

Enquirer: Is the head of the house in, sonny?
 Boy: No sir, there's nobody home but dad and me.



"Are we spreading our war effort too widely?"

—"Smith's Weekly."

Some men thirst after fame, some after love, and some after money.
 I know something they all thirst after.
 What's that?
 Salted almonds.

CONVOY

Billo had been having a few with the boys. In fact, a few too many.

Stationed at the Showground Camp he rolled up to the nearest tram stop to catch his, only he saw three instead of the one he had to board.

Clambering on he said, "You're busy to-night. Don't often see three trams together this time o' night."

"That's right, mate," replied the conductor. "You'll 'ave to blame this 'ere war. But since we started the convoy system we 'aven't lost a single tram."

* * *

A BIG ARMY

The padre was addressing the troops one Sunday morning.

"Some admire Moses most of all," he said, "but still others admire Paul, who spread the Gospel. But who can tell me which character in the Bible has the largest following of all?"

Bluey raised his hand.

"Who do you think has the largest following?" asked the padre.

"Ananias," Bluey replied.

* * *

Hitler's New Order may soon turn out to be the order to retreat.

RETALIATION

A couple of new Digger officers were experiencing their first taste of action under fire at Tobruk.

While not "windy" they were a little strained when a salvo of Italian shells came their way.

One of them became a shade rattled. From their shell-hole position every time a shell landed near them one officer brandished his revolver in the air and fired several shots.

"What the blank are you doing that for?" demanded the tougher of the pair.

"Retaliation, old boy, retaliation! We must retaliate at all costs!" he shouted as he fired another round.

* * *

Kitchen aluminium ware needed for planes: Out of the frying pan into the firing line.

DID'T MEAN THEM

A Digger walking up confronted a Sergeant and said:

"Ah Sarge, you got any lices?"

"What!"

"You got any lices?"

"Listen, that's an insult. I ought'a have a crack at you."

"Hang on," said the Digger. "I don't mean them lices, I mean boot lices."

* * *

FATIGUE DUTY

The Sergeant had gatered together all the lazy men of the camp. They numbered twenty.

"Now," he said, "I've a nice easy job for the laziest man here. Will that man raise his right arm."

Nineteen men raised their arms. "Why didn't you?" he asked, going over to the other man.

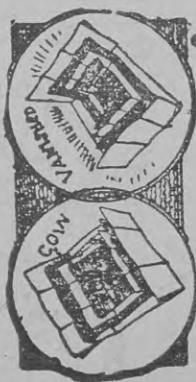
"Too much bother," was the reply.

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