

Sounds in the Night

There are few of us who could not dwell at length upon this subject. Some of our earliest recollections probably centre around it. In our memories there echo many sounds we have heard in the stilly silence of the night. The plaintive love-song of a neighbour's cat; the persistent howls of a forlorn canine; the foreboding whirr of a Zepp's engines; and later, the crushing of guns and bombs.

Yet, amidst all these other memories of sounds heard at night there will ever linger in my mind the steady, measured cadence of the snore of the man in the next bed. We may throw a boot at a cat or a brush at a dog; Zepp's don't come every night, and they soon disappear; but this friend of mine with the soul of music in his nasal-organ is ever with me. Usually he begins to tune up with a few preliminary grunts and groans at about eleven p.m. I wait in awful silence, hardly daring to move for fear of missing the opening notes of the selection. Will it be a flighty Mazurka or a dreamy Waltz? Shall I glide away on its wonderful harmony into the land of slumber, or will its terrible dissonance curdle my blood?

I have not long to wait. He has chosen a score marked *Andante*, and with measured, deliberate directness he gives expression to each well-placed note. Now with slight *diminuendo* he makes me believe that I am at last to be allowed to slumber. Alas! the theme enters a more lively passage and exasperates as it certainly invigorates. My pillow, already well pummelled, is subjected to some more vigorous treatment. I try to drown the sound by covering my head with the blankets, but find I have misjudged the penetration of this nocturnal music. Rising to double *forte* and quickened perceptibly, the sound waves beat their way through my defences and defy resistance. With one great sonorous note the music ceases and I sigh with relief and hope. Murmuring my heartfelt thanks I slowly emerge from my sub-blanket position and breathe the still night air once more.

Before endeavouring to close my eyes in slumber I saw to it that a heavy volume on Voice Production was resting handy near so that in case of a repeated attack I might have some means of counter-offensive. Gently, tenderly, I sought repose. Once I reached out a menacing hand as I heard a faint wheeze. Somehow, sometime, I fell asleep. I don't know how or when, but I did. It could not have been for long, for it was only midnight when I woke. My first recollection is of hearing my volume on Voice Production rustling its pages as it sped on its vindictive errand towards my neighbour's head. He woke with a yell. Just then I heard a long drawn out sound, and listening intently recognised it as the fog-horn snoring out its message to fog-bound mariners. My neighbour shouted "Who threw that book."

I crept down beneath the covers and thanked the Gods that my name wasnt in the volume: also, I hope he doesnt read this.

Granville Breezes

Who was the M.P. who spent three shillings in chocolate the other night?

Who went around swearing to slay the News Editor last week? He trembles!

There are four patients in Ward I who have only two legs between them. Some of the grousers ought to go around and learn how to be happy and cheerful from these boys.

Keep away from the X-ray people—they can see through all your little tricks.

Can any reader tell us the meaning of the word Royal, as applied to regiments of soldiers?

Sports and Entertainments

A series of fine orchestral and vocal concerts extending over last week en was given by Mr. Roselli and his London Party. The vocalists included such well known singers as Miss. Barthel, Maeide Fyfield, and Dore Goy, humour being supplied in large quantities by Mr. Selwyn Driver and Mr. Merry. The orchestral music was of a very high order and thoroughly enjoyed by the boys.

BASEBALL On Saturday last the Granvillains secured another victory; this time against the Walmer Can. Hospital, whom we defeated by 14 runs 2.

FOOTBALL Tomorrow (Saturday) our boys meet the team of the Military Hospital, Shorncliffe, on the Chatham House grounds. Kick-off at 3 p.m. Rooters please note.

The Palace Coy. entertained the boys on Wednesday Afternoon. The revue is very aptly named "Pretty Darings," and the bevy of talented beauties gave the boys a real good time, while the comedians were voted first-class.

The Wild Horse Bunch

Parade was over at half past ten,
And the Captain called for a dozen men
Men who could ride and punch the steers,
Half of the squadron were volunteers.

There was Big Hat Tom, the Bucaroo,
Wild Horse Clem from Tenderfoot Slough,
A Mexican fresh from the Rio Grande,
And Broncho Wilson among the band.

The Captain coughed, and cleared his throat.
Such painful details got his goat.
Gave the command "at ease," and then
Spoke as follows to those brave men.

"Fifteen wild horses from Canada's plain,
That know not saddle, nor bridle, nor rein,
Await your pleasure to-morrow, men,
They've got to be ridden by half-past ten."

So spake the skipper, and bade good night,
Left them trembling with doubt and fright.
So soon to ride—so soft—so fat,
With loafing around in Medicine Hat!

Early next day the Wild Horse Bunch
Went out early upon the "hunch."
Had, of schooners,—well, not a few.
Said to themselves, "We're good as new."

So bring out your buckers, Scar Face, Cyclone,
Steamboat, Vixen, we'll ride 'em alone.
They yelled "Let her buck," and spat in the snow.
"Bring out yer bronchos—Whoopee—Let's go."

L'envoi.

The finish, alas, I grieve to tell,
The Wild Horse Bunch that day caught—well,
The "Bronks" were fresh and onto the game;
And the Bunch came in subdued and tame.

F. Andrada.

The G. C. S. H. has this week suffered a loss by the departure of the Misses Rowe. These ladies came from Exeter, their home town, to act as voluntary workers in the Y.M.C.A. canteen, and by their kindly sympathy and attention quickly endeared themselves to the patients. They go from us to work at night providing meals for the munition workers of Woolwich Arsenal, and we extend to them our compliments and hearty good wishes for success in their new sphere.