

Don't Say We Didn't Warn You Six Inch Men

FORGETFUL.

Wet canteen was open, and the ration was two tickets each man at 5d a ticket—that and no more.

Up strolled "Dutch" for another issue and the cashier cried, "you've had yours."

"Dutch" finally convinced him that he hadn't, and tendered a shilling.

Pennies being scarce the cashier asked "Dutch" if he had one penny.

"Cripes," said "Dutch," "I just gave you sixpence and the only four I had a few minutes ago!"



I would point out that Love making is not allowed in this building, sir.

WELL AND HAPPY.

A gentleman who has a boy away at college was rather anxious to hear from him and complained as mail after mail arrived with no word. One day when he received a letter from the bank he smiled and said: "The boy is O.K. I have indirect word from him. The bank says the account is overdrawn."



"Have you been waiting long?"

NOT THAT!

At church parade the gloomy padre had spoken about the wages of sin, and had frequently quoted the Ten Commandments.

Coming out of the churchyard the regimental black sheep thought deeply for a few minutes, then turned to his pal:

"Ah, well," he sighed, "I've never made a graven image, anyway."



Christmas Shopping.

PERCY'S MESSAGE.

Percy, our postal corporal, has his trials and is an obliging bloke; so when he asked sibs. if they could arrange for him to speak simultaneously to all posts on an urgent and important matter, the sibs. went to a good deal of trouble.

After an hour's calling, the Colonel, the Intelligence section, the Artillery, and sundry others had been warned off, and the posts were all awaiting for Percy's message.

"For gorsake send back those — nailbags," he yelled, dropped the phone and went about his business.

NOT TO BE SNEEZED AT.

"Some motorists are said to be using eucalyptus as a motor fuel." Motoring notes.

There's not a cough in a carload of it.



Don't get out dear, I only want some water to wash the floor."

A caller at an education office near Manchester discovered the staff in a state of hilarity.

Asking the cause, he was handed a grubby piece of paper from the morning's mail, and a finger pointed out the concluding words of an indignant parent's protest against his child being sent to a special school. "And let me tell you there has never been any trace of mentality on either his mother's side or mine."

AT THE KNEES.

It had been raining heavily and the mud was thick on Flanders. The Tommy officer was dapper, be-monoled, and new on the battle front, when he encountered an Aussie of the old class, staggering under the weight of a heavy box of ammunition.

The Officer (adjusting monoled): Halt, that man! Where are you going?
The Digger (very disgustedly): At the blankety blank knees!! Can't you see?



"I won't be a minute dear, I just want a new hat!"

The dumb blonde on a country ramble whispered: "George, I think you're wonderful."

"Mary," answered George, "I think you're ditto."

The dumb blonde pondered over this, and on the way back they met Jollop, the farmer. She took him aside and said: "Jollop, what does ditto mean?"

"Well," said Jollop, "you see that pig over there?"

"Yes."

"Well, that pig next to it is ditto to the first one." And that's how George came to get his face stapped.



"What are you going to do about it?"

When the dawn comes up like thunder,
Out o' China, cross the bay,
Then Japan will start to wonder
Why she went so far astray.

(By Gnr. Parker.)

(Continued from last week.)

A FOUL OCCURRENCE.

I staggered over a plank bridge and kept my distance mind you, as he smelt as bad as his language. We got back to th' course and sneaked through the guard and believe me, son, was the old scratcher good to get into. I don't know how Lobo got to bed, but he did and strewth in the morning, the boys in his tent were up at five and well out of it, as that old tent was as high as Ngahauranga on a hot day. He put his boots out to dry and had to wear his gas mask while he washed himself. Gosh! I'll always remember his boots, outside there in the sun, all curled up and cracking with the flies buzzin' around, they sure were in a no man's land for a while."

Bert called loudly for the barman and drank thirstily of the refill, in fact he did not stop drinking till he could see through the bottom, and then bellowed for the pump puller again. Tony was still toying with his handle and taking half hearted sips at it now and then. He did not look as immaculate as before and his centre of balance was all out of place. Bert, by this time, was well into his stride, and a circle of amused listeners had gathered around.

MARCHED TO STARVATION.

"I haven't told you as how I was starved to death yet, 'ave I?" he asked. At the negative chorus that answered him, he hitched up his pants, took a draught and started to talk again.

"Even in the days when we were all six inch men," he started, "the army used t' do some funny things, I 'ad been out on three weeks' sick leave, and at the proper time marched back in. I marched into R.H.Q., and after they 'ad marched me out of hospital, and marched me into camp, marched me out on to sick leave and marched me back again, an' then marched me back to my battery, I felt like a blooming harrier. That was all right, an' after an' 'art to 'art talk with the O.C. and a friendly chat with the B.S.M., who would have offered me a smoke if he had any, but not 'aving any, bludged one off me, I went back to training. About a week later, the Doc sent for me in a hurry. He looked proper worried he did.

"Do you feel alright, Gunner, he barked." "Why sure, sir," I said, "fit as a trout."

"Not even a little hungry?" the quack went on. "No sir, full as a pig tin," I replied.

"Strange, strange," he muttered, "you should be dead by now."

"Now, what's wrong with me?" I asked, I was getting pretty breezy, and wondering if my floating kidney was going to sink after all. "It's like this, Gunner, said the Doc, when you were marched in, you weren't included in the ration strength and technically, if not physically you're starved to death."

In the eloquent silence that followed, Bert downed his beer triumphantly and then taking Tony by the arm commenced to make tracks.

THE HOME COMING.

Late that night the sentry on No. 1 post was roused from a mild slumber by the sound of distant singing.

"I ain't a gonna grie-v-v-e my Lord,

no more,

I ain't a gonna grie-v-v-e my Lord,

no more,

I ain't a gonna grieve my Lo-o-o-rd,

no more.

He started up, "Halt! who goes there," he roared. The volume of singing increased and unsteady feet dragged nearer.

"Halt! who goes there he repeated," and clicked his bolt suggestively.

The singing stopped and a hiccupping voice said, "Just a couple of shix inch men—Oh, I ain't a gonna grieve my

Lo-o-o-rd no more—

The sentry grinned and retired to his box while the unsteady feet receded accompanied by another verse of the old song.

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And not to hell,

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