

FORGETFUL.

Mick was up before the C.O. "Charged with smoking a cigarette while on sentry duty, I see," said the C.O. "Serious offence. Army discipline, you know. What's your excuse, if any?"

Mick was very weary: "I forgot to take me pipe," he explained.

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A sergeant of the Royal Engineers went into a timber merchant's office.

"I want some timber for a bridge," he said.

He was ushered into the director's office, given whisky and a cigar, and promised the best timber procurable.

"Now, where does this bridge go?" asked the director.

"On my fiddle," replied the sergeant.

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Germany may be short of essential foods, but she has a surplus of cannon fodder.

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The B.I.F. boys have consistently found Italian officers in a mess.

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Over in Albania the Black Shirts have their tails down.

JOLTED.

While Hitler strode, with boast and bray,

A fearsome brimstone-eater, He met a youngster one fine day, A boy they call King Peter.

He met that kid, and got a shock, For Peter means, and is, a rock.

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We are not asked to state that, in anticipation of enemy raids, the pubs are contemplating having their own dugouts.

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"You've been dropping your aitches again, Hopkins!"

"Auckland Weekly"

The rookie was cleaning his rifle, and looked up to see a shadowy figure approaching. "Hey, you," he demanded, "give me a hand with this pull-through."

The aid was given, and the rookie looked up to discover himself in the presence of a colonel!

"Oh, I beg yer pardon, sir," he chattered, as he jumped up with his knees shaking.

"It's all right, buddy," said the colonel. "But it's fortunate I wasn't a sergeant."

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The last war was fought to make the world safe for democracy, and the democracies won. So what?

VAMOOSSED

Q.M.S.: Will you let me have two men—reliable men—this morning?

R.S.M. (affectionately): Sure you shall have the cream of the regiment.

Q.M.S.: Yeah—like the last pair—vanishing cream.

* * *

"All you can eat for half a crown."

The proprietor of a restaurant which makes this offer was congratulating himself on a plan which attracts good custom when in walked a Sergeant over six feet tall and weighing about eighteen stone, and settled himself for a comfortable meal.

After he had finished the official count was handed to the proprietor by a grim-faced waiter. It read: "Four fruit cocktails, eight veal cutlets, five portions of potatoes, two portions of beef, six ice-creams, two tomato salads, five portions of ham."

As the patron left the proprietor smiled undaunted.

"Come and have a proper meal some time," he said.

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There is a disturbing rumour that people who have given up whisky for the duration will shortly be saving even more money by having adopted this course.

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"And now," said the dear old lady, who after great difficulty had been fitted with her respirator, "where do I get the gas?"

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Sailors helped to repair the pavement in an English town after a bomb explosion. Jack tars.

* * *

Bomb-proof shelters should be something concrete.

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