

TRUCK TALES.

Oh what a sad convoy of corks left our yard the other day. Only four and a half trucks in working trim out of the twelve in the procession. I say four and a half because whilst one had its engine running it still had to be towed. One had to tow the other down hill because it had no brakes. There were a good many who wished the convoy a bon voyage with a slight smile, but they made a remarkable trip.

L. 145 towed L. 43 on the convoy, and yet L. 43 was heard to remark, "'Tis better to be a good old has been than a never was."

We wonder what was wrong with L. 32 when Bro. Vandrick met the convoy of old timers.

It is with regret that we hear of the three big Cpls. in room 10 picking on Tiny (Cpl. Stafford), but we hear that he has gone into training, and we expect that the tables will be turned shortly.

Did any see Bro. Clement shed a tear on parting from his old friend L. 2.

No 1 Section left their old quarters with regret, but seem to have found the new ones quite agreeable.

We take our hats off to Pte. Palfrey for the smart business-like manner in which he started with old L. 40 on the Last Long Trail. Alas, poor L. 40, we knew her well (too well).

One of the drivers was advancing the spark on a Kelly, and in doing so moved the mag. enough to start the motor, the points being about to break at that time.

Who was the truck driver who had a pipe dream and thought that he was a Tank, much to the disfigurement of a fence near Dibgate.

THE MUSINGS OF A TRUCK DRIVER.

We had a truck, a real, good truck,
'Twas Kelly Seventy-six,
It travelled down to Hythe workshops,
And stopped there several weeks.

They sent us back our truck one day,
We needed it worst way,
But when we tried to run the thing,
It spluttered, "Not to-day."

"Staff" sent her down to Hythe once
more,
To clear the gas line out,
That happened just two weeks ago,
It's finished, we've no doubt.

But why she don't come back to us,
Is something we don't know,
We hear there is a war still on,
Will someone tell Hythe so.