

## Bakery Bullets and Supply Salve.

We get used to seeing old friends around this depot, who hail from the surrounding camps, and we had genuine pleasure in greeting S.-Sgt. Sharp on a visit from Crowborough.

We also have Mr. Ferrier back again from his peregrinations, and as he is responsible for the messing, we are expecting some great feeds.

When Cpl. Sergeant transferred to the Cavalry Depot, this Section lost a good head. He always had an itching to wear spurs, and as spurs and bread do not go well together, he's gone to where they "keep on grooming."

Sergt. Groves had a few days' leave for a most worthy purpose. Bravo! George, Keep the home fires burning. We'll need them all, "Après la Guerre."

Hut 13 N.C.O.'s room must have recently suffered a big loss for practically everything, including the Artist (?), has been painted a sombre black. Why the mourning? Was it connected with the morning (no pun intended), that Dombey and Son found them gassed in their sleep. Try sleeping in your gas masks—guys.

Our budding Q.M.S. is certainly a handy man. He was perched on the roof of his domicile the other day repairing the chimney pot; as laid down in K.R. and O. Good job the Engineers did not see him at labour, or we should have been minus a Q.M.S. by this time.

How did Mac enjoy his sick leave, north O' the Tweed? Did he notice that the little warning attached to his pass was headed: Read, Mark, Learn.

To the late Cpl., and the late bombardier (?) Supply Office Staff, we extend our deepest sympathy. The way of the transgressor is hard, so, call me early, mother dear.

Hats off to the new Tank Commander, "Alfred the Great."

Who is the lengthy Corporal who floated into Hut No. 16, singing, "I don't care what becomes of me."

Sergt. Byers took with him our best wishes when he proceeded to Whitley, and we are all sorry to lose his good fellowship.

Who were the two guys who were treated to a sumptuous repast at Hythe and then refused to pay the bus-fare to Folkestone? One of these gentlemen did actually buy seats for the Pictures after. He asked for the cheapest that he could get. Br-r-r.

We'll get him the scallywag. Compré scallywag? Did anyone hear a whisper of someone taking a trip to London for the purpose of bidding his better half farewell prior to her departure to Canada, and then refused to let her go? Was it all because the hard-hearted Government would not take three of them to Western Canada for the enormous sum of £3. Hard times, indeed.

### CANADIAN VISITORS TO HYTHE

ARE INVITED TO CALL AT

THE CHOCOLATE HOUSE, HIGH STREET.

FANCY BOXES OUR  
SPECIALITY.

OUR SWEETS ALL  
HOME MADE.

CLEANLINESS SUPREME.