

The Day's Work

By "GROUSER"

You are but little children weak, you may not move you must not speak; and if you leave untidy beds the Sister's wrath is on your heads. You rise at seven, beds to make, and soon of breakfast you partake; but if you would indulge in mush you have to rush before the crush. Following after breakfast close, you get your noxious dose to fit you for the day—(alas! it always starts with cleaning brass). When this is done you scrub the floors and wipe around the cupboard doors (For if these duties you refuse, you're minus extras, plus the blues). You work until the grim M.O. steps in and sets you fluttering so, that when he leaves you're breathing hard—you rush out for your treatment card and find you've missed your turn for rubs, or vapour baths or icy tubs. You meet a friend, your troubles tell—he says, politely, go to—

(Remainder deleted and writer given 14 days—Ed.)

MY DEAR HERBERT—In my last I gave you my impressions of Ramsgate. Listen now to my ditto of the Granville. This morning I decided on making a tour of inspection, and in accordance with my penchant for getting to the bottom of things I started off for the basement. As I descended the stairs, strains of wild music greeted my ears, and following the same brought me to a door, which I flung open. A roomful of howling savages confronted me, doing devil-dances, leering horribly, and howling until they were black in the face. I shut the door and beat a hasty retreat from what I took to be the "bughouse ward," though I have since found out that it was only the practice room of the Granville Minstrel Troupe.

In my excitement I somehow or other burst into the Pathological Dept. No sooner had I entered the door, than a burly corporal gripped my arm and in affectionate tones implored me to let him have a quart or so of my blood for a test. I refused him gently, saying that I really had no more of the fluid than I could comfortably get along with. "Well" he said, "how about a few ounces of Spinal Fluid." He was so eager that it hurt me to refuse, but I had to do so on the grounds of conscientious objection. I then took a look around at the wonderful but incomprehensible collection of tubes and retorts and things, and finally made for the door, followed by the burly corporal, who was lovingly fingering a hypodermic syringe and entreating me to have an "anti-something injection."

Feeling relieved at escaping unscathed, I turned to the left and saw a notice—"To the Nursery." Being fond of children I thought I'd take a look at this department, but the only people I could see were three cooks, in their picturesque working uniform, who were eating bread and onions and drinking out of a pail. I enquired politely where the babies were—

Ducking cleverly to avoid the pail, I wandered along the winding passages till at last I found a flight of stone steps. My progress was arrested by the sound of a shot, and listening intently I heard a voice say—"Doubtful bull at one o'clock—doubtful bull at one o'clock."

The strange words were a puzzle to me. I spent the rest of the morning wondering what they meant. I found out later—AT DINNER TIME! I am, my dear Herbert, as ever, KRITICOS.

I've searched for a rhyme for "The Granville"
For hours, but I've come to a standstill.

I've got—no, it's fled;

And, alas! my poor head

Is pounding away like an anvil.

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