

GRUNTS FROM GRANVILLE

Have the "doctor's sons" all left for France?

"We don't want to lose him, but we think he ought to go."—Sergt. —!!

Did Ramsgate forget the seats for "Wounded Soldiers Only" around the Market Place?

Are we in it? Well, I should smile! The Rink on Saturday, 21st. at 8.30 in the evening.

Are Lc.-Corp. Rahmer, Pte. M'Cafferty and one higher up working at the Granville or at Snuffy's?

Who is the gentlemanly R.P. who so kindly allays the ladies' fears on raid nights—is he sure it is "only practise"?

No sooner had the news of the doings of the tanks at the front come through than the tanks at the Granville broke out, one at least injuring a wheel in the ensuing melee.

Anent the patients' concert on Monday that Special Act was given all right only the curtain was rung up on it at 2 p.m., and all the actors were in the clink a few minutes later.

Name the *News* staff man who gave such a glowing account to the three flappers of his trip to London in his little two-seater—don't you know—when in reality he was in durance vile at the time specified.

Do the big Irishman and his little Scottish pal know that the members of the personnel mess have a bet on that they are bald, and are only waiting for them to take their caps off to decide the wager.

When is the Sporting Editor going to wake up and discover that the famous cup tie final was played on Easter Monday, and not Saturday, as reported in last week's issue?

[Yes, Sir, I am thoroughly awake now. But if you will glance at page 7 of this issue, can you wonder that I, even I, made a mistake of a paltry two days.—*Sp. Ed.*]

LOST.—On Sunday night last, between Chatham House and the Granville, a silver wrist-watch, luminous dial.—Reward on returning to Private Doody, Staff Chatham House.