

YULE SMILE

THE COLONEL'S GOOD ONE!

"While watching the German lines one day," said the old colonel, "I saw a German guarding an ammunition dump. Picking up a rifle, I fired a quick shot, knocking the cigarette lighter he was holding out of his hand.

"I took careful aim and fired again—but I'm almost ashamed to tell you the rest of the story. I had to shoot five times before I spun the wheel of the lighter, lit it, and blew up the camp."

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Smithy, hard nut of the company, was stopped by an officer whom he had not saluted. "Why don't you show respect? I have hundreds of men under me, and they all salute me," said the officer.

"That's nothing," said Smithy. "Back home I had thousands under me, and they never saluted."

The officer (impressed): "What was our job?"

"Mowing the grass in the cemetery," replied Smith.

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Walking through the camp, the new militiaman passed a newly-fledged officer without saluting him. "Don't you know you must salute an officer?" "Yes, sir," meekly replied the private.

"Right. So that you won't forget next time, you can start right away and salute me . . . a hundred times."

The private began. He had reached twenty when a senior officer butted in and inquired what was going on. The young officer blushingly explained.

The senior officer smiled. "H'm. Very good. But all the time I've been in the Army I've always understood that an officer must return a salute. So we'll start all over again . . . and I'll see that it's done properly this time."

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The live-wire salesman walked into the factory and said to the manager: "I want to sell your men my course in 'How to put fire and sparkle into your work.'"

"Not much you don't," said the manager. "This is a shell-filling factory."

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"Good morning," said the tramp. "Has the doctor any old trousers he does not require?"

"No, I'm afraid they would not fit you," replied the lady of the house with a smile.

"I'm very handy with a needle," answered the tramp.

But the lady remained adamant. "What makes you so sure? Can't I see if they'll fit?" the tramp persisted.

"Well, if you must know," replied the lady, "I happen to be the doctor."

VICTORIA CROSSES AWARDED

First Of War To Captain Killed At Narvik

MISSING R.A.F. MEN HONOURED

(British Official Wireless and Press Assn.)

LONDON, June 8.

The first Victoria Cross of the war has been awarded to Captain Warburton Lee, who took the destroyer Hardy into Narvik Fiord in April on his own responsibility, and was killed in the resultant action.

Other Victoria Crosses have been awarded to two members of the R.A.F., both of whom have been posted missing.

Captain Warburton Lee lost his life in the first attack on Narvik, when he led his destroyer flotilla into the harbour in spite of its occupation by superior enemy forces. Falling mortally wounded by a shell which hit the bridge of his ship, the Hardy, his last signal was "Continue to engage the enemy."

Victoria Crosses have been awarded to Flying Officer Donald Edward Garland and Sergeant Thomas Gray, both posted missing. They were the pilot and observer respectively of the leading

plane of a formation of five which successfully attacked a vital bridge over the Albert Canal which was allowing the Germans to enter Belgium. Orders were issued that the bridge must be destroyed at all costs. A squadron of the advanced striking force undertook the task and the crews were selected by drawing lots. Only one of the five planes returned.

Flying Officer Garland was born in Wicklow, Eire, in 1918, his home being in Yorkshire. Sergeant Gray was born in 1914. Much of the success of the attack on the bridge was due to them, as they led the formation in such a manner that the whole formation was able successfully to attack the target, despite the heavy subsequent loss.

Captain B. A. W. Warburton-Lee, V.C., who, had he lived, would have completed last month 32 years in the Royal Navy, spent most of his sea-going career in destroyers.

As a cadet he passed out at the top of his term from the training-ship Cumberland in December, 1912. At the beginning of the Great War he was a midshipman in H.M.S. Hyacinth, flagship on the Cape and East Africa station. Later, he served as sub-lieutenant and lieutenant in the destroyers Mameluke, Mischief and Wrestler.

Apart from courses and qualifying periods of service in large ships, he spent most of his time since 1918 in destroyers, including the Walpole, Vanessa and Witch. He was serving in the Witch when he was promoted captain on June 30, 1933.

Captain Warburton-Lee's first command in that rank was the cruiser Hawkins as flag-captain and chief of staff to the vice-admiral commanding the Reserve Fleet. He joined the Hawkins in February, 1938, and subsequently turn-

ed over to the Effingham when she became the flagship. When the war started Captain Warburton-Lee was attending a tactical course, and it was only a few months ago that he was appointed to H.M.S. Hardy as captain (D) of the destroyer flotilla led by her.

WHITE RAIN.

The skies relented
And on the dusty road there fell
The sweet white rain.
I let my head drop back, my mouth
apart,
And let it wash my face away.
The men in front
The men behind
Did likewise.
It was like a Mary—caress,
So Beautiful, so Kind, so Gentle . . .
I felt renewed.
I straightened up
And marched ahead with firmer step,
And with clearer brain and vision
Saw the scenery
For the first time fully.
The white rain fell
And wet my tunic
Drowned the dust
And made the green grass brighter.
Made my pack seem lighter . . .
O, march on, soldier!
And let the white rain fall.

—Lindsay M. Constable.



CORK, IVORY
OR
FILTER TIPS
•
MADE IN
ENGLAND
•
TEN FOR
SIXPENCE

"You're perfectly right . . .
De Reszke are
so much better"