

LUCKY BILL.

Bill, from Snake Gully (via Jackson's Waterhole), arrived at Warwick Farm. He was allotted a five-figured Regimental number, and sundry other figures and initials of identification.

Said Bill: "Ruddy lucky they don't plaster it on our hides with a red-hot iron like the poddies back home."

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It was "Somewhere on the Western Front." The working party had been engaged during the night filling and stacking sandbags.

Morning came and at roll-call Private McGee was missing. After repeated calls from the sergeant he turned up.

"Where the blazes have you been all night?" asked the sergeant.

McGee answered: "I've been handing you sandbags all night, sergeant."

"Not me, you haven't, my lad." Then, after a pause: "How far out have you been?"

"Two hundred yards," said McGee.

"But that's enemy territory," roared the sergeant.

"Lumme, I thought you was talking funny," said McGee.

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Hitler, accompanied by one of his Staff, entered the German Propaganda Department.

Seeing a queer-looking object on the floor, Hitler exclaimed: "I didn't know you kept tortoises here."

"We don't, mein Fuehrer," replied the officer. "That's Dr. Goebels with his tin hat on!"

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Hitler and Mussolini meet. But it won't be long before they're parted.

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Mussolini is reported to be leading a fast life. So are his sailors and soldiers.

HIS FIT.

They were issuing the A.R.P. wardens with their steel helmets.

"What size?" asked the chief.

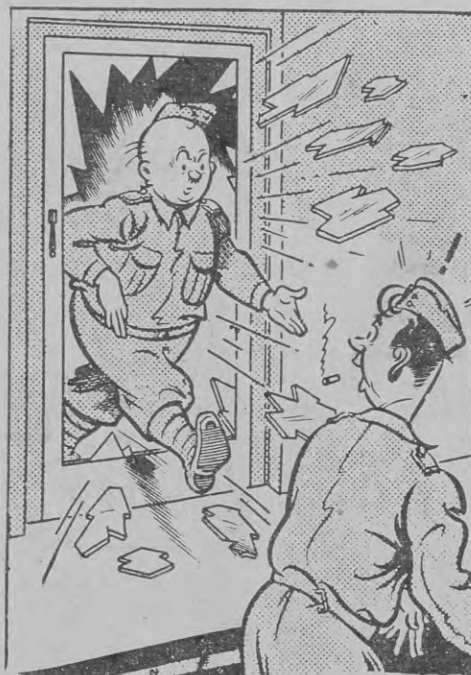
"Eight and a quarter," replied the warden.

"Heavens above, man," exclaimed the chief, "it's not a helmet you want, it's an air raid shelter."

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In a recent operation the Greeks captured 600 Italians and 300 mules. It is understood that the mules resisted gallantly.

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"Blimey! Nobby. I've got to wear glasses! The M.O. says my eyesight's weak!"

"Daily Mirror"

Gladys: Surely you didn't let that strange Air Force boy get away with kissing you like that?

Beryl: I did not. I gave him as good as he gave me!

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The Russian Navy is reported to be indulging in large-scale manoeuvres in the Black Sea. Evidently the weather is fine.

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Sign for bombed store in London . . . "Never mind our blasted windows . . . come inside."

MUM WILL WIN.

Two small boys were playing in a back garden. Suddenly one said to the other, "Do you think we'll win this war?"

"Well," the other replied thoughtfully, "all I know is that this is the Motherland, an' Germany's the Fatherland, an' when mum an' dad 'ave a row at 'ome mum always wins!"

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A visitor went to a small Cotswold village and asked to see the A.R.P. warden.

He came.

"Now," said the warden finally, "is there anyone else you'd like to see?"

"Yes," came the reply, "the fire chief!"

"I'll not keep you one moment!" replied the warden. "Just wait till I change my hat!"

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Marshal Graziani is said to have told the inhabitants of Cyrenaica that they would be well looked after by the British, who were gentlemen. This will embarrass the Aussies terribly.

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A French farmhand arrested by the Gestapo was allowed to go free on giving an officer a basket of potatoes. Justice was tempered with Murphies.

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"Now that the war has placed men more or less on the same level," declares a gossip-writer, "I am afraid the end of the Old School Tie is in sight." Never if it is neatly tied.

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A Londoner says that owing to a building being demolished by a bomb he can now see two public statutes from the windows of his flat. We can only suggest that he keeps the blinds drawn.