

Music in Camp



THE MEMBERS of the Sergeants' Mess were having supper, and, as they usually do when they get together, discussing current affairs. A friendly argument had just started between a Staff-Sergeant instructor and a Sergeant W.A.A.C. It concerned the probable date and place of the European invasion. But it was cut short by another member who, huddled up in an arm-chair, was trying to absorb the intricacies of gun-drill as set out in his hand-book.

"Listen to this piece on the radio," he said, "It's darned good; one of Tschaikowsky's, I think."

An audience was immediately forthcoming. The "piece" was the "Nutcracker Suite." As the last notes of the "Waltz of the Flowers" died away, a Staff-Sergeant, who had up till now been assiduously drawing diagrams and preparing notes for his lecture the next morning, looked up from his table in the corner.

"It's a pity," he said, "that we don't get more good music like that over the air these days."

"I've been thinking about this music question lately," the gun-drill expert said, "and I've got an idea which may or may not be worth something. Why don't we contact the officers, the sergeants and all the W.A.A.C.s and men in this place and see about arranging a musical evening in the near future? All those interested could choose their favourite piece of good music, and if we could borrow the necessary records from somewhere or other we could turn on quite a good programme out here one night. What do you think of it, or don't you?"

All the members present agreed that the idea was sound, but they were doubtful about the co-operation they would receive, and said so.

"I think you'll find that every one will come forward with his particular musical choice," said the gun-drill expert, swinging his long legs over the arm of