

HOSPITAL.

By Pte. Syckwith Floo.

I decided that I would like to go to hospital as soon as I saw the Central American revolutionist's camp at Sherford Bridge. But, of course, I didn't know the hospital—then.

I didn't know the hospital until the second morning when the nurse said:

"You've never been in hospital before, have you?"

"Oh, is this a hospital?" I parried. I'd thought it was a portable garage.

My expectancies of the dainties of the sick may



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have occasioned this remark of the nurse. She pitied my convalescent ignorance of the much-vaunted milk diet.

Know what a milk diet is? It is rice for meat and potatoes in a porridge bowl, and rice on a dinner plate for dessert. On Sunday we had a little variation from the milk diet. We had corn starch for the meal, and a corn starch pudding. On Saturday the M.O. decided that we could have

something to eat. But, lest we should grow fat thinking about it, the sergeant said we couldn't get the change until Monday.

That's why it took none of us long to get rid of the "flu."

TANK TATLINGS.

Sergt. Waite, of "B" Company, Sergt. Dixon, of "A" Company, "Jim" MacQuarrie, and a few others of the Tank heavyweights have been confined to the main roads of the camp. Signs are stuck up all around the others, reading "For Light Traffic only."

"A" Company Man (proudly): "I've finished one course already."

"B" Company Man: "What's that?"

"A" Man: "Whitewashing."

There is some kick about our being on Imperial rations, but a course that lasts four weeks ought to satisfy anyone. Unfortunately for the Epicurean connoisseurs of tasty fowl, the pigeon course is very, very short.

"Germans Retreating Rapidly," and "German Soldiers Unshod" are two adjacent headlines.

If the Huns were wearing Kitcheners our fellows would have a better chance of catching them.

We have proof positive that the King is very much interested in this battalion. On the day the "Cassandra" docked, Sir John Capper, Director-General of the Tank Corps, held an audience with the King.

Most of the Tanks when they were on leave said naughty, naughty things about the tunnels all along the English railways. But Pte. Cummiford, the corpulent section two man, found them, or at least one of them, all right. "What could I do when she was sitting right beside me?" he said apologetically when Corp. Evans asked him to explain a resounding whack heard in the darkness. And the fair Waac between them only smiled.

Sergt. Edy (taking charge of pigeons class): "Pigeons, Quick Mar-rch!"

The "A" Company orchestra, which by the way has developed into a battalion orchestra, has played at the officers' mess on several occasions since we came to this camp.

Instructor on the 6-pounders at Lulworth: "Gentlemen, this gun is just like your best girl. The tighter you hold 'er, the better she likes it."

Lieut. Phemister (enthusiastically): "This is where I make a perfect score."