

# Canadian Hospital News

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## EDITORIAL

### OUR "HANDICRAFTS" DEPTS.

The argument as to the value of congenial occupation as an important factor in regaining and maintaining health needs no labouring. The small cosmos which comprises our hospital—every day becoming more and more self-contained—chews the truth of this, as well as affording a means of studying, on a small scale, the industrial problems of labour, and capital. True, this little world is very little indeed, and very new indeed, but the dillitant in sociological problems may find, on a small scale, the beginning of things. The nomadic members gradually passing from the restless, aimless "Patient in Hospital," to the more settled, but still irresponsible "attached for light duty," graduating in some cases to "Permanent B Class," and lo! he has become a citizen of our little world—a "producer"—as well as a consumer. He chooses his "Life Work." He has responsibilities—he imparts his special knowledge to others, and has the satisfaction of knowing that all he does is for the benefit of those less fortunate than himself, and so the more material part of his life, such as the relative value of his labour to the finished product, the exploitation of the many for the few, and all the other problems of our complex world industrial situation, which have bothered him outside, are relegated to the background and the more spiritual, the more self-abnegating part of him comes more to the fore, and therefore the busier the happier he is, the sooner he becomes normal and the sooner fitted to play his part once more in the world, either of arms or industry.

### The Work of a Stationary Hospital in the Field

Being the Third of a Series of Articles on the Canadian Medical Service by Lieut.-Col. S. H. McKEE, C.A.M.C., C.M.G. (formerly Officer Commanding No. 1, Canadian Stationary Hospital.)

The clearing hospital having dealt with and classified its cases as quickly as possible, those able to be moved are sent to a stationary or second hospital.

Medical and surgical work, especially surgical operations, form rather a small part of the day's work in hospitals with the Expeditionary Forces in France, or in the East. This fact has been a great disappointment to hundreds of surgeons in the past, and I expect will be so to

many in the future. It matters not whether a hospital is designated a "Casualty Clearing Depot" or a "Stationary" or a "General" hospital. They are in reality all "Clearing" hospitals, admitting and evacuating patients as quickly as possible and differ only in matter of size, accommodation of beds, etc.

The routine is made up of the admission of patients, classifying them, getting their bodies and clothes clean, attending to any urgent professional work and evacuating to the base and different depots as quickly as possible. The D.M.S. is interested chiefly in empty beds: not how many major operations you are doing daily, but in how quickly you are getting rid of your cases. He often wants beds in large numbers and in a hurry, and, I am sure looks with more pleasure at your empty bed state than any other returns. Nor is it always possible to please him in this respect, for, during periods of heavy casualties, one is taxed to one's utmost, not only to find beds but even tent space, where these worthy men may be given cover from the cold and rain.

After a number of trials, the following method of admission was found satisfactory: the Orderly Officer of the day acted as admitting officer. He generally knew an hour or two before a convoy was to arrive and usually was informed as to the number of cases, and whether they were stretcher or walking cases.

We used a large hospital marquee as the admission tent, and, after the patient had been examined by the Medical Officer, three clerks took down the following particulars: No. 1, filled in A.F. 36, from which the Admission and Discharge Book, A.B. 27, was later written up.

No. 2, filled in diet sheet, always putting in a diagnosis.

No. 3, took the particulars for a card index system, which we found a comfort and a joy.

Every mail brings one a list of names "Have you any trace of the following?" With the cards arranged alphabetically in a pigeon-hole box, we could look these up very quickly and with accuracy. We kept two boxes, one for patients in the hospitals and one for those discharged, and on the latter a note as to their destination.

After the necessary forms were filled in, the patient was taken to an adjoin-

ing tent where he was stripped and given a bath. His clothes were quickly tied up, in an ordinary sack, and sent to the disinfectant. After his bath the patient was given clean clothes and taken to his ward. The serious, stretcher cases were, of course, taken straight to the wards. By means of a slate, with the hospital ward and bed arrangement scratched upon it, the admitting officer was able to designate what bed he wished a patient sent to. In that way we were able to keep Medical, Surgical, Serious and Special Cases, grouped.

Most of the convoys arrived at night with the men hungry, tired and sleepy.

I have actually seen a man so tired that he was unable to keep awake while his arm was being set. No matter what time of night the convoy arrived, the men were always fed and given a smoke and made comfortable for the night. I must say that I have never been engaged in medical work which gave such a return as looking after wounded from the front. Unless there was some definite indication for interference the patients were left severely alone until morning.

The Medical Officers began their rounds at 9 a.m. and saw all their cases first with a view to making out the ward returns. After that, operations dressings, and other ward work, was in order. It was necessary to insist that all ward returns be sent in before operative work was proceeded with as the returns from the hospital had all to be sent out before noon. I won't bother with any details about the returns rendered.

At a meeting of medical officers at Valcartier, some one asked the D.G.M.S. what about holding office? I have thought of the answer many times. He replied: "That is one of the beauties of Active service, there is no office." But that was before the World War.

The surgical work we were called upon to do consisted mostly in giving infected areas free drainage, and the usual number of bullet and shrapnel extractions.

The most interesting cases from a clinical point of view were the trench or spring nephritis and the gas cases. There were also the usual number of ruptured eye-balls to attend to, and it took two mastoid operations to teach me that pain at the tip or any other part of the mastoid process was not

a necessarily valuable clinical sign,

Our Evacuation Return was sent in twice daily, at noon and at six p.m., to the Embarkation Medical Officer. The cases for evacuation were classified:

Those for Base Hospital in England.  
Those for the Venereal Camp.

Those for Convalescent Depots or Base Details.

The cases for England were classified as:-

A—Needing a spring cot.

B—Needing inside cabin space.

C—Deck of walking cases.

In due time, we were notified, generally by phone, at what hour the different cases would be sent for. We had nothing to do with the means of transportation. This department was admirably managed by the British Red Cross Society.

Hospitals with the Expeditionary Forces have then two duties to perform:—First, to return men to duty within three weeks, or, Second, to evacuate to England as soon as possible, doing in the interval only such emergency operations and other treatment as may be required.

Omission—The article on Field Ambulances in our last issue was by Lt.-Col. W. L. Watt, our O.C., and formerly Commanding No. 3 Can. Field Ambulance.

## Contributions and Acknowledgments

DEAR MR. EDITOR,—I never realised how much music there is in this so-called unmusical world till I arrived, with my game leg, at D—Military Hospital from the trenches in France. Music hath charms to soothe the savage breast, and I verily believe we wounded ones must be regarded as absolute cannibals, so much "soothing" do we get.

The bugler, with his little "reveille" effort, opens the daily programme:—waking, along with the rest of us, the "Scalpound" in No. 8 bed, who immediately responds with a stirring version of "Awake"; usually he is interrupted before the ninth and last verse by "Sciatica" having started his particular pet, the ward gramophone, upon which instrument he lavishes about eight hours daily of his valuable time for our delectation and entertainment. We listen to a succession of soul-stirring records until the bugler again chips in with "Come to the cook-house," which is followed, haply, by a short interval for refreshments.

After breakfast we get a "medley" mixture, or chaos. Sciatica returns to his needles and records: Pleurisy rhapsodizes on a mouth organ; the two Frozen feet and Rheumatism, having assorted voices and ideas on harmony, practice singing ballads, choruses, glees, etc., in what they tell us are "parts":

the day-orderly scrubs the floor to the tune of "Let me like a soldier fall: even the temperature nurse has caught the spirit, and performs toe and heel drum solos as she counts the pulsations, varying from two-four andante time for a slow pulse to a six-eight allegro movement in feverish cases:

The evening usually brings us a concert party from "outside," and we fill up the afternoon with a sing-song, of which I give a specimen programme:—Bugle Solo, "Beloved it is Morn," The Bugler, Song, "Oh! The Roast Beef of Old England," Milk Diet; Song, "Angels Watch o'er Thee," Night Sister; Song (Comic), "You'll have to have it off on Monday," The M. O.; Ballad, "Never mind the Medicine, tidy up the beds," Day Sister; Acrobatic Dancing "Exhibitions," The Rheumatics; Song, Where are the Brave Boys now? Dental Officer; Song (Pathetique), Put me on to chicken, Sir, I've been on milk a month," Gastritis; Item, "Selected," V. A. D. Beauty Chorus; Duet, "Who's that calling?" Night Orderlies; Chorus, "Take, Oh Take us home again," Patients' Choir.

I have not yet mentioned the Broken Wrist in the bed on my left, who knows parts of the choruses of nine hundred and fifty-six comic songs, and obliges with them in a fine cockney voice whenever he can snatch the floor, which is not usually till after the bugle fantasia, "Lights Out," has sounded.

Nobody but a real heart and soul music-lover could last long in our ward.  
By KRITICOS.

## Acknowledgement of Gifts

Mrs. Broomfield, of East Putney, London, S.W., £2.

Canadian Red Cross Society, Magazines and Papers.

We regret that in a previous issue, a donation of a spinal chair was wrongly credited. The chair in question was donated by Miss Jones, 2 Northdown Avenue, Cliftonville, Margate.

## Congratulations to

Lt.-Colonel Frederick Etherington, C.A.M.C., C.M.G.; Lt.-Col. Samuel Hanford McKee, C.A.M.C., C.M.G.; Major Evans Greenwood Davis, C.A.M.C., C.M.G., on the merited honor conferred on them by His Gracious Majesty the King, in appointing them companions of the Most Distinguished Order of St. Michael and St. George.

A very pretty marriage was solemnized at St. Luke's Church on Sat. May 6. Pte. Laurie, C.A.M.C. and Miss Lily Mond. of Ramsgate, were joined in holy matrimony. We all extend to the young couple our sincere wishes for their future happiness and prosperity

## First Contingent's Pride.

The first contingent's pride in having been the first of the Dominion's sons to reach the firing line is evidenced by a suggestion in the Gazette that the survivors of the contingent form an association after the close of the war. The author of the suggestion is careful, however, not to give the impression that any reflection on the other Canadian contingents is intended.

This pride in having been of the first contingent also is shown in verse, of which soldier poets were generous contributors. One of the best of these, written with a Kipling-esque swing is a reply to certain criticisms of the contingent which appeared in the Canadian press. Its author is H. Smalley Sarson, and it is written at Vlamertinghe, Belgium. It is as follows:—

You say that the First contingent  
Are bums, and rotters, and snydes;  
You say that we sullied our honor,  
And a whole lot else besides,  
We are probably all you call us,  
But you must admit we're men,  
So I smile when I hear you bragging—  
For we fought at St. Julien.

We were a bit wild and roguish,  
Though a soldier is'n't a lamb,  
And we drank and squandered our money  
And none of us cared a d—,  
So you thought us as black as painted,  
But you'll change your opinion when  
You meet the souls of the Germans  
That died at St. Julien.

When you've learnt the lust of battle  
When your bravest and best have gone,  
When seventy per cent are stricken,  
And the rest kept fighting on,  
You cease to mind the ravings  
Of an editorial pen,  
When you've tasted blood and slaughter  
At a fight like St. Julien.

For though the First contingent  
Are bums, and rotters, and snydes,  
The dregs of the nation's manhood,  
And a whole lot else besides,  
Though we ruined your reputation  
And blackened your name, but then—  
We held the line for the Empire  
At the fight at St. Julien.

## Things Seen and Heard

They say everything has its bright side, even a dark lantern. One would suppose, and quite naturally too, that the operating room of a large hospital would be the last place on earth where comedy would be found or the faintest bit of mirth prevail. But the following incident is vouched for by the word of an Irishman, who had occasion to undergo treatment there, and who would ever doubt the veracity or verbosity of an Irishman? The usual methods of preparation had been followed the night before, and the morning draught had not been forgotten by the ever diligent sister. The fateful hour arrived and he was silently wheeled into the outer court there to await the coming of the hypnotist. He was not kept waiting for long. From the door of the inner temple there emerged a figure in the disguise of a semi-diving suit, carrying under his right arm what looked like a young zeppelin or a

set of dismantled bag-pipes and humming that famous little song, entitled "Tell mother I'll be there." This was too much for Pat and as the gas bag was thrown over his upturned face, he told the Dr. he didn't expect to see his mother where he was going.

There is a biblical saying "And a little child shall lead them." This should be revised for Ramsgate conditions to read "And a little dog shall lead them." Have you ever noticed on a fine day the large numbers of poodles, poms and woolly bow wows that lead their fair companions about on a string? Did you ever imagine what that fair lady says when her little pet insists on going the wrong side of the lamp post? I'm not going to tell you here.

The world is always brighter  
If you smile when things are wrong:  
The day is never finished  
Unless finished with a song.  
BILLY BREEZE.

**Sports and Entertainments**

**"PLAY BAWL."**

The return game for the Cup held by Granville was played on Saturday last, and did they spring a surprise? Ask the Chatham House. Many were the sighs heard in the "Y" when Pte. Nesbit was seen busily cleaning the Cup for its expected departure, but why did Granville spring the dark horse? It was too bad on Manager Kelly after his arduous and painstaking coaching during the preceding week, but he, like all good sports, must console himself with the Liptonian phrase, that "there's many a slip twix the Cup and the Lip-ton," and the expected celebrations on the Cup's arrival has been indefinitely postponed. However, the game was very much enjoyed by a good crowd; all the players showed plenty of zeal until the fifth innings when all seemed to tire, the final score was Granville 12, Chatham House 5. Cpl. Spring pitched a good game for Granville, and the short stop on the Chatham House side also put up a very pleasing game.

On Wednesday last the "Thanet Strollers," a society formed solely for the entertainment of wounded soldiers, visited the Granville and played to a large and appreciative audience. Their two playlets were splendidly acted, and the artists gave evidence of no mean acquaintance with the histrionic art.

"The Story of Corporal Bell," played by the Misses Hanson, Mockett, and Gladys Waterer, was an amusing account of the love affairs of a too-romantic soldier-man, who kept the hearts of two fair maidens fluttering, and finally married another. The final meeting of the three ladies was full of real comedy, and left one wondering

what would have happened had the gallant corporal been present to face the music.

The second sketch, "The Rest Cure," was a screamingly funny episode of hospital life.

Mr. E. S. Oak-Rhind, R.N.A.S., gave a splendid character study of the nervous patient in search of rest and quiet, and was certainly the only person present who was unable to appreciate the drolleries of Miss Hanson as the talkative ward-maid and the Misses Mockett and Waterer as nursing-sisters. Though many present felt a fellow-feeling for the unfortunate patient, yet the humour was irresistible and the pathos was lost in broad farce.

Special mention must be made of Madame Gertrude Shrimpton who sang some delightful songs with much taste and feeling "between curtains."

The "Strollers" are to be congratulated, and we hope they'll "stroll" back this way e'er many moons.

Saturday night, amateur night—3 prizes—1 each for comical, instrumental, humorous. Miss Gladys Bookup, violinist. London, Miss Marion Pilcher, contralto. Dover, will sing.

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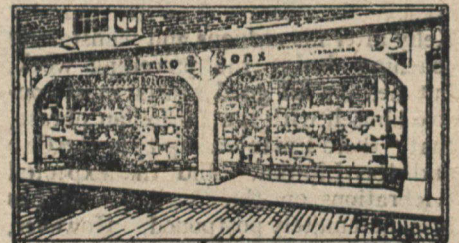
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