

"THAT MAN"

From Moravia comes the story of a Czech woman on her way to market with her vegetables in a crowded tram, who began complaining loudly (with the obvious approval of the audience) of all the trouble, starvation and misery that "he" was bringing on the country.

Soon a young Nazi asked her, threateningly, "Whom do you mean?" "Churchill," was the prompt reply, "and whom did you think I meant?"

Two men had foregathered in the cañon for a "quick one."

"What's this about the sergeant falling into a camouflaged practice trench and breaking his leg?" asked one.

"Ssh!" replied another urgently. "It doesn't happen till to-morrow."

Hitler was interviewing his troops and stopped to talk to one private.

"How are things with you?" he asked.

"Oh, I can't complain, sir," answered the soldier.

"I'll say you can't," agreed the Fuehrer.



"What do you mean — your dogs are barking?"

"NERTS"

Do you know the story of the Home Guard charged with manslaughter until it was found that the man he shot was a German spy? Asked how he knew the man was a spy, he said, "by instinct." Pressed for an explanation, he said that the man answered "friend" to his challenge. "And do you shoot any man who answers 'friend'?" asked the Judge. "Sure," said the H.G., "everybody I know says 'aw nerts'."

At a particularly loud clap of thunder a woman in a London street started visibly. Said a passing urchin: "It's all right, lidy. It ain't 'Itler; it's Gawd."



THE RAID

The men of an Ack-Ack battery were warned that they must be in their position within three minutes of an air-raid alarm being received.

For some time they had nothing to do, so the commander decided that he would give them a trial alarm to test their efficiency.

In the middle of the night the alarm sounded. Spurred on by the thought that they were being tested the men tumbled over one another to get to their posts.

But they were pulled up suddenly by an officer. "All right," he said, "no hurry. Its not the trial. Its a raid."

ALL CLEAR

It was after the raid and the pilots were clambering out of their machines, very pleased with themselves.

But one man began to shake violently, and put his hand to his head. They led him into the mess. They gave him brandy after brandy, but still his hand shook. Presently the M.O. arrived.

"Steady, boy," he said. "Nerves?" "Nerves be jiggered!" said the patient, "I can't get this wrist-watch to go!"

I always eat peas with honey,
I've done it all my life;
They do taste kind of funny,
But it keeps them on the knife.

LIES

Hitler's dictum that the bigger the lie was, the more it would be believed, has been used a great deal in Germany. Lying has become a fine art. Two careerists in the German Foreign Office were rivals for a particular job and both decided that a trip to Munich would advance their interests.

They met on the railway station, and after eyeing each other for a moment, one asked the other where he was going. The other replied that he was going to Munich.

When they ran into each other in Munich, the former said, furiously: "So you were going to Munich! You liar! You told me that so that I would think you were going somewhere else!"

SHOCK FOR SERGEANT.

The sergeant was inclined to be a trifle sarcastic.

"You'll find sergeants in this war much more considerate than they were in the last war," he said to a batch of newly-arrived recruits.

"There will be no shouting of orders. Instead, I will beckon to you with my finger and that means 'I want you!'"

"Sarge," called out a P. B. P., "you're a man after my own heart, 'cos when I shakes me head it means 'I ain't coming!'"



"A double-breaster suits me best."

In the Middle East the influx of English-speaking troops has brought forward a crop of signs in "English" on the shops.

A shoemaker announces: "For your repairs you can wait."

A corsetiere: "Ladies' Corsets and Udderwear."

Susceptibility by the Japs to tropical diseases is reported. We now see that the inscrutable workings of Providence, in providing these scourges, had some purpose after all.