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No. 6

Canadian Hospital News.

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News

YARROW HOME
TOWNLEY CASTLE

VOL. V

RAMSGATE, MAY 12, 1917

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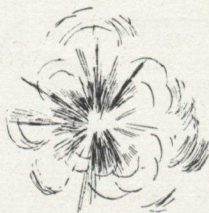
PURELY PERSONAL

THE exigencies of military life require the constant interchange of men, and a soldier often feels like echoing the sentiment of that being who infests alike ancient and modern affairs. When our warrior enters a new unit, and one inquires of him: "Whence comest thou?" he answers, "From going to and fro in the earth, and from walking up and down in it." The inevitable, however, does not soften the severity of the heart-ache when men are taken away who have become, through many months, part and parcel of an institution. It is hard for me to write a line just now, for only a day or two ago three of the best fellows in the world marched away from the Granville and from any further active participation in our paper. It was very foolish I am well aware, for I might have known this day would come sooner or later, but somehow the effective staff which had been rounded up was so ideal that I felt as though it ought to continue its work for a long time to come.

Frank Giolma has gone, he of the ready pen and brilliant wit, who had been trained thoroughly in all the wisdom and knowledge of Fleet Street, and was every inch a journalist. His enthusiasm was ever bubbling forth like a spring of purest, sparkling water. I can only say that I am glad to have known him, and I shall miss his friendship and his timely and witty remarks on men and manners. Millier has gone, he of the brush and pen and pencil. I am glad to remember that I discovered him one day at the Yarrow, and started his hand devising cunning things for our paper. I want to thank him for his covers and his cartoons, and I predict for him a brilliant future, if the Huns do but spare his fingers. Curly Balfour has gone, he that was a born cartoonist, and was just beginning to find his field. A happy-hearted boy with a great gift, that, I believe, is the best description of him. I said Good-bye to them with a full heart, and felt lost for the moment. But another artist has appeared in the person of Captain N. B. Taylor. Corporal Lawton, at Chatham House, has come to my assistance also, and the *Canadian Hospital News* goes forward.

O. C. J. W.

CANADIANS UNDER FIRE



C.A.M.C. too Slow for Fritz

Drawn by
Capt. N. B. Taylor

How About The Swag ?

When Private Frank Giolma (180837), one time News Editor of this journal, departed from us he carried, as per usual, his old kit bag. It was labelled. On one side the tag bore our former friend's name, rank, and number. The other side bore the following :—

Sugar	14 bags	Bacon	3 wrappers
Salt	4 bags	Mutton	7 wrappers
Flour	1 sack	Meat	2 wrappers

Oh ! that food shortage !

9.15 Saturday night—Westcliff Dug-out :—“ A penny for your thoughts,” sighed the Flapper to the dreaming “Fragment” by her side. “ A penny couldn't buy the froth of my thoughts these days kid,” growled the dream.

The Burial—(after Ypres)

By *Claude H. Dodwell*

Side by side in last parade
Their stark shapes silent lie ;
The grim guns roar a serenade,
Ironic to the sky.

No solemn knell of passing bell
Has tolled their souls to Heaven ;
Each in a fearsome moment fell,
Alone, unknown, unshriven.

The night-mists hover silently—
Spectre-like in the gloom
The burial-party reverently
People the vacant tomb.

No obsequies, no muffled drums,
No mourners to inter ;
The trench they dug at dawn becomes
At eve their sepulchre.

No stately stone will tell their loss
In epitaph—a number
Painted on a rude, rough cross
Only will mark their slumber

Let not their dread sepulture smart ;
Restrain your pitying tears.
Their Shrine is Britain's mighty Heart ;
Their funeral pile, the years.

No earthly rites could typify
The glory of that grave.
No solemn tribute testify
Our homage to Our Brave.

CHATS FROM CHATHAM

Why go to the Palace or worry about the increased tax on amusements? Corpl. Haggins is still with us.

Who can supply the name of the man, who, with a late pass in his possession, came in over the wall at 11 p.m.

We have seen chaps with two shades of hair on their heads, but Lc.-Corp. Munroe's countenance shows two distinct tints since Sunday.

Name the Instructional Corporal who is getting married in July, and who was seen pricing articles of furniture in the Penny Bazaar on High Street the other.

The hens must have been working overtime on Saturday, or was it the first Saturday of May, 1916? Laurie sure took awful chances.

No eats at the Tuck Shop now, boys, but don't let a small thing like that worry you. There is a Boot Shop next door, and leather has been proven to be most sus-staining.

We learn that one of our downtown police on hearing an M.P. of the N.F.'s checking a Canadian, threatened to arrest their whole battalion. How absurd, why not sic our boy scouts on 'em?

The question as to "Snake Charming" being practised at nights round Arts and Crafts has at last been explained. Why doesn't Sergt. Craig fix the noise producers on his bagpipes and let us hear the worst?

A suggestion has come to hand that Corpl. Armstrong should use a stop-watch to start that daily stampede to Granville for treatment. Now that racing has been suppressed, who not acquire a regular starting gate?

Our mess-room is now as quiet as the inside of a church. "What makes it so?" I heard somebody say. "Why, don't you know," said Laurie, as he shovelled out the hash. "It's because our friend Bill Hacking's gone away."

To Major Hart

We now say Major Hart. The gallant gentleman who recently was decorated with the Military Cross, has the best congratulations of the *News* on his promotion,

CHRONICLES OF JOYOUS JANE

Jane Discusses the Restricted Food Problem

By Dorothy L. Warne

You simply can't get away from it nowadays ; it's the sole topic of conversation,—in fact, food is in everybody's mouth. Anyway, when you come to think of it, what a huge factor in life food is. Man uses it on every conceivable occasion to express joy. If Mr. X— has a million dollars left him by some decrepid relative he invites his pals to a fourteen course dinner (at least, he did before the war). When Mr. S—'s mother-in-law leaves for the Sunny South he hies to his pet restaurant and enjoys himself hugely. But 't isn't always to celebrate joy that we eat. Take the case of the dear old lady watching by her sick husband's bedside. He smells a savoury odour ascending from the kitchen. "Liza," he says, "I could just eat a bit o' that bacon." "Lor', Tom," she replies, "you can't have none of that, that's for yer mourner's supper." Taking it all round, the new food laws are mighty disconcerting, and have nipped many a promising affair in the bud. Jack is a delightfully interesting boy in that cosy little tea-shop with pink-iced frivolities ; but love has got to be an enthusiastic thing to flourish on war bread and buns. Even the most ardent beau cannot put real feeling into his glances when he has taken his best girl out to dine, and he realises with a pang, as the orchestra strikes up "Drink to Me only with Thine Eyes," that it's only one minute to nine, and that's all that he jolly well will be able to drink to her with. But that is wandering from the food question.

Personally in my own priceless collection of war relics I'm keeping a spud and a lump of sugar.

A few weeks ago Mrs. Brown sent her hubby out with a little string bag to buy a quarter pound of sugar. The girl in the store informed him that only by buying a dollar's worth of other things could he be supplied. He spent a solid hour in making unnecessary purchases up to a dollar, then went home spent and weary. "This is fine, dear," said his spouse, "but, where is the sugar?" He had come home without it after all.

On Tuesday we had a new sort of pie for dinner. Our cook, who's most patriotically economical, was very dark about its origin, but it was pretty tasty anyway. In the middle of the meal little Baby Molly came into the dining-room wailing :

"Pussy's lost," she sobbed. "Twite gone."

Puss ? Puss ?

GRUNTS FROM GRANVILLE

The Sergeants' Mess tell us that another name for "hash" is "Minutes of the previous meeting."

No, Lieut. O'D——, though we hear Taubes now carry torpedoes, there is no official record of them carrying field guns,

If heat expands and cold contracts, hadn't the Corporal in the Radiant Heat Rooms better find a cooler spot before he is forced to buy a new hat?

Why not have Lc.-Corp. Oakland and the little dining-room orderly announce their boxing bouts in advance, for the benefit of their fellow-diners.

Are they giving the Instructional Class vocal lessons at the Granville? Judging from the sweet falsetto in the Church choir last Sunday we would say "Yes."

There is an argument still open in the Treatment Department as to whether the Canadian flag is really a flag or a "flaglette." Was the latter word coined in Yorkshire?

Who is the fourth floor patient who was given his ticket the morning after he sang at the patients' concert? *Note.*—Get wise boys, and organise more concerts, it is sure thing for Canada.

Moved by the policeman at the door, and seconded by an officer patient in Room 104, that the view of the prom., with its bevy of youth and beauty upon the background of the sea shimmering in the summer sun is the best ever—all in favour—contrary-minded, if any—carried unanimously.

Lt.-Col. R. Wilson

Heartiest congratulations from the *News* to Lt.-Col. R. Wilson on his recent promotion. As Major Wilson, and first editor of this little journal, he was well known to personnel and patients of the Granville Canadian Special Hospital; and although his duties have caused his removal to London, we do not forget his valuable services to this paper, and we hope he still has a deep and abiding interest in us.

MY EXPERIENCES OF "GOING SICK"

By Stuart Graham

"Herpes Labialis," I found myself repeating as I awoke from a fearfully unsound sleep. Where was I—all nicely tucked in, in a snowy-white bed with a Sister and an M.O. standing over me. They had been wondering, so they said, if I was going to come to or go West.

"What made you fall down those awful stairs?" the Sister asked when I opened my eyes widely and looked around. Gradually the earth settled back to the course assigned to it, thanks to the laws of gravity, and the star-lit world, from which I was just emerging, changed into beautiful sunlight, the most rapid dawn I have ever witnessed, for it was already noon.

Then vaguely I remembered things just as they happened and shuddered. It was Friday when I reported sick to the Orderly Officer, who at once sent me to an M.O. for examination and report; there I was stripped, and the M.O. was tapping all over my body whilst I repeated "Ninety-nine, Ninety-nine," until I asked if he owned a hymn book that I might sing "There were Ninety and Nine," it would be much more interesting, but as was natural he did not possess one. Then he took my blood-pressure with what he called a sphygmomanometer, but it might just as easily have been called a bicycle inner tube, for there was no apparent difference (just swank). I stood all this examination quite well, but when the M.O. left the room for a moment to see the Pathologist, my suspicions were aroused and I dared to glance at my case sheet; the result justified the chance I was taking, for there before my eyes it was written: "A splendid specimen of herpes labialis on orbicularis oris inferioris."

Was ever human being more sorely afflicted. * * * After that I remember very little, I have a hazy recollection of diving from the railing of the back stairs, and then again of the basement floor rushing up to meet me. * * * Then there was the question the Sister was repeating, "What made you fall down those awful stairs?" In reply I simply groaned, but when the Sister had gone I ventured to ask the Doc. quietly the real significance of "Herpes labialis on orbicularis oris inferioris." "Why that is simply the medical way of informing you there is a cold-sore on your lower lip."

Hours later I awakened and the Sister told me I would not need to "swing the lead" any longer, for my medical case sheet now read, in addition to herpes labialis, one compound fracture of the skull, broken leg, three fractured ribs, and a broken collar bone, and it was all written in plain English. I expect to make Canada by the end of the month.

PATTER FROM PATS

Going! Go—! G—! Sorry.

We may be shy of potatoes, but the supply of "Lemons" is unfailling.

If four farthings make a penny, how many Sergeants does it take to make five shillings.

Why the gold bangle Eddie? Isn't a brass band good enough for your refined musical taste?

A hurry call—an eight-mile route march at 140 paces to the minute. We're not all "Young."

We're ready to go to Flanders,
 We're ready to go to France,
 We don't mind going to Hades
 If we get just half a chance.
 We're tired——(Deleted by the censor).

A strange sight: A Lance-Corporal, with an appointment and a midnight pass, but no girl.

If potatoes are served five days a week and meat once every day, how many deep apple pies does it take to produce gastritis.

No, the isolation of our N.C.O.'s is not due to any contagious disease. It is a mild attack of "familiaritis," not serious if checked in time.

Our peripatetic parson was preaching recently when a member of the congregation had a fit. We don't wonder. We felt a little that way ourselves.

Talk of a bunch of sports—listen to this: The married men challenged the single to a game of football. The single fellows suggested that Ramsgate ladies be invited to witness the match. The married men refused to play.

This page is devoted to raising smiles, yet it can be sympathetic. Our deepest sympathies are offered to Nursing Sister Quinn, and Corp. Curry, our popular Pay Corporal, each of whom has lost a brother in the recent heavy fighting.

SPORTS AND PASTIMES

Canadians V. Northumberland Fusiliers

What is expected to be the last game for the season was played on Saturday afternoon at Chatham House, before a fair crowd of spectators, the G.C.S.H. team having as their guests the Northumberland Fusiliers. This match must rank among the best that has been witnessed this season on the C.-H. ground, play from start to finish was clean, and never a semblance of rough work was seen, which made it all the more enjoyable to witness. A strong cross wind hampered play a little, but it was early seen that The Nuts were not to have it all their own way, as the Fusiliers had a first-rate eleven on the field. Both goal-keepers were called on successively, Kingston doing all that was required of him on each occasion. Not so, however, at the other end, the Imperials had a good custodian between the uprights, but twice during the first half he was beaten by Ockenden, a new forward in the Granville line-up, and he amply justified Staff Towler's choice of him to fill Tootell's place. Well done, Ock., you played a swell game, never selfish with the ball, and always there when wanted.

On the change of ends, the Fusiliers went at it with vim, and played all they knew to reduce the Fragments' lead, and Kingston had all his work cut out to keep his slate clean. Still they kept at it, and their persistence was rewarded by Slack slipping the ball neatly behind Kingston. Following this Dicky Longworth and Blondy Berrett, assisted by Towler and Horne, mad a dandy combined run down the field, and Berrett finished by putting on the their goal, trying to save which the goal-keeper pulled down the cross-bar, while Sammy got both his feet through the net. Horne scored a fourth goal, but this was disallowed, he being declared off-side. Final score : Canadians, 3 ; Northumberlands, 1.

G.C.S.H. Baseball Club

A practice game was called for last Saturday afternoon at 2 o'clock when several players showed up, among was Capt. Gould, who showed that he certainly can swat the pill to some tune. All who enjoy this Canadian sport are cordially invited to come out and show yourselves. The first match has been arranged for to-morrow (Saturday) afternoon, at 2 o'clock, between Chatham House and the Yarrow Home.

Bats and Wickets

Cricket practice has been taken full advantage of these fine evenings, and it is certain that, with a little brushing up, any team on the Isle of Thanet will have to go some to beat the material on hand at the Chatham House. Now then, Granville and Yarrow Home, get busy.

YAPS FROM YARROW

Somebody told us that they had a perfect man at Yarrow.
Who is the perfect man?

There is a man who never drinks,
Nor smokes, nor chews, nor swears ;
Who never gambles, never flirts,
And shuns all sinful snares—
He's paralysed.

There is a man who never does
A thing that is not right ;
His wife can tell just where he is,
At morning, noon and night—
He's dead.

Sgt. Reid confided to us, only the other day, that in his time he has been interested in almost everything. It was while he was interested in Western Real Estate, and while there were such beings in Canada as "Wine Clerks," that the following was a favourite story to spring on real estate men. How it must have saved Mothers' feelings :

A newcomer found an old friend in a westerner of some years' standing—or, rather, hustling. After the usual greetings, the visitor opened a conversation that went like this :

"How's your brother Jim and how's he getting on?"

"Oh, Jim's alright, but —"

"But what?"

"Well, don't mention to anybody what I'm going to tell you. Jim's in the real estate business, but we don't want mother to know that. She thinks he's a bartender."

After witnessing a concert party the other night, the members of the mental ward sent in the following :

Some like the old songs, some like the new,

Some like vaudeville, others like revue.

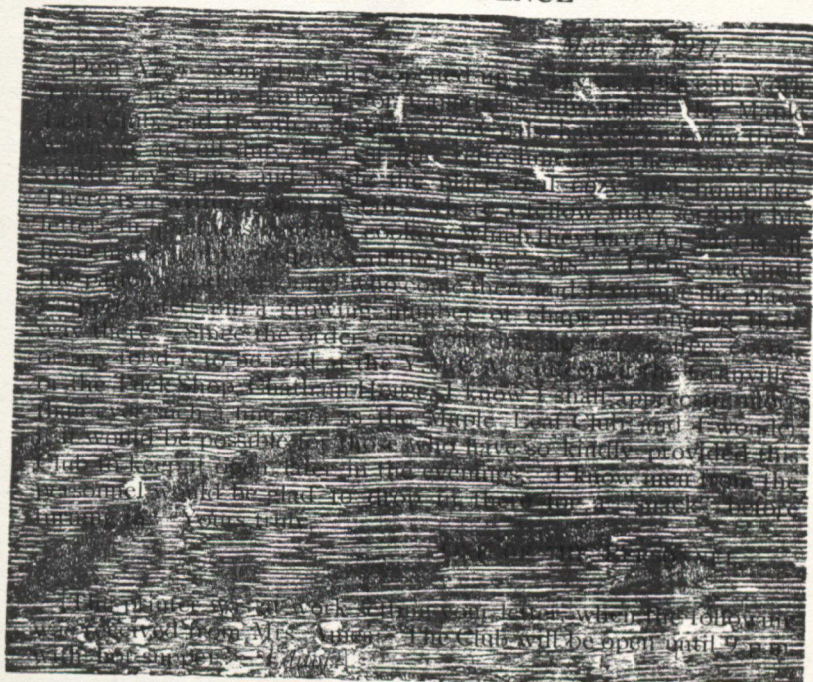
Some like drama, some like farce,

But give me the comic man, he's such a silly ———.

DOINGS AT THE RANGE

This week we start with the *Hospital News* Competition. The conditions of this contest, 8 rounds Centre, is the first of its kind to appear and the results should be rather interesting. On Saturday we shoot the return match with Shanklin and Tuesday we have a match with H.M.T.B. 15. In future a silver spoon with the Miniature Rifle Club's crest will be given for the highest score in matches. Result of Col. Watt Cup Ties—Pte. Fry, 1st ; Sergt. Henderson, 2nd ; Pte. Turnbull, 3rd.

CORRESPONDENCE



The late Capt. R. B. Baker

In the early hours of Monday, May 17th, Capt. R. B. Baker, Quartermaster of this hospital, passed away. Less than a week before he had contracted pneumonia. He was a familiar figure to the boys of the Granville, for he came to Chatham House as Q.M. when it was first opened. He was buried with Military Honors on Wednesday, the 9th inst.

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ENTERTAINMENTS

Last week Granville patients were given a nightly programme with a variety of features.

The week started off on Sunday evening with the third of the series of Illustrated Lectures on Lessons of the Great War. The topic was "Repentance," and as the pictures were being shown, Capt. Withrow delivered the lecture. Mrs. C. G. Armour sang a solo accompanied by illustrated slides. These Sunday evening services have come to be one of the most popular events of the week and are being thoroughly enjoyed by the ever increasing number of men who take them in.

On Monday night, Mr. Every's Concert Party made its debut on the Granville platform before a large and very enthusiastic audience. All the numbers were bright and pretty. Special mention must be made of Miss Hadlow, who charmed her audience with her delightful singing.

As is usual, the Cinema Show on Tuesday night drew a full house. The pictures were screamingly funny. Fatty Arbuckle and Charlie Chaplin were again the first favourites.

Quite one of the best entertainments ever given at the Granville was that given on Wednesday evening by the pupils of the Lilian Road School, under the able leadership of Miss Butler. About 40 well-trained and talented children took part in the programme which consisted of vocal solos and recitations, part singing, and a mock parliament. The latter evoked much spontaneous mirth on the part of the audience. The costume songs and dances were very pretty. Great praise is due to the teachers and pupils for the very delightful programme provided.

On Thursday afternoon at 3 o'clock, the members of the company playing at the Palace Theatre, kindly gave a matinee performance at the Granville, which was greatly enjoyed.

In the evening Mr. Boyland's "Carry On" party gave its fortnightly concert, and as usual provided a first-class programme.

Mr. F. Armand Bland, M.A., L.L.B., of Sydney, Australia, delivered a splendidly Illustrated Lecture on Australia, on Friday evening. Mr. Bland who is a clear and pleasing lecturer, gave to his hearers a great deal of valuable information about the great Commonwealth in the Southern Seas, and exhibited about seventy slides descriptive of the geography, scenery, industries, and other characteristics of Australia.

The Publishers of this paper are indebted to the Canadian Red Cross Society for part of the Type Press, etc., used in the printing of this paper.

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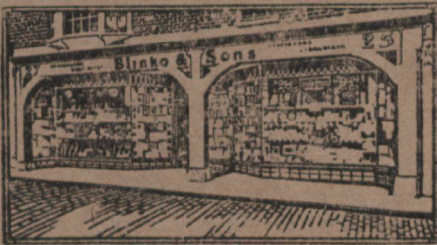
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