

The "Isle" of Thanet

The "Isle" of Thanet seems to be on a par with other vagaries of English nomenclature, which calls one of the most huddled churches in Westminster, "St. Martin's-in-the-Field's, which designates a perfectly straight little street in the City as Crooked Lane, and which still refers to a 15th century college at Oxford as New College.

But at one time—and quite an historic time, too—the district about Ramsgate as far inland as Sarre was a bona-fide island. The south channel at Pegwell Bay was a good four miles across, and between Westgate and Herne, a mile of water separated Thanet from the rest of Kent. When the Romans were in Britain their ships going to or from the Thames, did not have to round the North Foreland, but passed right up or down this channel—the present bed of the River Stour.

It was at the south entrance to the Channel that Hengist's and Horsa's Jutes landed, and "English history began." But even in Saxon times this channel was noticeably "silting up," and they called it the "Wantsume" meaning "greatly decreasing." This filling up with sand and shingle was only one operation of the Great Eastward Drift, which for centuries has been building out Kent neared to the French coast, and contracting the Straits of Dover. Sandwich, one of the Cinque Ports, and in Tudor times a busy harbour, is now a mile and a half from the sea, while the rifle ranges at Hythe, that our feet know so well, were not so very long ago part of the ocean bed.

Some Cat.

A true story

When a boy, I remember our household being troubled by a large cat which had billeted itself in the back kitchen without consulting us in the matter. My mother decided to get rid of it by some means, and detailed my elder brother for the job.

A large bucket was obtained and nearly filled with water, after which pussy was enticed with a saucer of milk and provided with a rope collar and a brick pendant. After a desperate struggle and the receipt of many scratches on the executioner's person, she was at last jammed into the bucket, a large weighted board placed on top and left for the night. Next morning, after a large hole had been dug to receive the corpse, we raised the board—and there was pussy purring away contentedly, having lapped up all the water and made herself comfortable on the brick for the night!!

(American papers, please copy)

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