

WAR WIT

A Tonic for the Jitters

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BROKE.

"Rab," hard case from back o' Bourke, paraded before the doctor. "I want your advice, Doctor," he said. "Twenty years ago, last May I swallowed a sovereign when I was drinking at the bush pub."

"But why have you waited all these years, my man?" the doctor remarked. "Why didn't you go to the doctor in Bourke immediately afterwards?"

"To be quite candid, Doctor," Rab said quietly, "I didn't need the cash at that time."

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EXPLANATION.

"Do you know what is meant by the term 'author's salad days'?"—Literary course.

Yes, it's that stage of his career when he is a little green and becomes cut-up and cress-fallen at the dressing-down contained in the vinegary lettuce he gets from that hard-boiled egg, the editor. In short, it's when his celery is at its lowest, and he doesn't know his onions.

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STOP PRESS.

And we know a printer's wife who objected to her husband always coming home inked.

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Japan claims that her aims are pacific. They certainly seem to be all at sea.

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Expert fixes Nazi air strength at 8000 machines. R.A.F. will unfix it.

NO EXPERT.

There had been a lot of complaints about the tucker, but the sergeant cook took no notice of them, and continued to slap it up in his usual unappetising style.

Holding a dixie full of stew one day, "Mulga" poked it under the babblers' nose and asked:

"What the Devil's that in my soup?"

"Don't ask me," said the cook. "I don't know one insect from another."

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"I wish these flamin' guns had silencers on 'em — the rat-tat-tat makes me homesick!" Reminds me of lying in bed while the rent collector was givin' the door-knocker the works!"

THE TOPS!

"They tell me," said one recruit to another, "that you're one of those blokes who started right at the bottom and worked his way up. How did you begin?"

"Well," said "Tiny," a comparative youngster, "first I was a boot-black, and I finished up as a hair-dresser."

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Carnival committee proposes prizes for impersonation of Dad, Mum, and Dave. Impersonation of Dad has whiskers on it.

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Petaïn's swan song: "Darlan, I Am Growing Old."

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Japan's South Seize Policy forestalled.



"But, ladies, the order was 'Close up!'"

—"Smith's Weekly."