

TANK TATLINGS.

Among the signs that the war will probably be over in about five years more are:

"A" Company was favoured with a second helping of really delicious pudding in the mess the other day.

Pte. Walter Davidson, "B" Company, V.T. expert, was seen casting admiring glances at vermilion cravats in the window of a Weymouth shop one recent Sunday.

A paper from "Back 'Ome" says that the Niagara Frontier guard has been abolished.

C.Q.M.S. Rooke, "A" Company, took an order for tobacco without the cash.

Private Ormsby, A.N., now of the Depot, Dean of the Society of Ex-Corporals, says that this 6.15 Rouse Parade would be all right if it didn't specify that he should be partially dressed. It is a chilly proposition removing both his tunics at that hour in the morning.

From the way "The Little Fellow" Bradera slops oil over the "A" Company guns in his charge one assumes that he's getting a rake-off from John D. Rockefeller.

"Wouldn't it be a good joke," suggested Pte. Ernest Crickmore, the well-known battalion orderly room runner, "If the King didn't come after all."

It is denied on behalf of the padre that in his song service last Sunday evening he announced that the meeting would sing hymn number Legs Eleven. Number Legs Eleven was not one of the hymns sung.

Pte. Arthur C. Singleton, who occasionally lapses into brilliant soliloquising, remarked the other day, "Wouldn't it be a good one on the M.O. if he made a mistake and went out with his rubber gloves on instead of his leather ones?"

Marching to Lulworth, the "C" Company boys saw a number of pheasants in the field by the wayside. There were one male bird and two females which caused one of the bright boys of that company to remark that pheasants must be Mormons.

Rushing up to Pte. Melrose, of "B" Company, as he stood in the mud at Lulworth, an officer asked, "Are you a corporal?"

"No, sir," answered Pte. Melrose, as he lifted one foot out of the quagmire, "I'm a bloomin' bulrush."

"Mr. H. M. King." That's what the Yanks called King George.

The King had the letters "G. R." woven in gold on the shoulder straps of his uniform.

"What does that stand for?" asked one of the Tanks.

"I dunno. Must be his laundry mark," said Tank No. 2, as he took a pace out of the ranks to take a cigarette stub from behind his ear.

We don't like to spoil a good story. The London papers said that the King drove a tank at Lulworth. But the fact of the matter is that he sat on a scarlet silk cushion and looked out of a machine gun porthole.

Corpl. Jamieson, Capt. Herald's rotund assistant, wonders if sleeping in room No. 9 had anything to do with the restless night he suffered while week ending last month.

Pte. Murphy attended the Padre's song service the other evening.

Did you ever notice that in the English, the French, and the German languages the first three letters of the word for soldier are S.O.L.?

It may not be generally known, but the fact remains that C.S.M. Bain knows more than just that one song, "Left, right, left, pick it up," which he sings constantly while the company's on the march.

"A" Company has a bunch of new corporals. And new corporals mean new commands.

Here's Corpl. Hoover's best: "Squad! Stand-at-ease! Now then, right wheel, forward!"

Corpl. S. M. K. Young: "Party, whoa!"

Sergt. Strachan, the grand old man of the Company, says that in his O.T.C. days he heard a sergeant order a platoon to: "Two paces step back, forward!"

But the best of them all is ex-Corpl. Bradera's: "Slow wheel! Left march!"

SONG OF THE SEVENTEEN NEW CORPORALS.

Good night, rankers! Good night, rankers!
Good night, rankers! We're going to leave you now.

Merrily we roll along, roll along, roll along,
Merrily we roll along, to the sergeant's mess.