

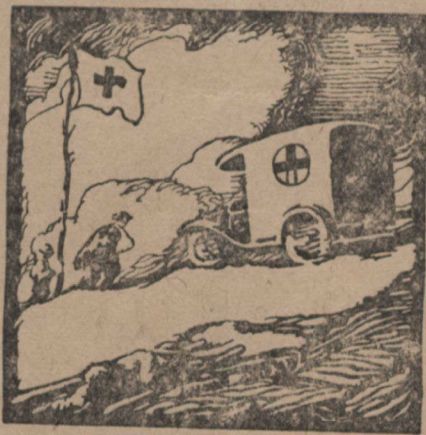
Vol. VI.

SEPTEMBER 22, 1917.

No. 12.

# Canadian Hospital News.

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# Canadian Hospital

GRANVILLE  
CHATHAM HOUSE  
TOWNLEY

## News

THE YARROW  
PRINCESS PATS  
THE GRAND

VOL. VI

RAMSGATE, SEPTEMBER 22, 1917

No. 12

Editor :

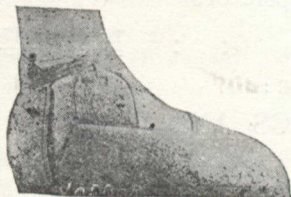
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The Canadian Red Cross Society has given part of the Type and one of the Presses used in the Printing of this Paper.

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Editorial Efforts

AU REVOIR

WITH this issue the *Canadian Hospital News* will cease to be published in Ramsgate. This decision has been arrived at on account of getting equipment packed up preparatory to moving from this area. Orders to this effect may come at any moment, and it behoves all departments to be ready. Much as we would like to continue the publication without a break, we are obliged to ask our out-of-town subscribers and others to bear with us until we reach our new destination, when every effort will be made to again take up the work of publication with the least possible delay.

We take this opportunity to thank the advertisers one and all for their patronage and support during the life of the *Hospital News* here in Ramsgate. We quite realise that without their support it would have been impossible to keep alive and give to the wounded soldier a journal that he could call his own. For this, and many other kind acts, we sincerely thank the advertisers, and our best wishes are extended to them for health and happiness and a large measure of financial success.

Also to the citizens of Ramsgate and of the surrounding country we owe a deep debt of gratitude. The ever ready spirit with which they entertained our wounded soldiers will not soon be forgotten by the lads whom the fortunes of war sent to these hospitals. We extend to each and everyone, on behalf of the wounded soldiers, our most heartfelt thanks.

The Editor also wishes to express regret that other duties prevented a personal call upon many supporters of the *Canadian Hospital News*, but their loyalty is none the less appreciated. We will take away with us many pleasant memories of our stay in Ramsgate.

We also want to thank our confrere, the Editor of the *Thanet Advertiser*, for his many acts of kindness to us. May his bright and breezy newspaper live long to advocate the traditions of our glorious Motherland.

THE EDITOR.

## FAREWELL

*(On the Departure of the Canadians from Ramsgate, Sept., 1917)*

Were I a Bard my favourite theme  
Would "Brave Canadians" be  
Of how they hurled those Germans back  
From Ypres to the sea ;  
And how they captured Vimy Ridge,  
The thrice-stormed Huns' stronghold,  
So like the men who kept the bridge,  
In those far-famed days of old.

\* \* \* \* \*

Farewell ! ye worn and battered boys,  
'Tis sad indeed to part from thee.  
Good luck go with you, and all joys,  
Wheree'r you roam, o'er land or sea.—K.W.

Maple Leaf Club,  
Broadstairs, September 15. 1917,

Dear Sir,—I should like to express, through your paper, the feeling of regret with which we have parted with the boys who came to us at the Sign of the Maple Leaf. During the few months we were together I made many friends, and met the true gentlemen of the Canadian Army. I hope we shall meet again, if not in person, in the spirit of rejoicing, when the Maple Leaf and the Rose of England are interwoven on the great day of peace.—With Greetings, yours sincerely,

FLORA AMES.

---

## AN ALARMING NIGHT

A Gotha comes, I know not whence,  
But lie and listen in suspense,  
I hear it come, I hear it go,  
Its horrid buzzing, deep and low,  
Makes my old heart go pit-a-pat.  
I grab my pants, put on my hat,  
And rush while dressing down below.  
When in the cellar stop to find  
That I have left my coat behind.  
My pants I swear have shrunk a lot,  
And now only have one leg got.  
But hark ! The buzzing starts again.  
Great Caesar's Aunt ! This is a strain.  
Its overhead ! Now for the jar !  
*Honk, Honk ! It is a Motor-Car.—E.H.*

## CHATS FROM CHATHAM

---

Yes boys we are moving, but when? Sergt. Lloyd would like to know as he has not yet completed his Art collection.

---

It is not necessary to go to the beach for a swim these days, as a swimming pool has now been opened at the Sergeants' Mess.

---

We hear that Cpls. Simmons and Curtis had the "Catch of the Season" on Saturday afternoon. Was it a *very* rough sea Corp.?

---

It is too bad that rubber is so expensive. Darkey sure would have looked nice at the Fancy Dress Carnival in his suggested costume.

---

We accosted a well-known Corporal on Wednesday with:— Say, Slim, spring us a "Chat." Nothing doing, was his reply. My Think Tank is empty. Too far from pay-day, Slim!

---

The War has increased the price of most things, still perfume seems to be at a minimum, judging from the amount used at the Rink the other night.

---

What is the difference between leave and holidays? asked Mr. Queen's Husband, the other day. He was promptly answered— When you are in the Army you get leave, but while you are a Civilian you get holidays.

---

We have just heard that a certain Good Young Man, now that his young ladylove has left Ramsgate for a holiday, has taken to staying out late at nights. What tore that hole in the back of your coat, Teddy? Was it the barb wire at Townley, eh?

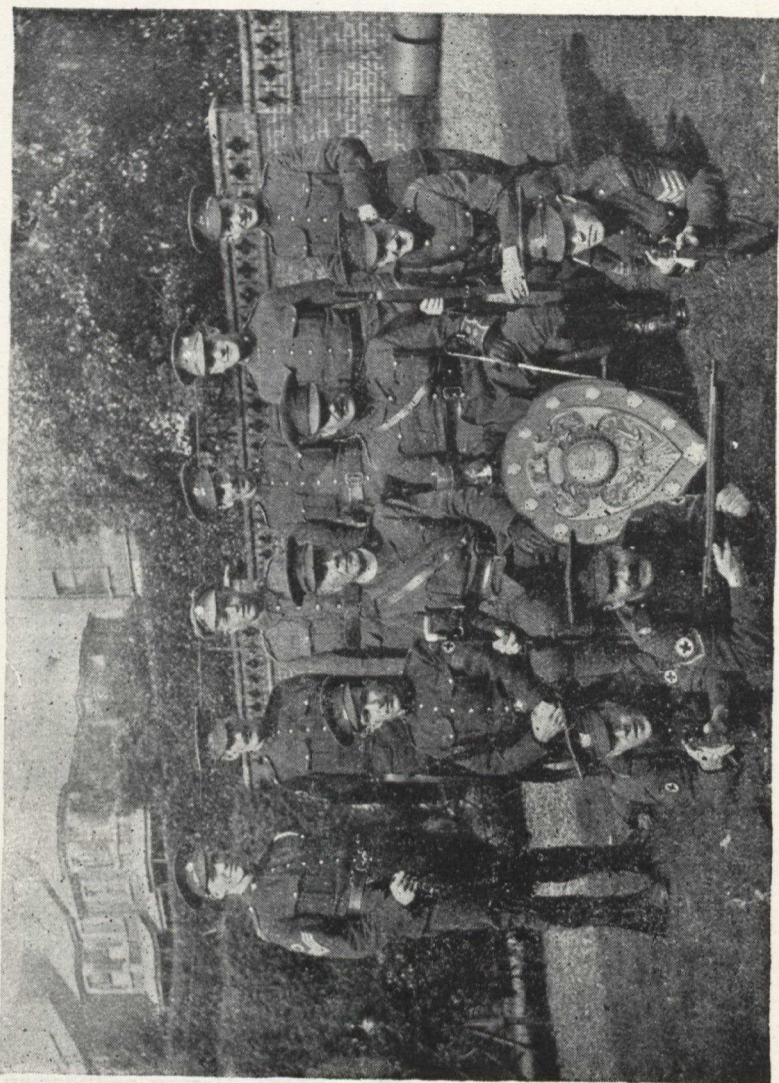
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The "Staff" is candid about it anyway. On stretcher drill he remarked—"I guess you know more about this than I do, so we will do squad drill, which I *do* know. On the command change direction right, the man on the right flank will make a complete turn to the left. Cut out that laughing, there!"

---

Capt. Armour would have found a lot of talent for his Winter Entertainments had he paid a visit to the Sergeants' Mess of Chatham House on Saturday night. Sergts. Harvey and Slocum rendered several solos, whilst Staff-Sergt. Towler entertained the boys with some Acrobatic Stunts. Sergt. Perrott contributed to the evenings fun by informing the boys the only way to make money was to lay the long odds of £10 to a 1d. on the Nuts.

## GRANVILLE RIFLE TEAM



Standing (from left to right)—Sergt. Wade, Sergt. Travers, Pte. Mathieson, Pte. H. Smith, Lc.-Corp. Graham, and Sergt. Vine.  
Sitting—S. Sergt. Slinn, Major E. B. Hooper (The Padre), Lt.-Col. J. T. Clarke, and R.-S.-M. Hodder,  
Prone—Pte. Fry, Lc.-Corp. La Sauvage, and Sergt. Henderson.



## FOOTBALL

*By Ple. Jas. Alex. Ford*

### R.N.A.S., 0 ; Granville, 3

The Royal Naval Air Service team from Manston paid a visit to Chatham House ground last Wednesday, and suffered defeat at the hands (or rather feet) of The Nuts, to the tune of 3 goals to nil.

After a few minutes' play a corner fell to the Cripples, but this was cleared, and a combined run towards Kingston was made, when Tourney had a good try, but Kingston cleared in his own style. Some give-and-take play resulted in a scrimmage in front of Long, and Sammy Horne hustled the ball into the net. This reverse made the Airmen buck up, but they could not get the ball past Kingston. Getting back to the Flyers' end, Charlie Long, in clearing a hot shot by Dicky Longworth, struck one of his own backs with the ball which rebounded into the net. Half-time saw the soldiers leading by 2 goals to nil.

On resuming, end-to-end play was the order for twenty minutes, then Long was again heavily bombarded, but he kept a splendid goal. A beautiful centre by Bowskill gave Bobby Brade a chance, scoring with an oblique shot, which to "mak' siccar" Dicky tumbled himself into the net after the ball. All through it was a hard-fought game, and the best team won by 3—0.

### 336th, R.F.A., 1 ; Granville, 4

On Saturday afternoon a renewal of acquaintance was made with the 336th R.F.A. from Canterbury, when they again visited Chatham House. From the start it was evident that it was to be a stiff game, but the Oil Rags had a hard "Nut" to crack. Several corners came to nothing, then a penalty fell to the Fragments, and Sammy Horne, who took the place, bungled it in the most outrageous manner. More corners fell to The Nuts, one of which Tootsie Tootell centred splendidly, and Staff Towler opened the scoring. Keen play was now the order of the day, and both goalkeepers were visited, but Kingston certainly had the least to do, with Franky Willis and Sid. Strutton immediately in front of him. At half-time The Nuts were leading 1—0.

On the re-start the Gunners came away with a big push, and from a penalty they equalised. This put the Cripples on their props, and in very few minutes, from a nicely placed corner by Tootell Brade headed in a dandy, again giving the Canadians the lead. More corners fell to the Fragments, from one of which Brade added a third goal. The excitement round "the ropes" was now intense, the Artillery supporters were clean up in the air, and Sammy Horne put the tin hat on their disappointment by putting on the fourth goal. The game from start to finish was fast and clean—the best game so far this season.

## GRUNTS FROM GRANVILLE

---

WHERE? Why, BUXTON, of course!

Scene—Main Corridor—Bugler sounds "Orderly Sergeants."

Was there much "Payne" after the stand-to the other night.

The slogan of the Granville men:—"Back! Back! Back to the land!"

Who is really the Quarter-Master-Sergeant at the Granville now? Ask Mack.

Who is the Sergeant who visited "Uncle" with his pals camera? and how much did he realise?

Heard at Broadstairs on Sunday afternoon:—"Say, Fitz., why don't you pick on one your own size?"

Who is the N.C.O. who pulled his cap down over his eyes when told by the fair lady that his character was plainly to be read on his brow?

Sergt. Travers—Pay night at 11 p.m.—Singing "Abide with me." Enter, Estaminated one of the personnel singing, "If I could plant a tiny seed of love in the garden of your heart."

The long-suffering heroes of the Postal Department have scored a decided success over their noisy rivals in the Sergeants' Mess by acquiring a gramophone which drowns the menagerie-like sounds of their neighbours, and shakes the foundations of the Granville.



### A Word of Appreciation

---

As I understand this is the last week for "Bullets from Broadstairs," at any rate until we find a new home, I should like to sincerely thank the Editor and staff of the *Canadian Hospital News* for the enormous amount of pleasure our staff have derived from their interesting publication. We shall all of us look back with pleasant memories in time to come of those little Saturday numbers we have all mailed to Canada at one time and another, and even if we cannot in the future participate in the pleasure of production of the *Canadian Hospital News*, both the staff and myself join in the heartiest good wishes for its future success.

R.S.M. F. W. THOM.

## DIAMOND CUT DIAMOND

By Miss Dorothy L. Warne

(Being a letter addressed to Private Richard Rotter, on active service, from his bosom pal, Corporal Dennis Dense.)

Dear Old Dick—Say, old man, I've got the greatest news for you. Nothing so wonderful, so impressive, has happened to me since I chucked the job in B.C. to join the khaki crowd. Guess what it is? There! you're such a go-easy, don't-care-a-hang, son-of-a-gun that you'd never guess if you tried for the duration.

Dick, old boy, I've found the sweetest, dearest little bit of femininity in the world. Sounds good, doesn't it? I want to tell you all about her, but I haven't the pen to do it, or the vocabulary. Her hair is that sort of mousey brown that has all kinds of twinkly rusty lights in it. Her eyes are as brown and bewitching as—as, well, I can't think of a simili. And you wouldn't see a daintier little pair of feet if you watched the sidewalk all day. Added to all that, she says she adores housework, and can cook like an angel (*vide* the Mother).

She is just down here on a holiday; does some philanthropic work up in London other times.

By the way, if you ever meet her, don't let on that I was office boy in old Thing-ung-me-bob's concern. I'm letting her think I ran the whole show. Be a sport and keep it up. Mind you, she worships me! Gee! Dickie, but the sun does shine!

Yours in love and haste,

DENNIS.

(Being a letter addressed to Miss Susie Somestyle from her adored friend Miss Ellie Gant.)

Darling Susie—I've managed it at last. I mean, well—you know that I vowed I wouldn't go back to town without the sign on my left hand that I wasn't getting dusty on the top shelf. He's a boy I met (after dusk) at the Canadian Hospital here. He's quite a dear fellow, though somewhat of a blockhead. He's no Adonis, either, but one can't have everything; but I made quite sure that he'd really got a position and some bank balance before I fixed things up. Of course, he thinks I'm the dearest thing that ever walked. Dennis (*such* a nice name, dear!) seems to run in the domestic rut, so I told him I adored housework. Ugh! Mother rhapsodises over my cooking when he is present. Could you ever tell the difference between my one and only cake and the prehistoric bricks in the British Museum, Susie? It didn't seem policy to let him know that I am in the bottling department at Double XX's Brewery, Southwark, so I gently intimated that my calling is something philanthropic. Plenty of the "phill" about it, anyway.

We are just going out to tea, dear, so I must close.

With love from

ELLIE.

## Chaplain's Wounded Soldiers' Fund, etc.

By Major E. Bertram Hooper, (Chaplain)

For the first time since the beginning of May I am unable to report any addition to my Wounded Soldiers' Fund. I am sorry, of course, that nothing has come in during the past week, for I am hoping to get together an amount that will free me from anxiety for the future, and enable me to carry on the practical ministry by means of the Fund, so long as there is need.

But while regretting no addition this week, I am supremely conscious of the gratifying character of the statement, that every week since May 1st I have had something to report for my Fund, and at times something very considerable. It is a big thing to be able to say, and I say it with a heart full of gratitude to those who by their generous sympathy have made such a statement possible.

I understand that this is the last number of the *Canadian Hospital News* to be published in Ramsgate. The little journal has hitherto had a very interesting and useful career. We all of us look forward to seeing the first number from our new hospital, to which I will venture to give neither a local habitation, nor a name. The absence of the Boys in Blue, has given me an opportunity of learning more of the Boys in Khaki, and I hope that our increased knowledge of each other will have some effect upon our relationship when once again we get to work in our new, if nameless, hospital. I have nothing but good to say or think of the Personnel of the G.C.S.H. I acknowledge with satisfaction the respect, goodwill, and kindness shown me by all.

The Sunday services with the Personnel have to me been most enjoyable. They have been altogether voluntary, and the attendance has been excellent. Last Sunday I was gratified in having a record attendance of officers.

In bidding adieu to Ramsgate and Broadstairs, I desire to record my keen appreciation of the many kindnesses shown to me, and to the wounded lads, to whom I was just The Padre. Whatever has been done for them, I cannot help regarding in a very personal light. If anyone shows special kindness to my son, how can I help a feeling of personal gratitude. Long since I learned to regard the wounded lads as my sons, and all who have shown kindness to my sons while, here in hospital, have earned my appreciation and gratitude.

It is not well to particularise too much, but among the many I would mention Lieut.-Commander Barker, R.N., who gave great pleasure and benefit to a large number of patients in treating them to an afternoon's sail on the "Charm." I would also mention the kindness of the management of the Broadstairs "Cinema," who admitted the wounded men to all afternoon performances free of charge, and all men in uniform to evening shows for half-price. The lads greatly appreciated these kindly actions. PADRE.

## BULLETS FROM BROADSTAIRS

---

Ask the S.M. to tell you the story of The Bee, The Buttercup and The Cow.

---

Is it true that Pte. Gould *did* spend two shillings in Margate last Saturday? Save it up Boy.

---

What will St. Peters do without Bamford for one week. Has a substitute been secured. Why not ask Houghton?

---

Did Sergt. Thomson really bring in the Fire Hydrant to his room the other night, and is it always necessary to have a "chaser"?

---

Say Mac., heres one for you. If it takes three boxes of matches to find a Lady's Heel in a Cornfield? How many does it require to make one "Sit" up.

---

Pte. Eardley on return home:

Son.—What did you do in the Big War Dad?

Pte E—— I was under "Shell" Fire on the "Plains of Waterloo."

---

How is it so many letters arrive at the Grand now bearing the Post-mark "South Tottenham." Someone has suggested that nightly Air-raids are the cause.

---

Apropos of our Drama the other week, a "touching scene" was witnessed outside the Albion Hotel the other night, one of our prominent "Acrobats" was touched for six shillings.

---

Why all the men on the recent route march, when asked the question: "Have any of you been here before?" All answered in chorus. Many a night, Sir. You naughty boys.

---

Last Saturday was a gala day at a certain Tea Garden. Professors Thomsoni and Dixon Douglas gave us some marvellous feats of acrobatic work, ably assisted by Patasoni. The Professors concluded a splendid exhibition by a fine "Stair" slide.

## NOTICE!

This being our last issue in Ramsgate we would esteem it a favour if all outstanding accounts would be straightened out as soon as possible. The loss of our Treasurer at this stage of the game has placed us in a position where it is easy to overlook any disbursements, and as our time is limited in Ramsgate a communication to this effect would greatly assist.—Secy.

---

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**D. T. EVANS,**

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~~~~~

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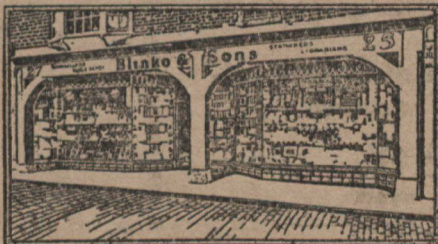
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We gather from many that the benefits have not all been on the side of commerce.

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