

FED HIMSELF.

In the officers' training camp were several candidates for commissions. One of these was the son of a rich N.Z. man.

Instructor called upon this youth, who was very fat, to rise and explain the solution of a problem in tactics.

Fatty rose, spluttered for a few seconds, then said: "It's too deep for me, Sir. Will you excuse me?"

"You seem to be better fed than taught," said the bullying officer.

"Yes, sir," replied the portly one. "You teach me, but I feed myself."

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UNAVOIDABLE.

"A good conversationalist never repeats anything."—Article.

Except when he's had a salad with cucumber in it.

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A small boy evacuated from London had his mother to visit him. She asked him how he liked his new home.

"Gosh, mum," he replied, "the lady treats me like a toff. She won't let me help her, and I don't even have to tell the landlord she's not in."

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"My husband plays tennis, swims and goes in for physical exercise. Does your husband take any regular exercise?"

"Well, last week he was out seven nights running."

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A Nazi propagandist denies the rumour that when Herr Hitler was a baby he was struck on the head. So it wasn't that after all.

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"Free French now have headquarters in Melbourne." Another injustice to Canberra!

NONE LEFT.

"Misery" put down the paper announcing the capture of thousands more Italians in Libya, and groaned.

Huh!" he said. "A man might just as well get out of this flamin' army, you blokes."

"Why?" we asked.

"Why?" roared "Misery." "Why, hell, by the time we get over there there'll be none of the — left!"

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"Well! In a case like that, miss, you should have smacked the corporal's face!"

"Daily Mirror"

NO INJURY.

"He insulted me!" she sobbed hysterically. "I was with him three whole hours and he didn't say one single thing you could take offence at."

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The remnants of Graziani's armies are now confined to western Libya. There is a great chance for the French in Tunis to do a nice little job of retaliatory back-stabbing.

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Italian troops are putting up the Fascist times on record.

ORDERS.

Old Dolphin was patriotic, but he strongly disapproved of his wife's habit of entertaining N.Z.E.F. privates.

"You'll have Stella marrying one of the penniless young coots," he grumbled.

Therefore, one evening, when he surprised his daughter and Private Hardtack in a lover-like embrace, Dolphin was irate.

"Did I see you with your arms around my daughter?" he demanded angrily, advancing upon Hardtack in a menacing manner.

Hardtack stood his ground bravely.

"Sir," he retorted, "surely you know that we are not allowed to discuss the movements of any body of troops."

The old man retreated to his den.

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WATER FOWL.

Infantry battalion was having a little training in crossing streams. Under the guidance of officers and N.C.O.'s the men constructed several types of simple bridges, but none was really successful. Eventually a squad of engineers arrived, to act in an advisory capacity. They made an inspection and test of the infantry efforts.

One bridge collapsed, and the two engineers who were looking it over had to swim to the shore. They cracked hardy, grinned and gave another bridge the once over. Same thing happened. As a bedraggled engineer pulled himself up the bank of the stream, he said to an infantry officer:

"You chaps don't want engineers. What you really need is flamin' ducks."

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Deutschlandsender radio recently stated that the whole British nation had take nto drink. Apparently it is not realised in Germany how much the stuff costs in Britain.