

Canadian Hospital News

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PRICE ONE CENT

EDITORIAL

THIS number of our paper appears under new management; the instantaneous success of the previous issues shewed the need of such a paper, that the tentative arrangements made would have to be amplified, and a more or less permanent policy pursued with regard to its news items and editorial comment. To this end representatives of the patients and the staff have been elected, and it is hoped the various departments may prove a success. It is to be borne in mind, however, that the hearty co-operation and sympathy of all—patients and staff alike—are needed to achieve this end, and it is the confidence that this will be forthcoming that induces us to add one more, and very pleasant duty, to those so cheerfully assumed by all in making Granville Hospital a veritable Canadian Centre, and the expression of all that is best and brightest, cheery and hopeful, of all the many institutions of the C.A.M.C. Contributions intended for its columns may be posted in the boxes provided, addressed to the editor.

The Hospitals

GRANVILLE.

THE Still Room on the 3rd Floor under the care of N. S. Manchester, is an extremely busy and important place, especially at meal times. The patients, mostly cases who have been, or are to be operated on, are a cheerful looking lot, when their trays, so temptingly arranged, are set before them. Sister Manchester believes the old saying "The only way to reach a man's heart is through his stomach" which is evidently correct, for the boys all claim they're going to stay on the 3rd Floor for the duration of the war.

Lt.-Col. Adami of the D.M.S. Staff, London, spent the week-end with Lt. Col. W. L. Watt and Officers of the Granville.

Miss Austin who has been in charge of the Still Room for some time past has resigned to take up other V.A.D. work. She will be missed.

Lt.-Col. Hutchison, D.M.S. Office, London, is spending a few days at the Granville making special reports.

Capt. Hart, C.A.M.C., is attached to the staff of the Granville as Medical Officer. He came from the Training School at Sandgate.

CHATHAM ANNEX

Last Thursday, the first of a series of concerts was held at the Chatham Annex under the patronage of Lt.-Col. W. L. Watt and officers of the Canadian Hospitals. An example illustrative of the ambition of the boys in khaki and blue uniforms, was given by the spirit of the entertainers, though the audience was comparatively small, every thing was done to make an enjoyable evening. Much credit is due to Sister Vincent and Sergt. Simonson for their share in the programme. Our worthy comedian, Fred. Wray, proved again his marvellous genius in disguise. Prizes were offered for best performers and won by Sergt. Mellor; Tpr. Rear and Pte. Healey.

A new and very active department has just been opened up at Chatham Annex, the purpose of which is to engage all partially disabled patients in interesting and useful work.

Under the supervision of Pte. Jackson and a band of willing patients, quite a transformation scene is taking place with the lawns, flower beds and paths at the Chatham Annex. In a few days tennis; croquet; golf; cricket; football and baseball, will be in full swing.

Sergt. Mellor is doing excellent work in connection with the Swedish drill at the Annex, while other instructors are working up the "gym." in first-class style.

It is expected that night and day shifts will be running full time in the Chatham workshops.

Great credit is due to our worthy "chef" Sergt. Jack Bennett, for the manner in which the culinary art is displayed at Chatham Annex, more power to his elbow.

Pte. F. E. Moore; of the 31st. Inf. Batt. on leave from France, paid a surprise visit to his brother, Pte. H. A. Moore R.A.M.C., at Chatham House on Monday.

There is some very promising Cricket material at the Chatham House, and we hope to see in the near future a cricket team that will uphold the reputation that the Canadian football team have established.

Home News.

OTTAWA—The Dominion Government have ordered flags to be flown on all Public Buildings in Canada on April 23rd, in commemoration of the Battle of Ypres, in which the First Canadian Contingent took part in April 1915.

WINNIPEG—Winnipeg is the human clearing house of western Canadian immigration, with the Canadian Pacific Station as its chief "Living Room." In line with their recognized policy the C.P.R. has found enlargement absolutely imperative. Two and a half million dollars were appropriated for further extension and now the Station is a very handsome and modern structure. To prevent needless delay in securing tickets no less than 10 ticket booths are in operation. Altogether the interior arrangements of Winnipeg Station are believed to be the best in Canada from the standpoint of the travelling Public, as well as from an operating viewpoint, and combines safety with comfort and every possible convenience.

Sir Robert Borden stated in the House of Commons, that 290,000 men have enlisted since the commencement of the war. Casualties of all kinds to date total 22,000, and there had been a wastage of 21,700.

The approximate number of troops at present in Canada is 135,000.

A Bill is before the B.C. Legislature to distribute two million acres of land free among soldiers who have seen service in France and Flanders.

In the fifth and final game of the World's Hockey Championship, played at Montreal, the Canadians have defeated Portland by two to one. The Canadians have won three out of five games.

Thirty per cent of the world's lead output is produced in British Columbia.

Canada stands third among the nations of the world as regards forest wealth. Forest products rank second among the industries of the Dominion, and are worth 180,000,000 dollars a year.

Several retired Farmers of Stratford, Ont., have accepted a proposal to work the farms of the younger men who enlist, for a wage of one dollar and ten cents a day. This example is likely to be followed in other parts of Canada.

The Passing Hour

How the refrain of the French National Anthem "La Marseillaise" is pronounced by Canadians:

"Ho âms zitôyans—
Fômé vô bétéiûms :
Alleun's, mâcheun's
Koun' song empioure
E'brouve nô sailleuûns.

Here's health to the adapters.

* * *

POPING IT GRAVELY

In putting the 'question of questions,' a Scotchman took his inamorata to his family burial ground and said: "Would you lie there, Jennie, by-and-bye"? She said she would, and there the thing was settled.

* * *

Highlander—"I would'na play golf on Sunday, for if I did, my father would turn over in his grave."

Irelander—"Well if he did, shure, you'd only need to play the next Sunday, and he'd turn back into his right position."

* * *

Magistrate—"What's your name?"

Prisoner—"Angel"

Magistrate—"Angel! well, where did you come from, Angel?"

Prisoner—"From Heaven."

Magistrate—"Indeed! Indeed!! and how did you get here?"

Prisoner—"Greased my shoes and slid down a rainbow."

Magistrate—(to clerk of the court)—
"Fifteen days for skylarking."

* * *

To the air of "A Little Bit of Heaven."

Sure our gunners brought a Zeppelin
Down from the sky one day,
And it nestled in the ocean
In a spot not far away,
And when our seaman found it,
Well, it surely made them stare;
Said they "suppose we take it,
For it spoils the atmosphere."
Then they grappled it with hawsers,
Just to get it into tow;
For we've got a place to put it,
But it sank and spoiled the show.
And when they took the prisoners,
They didn't look so grand,
And, bedad, I guess they wish
They hadn't left the Faderland.

* * *

HEARD ON THE FRONT.

What a lucky girl you are "Liddy" to be able to choose between two such handsome young Canadian Officer's. Have you made up your mind which it is to be? To tell you the truth, I'm in a bit of a fix—if I am to wear the cream-coloured dress at the wedding—I shall take Charlie as he is dark-complexioned you know, but if I decide to go in my "blue" dress, I rather think fair Bertie will make the better match of the two.

Contributions and Acknowledgments

A CURTAIN OF FIRE

I have been asked to describe—should I rather say—I have been given the opportunity to sharpen my literary teeth in describing—some one or more of the lesser incidents on the Belgian Front. It is "New wine into new wine-skins" and permitted in the Law.

It is not often that one is so placed as to see well from comparative safety, what our newspapers so love to call a "curtain of fire". This was my good fortune towards evening of a bright spring day in the year 1915, some of you who were not there may be interested to imagine and, those of you readers also who were there, may be interested to recall the picture. The scene was placed just to the east of the Yser Canal. The day had been bright, but cold and fairly quiet. We had cheered ourselves wonderfully, earlier in the afternoon by a most furious outburst of rifle firing, which had brought down, to our certain knowledge, an enemy aeroplane. We afterwards learned that the same plane had been brought down by all three of the other Battalions in the Brigade. Our people were in the trenches along a road in support of the line behind the junction of the French and British fronts. The ground dropped a little in front, then rose gently to the enemy trenches on the sky-line about 800 yards away. I stood half out of a dugout on a knowl overlooking our own line and up the slope to the German front curving East and South, the Northern part of the famous salient. Suddenly, as it seemed to me, a small rapidly growing patch of greenish vapour, which we had by this time learned to know as "Gas" appeared on our right front. As if a spring had been loosed the batteries opened. I remember the crash of the first guns, after that there was only one huge volume of sound dominated by the continuous scream of the shells passing over our heads, punctuated by the easily recognized French 75's and our own eighteen pounders. Other guns were there as we could see, but their noise was merged in the general uproar. All along the crest in the gathering dusk, appeared the flash! flash! flash! of the bursting shrapnel, beautifully timed and wonderfully accurate. At intervals among the flashes, mushroomlike growths grew and drifted with the wind, marking the bursts of the heavier gun's percussion fuse, high explosive shell. The attack could not be launched, no man could live through that fire. The gas cloud drifted and thinned. The night closed in with our troops again in the trenches which they had to leave, because they

at that time had no protection against the gas.

The incident was over.

This was a true curtain of fire, such as is seldom seen, at least by the infantry in the line.

—ALEXANDER CARON.

"The Grouser"

FORTUNATELY only a small proportion of the Canadian Expeditionary Force belongs to this category, but unfortunately like Influenza, he is contagious. Wherever you go, you come in contact with one or more representatives of the species, and as a sower of perpetual worry and annoyance, he, or they, beat the small inhabitants of various beds known to many who served in Flanders, by 99 in a 100 yards dash.

They remind one of a black mosquito insignificant in size, but in a hot June night, out in the West, it fills the air with its venomous hum, and comes back at you time and time again, but always comes in an underhand way, so that you cannot do anything but skin your knuckles, in a vain attempt at delivering the knockout blow.

The grouser has some peculiar kink in his cromos which makes it his chief aim in life to worry others. If you gave him a room with the luxuries of a Turkish Battleship Officer's quarters; if you gave him table delicacies drawn from the most inaccessible portions of the globe; if you gave him perpetual leave and perpetual passes; if you gave him all of these, still would he grouse, because his shaving water was one degree too hot or too cold; or because his morning bacon is a fraction less than the day before, when he probably ate someone else's besides his own, or because he cannot first have his special chicken diet to be followed immediately by the regular meal in the main Dining Room; moreover, because he is not permitted to wear the Regulation Blue Armlet, with an elastic band instead of being sewn on; because he cannot dig holes in the carpets with his boots made specially ironclad for the purpose; because his favourite window has been firmly nailed instead of only a deat with loose screws, and because his favourite distillery has been placed out of bounds. He must be placed in the army for a definite purpose, but like Ramsgate at night, the way is dark and gloomy and that place of his is hard to find. Much could be done to help him in his search if ward companions and neighbours would take the matter into their own hands, and by suitable means, of a more or less gentle character, instil into the distorted portions of his anatomy, that his first and only duty is like all the rest of us; to take his medicine like a man.

SPORTS

ATHLETIC SPORTS

Great success attended the sports which were held yesterday afternoon at the Chatham Annex grounds. Shortly after 2 o'clock, quite a concourse of visitors gathered round the Canadians, doubtless, in order to see what constituted Canadian fun—and we do not hesitate in saying the results were decidedly satisfactory, despite the climatic conditions.

The Officers also joined in with the "boys," and apparently enjoyed the little relaxation from their strenuous duties. Everything was done to entertain the visitors, and the programme submitted was good; the clowns created great amusement.

Among the visitors were noticed several Naval and Military officers; His Worship the Mayor of Ramsgate; Rev. Hertslet, Vicar of St. George; and other prominent citizens of Ramsgate. Light refreshments were served to the visitors during the afternoon.

The prizes were donated by the Officers of both hospitals; while Mrs. MacBeth put up the prize for the best clown. The baseball cup—for teams from the personnel and patients of the Granville and Chatham Annex, at stated intervals—was given by Capt. J. T. Hill and Lieut. B. B. Baker.

The ball was set rolling by Lt.-Col W. L. Watt, the popular O.C. of the Granville, who did much for the success achieved.

The following are the prize winners:—
 Best clown—Pte. Wray, 1st; Pte. Barron, 2nd. Potato race—Sgt. MacBeth, 1st; Corpl. Ducros, 2nd. 100 Yards dash—Pte. Johnson, 1st; Corpl. Ducros, 2nd. 40 Yds dash—Pte. Nicholls, 1st; Pte. Bourgue, 2nd. 100 Yds. dash—(personnel) Pte. Crosby, 1st; Pte. Irwin, 2nd. Obstacle race—Pte. Johnson, 1st; Pte. Baron, 2nd. 100 Yds. walking—Pte. Bradley, 1st; Pte. F. Good, 2nd. Relay race—Pte. Bull Wheel chair race—Pte. Hecking. Sack race—Pte. Bull, 1st; Pte. Vanstone, 2nd. 100 Yds. dash (open to 8th King's)—Sergt. Garrigan, 1st; L-Corpl. Rice, 2nd. 100 Yds. dash (Navy)—Seaman Herald, 1st Seaman Gillium, 2nd.

The Granville boys won the baseball cup by a great victory, and should be complimented on the excellent scoring. After a little more practice, the Chatham Boys assert the "tables" will be turned.

We must not, however, conclude without offering our warmest thanks to Col. W. L. Watt, O.C., and Officers of the Canadian Hospitals, for the beautiful prizes, which were much admired, also Sergt. Simonson who was indefatigable as starter, as well as all the staff and friends who assisted in making a most enjoyable afternoon.

FOOTBALL.

THE MAPLE LEAF V MARGATE R.A.M.C.

The return match between the above Teams was played on Wednesday afternoon on the Chatham House Grounds. After a well contested game, the result was in favour of the "Cunucks" by three goals to two. Seldom was a cleaner game witnessed on the grounds, the "combination" of the Margate Team was remarkably good. For the "Maple Leafs" we might specially mention Willis, the full-back was in splendid form, always got there when danger was imminent. He played like an International. Pringle, the half-back was good and both outside and inside rights, McRae and Longworth, respectively did justice to their positions. McRae is a terror when attacked, Longworth however was responsible for two goals, while Ducros, the captain of the team, scored the other.

Recruit—"Where do I wash?"
 Sergeant—"Anywhere where you are dirty."

* * *

Who was the Sergeant in Church last Sunday, who, when a young lady asked him the number of the hymn, gave his regimental number.

* * *

Oh! it's girls, girls, girls,
 On the prom. and in the street.
 And it's drink, drink, drink,
 When ere we chance to meet.
 But it's cash, cash, cash,
 And it's scare with all the lot,
 So it's bluff, bluff, bluff,
 For we can't be what we're not.

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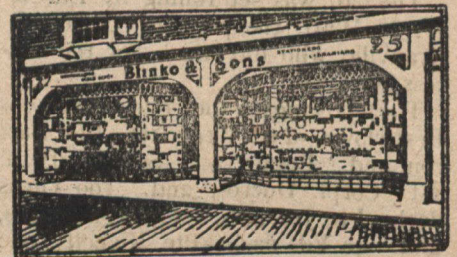
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