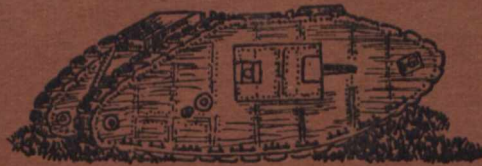


The
TANK TATTLER



NOVEMBER
1918

- F.C.ODELL -

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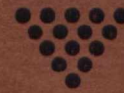
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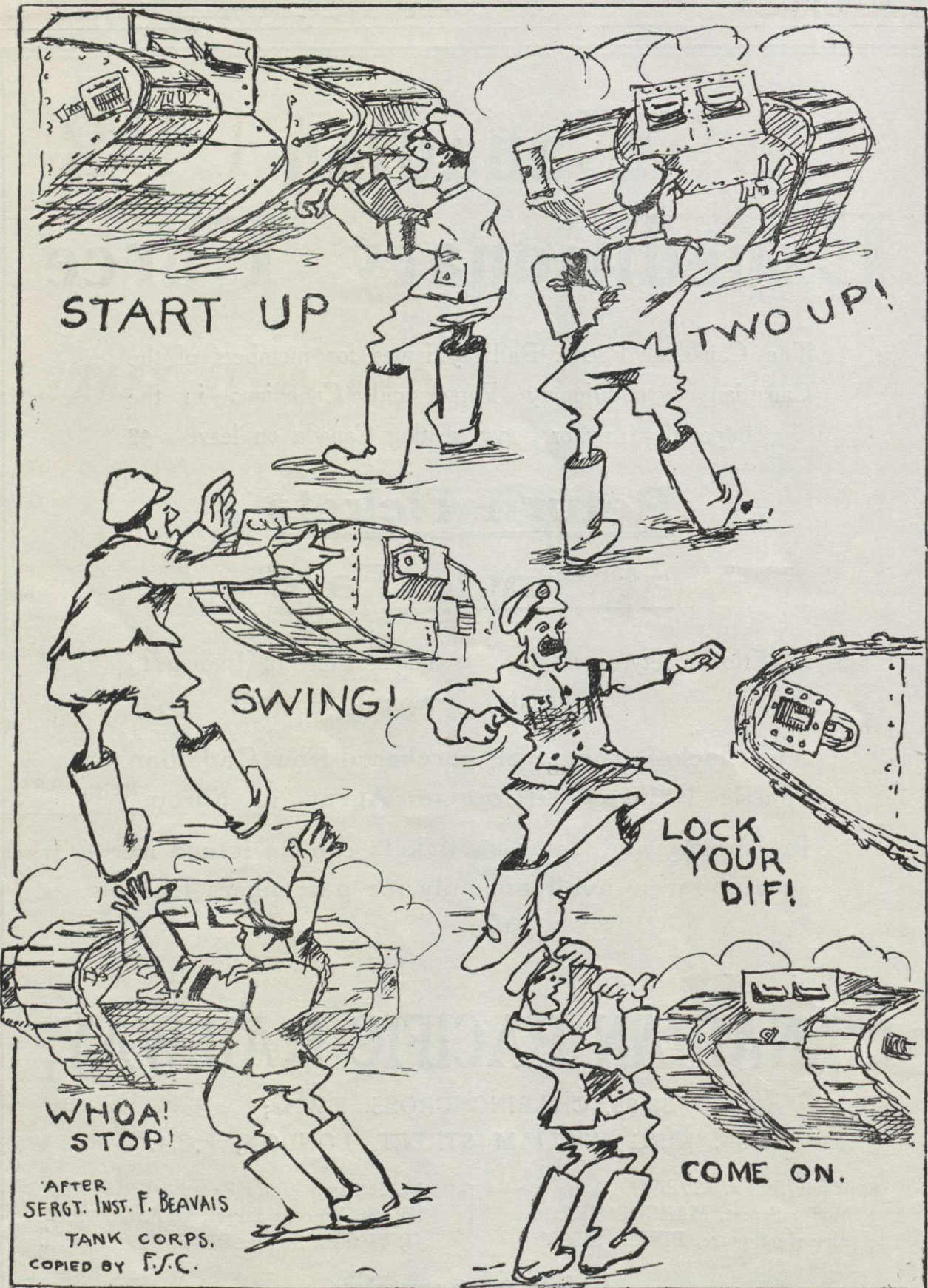
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START UP

TWO UP!

SWING!

LOCK YOUR DIF!

WHOA!
STOP!

COME ON.

AFTER
SERGT. INST. F. BEVAIS
TANK CORPS.
COPIED BY F.S.C.

ON THE TRACKS—A BEGINNER INSIDE.

THE TANK TATLER

SOUVENIR NUMBER.

NOVEMBER, 1918

KING GEORGE PROUD OF CANADIAN TANKS.

His Majesty was pleased with Battalion's Smart Appearance at Lulworth Review—Mimic Battle Staged—University yells given.

"I am very much pleased with the smart appearance of the Canadian Tank Battalion, and I am proud to have it in the Tank Corps." This was the way His Majesty the King expressed himself to Lt.-Col. Denison, following the review at Lulworth on Friday, October 25th, when the King made his first visit to the Tank Corps Training Centre. Every company of the First Canadian Tank Battalion was present, and, in addition, an Imperial Tank Battalion and an American Tank Unit took part in the review, which was followed by a mimic tank battle, staged on the ranges.

It was a great day for the Tanks. "B" Company came in from Sherford Camp, and "A" Company marched in from Bovington. "C" Company had been spending the week at Lulworth.

Three battalions were inspected by His Majesty: the Canadians, the English Light Tank Battalion, and an American Tank Unit, which marched in from Wareham. The battalions formed up as companies in line on the Parade Ground at Lulworth, with the Canadians, as senior battalion, occupying the place of honour in the centre, supported on the right flank by the Imperials and on the left by the "Yanks."

His Majesty was met at Wool Station by Brig.-Gen. E. A. Matthew Lannowe, D.S.O., commandant of the Tank Corps Training Centre. A guard of honour from the Canadian Tank Depot, under Major P. H. Smith, lined the road from Wool Station through the town.

Accompanying the King were Lt.-Gen. Sir H. C. Slater, G.O.C., of the Southern Command, the Rt. Hon. Walter Long, Colonial Secretary, and a number of staff officers and equerries-in-waiting.

His Majesty evinced a great interest in the Canadian Tank Battalion. He asked Col. Denison about the Universities that raised the different companies, the average age of the men and a number of other questions.

Following the inspection, a mimic tank battle

SOUVENIR NUMBER

OF

THE TANK TATLER,

The Newspaper of the First Canadian Tank Battalion.

EDITORIAL STAFF:

Cpl. J. G. JOHNSTON

(formerly of the "Buffalo Express").

Pte. BEN FOX (formerly of the "Toronto News")

Pte. F. S. CHALMERS

(formerly of the "Toronto World").

Cover designed by Pte. F. C. ODELL.

Bovington Camp, England, November, 1918.

was staged on the ranges. A system of trenches had been specially prepared, and ten large tanks and three whippets took part in the attack. His Majesty went into action in one of the whippets.

The "show" lasted for nearly an hour, and the boys watched the proceedings from various vantage points along the Lulworth Camp road. It was quite thrilling, to put it mildly. Aeroplanes flying overhead; smoke screens floating on the breeze; a hundred shells a minute bursting uncomfortably close to the "German" strong points; machine guns rattling; all in all, it was some battle.

The battalions under inspection lined the roads out of camp as the King was leaving, and when it came to giving three cheers, the Canadians proved their lungs were not one whit smaller than those of the Imperials or the Americans. As the King passed the Toronto University Company, the boys gave the "Blue and White" yell, and McGill followed suit as the King passed "B" company.

As he passed Major Mavor, the King shook hands with the snappy "A" Co. O.C., and asked him if he had quite recovered from the effects of the wounds that gave him his four gold stripes.

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 hillside? 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."

OFFICERS' NEWS.**PARTRIDGE, CHICKEN, DUCK.****"B" Company Officers Enjoy a Dinner of Wild Fowl.**

Partridge.

Chicken.

Duck.

All on the same plate.

It sounds impossible, but that's what the "B" Company officers had for dinner the Sunday they were at Sherford bridge.

It was Major Weld's idea. He is a sportsman, and while manœuvring through the Sherford woods he could not help but notice the excrescence of wild fowl on the face of nature.

So he organised a shooting party among the officers of his company and forth they went into the woods. Shooting was good, and the Society



for the Prevention of Putting Lead in Carcasses of Birds would be shocked if they had any idea of the number of birds that flew their last that day.

They were all served up for dinner on Sunday. The colonel motored down to the bird-feast, and Thanksgiving Day was celebrated in the manner made famous by the Pilgrim Fathers.

CARD OF THANKS.

The long-suffering Tanks whose paliasses are pitched near the doors of the huts wish to express their sincere thanks to those other tanks who know enough to close the doors behind them when they come into the hut. This opportunity is also taken to remind those who do not fall within this latter category that all the hut doors have hinges, but not the self-acting kind.

PASSING THE BUCK ;

or,

The King of Indoor Sports.**A Tragedy in 3 Acts.**

Place: Bovington Camp.

ACT I.

Time: yesterday.

Officer (With a grievance and a thirst) : Capt. Forgie, I want to see you about my mess bill.

Capt. F. : See Spriggs.

ACT II.

Time: to-day.

Same Officer : Capt. Spriggs, I wan't to see you about my mess bill. Capt. Forgie said—

Capt. Spriggs : Before I took over the job. See battalion daily orders of the 21st. See us to-morrow.

ACT III.

Time: to-morrow.

Same Officer : I say, Goad, I want to fix up my mess bill. I was told to see you.

Lieut. Goad : Capt. Spriggs is in France. I don't know anything about it. You will have to wait until he comes home.

(Exit officer, crying "Two bob or not two quid ; what's the mess bill?")

LULLABY FOR A BABY TANK.

(Apologies to Lord Tennyson.)

Squat and low, squat and low,
Tank of the Western Front,
Feared by foe, brave Gouraud
Welcomes thy features blunt.
Over the rugged trenches go,
Crawling from Soissons or Belleau,
Trundle foreshortened runt.
Creep, my little one, over each brittle Hun, creep.

Creep and rest, creep and rest,
Rest on the Teuton's toes ;
Sleep, sleep, on the France we'll keep,
Victory bring thee repose.

Lie in thy cradle—a crater deprest
Deep as German hopes in the west,
Sunk in their August woes.

Sleep, my gritty one, unpretty one, sleep.

—H. T. Craven in the Philadelphia "Public Ledger."

Lord Cchrare, moralizing : Moses is the quietest man in the battalion. He never says a half dozen words to anyone. I wish I knew who he does talk to ; I'd scrape up an acquaintance and find out all about his past life.

HERO OF GREAT SEARCH AN OFFICER IN TANKS.

Man who Scoured Northlands for Esquimaux Criminals Lectures to the Boys.

Hunting Huns in a tank is a much different proposition from hunting two Esquimaux murderers in the cold, bleak barren lands of Canada, at the mouth of the Coppermine River. Lieut. C. O. LaNauze, of the Canadian Tank Depot, in "F" lines, made a successful job of the Esquimaux hunt, and now he is out to make an even more successful job of fighting Jerry.

Lieut. LaNauze, in a very interesting talk to the Tanks in Hut G28 a few nights ago, told the thrilling story of his two-year search in the great Canadian northwest for two Roman Catholic priests who had mysteriously disappeared, his discovery of the fact that they had been murdered by two Esquimaux, and his further search after the criminals, both of whom were eventually captured and brought to the land of the white man to stand their trial.

It was in May, 1915, that Lieut. LaNauze, then a newly-promoted Inspector of the Royal Northwest Mounted Police, was asked to go into the Northland to investigate the disappearance of the two priests who had been operating from a mission post on the Mackenzie River. The inspector consented to take the job. "Then be ready to leave to-morrow," said the commissioner, who had detailed him for the work.

"It was a hard fight to go," said Lieut. LaNauze, when he was telling the story to the Tanks. "The Empire was calling, and I didn't like to see the regiments marching away to war while I was going into the far north."

Then he told the story of the trek into the Arctic circle, and for two hours he held the attention of the Tanks with one of the most thrilling accounts of real adventure they had ever heard. Lieut. LaNauze put in one or two apt touches of humour. Telling of the scarcity of food in the Coppermine district, he said, "For six months we lived on caribou meat, but it was a whole lot better than sausage." And again speaking of the cold, Lieut. LaNauze said, "I really don't know how cold it got. In October it was thirty below zero, but when winter came the thermometer went down to sixty below and as it could not go any further it stuck there."

Eventually the two Esquimaux, members of a tribe of primitive "blonde" Esquimaux, who had no traces of white people's civilisation about them, were captured and brought to Calgary, where they were tried in a British court of justice. They were convicted of the murder of the priests, almost entirely on their own admissions of guilt and were

sentenced to death. This sentence was commuted to life imprisonment and they were taken back to the Northland to serve their term. "After two or three years they will probably be sent back to their own people to tell the story of British justice," said Lieut. LaNauze.

The Lieutenant did not make much of his deeds. When anyone in our bunch is sent out for someone he has to bring back his man or take his place," he explained.

FLANDERS MUD ISN'T IN IT.

"This is the Life—Nit" Sang The Boys At
Lulworth.

Flanders may claim the premier prize for mud, but whoever has lately been at Lulworth will swear on Old Moore's almanac that that camp runs a close second.

While the different companies were down there attempting to blow away that part of the chalk-white cliffs of England that happens to be within range of the 6-pounders, it had to rain in the good old English style, with the natural result—mud up to your knees, and such mud the tank boys never saw or heard before. It crawled after you like a hungry dog, and stuck to your poor "Kitchener's" like so much glue.

It was fun—cruel fun we must admit—to see the boys slipping and sliding over the mire. To keep your equilibrium, and at the same time advance with a machine gun on your shoulder was a job and half. Each Company had at least a week of Lulworth mud, and while the hardened "R.E.'s" only said "Garblimey" whenever they waded through the shambles the Canadian Tanks did not stop at that. With every step forward in the luscious mud they would, of course, slip back at least five paces, unwinding at the same time an unearthly stream of cuss-words.

Going to bed in Lulworth during this muddy period was a profoundly joyful experience, especially to those unfortunate boys who slept near the entrance, where no door-mat or mud-scraper awaited "my lord." These poor privates had to use both shovel and a stable broom in order to make their allotments habitable, and then it was so dirty papers were resorted to before retiring. It was the Life!!!

MANY TANKS HAD INFLUENZA.

World-Wide Plague Falls Heavily on Canadian Tank Battalion.

(By Lieut. B. D. Morden.)

Some alleged humorist has said : " The windows were opened and in-flu-enza." I said alleged humorist, so that lets me out, and furthermore it is no subject to joke about as anyone of the fellows who have had the " flu " in our battalion will tell you. As a matter of fact I had it myself so I know wherof I speak.

Well it really doesn't matter when or where it got here ; it came, it stooped and in a number of cases it conquered. It might have been a whole lot worse though, and speaking generally the First Canadian Tank Battalion has up to date been extremely fortunate. We are touching wood when we say that though because the epidemic is still very much among us ; in fact, it is everywhere, so if you hear a sneeze, duck and run ; also avoid eating off the other fellow's plate, particularly if he isn't through. And it isn't advisable for more than one to use the same tooth-brush. Any of these hints can be verified by the M.O.

There really is nothing original in having the " flu," as some million or more other unfortunate individuals in various parts of the world have had it also. However it might be safely said that those of us who did get it were not thinking of originality or anything of the sort, but of how we might get a square meal, or at least something a little more appetising or substantial than hot milk. Hot milk at anytime is horrible stuff, but with a temperature of 104 point something and a head much worse than the morning after, it could scarcely be called a tempting beverage, and no amount of coaxing, sweet smiles or imploring would induce the soft-hearted little nurse to bring you anything else.

Unless you had a horrible constitution the day came however when your temperature dropped to normal, your head didn't feel so much as if there was a " big end " out of adjustment, and you were able to sit up and take notice. Then it was you realised that you were really and truly hungry, but the promise that if your temperature remained down you would be given something to eat once again, kept you from " passing out " altogether. At last it happened, and oh! the joy of that first meal. It really didn't matter what it was ; it was food, and even the far-famed rabbit or sausage a la Frensham Pond would have seemed like Chicken a la King. Yes, life was indeed sweet and the sun shone once again.

Then came the day when you were allowed to get up, probably only for an hour, but believe us it was quite long enough ; and before the hour was up you were probably back in bed again. No,

somehow or other the old reliable " pins " had gone back on you and navigation was extremely difficult. A couple more days though and the old time " sea legs " returned and you were able to weather the gale quite successfully, and shortly after the M.O. told you you were ready for your discharge. That really was the occasion ; when you gathered your kit together, said good-bye to all your hospital friends, promised to send the nurse one or two badges if you hadn't already given her one, and returned to barracks. The old place sure looked good, and as you settled down into the old routine once again, after of course the usual few days' leave, you solemnly vowed that there would be no more " flu " for you.



CAPT. HUGH MURRAY (Paymaster).

Was formerly one of Canada's greatest Rugby Players.

PTE. I. T. GREEN DIES.

Pte. I. T. Green, of Section 4, " A " Company, died in the Bovington Camp hospital on the morning of October 21st. He had been suffering for about three weeks from pneumonia.

This was the first death in the battalion since organisation last May.

Pte. Green was buried two days later in the churchyard at Wool, with full military honours. The pall-bearers and firing party were from his own section.

Pte. Green was only nineteen years old. His next-of-kin was his mother, Mrs. A. G. Green, of Georgetown, Ontario, where he had lived all his life.

Relics of our transport life : Why did Lieut. Moses take that trip to Bournemouth?

To see " His " sister, of course.

TANK TATLINGS.

Among the signs that the war will probably be over in about five years more are:

"A" Company was favoured with a second helping of really delicious pudding in the mess the other day.

Pte. Walter Davidson, "B" Company, V.T. expert, was seen casting admiring glances at vermilion cravats in the window of a Weymouth shop one recent Sunday.

A paper from "Back 'Ome" says that the Niagara Frontier guard has been abolished.

C.Q.M.S. Rooke, "A" Company, took an order for tobacco without the cash.

* * *

Private Ormsby, A.N., now of the Depot, Dean of the Society of Ex-Corporals, says that this 6.15 Rouse Parade would be all right if it didn't specify that he should be partially dressed. It is a chilly proposition removing both his tunics at that hour in the morning.

* * *

From the way "The Little Fellow" Bradera slops oil over the "A" Company guns in his charge one assumes that he's getting a rake-off from John D. Rockefeller.

* * *

"Wouldn't it be a good joke," suggested Pte. Ernest Crickmore, the well-known battalion orderly room runner, "If the King didn't come after all."

* * *

It is denied on behalf of the padre that in his song service last Sunday evening he announced that the meeting would sing hymn number Legs Eleven. Number Legs Eleven was not one of the hymns sung.

* * *

Pte. Arthur C. Singleton, who occasionally lapses into brilliant soliloquising, remarked the other day, "Wouldn't it be a good one on the M.O. if he made a mistake and went out with his rubber gloves on instead of his leather ones?"

* * *

Marching to Lulworth, the "C" Company boys saw a number of pheasants in the field by the way-side. There were one male bird and two females which caused one of the bright boys of that company to remark that pheasants must be Mormons.

* * *

Rushing up to Pte. Melrose, of "B" Company, as he stood in the mud at Lulworth, an officer asked, "Are you a corporal?"

"No, sir," answered Pte. Melrose, as he lifted one foot out of the quagmire, "I'm a bloomin' bulrush."

"Mr. H. M. King." That's what the Yanks called King George.

* * *

The King had the letters "G. R." woven in gold on the shoulder straps of his uniform.

"What does that stand for?" asked one of the Tanks.

"I dunno. Must be his laundry mark," said Tank No. 2, as he took a pace out of the ranks to take a cigarette stub from behind his ear.

* * *

We don't like to spoil a good story. The London papers said that the King drove a tank at Lulworth. But the fact of the matter is that he sat on a scarlet silk cushion and looked out of a machine gun porthole.

* * *

Corpl. Jamieson, Capt. Herald's rotund assistant, wonders if sleeping in room No. 9 had anything to do with the restless night he suffered while week ending last month.

* * *

Pte. Murphy attended the Padre's song service the other evening.

* * *

Did you ever notice that in the English, the French, and the German languages the first three letters of the word for soldier are S.O.L.?

* * *

It may not be generally known, but the fact remains that C.S.M. Bain knows more than just that one song, "Left, right, left, pick it up," which he sings constantly while the company's on the march.

* * *

"A" Company has a bunch of new corporals. And new corporals mean new commands.

Here's Corpl. Hoover's best: "Squad! Stand-at-ease! Now then, right wheel, forward!"

Corpl. S. M. K. Young: "Party, whoa!"

Sergt. Strachan, the grand old man of the Company, says that in his O.T.C. days he heard a sergeant order a platoon to: "Two paces step back, forward!"

But the best of them all is ex-Corpl. Bradera's: "Slow wheel! Left march!"

* * *

SONG OF THE SEVENTEEN NEW CORPORALS.

Good night, rankers! Good night, rankers!
Good night, rankers! We're going to leave you
now.

Merrily we roll along, roll along, roll along,
Merrily we roll along, to the sergeant's mess.

WORKED FOR THOMAS KELLY.

Cpl. Davis Has Had a Romantic Career—His Life Story.

For the edification of readers of "The Tank Tatler," Cpl. Robert E. Lee Davis has confessed the story of his life. Unlike many others, he admits that he was born when quite young, and that his education, if any, was received in the St. Thomas Military Academy, Minn., and the University of Minnesota. He is a reconnaissance engineer by profession and his trade used to be attempting to bulldoze the Royal Northwest Mounted Police.

Robert E. Lee's early years and a great deal of of his parents' money were spent in St. Paul, Minn., but Robert E. Lee intimated that he did not begin to live until he spent six days and his back pay in London.

A relative having once been commissioner of police in St. Paul, Robert E. became widely acquainted among crooks and newspaper reporters. It may be assumed that it was this which led him into employment with a firm of government contractors. They sent him over the 49th parallel of latitude, where he stayed for some months. He had many vicissitudes and several fights with boarding house keepers while dodging the North wind and political reformers.

But Robert E. Lee's pleasant time in our great Northwest was cut somewhat short by his firm's attempt to sink so much of the people's money into foundations for parliament buildings in a certain province. When one Thomas Kelly took his foot off the rail in front of the bars and put his head in his hands behind the bars our Robert found it expedient to heed the call of the South. He gravitated.

He next turns up in Kansas City, where Lieut. Simmey of the British-Canadian Recruiting Mission was doing some fine advertising. "The Tankers are Gentlemen," was a placard our Robert observed as he dangled along the main street of the burg. "I'll be a gentleman," exclaimed he. But, alas! here he is—a corporal.

The Archives at Ottawa recently sent "The Tank Tatler" a full official record of the famous naval engagement off Gatineau Point, in which Robert E. Lee conducted himself with such distinction that he was awarded the D.T. The medal was pinned on by Sgt. Dixon, who was materially assisted by Cpl. (now Sgt.) Owthwaite, in the presence of a vast assemblage of Section One.

The engagement itself, while not having the political consequences of Jutland, nor the military effect of Trafalgar, was noteworthy in that it was fought in a heavy sea against the serpentine vessels of the enemy, who was aided with liquid ammunition furnished by Gatineau residents in glass shells open at one end.

Adventures belong to the adventurous. Robert E. Lee two days later began his most marvellous one—seeing the world on thirty cents. He cannot account to this day how he has come this far. But if the reader really wants to know he can learn by consulting the transportation officers of the O.M.F.C. on both sides of the Atlantic.

THE CANTEEN LADIES.

We had the best Canteen in this part of England.

During their stay at Bovington Camp the Tanks have been lucky in having within their lines the



CAPT. ROBERT KERR,
Adjutant of the Tank Battalion.

best soldiers' canteen in all this part of England. The "G" lines canteen won the silver cup awarded by the N.A.C.B. for the cleanest, neatest, and otherwise best kept canteen in the Southern Command.

The Tanks have appreciated the canteen and Mrs. Lidgey's savoury puddings, blackberry tarts, and cocoa have all been so popular that it was a case of line up and take your turn every night.

The three young ladies who have looked after the needs of the boys at the counter are Miss E. Evans, Miss Alice Sharp, and Miss Bertha Allsprice.

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.

SUPPLY COMPANY BEING FORMED.

Some of Our Former Officers will go to Second Tank Battalion.

The formation of a Canadian Tank Supply Depot and Canadian Tank Supply Company marks another step towards the completion of a Canadian Tank Brigade, which Major-General Mewburn, Minister of Militia and Defence, announced some time ago would soon be a reality.

The men for these two units have been drawn from two sources. There are about 220 men from the Royal North-West Mounted Police on the strength of the new depot, and in addition about

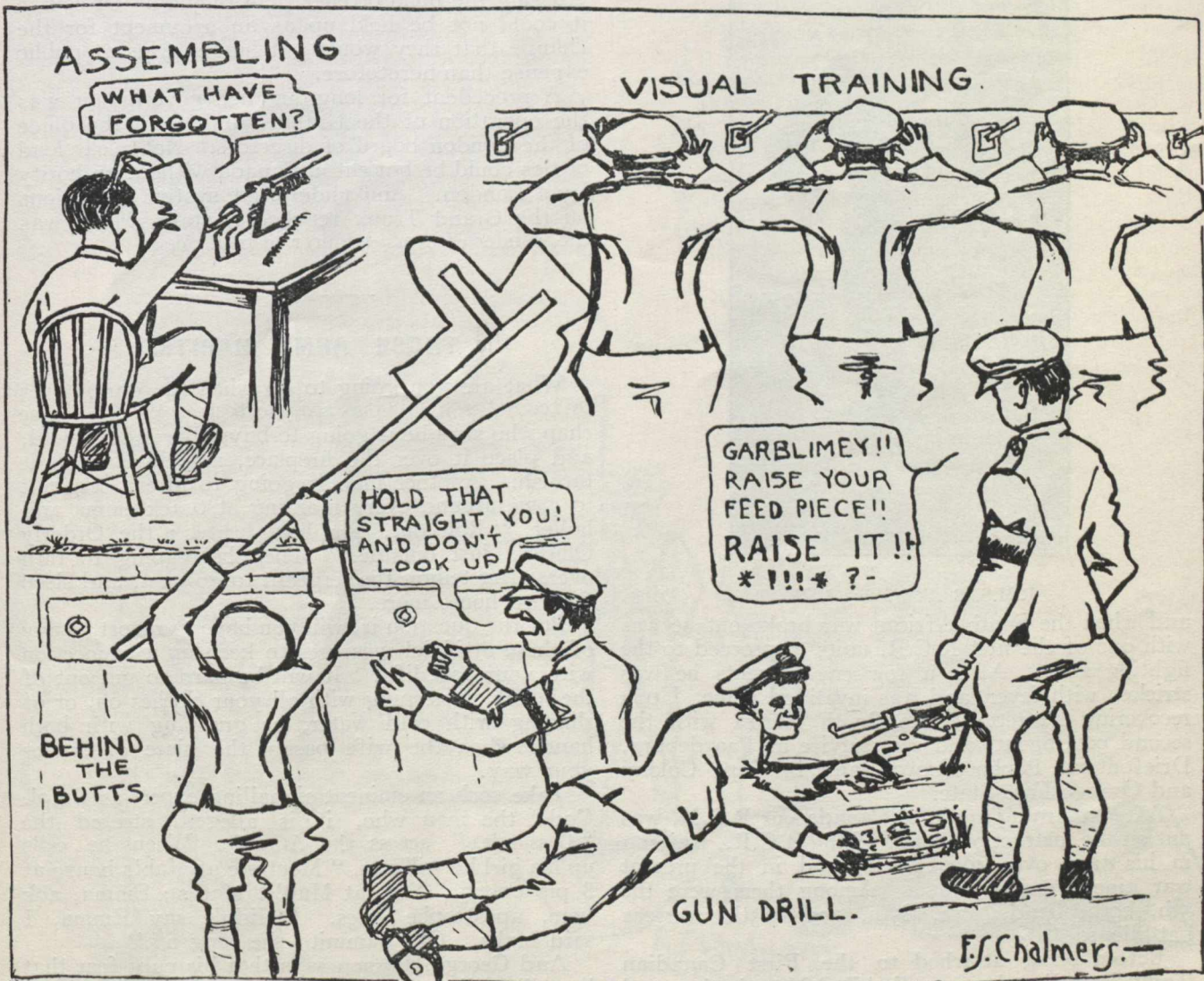
60 men who were transferred from our own battalion.

The men will be divided into two groups. The first group will form the Canadian Tank Supply Company, which will be trained as a Tank unit, and will go to France to act as supply Company when the Canadian Tanks go into action. Major P. H. Smith, an original 19th Battalion Officer, who is in temporary command of the depot, will be O.C. of the new Supply Company.

The remainder of the men will form the nucleus of a re-inforcing depot for the 1st, 2nd, and 3rd Canadian Tank Battalions. The O.C. of this Supply Depot has not yet been appointed.

There are a number of officers, formerly with our Battalion, attached to the depot, but many of these will be given appointments in the 2nd Tank Battalion.

The Adjutant of the Tank Depot is Lieut. C. S. Jones, who came overseas with the 48th Highlanders Battalion in the First Contingent.



MACHINE GUNS.

F. J. Chalmers.

TRAINED NINE C.E.F. UNITS.**R. S. M. Paterson has been a Soldier for many years.**

Anyone who has seen Regimental-Sergeant-Major Charles V. Paterson on parade must admit that he is every inch a soldier, and a right snappy one at that.

He hails from the city of Brantford, and comes of martial stock, his father being a veteran of the Indian Mutiny. He has had a brother killed in the present war while serving with the "Princess Pats," and his other brother, Capt. S. V. Paterson, also a P.P.C.L.I. man, is attached to the First Canadian Tank Battalion.

When twenty years of age he sought the military life, joining up with the Royal Canadian Regiment,



R.M.S. C. V. PATERSON.

and when the South African war broke out he was with one of the first R.C.R. units to proceed to the fighting zone. After a few engagements he was stricken with fever, and was invalided home. Upon recovering he returned to South Africa with the second contingent, and saw service at Paardeburg, Driefontein, Poplar Groves, and in Cape Colony and Orange Free State.

After returning again to Canada our R.S.M. was put on the instructional staff of the R.C.R., training in his time over 400 officers, and in the present war nine overseas units. Among them were the 5th, 20th, 62nd, 40th, 85th, and 185th overseas battalions.

Before being attached to the First Canadian Tank Battalion he was the R.S.M. of the 2nd Depot Battalion, Eastern Ontario Regiment, with headquarters at Ottawa.

LONG DISTANCE GOVERNMENT.**Move the Capital to the Thames River, is suggested.**

(By our Parliamentary Correspondent.)

A despatch from Canada announces that if a peace conference is held this fall, Sir Robert Borden will return to England to represent Canadian interests.

Sir Robert's trips to England have been so frequent (and necessary) in the last three or four years that one is beginning to wonder if it would not be advisable to move the government to London. One easily can fancy a Canadian Parliament buildings on the Thames which would be of superior architecture to those which Chamberlain, Gladstone, Asquith and Lloyd George have graced.

Then, too, the ministers of the crown and our Canadian M.P.'s would have better reasons for crossing the pond oftener than they do. Of course it could not be held up as an argument for the change that they would get longer trips at public expense than heretofore.

A precedent for long-distance government was the operation of the Grand Trunk from the office of the London board of directors. Not a car load of ties could be bought in Canada without authority from London. And under that system conditions on the Grand Trunk reached a stage which was the wonder of every admirer of inefficiency.

THOSE ARMY HABITS.

What are you going to do when the war is over to remind you of your army career? We know one chap who says he is going to buy a big brass shield, and place it over the fireplace, and just watch it tarnish. Another man is going to hire a sergeant to come around every morning at 6 ack emma and holler, "Roll out, you lazy brutes; the Orderly Officer's just outside." Then he's going to turn over, after telling the sergeant to go west, and sleep for two hours more.

But the question is, will you have to resort to any of these artificial measures to keep up a connection with your past life? It will be hard to get out of the habit of sleeping with all your clothes on, or of shaving with cold water, or grabbing with both hands when the wife passes the plate of scones your way.

Take such an eminent signalling expert as Corpl. Code, the man who, it is alleged, steered the "Cassandra" across the Atlantic. When he calls up his girl he will say, "Meet me at Mab's house at 8 pip emma. Yes, at Mab's, Mab's; Emma, ack bere, apostrophe esses. I didn't say Emma, I said Mabs. Oh, dammit; she rang off."

And George Howson says that his only fear that he will walk out of Bowies' Lunch in Winnipeg, absent mindedly bringing along his knife, fork, and spoon.

"MORE BEER! MORE BEER!"

And it was a Y.M.C.A. man who distributed it.

"More beer for the working classes." This cry, which has so often been chorussed by the "A" Company boys when sitting down in their luxuriant mess huts in "G" lines waiting for the odd sausage to appear beside a bowl of "Mulligan" became a flowing reality while the Company was at Sherford Bridge.

After night manœuvring from early morning the Company was informed by the usual exhorter that there would be a "beer parade."

We have heard of "free lunches," but never before of "free beer." It was too good to be true. But sharp at 1.30 the line-up began, every true son of the flowing bowl being on hand, and into the wet canteen they were led. There were two stout casks of bitters lay tapped, and Pte. "Bill" Petty, and that prominent Y.M.C.A. worker, Gordon Higham, stood between them ready to serve the boys.

It was by far the happiest parade any of the Tanks ever participated in, and it surely made them smile at the novelty of the idea—"free beer." To see them smilingly enter and slap down their mess tins for their wee drap of ale, and then joyfully drink it down on the way out was a sight to make any temperance crank weep. Nevertheless, both

imbibers and confessed teetotalers joined in the line-up, and shared the flowing gift of the "A" Company officers.

Who it was that suggested such a unique parade for the boys is still a mystery, but he can rest assured that his efforts to brighten up the lives of the boys were well received.

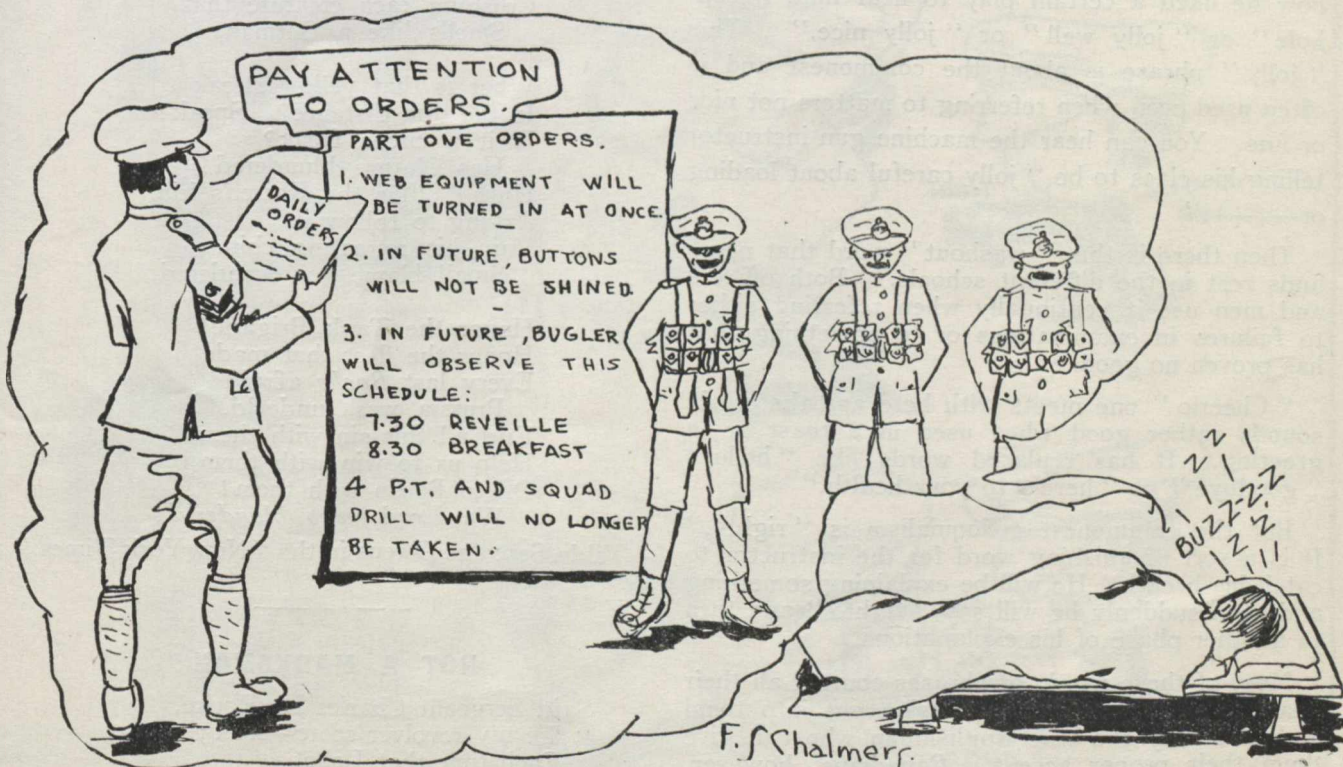
NOW HE'S LITTLE MILTON.

"Big Cummy" as a nickname for Pte. Cummi-ford, of "A" Company, exists no longer. He is now "Little Milton."

This is how it came about. The paymaster held a muster parade of the Company. When he came to the name "Cummiford, Lytle Milton," he was puzzled. After pondering over the pronunciation he decided to make a stab at it. "Cummiford, Little Milton," he called. Hence the metamorphosis of the nickname.

SONG BY THE ISOLATORS.

The trenches' fleas are bonnie
Where early fa's the shell;
But it's here that scabies hoard
Gave me their itching true;
Gave me their itching true;
Which ne'er forgot will be;
And for scabies blue and hoary
I've learned to swear like hell.



"T'WAS ONLY A BUCK PRIVATE'S DREAM."

HIS HIGHEST AMBITION.

Sergeant Godfrey, of "C" Company, says his highest ambition is to look through a tank port hole and see a sight like this :



"CHEERIO! OLD TOP."

When the Canadian Tanks return home after mixing with the Imperial troops, they will take back in addition to a long tale of experiences, a host of new phrases that they learned at Bovington Tank Schools. Some of them sound rawther nice and other: not so nice.

Do not be surprised, if you ask a Canadian Tank how he liked a certain play to hear him, "Top-hole" or "jolly well" or "jolly nice." This "jolly" phrase is about the commonest and is often used even when referring to matters not nice or fine. You can hear the machine gun instructor telling his class to be "jolly careful about loading or——."

Then there is that "washout" word that never finds rest in the different schools. Both officers and men use it continually when referring either to failures in examinations or to something that has proven no good.

"Cheerio" one meets with here and there. It sounds rather good when used in a toast or in greeting. It has replaced words like "hello," "goodbye" or "here's to your health."

But the commonest colloquialism is "righto." It is a sort of finishing word for the instructor to catch his breath. He will be explaining something and then suddenly he will say "righto" and turn to another phase of his explanations.

Most of these words or phrases contain all their beauty in the personal expression put into them and it is only the true Englishman who can give them their proper accent. Canadians, however, are not slow in picking up these phrases nor in giving them the correct accent.

CHARGE OF THE TANK BRIGADE.

(Shade of Tennyson, forgive!)

Half a league, half a league,
Half a league onward,
Move like the scythe of Death,
Tanks by the hundred.
Boche bullets harmless glide
Down from their metal hide,
While from that steely Hell
Showers of shot and shell
Volley'd and thunder'd.

Was there a *Boche* that stayed
To see how they were made?
Not when each Fritzie felt
His hours were number'd.
Theirs not to peek and pry,
Theirs not to wonder why,
Theirs but to sprint, or die.
Straight to Berlin they fly,
Huns by the hundred.

Tanks to the right of them,
Tanks to the left of them,
Tanks back and front surround
Fritz, Hans, and Herman.
Rolling the wires straight,
Onward they navigate,
Crushing each creature that
Smells like a German.

What is that yellow streak
In the dim distance? Speak!
Is it a circus freak?
Has Nature blundered!
Hush! 'Tis the Kaiser's kin,
Trying to follow in
Vain his retreating chin.
Small blame you wondered.

Honor the Tank Brigade!
Honor the fleet that made
Every last *Boche* afraid
Prussia was sunder'd.
End all this sin with them,
Help us to win with them,
On to Berlin with them!
War-Lord, *who blunder'd!*

—Vilda Sauvage Owens in the "New York Times."

NOT A MARKSMAN.

Said Sergeant Charles H. Rooke,
"See my revolver score—look;
Each time that I shot
I hit my man—not;
So they marked me down 'O' in the book."

BROKE IN DEAR OLD LONDON.

N.C.O.'s who went to Chelsea learned much.

The five N.C.O.s who went to London to take the four weeks' "smartening-up" course at Chelsea Barracks certainly learned a great deal about snappy drill and lively stepping. They say they had a good time in dear old London, but one of the men who was up on leave during their stay at Chelsea met three of them in the Beaver Hut, and each one was in that deplorable of state—dead broke. They had forgotten to take with them the sometimes essential means of barter known as money, and as pay parades were left off the weekly curriculum at Chelsea School they did not attend as many dawnces, theayter performances, etc., as they had planned.

But nevertheless, they imbibed a great deal of the Chelsea spirit, which stands for all that is smart and soldierlike. The N.C.O.'s who took the course were as follows:—

- Sergeant V. W. W. Unwin, "A" Co.
- Sergeant M. I. Waite, "B" Co.
- Sergeant W. R. Howson, "C" Co.
- Corporal S. B. Ennis, "B" Co.
- Corporal J. A. Richardson, "A" Co.

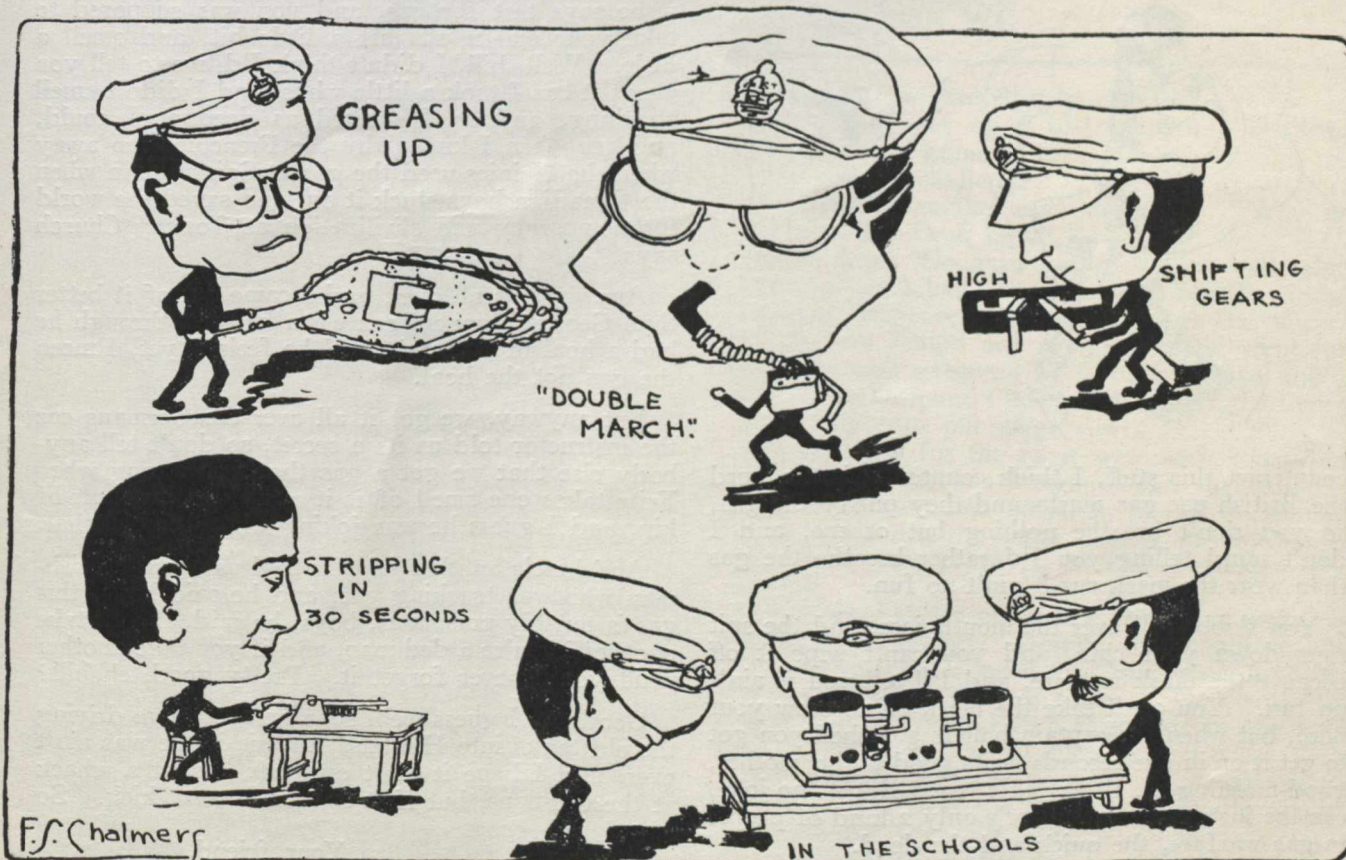
Two of the officers also took a course at the Chelsea Barracks. They were:—

- Lieut. T. H. Jameson, "A" Co.
- Lieut. G. H. Steer, "C" Co.

OUR FAREWELL ISSUE.

By the time this issue of THE TANK TATLER is distributed to the boys they will probably know what is in store for them in the immediate future. At the time of writing there is full reason to believe this will be the last issue of THE TANK TATLER in its present form.

The editors hope that they have been able to furnish a certain amount of amusement to the Tanks and to make a permanent printed record of the joys and sorrows of the First Canadian Tank Battalion.



ALL THIS MAKES A KNIGHT OF THE TANKS

PETE TAKES THE GAS-COURSE.

Bovington Camp.

October 30, 1918.

Dere Bill,

Things is pretty much the same; the Sergeant-Major still tells us to stand steady that man you're standin' at ease the way he useter and the grub is just the same except that we get coffee in the morning and tea at night now instead of tea in the morning and coffee at night the way we used to, and the boys didn't like it, and they kicked, and so they changed it. So you see there aint very much I can write about except Bill I went through the gas chamber to-day, and I guess you don't know what that means, but it ain't no fun, and I don't mind telling you Bill just between me an you and the post office clock that I'm glad its all over.

Well, I guess you've herd about these Germans how they use musterd gas, and its a whole lot worse than a mustard poultice, and it gets in your eyes and your mouth, and all over, and blisters, and I'll tell the world it ain't no fun. Well, to sort of



counteract this stuff, I think counteract is the word the British use gas masks and they purify the gas, so you don't breathe nothing but ozozne, and I don't mind telling you I'd rather breathe the gas than wear the mask cuz it ain't no fun.

You slobber all over the mouthpiece, and the spit runs down your chin, and you can't wipe it off because the mask is there, and I'll tell you it ain't no fun. You can't take the mask off to blow your nose, but when the captain hollers gas shell you got to get it on in five seconds or its good-night, mother, good-morning St. Peter. Ha, ha. But its no joke, cuz the instructor says there's only 2 kind of people in gas warfare, the quick and the dead.

Well, they make you put the mask on, and then

you play games where one side lines up and the other side lines up fifty yards away, and you got to run and catch the other man's arms before he gets the mask on. I forgot to tell you neither side has a mask on till the instructor blows a whistle. And then they take you for a root march with the mask on, and you can't take it off to spit, and I was chewing gum, and I nearly drowned myself. Then the instructor says double, and he must have been seeing double or something cuz he didn't say it until we got to the bottom of a hill, and gee, I couldn't breathe, so I took my mask off to breathe, and he says what are you taking your mask off for? go back and double up the hill again.

Then in the afternoon we goes through the gas chamber, which is going into a little hut, and it ain't no chamber at all, but you goes in and he turns on the gas, and then cleers the room of gas after we sees our masks are working allright, but he reely didn't cleer the hut of gas, and he only pretended he did, and when he sez take off your masks we all did, and we nearly choked to death honest bill, it wasn't any fun, but believe me, we got those masks on quick, and I started to run, but he wouldn't let me get outside.

Then he turns on this chloride gas which they use to put in water in the big cities, and that's why Toronto water tastes like it does. It was just like a white smoke, and after the room was full of it he says test for gas, and you was supposed to take your masks off just a little bit, and smell a little. Well, bill, I didn't think I'd live to tell you about it cuz I took a little whiff, and I didn't smell anything, and so I smelled as deep as I could, and gee, then I knew why the Frenchies run away when the Heinies used the gas at Saint Julian when the Canadian boys stuck it out and saved the world for democracy and slivilization as Tommy Church says.

Anyway, its all over, and I came out of it better than George Howson, cuz when he went through he had a hoal in his mask, and he feels it yet, I meen the gas not the hoal.

But anyway, we got it all over the Germans cuz the instructor told us its a secret, so don't tell anybody else that we got a gas that's so strong when Fritz takes one smell of it it even kills his next of kin, and I guess he was joking when he said that.

And here's another joke he told us about a Irish-man who was teaching gas, and he said boys, this gas is terribly poisonous, boys, he said, if you take one whiff you're a ded man, and if you take another whiff you'll never forget it. Pretty good, eh bill?

Goodbye; I guess we'll soon be over there driving the old tanks into Hunland, that is if the war ain't over, and I hope it ain't over cuz I want a whack at the Germans, but if it is over I won't kick. So long.

Your friend,

PETE.



It Might Easily Have Been You.

*Content I live—this is my stay ;
I seek no more than may suffice ;
I press to bear no haughty sway ;
Look ! what I lack my mind supplies ;
Lo ! thus I triumph like a king,
Content with what my mind doth bring.—DYER.*

THEY got it in France—out there—or on the eternal wave. Their “packet,” as you boys call it. They lost their sight, in the great cause. You who read—you can see these printed words. You still have your most prized possession—your sight. Remember these lads and what they must miss for the remainder of their lives.

But, bless you ! they are not blind. They cannot see—that is all. There is a difference. And it is all made possible by St. Dunstan's, where we take each man in hand and train him to pick himself up again—to earn his own living ; to read, write, to do Braille—Shorthand, typewriting, massage, to engage in poultry farming ; to make mats ; baskets, to cobble boots and shoes, or become an efficient carpenter ; to be really skilful and independent in one or two of a dozen different callings. In so many words, we teach them to be blind—and you would be amazed to see how cheerfully and heroically they live their lives. These boys, your brothers-in-arms.

When they leave St. Dunstan's they can earn really good money, and compete actually with their sighted brethren. Then we look after each man for life, in many ways. Look to his stock-in-trade ; re-order for him at cost price ; watch his markets—sell for him—and keep alive that miracle of cheerfulness, that he learned at St.

Dunstan's was as much his as his sighted brothers' if he would accept the wonder-working St. Dunstan's teachings.

Now this costs money—much, much money. For it is a charge of a lifetime, and not of a month or a year that we take on—for each man. And I want each of you boys to realise this, and to help in one of many ways which are to your hand. If you cannot spare any money out of your pocket, whip round among the lads and make a little collection. Get up a concert—a sort of “benefit”—and place the proceeds at the disposal of St. Dunstan's, to help the stricken brother—as a *prayer*, if you like it that way, that this thing happen not to you.—as a thanksgiving, say, that you have so far been spared this greatest of all life's handicaps.

Write to the influential ones at home—those you think can do this sort of thing—and do it well. I'm sure you boys, of all folk, who have looked at the Big Things of Life and Death out there, will understand so much better than those at home what I mean, and what is due to these lads of ours in the Lifelong Darkness.

Arthur Pearson

Please address the Treasurer—

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“ I expect to pass through this world but once. If, therefore, there is any good thing which I can do, or any kindness I can show my fellow-man, let me do it now. Let me not defer it, nor neglect it—for I shall not pass this way again ! ”



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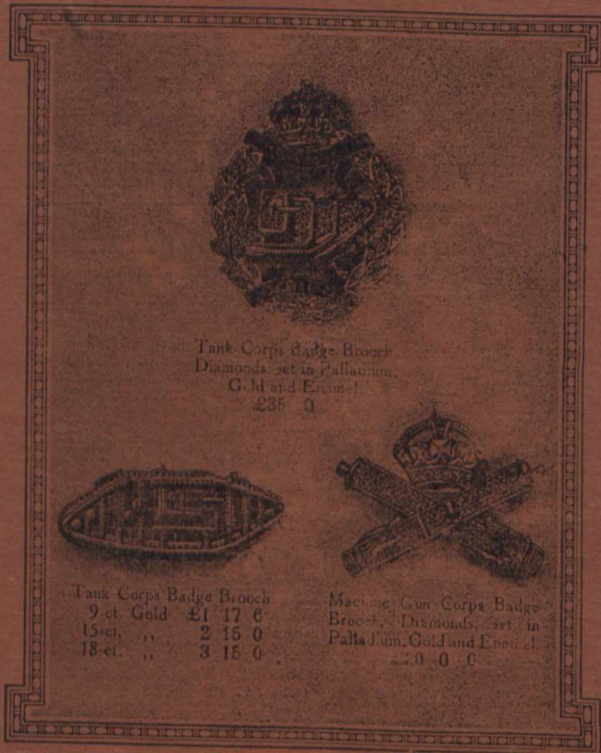
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