well deserved promotions was gazetted recently when Lt.-Col. J. T. Clarke, the Officer Commanding, Granville Canadian Special Hospital, was promoted to the rank of Colonel. This honour brings pleasure and satisfaction to all ranks under his command, and the congratulations of all are extended to Col. Clarke, on winning a well earned recognition.

Another popular promotion has taken place since our last issue. R. S. M., H. J. Budge, has received the rank of Hon. Lieut. and Quartermaster. As an evidence of his popularity, Mr. Budge is deluged with congratulations from nearly every member of the unit.

On Thursday last the patients of the Hydro, made a Christmas presentation to the Padre, in the shape of a silver mounted dressing case and handsome pipe. All the patients who could attend were present. The presentation was made by Private Goldberger who gave a suitable address on behalf of the men. The hall resounded with cheers and "For he's a jolly good fellow" was sung with a right good will. The Padre replied in his usual touching way, thanking the boys, one and all, wishing them the seasons kindest greetings.

On Monday night Maj. Hooper was again the recipient of another presentation, from the patients of the Palace. C. Q. M. S., McCusker represented the donors in a few brief but able words presented the Padre with a silver tea service and tray, also a bible.

From the Crafty Arts

Has S. F. J. got a mortgage on Lance-Cpl. Peck's misplaced eye-brow?

Truth sure is stranger than fiction—Business as usual at the Arts & Crafts in spite of the absence of the "Chief Engineer."

How many times did Darkey say good night at the conclusion of the Buxton Bevy of Beauties' Brilliant Banquet on Christmas night? Ask Auntie.

Food Controller, please note :—

There is a Bird called the Pellican
Whos bill holds more than his Bellican,
He hides more in his Beak,
Than will last him a week,
Still—I don't quite see how the Hellican.

Chaplain's Wounded Soldiers' Fund, etc.

By Major E. Bertram Hooper, (Chaplain)

I very gratefully acknowledge the following gifts to my "Wounded Soldiers' Fund" since my statement in last week's issue :

Nursing Sister Blank, A Section of the Hydro	£1	10	0
Sergt. Blank of the Personnel (Hydro)	-	5	0
Pte. Blank of the Officers' Mess	-	3	0

This is all, but there will I expect be more to follow. It will be noticed that each donor rejoices in the name of Blank. This is on account of their modesty which urges me to give to each a *nom de giving*—They are not relatives even. My readers in this connection, i.e., regarding relations may remember the woman, who, when her husband was hanged, said "Well I am sorry, but thank God he was no blood relation of mine,"

But speaking of those three donors, it is a peculiar satisfaction to me to record them.

1st—The Nursing Sisters have an enviable record of personal benefactions to the patients. It is good to have another to add to the growing list of Nursing-Sisters who have thought enough of the "Padre" and his fund, to help him and it along.

2nd—The Sergt. of the Personnel handed over to my fund the 5/- sent him to buy something for himself.

3rd—The Private connected with the Officers' Mess, made his gift out of a big, sympathetic heart and a shallow pocket.

I thank all three of them heartily.

My expenditures represent everything possible in ministering to comfort and cheer of the gallant boys in blue, whom I am proud to call my "Sons." These will be given when my full statement is audited and published.

The Chaplain Services Department in London is taking up the very form of ministry I have endeavoured for a long time to carry on. They have lately sent me as Senior Chaplain in the Buxton area a supply of excellent writing paper and envelopes—sets of chess—checkers—dominoes—to be followed by packs of playing cards. This will enable the Chaplains to supply any who need them with any of these things. I shall be glad to receive and meet any applications.

My heart is full of the warmest appreciation of the princely gifts presented to me this Christmas by the patients at the Hydro and those at the Palace Annex. Nothing has ever touched and pleased me more. It is the fine spirit that prompted them that I value most.

I am their affectionate and grateful old

PADRE.

Things We Want To Know

How did Staff Moore enjoy the moving pictures ?

What happened to the Palace kitchen staff on Xmas. eve ?

Who was responsible for the Patriotic Xmas. Pudding ?

Where Pte. Stuart got his new coat and cane on Xmas. Day ?

What was wrong with Cpl. Miller over Xmas ?

Had he got "soreitis" ?

Who cleared up the Pack Store mystery ?

Was it Cpl. Edwards or Frankie Willis ?

If the Patients enjoyed their Xmas Dinner ?

And could they have done with more Beer ?

How many of the staff were on parade at 6.45 a. m., on the 26th inst ?

And wouldn't it be easier to have made an absentee report of those who were present ?

What kind of a tour were Tiny, Staff Towler and Pony making Xmas. night at the Devonshire ?

And if they were collecting antiques and furniture for the future ?

What clue did Detective O'Connor have to work on, and was he out of luck, ask Mac ?

Devonshire Dumplings

Who stole R.S.M. Campbell's "Dawg" ?

Is it true that Private Tattersall first discovered "Military Pudding" ?

Staff-Sergt. Towler would like to know if Sergt. Goodwin has found his Shillalah ? If so, he will postpone his visit ?

It has been recorded by our special correspondent that a new type of "Primrose" has been discovered growing wild in the Peaks of Derbyshire.

Up to the time of going to press nothing further has been heard about the case of Ward 1 records. We understand that Staff-Sgt. Edwards is now prepared to offer a *small* reward for information leading to the recovery of same.

The Anti-Air-Craft Guns vs. The Gothas

The following parody on the famous "Ten Little Niggers" was struck off by a Canadian Officer who went through the raid at Ramsgate, Kent, on August 22, 1917. This Officer states that the work of the gunners on that occasion was perfect in every detail.

Ten powerful Gothas, the Kaiser thought them fine,
But the guns set one on fire, then there were nine.
Nine Gotha "baby-killers" flying to their fate,
The "Anties" dropped another, then there were eight.
Eight lovely Gothas, flying up near heaven,
"Puff," the guns have "nipped" one, then there were seven.
Seven "nifty" Gothas, lined out straight as sticks,
The air-guns "cracked" another, then there were six.
Six murderous Gothas, like bees in a hive,
"Zipp," the "pumpers" stung one, then there were five.
Five bird-like Gothas, one leading on before,
"Bang" the air-guns hit it, then there were four.
Four iron-cross Gothas, sailing o'er the sea,
The "Anties" dropped one in it, then there were three.
Three "clever" Gothas, didn't know what to do,
The gunners sent up "instructions," then there were two.
Two handsome Gothas, flying near the sun,
The gun-sights flash upon them, then there was one.
One lonesome Gotha, booked straight for Hell.
The "Anties" punched his ticket, and the siren sounds All's Well.

J. T. S

A Chief Surgeon's Dream

I love you dainty hernia,
But I must have you out.
I'll do it while you'r fast asleep,
Wither fumes about.
To do the simple slicing
I a captain will employ ;
But I shall watch his every slash
With pure professional joy.

THAT FIRST STRIPE



Reproduced by request.

Hits from the Hydro

Has't been "Tippodrom" lad?

Who is the patient in "A" Section, whose excuse for a pass, was that his wife was not ill nor dying?

What are the hours of the sewing class, held in the Registrars office at the Palace?

Pte. Ford says good conduct stripes speak for themselves. His certainly do.

What, the weather? Well, but then its war time—these are not the days to complain.

The R. S. M., says that next Christmas the Granville Staff will have "a better dinner still." Come and hear the lions' feed.

A certain private, Johnson by name, said about midnight on Christmas eve, that "everything looked lovely.

An echo from Ramsgate—To Let, several secluded dug-outs, good seating accomodation. *Apply*, any lady left in the above district.

The men of the staff wish to thank Corporals' Shorthose and Graham, and Privates' Finch and Harris, for their breezy entertainment at the Christmas Dinner.

Concerning the Xmas decorations, S-Sergt. Reid was heard to say, "G—l—r—d—z—!! K—g—q—r—d—!!!" The writer did not wait to hear the remainder.

We have been looking around for some expressions or opinions regarding the personnel quarters "The Devonshire Hotel," but we have not found a single one that would look well in print.

Patient—all excitement—entering the ward.—"More new orders from the O.C. We've got to clean our bedsteads with Cherry Blossom boot polish."

Angry Chorus.—"Is that what he said."

Patient.—"Well I didn't stop to listen, but I imagine that was it."

The Child's Guide to Knowledge

By Dorothy L. Warne

"Father, today I went up to a big house that they call the Geeseesaitch, and there were so many strange things there—will you explain them, please?"

Papa, thus addressed, lowered his newspaper, took off his specs., and with a benign smile waited for his boy to speak. "Well, my son, fire away."

"On every landing there are lots and lots of mirrors, what are they for?"

"Mirrors? Ah, those are placed there in order that the boys may know when the Padre is round the next corner, and summon to their countenances the look of utter dejection caused by shortage of the necessary fag."

"Oh! thank you, Father. Now, in the front hall there was a little crowd of men in khaki whose clothes seemed to fit them with a closer Bond Street cut than those of the men who were slinging packing cases about."

"Were they young, and good-looking?"

"Mostly."

"Ah, until the boys in blue arrived, and they had special dope duties assigned to them, they were grouped carelessly yet artistically in the hall in order to give an effect of beauty and distinction in lieu of the palms."

"I see; later, I heard the choir practising; their song sounded like a piece of poetry we used to learn at school, but the words had got a bit twisted. Shall I recite it to you, Father?"

The Father nodded, in rapt anticipation.

Telephones to right of them,

Telegrams to left of them,

Volleyed and thundered.

Was there a man dismayed? Not tho' the soldiers wondered

Which of the Powers-that-be had blundered.

Stormed at by the R.S.M.

Smartly they marched, (pro tem)

Into the rich brown mud,

Into the Devonshire dud,

Noble six hundred.

"A futurist paraphrase on Tennyson's masterpiece, no doubt. You shall recite it at the next Social for Soulful Sergeants. And now, my boy, goodnight. I was awakened soon after I got to bed last night by a reveille sounding somewhere in the neighbourhood, and I have need of sleep."

Murmurings from Matlock

Congratulations on the Xmas. number.

For Sale—A Kilt. Apply, Pte. Tyrer.

Has Pte. Conruyt really been through a mangle?

Why is the Transport Sergeant so keen on "Boots."

Does Corporal Hendry find time now to show the ladies around the premises?

What was the number of the taxi Sergt. Goodyear arrived home in, the other night?

What is the Q. M. S. going to do with that golden sovereign, and who gave it to him?

Who was the gentleman who stated he was dying the other night when the S. M. walked in?

What kind of ribbon is needed to dress the character for the fancy dress ball, suggested by S-Sergt. Towler on his recent visit here?

"Sir Clifford" has gone on a circular tour, visiting London, Luton and Nottingham. On his return an important secretarial post awaits him.

Our S-Sergt. has been very busy lately inspecting caverns and cellars for some sinister purpose, but why on earth does he hang so close to the railway line on dark nights.

Overheard at Matlock Bath Station on Sunday evening. "Oh do come to the dance on Boxing night." "Eh, I cant, I'll lose my War Bonus." Perhaps the young lady was right.

Our lady contest continues to go very strong. Messrs. Ward and Leeson are still prime favourites. Their little excursions around the "Tors" must be quite inexpensive, although the girls are "little dears."

The inventor of "Bokum" has been very busy this Xmas., and has been inundated with greetings from all parts of the world. In an interview with the writer, he stated that the greeting he treasured most was from "Laura."

A certain N. C. O., arose late on Xmas. morning and wondered where he had left his overcoat the night before. After striking a box of matches, he discovered the missing garment, where it had been under his head all night. Moral—Uneasy lies the head that leaves the "Crown."

CHRISTMAS, 1917

Everyone connected with the Granville Canadian Special Hospital, whether as Patients, Officers, Nursing Sisters or Personnel, will look back upon Christmas Day of this year as a day of real excitement, filled with the Christmas spirit from beginning to end.

The decorations at the main entrance halls of the Hydro and the Palace Annex and those of the dining halls, recreation rooms, and some of the wards, were excellent, and reflects the greatest credit upon the taste and skill of those who performed the work. Every patient found a Christmas Stocking on his bed, filled with useful articles; these stockings would remind every man of the Santa Clause days of his childhood at "home sweet home."

A special Christmas breakfast began the day. This was followed by the Religious Services which were bright and hearty. We are told that our Padre was well pleased with the attendance at the Communion Services, as well as the regular services. The good old Christmas Hymns were sung with great heartiness, and the beautiful concluding Hymn for "Absent Friends," seemed to touch all hearts. There was no preaching, but a few simple words of Christmas greeting from the Padre to his lads. In connection with the singing of Christmas Hymns, the kindness of the Rev. Canon Scott-Moncrieff, the Vicar of Buxton and Rev. Towers, Curate in charge of St. James, together with the men and choir boys of St. John's and St. James Churches in coming to the Hospital on Christmas Eve to sing to the patients the old Christmas Carols, was a kindness thoroughly appreciated by the patients. The Vicar with St. John's choir went to the Palace Annex, Mr. Tower's and the choir of St. James to the Hydro. The rooms of each building were filled with the "lads in blue," who enjoyed the singing greatly and gave expression to their pleasure by unstinted applause.

At midday the Christmas Dinner was served. The Nursing-Sisters assisted by several Officers waited upon the patients. The menu was admirable in every respect, and thoroughly enjoyed by all. The Commanding Officer, accompanied by some of the officers on the staff visited both dining halls and extended hearty greetings and good wishes to all the patients: these were cordially received and reciprocated.

The afternoon was spent by hundreds of the lads at the "Hippodrome," where a special entertainment had been arranged for them. In the evening, after an excellent supper at which special dainties were provided, there was an attractive concert at the Hydro and one at the Palace. These concerts terminated enjoyably a Christmas Day to be long remembered by all.

E. B. H.

Canadian Y.M.C.A. Notes

By Capt. C. Gordon Armour

The recital given by Mr. Reginald Dawson, in the Hydro, last Friday night will long be remembered by the patients. Mr. Dawson has a beautiful baritone voice and had to consent to repeated encores. His songs at the piano, sung with a vein of comedy and humour, created tremendous applause, and his inimitable stories were quite an entertainment in themselves.

A return visit from Mr. Dawson is looked for next year.

On Christmas Eve., the Carol Singers from St. John's and St. James Churches sang carols at the Palace and Hydro. Many of the old familiar Christmas carols were beautifully rendered.

Christmas Day was well filled with cheerful entertainments. In the afternoon five hundred patients from the Palace and the Hydro, paraded to the Hippodrome where a matinee was given free to the patients, through the kindness of Mr. Milton, the expenses being paid by the officers and nursing sisters. In the evening at 6.30, Miss Kelcey Bower's party entertained at the Palace and again at 8 o'clock at the Hydro.

Miss Doris Kelcey Bower delighted the large audiences with her inimitable songs at the piano.

Miss Florence Bayley sang a number of songs very charmingly Miss Ryans' cello solos were very beautiful, and Miss Pete Ryan recited splendidly. Mrs. Bridge Berry gave a very humorous recitation, which drew forth roars of laughter. Sergt. Sinnott was in fine voice and gave a splendid rendering of "The Trumpeter." Pte. Bullock gave a musical monologue, "Napoo." Pte. Largley and Pte. Booth also pleased the audience by telling some funny stories and doing clever conjuring tricks.

Pte. Perkins made an excellent pianist. Miss Dorothy Warne assisted in the accompaniments, also assisted Pte. McKean, whose organ solo was greatly enjoyed. Capt. Armour presided and Maj. Ellis called for three hearty cheers for the entertainers.

The second of the monthly boxing tournaments to be held by the Canadian Y. M. C. A., will take place in the Winter Gardens tonight (Saturday). Four headliners are announced and a considerable amount of interest is centered in the bouts between representatives from the local hospitals and the C. D. D. A big crowd is expected.

A cinema machine is now being installed in the Hydro recreation room, and very soon the patients will have regular movie shows.

The Canadian Y. M. C. A. is installing a small billiard table at the Palace for the use of patients.

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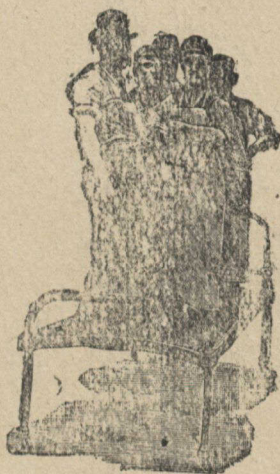
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