

TANK TATLINGS and CAMP ECHOES

C. S. M. Bain began studying accountancy in the Khaki College last week. But he isn't the only one who can tell you about the liquid assets of the Sergeant's mess.

Of course the sergeants' frequent dances wouldn't be the howling success if they didn't put Waacs on the floor.

"The Fords on this Road make it dangerous for Motor Traffic," is a sign within three miles of Bovington Camp. Write your own wheeze.

Inasmuch as the rain in this country seems so much wetter than it is in Canada, why not issue the troops with umbrellas?

Pte. Gibson, of "B" Company: "Why can't the privates and corporals ever hear the battalion orchestra?"

Pte. Somerville: "Why can't you be grateful for the blessings you get!"

Pte. Miller, of "B" Company, the battalion draughtsman, attended a mask ball while on leave. He removed his glasses and was completely disguised.

Even an editor gets an alibi once in a while. There are several contributors to this edition of the "Tank Tatler" besides the staff itself.

The battalion football team, chaperoned by Major Mavor, has had several week-end leaves recently. Incidentally one or two games were played.

One reason for unrest among the troops is that a bunch of us now have to plan for our future, whereas, before the armistice was signed, we were letting some Jerry plan it for us.

Pte. Scott, R.F., occasionally interrupts his reading long enough to do a little running for "A" Company orderly room.

The absent-minded Mr. McGirr put his boots outside the door of his private room in the equipment stores as he retired the other evening. "How'll I find them?" he pondered aloud the next morning. "Your nose knows," retorted the ready Mr. Steele.

Nobody knew that Pte. G. H. King was an Irishman until a few days ago. He was inspecting the pot during a poker game and found it deficient. "Here is a shilling short," he said, "Who put it in?"

When a cat wandered into the "A" Company Sergeant's quarters, the non-coms. took it under their wings, so to speak, and made it quite welcome. Mrs. Cat was no less polite, and now four kittens have been added to the collection.

The issue of new boots proved a God-send to two dead-broke "B" Company men. Pte. Devel and Sparrow immediately opened a shoe-shine, shoe-dubbing parlor at a tanner a throw.

'Tis true that when Pte. Lancelot Todhunter wrote a lurid and realistic description of the Battle of Sherford Bridge to his best girl, he concluded "And then the sun sunk to rest, midst the groans of the dying and the shrieks of the dead."

"A" Company Sergeants have covered themselves with glory by "rushing to the front." It was when the Sergeants were having a group photograph taken.

When Ex-Sgt. Rolph was a young Corporal, drilling eight men at Frensham Pond he gave this command: "At the halt on the left, form two columns of close sections." After the squad had straightened themselves out he roared "That's wrong, the rear rank should be in front."

Corporal Tom Brown once gave this one, "At the left, on the halt, form section."

Sgt.-Major Paterson, to trembling delinquent "Even if the war is over I'M still in force."

That bold Scotchman, Sgt. McLeod, was seen the other night with two Waacs at —never mind where. According to Hoyle two Queens beat a Jack, but probably on that occasion the joker was running wild.

We always understood that ptomaine poisoning was a by-product of tinned food. We are, therefore, still awaiting an explanation from Sergeants Laver and Gisborne as to how it is possible to get ptomaine poisoning from a bottle.

Pte. Tony Smith, of "C" Company, never takes chances of being A. W. L. In order to be on the safe side he entertains his lady-love in the station.

Cpl. McConnell, boss of the coal yard, intends to patent the recipe for the non-inflammable coal he has been dishing out lately. It is as follows:

Coal dust	...	50 %
Coke	...	50 %

Sgt. Currie was awakened the other morning by a sonorous voice announcing "Everybody up, reveille has sounded." Said the Sergeant: "Say, old man, turn on the lights like a good fellow." The light was switched on, revealing—the Orderly Officer.

Hut G. 13 hasn't taken down its Christmas decorations yet. "Just waiting to hear whether or not we can use them next year," explained L.-Cpl. Bellair.

Reverberations

By PTE. GOSSIP,

Happy Romance Revealed.—I am told that very popular sergeant, Norman Hall, of "A" Company, is implicated in a romance. The happy victim is said to be the pretty girl, renowned for roseate hair, who presides at the cash counter of one of the best known hotels on the north side of the Strand.

Something up his Sleeve.—Before beginning a series of concerts, Enrico Caruso invariably sets himself a schedule of hard work, in which every hour of the day is devoted to a certain task. He claims it helps him with his singing. I believe Pte. Whiteley is getting ready to spring a musical surprise on us, for he has spent two weeks recently in a similar manner.

His Schedule.—Pte. Whiteley's day was divided as follows:—

6.30	Arise and shave.
7.30	Breakfast.
8.00	Railway work for four hours to exercise emotional muscles of legs.
1.00	Odd fatigues.
3.00	One hour's private d.i.l.

In addition this well-known songster slept in the guard-room and even took his meals there. It gave him more quietude, he tells me.

London Disappointed.—Theatrical London was awfully disappointed that the Cantank concert party did not come through with its intended two weeks' run at the Coliseum. What was wrong? Was the show a failure at the Garrison opening? I think that we are entitled to an explanation?

Sergeant is Jealous.—The wife of Sgt. Pringle, of "C" Company, shares in the general rejoicing at the announcement of Princess Pat's betrothal. Sgt. Pringle hails from Ottawa, and was somewhat smitten by the fair Princess' charming ways during her sojourn at Rideau Hall. I believe the sergeant is jealous of Commander Ramsay.

Sgt. Owthwaite Better.—I saw Sgt. Owthwaite the other day for the first time since he went in hospital. He expected shortly to be back with us again. Sgt. Owthwaite, who figured in an interesting romance with a prominent Western New York girl, was the author of one of "A" Company's stirring battle-songs,

He's Bald.

A visitor, Corporal Bellair,
Came in with a look of despair,
With a hand on his head
He laughed, then he said,
"Well, fellers, it's mostly not there."