

Doukhobor. And that wasn't a criticism of the laundry service either.

But the Col.'s speech settled all that.

More than a few of the fellows were sensible to the fact that it was unusual for a commanding officer so far to take all ranks into his confidence. He gave every man credit (here's hoping we deserve it!) for intelligence and talked as one man to another. He answered questions pertinent and impertinent as fully as was possible and proved that some of the witticisms were good by smiling at them.

The men on the railroad fatigue are not to get working pay. Thus an old argument was settled. It was probable that we would continue to eat sausage. Thus our stomachs remained unsettled. It is not intended to build the Bovington railway all the way to Bagdad since it has been decided that Fords are of inestimable value in Mesopotamia.

It was an open forum for a quarter of an hour or so. At the close the consensus of cheers was:

The Col. is a good scout.

The Wail of a Tank Private

This classic, written by Pte. J. Walter Davidson, of "B" company, for the Cantanks' concert, and executed by him most feelingly, though heartlessly, on that occasion, is now presented for the first time in printed form. The tune, of course, is the "Cobbler's Song" from "Chu Chin Chow."

I'm simply and plainly a private meek,
With web equipment and Kitchener cleek;
Boards to sleep on and buttons to shine,
Food that's a mystery and not in my line;
And I'm always taking a No. 9.

They march us on Sundays eight miles or so;
The tennis fatigue starts when I want to lie low.
I'm battling for subs and slave all day
And one dollar ten is my daily pay.

I'm tired of standing in line for mess;
I'm sick of the whitewash, I confess.
I'm tired of playing guard on Waacs,
And seeing the spots on the Germans' backs,
And on sergeants all I'd wield an axe.

Our passes for leaves are always late
And our underwear's in a hell of a state.
But somehow I'm thinking this army stuff,
With its work and grind that's mighty tough,
Has done me no harm that I can see;
In fact, I'm thinking, more of a man I be.

So I'll carry on and not complain
And I'll work and slave though it be a pain;
And maybe they'll see I've straightened my back,
And brains they'll find I do not lack,
And stripes I'll soon wear of a swanky lance jack.

O. R. CLERKS

Life and Habits of Denizens of Orderly Room Discussed by One of Them

(By Cpl. Tom Brown)

The orderly room clerk's job is no sinecure. It is probably about the meanest job in the army—next to sanitary fatigue.

From sun-up, till midnight he is bombarded with requests, questions, notes, demands, etc., that make his life a day-mare, but what gets his goat is the confidential request of Pte. Somebody to step into a dark corner and discuss some matter on which the enquirer, for some reason, thinks he can get some official information regarding anything from "when we move" to "How's chances of a week-end pass."

His routine commences with an "assault at arms"



with the mess corporal for being late for breakfast. Then come fast and furious requests for fatigues, gravediggers, for parade states, for lists of absentees, for lists of men with cork arms, for lists of addresses of grandmothers of men of the company, returns of men who can sing, for men who can't, for men who think they can, statistics showing what men have cigarettes to lend, or what men went on leave in June last and who wore green socks on leave, and the Lord only knows what other returns are not required, all "by 14.00 today" by "higher-up."

In between whiles the O. R. C. will look after the officers' service book, will detail the sand-pit fatigue and the company orderly officer, will keep track of crime sheets, war diary and fire picquets, will type and curse nominal rolls, operation orders (a la Sherford Bridge), training reports, will find Pte. Jones' fatigue pants, lend the captain of the day three shillings wash the dog, unearth the "runner" from a poker game, sell Tank Tatlers, and will finally sink to rest around midnight wondering how he is to get the information regarding the latest fool return demanded by H. Q., i.e., "How many laces, prs., long, brown for boots, ankle, brown, are required for your company for the next 18½ months, if the unit moves to Russia, (married and single men to be shown on separate sheets), and how many pairs if we don't."