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THE TANK TATLER

Official Publication of the First Battalion
Canadian Tank Corps

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DAME RUMOUR GOES WEST

When Lieut.-Col. J. E. Mills Tells the Boys they Needn't Expect to get Home Soon.

Lieut.-Col. J. E. Mills has been even more popular than ever with all members of the battalion since the afternoon of January 9th, when he intimated that it might be eight or nine months yet before we are returned to Canada.

Fair readers back home may take this statement to mean that the hardened ones of the First Battalion, Canadian Tank Corps, have at last succumbed to the hypnotic charms of the English—not to mention the Scotch—lass and are willing to stay forever and a day in this land of the lotos-eaters. But they will be following a wrong hunch—putting the wrong interpretation on the statement—if they do. The gang may even be accused of an overweening anxiety to return to the bright eyes they left behind them.

Blame Col. Mills for the satisfaction with which the outfit heard the dismal news. Col. Mills has such a pleasant way of showing 'em that we ought not to expect to go home for a few months yet that, when he had finished his talk, there were smiles at the prospect of washing one's own dishes for another year or so.

When the news went around that the Officer Commanding was to address the men there was a hopeful feeling that he would tell them that evening clothes thereafter would be worn instead of pyjamas or that any man refusing to go on leave and accepting £50 expense money would be given two hours' pack drill per diem for the duration of peace.

Nevertheless, it must be confessed, there was an undercurrent of antagonism at his first remarks. Then they began to listen with respect, and before the pleasant little gathering was over everybody was feeling as happy as Capt. Forgie the day he learned that he had become a family man. And the Col. didn't come to bury Caesar either.

The gang had been feeling for some time that they might have slipped home before this if it had not been that we were attached to the Imperials, or were at Bovington Camp, or didn't get to France first, or the moon was not in the right quarter. Then they had

often wondered if an attempt had been made to ship us to Russia, or Egypt or Timbuctoo as a unit without our consent, just as if we were under the age. Battalion's rumors and washhouse wishes flew thick and fast. The only definite thing about any of them was their indefiniteness.

The gang wanted facts.

To fill this want an agitation emanating from "B" company was not long in gaining force to have each company elect a safe and sane representative to get paraded to Col. Mills to seek information.

An interesting member of the truth-seeking trio was C. V. Hughes, who, during the recent war, was such an expert diagnostician that it was generally thought that he was at least the brother-in-law of the man who put the fish in the sea and was favored with the confidence of Sir Douglas Haig, if not Marshal Foch.

Hence it was not surprising that when info. was needed as to when we are to set sail westward that the gang should look to C. V., and C. V. (enterprising chap) should forthwith take steps with the more immediate arbiter of our fate to secure a standing similar to that which he has maintained with the commander-in-chief of the British Expeditionary Force.

The intentions of the aforesaid triumvirate were not long in coming to ears higher up and the men of "A" company listened with interest to a little talk from Major Mavor. The next day Major Mavor met his N.C.O.'s and had a heart-to-heart confab with them. It was said at that meeting that the men were not working hard enough, but an unfortunate suggestion that the battalion be issued with rifles and bayonets to take care of was smothered and the suggester himself is now a marked man. In fact, he is on leave.

There was a great deal of unrest among the Other Ranks, but Bolshevism was not rampant. Some of the officers seemed to think that the whole agitation was against them, individually and collectively. But such was not the case. Some recognized the traditional army customs and others cursed the Military Service Act, Sir Robert Borden, and threatened to turn

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 batting 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."

LOOK TO THE FUTURE

Khaki University Classes Proving Popular with the Canadian Tank Battalion

About 350 Cantanks are studying in the battalion's Khaki University School. About a dozen subjects are taught, all by teachers found among the officers and men of the unit. Lieut. A. F. Coventry, who is in charge of the school, has written for the Tank Tatler the following account of its work:

The armistice being only a suspension of hostilities and not a state of peace, the Cantanks found themselves after Nov. 11th "standing by" as the next battalion to move from camp should need arise. The period which began on this date saw the hours of training confined to the mornings, and athletics were in great demand. The strongest, however, can only play games for a limited part of the day and time was apt to hang heavy. Under these circumstances a plan was informally rough-hewn for giving lectures on various subjects in the battalion; a draft scheme was placed before the Colonel and he at once became keenly active, with the immediate result that Colonel Tory, O.C. Khaki University of Canada, visited camp, explained the objects and methods of this organization and authorized the formation of a college in the Canadian Tank Corps, with the Colonel as president.

A census taken a short time after the signing of the armistice had shown that the number of subjects desired was far higher than could be successfully handled in the unit—in fact, thirty-four classes would have been needed to meet the demand—and the first necessity was to reduce the number of subjects in such a way as to give the classes the greatest possible scope, consistent with available teaching power and the limitations of material and teaching space. The subjects finally chosen were: Matriculation, French, Mathematics, Law, Electricity, Agriculture, Commercial Subjects, Motor Mechanics and Biology, to which was added later Draughting. These were made as comprehensive as possible.

Khaki University Headquarters undertook to provide books to the limit of their ability, and while they have not been able to send everything we have asked for, there is no doubt that they have given us all books essential to our "carrying on;" no inconsiderable feat, since a great number have been of necessity imported from Canada in spite of the difficulty of transport.

Lecture rooms were a serious difficulty, but were gradually arranged, even if one class on arriving found that of the three small rooms allotted to it one had been seized by the barber, another was occupied by the tailor, while the third had become a cobbler's shop. Finally, however, each class had at least a roof overhead and was fairly free from interruption.

The staff was naturally found within the unit, and the source was abundant. An expert was put in charge

of each class and organized it, according to the diversity of subjects as effectively as circumstances allowed. It is impossible in the space of this note to give a complete list of those who helped to get the enterprise under way, and to give a partial list would be merely invidious where all worked hard, but an interesting feature has been the discovery of a largely unsuspected reserve of teaching power, which only came to light when several members of the staff had to leave to take up more important duties elsewhere for the Khaki University.

Classes were started about the end of November, as accommodation and books became available, and continued until well into the period of Christmas leave, when they were stopped until January 9th.

The numbers attending from both the First Battalion and the Depot are, in all, some 350. The largest classes are motor mechanics and commercial subjects.

While the Khaki College does not profess to meet the exact needs of everyone, for this is manifestly impossible, it is trying to give series of lectures of fairly general interest while giving those who wish an opportunity to make headway in definite subjects.

In this way it is trying to do its share in making not wholly unprofitable the inevitable period of waiting while the fruits of the war are made good.

As we go to press we learn that a central college is being established at Bramshott for the purpose of running more completely equipped classes than are possible in a unit, and it is hoped that a number of men may go from the First Canadian Tanks.

An attempt is also being made to allow men with the necessary qualifications to work at British Universities.

FAMOUS ALIBIS

Successful and Unsuccessful Gags that have been Tried on the Colonel

NAME.	CHARGE.	ALIBI.
Sgt. Curry ...	A. W. L. 2 days ...	Train wreck.
Sgt. Glover ...	Sleeping at 10 a.m. ...	Couldn't wake up.
Sgt. Grathwohl ...	" " ...	Thought he was on leave.
Sgt. Laver ...	Neglecting duty ...	Never thought of that.
Sgt. McLeod ...	A. W. L. 2 days ...	Seriously ill.
*Sgt. Rolph ...	A. W. L. & S. O. L. 3 days ...	Waiting for a cable.
Cpl. Tom Brown ...	A. W. L. 2 days ...	Mine-sweeper sunk; had to swim ashore.
*Pte. Ben Fox ...	A. W. L. 3 days ...	Met old friend; ex-Hun prisoner of war.

* Indicates that the colonel didn't fall.

Lt.-Col. Mills is Artillery Expert

Many Cantanks will be surprised to know that our O. C., Lt.-Col. J. E. Mills, D.S.O., has seen action on both the Eastern and Western fronts in the great war that has just come to a close. He was with the Royal Field Artillery at Gallipoli right up to the final evacuation of that peninsula by the British in January, 1916. While there he was awarded the D.S.O. for brilliant service in connection with a combined naval and artillery action against the Turk. He was also twice mentioned in dispatches.

From Gallipoli Lt.-Col. Mills went to the hot sands of Egypt, but in March, 1916, he was recalled by the Canadian command in England to reorganize all the Canadian artillery depots and schools of gunnery.

It was while on this reorganization work that our O. C. conceived the idea of the Canadian Tank Corps. He is the father of the First Canadian Tank Battalion, and had it not been for the sudden cessation of hostilities, his claim that Canada could distinguish itself in the tank-field would have been justified.

Before proceeding to Gallipoli Lt.-Col. Mills was stationed in France as a member of the Canadian general staff. He came over with the first contingent as chief instructor in gunnery to the 1st Artillery Division, which he had been detailed by the Minister of Militia to organize in 1914. At Salisbury he continued as chief instructor until ordered to France as landing officer of the division. He remained at the front with the division until it was fully settled.

Lt.-Col. Mills then let his adventurous spirit draw him to the Royal Air Force, where he qualified as an observer, but before he had an opportunity to show his skill he was recalled to the Canadian artillery service.

Lt.-Col. Mills is a soldier by profession, having stepped into the army at the age of twenty-one, and ever since has been intimately connected with the artillery branch, in which he is an expert. He was born in Brantford in Nov., 1878, and was educated in Guelph, where his father, Dr. James Mills, founded the Ontario Agricultural College. From Guelph, Lt.-Col. Mills went to Toronto University, but before he graduated from the School of Practical Science he joined up with the 16th Battery of Guelph. In 1903 he took his commission with the permanent force and in 1909 he was sent to Esquimaux, where he remained in charge of the artillery until 1913. He spent another year at Kingston, and when the war broke out took the post of Chief Gunnery Instructor at Petawawa Camp.

Our Colonel is a most amiable officer, and a man right through. The frankness he showed in his talk

to the men was appreciated by every man in the battalion.

It may be of interest to the Cantanks to know that not only was Lt.-Col. Mills' father president of the O. A. C. for twenty-five years, but the present holder of that office, Dr. George Creelman, is his brother-in-law. Another brother-in-law, Dr. F. C. Harrison, is



Lt.-Col. J. E. Mills, D.S.O.

president of that other great agricultural institution, Macdonald College at St. Anne de Bellevue.

Literary Note

Cpl. R. E. Lee-Davis is rapidly completing his latest authoritative work on Higher Love. It is rumored that the title will be "When Relatives Are Loving Why Seek a Wife?"

Pelmanism and the Orderly Room

Pte. Sam Hughes of "A" company was up before the Major for "sleeping in."

"Honest, sir, I didn't know reveille had blown until the orderly officer pulled my blankets off. I was sound asleep," was Sam's excuse.

"Concentrate, that's the secret," advised Major Mavor. "When you go to bed make up your mind that you're going to wake up when reveille blows. Use the Pelman system."

Sam spent his three days' C. B. reading the "Little Grey Books."

WHAT THEY COOK

We Eat --- Which Makes the Ration Better Worth the Cooking

Our cooks, on whom we have been wont to vent our spleen whenever we see sausage arriving, are, after all, human—and a good lot, too. They have a great deal to contend with, but they have cooked well. We have been too prone to blame them for occasional shortages in rations and even for the poor quality of one or two of our meals, but over these things they have no control. And we must remember that they cooked our Christmas dinner, that festive spread that went a long way towards making up for spending Christmas in camp.

From the sergeant in charge, Sergt. C. Oldaker, late of Red Deer, down through the whole staff, they have never once failed in the discharge of their duty. Even during those terrific times at Sherford, Lulworth and Sandford they were on the job all the time.

Some chaps when put in the cook house are inclined to call "Billy" Williams and "Jimmy" Newton "fatigue chasers" rather than cooks. Cpl. Newton, before being attached to the Cantanks, was with the 175th Calgary battalion, while L-Cpl. Williams, the chief pastry man, was with the 82nd Calgary battalion. The rest of the staff is composed of Privates Russell, Gordon, Mansel, Boyce, Sprung and Young.

And the Villain Still Said "Right-o!"

Scene: The tank school.

Instructor, explaining tank engine: "Now here we are. Righto. This is the carburetor—but before I go into this we will look at the magneto. Now I don't know very much about this, but it's very simple to understand. Righto. Next we come to the—etc. etc."

Waac cooks have been dispensed with in the officers' mess. This is another sign that the war is over. The Waac waitresses are still retained.

SOUNDS OF REVELRY

By Night Oft Trouble Dreams of More Lowly Warriors than Sergeants

The Romans may have had heaps of fun from their Bacchanalian rights, but who can measure the voluptuous joy derived by the sergeants from their regular Waacanian nights.

Ever since the Hun laid down his Mauser these non-coms have turned their quarters into a ball-room, and almost nightly do the Waacs sway to the jazz-band music of the Cantank orchestra. These are great times for the sergeants, as well as for the Waacs, who have become quite Canadianized. No longer do they desire to dance the dizzy English waltz or the staid old Valeta. It's the ripping one-step now, and "Over There" is their choice every time.

The sound of revelry never dies and "G" lines are filled with strange noises that keep the poor buck private from enjoying his much-needed sleep.

"A" HAS A DANCE

Privates and Corporals at Last get Their Chance to Dance with the Fair Waac

"A" company had a dance in "G" lines canteen on the night of January 22nd. Besides the fair Waacs, many of the outfit imported partners from Bourne-mouth, Weymouth, Dorchester, Wool, Bere Regis and Puddletown. Despite the absence of that well-known man about town, John Barleycorn, the affair was a success.

The battalion orchestra supplied both the music and the jazz.

ORDER ARMS!

C. Q. M. S. Said to Favor Squad Drill for the Sake of Amusement

The Tank Tatler interviewed C.Q.M.S. Rooke, of "A" company, in relation to some matters of momentous importance.

"Are you in favor of squad drill?" we asked.

"Certainly," answered the C.Q.M.S.

"For yourself?" we hinted.

"Of course not. I'm the C.Q.M.S."

"Then, maybe you would suggest it for your three assistants," persisted The Tatler man.

"Say, what do you think this is? Are you trying to get some information?" said the sergeant as he kicked us out of the equipment stores.

Cantanks in World of Sport

A dozen or so lively bouts made the Wrestling and Boxing Carnival, organized by Lieut. Armand Hay, on the night of January 10 a success from every viewpoint. An enthusiastic crowd of Cantank men and officers turned out to see the exhibitions. No decisions were given in the boxing bouts, which were for the most part three-round affairs.

Col. Mills proved himself quite apt with the padded mitts in his bout with Capt. Gull, of Swanage. But for real fun this affair wasn't in it with the blindfold boxing in which Sergt. Crush, Sergt. Glover and Pte. Brissette went to it together. With three men in the ring someone was bound to get hit once in a while, and for a minute or two it was quite thrilling.

From the Cantanks' standpoint the tid-bit of the evening was the fracas between Sergt. Unwin and Pte. Dixon. Unwin, at 138 pounds, gave nearly a stone to Dixon, who dropped the beam at 150. Dixon spent most of his time guarding himself from the sergeant's heavy swings, but found a few openings into Unwin's nose and chin. Half the crowd said Dixon won; the other half gave the bout to Unwin.

There was some good wrestling. Pte. Millet, of the Depot, took two falls from Pte. Hermanson, of "C" company. Pte. Gallant, five pounds up, won from another "C" company man, Cpl. McKellar, in another good match. Cpl. Elmslie, of "B" company, wasn't

heavy enough for Pte. Taylor, of the same company, and lost both falls.

The heavyweights had a chance when Pte. Vallatan, of "B" company, won a wrestling match from Pte. Cameron, of the Depot. Vallatan weighted in at 172 and Cameron stood at 170.

Other lively mix-ups were:

Sergt. Burfield, Schools, vs. Pte. Burn, Schools.

Pte. Flanagan, South Africans, Swanage (132 lbs.) vs. Cpl. Loney, also from Swanage, (136 lbs.)

Lieut. Thorpe, Swanage, vs. Lieut. Atkins, Swanage

Pte. Olds, Schools, vs. Pte. Ellwyn, Schools.

Cpl. Barker (147 lbs.) vs. Cpl. Boyle (135 lbs.)

Sergt. Rofe, Swanage (118 lbs.) vs. Sergt. Noel, Swanage (120 lbs.)

Major Macfarlane refereed the wrestling, Major Welch was time-keeper.

The boxing classes, under Lieut. Hay and Lieut. A. H. Munroe, held almost every afternoon, are very popular and further exhibitions will probably be given.

McKELLAR'S GREAT TRY

Scores Cantanks' Three Points in London Rugby Game

All the luck there was in the rugby match between the Cantanks' team and the London Canadians at London on January 11 went to the big city bunch. They beat our boys 6-3, but that doesn't mean they played twice as good a game.

"Doug" McKellar made a great run just at the end of the game that resulted in a try, and kept the Cantanks from being whitewashed.

The field was a bit soft when the game started and the crowd was quite small. London scored first, a nice bit of play by the three-quarters resulting in a try. After that the Cantanks showed some fast footwork and had they used a bit more team-play would have scored. Another fine run by one of the Londoner's three-quarter men gave them their second try.

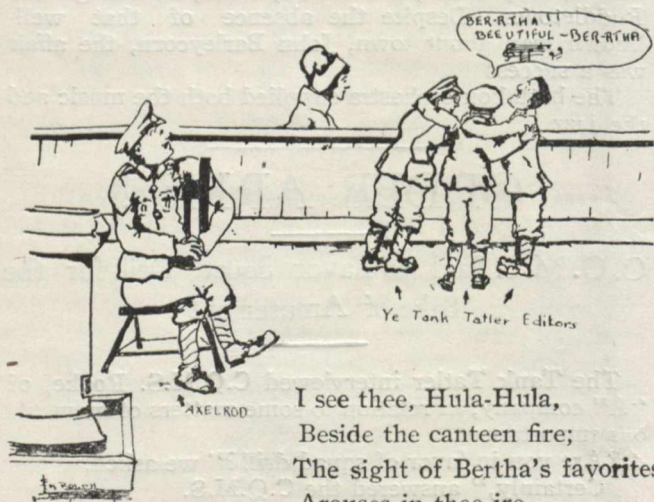
Early in the second half Edwards was kicked just below the knee and had to be carried off the field.

Sergt. Hewat played a steady game and saved half a dozen near trys. Kilgour and Fraser also contributed some snappy playing.

Final score: London Canadians 6, First Battalion, Canadian Tank Corps, 3.

Our team was as follows: Sergt. Hewat, L-Cpl. Fraser, Pte. Martin, Pte. Edwards, Pte. McKellar, Major Mavor, Pte. Kilgour, Sergt.-Maj. Bain, Sergt. Goode, Sergt. Nisbett, Sergt. Howson, L-Cpl. McGarvah, Pte. Brennan, Pte. MacQuarrie, Pte. Hogg.

Indoor Sport No. 1



I see thee, Hula-Hula,
Beside the canteen fire;
The sight of Bertha's favorites
Arouses in thee ire.

Is she not true,
That girl in bine?
Ah, Axelrod, I fear,
She loves not you,
There are others, too,
Who seek her smiling cheer.

BIG BILL OF SPORT

Monster Tournament for Canadians at Bovington is Planned for February 7th

On Friday, February 7, will be held a monster tournament of sport, in which the stars of the three companies and of the Cantank depot will compete. There will be pick-a-back wrestling, V. C. racing and such events.

Officers Play Baseball

The First Battalion officers put it all over the Depot officers in an indoor baseball game on January 10. The score was 25-10.

"B" and "C" at Soccer

On the afternoon of January 10 "B" company whitewashed "C" company in a muddy game of soccer. The score was 3-0.

Yet Another Victory

The Cantanks rugby team licked a team picked from the other units in camp on January 18. The score was 12-8. Sergt. Waite replaced Major Mavor on the line-up.

Plenty of Practice

Most of the players on the battalion football team come from "A" company. It's not because the Toronto bunch are any wiser than the other fellows. They have more practice at rugby. Take the mess parade, for instance.

Gives Handicap and Wins

Giving a handicap of 40, Pte. S. J. Lindsay, postal clerk, played an interesting International match in English billiards with a star Imperial player from the Tank Depot in "G" lines canteen the other night. Thirty or forty followers of the ivory balls watched the game, which was won by Pte. Lindsay.

Thoughts About Rain

(By Our Meteorological Correspondent)

Careful study of the whole question of the distribution of rainfall in both Canada and England has been made by your correspondent. After much research, and patching together of the results of that research I have come to the following conclusions:

1. It rains more in England than in Canada.
2. The rain in England is wetter than the rain in Canada.
3. It rains all the time in England.

LT. WILLIAMSON LED

Paper Shortage May Have Been Reason for Shortcuts in Hare and Hounds

Lieut. A. B. Williamson won the battalion hare and hounds race. Cpl. W. Scriven was second and Capt. P. S. Benoit was third.

Capt. Cronyn and a few other fleet-footed Cantanks were in ahead of the three winners; they thought they had won but as they had not followed the paper trail set by the hares they could not qualify.

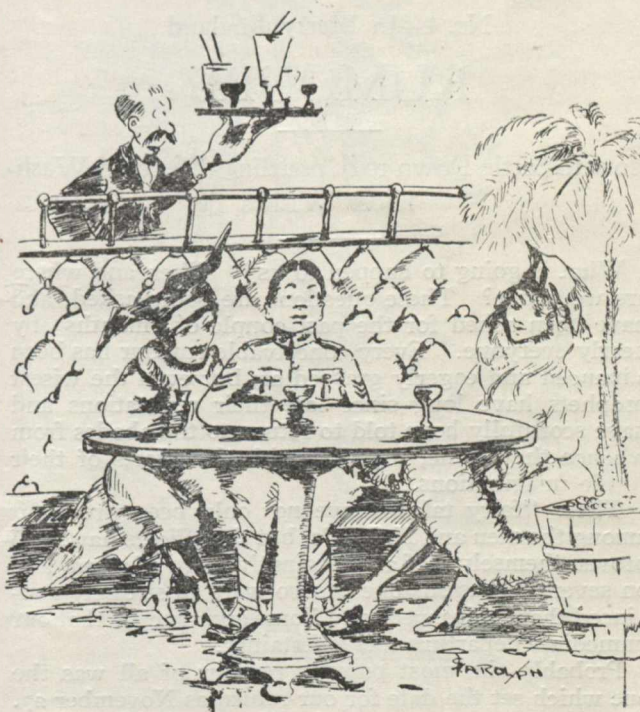
Scarcely a dozen finished out of the 300 who started. The first paper was set at the A. S. C. hut, but that was as far as most of the men got. From there on the trail was about as plain as a rabbit's track on the tank training grounds on a muddy day. It was a hopeless task for any one who had not taken a visual training course to attempt to follow it.

Why is a Sergeant? Or When?

According to K. R. and O. a sergeant is a non-commissioned officer. A few of the bucks in this company have opinions of their own as to what a sergeant really is. Will they please supply us with their views?

All communications will be treated with the strictest confidence.

Indoor Sport No. 2



Showing How Sergeants Lose Their Stripes

I

MET
THE FAIR
BRITISH
GIRL!

No. 1—In Merry England

RUMOURS

How to Settle Down to Unsettling Effects of Wash-
house Wishes

What is going to happen to us? When and where are we going? These questions are being asked, and have been asked for the past couple of months by nearly everyone. Every conceivable rumour has been advanced and eagerly grasped at; but even the wisest prophets have long since lost their reputations and have scornfully been told to return to the abodes from whence they came, together with the efforts of their feeble imaginations.

These "fairy tales" have not only been prevalent among the men and N.C.O.'s, but the officers have also proven themselves of an imaginative turn of mind, and on several occasions one or two were so strongly convinced that cables were sent home announcing that our immediate departure was a certainty.

Probably the most popular rumour of all was the one which set the date for our return as November 27. There may have been some justification for that story;

but if such was the case let's forget about it. Next came the Siberian Expedition with an absolutely sincere call for volunteers. Whether this would have been popular we hardly know, because for some reason or other, known only to the powers that be, it never came off.

Then someone had a dream, as the result of which December 11 became the next date for our departure, and so it has been day in and day out until—well, one hardly knows just where one's at.

If the truth were known that undoubtedly is, and up to date has been, the situation. No one knows exactly where or when we are going and they probably won't know for some time to come. Looking at it from an absolutely impartial, common-sense viewpoint there really should be nothing of a very disturbing nature about that situation. At the time the armistice was signed we were the next tank battalion in line to proceed overseas, so until peace negotiations are over it is only natural that we will be kept in reserve; so why worry? Here we are in one of the most comfortable camps in England, warm, well-fed and clothed, granted the odd leave when finances permit, opportunity to indulge in any or all kinds of sports, plenty of good

AND ZE
FRENCH
LADY TOO!

No. 2—In La Belle France

EVERY
NATION
HAS
HIS



STYLE
I SHOULD
SAY!



中
大
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No. 3—In Bonnie Scotland; or Anywhere

books to read; in fact, if anyone had suggested three months ago that we would be living the life of ease and luxury that we are at present we would have politely informed him that he was insane.

Of course, the whole thing was wrong from the beginning. It was ridiculous for us to ever have entertained any idea of going home before those fellows were returned who for the past three or four years have not only been over here but have been doing the fighting; so let us forget about going home for a while; settle down and cheerfully put up with the inevitable which in this case is await our turn, and in doing so play the game with a "grin" rather than a grouch, right up to the last.

Many Study Motor Mechanics

Over a hundred Cantanks have joined Lieut. Moses' motor mechanics class. A thorough course of instruction in gas engines, including both the theory and the practical repair work will be taken up.

GOING HOME!

Several Sergeants and Three Privates About to Start for Frosty Climate

Demobilization has begun in this battalion. Only a small start has been made, and among only a very small group of the Cantanks, this in this first decrease in our strength under the priority scheme, the boys see much to make them hopeful.

Nine men left the unit on Monday, January 21, for the Witley Discharge Depot. Of the thirteen other ranks who came overseas with other units, saw service in France, were invalided home to Canada and subsequently rejoined with the Tanks, four elected to stay with the unit.

The men were given a great send-off. Among them were Sgt. Unwin, chief of police, who wears the M.M. and the 1915 Star, and Pte. "Doug" MacKellar, one of the stars of the rugby team.

BUT

OH!



No. 4—But Ah! O Canada!

The Epistle of Pete to Bill

Bovington Camp, January 25, 1918.

Dear Bill:

Bill, would you believe it I'm learning to be a frenchman. They started a french class and I didn't join at first till one of the french-canadian boys, Benoit you know him bin, he showed me a picture of a little girl in Montreal and I says to myself here's where I learn french. So now I say "je suis, tu suis, il suis" all day long. That means "I am, you are, he is," in English, but what good is it going to do me to be able to say that. If I went up to a girl and I started to say "je suis, tu suis, il suis" she'd say "cheese it, kid" only I don't know what the french for "cheese it" is, unless it's "Le fromagez."

I'll learn you to talk french bill. Here's premier lecon (that means first lesson just like premier borden means first in war, first in peace, first in the war time elections act.) First you learn the word for "I." It's "je." Only you don't pronounce it "gee" because that's swearing. You say "zhuh" just like that. And if you say "C'est l'etoffe a leur donner" that means "that's the stuff to gie em." And then if you say "Pas de leur Rhone que nous" that doesn't mean anything in french but if you say it fast it sounds like "Paddle your own canoe," which reminds me that if it doesn't stop raining soon we'll be going out for O. C. parade in canoes.

Say bill they give us some great P. T. every morning now. They take us over to the woods and make us climb over horses, not real horses but they calls them that, and jump over ditches and lots of silly things. I say silly, but I don't mean silly cuz its great sport and we all like it. And you just should of seen Big CummiFord, you know, Little Milton, jump over a trench only he didn't jump over it. He tried to but either the trench was too wide or he didn't jump far enough. There was lots of mud in the trench.

And when we were coming back the sergeant lined us up and says "Number." I guess the boys ought to go to school again cuz they was about 150 on parade and when they was all through the last man was 29, but when the sergeant says what's your number he hollers out 100 just like that.

You'd think you was in Childs' restaurant with the crowd shouting "WELL buttered!!" if you could see the boys making toast all day long. They don't know what toast is in this country. They think its a kind of drink. Our hut stoves really ought to be larger. They's only room for about twelve pieces of bread on the griddle and they's always a line-up for toast. But it ain't never well buttered cuz we can't get butter. Sometimes the boys go to Bere

Regis or Wool and get the odd tuppence-ipenny worth and then they grease up the crust a bit.

Speaking of Bere Regis, I ast a lady out there what Bere Regis means and she said "The King's Beer." I said "I didn't know the king drank beer, you must mean Lloyd George Beer and that stuff aint nothing to name a town after." She said "O no a bere means a ham." I got mad and I sad "Who said the King's a ham." I guess she got mad too cuz she wouldn't answer me. I don't care. It sure is funny the way they name their towns. Take Corfe Castle. They's two rivers there. They say King Alfred pitched his tent between the two rivers one night when he was fighting the Denmarks and it was so damp he caught a cold and started to cough so he built a castle there and called it Cough Castle only they spell it Corfe.

They had a dance here the other night. The tank depot gave it. They call it a depot because there stationed here. It was very successful; none of the batmen come. Everybody enjoyed thereselves except the canteen corporal. He was so mad cuz he couldn't holler five minutes to go at about fourteen minutes to nine he couldn't sleep all night.

It's still raining. I'm going to see Horatio Bottomley and ask him why they cant build a roof over the country to keep it dry. Those temperance people that think England will ever be dry sure are the original optimists. They have a prayer in the prayer book called "a prayer for rain." There going to leave it out of the next edition cuz they never have to use it.

All the boys got Christmas stockings from some women in Toronto. I was on leave so I didn't get mine till last Sunday. I had a pipe, some tobacco some cigarettes, a pack of cards, a mouth organ, a puzzle and a flute that didn't work. I sold the pipe for tuppence, I traded the tobacco for a chocolate bar, the cigarettes I gave to a German prisoner for a ring, the cards I donated to the hut, the mouth organ I took apart to see what was inside cuz I always wanted to know how they worked. I stayed up till twelve o'clock one night trying to work the puzzle and I was so tired I couldn't get up at reveille and I was crimed and I got three days C. B. It was a very successful Christmas.

I guess there ain't any more news except that Chas. Starr is writing a book on "From Millinery to Military" and it is rumoured we'll all be home in time for next Christmas and "A" Company held a mess parade without blocking the doorway and Woodbines is gone out of fashion. The latest thing in fags is the V. C. cigarette. They call them V. C. cigarettes because a feller ought to get the V. C. if he can smoke one of them. Yours till we see Pier No. 2. PETE.



Preaching



Practicing

DON'T READ THIS!

It's only Intended for Those of us who Haven't
that Tired Feeling

The fellows are doing nothing in these piping days between armistice-signing and peace. It requires an awful effort to do that. It is rumoured that we'll soon be doing twice that much. But the fellows will be too lazy to think that out. It's easier to worry.

But the foregoing really is an exaggeration. Some of the gang work hard every morning to escape the P. T. They sleep all night or listen to the sergeants celebrating their previous night's celebration. The most active period of the day is just at time for "lights out." The kitcheners fly at the lowly corporal who timorously suggests that darkness will bring on slumber.

The next most active period is the mess "parade." Quotes are put on "parade" because that is what it is called. It would be unfair to suggest that it is either a Bolshevik mob raiding the winter palace or an imitation of Major Mavor in a football scrimmage.

There was a paper chase the other day but the hares didn't leave a very definite trail. Pte. Kellar of "A" company was sure that it led directly from the battalion parade ground into his own hut and stopped there.

However, be it said to the credit of the gang that they haven't that famous tired feeling. They're too lazy to get it.

More could be written on this subject if the writer was not too tired.

AT THE P.O. HUT

2,000 Registered Letters Received by Battalion Since
Early in August

No men on the headquarters staff of the Cantanks deserve more praise from the rank and file than Cpl. H. R. Cote and Pte. S. J. Lindsay for their work in connection with our battalion post office. They have assiduously applied themselves to this department, and when mail arrives it is delivered with the utmost despatch to the different quarters.

The First Battalion, Canadian Tank Corps, is only a single unit but it receives the largest mail of any overseas unit. The Tank Tatler learned that 3,000 letters arrive weekly, on the average. This in itself is a large amount of postal matter, but add to it the hundreds of bulky parcels, telegrams and papers that arrive weekly and you will see that handling the mail is by no means a small task.

Cpl. Cote and his assistant, Pte. Lindsay, who has had seven years' experience in the Toronto general post office, are also in charge of the registered mail and money cables that come to this battalion. According to the records, Cantanks have received 2,170 registered letters since coming to Bovington Camp.

Redirecting letters is another big part of the work done in the little post office behind the library. There are men in hospitals, and besides 30 or 40 Cantanks, men and officers have returned to Canada. Everything has been systematized so that not a moment is lost in the redistribution. Mail is brought down from the post office, and in case of a special Canadian mail arriving late at night, it is never left lying around until morning. It is immediately brought down from the main post office and distributed. The Cantank post office also handles all outgoing mail from the library and headquarters.

Needless to say, mail is very dear to all of us. Its arrival is a signal for joy and that is why Cote and Lindsay are the most questioned men in the battalion. They dare not walk five steps but some private stops them and wants to know if "that" registered letter has come for him, or when the next Canadian mail is due, or why a parcel mailed on November 13, 1918, hasn't arrived. They have thus become two of the best-known figures around these parts, just like the old mail man back home, who meets the train once a day with his wheel-barrow to bring back that lonely sack of letters.

Cpl. Cote has been in charge of our mail ever since the battalion was mobilized at Ottawa. He hails from Montreal, while Pte. Lindsay is from County Sligo, Ireland, the same county from which Tommy Church's ancestors sprung.

In the care of the mail both men say they are much indebted to the Bovington postmaster, Mr. Lord, who has done everything to accelerate the movement of our mail.

EMBRYO SHAUGNESSYS

Canadian Tanks Working on the Railroad Just to
Pass the Time Away

"I've been a-working on the railroad,
The whole live-long day;
Working on the railroad
To pass the time away."

There was a time when this song was sung just to pass the time away. Now it's the battle-cry of those alleged tank-drivers and gunners whose duty it is to complete the Wool-to-Bagdad Railway. Back in those unhappy days of war and trouble we hated the Hur-



Our Comrades in Labor

so much so that we used to paste his picture on a stick of wood and fire a machine-gun at it, out Moreton way. But how things have changed. Now you see Canadians and Germans working side by side and nary a hot word passed between them.

The first day the Cantanks, 25 strong, were sent down to the Hindenburg line to level the tracks, so that when the Deutscher Express pulls in every morning with its precious cargo of ex-baby-killers, they would not have too rough riding, there was a certain feeling of "l'ennui" prevalent among those detailed.

Some of them actually practised abstinence; others worked, but not in large quantities.

The second day will be remembered in history as the day of the big strike; not of the Klondyke or the Coventry kind, but something novel. The boys didn't strike for higher wages, but when they were promised "working pay" they went back. Some of them 'iked their job so well they have asked to be kept on it. Who knows but what the railway fatigue may produce Mackenzies, Manns, Van Hornes, Stanleys or Shaughnessys, who will cover Canada with a net-work of railways when we get home, assuming, of course, that we will get home some of these days.

DR. CHOWN TO TANKS

Methodist Superintendent Discourses on Problems of Reconstruction

Hon.-Col. the Rev. S. D. Chown, D.D., superintendent of the Methodist Church in Canada, gave a short, though powerful, address to the battalion on Sunday morning, January 12th. Reconstruction was his theme. He preached reconstruction for Canada on new foundations—foundations that have been born out of the heroism and sacrifice of Canada's sons in France.

Dr. Chown got his talk on practical ground when he scolded a warning against the methods of business of real estate operators in the West. "It was legalized robbery," declared Dr. Chown, "and I trust that it will be prevented in future."

Canada's mission in uniting the English-speaking peoples of Europe and America in a common understanding was emphasized by the speaker. The United States has come to have a profound admiration for Canada. And this makes the opportunity for us to reach a better understanding with Americans.

Dr. Chown performed a very interesting ceremony while in camp. He ordained Pte. R. K. Burnside, of "C" company, as a minister of the Methodist church. L-Cpl. the Rev. E. S. Sinclair, of "A" company, assisted at the ceremony.

Bovington and Bournemouth Social Notes

Sgt. Bill Phillips and Cpl. R. E. Lee-Davis were recently the guests of Bill's aunt and Davis' sister in Bournemouth. An enjoyable time was had by all.

A. A. Bowen, pianist and sergeant, recently spent a week-end in camp. But the M. O. assures us that the illness wasn't serious.

Some of our nicest young men recently have become well acquainted in Dorchester. Among them are Ptes. Runions and Waddell of "A" company, Pte. Bob Johnson of "B" and the well known Pte. Caisse of "H.Q."

The Rev. Tom Gets a Vicarage

The Rev. Tom Marsden, M.A., has been appointed to the vicarage of St Peter's church, Sowerby, near Halifax, in Yorkshire.

Mr. Marsden was formerly in the Tank Battalion. He joined up as a private with the western contingent, and later became one of "C" company's corporals. He sustained a very severe injury to his foot, during a football game at Frensham Pond and spent several weeks in hospital. Shortly after coming out of the hospital he accepted a commission as chaplain to the forces.

TATLER TATLINGS

Many Sir Huberts Praise Favorite Journal of the Canadian Tanks

Nearly every man in the battalion has received favorable comments on The Tank Tatler from those to whom he sent copies. Here are some of the terse ones:

- "Bright, merry and interesting."
- "I enjoyed reading it wonderfully."
- "It's a gem."
- "Laughed all night at the jokes."
- "It's great."
- "Read it over twice."

Col. Noel Marshall, chairman of the Canadian Red Cross Society, writes us: "I read it with pleasure." Mr. Kenneth Dunstan, vice-president of the organization, writes: "I will appreciate the Tank Tatler as a remembrance of a very pleasant and exceptionally interesting trip." The Orillia "Packet," speaking of the Tank Tatler's ship-board edition, says: "It must have been a source of much amusement on the more or less monotonous voyage across the Atlantic."

The Tank Tatler probably will be issued monthly from now to the time of demobilization of the battalion. We say "probably" because it is never known what military exigencies may interfere.

Every member of the battalion is invited to contribute to the battalion's own newspaper. The editors hope to make The Tank Tatler the best battalion newspaper ever issued in the C.E.F. That cannot be done unless YOU help.

Submit your contributions to any member of the staff.

"Please Send Money"

Christmas month saw more cablegrams leave Bovington than in any previous month in the history of the local post office. "This is certainly a millionaires' sons battalion," dryly remarked the postmaster, as he handled the scores of requests for money being cabled home by the Cantanks.

BITS ABOUT "B" BOYS

Comings and Goings Here and There of Some of Major Weld's Brave Lads

The most sanitary man in the battalion, ex-I.-Cpl. Napoleon Belair, spends most of his time sewing on and ripping off his wishbone. Perhaps ere this is printed he will again be sporting the big "V".

A huge delegation of "B" boys visited Corfe Castle not many week-ends ago. They recommend the Banks Arms for a damp fine time.

Section Eight was sorry to lose Capt. J. D. Matheson, who has gone to the Y.M.C.A. He was loyal to the boys and they tried their hardest to be loyal to him.

A facetious wag asks: "Is Pte. Spratt's eye the result of a cold, or is it the result of someone trying to lock their door?"

Mr. Brabant was recently entertained to a luncheon by the Officers' Mess Waacs.

FROM TANK TO ARK

Cameron of "A" Plans a Boatlet to Take us Back to Land of Ice-cream

We expect to be able shortly to announce the date of the departure of the First Canadian Tourist Battalion for Canada. At present our fate rests in the hands of Pte. Frank R. Cameron, ship-builder, of "A" company, who ever since the signing of the armistice has been busy formulating plans for the construction of a navigable vessel large enough to carry us back home.

Until a few days ago Pte. Cameron was able to keep his project secret, but under the stress of continual work on the plans, his self-control weakened perceptibly and one night, while all was dark and quiet, he shouted in his sleep, "Who will build the ark? I will build the ark!"

Pressed for an explanation, Pte. Cameron admitted that he had certain plans in mind, which if consummated, would necessitate the construction of a vessel, or ark, similar in size and shape, and possibly in contents, to the one built a few years ago by Noah. Pte. Cameron expects to supervise the work himself.

Concert on February 9th

Tuesday, February 9, will see another Cantank concert in Bovington Camp. The Garrison theatre has been engaged for that date and Sergt. Ayres, with his band of music-makers, will be the chief attraction. Major Mavor, the inimitable, and Capt. Cronyn will put on another skit.

TANK TATLINGS and CAMP ECHOES

C. S. M. Bain began studying accountancy in the Khaki College last week. But he isn't the only one who can tell you about the liquid assets of the Sergeant's mess.

Of course the sergeants' frequent dances wouldn't be the howling success if they didn't put Waacs on the floor.

"The Fords on this Road make it dangerous for Motor Traffic," is a sign within three miles of Bovington Camp. Write your own wheeze.

Inasmuch as the rain in this country seems so much wetter than it is in Canada, why not issue the troops with umbrellas?

Pte. Gibson, of "B" Company: "Why can't the privates and corporals ever hear the battalion orchestra?"

Pte. Somerville: "Why can't you be grateful for the blessings you get!"

Pte. Miller, of "B" Company, the battalion draughtsman, attended a mask ball while on leave. He removed his glasses and was completely disguised.

Even an editor gets an alibi once in a while. There are several contributors to this edition of the "Tank Tatler" besides the staff itself.

The battalion football team, chaperoned by Major Mavor, has had several week-end leaves recently. Incidentally one or two games were played.

One reason for unrest among the troops is that a bunch of us now have to plan for our future, whereas, before the armistice was signed, we were letting some Jerry plan it for us.

Pte. Scott, R.F., occasionally interrupts his reading long enough to do a little running for "A" Company orderly room.

The absent-minded Mr. McGirr put his boots outside the door of his private room in the equipment stores as he retired the other evening. "How'll I find them?" he pondered aloud the next morning. "Your nose knows," retorted the ready Mr. Steele.

Nobody knew that Pte. G. H. King was an Irishman until a few days ago. He was inspecting the pot during a poker game and found it deficient. "Here is a shilling short," he said, "Who put it in?"

When a cat wandered into the "A" Company Sergeant's quarters, the non-coms. took it under their wings, so to speak, and made it quite welcome. Mrs. Cat was no less polite, and now four kittens have been added to the collection.

The issue of new boots proved a God-send to two dead-broke "B" Company men. Pte. Devel and Sparrow immediately opened a shoe-shine, shoe-dubbing parlor at a tanner a throw.

'Tis true that when Pte. Lancelot Todhunter wrote a lurid and realistic description of the Battle of Sherford Bridge to his best girl, he concluded "And then the sun sunk to rest, midst the groans of the dying and the shrieks of the dead."

"A" Company Sergeants have covered themselves with glory by "rushing to the front." It was when the Sergeants were having a group photograph taken.

When Ex-Sgt. Rolph was a young Corporal, drilling eight men at Frensham Pond he gave this command: "At the halt on the left, form two columns of close sections." After the squad had straightened themselves out he roared "That's wrong, the rear rank should be in front."

Corporal Tom Brown once gave this one, "At the left, on the halt, form section."

Sgt.-Major Paterson, to trembling delinquent "Even if the war is over I'M still in force."

That bold Scotchman, Sgt. McLeod, was seen the other night with two Waacs at—never mind where. According to Hoyle two Queens beat a Jack, but probably on that occasion the joker was running wild.

We always understood that ptomaine poisoning was a by-product of tinned food. We are, therefore, still awaiting an explanation from Sergeants Laver and Gisborne as to how it is possible to get ptomaine poisoning from a bottle.

Pte. Tony Smith, of "C" Company, never takes chances of being A. W. L. In order to be on the safe side he entertains his lady-love in the station.

Cpl. McConnell, boss of the coal yard, intends to patent the recipe for the non-inflammable coal he has been dishing out lately. It is as follows:

Coal dust	...	50 %
Coke	...	50 %

Sgt. Currie was awakened the other morning by a sonorous voice announcing "Everybody up, reveille has sounded." Said the Sergeant: "Say, old man, turn on the lights like a good fellow." The light was switched on, revealing—the Orderly Officer.

Hut G. 13 hasn't taken down its Christmas decorations yet. "Just waiting to hear whether or not we can use them next year," explained L.-Cpl. Bellair.

Reverberations

By PTE. GOSSIP,

Happy Romance Revealed.—I am told that very popular sergeant, Norman Hall, of "A" Company, is implicated in a romance. The happy victim is said to be the pretty girl, renowned for roseate hair, who presides at the cash counter of one of the best known hotels on the north side of the Strand.

Something up his Sleeve.—Before beginning a series of concerts, Enrico Caruso invariably sets himself a schedule of hard work, in which every hour of the day is devoted to a certain task. He claims it helps him with his singing, I believe Pte. Whiteley is getting ready to spring a musical surprise on us, for he has spent two weeks recently in a similar manner.

His Schedule.—Pte. Whiteley's day was divided as follows:—

6.30	Arise and shave.
7.30	Breakfast.
8.00	Railway work for four hours to exercise emotional muscles of legs.
1.00	Odd fatigues.
3.00	One hour's private d.ill.

In addition this well-known songster slept in the guard-room and even took his meals there. It gave him more quietude, he tells me.

London Disappointed.—Theatrical London was awfully disappointed that the Cantank concert party did not come through with its intended two weeks' run at the Coliseum. What was wrong? Was the show a failure at the Garrison opening? I think that we are entitled to an explanation?

Sergeant is Jealous.—The wife of Sgt. Pringle, of "C" Company, shares in the general rejoicing at the announcement of Princess Pat's betrothal. Sgt. Pringle hails from Ottawa, and was somewhat smitten by the fair Princess' charming ways during her sojourn at Rideau Hall. I believe the sergeant is jealous of Commander Ramsay.

Sgt. Owthwaite Better.—I saw Sgt. Owthwaite the other day for the first time since he went in hospital. He expected shortly to be back with us again. Sgt. Owthwaite, who figured in an interesting romance with a prominent Western New York girl, was the author of one of "A" Company's stirring battle-songs,

He's Bald.

A visitor, Corporal Bellair,
Came in with a look of despair,
With a hand on his head
He laughed, then he said,
"Well, fellers, it's mostly not there."

We Would Like to Know :

If English laundries have a sliding scale of prices?

How mulligan is made?

Why the lance-corporals have no private mess?

If the officers enjoyed the Waac Dance?

And also the Sergeant's (sic) Dance?

How many men eat sausage?

When are we really going home?

And if we can draw our old-age pensions and army pay at the same time?

What the M. O. meant when he said to one man on the Medical Inspection: "There's nothing much to report upon?"

Does the price of laundry expand to equalize the contraction of the garments washed?

Who sent the woman's underwear to Capt. Cronyn?

If it is true "A" and "B" Companies are becoming jealous of the extra time allowed "C" Company for the purpose of squad drill?

If James Melvin Hunt and William James Scott are really founding a "Scrounger's Club," or if it would really be too much effort for them?

Who would not appreciate the humour of standing on the only dry spot in the centre of a muddy Parade Ground and shouting "Left Wheel" at intervals while some hundred-odd men doubled around you?

How often Pte. McPhail sends his only handkerchief to the laundry?

If the prisoners of Dorchester Prison refused the offer of our Battalion concert party who had volunteered to perform for them, saying that it was not included in their sentence?

Excused Duty.

Staff-Sgt. Smith to Pte. Turnbull, just out of hospital: "I want 8d. from you for barrack damages."

Pte. Turnbull: "Sorry, sergeant, but I am excused all duty for 24 hours."

Penny-Ante.

Scene—Hut F 34. Time—Any old Time.

Sgt. Mac: "Markers for Stud!"

Lance-Jack McKenty: "I'll stick it for a penny."

Cpl. J. Monohan: "I'll make it sixpence."

"Sixpenny" Gilbert: "It will cost you ninnepence for this one, boys."

Pte. C. McPhail: "Gimme change for a penny."

Kid King: "Guess I'll drop out."

Voice at the door: "Fall in, C Company."

Q * * ? ? . ! !

Lots of little boatlets
On the ocean roam;
Why the ... ? ! + " " ...
Can't they take us home.

Not Time-wasters

This is offered in proof that we're not wasting our time while awaiting pay-day and discharge:

"Twiddlelepo!" said the ready Mr. Steele in conclusion of a whimsical reminiscence of a London leave.

"'Twiddlelepo' is a word we borrowed from the French," remarked the quiet Mr. Gibsone, mentally consulting his etymology.

Picked the Wrong Hymn.

Pte. Harry Fife, of "C" is a poet whose work entitles him to rank with Browning or Tennyson. He is also a preacher and delivered an A1 talk to the boys the morning he ran the church parade. But he ought to let someone else pick the hymns. When he gave this one out for the Cantank song-birds to try their lungs on, he was sort of "rubbing it in":

"Must I be carried to the skies
On flowery bed of ease?
While others fought to win the prize
And sailed the bloody seas.

Ate there no no foes for me to face,"
And so on.

Gee Fourteen.

If you're feeling HUNGRY,
If you're looking LEAN;
It's time you up and moved
To good old G Fourteen.

Here around the stove
You'll join the happy bunch,
Cooking, Frying, Eating,
Breakfast, Tea, or Lunch.

Everyone looks Happy,
They all Know How to Live;
On little extra helpings
The Army doesn't give.

The Cup that boils the COFFEE;
The tin with Bacon Lean,
All sing and hum together,
In good old Hut Fourteen.

"K. R. & O."

Pte. Jack Andean: "Who am I going to write to in order to get my discharge?"

Pte. Jim McQuarrie: "Write to K. R. & O."

Two Good Reasons.

Cpl. A. J. Cameron, to his favourite Waac: "I don't see why you wear your dress so short."

She: "Oh, don't you? The lance-corporal I was with last night seemed to notice a couple of reasons."

Things We Never Hear.

Cpl. Chipperfield (Mess Corporal): "Yes, Pte. Jones, old man, it will be a pleasure for me to go to the cookhouse and get you some breakfast, even though you are twenty minutes late."

Sgt. Smith (Mechanical Sergeant): "No, really I must confess that my knowledge of engines is very slight—there is quite a lot I could learn about them. I really wish I were an expert."

Cpl. Brown (O.R.C.): "We go back to Canada on the 11th.—I think this is official. Pay-day is on the 9th—and anyone wishing six days' leave will be welcome into the Orderly Room."

Sgt. Blaikie (equipment Sergeant): "Pay attention, boys, there will be no charge for laundry this week, neither will there be any charges for breakages or shortages. Further, an overcharge of sevenpence was made per man on the tobacco last week. This will be refunded on the 0930 parade this morning, when a free issue of chocolates will also be made."

C.S.M. Moore: "No, I won't crime him this time, poor fellow. I just hate to run anyone up for Orderly Room."

Major Macfarlane: "Yes, that IS an excuse—case dismissed."

Cpl. McConnell (of the coal yard): "Come right in, boy, and help yourself to the big lumps; I won't keep you waiting, and I won't tell you to get out."

The Battalion Tailor.

The attitude adopted by many of the Battalion in criticising the Battalion tailor is entirely uncalled for. Pte. Trevelyn is undoubtedly the hardest worked man in the unit. As proof we present here a minute schedule of everything he did in one week:

Monday: Finger sore; didn't work.
Tuesday: Sewed buttons on one tunic (his own).
Wednesday: Finger sore; didn't work.
Thursday: Pressed one pair of trousers.
Friday: Finger sore; didn't work.
Saturday: Took an inventory of the work in hand.
Sunday: Finger sore; anyway it was Sunday.

Telegrams Mixed.

The signing of the armistice was responsible for a good many things. Sgt. McLeod certainly blames it for the celebration in which he indulged, and for the terrible mix-up in certain telegrams which ensued. Anyway, it was unfortunate for the sergeant's plans that he addressed a telegram to Major Macfarlane reading "War over at last; we can be married at Christmas," and another to a bonnie—but bewildered—lassie in Scotland saying "Sir, please grant two day's extension—father ill."

Parley-voos Page of News

Peperè s'amuse.

Qui ça pépère ?.....Je vous laisse à deviner.

Voici son histoire :—

Je ne sais pas sous quelle étoile il est né, mais de grâce, ne lui confiez rien, il perd tout. Et pour preuve, à bord du Cassandra, il se réveilla un beau matin, plus de tunique, plus de couvertes et plus d'ustensiles (c'est pour cela que par la suite, il mangeait les pieds dans les plats); deuxièmement, à Lulworth, son "jack-knife" et ses chaussettes disparaissent comme par enchantement; puis ici il perd tout le reste. Si ce n'eût été grâce au Q.M.S., il serait aujourd'hui nu comme Adam avant son péché. Il a même déjà perdu son numéro sur la parade: voyez d'ici la sourde colère du sergent-major "As YOU WERE...NUMBER!!....."

La seule chose qu'il n'a pas encore perdue, est l'esprit dont la nature l'a gratifié; mais comme les vieux, il est avare: il se complait donc à n'en pas faire montre, et laisser croire à ceux qui l'entourent qu'il n'en a pas. Et quand la mort viendra nous le ravir, alors seulement nous le comprendons et dirons dans l'interval de nos sanglots.—"Comme il vaît de l'esprit pépère!"

Oui, certes il a l'esprit de plaire aux dames et rien ne l'embête dans l'art de se faire une petite bouche en cœur pour la circonstance. Il est ainsi adorable ravissant, et il faut le voir à l'œuvre.

Se vous l'aviez vu comme moi pendant sa permission à Londres. Ne doutez pas pour un instant qu'il aurait pu en revenir très malade, c'est naturel après les grands efforts. Si vous l'aviez vu dis je, avec Isis et Mira égyptiennes françaises, et dégustant un chocolat chaud.

Cela ce passait au "Regent Palace," ou j'étais moi-même, attablé près d'eux. Je vous jure que je n'ai jamais vu de ma vie deux fillettes se disputer un jeune homme, avec autant de fureur. Il leur tenait à chacune la main droite et leur expliquait le jeu de l'amour et de la vie...Le regard profond et mystérieux de pépère, sa bouche entr'ouverte, qui laissait voir ses petites dents aiguës; l'air étonné d'Isis et de Mira, avec des flammes dans leurs yeux noirs et du feu dans les joues...

Après cela, sortie au clair de la lune, le long de la Tamise... Là, plus de témoins...Je suis donc forcé de me retirer et de laisser faire les événements.

A deux heures a.m., je sens quelqu'un m'éveiller, C'était pépère qui revenait de son petit voyage en Egypte, pâle, un sourire triste sur les lèvres, et les "potteés" en désordre.

One or two chaps insist that they have started Khaki College classes for something else besides Home propaganda.

Je l'ai beaucoup aimé.

Un jeune soldat, le ventre ouvert par un éclat d'obus, demande à se confesser. Il est blessé mortellement et dans quelques instants rendra son âme à Dieu.

Au moment où il va recevoir les derniers sacrements, il saisit la main de l'aumônier et le sufflie avec des termes qui font venir les larmes.

Mon père, j'ai été plusieurs fois blessés, mais cette fois-inir je me sens mourir et je voudrais.....

As-tu quelque chose à écrire à envoyer à ta mère?

Oui! Dites à ma mère qu'elle me soit point peinée. Je l'ai beaucoup aimée et j'ai aussi servi Dieu. La morte d'un chrétien n'a rien d'effrayant, Adieu.....

Ce héros se signa d'une main déjà glacée et mourût tranquilisé.

Que de misères et que de denils causés par cette épouvantable guerre! Mais aussi que de belles choses elle nous a fait voir.

J, CARON.

Feu Pte. A. Saint-Onges.

Le 21 Novembre est décédé à Bovington Camp, Pte. Achille Saint-Onges.

Sa mort a causé un profond chagrin à tous ceux qui le connaissent et nombreux sont ceux qui fleurissent ancien compagnon disparu.

Le "Tank Tatler" offre ses sympathies à la famille.

J. C.

THE "TANK TATLER" EDITORIAL STAFF.

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Bovington Camp, Dorset, England,

February, 1919.

Malcolm and Molly.

Dancing around the floor, with Sweet Mollo-O, at the sergeant's dances, Sgt. Malcolm I. Waite, of "B" Company sings this ditty:

"I loves 'em short;
I loves 'em sweet;
I loves 'em plump and fat.
I'll take a chance
If she can dance;
I ask no more than that."

Sur le Pont Bovington.

Pte. Jauvin est dans un état intolérable, il n'a plus de caleçon, et le C. Q. M. S. non plus. Son métier c'est de chauffer dans le pays des W. A. A. C. au mess des officiers. Pourquoi se plaindre?

Cartier, lui, n'est jamais pressé, c'est un homme sur de son affaire... I am sorry, Corporal.....

Preuve qu'il est difficile pour Messieurs les Anglais de prononcer Laferrière, on le nomme dans trois langues différentes, anglaise, italienne, et espagnole,—"Chaplin," "Julius," "Pedro," ou encore, "Frenchie."

The stone (La Pierre) que l'on appelle ordinairement le "dead man" est offensé de la chose. Alors, pourquoi, à l'heure des exercices où a l'appel de la garde, se plaint-il, qu'il a des "rhumatismes"? Ou bien encore se pâlit-il visage, avec de la poudre à toilette!

A la danse de la Compagnie "C" le pot à tabac fut prisé par tout le monde. Dans les fonctions de waiter, Therrien, tu fus grandiose.

Dionne a toujours eu du succès avec les fafemmes, quand il ne loge pas le diable dans sa bourse.....

Beauchemin est un idéaliste, un rêveur. C'est aussi un bon garçon, mais il ne faut pas discuter avec lui sur la question de la fourrure...

Qui n'st pas "fed up" dans le bataillon? Le sergent major Moore.

Le Samson du Bataillon.

L'autre jour en faisant un tour de force avec Favreau, notre ami, Brisette a failli s'éreinter. Ce pauvre Georges n'a certainement pas de veine. Tout le monde se rappelle encore lorsqu'en revenant de Londres il perdit son sac qui contenait la fameuse culotte de notre confrère Favreau.

J. C.

A Wee Tale.

Do not Wail! at This Wee Tale..

Just a chair
Over there.
Little tack,
Frightened Waac.
The story goes,
She quickly rose,
With hands behind
Lots on her mind.

His Cocoa.

Sgt. Lawley, in the mess: "Waiter, my cocoa is cold."
Waiter: "Then put your hat on."

