



Tank Traps.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENCE

Yes **Freddie**, we are sorry that your strongly worded letter to "Truth" has not appeared in that journal. Doubtless when the proprietors find out, the Editor will be sacked.

Quiet Watcher. While it is true that the Officers not waiting in the queue, but pushing in at the ticket office, did deprive you of a seat as the place was then full, I should point out that they are not the only privileged ones. If at screening time, the Officers reserved seats are not occupied, the manager invariably gives the seats to the soldiers. What we can do is to print your complaint in this form, in the hope that, in future, those Officers intending to attend the Cinema on Saturday nights will have the grace to arrive some time before the performance begins, so that those soldiers who have been standing in a queue for half an hour will not be deprived of their pleasure.

Willie. No. The Brigadier did not start smoking that pipe when he took command. It is reputed to be a veteran of at least two campaigns.

Agatha (Taihape). Flaming Youth has no connection with the boy who stood on the burning deck. Nor with the slightly inebriated Trooper who sat on and ignited a box of matches in the Taihape station waiting room.

Rugby Enthusiast (Owhango). Yes, we understand that our football team has been lucky each time it was won, and unlucky when it has lost.

Lonely (Raetihi) asks if the Editor knows of a suitable husband for her from our ranks. For long, she has been fascinated by the "Dear little berets" and now wishes to marry one. No success so far. "Lonely," but if anyone reading this is on offer, please get in touch with "Lonely," who writes: "I want him to be, six feet three inches tall, well proportioned, jet black hair, Grecian nose, blue eyes, very small moustache, and he must have an income of not less than £10,000 annually. He must have a town and country house, a yacht, and a motor car. Must be fond of children, but these will be supplied." (We are still looking.—Editor.)

Jean (Hunterville) writes. "Dear Editor, could you please give me the names of some jitterbuggers. I am very keen to meet some. (Sorry, Jean, but I can tell you of plenty without the jitters.—Editor.)

Agatha. You say that you went out to a party with some of the Tank boys and during the night you drank five cocktails, four gins, five sherries and ten beers. You want to know if you did wrong. Good Lord Aggie, can't you remember?

Said a youthful instructor named Creeser,
"You don't pull the trigger you squeeze'er."
He suited action to word,
And his class was interred.
For the result was Bizarre more than Besa.

WE WANT TO KNOW

One of the things we want to know is the reason for some orders. For example we have with us again that classic command, "Troop will advance about turn." And to make matters worse, this mental bombshell may be followed by the information that the troop is about to move to the right by turning left. The mental confusion caused by this form of skull-dugery was not considered sufficient. After all, even troopers will see or learn anything in time, and it became our habit never to listen to the first part of an order—only the last. To lull our suspicions those in authority decided to relent. For a week or two we were told that "Troop will retire, about turn" or "Troop will move to the left, left turn." We all sighed with relief and became at least twice as efficient in our manoeuvres. This was too much for authority. Life was not difficult enough. So now once more, as we move forwards we go backwards. When we turn left we don't; we move right. And if we move right, we aren't; we are turning left. Of course, this is not an invariable rule. Yesterday my front was actually my front. For once I did not have to worry as to whether my face was really my face or something else. Some people say it looks like something else anyway. I gather Mecca has something to do with it. Either Mecca or the place where the wet canteen should be, and isn't.

TEN LITTLE COUNTRIES

The following lines appeared recently in the Buenos Aires "Herald Argentina" the editorial remark that they were written by "P.C." of Calle Melian, which we take to be the name of a street in Buenos Aires. They appear to be deserving of a wider circulation.

Ten Little Countries, once upon a time;
Adolf "Anschluss"ed Austria, then there were nine,
Nine Little Countries, who could know their fate?
Neville went to Munich, then there were eight
Eight Little Countries, praying hard to Heaven,
Poland dared a "NO, SIR," then there were seven.
Seven Little Countries, in a fearsome fix,
Hitler protected Denmark, then there were six.
Six Little Countries, sitting on a hive,
Quisling reigned in Norway, then there were five.
Five Little Countries, unprepared for war,
Luxemburg's too tiny, then there were four.
Four Little Countries, neutral tried to be,
Tulip-time in Holland, and then there were three.
Three Little Countries, fought as best they knew,
Belgium's King surrendered, and then there were two.
Two Little Countries, standing by the gun,
The Maginot was useless, and only one.
One Little Country, still dominates the sea,
JOHN BULL watching Channel, will make
TEN LITTLE COUNTRIES FREE.

A Trooper was on Vehicle Piquet. It was midnight. A dark form approached.

"Halt!" he cried, "Who are you?"

"The Orderly Officer."

"Advance."

The Orderly Officer advanced, but before he had gone ten feet, the Trooper cried: "Halt!"

"This is the second time you have halted me," observed the Officer. "What are you going to do next?"

"My orders are to call 'Halt' three times and then shoot," was the reply.

Sign across the window of a Vehicle Agency in a new building: "Opened by Mistake."