

Le Havre, May 15, 1917.

To Monsieur l'Editeur, "N.Y.D." (I do know not vot zeese meens.)

Mon cher, Monsieur,

I, who am of an intelligence grand, ave studee for a longtemps ze language so difficile of you, and I speak eem très bon, write eem no so très bon, and comprehend mooch. But, monsieur, I ave now as you say so droll, "copped a snag," and eet appen like zeese.

I proceed to eer to pass away my "leaf," as you call eem, and I promenade to zee café, as zere ees a feeling ongrly een my chest. I observe on a wall een ze rue zeese vords—"SWIMMING TANK," veech I no understand. I at ze café do arrive, and zee garçon approach queekly. I a dictionnaire demand, veech, ven ee eet produce, I open, and percieve zat a tank ess a cistern or a reservoir. so a swimming tank ees a reservoir, veez l'eau, for zee sweem. I mak commence of my déjeuner veez un bon appetit, and zee omellette aux herbes ees of a fragrance eemense. I at zee same time do studee one of your papiers illustrie, and do observe dereen a picture of a machine de guerre, or a size and ferociousness orrible, and deeze ees call a tank, so I am sadden, for how can a tank be a swim reservoir at ze same time as a machine de guerre of a ferocity unknown? A party of officers ees dreenking at a table close to, and one beeg one ee dreenk mooch and mooch, all dee time, but ee no get fool oop. I remark to my viz-a-viz, zee oo ees a officier Anglais zat zee big officer ee swallow a lot, and ee larf, and say ee to me, "Oh, ee ees a tank, ee could ze ocean drownd." Monsieur, my brain ee go wirlegog. Eeer vas zee tank again once more. I summon ze garçon, as my appetite ees depart, and I ave no more enjoy of zee café et cognac, and zee cigarette of a fine deliciousness, no, mon ami, all deeze ees depart, so I queekly away from zat café do go. I promenade veez a queekness and soon at ze Quai, vere zee sheeps do come and go, do I arrive. Zere ees a sheep of a bigness up to zee side close of zee quai, a sheep from zee Nordland, as she do bring vid er mooch of zee bois so of along, and a sailorman off of zee sheep, e ees stand by zee sheep, on zee quai. E possess air of zee color rouge, and ees face, eet look like dat eet of zee bois eet ees compose, but eem up to I promenade, and I question eem,— "Ow can eet possible to be, for a reservoir for sweem also a machine monster de guerre, of a prodigious terryfyingness, also likewise a officer oo a ocean could swallow, ow could it possible to be for all deeze to be a tank?" E, zee sailorman, e slow from ees face ze pipe remove, e open ees mouth, e speet the quai on, and e say, "Ah, tank so." Monsieur, e try to make of me one fool. Monsieur, I eem approach to near, and my fist I shake ees nose under, and I call eem one damn couchon rouge. One time more e remove ze pipe, and a smile creep slow ees mouth along, and e speet ze quai once more on, and zen e remark—"I tank you bane 'tanked.'" Monsieur, I mad go, e make of me a game, me oo a officier Francais ees, of a bravery unique, and e try to play of me a sport. I jump eem around, I shake at eem my feest, names of zee most atrocious I eem call, and enfin, zee wind of me she all go out, so I stop. E look at me some time, and zen e say—"I tank you."

And zen ees back e turn to me, and e speet zee water een. Monsieur, I promenade ome to my hotel, and I seet at zee table of write, and now zeese letter to you I send. So eef you vill me let to know tres queek vot ees a tank, zee armee Francais you vill save from a calamity of the most serious, for should it to be that I a tank vot eet ees I do not know tout de suite, of a sureness my brain chest do I shoot up, and zee armee Francais a loss of zee most prodigious do ave. Avec felicitations, Mon cher Monsieur,

Votre tres humble serviteur,

FRANÇOIS FOURCHETTE,

Lieutenant.

### DAME RUMOUR GETS BUSY, AGAIN.

"Stables" had just been sounded and Driver Clark turned out from his billet, and in company with Harkness, the Padre's groom, wandered over to the horse lines to look after their animals.

The Canadian Battery in which Clark and Harkness were serving had been relieved a few days previously and were now enjoying a well-earned rest, broken only by persistent rumours of trouble at Ypres. The enemy were reported to be massing troops for still another attempt to "hack their way" through to Calais, and the battery which had helped to stem those grey-clad hordes on two occasions was inclined to be a little fidgety in consequence, for the Canadians had always appeared to be moved to the scene of a likely "show."

Clark opened the conversation by observing that "Wipers was gettin' hell again." He had also heard that — Division was "standing to," and added, "I guess we're going to hike up North agin! Back to the blurry old salient for ours."

"Nothin' doin'," replied Harkness. "Somebody been peddlin' more Bull around here, I guess."

"What did they move our heavies for then? They went North, didn't they? A guy in Signals told me they had moved eight Divisions up there."

"Aw! you guys make me tired. Just 'cause a chap has a bit of blue and white round his arm you think he's the clear McKay in noos. Hell! one of them guys told me in Albert last Fall that the old Division was goin' back into the line again. And what happened? Didn't we darn well move out that night for Harrishart? Them guys don't know nothin'."

"Cut the fuss! Them guys got more chance to get noos than we have. It was a signaller told me about them tanks long before they was used at Courcelette. He'd seen 'em at — climbin' houses and goin' through forests in front of Joffre."

"Aw! g'wan. I never heard no yarns that come from signallers turn out right."

"There must be suthin' in this goin' to Wipers business all the same. One of the Corporals in the A.S.P. told me they was movin' all kinds of ammunition up there."

"Well, ain't they doin' that all the time? I'll tell you what my boss said about this move you're talkin' about."

"What does he know, anyhow," said Clark.

"Well, don't he eat at H.Q. mess?"

"What did he say, then?"

"It was the Belgians got the wind up, 'cos the flooded country up there was all frozen over, and they'd seen Germans about on skates."

"What, on skates?"

"Surest thing you know. That's why we sent the artillery up there. But we fixed 'em all right, all right!"

"Is thasso?"

"You bet your life. It was about two weeks ago, in that cold snap. The Bosche sent two Divisions over against the Belgians on skates, but they never got back."

"You don't say."

"Sure thing. When they got close enough the Belgians opened up 'Emma G.' on 'em. Our guns put up a barrage behind 'em, broke up the ice, and what weren't killed were drowned. I guess they got enough skating that day alright."

"Well, what the hell do you know about that?"

"Yes, and I'll tell you suthin' else. The French have —"

"Come on, you men," roared the Sergeant, "get busy on them hay nets." Clark and Harkness got busy.

### STEW AWFUL!

Oh, list ye, all my merry men  
And I'll recite to you  
A little bit of poetry  
About our famous stew.

Jim Youlden is the hero—  
He knows a thing or two—  
But he never won a medal  
For his famous Irish stew.

We line up in our hundreds  
And get it while it's hot;  
But if we eat two spoonfuls  
We consider that a lot.

It's made of meat and water—  
But water more than meat;  
We drink the bally water—  
And the bally meat we eat.

The cookhouse for the Bearers  
Is half a mile away;  
If "John Bull" only knew it,  
I wonder what he'd say.

Now, when we get our dinner,  
We think it's just a treat—  
We shut our eyes and mop it down—  
And kid ourselves it's meat.

It's packed in gaily coloured tins,  
And brought up on a cart;  
If mother saw me eating it  
T would break her poor old heart.

If things do not soon alter  
I'll tell you what I'll do;  
I'll eat my shrapnel helmet  
Before Jim Youlden's stew.

Now, when we get the Kaiser—  
The man who is so kind!—  
We will not shoot him for a while,  
Some better sport we'll find.

We'll place him gently in a chair,  
Tied with a rope or two;  
We'll stuff his belly then for weeks  
With Youlden's awful stew.

When we start the next push  
And the boys are breaking through,  
We'll strafe the Hun and make him run—  
With Youlden's awful stew.

Should this war last much longer,  
(Oh, Bearer, do not grin)  
Instead of eating bully beef  
We'll have to eat the tin!