

CAPT. SMITH'S SCANDALOUS ACTION.

Paraded Length of Lulworth Board Walk with Fair Waac Officer.

What was *the* feature of the day at Lulworth when the King inspected the battalion? Was it the noisy and thrilling "show" staged on the hill-side? Was it the fact that we were given the place of honour in the centre of the three battalions inspected by His Majesty? Was it even the King himself? No, it was none of these! It was the sight of that amiable dispenser of No. 9's., Captain David Smith, M.O., parading the full length of the board walk, where everyone could see him, with a Waac on his arm.



The Captain appreciated the fact that he was attracting attention. His only fear was that someone in the battalion might not see him, so he marched along very slowly, glancing first at the fair administrator, speaking in her ear pleasant words, and then throwing in the direction of the battalion a haughty glance which spoke more clearly than words "Who says my hair is tinged with grey; who says my days of conquering fair ladies are past?"

But that was not all. Whether they thought they were M.O.'s., A.D.C.'s., or his royal household, or his maids-of-honour, or what not, nobody knows, but the fact is that behind the M.O. in his scandalous march, the Chaplain and the battalion dentist giggled merrily along. We say giggled for they did little else. They, too, shot triumphant glances at the battalion, but they did not retain the fixity of countenance, the imperturbable stare of blank superiority that Capt. Smith wore, for they could not restrain their boyish enthusiasm and giggled, giggled, giggled most unmercifully.

That was not the only occasion on that afternoon that the M.O. sang out "Veni, vidi, vici." Scarcely an hour later two other bright young damsels had fallen beneath the charms of his curly locks and figure. This time two Red Cross nurses were the innocent maidens, and with them the M.O. spent the remainder of the afternoon.

Ordinarily, Capt. Smith is not an absent-minded man, yet when one of the Tanks asked him on sick parade the next morning, "How did you like the King?" the Doctor burst out enthusiastically, "Wasn't she a pippin?"

NOTICE TO ARTISTS AND OTHERS.

Running the risk of having people call our attention to the fact that two "six-pounders" are seen peeping forth from the sponson of the tank on our collar badges, the Tank Tatler wishes to protest against people who never saw a tank drawing pictures of them. In one of the American mechanical magazines appears a cross-section view of a tank, in which the driver is securely ensconced in a seat in the exact centre. There is no porthole in front for him to look through, and although the tank is of the caterpillar tread type the driver is firmly clutching an automobile steering wheel. The gunner is not troubled to any extent by low visibility in this tank for the portholes for the machine guns are about six inches wide and extend the full length of the tank.

And even the "Illustrated London News" makes an occasional blunder. They have a photograph of a "tank in action in Palestine with General Allenby's army." This tank had both sponsons removed and it was obviously full of sandbags, sacks of wheat or something similar in shape.



CAPT. W. C. HERALD,
Equipment Officer of the Tank Battalion.

THE NEW P.T. INSTRUCTORS.

Men who went to Aldershot came back full of pep.

"Class, chawk!! Feengahs, stritch!!"

The first morning the new P.T. instructors returned from Aldershot Camp to take charge of the physical drill of the battalion they made the boys sit up and take notice. During their three weeks away from us they absorbed large quantities of Imperial ideas and came back loaded with pep.

Corporal C. J. Macdonald who took the course, went into hospital at Aldershot with the "flu."