

"CHOOK" HOPING.

This war brings Diggers queer turns of luck, good and bad. Take "Chook" Henderson of the Pioneers.

When he lobbed in Palestine, a typical Digger, he ventured his meagre "pay" on the good old Australian game of two-up. He finished in high glee, with a big, fat roll. Now for a gay and hectic time. But the Brass Hats would pick this moment to order the Diggers to advance into Syria. And "Chook," who is anything but hefty, had to lump his heavy roll as well as the weighty rifle, ammunition, etc.

His two-up luck was not followed by equal war luck. His small party was cut off by a big mob of the Foreign Legion and taken prisoners. The Frenchies, souvenired "Chook's" roll.

Wasn't it a lousy war. Broke and a prisoner! And rotten food! And then "heads were right" again. Froggies capitulated and "Chook" and other prisoners were liberated to rejoin their units.

There will come more pays and more two-up schools. Here's hoping "Chook" heads 'em until he gathers another fat roll next time he takes a kip.

SOME BABY.

It was "Somewhere in England" that the following conversation took place:

Two Diggers were returning home after a night out and were fairly bucked with several bottles of fire-water.

"Y'know," said one, "when I was born I only weighed a pound an' a half, and that's a fac'."

"You don't shay," murmured the other. "Did ya live?"

"Did I live" exclaimed the indignant Digger. "Shay, you oughta see me now."



"What! I've taken something that didn't agree with me? Blimey! You're telling me! She's in the next room!"

"Daily Mirror"

An A.R.P. warden was giving his household an elementary lecture in case of aid raids.

Afterwards he said to the young maid: "Is it all quite clear, Mary, what you have to do in case an incendiary bomb falls?"

"Yes, sir," she replied, but rather doubtfully, "but it's going to be a sticky business using that syrup pump."

Emp-error of Japan?

HIS LITTLE LOT.

The Army Camp Concert was in full swing with a session of community singing.

"Bluey," a typical Aussie Digger, was enjoying himself tremendously. So much so that he was keen to have his favourite numbers put over.

At the interval he approached the conductor and asked him if he'd do him a favour.

"Certainly. What is it?"

"I want 'The Blue Danube,' 'The Holy City,' 'The Bonnie Banks of Loch Lomond' and 'Kil-arney.' I'd also like 'The Vienna Woods'—"

Before "Bluey" could get any further the conductor interrupted "Fair go! Are you in league with Hitler or is this a private grab of your own?"

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The recruit on his way to camp asked a stranger, Recruit No. 2: "Do you happen to have a match?"

"Sure," was No. 2's reply, "but I'm not giving you any."

"But why?" was the startled reply.

"Well," said No. 2, "we'll get to chinning. And if we get to chinning we'll wind up cobbers. And if we're cobbers we'll get in the same tent. If wer'e in the same tent and same squad then we'll both volunteer together for special missions. Maybe we'll even get a dangerous night job, then we'll have to use flashlights. And if the flashlights should happen to go out some night in enemy territory, I sure don't want to be stranded out there in the dark with someone who doesn't even carry matches."

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