

## SAFE

A soldier was one night stopped by an Military Policeman, who promptly asked for a sight of his pass. Our soldier, knowing that he had made a big break by being on the street without a pass, decided he could travel a little faster than the big booted Military Policeman, and started in for home at record breaking gait.

The Policeman not to be robbed his prey pressed rather hotly for our soldier, who decided « ducking » to be the best way out of it. This he promptly did, and made for a well known, well lighted building not far away.

Entering, still at his record breaking pace, he asked rather breathlessly of the astonished orderly on deck, « Say partner, where can I hide, there's a big booted Military Policeman, close behind, and I've got to get busy to dodge him ».

The orderly, in the usual Orderly manner, replied « Well I guess a good place here would be the Central Registry, nobody can find anything there. »

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## THE TANK

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It was a crisis. The liberty of the Empire and Issues of the War were at stake and Reinforcements simply shuddered,

Staff-Captains tore their hair and swore, the Quarter-bloke sat in his chair, wept softly, and threatened to resign, while the Victim fervently prayed for a swift termination of hostilities.

Personally, I believe the Unit was acting within its rights in making application for a Shoeing-Smith, and the Victim had done his duty in noting aforementioned application, and forwarding same through the Proper Channels for Necessary Action.

Six days later the Victim received notification of the despatch from « Blighty » of I Shoeing-Smith in response to his demand.

Apparently everything was proceeding smoothly. The Quarter snoozed on and dreamt of *fyles* and Fishing. Oncoming events had as yet cast no shadow before, - but fate was on the job and working overtime.

In due course the victim received the Base Returns, and on perusal, was horrified to discover that the Shoeing-Smith had landed, but was now *Shoe-maker*. There it was, quite plain, *Shoe-maker*. Perhaps it was a disguise to hoodwink the enemy. It couldn't very well be attributed to the vagaries of the Channel.

After considerable heavy thinking on the part of the Quarters and the Victim, it was decided to wire the Base for information regarding the correct qualifications of this human Chameleon.

The reply came quickly - « Private T. C. Smith is neither a Shoeing-Smith nor a Shoe-maker, but is a Black-smith's help. »