

'Orrible Raid At The Granville

EIGHTY LIVES NEARLY LOST; HEAVY CASUALTIES AMONG SPECTATORS

(By Our Special Reporter)

There was a terrible raid last Friday at the Granville, in which more than eighty lives were nearly lost, while the mortality among numerous spectators was very high.

It was started by an order being received at the dispensary for seven gallons of chloroform. The excitement caused when this order became known can easily be imagined. What was it wanted for? Some said Pte. Mickelborough, some said Corp. Ducros, while others averred they had seen Lt.-Corp. Graham and "Bill" Bailey hurriedly leaving the building; there were still more who declared they had seen Pte. Johnston deliberately leave his lift and take a header down the elevator shaft. Followed another rumour that the dope had been taken to Chatham House, and that Sergt.-Inst. Simonson, Sergt. Dives, Corp. Oliver, Ord.-Corp. Davidson and Pte. Harrington had been rounded up by the Scout, and were now under guard.

It was a few minutes after ten when I met the Orderly Corporal. He was hurrying along one of the subterranean corridors, wearing a worried look and carrying a large jar of chloroform in his left hand and a piece of rather rich fish in his right. The blending of the odours of the two reminded one all too vividly of a German gas attack. What was he doing? Back came the answer. Out cat hunting under orders from higher up. I went with him.

As a rule there seem to be hundreds of cats at the Granville; but that morning we found none. The news of the raid had got out and the eats taken to cover. I have sometimes envied orderly corporals; they are so obviously surrounded by the dignified halo of office. But never again. That morning he faced death more than once, and judging from their pungent remarks he has lost for ever any favour he had previously won in the eyes of fair members of the staff. Minutes lengthened into hours, but no cats could be found. I left him at four o'clock seeking inspiration from a cup of cocoa at the Y.M.C.A. As I was returning to the Granville late that night I ran into him coming up the Marine Parade.

"Had some luck Corp.?" I asked.

"Well, I don't know," he replied. "I've put thirty-one out of their misery, but I don't see how it'll affect the Granville."

"Explain," I replied.

"Well, I couldn't find a cat in the whole hospital, so I went out and picked up thirty-one in the streets. Now I can fill in my report all right, and yet keep a few friends."

I thought he joked, but when in the dark hours that night I was awoken by the old familiar love song of some amorous Thomas Cat, followed by the old familiar hiss and splutter, I knew he had but spoken the truth.