

BROTHERLY LOVE.

"The war is not about to end. It is only beginning," said the Australian Prime Minister (Mr. Menzies) recently, addressing many thousands of members of the A.I.F. assembled in a hug parade." —"Daily Advertiser," Wagga, N.S.W.

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"Suppose you were advancing through a hail of shrapnel," said the general examining a Tommy, "and your right ear was shot off; what would you do?"

"Keep advancing, sir," replied Tommy smartly.

"That's the spirit," said the General, "and after advancing another fifty yards your left ear is shot away. What would you do then?"

"Stop, sir, for I'd be blind."

"Blind? What do you mean, man?"

"Me tin hat would be covering me eyes, sir."

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If Mussolini joined in the war because he thought he could get a kick out of it, he's getting it!

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A clergyman asks: "What is wealth compared with the here-after?" Well, a lot of people are here after it.

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"Sand is the best answer to the incendiary bomb." Well, Londoners have plenty of grit.

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Government hasn't yet made petrol rationing fuel-proof.

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News heading: "German Planes Lack Stability." Their pilots, too, are Jerry built.

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Eire bans signposts. Signs of the times!

VALID EXCUSES.

Some of the lads' reasons for application for leave—

"I wish to visit my grandmother, which is ill at Fitzroy."

"I want to see my wife and other things."

"I wish to visit my fiancy with a view to marriage."

"I want to go home for a wile."

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"What! Crosswords on duty? My word! You'll catch it for this! Besides, three down should be 'mice' not 'lice'!"

"Daily Mirror"

DISCLAIMER.

Few days ago Tom was Btn. runner for the day, and was standing outside the orderly room, when he was approached by a Gyppo.

He had a basketful of eggs and fruit for the officers' men. He said something to Tom in Gyppo tongue and he didn't catch a word of what he was saying, so he said: "Come into Battalion and I will get you fixed up."

When he mentioned the word "Battalion," he went white with rage, and screamed at Tom, "Me no Italian. Me Egyptian."

PLENTY OF TIME.

Travelling along a quiet country road in a heavy truck "Bluey" took his eyes off the road for a few seconds and before he knew what had happened truck was off the road and turned over in a heap of blackberry bushes. "Bluey" managed to crawl out, but the sergeant who was with him was pinned beneath the truck.

"Are you hurt?" "Bluey" asked the sergeant.

"No, I'm not," the sergeant replied, "but go and get help at once and get me out of here. It's certainly not comfortable here on these blackberries."

"Bluey" set out for the nearest farmhouse.

"Could you give me a hand to lift a truck back on its wheels?" "Bluey" asked the farmer. "It turned over with me and the sergeant."

"I'll certainly give you a hand," the farmer replied, "but you had better get the sergeant and then the two of you can come up to the house and have something to eat first and we'll see about the truck later."

"The sergeant wouldn't be able to come," "Bluey" replied, "but I don't mind going myself." He went with the farmer and had a good meal and as he was finishing the farmer turned to him and said:

"Why couldn't the sergeant come along too and have something to eat? Is he afraid to leave the truck?"

"He's not afraid to leave it," "Bluey" replied. "He can't leave it because he's pinned beneath it."

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The principal bookseller in The Hague was ordered by the Nazis to remove a small portrait of Queen Wilhelmina from his window. Beside the photograph appeared a book, "How to Swim," by Max Braun, the famous Dutch woman swimming teacher.