



The Waiting List.

Dunlop: "Hullo! where's the car?"

The Squire: "Where's the car, indeed! Goodness alone knows! Joan has it somewhere in France, driving mechanics backwards and forwards from their billets to an aerodrome, and she tells me the car's getting badly knocked about."

Dunlop: "That's very likely, I should think. What are you doing about a car for yourself?"

The Squire: "Oh, British cars for me every time, you know, and so I'm on the waiting list of a British firm which will be making the genuine British article after the War."

Dunlop: "And you specified Dunlop tyres, I hope?"

The Squire: "Of course."

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