

YANK'S IDEA OF "MR. KING."

One of the Yanks, inspected by King George at Lulworth, wrote this letter to a friend in the States: Dear J. F. K.,—

I got up at 5 o'clock yesterday morning, and marched fifteen miles to let Mr. H. M. King see me and the other guys in our unit. We lined up at 9 o'clock for an inspection, which did not take place until 11.40, or thereabouts. We thought it was to come off earlier, especially when there was a hush and a green motor car rolled up, the general saluted, and the brigadier hollered "Royal Salute." But just after all us Yanks thought that the guy who got out of the car didn't look much like Mr. H. M. King's pictures there was a whisper through the ranks that that was just a rehearsal.

Well, about 11 o'clock we were given a break of five minutes, then we had to fall in again at 11.05 for the real thing. This time there was not any doubt about who was coming. First there were a bunch of military cars, which the military police sergeant told to get through the camp quickly, and then came one of those Rolls-Royce limousines painted a deep red. Mr. King steps out, beard and all, just like a fag card, the cameras clicked, the Royal Salute was played by the band, and we guys who'd only been learning to be soldiers for six months or so began to sway a bit in the ranks. But I don't think Mr. H. M. King noticed that. At least he didn't mention it.

Mr. H. M. King, followed by a half dozen or so in gorgeous uniforms, and one dyspeptic looking one in naval blue, and two or three civilians passed through our ranks to see which one of us hadn't shaved that morning. But he didn't look at any of us very close. Maybe he knew that we had got up and shaved in the dark.

After that he got into a tank, a whippet. When we climb into a whippet we have to climb. But Mr. H. M. King had a special pair of stairs. Inside was a red silk cushion for him or the driver to sit on, I suppose according to which one was the more polite. My New York pal, Bill, who voted for Hughes in 1916, said that there were only hard leather cushions in the tank the time that President Wilson burnt his hand on the exhaust pipe. Well, we stood around and sang songs while Mr. King goes for the ride. When he comes back we're all formed up on two sides of the road so that he couldn't make a mistake and not find his way out of the camp. He walked down the road, and we cheered him because he seemed like a nice old chap.

And that's all about the time that Mr. King came to see me.

Yours,

JIM.

TAKES IMPERIAL COMMISSION.

Pte. Gordon Higham, of "A" Company, has left the battalion to take out a commission in the Imperial Tank Corps.

Stop-Press.—He is still with us.

IT NEVER VARIES.

If ever you're not feeling fine,
Just step in the sick parade line;
Be it headache or "flu,"
The "doc" will give you
A dose of the odd number nine.

WHY IS A TANK A "TANK."

What is the origin of the name "tank"? You might just as well ask what is the origin of the phrase "O.K." There are almost as many different solutions offered.

Three different reasons why the tank is a "tank" have been offered recently. One writer in the "Strand Magazine" says this is the origin of the name:

"A certain Mr. Thomas Tank Burall was the manager of a well-known firm of engineers in Norfolk, England. Tank was the maiden name of his mother and Mr. Burall was called 'Tank' for brevity by his friends.

"At the Royal Agricultural Show at Derby in 1881, this firm showed what was described as a most novel engine, a ten horse power traction engine with a Landore steel boiler. It was stated to be the invention of Mr. Thomas Tank Burall.

"Realising the difficulties these traction engines experienced in getting over ploughed fields and uneven ground, Mr. Tank Burall conceived the idea of pattens for the wheels and the famous caterpillar wheels are the outcome of this invention. Mr. Burall's ingenuity so surprised his fellow-workers in the factory that they called these pattered wheeled engines 'Tanks' in compliment to their manager."

Believe that story if you will, but here's another that comes from a Canadian paper:

"When the tanks were first turned loose by the British in their famous offensive the British war department picked as most logical drivers for the tanks, motorcycle drivers, or despatch riders. When the motorcycle riders looked upon the new war machines for the first time they immediately nicknamed them 'tanks' because of their striking resemblance to the gasoline tanks on their motorcycles."

Col. E. D. Swinton, inventor of the "tank" as used by the British to-day, gives another solution, and his is probably the real one. He says that when the tanks were first built it was necessary to keep secret their purpose. Even the riveters and moulders in the steel plant where the outer casing was manufactured did not know what they were making these large tank-like bodies for. For want of a better name they called them "tanks" and the government officials, who knew what they were for, adopted the name, for no other reason than that they were not really tanks, and the name was a perfect form of camouflage. The name stuck even after the secret was out.