



Y.M.C.A. Weekly Tea for Servicemen: The gathering to tea at the Wellington Y.M.C.A. on a Sunday recently. The Leader of the Opposition, Mr. Hamilton, presided. He is seated in the centre at the back, with the President of the Y.M.C.A., Mr. R. H. Nimmo, and Mrs. Hamilton to the right of him. The tea was organized by the Ladies' Auxiliary of the Y.M.C.A.

SEVEN CASUALTIES

New Zealanders Missing

MEN IN ROYAL AIR FORCE

The following casualty list involving seven New Zealanders serving in the Royal Air Force was issued recently.

Wing Commander Leslie Clive Bennett, missing in air operations. Wife: Mrs. J. Bennett, of the Limes, Wyke Road, Chichester, England; father: Mr. F. H. Bennett, 12 Kenton Avenue, Harrow, England. Wing Commander Bennett was born in Ngaroto, New Zealand.

Flying Officer William Harcourt Coleman, R.N.Z.A.F., missing, believed killed in operations. Mother: Mrs. A. Walton, 12 Derby Street, Devonport, Auckland.

Pilot Officer David Baynton Starky, missing as a result of aircraft accident. Father: Mr. F. B. Starky, Bay of Plenty, Toa Toa, New Zealand.

Sergeant W. D. F. Annan, reported missing, believed killed. Father: Mr. F. J. A. Annan, 58 Dickens Street, Napier.

Pilot Officer Frank Twain Poole, missing, believed killed. Father: Mr. C. H. Poole, 373 Herbert Street, Invercargill.

Pilot Officer Rupert Edward Short, missing in air operations. Father: Mr. T. E. Short, 142 Campbell Road, Green Lane, Auckland.

Sergeant Harry Chapman Downs, R.N.Z.A.F., seriously injured in flying accident. Mother: Mrs. A. E. Downs, 14 Calcutta Street, Khandallah, Wellington.

One of the first airmen to leave New Zealand after the declaration of war, Sergeant William Donald Francis Annan, aged 21, eldest son of Mr. and Mrs. F. J. Annan, Napier, is reported missing, believed killed in action over Germany, states a Press Association message. He was educated at the Hastings Street School, Napier, and the Napier Boys' High School. He studied at Victoria University College, Wellington, and joined the staff of the Commissioner of Taxes. He was trained at Levin and Ohakea air stations.

TRY A SMILE

"Ere," protested the private, "who the 'ell spread the butter on this 'ere bread?"

"I did—and what abaht it?" growled a burly corporal, aggressively.

The private subsided. "That's orl-right, chum," he murmured. "Wot I wants to know is who's the bloke what scraped it orf again."

\* \* \* \* \*

Private Jones was in clink. And being a not very bright kind of lad, was solemnly trying to find out why.

"Me number's 276," he explained, "and last Sunday they marched all of us to church. I ain't never been to a church before.

"When the parson finished preaching he looked up and said: 'Number 276—Art thou weary, art thou languid?'"

"I ses, like Hell I am—and they put me in this 'ere cell."

\* \* \* \* \*

"What did that man say when you nearly knocked him down with your car?"

"What did he say! Well, a sergeant-major was passing at the time, and he blushed and hurried by."

\* \* \* \* \*

A young private, walking through the park with his girl, met his sergeant.

"This is my sister," he explained, bashfully.

"That's all right," the sergeant replied, kindly. "She used to be mine."

Two Irishmen were walking down a trench when they came across a party of German soldiers asleep.

"Pat," exclaimed Mike, "What shall we do . . . shoot them or take them prisoner?"

Pat looked up at the sky, then down at the sleeping Germans. "It's a lovely night, Mike," he said, "a lovely night for a fight . . . let's wake them up."

\* \* \* \* \*

FAR AWAY.

The pompous stranger walked into the Recruiting Officer.

"I'm sorry, but he isn't here," replied the sergeant on duty. "Is there anything I can do?"

"No," snapped the visitor, "I never deal with underlings. I will wait till the Recruiting Officer returns."

"Right, sir. Please take a seat." About an hour later the man became impatient.

"How much longer do you think that Recruiting Officer will be?" he demanded.

"Nearly a fortnight," was the reply. "He went on leave this morning."

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INNOCENT ABROAD

Home on unexpected leave, Tommy changed into "civvies" and went along to the local for a drink.

"That's a smart hat you've got on," commented the barman. Tommy took it off and looked at it admiringly.

"Yes," he replied, "it's a present from the wife. She thought she'd surprise me with it, but I got home earlier than she epected and found it on the piano."

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