

REJECTED.

She took my eye when first we met,

And later, took my breath away
With sheer delight. I can't forget

She took my homage day by day.
Though all I had was hers to claim,
Alas, she would not take my name.

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Youthful Sub.: You aren't paying the slightest attention! Do you know what I'm trying to do?

Old Dig.: Yair—teach your grandmother to suck eggs!

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An ambitious young man, on entering the army, worked well. At the end of three months he was made a lance-corporal.

Writing home to his wife he said: "I have taken my first step in promotion. But do not move to a larger house yet, and speak to the neighbours as usual."

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THIRSTY WORK.

"Australia would soon begin shipping beef to the Middel East at the rate of 90,000 tons a year, the Minister for Commerce (Sir Earl Page) said to-night. 'They have to stimulate beer production to meet the boig demand,' Sir Earl Page said."—"Sun News Pictorial," Melbourne.

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ECONOMY.

Now that charcoal is daily replacing petrol, our member will be able to get to the House on the boats he burnt behind him.

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Hitler says the German Army will take care of Italy's burdens. Which would never have existed but for the German Army.

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Stated that Mussolini has had a nervous breakdown. Ill Duce!

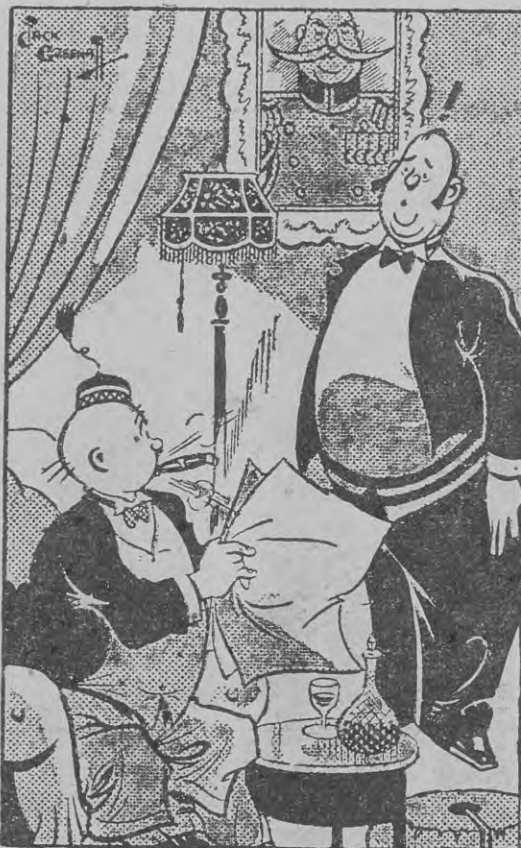
FAMILY AFFAIR.

The youthful subaltern, whose father was the brigadier, was sent with an order to the colonel, whose liver was bad.

"Father says, sir, 'Will you spread your men out more to the right?'" said the youthful one.

"Oh, does he?" said the colonel, with a scorching glance. "And what the blue pencil does your mother say?"

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"Join the Home Guard by all means, Witherspoon! But remember—no coming the "old soldier"!"

"Daily Mirror"

NEW MUSIC

New song entitled, "We feed the Baby Garlic, So We Can Find Him In The Dark."

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Immediately after being married a young bridegroom signed on as a militiaman. War seldom breaks out so soon.

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Hitler has discovered that Turkey is tough.

MIXED.

"Even in the A.I.F. there are some mixed types."—S.M. Herald."

Take Romeo O. Smidtkoffvitch, An Australian of the third generation, though actually born in N.Z., he has a lot of Scotch caution, some Irish wit, a touch of English phlegm, and plenty of British courage. He has had German measles, done a good deal of Russian about, is a Turk to his women-folk, likes Spanish onions and Swedes, and Dutch cheese, has one eye of Belgian glass, and being a bit laze, is inclined to Pole on people who will let him. He took French leave from the camp, would not Dane to excuse himself, and that proved his Finnish. He's mixed, all right.

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NIGHT RAID.

He was not the neurotic type, this six foot lump of brawny masculinity, but he shuddered slightly as he gazed at the instrument of death before him. He pondered a while on the ingenuity of man and his ability to devise such things as this to destroy his enemies.

Already, many of the enemy had been killed through the agency of his hands. Each night meant a fresh onslaught, and to-night he hoped, with systematic manoeuvres, to send many more to their doom. It wasn't a pleasant business, but it was a job that had to be done.

With a shrug, he dismissed his thoughts, and set about preparing for the night's operations. Carefully he began to adjust the destroyer of life for its deadly mission. What if it should go off while he was handling it? Once again he shuddered. A few tense seconds passed, and his work was completed. Still, it was a tricky job, setting a mouse-trap that had an extra strong spring.

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Above all for N.Z.: R.N.A.