

Granville Breezes

Who is the Sister who finds it necessary to wear rubber gloves in making beds ?

Heard at the foot of the hall stairway, - -

New Patient : "Can you tell me where the second floor is, please ?"

Orderly : "Sure, two stairs up."

Who was the hard-hearing Ward-Sergeant who forgot to put up his ear trumpet when asked if he would have a drink ?

Who were the chemie-tailed Sergeants who had to turn out the other night and drive in tent pegs, when Granville Breezes proved to much for the new marquees ?

Who is the Granville S. M. who offers up the morning prayer, "O Lord, be gracious unto the massage sisters, and take from them, I beseech thee, their strength this day !" ?

Has our popular Granville Staff Sergeant had his morning paper returned yet ?

Why tantalise us by announcements in orders of late char-à-banc service to Margate Hippodrome, returning 10.45 *p.m.* ?

War Time Musings

By "P. P."

There are now between 5,000,000 and 6,000,000 prisoners in the prison camps of the European nations at war, double the number of men engaged in any previous war in history. One is reminded of the exclamation of a Japanese officer, on hearing of Hindenburg's huge haul of Russian prisoners after his early victory at Tannenberg. "Why, you don't call this a war ! It's an emigration !"

In a speech the other day Sir William Robertson, Chief of the General Staff, said, "Whenever I get rather run down, I always go over to the Front" Some of us have found though that even the Front is a place where one sometimes gets run down.

The action of the War Office in cutting up the several miles of wire salvaged from the wreck of the L 21 and selling them as Zeppelin souvenirs in aid of funds for wounded soldiers, displays both thriftiness and a sense of humour. Besides it is rather "stringing out" the humiliation for Fritz.

We quite anticipate someone will propose a Tag Day now, in aid of American business interests damaged by the new U-boat outrages in New England waters.