

WAAC O!

The WAACS have descended on us. Until now the arid wastes of the camp have known no refreshing feminine figures with the exception of Tilly of the Tolls and the canteen girls. But now we have the WAACS. Records have got more than their



share. It is not fair that with only such a limited number available they should have so many. However, we understand that they have one left over and propose to raffle her.

COL. BLUPHLY-GADSYRE'S MESSAGE

HITLER'S NOT SO BAD

I've always said that people don't appreciate Hitler. Of course, he did make a mistake in going to war against the Bluphly-Gadsyre family and the Empire.

Take the Jews for example. I'll admit that Hitler is a bit heavy-handed when he goes around killing off whole families of Jews, but I just put that down to boyish enthusiasm. Back in 1894 a Jewish tailor scorched a pair of my trousers. This was obviously part of an international anarchist plot to undermine the British Empire. They were my best cashmere trousers, too!



This Democracy Thing.

And then take the question of democracy. Hitler's against it—and so am I. Throughout history the Bluphly-Gadsyres of Gadsyre have always taken a leading part in all national institutions. We have bossed everything from the Royal Household to the Little Wumplethorpe Croquet and Amateur Theatricals Society. But with the insidious growth of this democracy thing more and more institutions have taken to "electing" their commanding officers. And every time this happens we Bluphly-Gadsyres get thrown out.

I, being a Bluphly-Gadsyre, was obviously designed by Nature and Providence to be a ruler. But this upstart democracy has hurled my gifts in the face of Providence, turned them into Dead Sea fruit and left them crying in the wilderness. Nobody takes any notice of me nowadays. If I were a German Hitler would know how to make use of a man of my calibre.

This Preposterous Notion.

When ever I complain about the state of affairs to-day I am told that what is required to-day is men who can think. I disagree entirely with this preposterous notion. Things were different in my young day. Then what was required was men who could give orders. The best men were the men who could shout loudest. And the more difficult the situation the louder you shouted.

Hitler has proved that this was right because the Nazis shouted louder than anybody else and so got control of the whole works.

No, thinking never got anybody anywhere. Hitler knows this and, quite rightly, has made thinking a crime in Germany. In the words of my favourite Biblical quotation, "Can any man by taking thought add one sabot to his statue?"

We had a very wet day this month. It rained and rained. But the bugler was equal to the occasion. He was out, call blown and back between drops of rain. He got through the calls in about one-tenth of the time it usually takes to blow them.

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Sentry: "Afraid I can't let you pass without the password, sir."

Officer: "But, I tell you, I've forgotten it, and you know me well enough. I'm Major Smith."

Sentry: "Sorry, sir, must have the password."

Voice from tent: "Oh, don't stand arguing all night, Bill. Shoot him!"

Let's Finish off this War!

WHAT WE CAN DO NOW

FROM time to time there comes a job that we can do towards finishing off the war.

We have such a job now. Whatever our financial position we can contribute to the Third Liberty Loan.

A National War Savings Account from 1/- upwards, Liberty Bonds or War Loan stock — whatever the size of our purse, we can contribute.

Let us dig deep — let us finish off Hitlerism!

Be in on the Third Liberty Loan!

(Contributed by "Guerrilla.")

