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CANADIAN HOSPITAL

NEWS

VOL. 2.

SEPTEMBER, 16 1916

No. 10

VALEDICTORY

It is with a feeling of sadness that I pen these lines—the last I write in the capacity of News Editor of this our Hospital Paper.

Viewed in retrospect, my six months of patient-life in the Granville have been very pleasant, and I am really sorry to leave. I often hear fellows criticizing the place adversely—it's apt to become a habit in the army—but I fancy most of you will feel as I do when the time comes to go away—feel that you are parting from fine fellows and a comfortable atmosphere.

I hope the sallies I have made at men, departments, and the hospital generally, have always been taken in the spirit of pure fun which prompted them; for I shouldn't like to feel I had left a single sting behind. To the Officers and comrades who have helped me with contributions and suggestions I extend my grateful thanks, while I ask them to continue to help my successor, whoever he may be, in the same way. In years to come many of you will regard these copies as souvenirs of a phase of your war experiences; now is your opportunity to make them the more interesting in that they include something from your own pen.

I feel deeply sensible of the kindly courtesy I have met on every hand at the Granville, and shall carry the memories of the men who gave it wherever I may go. And so, Au revoir!

Pte. C. H. Dodwell.

(Kriticos, C.H.D., Blue Armet.)

Why He Fainted.

Pte. K. was just coming round after his operation, and the fumes of ether were still heavy upon him. As he laid in bed he heard the men on either side discussing their own operations, which had been performed some time previously.

"Do you know," said the first, when they operated on me first they left a pair of forceps inside, and had to operate again to get them out."

"That's strange," said number two, "because I had a sponge left inside me, and they had to have another go to recover it."

Pte. K. trembled and sweated. At that moment the Surgeon looked into the ward and said, "Has anybody seen my hat?" That finished him.

Then The Word—Now The Deed.

Memory of student days in Germany is keenly vivid in these days when that which was then merely the word has become the deed. Then were there boastings of dire things for all who should dare to impede the development and progress of Deutsche Kultur. And now—but then my story would not be told

In June 1909 I disembarked at Leipzig with but a reading acquaintance of German, and a fund of curiosity to learn, which in itself was compensating. After various hair-breadth experiences of a tongue tied variety (for I spoke not the lingo as yet) I found myself most comfortably ensconced in a students "pension" in the Studentviertel, where none spoke English. Mine host, a portly old retired Saxon beerbrewer, and his equally rotund frau, received me most kindly, and for the next year and a half I had many occasions to be grateful to them for many courtesies.

Then, an Amerikaner was most welcome and little if any distinction was drawn between Canadian and American; all were simply Amerikaner. The Engländer fared otherwise—for there was even then the instinctive dislike of one who represented his race. The French, Russian, and other students were tolerated in good form

For a long time I was the only "Ausländer" in our pension; so that under the stress of need I acquired a generous knowledge of the language in a comparatively short time. Many evenings were spent at the hospitable fireside of mine host, who had a thirst and a genius for imparting information on any subject from hops to "high life." He had hit some high spots himself in days gone by, so he told me, poor chap! Once he had been monarch of a "bierbrauerei" (proud fellow), but the bottom fell out!!

And once he had been chosen "folks-vorsteller"—the people's representative to vote for the man who ultimately might sit in the Reichstag. Imagine the honour of that! Yet this likewise lost it's bottom. Now he was the sole possessor of dreams.

My German improved apace, and soon I found myself entangled in the thrust and cut of good natured banter that passes over the students table. We were often sixteen together—men from all parts of Germany, studying in various departments—the law, medicine, chemistry, engineering, agriculture, etc. Some were in uniform, the privileged "einjähriger" who is able to pay his military expenses and so escapes with but one year of service. Others had already served and it was easy to identify them by the mark of the machine we now know

"Ach! the Zeppelin!! Imagine a whole fleet of them over London!" and the face of Skideebump beamed in contemplation thereof. "Donnerwetter, that would be some sight!" added young Noodlepickle with an upward caress of his very young moustache. Such was often the topic of talk over coffee and cigarettes.

"When the day comes" said old Kraut, who now was a reserve Officer, "we shall send over five hundred; enough to carry over an army corps. No need to land—unless we run short of bier—for our bombs will do quick work. Then of course we will land an army corps simply as an army of occupation."

And they believed it—every one of them. Had it not been most carefully calculated that one Zeppelin could carry a company of infantry or a half battery of field artillery, etc, etc.?

When one hears now the ominous hum of big motors over head at night, it is not strange that the memory of these vivid student days should be stirred strangely, for often these self-same Zepps. (some of them at least) came cruising over Leipzig by day—flying so low that the occupants of the gondolas were visible.

During the last English elections all will remember that it seemed highly probable a Unionist government would be installed to carry out their platform of a tariff-wall against the influx of foreign manufactures. Deep and bitter was the tone of German newspapers in contemplation of this wall. One prominent Leipzig newspaper in substance said "should an English government raise a tariff wall against German goods we shall, probably find it necessary to shatter that wall with the sword."

Shortly afterwards I stood in the Augustusplatz watching a huge Zeppelin pass over, and it did seem serious. Presently I found myself gazing into the shop window of a butchers, where the national beast was displayed in every form—hams, bacons, and a whole motley crew of sausage—schlachtwurst, leberwurst, blutwurst, etc.

A little chap was standing nearby while his mother surveyed the appetizing display "But mutter," said the small one "isn't it funny that such a nasty animal as a pig has such delicious hips!"

The Zepp. soared viciously above, but I felt better after that. Eh! what!

R. S. V. P.

Photographic Department

The Photographic Department of the Granville deserves a word or two in our columns. A great amount of very important work is being done in the photographing of interesting and unusual cases for records and for illustrating lectures.

Ordinary pictures, lantern slides, enlargements, reductions and reproductions of X-ray plates, in monochrome and colours, are being turned out in large quantities, and Pte. Sauvage, who is in charge of the Dept., is to be congratulated on the excellence of the results.

A New Version of an Old Song.

Night! and the boys out wiring
 Night! by a lone old tree
 Here I am lying, watching
 Flat in the mud for thee.
 Night! and I wiggle onward
 (Smart little soldier me,)
 Hun-ny, I'm waiting, waiting
 Watching for thee.

Night! and I'm nearly freezing
 Night! and the wind's up me
 Oh, if you come, come quickly
 Hun-ny I long for thee.
 Night! do I hear you moving
 Hun-ny I'll scrag you right
 My—but I'll get your number
 Soon as you come in sight.

Night! and my sinews straining
 Night! will you never come?
 Hic, but my throat's just tickling
 Lord! I must cough—or run.
 Night, ah! you never saw me
 But you can feel my Colt
 Pressing into my fifth rib
 Oh—it's too late to bolt!

Night! and I feel you shaking;
 Hun-ny, the drop's on you
 Quickly I lead you homewards;
 Fritz—but you're looking blue!
 Night! and the boys are scrambling
 For souvenirs off you,
 Hun-ny I'll say good morning
 For my night's work is through.

Correspondence

TO THE EDITOR.—Wandering along West Cliff on a certain boisterous evening recently, in the company of—(No! Not Dulcinea) I suddenly remembered your request for an article on Poetry. All the great poets, from Kriticos down, have their own individual methods of writing, yet to all the primary necessity of course is Inspiration, before any attempt may be made to write verse proper. Perhaps I had best illustrate this; take as example the above mentioned Breeze, here we have inspiration; next we search our intellect for a rhyme for this and let us say we select knees,

Now we have—Breeze,
Knees.

We proceed to embellish, decorate, and adorn as follows,

Icy breeze
I see knees,

You observe Sir here is the germ of our poem, in fact we already have a perfect monometre couplet.

From this, with a little thought and a dictionary, we may produce anything from blank verse to sonnets, but let us, for the sake of argument decide on an octosyllabic quatrain, when we have—

My hat I seize before it flees;
Before the high seas icy breeze,
That easily freezes; then to please
Her waist I squeeze whilst she agrees
The breeze annoys when I see knees.

This we dedicate “To My Neice” (I hav’nt one—but that’s a detail) when behold—Poetry; My dear Sir, Poetry!

H. S. S.

“Say, professor, do you believe in love making the world go round?”

“No, no my dear boy. The earth first gained its rotary motion when sent off from the sun in a nebulous form, its centrifugal force being counteracted to a certain extent by the superior attractions of the solar body from which it originally emanated. Ahem!”

“Quite simple my boy; the sun sort of gets silly in his solar plexus; things start going round—and all of a sudden he heaves off a centrifugal bunch of hot air called “nebula” (a sillias word meaning frog-in-your-throat.) Therefore, dear boy, our dear old world does and will go round, because it is simply a piece of the suns solar plexus.”

The Hero

The girl was sitting upon a seat contemplatively regarding the horizon. The soldier approached a little nearer; for some time unbroken silence reigned, the bashful Tommy sucking greedily upon a wild-woodbine whilst his fair companion gazed—and gazed, and still gazed away over the silvery waves.

At length the Bashful Tommy broke the silence. "Well" he exclaimed, throwing the now finished cig. away, and assuming an air of supercilious indifference, "this *is* a lovely day for crab fishing!" "Do you ever go crab fishing?"

G. "Sometimes."

B T. "I have not been down on the sands since I came home, but what a fine place it is!"

G. "Have you been wounded?"

B. T. "M'm, yes! twice."

G. "Poor boy, are you getting better now?"

B T. "Oh yes."

G. "Come tell me all about it, where were you wounded?"

B T. "Oh, in the appendix."

G. "No, but where in France?"

B T. "In Belgium it was, in the appendix."

G. "Oh dear, how dreadful! Are your folks in England?"

B T. "Oh no, they are in Canada. You see it was like this, we were making a charge when two big Germans got at me. I hit the one nearest; (he with the big fat periscope face) and bayoneted the other. I had two bombs in one hand, and without even pausing to withdraw the pins I threw the bombs and killed the other fellow."

G. "But you bayoneted one and knocked out the *other*. Yes, it was awful."

B T. "Another day I was having a wash in a shell hole, and saw two sausage shifters approaching cautiously. I really do believe it was the same two. Without even pausing to clean my teeth, I up at them like a whiz-bang—kill 'em? why sure! Hullo! its 5 30, I must away down town for tea; see you again. Good-bye dear."

G. "Good-bye."

* * * *

"Well I declare! Hullo Mabel! Who would have thought of seeing you here? Oh, I was speaking to that soldier chap just gone down."

"You were speaking to the fat man, eh! Lucky devil, he won't go to the firing line! Got a staff job in the Pay and Record Office, and down here on pass from London. Shall we go for tea May."

"M'm yes."

PEACE.

“ Sweet Dove of Peace return !

The voice of Love rings through the trembling air,
And bids you come, but your soft tender eyes
Are turned towards a scene more brightly fair,
The hush of happy homes broods gently there,
A smiling land of sun before you lies.

“ Sweet Dove of Peace, return !”

The War-fiend gives commanding word “ Begin !”
An iron fire-god lifts his powerful voice
And thunders to the votaries of sin
In tones that echo through the ghastly din :
“ The reign of Love is o’er, let us rejoice !”

“ Sweet Dove of Peace, return !”

From starving towns is raised a dying wail ;
Force seeks to bend the proudest city’s head,
The fire-god leaves behind a crimson trail
Where sisters, mothers, wives and children frail
Are weeping, left to mourn their soldier dead.

“ Sweet Dove of Peace, return !”

A sick’ning crash,—a scream of burshing shell
And God’s own house has fallen in the dust.
The War-fiend chuckled as its glories fell
For what recks he of Blessed Heaven—or Hell ?
A heathen foe would satisfy his lust !

“ Sweet Dove of Peace, return !”

Still on the ruins bruised Love can stand ;
She presses to her breast a lonely child
And gently holds a starving woman’s hand :
“ For their dear sakes will you not understand
And let Creation’s hopes go undefiled ?

Sweet Dove of Peace, return !”

*D. L. W.
Chatham House.*

Sports and Entertainments

On Friday last, the Granvillians were once again privileged to listen to Mr. F. Bacon, the Yorkshire Nightingale, in a repertoire of song and story. His originality and versatility are remarkable; he held his audience enthusiastic for over two hours.

Mr. Haverley ably lectured on Sunday evening—giving the story of Ben Hur to a set of lantern slides. Mrs. Maxwell, of Queen's Hall, and Capt. Peguenat gave vocal solos.

Our Footballers met and defeated the Shorncliffe Military Hospital after a good game. Score 2—nil.

Wednesday afternoon the Palace Revue Company gave the boys an enjoyable time with the revue "It's Funny." The hall was crowded, and the applause unstinted.

Granville Breezes

How did the Kilted Sergeant get the penny from the lady?

Who was the soldier that gave the young lady turnips for tomatoes.

If three little kittens wash their mittens they can have some pie,
But they must not skim the cream off the milk.

In accordance with G.O.C. Orders the "C.M.P." armlet has been replaced by the "R.P." armlet to the Hospital Police and one of our Sherlock Holmes of the Market Place was overheard saying, "Well it is better to wear an R.P. than an R.I.P." We suppose he should know.

A 1st Batt. man met one of the 199th Canadians the other day and the following conversation ensued.

(1st Batt. man) "What's the idea, mate!"

(199th Batt. man) "What d'you mean?"

(1st Batt. man) "Why wearing you reg'mental number plastered all over your tunic."

The publishers of this paper are indebted to The Canadian Red Cross Society for the type, press, etc., used in printing, and to the services of the patients in composing, setting, and issuing the paper.

S. B. WOOD

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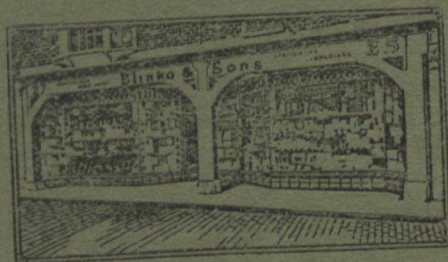
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