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CANADIAN HOSPITAL NEWS

Vol. III

OCTOBER 21, 1916

No. 1

A Soldier's Wish

Oh ! to be a sailor on the sea !
Oh ! to be as blithe and gay as he !
And oh ! to be as happy,
When the waves are cross and snappy,
He walks the deck and whistles merrily.
Oh ! to be the skipper on the bridge,
He winks his eye and counts it privilege
To toss upon the billow,
While I upon my pillow—
Let's draw the veil, this story please abridge.

O. C. J. W.

EDITORIAL

Isn't it all too true that we are prone to look upon the work of the other fellow and his position in life as much better and grander than our own? That way lies unhappiness, often spelled with a huge capital. For happiness consists in being in perfect harmony with one's surroundings. There is great reason to emphasize the thought that we must not seek to get to do the thing one likes, but to like the thing one has to do. Thus the soldier who wishes he were a sailor finds that there are disappointments and discouragements, ay! and death, too, upon the ocean wave as well as upon the field and in the trench and dug-out. In these days when our dear boys have voluntarily given up the comforts of home and their life work across the sea in Canada to do their bit in the service of the Empire we must remember to live each day as it comes, harmonious with the duty that lies to our hand. We cannot live in the past. We dare not live in the future, not knowing what destiny may strike for us. But we can live in the Now, contented and happy with Duty well performed. We are living in a grand and awful time. Each one has his place in the battle line. However humble, our work is necessary. Let us be happy.

First Impressions of a New Blue.

Dear Chas:—

"One more trip in a Red Cross lorry," I muttered, as the dozen of us lurched out of the train, and piled, bag, great coat and crutches, into the palpitating motor van that presently honked out of the station, slipped down some macadamised dips, and grunted up the corresponding rises, until it suddenly came to a stop, apparently "all in," and the driver called back, "all out!"

We weren't feeling so comfortable, that we wanted to remain there with our knees interlocked, and our canes and crutches forming very palpable lines of protusion, obtrusion and intrusion. Besides we were superlatively hungry. So we wearily disentangled what Fritz and the doctors had spared of our respective anatomies, and cautiously made the descent to the pavement.

A whiff of salt air smote me in the nostrils, as I picked up my kit bag for the two dozenth time that day. And there, right in front, were the Straits with all their memories of Shorncliffe, Boulogne, and Hospital ship. "One more stage nearer the front," I sighed resignedly as I followed the party through a very unimposing brick doorway.

I caught a glimpse in the office of blue shoulder-straps, and Charley Chaplin badges, a whiff of boiled onions, as the rear door opened, and a rattle of military typewriters. Ah! What wouldn't I give to see the white shirt-waist, the elaborate coiffure, and the daintily manicured fingers of an old-time Canadian typewriter girl! I was just thinking of pretty, scented, Flossie Keys in our old office in the C.P.R. building, when I heard a voice that was certainly not Flossie's, calling out—"Private Blighty."

I became aware that a sergeant at the table was looking my way. (How many sergeants have looked at me and how few have ever looked pleased.) I feebly admitted my identity, as I had done at six previous hospitals, and made the usual personal and vital confessions.

But suddenly an unexpected question flashed out, "What is your occupation?" I wasn't quite as flustered as the 79th Jock, who when graciously asked that question by Sir Sam on an inspection, responded, "I'm a Protestant, Sir." But just for a moment I was taken back. I had been doing nothing for so long in hospitals, and doing everything for so long before in Sam Hughes' Army, that it took several seconds to get my experiences traced back far enough to answer reminiscently—as Flossie's image recurred to mind—"Bookkeeper, I believe." Yes, there was once upon a time when I wore a crease instead of creases in my trousers, and filled ledgers instead of sandbags.

I was just thinking of my last row with the boss, when it was forced on my notice that my party had again got in motion, and was once more following the sergeant. Only that sergeant knows

what steps we descended, and what stairs we climbed, what passages we traversed, and what doors we passed through. Compared to that intricate journey a night trip up the Zillebeke communication trenches was quite a simple affair.

When I recovered my sense of spacial relations I found myself confronted by the towering shelves of the Hospital Linen Store. Ah! those blues again! I no sooner begin to feel myself reinstated soldier and to become complacently accustomed to my gold stripe, than I have this recurring red, white and blue loan thrust upon me. I am loyal to the old flag, I consider, but khaki is so much more pleasing to the eyesight—and the thirst.

After signing another sheet, which will doubtless serve to condemn me later, and limping up and along all the remaining stairways and hallways of this a-mazing building, I was brought up before a bed whose geometrical planes and angles I knew I should never be able to reproduce in the morning. I had the bed number formally conferred upon me, and, gloomily pulling on a short legged pair of blue trousers and a long sleeved jacket of a somewhat more faded shade of blue, I threw myself upon my new bed, hoping to forget the hospital world and its hospitality.

Ah! No peace for the patient! Once more I heard a sergeant's voice at my side:

"Get up there! You are not allowed to lie on your bed during the day."

* * *

I am feeling somewhat better now after a hearty sardine supper. And at the table I met a fellow from my battalion who told me I should like the Granville when I got used to it. I am hoping it won't take too long.

Yours patiently, BLUE STREAK.

Some Moments We Look Forward To.

Out turn to be invited to "waltz in" to the Examining Board Room.

"Coronation Day," when we receive our double crown.

When we'll find it raining like the deuce at 6.30 a.m.

When the O.C. has finished his "personal inquiries" on Inspection Day.

The last expiring moments of the "Blues."

The hour she promised to meet us on the Prom.

When the Gym Sgt. calls "Class hand in your tickets now"

When we get back with ours, and get ours back at Fritz—down on the Somme.

When Kaiser Bill himself will shout "Kamerad!"

"Après la Guerre finit."

Granville Canadian Rifle Club.



Top Row : Sapper Bailey (C. E.); Sgt. Buckley (16th Bn.); Lieut. Cummings (C. E.); Capt. Thomas (7th Bn.); Pte Smith (1st C. M. R.); Pte. Arnold (7th Bn.)
Bottom Row : Pte Musgrave (3rd Bn.); Sgt. Hye, (2nd Bn.); Pte LeNourey (18th Bn.); Pte. Ballandine (18th Bn.); Pte. McQueen (19th Bn.)

A FINE RECORD.

Since April when the Rifle Club was reorganised under Capt. Thomas and Pte. Smith, the Club has established a remarkable record. Out of 29 matches fired, the Granville marksmen have won 24, drawn 1, and lost 4. The scores so far, for October matches have been as follows.

October, 5 Birchington V. T. C. — 745, Granville, — 749

“ 10 H. M. Torpedo Boat 15 — 509, Granville, — 540

Three matches are scheduled for next week.

LT.-COL. WATT CUP COMPETITION.

The next monthly shoot-off for the Col. Watt Cup will be fired on October 30th. This is open to Hospital Teams of five men each. The Cup has been held for the last five months by the Fourth Floor team, and it is time that one of the other teams got their name up. A medal is also offered for the highest individual score.

To My Bed.

O trestled truss of "squared-up" whiteness,
 Thou art my comfort and my blight !
 Complacently I cherish thee,
 Throughout the search-lit, raided night ;
 Reluctantly do I abandon thee,
 When harsh reveillé rudely rouses me.

Thy baffling clothes I wrestle with,
 To tuck and double, turn and thump,
 That no "unregulated" fold,
 No sagging hollow, careless lump,
 Unhappily should chance to horrify
 The scrutinising sergeant-warden's eye.

Upon that stern, inspectional morn
 I stood by *thee*, O my bedstead !
 But when the critic moment came,
 Thou stoodest *me* in sorry stead.
 "Here, this man's bed is not rectangular !
 Three days' blues may make him more particular".

Yes, thou, O bed, art more than I
 Who only serve to bear thy number.
 Thy rigid surface may not be
 Disturbed by any daytime slumber.
 But when I get alone with thee at night,
 My troubles all pass, heedless, out of sight.

PSMITH.

Blighty, and How to Work it.

A soldier of one of our most esteemed divisions had an unusual desire to return to Blighty, sweet Blighty. For awhile he was at a loss to know how to work it. At last fortune favoured him. He happened to be passing a forward dressing station after a recent gas attack, and, not feeling well, he stepped inside. Looking round he notice a man in the corner on a stretcher; on reading his label he found he was a gas case, but on closer examination found he was dead. So quietly removing the label he placed it on himself and got gently on to the next stretcher. When the M.O. came on the scene and asked him what he was suffering from, he softly wheezed, "Gassed, Sir."

A letter has since been received from this warrior, stating he is enjoying the scenery around Taplow, Bucks, and has no bad effects from his treatment against gas, and has no complaints.

20th. Gazette.

The Canadians at Courcelette.

SEPTEMBER 15th, 1916

Courcelette! red Courcelette!
Canadian sons shall ne'er forget,
Canadian fame shall never set
Upon the field of Courcelette.

From Pozières to Courcelette,
It seemed a road through hell to get,
But through it all they got there yet,
To Courcelette, red Courcelette.

Machine gun, shrapnel, hand grenade,
God! what infernal din they made;
Yet on, still on, their hearts were laid,
On Courcelette, red Courcelette.

Right through the German lines they smash
Their bayonets flash, their Mills bombs crash;
By mine, cross trench, they onward dash,
Determined to win Courcelette.

Canadians there their foes defied,
For Motherland they dared and died,
Canadians' sons shall tell with pride
Of how their sires took Courcelette

Then wreath the laurel, twine the bay,
For these who fought and died that day,
For these who won that bloody fray,
Upon the field of Courcelette.

Oh! tell it by the camp fire glow;
Tell it when lies the winter snow;
Tell it when Western breezes blow;
How Canada stormed Courcelette.

— *Written for Canadian Hospital News by*

JAMES CRAIG HARDING,
Bideford, N. Devon.

The Padre's Page.

To the Patients in the Granville, Chatham House and Townley Castle.

My Dear Lads :

It is quite impossible for me to see much of you, individually, from week to week. but I want every man to know that he can see me any time he chooses, or about any matter in which he thinks I may be able to help him, by sending a note to the Enquiry Office, opposite the main entrance in the Granville, addressed to me, and giving his name, number and ward. I will on receiving this gladly hunt him up. Let every man feel assured that in the "Padre" he has a friend, to whom he can talk freely on any matter, sure that his confidence will be kept.

Many times there are things I can do for a man which he cannot well do for himself. And again there are things which are causing great trouble of mind or anxiety, and it often is a relief just to be able to talk them over with one, whose sympathy you are sure of, even if no definite cure for the trouble can be arrived at.

I am not here for the purpose of conducting Church Parade Services and preaching, but rather that every day of every week I may be a friend to the man who needs a friend, and a helper to every man wherever and whenever possible.

Will you, my dear Lads, remember this, and make all possible use of

Your affectionate friend and "Padre".

E. B. HOOPER, C. F.

Granville Breezes

Who was the Chatham House sport who drove up to the gate in a carriage on Pay Day night ?

We presume the R.P. armlet stands for Restrictor of Privileges.

We are never quite sure at the popular 6.30 a.m. parade, whether it's, "Fall out the Officers," or "the cripples," that the S.M. calls out.

In either case the response is generous.

One of our well-known S. M.'s has received private information of a new big gun at the Somme which requires a separate lorry for each projectile, and which has a recoil that sends it right back to the ordnance shop to be rebored.

Is the coat of paint on the New Chatham House marquees meant to imitate grass green, sea green, pea green, or gangrene ?

Who is the souvenir fiend who pinched the Gallipoli pictures from the autograph album of a heartbroken Massage Sister ?

Granville Theatre.

On Saturday afternoon last, we were specially favored by a visit from the De Barry Concert party of Canterbury. Mr. E. K. De Barry's one-stringed violin solos were the surprise of the afternoon, his masterly rendering of "Softly awakes my heart" from "Samson and Delilah" being enthusiastically encored. As a Comedian, Sapper G. Kendall ranks amongst the best that have appeared on the Granville platform. Miss Maud Brown (soprano) and Miss W. Keen (contralto) each captivated the audience, and the former generously threw handfuls of lovely fresh Roses to the boys in the front seats, as she sang the song with that title. Mr. Andrews, Tenor Soloist of Canterbury Cathedral, was another much appreciated contributor.

Immediately after the concert, tea was served to our visitors, who included Mrs. Henry Williamson of Canterbury, to whose generosity and kindness we were indebted for the afternoon's treat, and the Mayoress of Canterbury.

The Ashford Concert Party made Wednesday evening outstandingly enjoyable. Mr. Beaney, and Miss Ray Shorter's interpretation of the "Love Instinct", and the Photo Studio skit made very "direct hits". The matchless Barcarolle from "Tales of Hoffman", sung in duo by Mr. Sharrack and Miss Andrewartha, and the quartet renderings of the "Right down, Regular, Royal Queen" number from "The Gondoliers," and of "Sweet and Low" were especially appreciated. Capt. Fred. Smith, Canadian Y. M. C. A. Athletic Supervisor accompanied the party, and established himself with his breezy monologues.

"Movies" are now being shown on Friday as well as Tuesdays, and crowded houses are always assured.

Football

GRANVILLE VS. WESTGATE R.N.A.S.

The Naval Airmen turned the tables on the Nuts last Thursday after a well-contested game. With the half-time score 2-0 against the home team, Sergt. Towler terminated a nice piece of play with a neat goal. The visitors vigorously "counter-attacked," and scored twice in quick succession. Granville had the satisfaction, however, of getting the final goal, a pretty contribution from Corpl. Srutton, the new half. Final score, R.N.A.S. 4, Granville 2.

GRANVILLE VS. ASHFORD PERMANENT GUARD.

We regret to have to record that the result of the postponed game with the Ashford Guards was 7-2 in our disfavor. The absence of the reliable Willis at full back, and of the aggressive Brade on the forward line was keenly felt. Ashford has a very strong scoring aggregation.

S. B. WOOD

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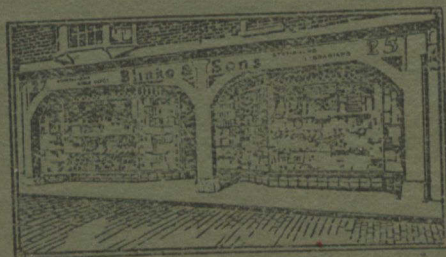
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