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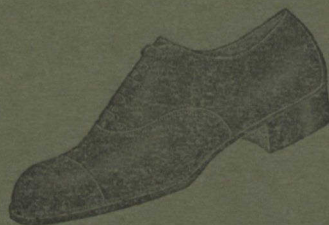
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CANADIAN HOSPITAL

NEWS

VOL. III

NOVEMBER 4 1916

No. 3

A Journey.

(In three months we have gained seven miles on a nine miles front)

Seven miles in Picardy.
Not a longish way you say,
But these miles were bound to be
Dreary, weary, all the way.
Through the fields of Picardy
British Boys have won the day,
Though 'twas bitter hard to see
Comrades fall, and freely lay
Lives and fortunes willingly
At the feet of Freedom. Say!
Think you 'tis a hardish way
Seven miles in Picardy?

O. C. J. W.

EDITORIAL

It is a long, long way and a dreary. Two years and more we have been travelling this road. It is indeed a Via Dolorosa, for no matter how Victory may smile, this pathway is strewn with shattered hopes and bathed by women's tears. Mighty men have contested this road, inch by inch, and no wasted lives are entered along its borders. Every life laid down has been for a great and holy cause, every step gained has carried us nearer a glorious goal. Seven miles in Picardy. How we rejoice! How men exult in spite of their blasted hopes! How women smile through their blinding tears! What pride thrills us because of the heroism of our dear boys facing a devilish foe. Yes, it's a hard, hard way made sacred by the blood of Britain's noblest sons. Freedom has demanded a tremendous price. We gladly pay if the coming years see a disenthralled Humanity. If our children enter a holier, happier era it will have been worth while. Seven miles in Picardy. But Picardy is not the goal. We shall not be satisfied until our Flag floats over the ruins of the archfiend's palace at Potsdam. And having travelled the long, long weary way, those who remain will humbly bow over the graves of their comrades-in-arms and dedicate themselves to labour for a universal Peace, a truly Golden Age. Seven miles in Picardy. It's not far, but it means progress. and for that we thank God.

A Night at the C.D.D. Bath.

(*Being the chronicle of a few old Granvillians awaiting discharge there*)

BY KRITICOS.

Late Editor, Canadian Hospital News.

The night was windy and damp, and the attractions of the nearby town had failed to interest me; so I turned into camp, stumbling my way through the maze of tent-ropes to my canvas quarters, some half-an-hour before the 9.30 roll-call. Lighting up candle and cigarette, I proceeded to amuse myself by going through my kit—a process which consists of turning the contents of one's kit-bag in a disorderly pile on the floor, fingering lovingly one's letters, gloating over one's souvenirs, and then of packing the stuff up again with a sigh of content.

Just as I was finishing this operation there came the sounds of feet staggering among the guy-ropes, the flap opened, and the First Sea Lord entered. Here I must state that the personnel of our tent has resolved itself into a War Government on a small scale, the sergeant-in-charge rejoicing in the position of Prime Minister.

"Where's the Chief of Staff?" said the First Sea Lord. His enquiry referred to a private, well-known to Granvillians, who wears the D.C.M. ribbon. "Well," I replied, "I left him half an hour ago down at General Headquarters (that the Blue Goose Inn, by-the-way)—He was in deep discussion with the Brigadier; some new plan of campaign, I believe, which requires much Scotch and many sodas to formulate properly."

"How about the Admiral of the Channel Fleet?" asked the First Sea Lord—"Missing," I replied. "I went around to the Home Office (The Full Moon), the Foreign Office (The Cobweb Inn), and District Headquarters (The New Tavern)—but though I carefully examined the waters at each place, I failed to locate the Channel Fleet."

At this moment came the battering of a swagger-stick on the tent, a leathery voice shouted "Shun!", and the Prime Minister burst into the tent, flopping on his bed, which, with the cunning of an old hand, he had made down before going out.

After warbling a few bars of "If the Sergeant drinks your Rum" in a tremulous falsetto, the Prime Minister sat up and enquired as to the whereabouts of the Staff. I explained that of the sixteen members only we three had as yet returned—that the rest had probably been detained down town on Affairs of State. He looked at his watch and saw the hands had crept around to 9.30—the hour at which he had to report absentees from the tent. "Only three out of sixteen", he exclaimed, "this is terrible!" "It can't be helped," said the First Sea Lord, "when a country is at war

the Staff *must* attend to their duties, whatever time they get home." "That's right," said the Prime Minister, "I shall report—all present,"—and he stumbled out of the tent on his way to the Orderly Room.

During the next ten or fifteen minutes, in twos and threes, the Cabinet assembled and made their reports on the evening's doings. The reports showed that there had been good times in the old town that night. Gradually the tent assumed a drowsy silence; only the First Sea Lord and myself sat on our beds quietly smoking in the dark. My watch showed me that eleven o'clock was drawing nigh and I gazed anxiously at the two beds which were still unoccupied.

"Wonder where the dickens they have got to," said I. The First Sea Lord shook his head, "Goodness knows," said he. "The Chief of Staff is an old hand, and will probably keep out of trouble—but I fear for the Channel Fleet." At that moment came a slight stir doorwards. The head of a man appeared cautiously through the flaps, followed by a body and legs; and behold The Channel Fleet was in harbour once again; battered, but with the flag still flying.

"Oho!!" said I "so you've got back at last, have you?" "Yer darned right" said the Fleet, and I've had a stirring voyage. I went down to Headquarters, took aboard provisions and filled my tanks, cleared for action and went out for a cruise. Had a rollicking fling till I fell foul of an enemy squadron in the shape of a G.M.P., who tried to cut me off from my base. I at once engaged him, raked him with my starboard broadside, and after a short, sharp duel he hauled his flag down; so I left him, adrift and disabled. Then, though sailing heavily, I made for home, dodged the enemy guarding the gate, and finally made port under my own steam." "Well done," said the First Sea Lord, "now get to bed and sleep it off."

* * * *

The Chief of Staff, I grieve to say did not return—he hasn't returned yet. The Brigadier answered his name on parade this morning, and is going to make a complete round of all the Offices tonight to find the missing one.—If he does, I rather fancy *he'll* be missing, too!

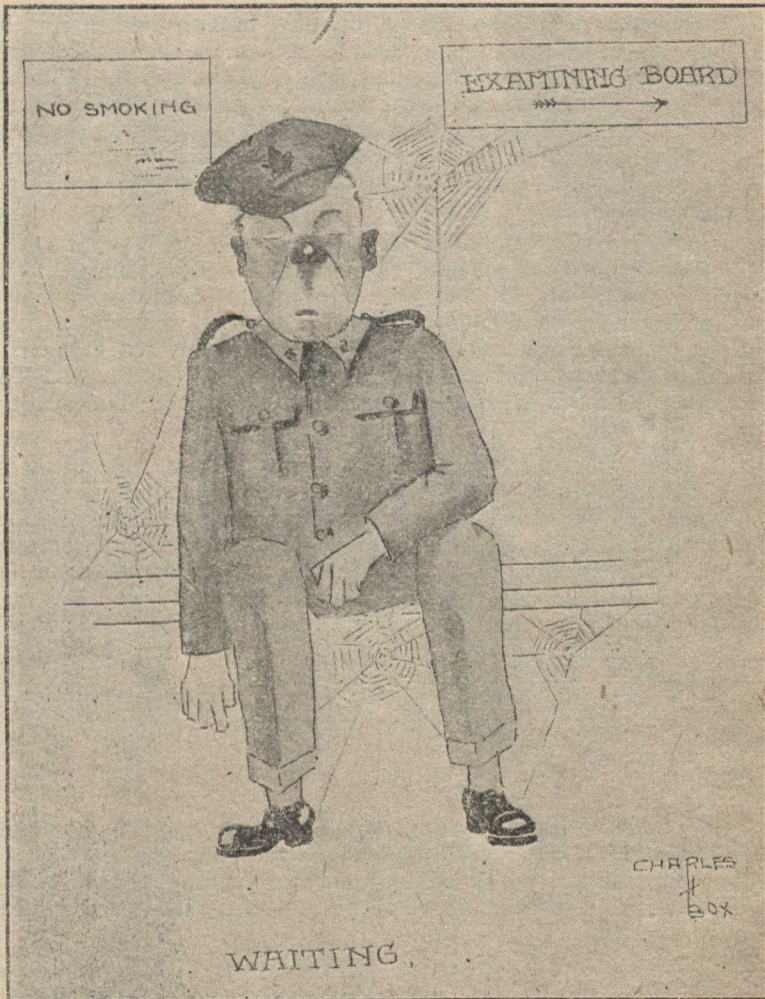
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Murphy was out sniping one night, and a big Fritz came towards him with outstretched hands, and asked to surrender.

"Want to surrender, d'yer?"—says Murphy.

"Well, if yer does, jest slip back and get t'elmet, as I am goin' 'ome on pass next week."

The Anti-Room of Fate



The Cartoons of this and last week's issues are the work of Plc. C. H. Box, of the 28th Battalion Scouts, who has since left the Granville to rejoin his Unit.

To-Night.

Ten million men in battle trenches,
Shivering, straining, watching, waiting.
Thousands on thousands of lonely sentries
By bridge and cross-road, on guard unbating.
Millions of dayless, delicate toilers,
From lathe and furnace heaping shell.
Scores of councils and staffs assembled,
Planning and ord'ring the morrow's hell.

Myriads of scudding, scouring craft,
Sweeping like spectres through murd'rous waters.
Dim fleets of stealthy, cloud-wrapt shapes,
Freighted with doom for wives and daughters.
Millions of groaning, hospital cots,
With shattered warriors, snatched from the slaying.
Four hundred million hearts at home,
Doubting, hoping, grieving, praying.

One moon whose cold, impartial light
Bathes friend and foe, the living and the dead.
One God above this world to-night,
Who knows alone where all shall lead.

P. P.

Heart Specialist Department.

A contemporary Canadian Hospital newspaper conducts, in all seriousness and good faith, an Introduction Bureau, under the direction of its "Heart Specialist." In this Column appear such ads, as the following:

"English girl vaudeville artist; fair, tall, cheerful and jolly; would like to correspond with a nice Canadian-Soldier." and this:

"A Widow, age 38; in business for self, entertaining, pleasant disposition, would like to correspond with Canadian about same age."

We dont believe our Ramsgate Canadians need any such bated openings as these.

After a hot encounter during the recent offensive an American enthusiast who had come all the way from the land of the free to join the British forces was heard to remark, "SOME FIGHT."
"Yes,— and some don't" added the man on his right.

Nelson and Jellicoe.

For an hour and seven minutes—to quote the speaker's own estimate—Lieut. Commander Chamberlain, R.N., gripped, amused and thrilled his big audience in the Granville Theatre last Friday afternoon, as, by aid of diagram, anecdote, and lively acting, he told the century-parted stories of Trafalgar and Jutland. Commander Chamberlain was a midshipman back in the sixties, the period of transition from “wooden walls” to ironclads, while his father was a midshipman in the days of William IV, “the Sailor King”, when Nelson's captains had not yet become extinct. With the Nelsonian strain thus directly inherited, the speaker was able to describe, with great liveliness and intimacy, the days when His Majesty's sailors were recruited by press-gang, fed on weeviled biscuits, and engaged the enemy's ships at ramrod length. The conditions of the Jutland fight were thus made all the more vivid by contrast, while the spirit of Beatty was revealed as the light of Nelson's own.

The growth of Germany's naval aims and projects, and the history of the Kiel Canal were told in a racy, unacademic style that could come only from a sailor; while the speaker's informal anecdotes and little asides kept the patients chuckling every other minute. Commander Chamberlain is now retired from the Senior Service, but he still preserves the energy of a midshipman, and the spirit of the Nelson school.

It is lectures like this that help to keep a fellow keen on the war, and the Y.M.C.A. could not do better than arrange for others of the same flavor.

Shooting.

The Granville Rifle Club shot two very close matches last Wednesday and Thursday. In the outdoor shoot with the Nonington V.T.C. they registered 649 points to the Volunteers' 644. The following day on the armory range, the Ramsgate V.T.C. outshot the Granville boys by one solitary point, 779 to 778. Pte. Le Nourrey scored a possible for the Canadians.

In the monthly shoot-off for the Col. Watt cup, the Fourth Floor, who have lost Pte. Ballendine, had to surrender the trophy to the Personnel Team. Scores; Personnel 335, Fourth Floor 323, Third Floor 305. The prize donated by Mr. H. Gardiner for the highest individual score was conceded by Pte. Smith and Pte. Le Nourrey to Pte. Purdon, with a score of 71 points.

Football

The 41st Provisional Battalion brought a strong team to Chatham House on Saturday, and scored a 4 to 1 victory over the Nuts. The second half opened with the score 2-0, but Sergt. Towler promptly cracked the goose egg with one of his smashing goals. This, however, proved to be Granville's only chance to cheer.

Granville Breezes.

Our sergeants bought a puppy dog
To dignify their simple mess.
They bought a neat dog-collar, too,
And led him to his new address.
They stopped at the pub. to celebrate,
They stayed, and had another wet.
Serge. E. led home the collar-strap ;
But doggy ain't reported yet.

By a typographical inadvertance in last week's Acknowledgments the generosity of the Officers' Mess towards the Sports Committee was exaggerated to two decimal places. Sergt. Twyman, hoewver, we understand, undertakes that the Printing Dept. will make up the discrepancy between the £10 donated, and the £10.00 credited.

Rather rough on the sergeant who was reported by the corporal for whom he had got a job on the police.

A recent promotion at the Granville raises the question whether two stripes represent two wives.

Who was the conscientious Granville orderly who woke up a snoring patient to give him his sleeping draught ?

We trust the authorities will take to heart the suggestiou of a revue artist, that soldiers with wooden legs might be employed in mashing potatoes.

The only chaps around Chatham House who seem to get any leaves these days, are the men on the Lawn Fatigue.

The pyramid of crutches, canes and supports in the Examining Room will soon rival the famous exhibit of the miracle-working St. Anne de Beauprés.

Considerable speculation has been rife as to the meaning of the I. W. T Section of the Engineers, who put on Monday's clever show. Very bluntly it seems to stand for I Won't Tell. One man, however, who had watched them "working" at Sandwich declared it must signify, "I Won't Toil." Another patient had been assured by a fed-up R.E. that it meant, "I Want to Transfer." A sympathetic nurse was heard to remark that it must surely stand for "In Wet Trenches." Capt. Armour finally assured us that we had been entertained by the Inland Water Transport Section. Sounds like a cushy job,

It has been suggested that the Hospital News might publish Jack Munroe's war lectures. The Staff is just waiting to see whether one or two of Jack's prophecies come true, before undertaking the responsibility.

Granville Theatre.

• The past week has been a very lively one on the Granville boards. Last Thursday night Mr. Anderson's party from Broadstairs, "The Briefs," gave a bright programme that met with marked approval. On Friday afternoon there was much enthusiasm over Lieut.-Commander Chamberlain's naval lecture, noticed on another page. Saturday evening we were entertained by a London Concert Party, an exclusively feminine quartet, able exponents of piano, violin, soprano and contralto. On Sunday evening an ample audience followed the career of Paul of Tarsus on the screen, with Capt. Armour as expert commentator.

A bumper crowd greeted the Engineers from Sandwich on Monday night. The black and white drappings of the stage made an effective background for the Pierrot costumes in which the R. E.'s appeared this time. The Sandwich men always show much originality in their numbers and skits, and the red-headed comedian, a music hall pro. and revue writer, kept stage and hall in a delighted uproar. We are glad to know that Capt. Armour has arranged for a return of the Engineers in November, and also a Christmas pantomime by the same party.

The "Devonshire Girls" from the Palace kept the usual big Wednesday afternoon crowd in sustained merriment, even though some of the jokes were not strictly "first appearances".

Very novel, and altogether delightful, was the entertainment on Wednesday night by the "Little Britishers" from Margate. Not one of the half-dozen performers, who appeared in attractive patriotic costumes, was over sixteen years old, but their numbers showed decided finish. The three little daughters of Mrs. Beerling, the organiser of the party, Miss Vera as soloist, Miss Marjorie as violinist, and Miss Christine as pianist, were delightful, both in solo and trio.

Next Monday night, Miss Helene Poppmacher, Russian soprano, and Mr. Gorton-Young, musical entertainer from London, will open another week of the concerts so splendidly arranged by the Y. M. C. A.

NEW CHAPLAIN FOR CHATHAM HOUSE

Capt. S. Oke, who came overseas as Chaplain of the 92nd (Toronto Highlanders) Battalion, and who has been attached to the Imperial Hospital at Cambrige, has now taken up duties as Presbyterian Chaplain at the Granville Canadian. Capt. Oke is living in Chatham House, and is bound to prove a worthy colleague to our popular Capt. Hooper.

Copies of "Canadian Hospital News" may be bought at Major Wilson's office and the Y.M.C.A., canteen, at the Granville; and at the "tuck-shop" at Chatham House. Copies may be mailed to the United Kingdom or Canada for One Halfpenny.

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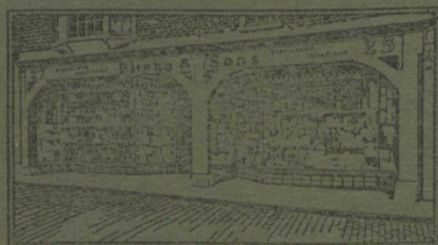
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