

**EXPERT.**

After being given his rifle the new recruit eyed it with a certain amount of resigned interest.

Just then the sergeant, who fancied himself as a shot, swaggered along, and stopped before him.

"See here, my man," he began, "this thing, you know, is a rifle. Here's the barrel! There's the stock. You slip the cartridge in there. Now you put the weapon to your shoulder."

New recruit yawned.

"These little things on the barrel," continued the sergeant, "are the sights. When you've taken accurate aim, pull this thing—the trigger—like this. Remember that! Now smarten up and look more like a soldier. By the way, what were you in private life?"

"A gunsmith, sir," replied the "rookie."

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**DAILY DOZEN.**

A man can't keep himself in good shape if the only exercise he does is bending an elbow.

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A New Zealand soldier in Africa has sent home an Italian General's uniform. After a job after the war as picture-show commissionaire?

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An Italian cruiser called the Pola has been sunk in the Mediterranean. It looks as if the whole Italian Navy will soon be up the Pola.

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Veteran soldiers are urged to do their bit again by sowing vegetable seeds in any spare plot of ground. In drills, of course.

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The prevailing malady—black-out blues.

**DURATION.**

At a certain military camp, a cricket match was in progress. One batsman, a captain, was given out, and didn't agree with the verdict.

He went up to the umpire—a full private—and demanded:

"What have you given me out for?"

"For the duration of the match, sir," was the prompt reply.

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"And what were you in civilian life?"

"A lion tamer."

—Auckland Weekly

Judge says that the causes of divorce are in-laws, tin-can meals, working-wives, and hat-box flats. But marriage still remains a contributing factor.

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Another geographical curiosity to catch the eye is the Rumanian town of Brasso. This is a city that no soldier could capture with any enthusiasm.

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The New Zealand-made tanks are fearsome looking monsters. Only one thing is lacking—someone forgot the streamlining.

**NO HOPE.**

On leave in Sydney, "Bluey" and his cobber were strolling down a lane where two urchins were hurling around some over-ripe fruit. A mushy peach scored a direct hit on "Bluey" and spattered all over his uniform.

Urchins fled. "Bluey," swearing volubly, gave chase. Five minutes later he returned, perspiring and breathless.

"The little — got away!" he panted.

His cobber looked grave.

"Struth, yer'd better get out of the army, 'Blue,' " he advised. "If yer can't catch a flamin' kid, what hope have yet got with them ruddy Dagoes!"

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**SHIP'S RASH ACT.**

"The German ship, 'Uckermark,' attempted to escape. She was intercepted by our forces, and tried to scuttle herself. The attempt was frustrated."—"S.M. Herald," Sydney.

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**HIS ADMISSION.**

"In the meantime navy classes help go ashore and settle down as a him to keep in his hand at his old trade and he admits he may some day plumber."—"Mail," Adelaide.

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A new type of venomous scorpion in an American zoo has been named Goebbels. Protests from venomous scorpions are arriving at Washington by every mail.

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It's up to everybody to minimise his troubles in these days," declares a novelist. One method is to look at one's platoon-sergeant through the wrong end of a telescope.

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Hitler threatens to invade Britain this month. Beware the tides of March.