

## We Should Like to Know.

If the despatch rider with the skull cap is really bald.

If the Granville sergeant is still driving his own car, and how long it has been his own.

If the Orderly Room Sergeant is really in the best company for quieting his nerves.

Who is the C.A.M.C. man who donned spurs to meet her? Was she much cut up?

Who is the kiltie who recently worked his ticket by wearing his Glengarry reversed and blowing the ribbons up in the air whenever he saw the M.O. approaching?

Who was the publican who demanded passes of three personnel members, and then refused to serve them because the passes did not read "Convalescent"?

Who was the Granville corporal who, when pulled up in London for not saluting by a Coldstream Guards officer, replied, looking at the officer's black rimmed cap and facings, "Why. I thought, sir, you were a Police Inspector"?

## R.N.A.S. Entertain Granville Cripples

Lucky indeed were the forty odd Granville crutchmen who last Friday noon clambered down from two char-à-bancs engaged by Capt. Armour of the Y.M.C.A., and hobbled into Westgate Town Hall, where they were received by Lieut. Mansell of the Westgate Seaplane Station. A little later 100 bluejackets off the Ramsgate minesweepers and trawlers arrived, and khaki and navy blue sat down to luncheon tables loaded and served by local R.N.A.S. officers, men and their wives, who had held a sale of work for the purpose in December. The eats and treats that were set out on those tables would surely have made poor blockaded Fritz cry with envy and vexation. As the Canadians, monoped almost to a man, left the luncheon room on their crutches, they were given a great ovation by the sailors. In the adjacent auditorium the visitors were given a ripping entertainment by the "Vanity Fair" revue company from the London Palace Theatre, who had very kindly come down for the occasion. Following this programme, the guests were served to a tea, only less replete than the luncheon. From noon to six there was not an unprovided moment, the orchestra of the East Surrey's and the R.N.A.S. entertainers livening every interval with their selections. The cripples' parting cheers testified how emphatically they realised that "it takes the navy to do a thing up right."