



"Two can play at that game, lady! You refused to take off your hat when I sat behind you!"

"Daily Mirror"

EXACTLY!

I joined up just before Christmas, and, when taking the oath at the Showground in Sydney, an officer told another chap and I to repeat exactly everything he said.

Half-way through he forgot it, and said: "Now I'm ruddy well mucked up."

I said, "Now I'm ruddy well mucked up."

"No!" he roared. "That's not in it."

Every time I saw him after that he laughed. I thought a few of your readers might, too.

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Germany is said to be in great need of silver. Perhaps they want to have their clouds re-lined.

SPAGHETTI.

We were going on a three-days' march, and on the morning we were due to start, spaghetti was on the menu. It was badly cooked. This resulted in many growls.

I was among the loudest in condemning the food and asked:

"What do they think we are? Italians, expecting us to march on spaghetti?"

My mate was quick with the reply:

"Well, the Italians are running on it, and they're doing pretty well, too!"

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"Hitler is crying for the moon," we read. The poor fellow is probably only anxious to liberate it.

TOO TALKATIVE.

One of the up-country boys badly wanted week-end leave, and approached his O.C. company. He was informed that he was required for duty, and so could not go out.

A few hours later, while the company was on parade, a telegram arrived for the "leave seeker." O.C. called him from the ranks to collect the telegram, and said he hoped the news was good.

Telegram read: "Come home quickly. Mum ill." Signed Dad.

O.C. noticed a sad expression on the man's face, and expressed his regret.

"I hope you don't think I'm putting one over you, Sir," said the recipient, and, handing the telegram to his O.C., he added: "Look, it's even Dad's writing, Sir!"

Later the O.C. had a good laugh when the lad confessed that his "cobber" had sent the wire, but the leave was not granted.

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WRONG NUMBER.

Regulations for a certain A.I.F. infantry battalion on service in Egypt provide that the sides of all tents must be rolled up before 0700 hours (7 a.m.). An N.C.O. is in charge of each tent, and it is his duty to see that this is carried out.

Orderly officer on rounds saw a tent with sides still unrolled at 0800 hours.

"Where is the tent N.C.O.," he demanded.

"Here, sir!"

"Don't you know that all tent sides have to be rolled up by 0700."

"Yes, sir, but my number is only 678.

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No drinks after six. Who wants seven or more?

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Street in Bulgaria named after Hitler. The road to ruin?