

# FUNK HOLE STORIES : By C. MILLS

First Funk Hole Gopher: "I hear that the Kaiser has ordered fifty million tooth-picks with these words printed on them, 'William, Emperor of Germany and Conqueror of the World,' to be distributed free to all cafés."

Second Funk Hole Gopher: "Why, what's the idea?"

First Funk Hole Gopher: "So that his name will be in everybody's mouth."

Machine-gun Instructor (after explaining the various parts of the gun, turns round and finds Pte. Perry laughing and talking and paying no attention): "Now, Mr. Smarty, what's a number one stoppage?"

Pte. Perry: "A minnen werfer."

Extract from the "Berlin Wiener Wurst."

"It is a public scandal in these times of peril for the Fatherland that there are still young men eligible for military service who show no sense of responsibility or impulse of patriotism. Recently, a young man of seventy years was bound over to keep the peace for six months for throwing stones at his grandfather."

Veteran (explaining to one of a new draft how to circumvent German artillery): "When you hear a shell coming don't turn

coffin down that narrow staircase. Well, Bill, I must be going now. I thought I'd just drop in to cheer you up, and if I don't see you again I'll take a day off for the funeral."

*French as She is Spoke.*

Pte. Armstrong, who has lately joined 11 Platoon, has been very busy learning French. One day while on fatigue he wanted something to shift a pile of rubbish with, so to try out his French he accosted the owner of the billet as follows:

"Parlez vous français?"

"Ah, oui, M'sieu."

"Well, how's chances to borrow your wheel-barrow?"

Sergeant: "Fall out, Pte. Murphy!"

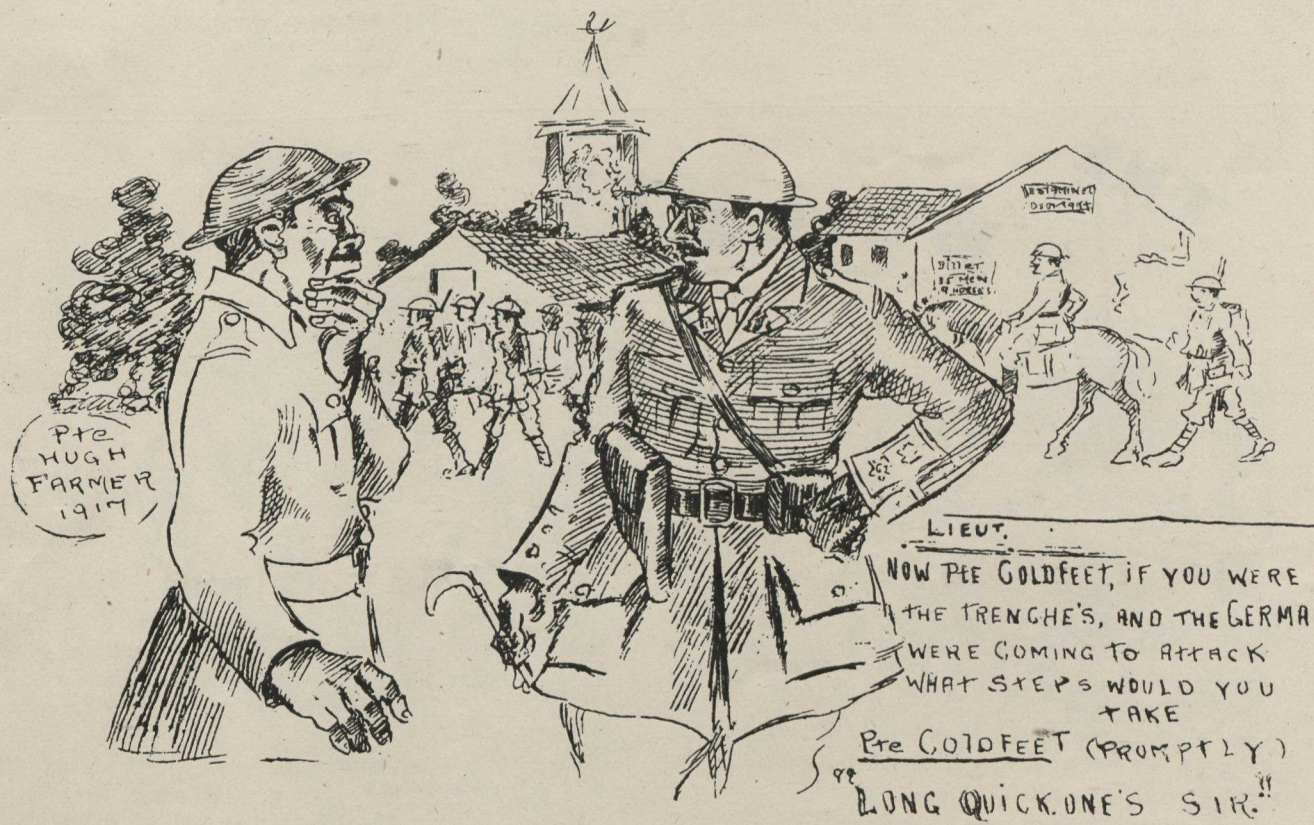
Corporal: "Not here, sergeant."

Sergeant: "Next man to him, fall out!"

Instructor (after running over the details of musketry with a squad just out of the trenches): "Now, Pte. Jones, can you explain what a fine sight is?"

Pte. Jones: "Yes, sir, the open door of an estaminet."

Pte. Rowe has quit the machine-gun section to go cooking. He has promised to put up some dainty dishes, for delicatessen



your face or back to it, or you're liable to be napooed. Turn sideways to it and you stand a good chance of getting off with a blighty in the arm or leg."

Old lady, visiting a Canadian hospital ward in Blighty, stops at the cot of a soldier wrapped in bandages.

Old Lady: "Tell me, my good man, how and where you got hurt?"

Wounded Soldier: "Well, I got buried by a shell, was hit six times by machine-gun bullets, stopped an egg bomb, and was run over by a tank on the ninth of April."

Old Lady: "Oh, that's different! When I first saw you I thought you were one of those wounded heroes from Vimy Ridge."

### CONSOLING.

Friend (visiting sick chum): "Well, Bill, I just dropped in to cheer you up a little. Good heavens! How thin you've grown! You certainly do look tough! You're as white as a ghost. I believe you're going to die. I was just thinking as I came up the stairs what a hard job they'd have getting the

is Walter's middle name. He used to cook for the Waldorf-Astoria, and claims the distinction of having prepared food for the late Jim Hill shortly before he died.

Who was the machine-gunner in 11 Platoon who nearly gave the position away? Someone just warned him in time to put his hat on.

"I made fifty Germans run alone, once," said Pte. B. S. Smith to the group sitting around the canteen. When the exclamations of incredulity had died down a little he continued: "It was down on the Somme. Fritz was making an attack, and in the dark I got cut off from the rest of my company. I jumped up on to the firing step to get my bearings, and, just then, by the light of a German flare I saw fifty bloodthirsty Huns coming towards me through our wire. Taking the situation in at a glance I grabbed my bag of bombs, and released my safety catch. Yes, boys, I made those fifty Huns run alone. Did they catch me? Not on your life!"