

A QUESTION

Bill, having worked himself up to three-star rank through ability and pluck, and not giving a damn for anybody or anything, was often a source of merriment in the officers' mess.

Becoming impatient after his third unsuccessful effort to persuade someone to pass the pickles Bill shouted:

"Will some — pass the — pickles?"

The Colonel jumped. "Mr. —, sir, I'd have you remember you are in an officer's mess."

Bill was dumfounded. "Gor-blime." he said to his neighbour, don't—officers eat—pickles?"

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The large factory had organised its own Home Guard, and the men duly posted to guard the works.

The manager approached the main entrance, and the sentry, torn between duty and deference, challenged: "Halt, Mr. Brown! Who Goes There?"

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Bert: "I wonder if Hitler gets any sleep these nights?"

Jim: "He should, He's got 80,000,000 sheep to count.

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"I am neutral on Adolf Hitler," declares Aimee Semple McPherson, sensational evangelist. "I don't care who shoots him."

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News item: "Condensed Milk for Troops." That's something to sing about in the quartermaster's store.

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Britain has so far prevented things from going to Irak and ruin.

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U.S.A.'s motto: Necessity is the mother of intervention.

(Scene: A garrison town. Time: Sunset.)

Old Lady Visitor (startled as the gun is fired at sunset): Dear me! What's that?

Native: Oh, it's only the sunset!

Old Lady: Why does your sun set here with a bang like that? It goes down quietly enough at our place.

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Give Hitler enough rope and he'll hang his best friend.

\* \* \*



"Worried! Why should I be worried? They say a watched pot never boils!"

"Daily Mirror"

Hitler was reviewing his troops and stopped to talk to one private.

"How are things with you?" he asked.

"Oh, I can't complain, sir," answered the soldier.

"I'll say you can't," agreed the Fuehrer.

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"I have never seen the English so music-hungry." — Dr. Malcolm Sargent.

Hell! Are they rationing it now?

CASUAL LABOUR

Is it possible for an unauthorised person to stay for an unofficial three weeks in a New Zealand military camp. It is. It actually happened at —.

It was noticed that a particular member of the cookhouse squad never bothered to present himself for his pay and at last he was asked the reason.

"Oh, I don't belong here," was the reply. "You see, I just dropped in one day. Somebody asked me to shell a few peas and so I've been here ever since."

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WHINGER'S LAMENT

Let's have a ruddy good snuffle,  
Let's have a ruddy good cry,  
Always remember the longer you live

The later you'll ruddy well die.  
So let's all be ruddy well gloomy,  
Let's have a large tear in each eye,  
Don't let us be jolly and hearty,  
Let's have a ruddy god cry.

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STREAMLINED

In grandma's day a girl was content to stop home and wind wool, but nowadays she prefers to spin yarns at cocktail parties.

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Included in a variegated collection of scrap metal exhibited in a Wellington shop window recently were relics of Victorianism in the shape of brass name-plates from some of the stately old homes of the city.

\* \* \*

"What! No stripes yet?"  
"No — I'm struggling hard to maintain my position as a private."

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Said the Indian to the tourist: "I am Brave Eagel. This is my son Fighting Hawke, and this is my grandson Low-winged Bomber."