

COMRADESHIP

The actors, an armed guard with a man awaiting courtmartial, on pay night.

Guard gets thirsty and gives the prisoner his rifle and equipment while he repairs to the canteen for a dozen bottles.

Then both repair to a dark corner for a little party.

Prisoner weathers the party better and finally puts the guard to bed and mounts, complete with rifle, until the relief arrives.

* * *

THE SAME EFFECT

"Shorty" had had a severe cold in the head and it had left him slightly deaf. After a week of feeling completely off colour and miserable he decided he must be in a "run-down" condition. So he went along to the camp M.O.

Doctor examined him and prescribed carrot, and plenty of it.

"'Ow shall I take, doc?" asked "Shorty."

"Anyway you like, and as much as you like," answered the M.O., "and you'll find yourself improved no end."

A week later "Shorty" returned in bursting health.

"Gee, doc., you were right—I feel O.K. again now!" he said.

"Capital!" replied the doctor. "Carry on with the carrot."

"Shorty's" eyes bulged.

"The what? Carrot? Good 'eavens! I thought you said claret. I've bin drinking a bottle a day for the last week."

* * *

"With wars in many parts of the globe, the danger from rats is greater than ever.—"New Zealand Herald."

Sounds intriguing; but what sort of rats?

* * *

Cable heading: "French Factories Turning Out Munitions For Nazis." The R.A.F. should give them a good blowing-up.

RIGHT PLACE

A recruiting campaign was going on in the district but Dave was unaware of the fact, as he sat milking Daisy.

When an enterprising member of the ladies' committee entered the milking shed and accosted Dave with "Young man, shouldn't you be at the Front?" Honest Dave answered: "Oh, no, Mum, I always sit at the side."

* * *



"May I try one of those victory rolls I'm constantly hearing about in honour of our latest successes?"

"Daily Mirror"

ON THE WAY

An English colonel sent out an S.O.S. to a New Zealand officer:

"Send me men! Move Heaven and earth, but send me men."

Reply came back: "Heaven and earth not available. Have raised hell. Troops moving."

* * *

Kentish soil, which had been scraped from a Messerschmidt in Melbourne, realised £50. The good earth!

ANAEMIC

Vic had been paraded before the C.O. to explain his conduct of the previous night. C.O. was reading the list of his misdemeanours, and Vic. listened patiently.

"Wrenched the door of the hut off its hinges, broke three windows with it, and then threw it on the roof of the cook-house. Not content with that, you entered the cook-house, dragged the cooking range outside, pulled the door from it, and threw the door of the range on the roof of the hut, the C.O. real aloud.

"What have you to say to that?"

"Must have done it in a moment of weakness, sir," was Vic's reply.

* * *

ALLOTMENT PLUS ALIMONY

Part-time garrison battalions are comprised of men drawn from all ranks of life. When they volunteer for this duty, no notice is taken on the attestation forms of their civil occupation. In a recent camp the pay officer decided to check up on pay allotments for dependents for three weeks camp pay.

On asking a certain private if he agreed to make any portion of his pay of five shillings a day to his wife he was greeted with an emphatic negative. Later the pay sergeant again raised the delicate question by referring to Army regs. etc.—

"Listen, Sarge," the private retorted—"What is the maximum I can give her?"

"Five shillings a week."

"Right, I'll be in camp for three weeks, send her fifteen bob. She'll be tickled to death to get it from some new source, because she already gets eleven quid a week alimony from me."

* * *

QUICK ON THE DRAW

The only difference between an artist and my excitable dentist is that the one draws with a brush while the other draws with a rush.