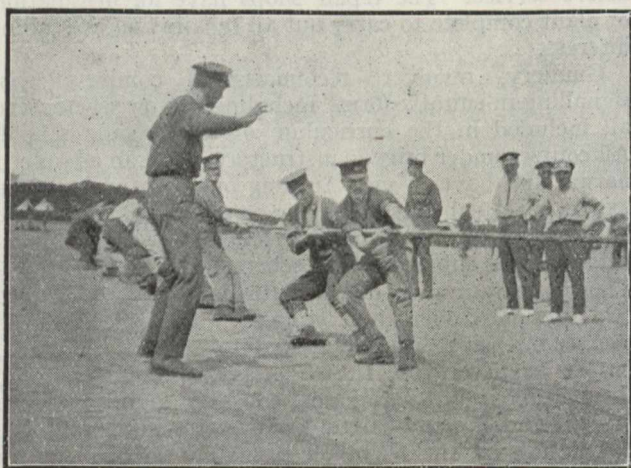


curious persons off. However, it is in the heart of the country which Thomas Hardy loved and describes so well and abounds in features of ancient historical interest and there is no feeling of "ennui" or boredom in the battalion. Owing to its remoteness evening entertainments have always been a special feature at Bovington Camp. In the Garrison Theatre there is a cinema show and variety entertainments by professional artists and its rival "The Bovington Cinema," also does a thriving business. The Y.M.C.A. is particularly well-conducted and it gives weekly concerts of a very high standard. In addition there are several church huts, and each battalion has a canteen under the management of the N.A.C.B.

Work and Play Well Mixed.

Work ceases for those under instruction at 4.30 and during the long summer evenings baseball is in full swing. The Canadians are not the pioneers of this game in the country as our friends from the U.S.A. were here before us, but the Canadians had the pleasure



THE TANKS' TUG-OF-WAR TEAM.
Major Macfarlane doing the Coaching.

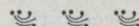
of beating them in the first encounter. Even the Imperial troops at Wareham, hitherto devoted to cricket, have been converted and are taking up the game with enthusiasm.

If everything is taken into consideration, work and play, rations and quarters, our relationships with the home troops and those of the States, the battalion has no cause for complaint but on the contrary all ranks carry on as if thoroughly at home and express their full satisfaction.

The battalion is the newest and latest of our overseas forces and has yet to prove its worth and win its spurs, but the promise it shows is great; it has got off to a fine start, and is making strong and steady progress. It has only to carry on as it has begun to prove itself worthy of that faith and confidence which all arms have come to place in the Tank Corps.

"MARKERS, STEADY!" An Ode to Frensham Pond.

As the moonbeams floated through the clear night air,
Came the musical voice of Corp. Bellair;
And the pots and pans in unison rang
To the shrill command of the marmalade gang;
"MARKERS, STEADY!"



MEMORIES OF FRENSHAM POND.

"'Arry," the Sergeant Major and Others Recalled.

We can hardly let this issue of "The Tank Tatler" go to press without at least a passing reference in a more or less reminiscent style to some of the celebrities who relieved the monotony of our segregated experience at Frensham Pond.

'Arry—you remember 'Arry? He occasionally condescended to sell one a biscuit or a cigarette in the canteen which was nominally controlled by the N.A.C.B. 'Arry did his best—to get the food dirty. On one or two occasions he was said to have made slight mistakes in handing out change, but of course you recall that a man who never made a mistake never made anything.

And that Simon Legree of the cookhouse—"Smoky Joe." No one who ever donned his fatigue clothes for a sixteen hour stretch in the cookhouse will ever forget "Smoky."

But of them all, "Kitty Gordon," otherwise known as "Lil," "Liz," "Bonnie Prince Charlie," etc., was the one who made his presence most felt.

"P-r-r-ade! as yuh wer-r-r-re!!! Nothing like it."

That was the way he announced his arrival on the training ground twice a day.

In the use of cosmetics that self-same R.S.M. was a past master—or mistress.

But despite his peculiarities he was the snappiest soldier who ever right dressed the Tank Boys at Frensham.

There are other memories of Frensham Pond that will not be forgotten. The snappy Bexhill officers who injected a great deal of their "pep" into the Tanks, left an impression that is undying. They have just the right spirit to train such a battalion as this one, recruited as it was from the Canadian universities.

Some of these officers have since died a soldier's death in France.

The Tanks honour the memory of those who have died, and respect the bravery of those who are still fighting.