

## Alphabetical Reflections of a Tanker Recruit

A stands for Army. I'm now in it's ranks  
And dreaming each night of Nazis, Japs and Tanks.  
B is for Bull-ring where daily I am learning  
To halt on the left foot and take the right turning  
C stands for "Chocko"—a term of contempt  
For rookies like me who look raw and unkmpt.  
D is the "drain" down which I'll descend  
Should all leave be cancelled this coming weekend.  
E is for the Energy I've been expending  
At physical training by stretching and bending.  
F is Fatigues which often are a bore  
Or for my feet which are ordered on the floor.  
G is for the guard who watches all our trucks  
In weather that is suited more for waddling ducks.  
H is the Hut where so very much of life  
Is spent in writing letters to my loving wife.  
I is for the infantry drill which I am taught  
With a squad of "Infants"—some long, some short.  
J is the Joy that cannot be expressed  
When my Furlough comes and I am dressed.  
K is my Kit Bag—of which I have a notion  
My shirt is at the bottom and soaked in my hair lotion.  
L is for Leave—the most popular word  
In the army vocabulary that I've heard.  
M's for manoeuvres—in rain or in snow  
Out in the "cactus" or desert we go.  
N's for the night that I came from the South  
Wet, cold and nervous and down it the mouth.  
O's for the Officers—wearing tan boots  
The captains, the majors, the colonels and "loots".  
P's the Parade for the morning inspection  
For pay or for mess or for Tet Prop inspection.  
Q's the Q.M. with a grin and a stern face  
What chance have I got my lost boots to replace?  
R's for Reveille—an ominous sound  
Keep's disturbing my slumbers each morning I've found.  
S is for "Sorry you'll be"  
If you come to the Tank Camp in winter like me.  
T's for Taihape—hospitable town  
Where the Gretna invites me my sorrows to drown.  
U's for the Unit to which I'm attached  
Where stretchers are carried and bodies are snatched.  
V is for Valentines, massive and strong,  
Through mud and through slush they go roaring along.  
W stands for Wet Canteen  
For lack of which I've sorrow seen.  
X is the number of times I've been  
To buy nugget and razors at our canteen.  
Y is for you who are with me in camp  
We don't fare so badly in spite of the damp.  
Z's for the Zephyrs that constantly blow  
Gott strale old Hitler and Tojo and Co!

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## "LET THE NEARER WATERS ROLL"

The Night the Dam broke—(With apologies to  
Thurber and the P.W.D.)

I don't think that I will ever forget the night the dam broke, although all I suffered did not make me like the place any less. I am quite happy here and I wish that Mr. Semple could see me now. It was on a Saturday evening—just an ordinary Saturday evening. And even yet it is a mystery who it was gave the alarm. Someone dashed around shouting that a wall of water was coming down the valley and that we were to go to higher ground.

There was some confusion. C.B. was suspended. Don R's went out into the night. Would we evacuate? Alone, the sanitary man refused to leave. Assuming a dramatic attitude and shaking his fist in the general direction of the valley, he dared the waters to mess up his kingdom. He used

words a lot stronger than water too. We managed to knock him out with a halfpake and two of us volunteered to carry him to safety. He was about 14 stone and pretty nearly everybody passed us, but we could see two Excused Duty men away out in front. Unfortunately we had to abandon our sanitary man at the Golf Links in the heavy mud. After that we made better time.

Fire and famine we could dare, but the flood left us helpless. Safer on high ground we thought of the waters invading our huts. Meanwhile our sanitary man had come to. As consciousness came back he realised his position. With a terrified yell of "Head for higher ground," he set off at a smart lope. He headed for Mount Ruapehu. It would be hard to say how many were concerned in the rush but it all ended as abruptly as it began. No damage was done. Certain it is that a Sergeant, name unknown, was going somewhere, and it is said that he was going to rescue the nurses.

Order was restored and peace soon reigned supreme, broken only by the lamentations of batmen cleaning out silt. The sanitary man scraped in at 2359 hours—just in time to be posted A.W.L. And even now, after all this time, it is still not safe to mention anything to him pertaining to the breaking of the dam.

Pen Portrait: Winston Churchill, his cigar jutting from his face like a gun from a turret—The Magazine "Time."



"Has anyone inspected Trooper Grant's Tank, recently?"