

## Hythe Bunks.

The O.C. Chips has entered into a state of Matrimonial Bliss. We wish him the best of luck; and may his troubles be (Little Ones).

The Boys presented the Corporal with a case of knives and forks, as a token of the esteem in which they hold him.

Anyway, I believe marriage is like the measles. No matter what the Wise Guys say; you can get it more than once.

Pte. Mutton is opening a canteen in the paint shop. Donations of old pots will be very acceptable.

That a certain Pte. of the Bedfords is about to present the paint shop staff with a new flag, as he objects to the Union Jack flying backwards.

Who was the private that bought some wrenches down at Folkestone, maybe he did not find the taylor made, good enough.

Tell us, was it a German who introduced Hamburg Steak, if so lets hope he's got his.

Who were the boys that got fooled looking for the Silver Queen? Did they forget it was the first of April, or did they think it was September Morn?

Our Soccer Team met their Waterloo at the hands of the School of Musketry team, in a well-contested match played on the school grounds.

### THE RUM GARAGE.

Some fellows came to England fair,  
To drive away the Germans there,  
And when they found the cupboard bare,  
They thought to start a Garage there.  
So down to Hythe the wise guys went,  
And Canadian money there they spent,  
To fit the place they did contrive,  
Till some brave Scotchman did arrive,  
Then everything went smooth and well;  
We wish the Garage was now in Hell.

The cars come in, the tires all flat;  
The bodies bent, but what of that,  
If we could give them Engines new,  
Why no more work we'd have to do,  
The trouble is when they're apart,  
The blessed Engines never start,  
The Gasolene all mixed with oil,  
Makes many a Radiator boil.  
The O.C. said when he was fainting—  
Oh what are cars without the painting.

### ECHOES FROM THE CAVALRY CAMP.

We understand that every trooper has now got to report the name of lady friend and address that he meets each night when out. Some of the boys hail from Montreal at that.

Tr.-Major Smart has become very popular with the C.A.S.C. concert party. Keep up the good work, Major.

Who is the little Sergt. who swanks about his riding? He certainly falls all over his charger.

Two latest definitions handed in for C.L.H.

"Can't leave home,"

"Canada's last Hope."

Has Richie got over his honeymoon yet. We still hear him harping on "My wife."

The Sergts' Mess held an Irish concert on the 17th. It was a "Smart" affair. Who were the Sergts. who mistook their huts after the concert, and did one really sleep among the Privates.

The drafts going out remind us of that old book, "The mighty fallen." One Ex-Sergt. intends writing a song entitled, "The Uncertainty of the Chevron."

An Irish Sergt. relating the result of his interview with the O.C. expressed himself as follows: "Will you revert, says he," "I won't, says I." "Come down, says he." "They can't, says I." "I'll break you, says he." "I confirmed, says I." At this moment the band played.