

HARD ASTERN.

After about three years' foot-slogging I was gassed and eventually reached Brockenhurst Hospital. Was lying reading in bed one afternoon when a nurse happened to glance at one of my feet which was sticking out.

"Goodness!" she exclaimed, "the skin is peeling off the sole in strips." Getting a chair, and a pair of scissors, she started trimming off the loose bits.

Bloke in the opposite bed reckoned he must be peeling, too, and when the nurse asked: "Why, are your feet itching?" he answered: "It's not my feet that are itching; I was a despatch rider."

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POINT OF VIEW.

A member of the London bomb-disposal squad, lowered carefully into the crater of an unexploded German bomb, sat down calmly on the bomb and began removing its fuse. Suddenly he yelled:

"Get me out of here! Pull me up!"

His colleagues hauled him up in record time and ran for shelter. The man, however, remained at the edge of the crater, pointed downward and exclaimed:

"Look at the big rat down there!"

\* \* \*

First Farmer: What's ailing that old hen of yours?

Second Farmer: Shell shock. Ducks came out of the eggs she'd been sitting on.

\* \* \*

A.R.P. authorities report little trouble with cats. At the first hint of the siren, pussy gets up and scoots for the darkest cellar.

Few casualties have been reported.

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Heralding, we hope, a brighter dawn: Britain's darkest hour.

BY GUM, NO!

"He was a good stamp of a man."—Extract from story.

Not the type that is easily licked.

\* \* \*

"Does she really intend to have ten or a dozen children?"

"No, it's her fertile imagination."

\* \* \*



"Aw, gee! Have a heart, commander! The doctor said a sea voyage would do her good!"

—"Daily Mirror."

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UNWARRANTED INTER-FERENCE.

Spectators booed when a football match was abandoned in the second half because the air raid sirens sounded. The opinion was freely expressed that it was time the authorities realised there was a football match on.

\* \* \*

President Roosevelt's fire side talk warmed the hearts of an Empire.

LIGHTNING-CHANGE LOVERS.

It was almost possible to call some Diggers versatile where marriage was concerned. One handed in his paybook one day to the Allotment Department, and asked for an allotment to be made out for "Mary Ellen Jones," as he was marrying her in a couple of days. However, the A.D. mislaid the book, and after a week, when the Digger came in again, the official was most profuse in his apologies in having lost it.

"O.K.!" said the Digger. "Saves a bit of trouble really. Hurry up and find it though, and make out the allotment to 'Florrie Anne Jones. I wouldn't marry that other shiela for a fiver!"

\* \* \*

UNFORTUNATE.

Hauled up before his company commander for disorderly conduct and assaulting another soldier, Private Jones, put in his defence:

"Please, sir, I only slammed the canteen door."

"Then how did his nose get into such a state?" demanded the officer.

"Oh—er—I admit that his nose was in the door when I slammed it!"

\* \* \*

Sergeant: Where is the balance of your rifle?

Recruit: This is all they gave me.

\* \* \*

Official circles in Berlin regard King George of Greece as an ordinary fugitive. This is distinctly unflattering. They might at least regard him as an extraordinary one.

\* \* \*

"Supposing the operation isn't a success, Doctor?"

"Well, you'll be stiff if it isn't!"