

"Begin at the beginning," said the King gravely,
 "and go on till you come to the end; then stop."

(Alice in Wonderland.)

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

Dear Sir,

In a recent edition of LOW BLOWER, I noticed a reference to the fact that a dissertation was expected of me on the principles of sack-socking. Having little knowledge of this subject, I decided to observe the methods of one more expert than I, whose bed had recently collapsed.*

"Jacobs," I said to him, "I require your assistance."

"Ugh!" he replied, sleepily scratching his bed sores,
 "I wanna fly."

Although he could not be persuaded to list the rules of the game, after making himself comfortable on the floor, he finally told me something of its history.

The game has apparently been played for centuries by peoples throughout the ages - the Chinese, Hindus, Fakirs, Henry VIII, Cleopatra, Chinese, Hindus, etc. - It is only since the formation of No.2 Squadron that it has entered into its present popularity as a competitive and organized sport. It has been found that the best equipment is firstly a sack, and secondly a sack-socket. Ability to sleep is an advantage although some competitors have given considerable time and concentration to investigation of sacking without sleeping. These are the type that emerge periodically, polish their boots, and go to meals. Others have tried unsuccessfully to solve the problem of getting out of this black man's country without getting out of the sack. The third type prefer to sack continuously without theorizing or otherwise worrying about the rules of the game, or anything else for that matter. These form the vast majority of sackers.

I regret that in my present recumbent position I find it difficult to write anything further on this subject.

Yours drowsily,

ALEXANDER TURNBULL LIBRARY
 WELLINGTON, NEW ZEALAND

LOW A.S. AGAR.

* Mr. Jacobs has denied that the recent earth tremor was a direct result of his falling out of bed. Ed.

THE MONTH'S BEST LINE: On navigational trips when ETA is up I just look over the side and find my destination below me.

Shot: Sgt. Smithson 9/9/45

Recorded: Sgt. Rogers.