

CANADIAN HOSPITAL NEWS

OFFICIAL ORGAN OF THE
GRANVILLE CANADIAN SPECIAL HOSPITAL.
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CANADIAN HOSPITAL

NEWS

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EDITORIAL

To the man who lies in hospital, in that dreary no-man's-land hurt and health, there is ample time, indeed, to think—to think of the brighter future of our Empire that we eagerly look for. I do not mean to say that in dreary retrospect painful memories are absent—they cannot well be; but it is a fact that the worth-while thoughts are directed future-ward; to the home; the Empire united, strong and unassailable; to Peace in its best sense.

Have not our first statesmen of every unit of Empire sounded the larger trumpet of "Empire First" to their unit, be it Dominion, Commonwealth, or Federation?

Surely this is but another way of "First the root, then the branch"! This is the larger way, the selfless way, harmonic way of a mighty force in action.

Yet there will probably ever be blind or misguided forces here and there throughout this vast Empire demanding the impossible, the selfish end without regard to consequences to the Empire as a whole. Men will die for what at times amounts to a fetish of liberty!

The selfish child invariably considers itself the most abused member of the whole family, which it will not infrequently wreck for the sake of its own sacred liberty!

But the larger good should ever come first—the Root before the branch, the Empire before the unit. In truth we believe this great fact is better understood by those far-flung units of Empire—Canada, Australia, South Africa, than in the throbbing heart of the Empire itself. Above all we are British; among all we are Canadian, Scotch, Australian, Irish, South African, Welsh,—what you will! That is the idea of Empire that will give us the lasting Peace and Might of a great People. Each unit shall contribute its voice and vote to the maintenance and guidance of the whole. Each unit shall, with every other unit, actively engage in the suppression of disorder wherever it may arise, so that each act may be the will of the Mighty Empire and not of the unit.

Units of Empire—Fall In!

The Gym.

If you're feeling slack and seedy,
 Lacking vim.
 And your arms are thin and weedy,
 Out of trim,
 If you've flabby, flacid muscles,
 If you lose your wind in tusseles,
 And you're shy of red corpuscles,
 Try the Gym.
 They have movements for all cases
 So they say,
 Guaranteed to hide the traces
 Of decay.
 Sergeant Simonson will tell, or
 You can go to S.M. Mellor,
 (He's a most obliging fellow
 By-the-way)
 There are wondrous exercises—
 Balls to punch.
 They'll increase by several sizes,
 E'en your lunch.
 They will bulge your puny biceps
 Or your rusty old quadriceps,
 You'll be doing gigs and high steps
 Round the bunch !

KRITICOS

Granville Breezes

Where does the N. C. O., who swaggers around the front with a hunting-crop, house his fiery steed ?

Who is the gentleman from Buxton who lost a gold-watch-under distressing circumstances during his first week in Ramsgate?

Who knows the number of the Ward on the Third floor in which two full-fledged beauty doctors reside?

When is our esteemed confrère contemplating changing the name of Dulcinea?

Which of the Sisters shocks a patient in Ward 1 every morning?

“He Wore a Wreath of——?”

I saw him but a moment, yet
Methinks I see him now—
Dressed out in kilt and sporan,
Glengarry on his brow.

And once again I see him ;
No Highland Cap is there,
His face is mud bespattered
And ruffled is his hair :

Lost is the swinging sporan,
The change is quite complete,
And he is flanked by M. P.'s
Assisting down the street.

I saw him but a moment, but
I think I see him yet —
To judge by his appearance
He must have voted wet.

Pte O'CONNOR.

Here continues the narrative of:

THE OFFICER WHO WAS ORDERLY

At the ninth hour the Officer Who was Orderly waxed merry, and sought about him for a means of easing him of his humour : and lo, he came presently to a place where dwelt one of the captains—and the Officer Who was Orderly did annex the magic crystals that men call electrickbolbes, and did convey them secretly to a far place : and he did bring bolbes which were not magic, from which the virtue had departed, to take their place, so that the chamber was plunged into utter darkness. Yea, verily, into enlittable darkness.

At the eleventh hour came the captain to his chamber, and behold, no light was there, though he did labour much at the switch: therein did he perceive the work of the Officer Who was Orderly, and called unto himself sundry other of the Captains, telling them the thing that was done. Then said one “Herein is mirth” and departed to seek out the Officer Who was Orderly, whom he found devouring much pottage in the serving room. Whereupon he spake in these words : “Thou art the man who hast slain thy brother, for lo! He came to his chamber from which thou hadst taken the light, and climbing upon a stool to find the cause of such darkness did fall therefrom and is grievous hurt.”

Then was the Officer who was Orderly exceedingly afraid ; and smote his breast and cried “Woe is me, for I am undone, yet wait, take thou my belt and staff, for I must away to the House which is called Chatham :” and he finished the pottage and vanished into the night.

The Ammunition Corps.

There's a handful of men in the Army
Who seldom shoulder a gun,
And its little that's known about them,
When everything's said and done.
They strive to escape any notice,
And quietly slip off to war,
For they never expect a send-off
In the Ammunition Corps.

They don't aim at capturing prisoners,
Or taking the enemy's flag,
They serve in a humble vocation
Upholding the grand old rag.
Amid the inferno of battle,
In spite of the cannon's roar.
They keep on quietly working
In the Ammunition Corps.

When the enemy's heavy gunfire
Has scattered and smashed supplies,
They take a grip, of their upper lip,
With "Never say die" in their eyes.
They hustle around and square things;
Put them in order once more:
For they don't know the meaning of quitting
In the Ammunition Corps.

When the Infantry men are resting,
Awaiting "The Day" to dawn;
They're lugging the case and the shrapnel,
With muscle and sinew and brawn
They must deliver munitions,
Although they are weary and sore,
It takes a good man to stick it,
In the Ammunition Corps.

And when the long war is over
And peace again doth reign,
They'll quietly finish their business
And turn to their homes again,
They'll try to escape any notice
And silently slip ashore,
For that's their away of DOING things,
In the Ammunition Corps.

A. E. C. and J. P. S.

On The Veranda

(By one who is there)

It is morning; the patients on the veranda are eagerly expecting their morning meal; the orderlies seem a little late this morning—last night was pay night, but of course that has nothing to do with it. At last they are here, and No. 1 comes out hurriedly with two plates; his bootlaces are untied and trailing behind him; he trips and falls; the plates do a fantastic dance along the floor. No. 2, who is following him with cups of tea, kneels suddenly down on him, at the same time emptying a cup of hot tea down his neck. They regain their feet, and after heated words from the one stimulated by the hot tea, they recapture the eggs, which by the way, are none the worse for their accident, and breakfast is served at last.

Breakfast over, the duties of the day proceed, there is a restlessness about the orderlies which is always apparent when they are crowded for time. Now I see No. 1 massaging a patient's back. No. 2 is further along the veranda with bottles, empty and full, in his hands, putting them down by the bedside of a patient, he proceeds to draw the cork of one bottle; suddenly a face appears above the veranda rail and makes a remark about orderlies having a fondness for Stout: this is the last straw which breaks the back of No. 2's temper, and he stoops down and hurls the bottle at his tormenter, who, being a ball player, catches it adroitly, finds it is full; disappears. No. 2 realizes that for the first time in his life he has thrown away a full bottle, tears his head madly, upsets a locker, cannons into a light-duty patient with a tray of egg nogs, knocks over a couple of screens, yelling the while "May the ould Divil floi away wid ye", thus proving he is NOT a native of Kent.

A tall soldier is mopping the floor with scrubber and bucket, whistling loudly "Sprinkle me with kisses". No. 2 catches the sprinkle part of it and empties the bucket over him. The effect from an artist's point of view is magnificent: the tall soldier gasps and flees, the orderly's lips move quickly, presumably in prayer. The Ward-Sergeant arrives on the scene and survey the mess. The air assumes a filmy blue appearance, orderlies start flying about: Sister looks round the corner, puts her hands to her ears and retreats: all is chaos.

Things are straightened up, everything is trim and neat, and a voice inside calls "Shun! Inspecting Officer." Orderly No. 1 has his face washed and the wild look has left his eyes. No. 2, arrayed in a tunic four sizes too small for him, is afraid to move in case of an accident; the Ward-Sergeant does his best to look pleasant. The Officer is passing them, a button, which can stand the strain no

longer flies off No 2's tunic and past the officer's ear with a singing hum: No 2 trembles, the Officer looks amazed but passes on:

Inspection is over; everything has been satisfactory and the sergeant and orderlies are wreathed in smiles, the Sergeant explains that he's ever their friend, but discipline must be maintained. At length I am able to settle down to my morning's business—the newspaper.

Pte. O'CONNOR.

My Dear Herbert.

Once again I take up the festive quill to let you know how I am getting along. I was warned to appear at the Examination Room yesterday—queer place, the Examination Room! Some patients call it the "Chamber of Horrors", others "The Star Chamber", others again "The Condemned Cell." It consists of an outer chamber, where you wait—and wait—and continue waiting—for your name to be called by Important Personage, who ushers you in after many hours to an Inner Shrine or Hall of Mysteries.

I didn't get in at all during my first morning wait, but I saw many strange things happen while in the Suspense Room, and I had the advantage of the company of an "old hand" who explained many things: for instance, he taught me to read in the expressions of the faces as they came out from the ordeal precisely what had been their fate. Thus, according to my informer, unqualified jubilation signified a trip to Canada: satisfied complacency, permanent base duty: tempered urbanity, three months light duty: abysmal dejection, dug-outs and bully: and so on.

He also shewed me many wondrous things in the men waiting. There was the Canada Crouch, the P.B. Limp, the Charly Chaplin Shuffle, and the C.A.M.C Swing. I don't understand it all yet, but hope to complete my education on the next visit.

Yes, its a mysterious place—some go in sad and come out glad: others, vice versa: some go in with crutches and sticks and come out walking, serenely unaided: others (let me whisper it, my dear Herbert) go in and don't come back at all—and mystic tappings and curious whirring's going on all the while—Oh! its a queer place!

As Ever, My Dear Herbert,—KRITICOS.

Orderly Officer—"Any complaints"?

Patient—"Yes Sir. This soup's full of sand"

Orderly Officer—"You're always complaining; do you call that serving your Country"?

Patient—"I am always ready to serve my Country, Sir, but I'm hanged if I'm willing to eat it"

Sister—"What are you doing out of bed after lights out?"

Pat—"Shure now, Sister, Oi only got out to tuck mesilf in"

The Chaplain's Corner

By the courtesy of the Editor, a small space has been assigned to me each week. I shall venture to call this space "THE CHAPLAIN'S CORNER".

I shall use it for anything of interest to the men or for the general good of the Department of work in the hospital with which I have been entrusted.

This week my heart is set on improving our Sunday morning services. As I listen to your singing of songs and choruses, I am convinced that we have a goodly amount of real musical talent. Here there is an invitation to those ready to help me in making the services bright and in giving them a real "go".

1st—I want all men in the Granville who can sing, not necessarily the parts, i.e. tenor or bass, but men who can sing ordinary hymn tunes, to come up on Sunday next 5 minutes before 10 o'clock to form a choir. I shall need about 25 men for this and will have chairs provided on the stage for that number.

This is for the Granville

At the Chatham House Service we already have choir, formed from the patients, Sisters and two or three ladies from outside. Here we have Psalters and hymn-books with the music, so that we have alto, tenor and bass as well as Sopranos.

I need the help of a number of men voices both from the Granville and Chatham House for this choir. So I ask men who can read music and sing either tenor or bass to come to my assistance.

An ambulance is allowed me each Sunday to convoy me and my party of men and Sisters from the Granville to the Chatham House. Those who come do not have to be present at the Granville service. So let no one be afraid of having too much of a good thing. Men in the Granville who are willing to join the choir for the Chatham House Service will kindly let me have their names on Saturday or before the Granville service on Sunday morning, so that I can send in to the orderly room the names of those accompanying me to the Chatham House service.

Now but a word more—You will always find me ready to help you in any way that I can. Here is an opportunity for you to help me.

I need this help from you, and I expect to receive it, and that it will be given willingly.

My word to everybody is: 'help your Padre in whatever way you can and whenever you can'.

I have told you men before of two compliments I received. Hear them again. I was told that in a certain unit I was familiarly known to the men as "our good old Charlie (Chaplain), and in another place that I was regarded as "a man's man". Let me be to you your good old "Charlie" and at the same time a "man's man". This is more than enough for this week. Let me see results on Sunday next.

E. B. HOOPER, (Chaplain)

Sports and Entertainments

The Granville Rifle Team met the King's Regiment at Westgate on Tuesday last, the result being a draw. Shooting was not quite up to the usual high Granville standard owing to the loss of several cracks shots from the team, but was nevertheless a good performance, a "possible" being made by Pte. Ballendine. All men who can shoot are requested to go down and practice: there is a splendid range in the basement, open 10 to 12 a.m.; 2 to 5 p.m., and 6 to 9 p.m. Good shots are particularly in request for the big programme of matches ahead.

The pictures shown on Tuesday last were very much better than usual; Mr. Haverley is to be congratulated on the improvement, and on the splendid way the machine was operated. We hope the improvement will be maintained.

Wednesday afternoon the Palace Company presented "The Parish Pump" to Granvillians. The comedy was keenly enjoyed by a large audience—who were still waiting up to the time of going to press.

The Billiard Tournament proved a great success, the 16 competitors showing a fine knowledge of the game. Winner—Corpl. DuCros; Runner-up—Pte. Irving.

Wednesday evening the Granville Concert Party went to Sandwich to entertain troops stationed there. They were welcomed heartily and given a real good time.

Checker Players of Granville invite the Chatham House Professors to give them a few games.

CRICKET—Saturday afternoon at Chatham House—Granville versus Canterbury.

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J. T. WINTON

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