

HYTHE HUNKS.

It is understood that a certain N.C.O. has sworn off Sausage since Xmas.

Our old friend Ganney stopped a Taxi Tuesday night, but not without getting badly mauled and sustaining a fractured leg.

Groom, our specialist from the Beehive Restaurant, was right on the spot and rendered first aid. We wonder which of the five ports Ganney was returning from?

Overheard in the Machine Shop:—
"What that Chinese Bo-Hunk of a Lan-
chester back again!" May be, our Lan-
chester Expert will find the missing link
this time.

The boys who left for Crowboro' are
apparently not in love with the place, and
wish they were back in Hythe.

We wonder why parcels sent us
from Canada have not reached their des-
tination? No doubt it is on account of
an overworked and underpaid staff at
the A.P.O.

Pte. Lorimer is suffering from a
sprained wrist, the result of being
kicked by a Kelly at Crowboro'.

That a certain private, not a tailor
by profession, took a lady friend home

and returned with a nice mince pie. The
boys in the room know the pie was good,
though the said private turned his back
whilst eating it.

Our congratulations to S.-Sgt. Poun-
sett on his promotion to A.C.S.M.

A lending library has been opened
for the use of the Boys. We thank all
those who have given the books. Fur-
ther gifts or loans will be greatly appre-
ciated.

The car waits without, sir,
Without what, orderly,
Without the left-hand running board,
Without a good chauffeur,
Without a drop of gasoline,
Ten nuts the can of oil,
The outer coat of Army Green
Two sparks plugs and the coil,
Without the brake, the horn, the clutch,
Without the running gear.
One cylinder it beats the Dutch,
How much there isn't here,
The car has been repaired in fact,
And you, sir, should be glad,
To find that this much is intact,
Of what before you had.
The workshop sent it back, sir.
In perfect shape throughout.
So you will understand, sir,
Your car, sir, waits without.

THE HEROINE.

It was on a cold and dreary night
that it happened, one of the many that
had prevailed for the past month. But
it was the "Night of all Nights." Great
things happen daily, almost hourly, but
no event was ever more keenly antici-
pated than that for which the "Blank-
shires" were now waiting. Never did
any troops in Flanders or Belgium look
forward with such eagerness or screw
their nerves to higher tension. At last
here was the Great moment looked
forward to, from the Colonel down to the
lowest Private. Word had been passed
along "Steady, Boys," the great mo-
ment is at hand.

Bets were made as to the issue.
Five Franc notes had changed hands or
been ticked up against the Gamblers
pay. Dead silence reigned in the
"Blankshires" Trenches. It seemed as
if the very elements understood the hap-
penings of that particular night, for not

a breath of wind was felt. The moon in
sympathy had partially hidden its radi-
ance behind a misty bank of cloud. Even
the rats were sympathetic, for not a one
disturbed the stillness of the night.

Ah! a shrill whistle sounded on the
still night. With a bound every man got
to his firing position. A voice broke the
silence, said one word, and then:—
Cheers have been given from the begin-
ning of the world, but never such a cheer
as left the throats of that gallant band of
men. It lifted to the sky and rolled like
the tune of a thousand guns. Star shells
appeared by the dozens and shells began
to fall around that gallant band of men,
but still that fervent cheer continued to
sound. The tension had at last relaxed
and relief would have its course.

The Regiment's Pet Cat had pre-
sented 3 Kittens.

By L.-Cpl. Ellis, 4th Battn.
Canadians.