

# WAR WIT

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MAY, 1941

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# WAR WIT

## A Tonic for the Jitters

Vol. 1. No. 4.

May, 1941

### BOASTERS.

The man who rises at 5 a.m. The cold-shower addict.

The all-the-year-round swimmer.

The amateur gardener.

The woman who got the bargain at the sale.

The father of his first-born.

The angler who caught the record fish.

The golfer who did a hole in one.

The man who wangled an exemption from the Income Tax Department.

\* \* \*

### GOOD START.

Raw Recruit: If you stood in my shoes, what would you do?

Sergeant: I'd give them a shine, to start with.

\* \* \*

### BLACK-OUT.

"Why was the period between A.D. 500 and A.D. 1200 known as the Dark Ages?" asked the teacher.

"Because those were the days of the knights," replied the sleepy student.

\* \* \*

### PASSED IT.

The sea was calm, and the captain decided it would be a good time to satisfy the cabin boy's desire to take the helm. He pointed out the North Star to the boy, and gave him explicit instructions to steer towards it all the time.

For a while everything went well, but finally the young pilot got into difficulty. "Captain," he called, "I've passed that star, will you please come and pick out another."

### THE PRIZE-WINNER.

A country school teacher asked the children to give their ideas of a perfect black-out, for which a prize would be given.

Next day the answers were brought and the prize was awarded for this:

"A blind man, dressed in a black suit, in a coal cellar with the doors shut, on a foggy night, and without a light, groping among the coals for a blink black cat."

### THINKING OUT LOUD.

We like the man whose impulse is to say "yes" much better than the one whose impulse is to say "no," but the trouble is that the former never seems to have anything to lend.

\* \* \*

### SUMMED UP.

The men who select chorus girls for shows are certainly good at figures.



Sergeant: Squad, number!  
Miss Fluffy: Mayfair, 204416!

## FED HIMSELF.

In the officers' training camp were several candidates for commissions. One of these was the son of a rich N.Z. man.

Instructor called upon this youth, who was very fat, to rise and explain the solution of a problem in tactics.

Fatty rose, spluttered for a few seconds, then said: "It's too deep for me, Sir. Will you excuse me?"

"You seem to be better fed than taught," said the bullying officer.

"Yes, sir," replied the portly one. "You teach me, but I feed myself."

\* \* \*

## UNAVOIDABLE.

"A good conversationalist never repeats anything."—Article.

Except when he's had a salad with cucumber in it.

\* \* \*

A small boy evacuated from London had his mother to visit him. She asked him how he liked his new home.

"Gosh, mum," he replied, "the lady treats me like a toff. She won't let me help her, and I don't even have to tell the landlord she's not in."

\* \* \*

"My husband plays tennis, swims and goes in for physical exercise. Does your husband take any regular exercise?"

"Well, last week he was out seven nights running."

\* \* \*

A Nazi propagandist denies the rumour that when Herr Hitler was a baby he was struck on the head. So it wasn't that after all.

\* \* \*

"Free French now have headquarters in Melbourne." Another injustice to Canberra!

## NONE LEFT.

"Misery" put down the paper announcing the capture of thousands more Italians in Libya, and groaned.

Huh!" he said. "A man might just as well get out of this flamin' army, you blokes."

"Why?" we asked.

"Why?" roared "Misery." "Why, hell, by the time we get over there there'll be none of the — left!"

\* \* \*



"Well! In a case like that, miss, you should have smacked the corporal's face!"

"Daily Mirror"

## NO INJURY.

"He insulted me!" she sobbed hysterically. "I was with him three whole hours and he didn't say one single thing you could take offence at."

\* \* \*

The remnants of Graziani's armies are now confined to western Libya. There is a great chance for the French in Tunis to do a nice little job of retaliatory back-stabbing.

\* \* \*

Italian troops are putting up the Fascist times on record.

## ORDERS.

Old Dolphin was patriotic, but he strongly disapproved of his wife's habit of entertaining N.Z.E.F. privates.

"You'll have Stella marrying one of the penniless young coots," he grumbled.

Therefore, one evening, when he surprised his daughter and Private Hardtack in a lover-like embrace, Dolphin was irate.

"Did I see you with your arms around my daughter?" he demanded angrily, advancing upon Hardtack in a menacing manner.

Hardtack stood his ground bravely.

"Sir," he retorted, "surely you know that we are not allowed to discuss the movements of any body of troops."

The old man retreated to his den.

\* \* \*

## WATER FOWL.

Infantry battalion was having a little training in crossing streams. Under the guidance of officers and N.C.O.'s the men constructed several types of simple bridges, but none was really successful. Eventually a squad of engineers arrived, to act in an advisory capacity. They made an inspection and test of the infantry efforts.

One bridge collapsed, and the two engineers who were looking it over had to swim to the shore. They cracked hardy, grinned and gave another bridge the once over. Same thing happened. As a bedraggled engineer pulled himself up the bank of the stream, he said to an infantry officer:

"You chaps don't want engineers. What you really need is flamin' ducks."

\* \* \*

Deutschlandsender radio recently stated that the whole British nation had take nto drink. Apparently it is not realised in Germany how much the stuff costs in Britain.

LUCKY BILL.

Bill, from Snake Gully (via Jackson's Waterhole), arrived at Warwick Farm. He was allotted a five-figured Regimental number, and sundry other figures and initials of identification.

Said Bill: "Ruddy lucky they don't plaster it on our hides with a red-hot iron like the poddies back home."

\* \* \*

It was "Somewhere on the Western Front." The working party had been engaged during the night filling and stacking sandbags.

Morning came and at roll-call Private McGee was missing. After repeated calls from the sergeant he turned up.

"Where the blazes have you been all night?" asked the sergeant.

McGee answered: "I've been handing you sandbags all night, sergeant."

"Not me, you haven't, my lad." Then, after a pause: "How far out have you been?"

"Two hundred yards," said McGee.

"But that's enemy territory," roared the sergeant.

"Lumme, I thought you was talking funny," said McGee.

\* \* \*

Hitler, accompanied by one of his Staff, entered the German Propaganda Department.

Seeing a queer-looking object on the floor, Hitler exclaimed: "I didn't know you kept tortoises here."

"We don't, mein Fuehrer," replied the officer. "That's Dr. Goebels with his tin hat on!"

\* \* \*

Hitler and Mussolini meet. But it won't be long before they're parted.

\* \* \*

Mussolini is reported to be leading a fast life. So are his sailors and soldiers.

HIS FIT.

They were issuing the A.R.P. wardens with their steel helmets.

"What size?" asked the chief.

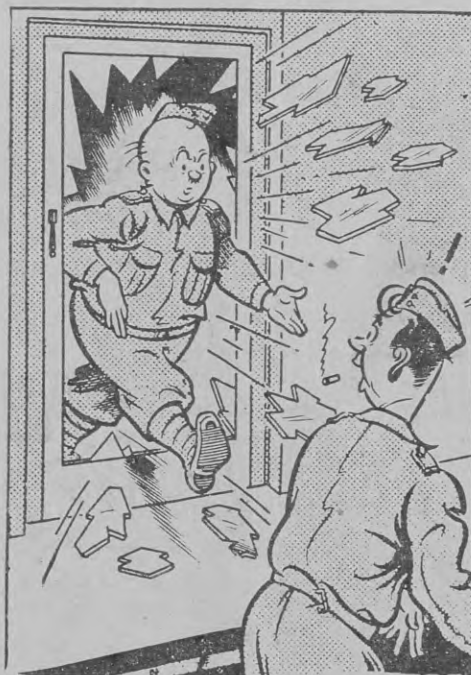
"Eight and a quarter," replied the warden.

"Heavens above, man," exclaimed the chief, "it's not a helmet you want, it's an air raid shelter."

\* \* \*

In a recent operation the Greeks captured 600 Italians and 300 mules. It is understood that the mules resisted gallantly.

\* \* \*



"Blimey! Nobby. I've got to wear glasses! The M.O. says my eyesight's weak!"

"Daily Mirror"

Gladys: Surely you didn't let that strange Air Force boy get away with kissing you like that?

Beryl: I did not. I gave him as good as he gave me!

\* \* \*

The Russian Navy is reported to be indulging in large-scale manoeuvres in the Black Sea. Evidently the weather is fine.

\* \* \*

Sign for bombed store in London . . . "Never mind our blasted windows . . . come inside."

MUM WILL WIN.

Two small boys were playing in a back garden. Suddenly one said to the other, "Do you think we'll win this war?"

"Well," the other replied thoughtfully, "all I know is that this is the Motherland, an' Germany's the Fatherland, an' when mum an' dad 'ave a row at 'ome mum always wins!"

\* \* \*

A visitor went to a small Cotswold village and asked to see the A.R.P. warden.

He came.

"Now," said the warden finally, "is there anyone else you'd like to see?"

"Yes," came the reply, "the fire chief!"

"I'll not keep you one moment!" replied the warden. "Just wait till I change my hat!"

\* \* \*

Marshal Graziani is said to have told the inhabitants of Cyrenaica that they would be well looked after by the British, who were gentlemen. This will embarrass the Aussies terribly.

\* \* \*

A French farmhand arrested by the Gestapo was allowed to go free on giving an officer a basket of potatoes. Justice was tempered with Murphies.

\* \* \*

"Now that the war has placed men more or less on the same level," declares a gossip-writer, "I am afraid the end of the Old School Tie is in sight." Never if it is neatly tied.

\* \* \*

A Londoner says that owing to a building being demolished by a bomb he can now see two public statutes from the windows of his flat. We can only suggest that he keeps the blinds drawn.

**EVACUATION.**

He had just returned from his honeymoon and taken a house in an area where children were being billeted.

Before his first day back at work had ended he received the following telegram from his wife:—

“Darling, come home at once—have four babies.”

\* \* \*

**EXPLOSIVE.**

Brown: So it's all over between you and Violet?

Jones: I'm not sure. She's a high explosive girl.

Brown: High explosive—what do you mean by that?

Jones: Oh, just dangerous when dropped!

\* \* \*

**BAD TRAINING.**

The locomotive that went to a farm for a holiday and broke all the fences through trying to run on the rails.

\* \* \*

**RECKLESS.**

Instead of an engagement ring he gave her a razor blade so that if he ever tried to escape she could cut his throat.

**HOME GUARD.**

She was a big, strong woman, and the burglar she had tackled and captured bore unmistakable signs of punishment.

“It was very plucky of you, madam,” said the magistrate, “to have set upon the burglar and captured him, but need you have blackened his eyes and knocked all his front teeth out?”

“Well,” said the woman, “how was I to know it was a burglar? I'd been up three hours waiting for my husband. I thought it was him.”

\* \* \*



“Blimey! Ruddy nice time to threaten to sue me for damages, I must say!”

“Daily Mirror”

**OVER THE ODDS.**

The only time some punters ever land a double is when their wives present them with twins.

\* \* \*

First Recruit: “Some achieve greatness; others have greatness thrust upon them.”

Second Recruit: “You're telling me. I'm wearing Army boots, too.”

**PLEASANT CONVERSATION.**

The colonel descended on the company in training.

Colonel: A nice day to-day. Very fine weather we are having?

Captain: We certainly are, Colonel.

Colonel: It was very fine yesterday?

Captain: It was.

Colonel: And the day before yesterday was fine and dry.

Captain: Quite so, sir.

Colonel: Then where did the mud come from on those lorry wheels?

\* \* \*

With much thought and licking of pencil, Private Jones was writing home to his mother. His letter began:

“Dear Mother,—I am doing fine. Last week I was on sentry and stopped the colonel because he'd forgotten the password. Next morning he complimented me on parade.

“Since then I have been put on every dirty fatigue that is going.”

\* \* \*

M.O.: “In my opinion you're malingering!”

Hori: “By korry, Doc! That's a blow—how long do you give me to live?”

\* \* \*

**BROKE HIM.**

“Dopey” in our unit didn't seem to have any liking for soldiering, so one day I asked him why he had joined up.

“Well, you see, a cobber stole five pounds from me and ran away with my wife. There was nothing else to do but enlist.”

“That was certainly tough luck,” I sympathised.

“Yair, it was every penny I had.”

\* \* \*

Add definitions: A pessimist is a man who, when he saw a bottle half-full, considered it half empty.

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"PANZACS."

Australians and Polish soldiers are great cobbers, despite the different languages. They seem to carry on conversation with them by using a mongrel language, consisting mainly of Arabic, with which tongue both can converse. One wag suggested that if the Poles fight with the Australians and the Enzeds that we coin a new name, "PANZACS." They are great drinkers, liberal spenders and jolly company.

A remark passed by two tall Guards of a well-known English regiment as they watched the antics of a mob of Australians and Poles on a vacant allotment in Tel Aviv.

"The bloody Australians are making the Poles as bad as themselves," one drawled as they walked away in disgust.

\* \* \*

"How are things going, Dig?"

Digger, escorting Italian prisoners, "No — good! I enlisted to fight, not be a — drover!"

\* \* \*

Navy doesn't draw many Italian prizes in its Mediterranean sweeps.

WAR WIT

HELP YOUR BOOKSELLER

Place your order for a regular monthly copy of "WAR WIT," thus assisting to conserve materials and helping in the War Effort.

NO RELATION.

When we first arrived at this camp somewhere in Palestine the boys had a bit of a moan about the tucker, but were less hostile to the cooks after the following notice was hung up in the mess tent:

"Jesus Christ lived in this vicinity, we are told, and fed the multitude on twelve loaves and three fishes. We are cooks, have been here three days, and are not related to him."

\* \* \*



"What! You've got a complaint? —Well! Why come to me?—I'm the orderly officer, not the ruddy M.O.!"

"Daily Mirror"

All we can say of the sudden appearance at Singapore of strong, well-equipped A.I.F. forces is that they corroborate Percy Spender's testimony to Australia's cordial relations with Japan.

\* \* \*

It is understood that windows facing the sea are to be darkened in the black-out. These will be the 1941 All Blacks.

\* \* \*

"THE AUSTRALIANS TRICKED HIM."

Aussies were helping to unload stores from a naval lighter somewhere in North Africa and noticed that a huge petty officer was watching the mob very closely. At last, "Bluey" couldn't restrain his curiosity any longer, as, although there were Tommies and New Zealanders working in other little sections, the naval man had eyes only for the Aussies.

"Hey," "Bluey" called. "Why ain't you keeping a check on the other blokes, also?"

Petty Officer smiled grimly and said slowly:

"I've been handling stores for over 17 years in the Navy, and checked them to practically all troops of the Empire, and thought I knew every trick in the trade; but I've got to hand it to you ruddy Australians. Yesterday I had 300 gallons of rum issued to me on board and could account for only 250 gallons when I was unloading the lighter."

"But how did you reckon it was the Australians who pinched the 50 gallons?" Bluey asked.

Naval man nearly purpled then. "How did I know?" he roared. "Every time a ruddy Australian came near me he staggered; yet, try as I did, I never found a ruddy drop of rum on them. The blanks still have some left somewhere, I think."

\* \* \*

News heading: "Englishwoman of 99 commended for Bravery." You can't keep a good girl down.

\* \* \*

News item: "Bandsman becomes father of triplets." Now he'll blow his trumpet.

\* \* \*

New Endowment Plan should improve the Birth of the Nation.



"Two can play at that game, lady! You refused to take off your hat when I sat behind you!"

"Daily Mirror"

### EXACTLY!

I joined up just before Christmas, and, when taking the oath at the Showground in Sydney, an officer told another chap and I to repeat exactly everything he said.

Half-way through he forgot it, and said: "Now I'm ruddy well mucked up."

I said, "Now I'm ruddy well mucked up."

"No!" he roared. "That's not in it."

Every time I saw him after that he laughed. I thought a few of your readers might, too.

\* \* \*

Germany is said to be in great need of silver. Perhaps they want to have their clouds re-lined.

### SPAGHETTI.

We were going on a three-days' march, and on the morning we were due to start, spaghetti was on the menu. It was badly cooked. This resulted in many growls.

I was among the loudest in condemning the food and asked:

"What do they think we are? Italians, expecting us to march on spaghetti?"

My mate was quick with the reply:

"Well, the Italians are running on it, and they're doing pretty well, too!"

\* \* \*

"Hitler is crying for the moon," we read. The poor fellow is probably only anxious to liberate it.

### TOO TALKATIVE.

One of the up-country boys badly wanted week-end leave, and approached his O.C. company. He was informed that he was required for duty, and so could not go out.

A few hours later, while the company was on parade, a telegram arrived for the "leave seeker." O.C. called him from the ranks to collect the telegram, and said he hoped the news was good.

Telegram read: "Come home quickly. Mum ill." Signed Dad.

O.C. noticed a sad expression on the man's face, and expressed his regret.

"I hope you don't think I'm putting one over you, Sir," said the recipient, and, handing the telegram to his O.C., he added: "Look, it's even Dad's writing, Sir!"

Later the O.C. had a good laugh when the lad confessed that his "cobber" had sent the wire, but the leave was not granted.

\* \* \*

### WRONG NUMBER.

Regulations for a certain A.I.F. infantry battalion on service in Egypt provide that the sides of all tents must be rolled up before 0700 hours (7 a.m.). An N.C.O. is in charge of each tent, and it is his duty to see that this is carried out.

Orderly officer on rounds saw a tent with sides still unrolled at 0800 hours.

"Where is the tent N.C.O.," he demanded.

"Here, sir!"

"Don't you know that all tent sides have to be rolled up by 0700."

"Yes, sir, but my number is only 678.

\* \* \*

No drinks after six. Who wants seven or more?

\* \* \*

Street in Bulgaria named after Hitler. The road to ruin?



RECIPROCITY.

An officer in our unit, son of a former Mayor of one of New Zealand's towns, and an Oxford blue and all that, has earned notoriety, if not fame, for biting sarcasm, and many chaps have squirmed as the result of his cutting comments.

Naturally, there is high glee when the "biter is bitten." One such occasion arose when he baited a Lance-Corporal who, as assistant to the "quarter bloke," has charge of issues of Comfort Fund supplies.

"Corporal," said our gallant officer, "I think it's time I had another issue of soap from the Comfort Fund."

"You had the last issue, Sir," returned the Corporal, "but there is a razor blade due to you and here it is," he said, handing it across.

"I will make you a present of it, Corporal," said the officer, "for from what I see some mornings, you are rather short of razor blades."

"Thank you, Sir," said the imperturbable lance-jack, "and may I reciprocate by offering you my cake of soap."

\* \* \*

MORE GERMAN PROPAGANDA.

"New and intensified blitz tactics were adopted against London to-night, when raiders concentrated into a few hours as much perjury as on some earlier all-night blitzes."—"Sun," Sydney, N.S.W.

\* \* \*

"Cripes, Joe must have got into the Air Force—he says, 'Send a fiver, I'm the best tail-spinner in the mob'."

\* \* \*

New Zealand will be there, not theirs.

\* \* \*

Decreed that in the Women's Naval Reserve "hair must not dangle on coat collars." Whose?

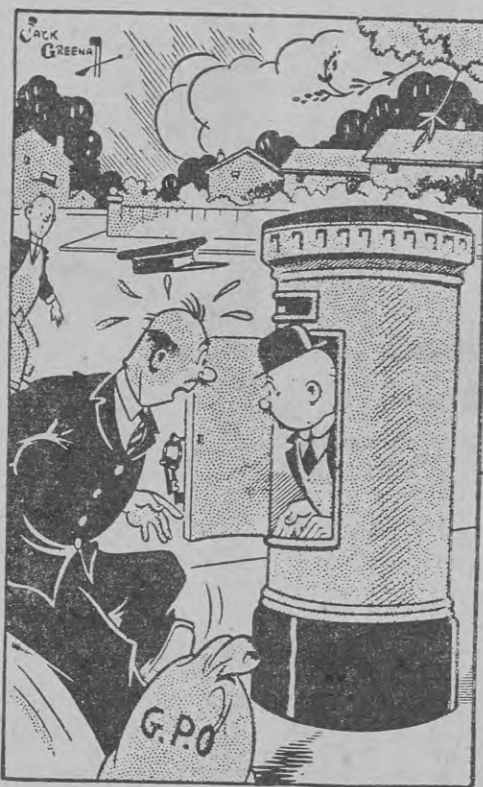
TILL THEY DROPPED.

"The naval fort overlooking the port disappeared in a cloud of dust early in the morning when a British shell hit the ammunition store and tossed several six-inch guns into the sky. The guns fought sternly to the last."—"S.M. Herald," Sydney, N.S.W.

\* \* \*

Looks as though the world is to witness the spectacle of the Rising Sun setting in the South.

\* \* \*



"Er—has the 'All Clear' gone yet?"

"Daily Mirror"

ALMOST SORRY FOR BERLIN.

This is nothing. You should see what the R.A.F. did to my branch in Berlin.

You can't beat a spirit like that. When the Little Man has his tail up, any nation is safe.

\* \* \*

A new British film features Mussolini as a strip-tease artist. Naturally, it would be more navel than naval.

SCORNFUL LADY.

"There did not seem to be a single man who she would consider as her husband."—"Woman's Weekly."

She told the fireman to go to blazes;

Gave the greengrocer the raspberry;

Scorned the grocer's sugar;

Said the bootmaker had no soul;

Didn't like the idea of a double with the bookmaker;

Told the chemist his love was a drug on the market;

Treated the publican like a mug;

Told the baker she couldn't live on his dough;

When the dairyman offered her the cream of life, told him to cheese it;

Refused to be mate to any seaman;

Advised the soldier to get shot;

But being dissatisfied with every single man she met, made off with a married one, who was a model of imperfection, and not a working model, either.

\* \* \*

BUCKING UP BUSINESS.

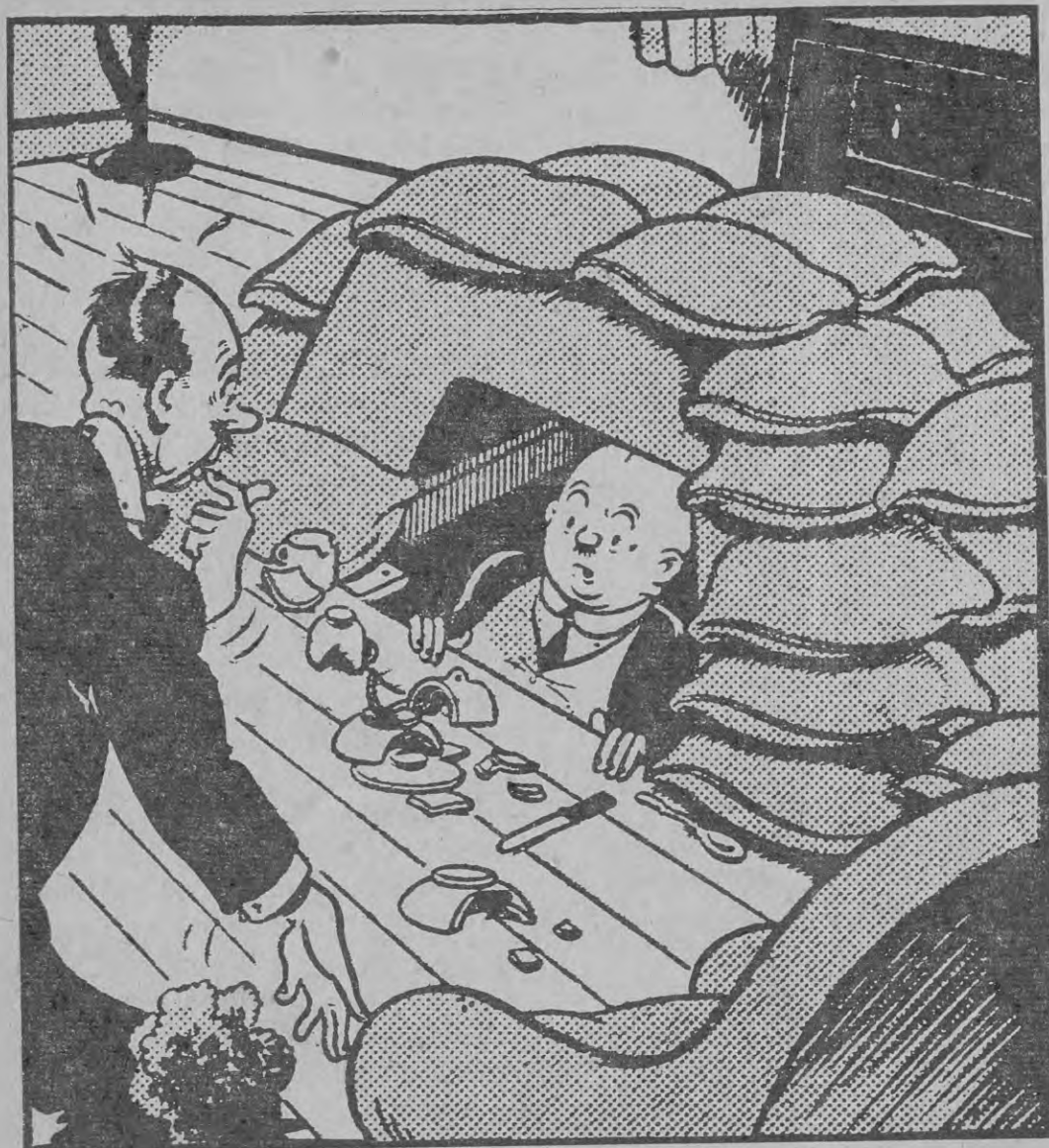
Mr. Jackson, the churchwarden, was a chemist. The church was in need of new hymnals, and Mr. Jackson offered to furnish the books, provided he could place an advertisement inside. After consideration the vicar and church members agreed to this offer, and in due course the books arrived.

The following Sunday the vicar announced:—

"I have pleasure in presenting to you the new hymnals so generously furnished by Mr. Jackson. We should be doubly grateful to him, for after careful examination I find he has refrained from placing a secular advertisement in so sacred a book. We will now sing hymn 162: "Hark the angel voices sing, Jackson's pills are just the thing'."

\* \* \*

Not-So-Far East.



"I'm playing for safety! One word, and the wife starts throwing things at me!"

"Daily Mirror"

SINE QUA NON.

In a Royal N.Z. Air Force training school trainees were being instructed in the use of parachutes, and the precautions essential thereto.

"First essentials in parachute jumping are strong nerves and good timing," said the instructor.

"I always thought a parachute came first," said one of the trainees.

\* \* \*

For the Italian forces all roads lead to Rome.

\* \* \*

Germans issue stamps to celebrate friendship of Axis dictators. Anyway, they're in for a good licking.

WINGS FOR ONE.

"Well, I got the licence to-day."

"OH GEORGE!"

"I mean my pilot's licence."

"Oh, George."

\* \* \*

UNKIND.

They had all been on leave, and it would be some time before next pay day arrived. Chances of raising a loan were few and far between, but there were some optimists who were still trying. "Jonesy" was one.

"Do you think I could borrow anything on an honest face?" he asked his mates.

"Well, can you find a blind moneylender?"

BONANZA.

On a recent Sunday morning, outside the all-services hut in Hyde Park (N.S.W.), the boys were trying their luck at New Zealand's national pastime of "heading 'em."

There was the usual ebb and flow of betting and luck was about even till a young civilian, all agog with excitement, hopped in.

Though obviously green at the game, his luck was phenomenal, and he cleaned up the school in quick time.

He was wondering what to do next, when the inevitable John Hop broke up a broke party.

"Whe're yer goin' now, home?" yelled a soldier to the now rapidly-departing civvie.

"'Ome be blowed!" yelled back civvie. "I'm 'eadin' fer the R.N.Z.A.F."

\* \* \*

ANOTHER BELLIGERENT.

"The Japanese Army in South China, in co-operation with the Papanese Navy, effected a landing at Mirs Bay at a point south-east of Waichow."—"Daily Advertiser," Wagga, N.S.W.

\* \* \*

PRECISELIEST.

"One of the valuablest captures was a total of 150 vehicles, of which most are serviceable."—"S.M. Herald," N.S.W.

\* \* \*

America's Policy: O.K. for Britain, K.O. for Axis.

\* \* \*

SPacific gravity.

\* \* \*

Thirstiest bar in New Zealand must surely be Marble Bar.

\* \* \*

"Gentlemen! The cruiser-weight champion: H.M.S. Leander."

**NO CHANGE.**

Proprietress of a New Zealand boarding-house will not easily forget at least one member of the N.Z.E.F. who boarded at her hash house when he was on leave from camp.

"He's such a nice young chap," said the matronly proprietress to the waitress a few days after Blue's arrival.

"Oh, he's all right," said the waitress, "but he's a bit queer at times."

"Queer? What do you mean?"

"Well," said the waitress, "every morning when I place his breakfast before him he says Hebrews 13, 8. I don't understand Latin, and I don't like him using it in my presence."

"Latin," screeched the landlady. "That's not Latin, you fool. That's a quotation from the Bible. I'm sure it must be something noble, something inspiring and uplifting. I'll see what it means."

She unearthed a Bible and turned to Hebrews, 13th chapter, 8th verse. It read:

"Jesus, the same yesterday, to-day, and for ever."

\* \* \*

This month's best fish story concerns the Victoria fisherman who hauled up a mine on his line. It is unnecessary to add that he took his hook.

\* \* \*

News heading: "War May Limit Clothes Choice." The sort of thing that leaves us cold.

\* \* \*

Unity alone can give immunity.

\* \* \*

New United States Minister to Australia plays the ukulele. But we understand he does not dance a hula?

\* \* \*

Roosevelt's revised motto: Arms across the sea.



"Mop up machine-gun nests, indeed! Blimey! I never thought when I joined up I'd become a blinkin' char!"

"Daily Mirror"

**TOUGH ORDER.**

Most orders issued to the troops are of the strictly serious variety, but occasionally one possesses the quality of humour. Unconscious, of course.

One which provoked many grins was issued in France during the 1914-18 dust-up. It read: "Troops are warned against drinking any water which has not been passed by the M.O."

\* \* \*

Tokyo spokesman: "British have a right to move troops anywhere on their own territory." Japan, anywhere on the other fellow's territory.

\* \* \*

Mussolini's African Em-pyre.

**IN HIS PLACE.**

An English Tommy, guarding a prisoner in a small billet in England, preparatory to handing him over, found a dog-fight going on overhead.

Several bombs dropped close to them, and one in particular made a devil of a noise. Just following this the sarge dropped in.

"Where the blazes is Jerry?" he asked.

"Where else but under the bed," answered the Tommy.

\* \* \*

"How can one protect goldfish during an air raid" asks a correspondent in a London paper. Pour them carefully into a tin hat and wait for the all clear signal.

## TAILS UP.

Open in the cool of a raid, even if it gets hot Spitfire Box never closed.

Hear that, Hitler?

\* \* \*

## HIGH STAKES.

When it comes to wearing shorts, the girls down King's Cross way apparently regard the thigh as the limit.

\* \* \*

## RASH.

An optimist is a man who'll eat boiled eggs in the dark.

\* \* \*

## NO BRAINS!

The cook was fed-up. "I'll eat my hat if I can't land some man in the soup this year!" she said in saucy tones. So she seasoned her talk with spicy remarks and soon a poor lamb started to stew over her. She knew her onions and kept him on the boil until, simmering with love, he started to talk tripe. This not being quite to her taste, she dished him.

\* \* \*

Two London children were discussing their respective parents.

First Child: "My father is much braver than yours, he's a soldier, and yours is only an A.R.P. worker."

Second Child: "My father's much braver than any soldier, 'cause when the signal goes Dad puts on his tin hat and goes out on the job; and the soldier that we've got billeted on us is so frightened that he just creeps into bed with mother."

\* \* \*

In New Zealand one million apples going to waste this season. Enough to keep the whole B.M.A. at a distance.

## DIFFERENT.

"Good heavens!" yelled the drill instructor to the stout Local Defence Volunteer. "Go sharper."

"I can't go sharper. I'm tired."

"Tired? After ten minutes! Why man, the Romans used to do this sort of thing for a couple of hours."

"Dare say they did," growled the perspiring volunteer. "But I'm not a Roman—I'm a Wesleyan."

\* \* \*



"Blimey, lady, at a time like this does it matter what the installation looks like so long as the telephone works?"

"Daily Mirror"

Old Lady: So you're a mine-sweeper, are you? And where do you sweep the mines?

Cautious Sailor: Oh, just around the top of them, lady; where the dust settles.

\* \* \*

"That's fine," said a man, whose friend was showing him the family dugout. "Table, chairs and a case of the best. But what's the idea of the old tin kettle hanging in the corner?"

"Oh, that," said the other, "is where we put the canary if there's a raid."

## DISGUISE.

A young officer, home on leave, had been entertained by his friends not wisely, but too well. When he arrived home he was anxious to save his mother—who had always thought he was a teetotaler—from seeing him in his present condition, so he tried to find a place where he could hide without fear of being discovered until the morning.

Finally he curled himself into a ball in a hip-bath and somehow managed to balance another hip-bath on the top.

Later, however, his mother, not having heard her son return home, proceeded to investigate, and at last came upon the two hip-baths.

"Are you there, dear?" she gasped in astonishment.

"Sh—h!" said a voice in an undertone, as a head peeped through from between the two baths. "Not a word, I'm an oyster."

\* \* \*

After the training school examination, the instructor collected the papers and took a quick look through them.

His eyes shot fire when he came across one which bore, instead of answer to the examination paper, a crude drawing of a tombstone, inscribed:

"Sacred to the memory which always deserts me on occasions like this."

\* \* \*

"A long drawn-out war will cause the German people to lose their enthusiasm for Hitler," states a journalist. Cooling their Heils, so to speak.

\* \* \*

A sports writer mentions that when a German airman bombed a golf course he at least had the decency to miss all those who were playing on it. We still think that he might have shouted "Fore!"

**A PURGE AVERTED.**

The Nazi leaders were playing a small game of bridge in Herr Hitler's mountain retreat.

"Three diamonds," said General Goering.

"No bid," said Dr. Goebbels.

"Five diamonds," said Herr von Ribbentrop.

"One club," said Herr Hitler.

"Pass."

"Pass."

"Pass."

\* \* \*

The romance-loving young officer pressed the girl close to his palpitating chest.

"Look into my eyes, honey," he breathed, "and tell me what you see there."

The girl gazed into the young man's eyes. She sighed deeply.

"I see the most beautiful things," she murmured. "You and I. A wedding ring. A preacher. A quiet honeymoon—and then a cottage and two happy persons growing old together gracefully."

The young man jumped up and reached for his hat.

"Where are you going?" cried the startled blonde.

"To the chemist's—to get you an eyewash!"

\* \* \*

Cost of living is becoming a soar point with housewives.

**THE REAL TROUBLE.**

M.O.: After a careful examination I find your trouble is the stomach.

Recruit: No doctor. I think it is the liver.

M.O.: How do you know?

Recruit: Because I had a large piece of liver for breakfast yesterday.

\* \* \*

"And when were you born?" asked the sergeant, taking the particulars of the recruit.

"December, 1917," answered the recruit.

"Ah," mused the sergeant, "I well remember that winter. It was bitterly cold."

"Cold," echoed the recruit. "I'll say it was cold. I was brought by a penguin—the stork couldn't make it."

\* \* \*

A maiden lady lived in a small house in the country with one maid. One morning the bell rang. The maid admitted the visitor, an evacuee officer, then rushed upstairs.

"Please, mum," she blurted out breathlessly, "you've got to have two babies, and the man's downstairs!"

**POLAND STARTED THE WAR.**

The Gentle Nazi sat and smiled, As harmless as a little child— A child that puts a lighted match Beneath its old grandmother's thatch.

And, as the gentle Nazi smiled, He fed a little Polish child With milk and honey from a jar; Which shows how gentle Nazis are.

And as the Nazi turned his eyes Unto the everlasting skies, That baby hit him on the head— At least, that's what the Nazi said.

\* \* \*

**SURPRISE FOR FATHER.**

"Somewhere in Egypt," Bill and Tom were eagerly reading letters from home. Suddenly Bill gave a shout.

"Strike me pink!" he exclaimed. "my son's got three feet."

"Chuck it!" retorted Tom. "Tain't possible."

"'Strue!" said Bill. "See what my missus says 'ere."

He handed the letter to Tom, who read:

"You won't know little Johnny now. He's grown another foot."

\* \* \*

Hitler is arranging to sell 14 old masters in the United States. Mussolini, however, will not be included in the batch.

**THE ABORIGINAL PUZZLE.**

**Very Clever, Very Puzzling and Very Interesting.**

Price Six Pence.

There are four cards with pictures of Australian Aboriginal Natives in a variety of extraordinary attitudes and positions. None of the pictures is complete in itself, but by arranging the four cards in a certain way, a vigorous drawing of an Aboriginal can be seen in the act of throwing a Boomerang.



**ZAIREGH, THE LOVER'S ARABIC ORACLE.**

Price Sixpence.

This is a very mystifying Ikonograph. In the language of Al Koran, the Mahomedan Bible, it contains "the keys of secret things." The consultant, with closed eyes, places a finger on the Ikonograph, and, starting from that point, is able to interpret a message of love, a timely warning or a wise precept. It is really wonderful; there seems to be no limit to its scope. A dozen consultants can obtain varying revelations, some astonishing apposite and relevant.

Write, enclosing Postal Note, to STEWART, LAWRENCE & CO. LTD., 11 Manners St., Wellington

## BROTHERLY LOVE.

"The war is not about to end. It is only beginning," said the Australian Prime Minister (Mr. Menzies) recently, addressing many thousands of members of the A.I.F. assembled in a hug parade." —"Daily Advertiser," Wagga, N.S.W.

\* \* \*

"Suppose you were advancing through a hail of shrapnel," said the general examining a Tommy, "and your right ear was shot off; what would you do?"

"Keep advancing, sir," replied Tommy smartly.

"That's the spirit," said the General, "and after advancing another fifty yards your left ear is shot away. What would you do then?"

"Stop, sir, for I'd be blind."

"Blind? What do you mean, man?"

"Me tin hat would be covering me eyes, sir."

\* \* \*

If Mussolini joined in the war because he thought he could get a kick out of it, he's getting it!

\* \* \*

A clergyman asks: "What is wealth compared with the here-after?" Well, a lot of people are here after it.

\* \* \*

"Sand is the best answer to the incendiary bomb." Well, Londoners have plenty of grit.

\* \* \*

Government hasn't yet made petrol rationing fuel-proof.

\* \* \*

News heading: "German Planes Lack Stability." Their pilots, too, are Jerry built.

\* \* \*

Eire bans signposts. Signs of the times!

## VALID EXCUSES.

Some of the lads' reasons for application for leave—

"I wish to visit my grandmother, which is ill at Fitzroy."

"I want to see my wife and other things."

"I wish to visit my fiancy with a view to marriage."

"I want to go home for a wile."

\* \* \*



"What! Crosswords on duty? My word! You'll catch it for this! Besides, three down should be 'mice' not 'lice'!"

"Daily Mirror"

## DISCLAIMER.

Few days ago Tom was Btn. runner for the day, and was standing outside the orderly room, when he was approached by a Gyppo.

He had a basketful of eggs and fruit for the officers' men. He said something to Tom in Gyppo tongue and he didn't catch a word of what he was saying, so he said: "Come into Battalion and I will get you fixed up."

When he mentioned the word "Battalion," he went white with rage, and screamed at Tom, "Me no Italian. Me Egyptian."

## PLENTY OF TIME.

Travelling along a quiet country road in a heavy truck "Bluey" took his eyes off the road for a few seconds and before he knew what had happened truck was off the road and turned over in a heap of blackberry bushes. "Bluey" managed to crawl out, but the sergeant who was with him was pinned beneath the truck.

"Are you hurt?" "Bluey" asked the sergeant.

"No, I'm not," the sergeant replied, "but go and get help at once and get me out of here. It's certainly not comfortable here on these blackberries."

"Bluey" set out for the nearest farmhouse.

"Could you give me a hand to lift a truck back on its wheels?" "Bluey" asked the farmer. "It turned over with me and the sergeant."

"I'll certainly give you a hand," the farmer replied, "but you had better get the sergeant and then the two of you can come up to the house and have something to eat first and we'll see about the truck later."

"The sergeant wouldn't be able to come," "Bluey" replied, "but I don't mind going myself." He went with the farmer and had a good meal and as he was finishing the farmer turned to him and said:

"Why couldn't the sergeant come along too and have something to eat? Is he afraid to leave the truck?"

"He's not afraid to leave it," "Bluey" replied. "He can't leave it because he's pinned beneath it."

\* \* \*

The principal bookseller in The Hague was ordered by the Nazis to remove a small portrait of Queen Wilhelmina from his window. Beside the photograph appeared a book, "How to Swim," by Max Braun, the famous Dutch woman swimming teacher.

OUR HARDY WOMENFOLK.

"Scores of people flocked into the streets from 'come-as-you-were parties.' The men wore dressing gowns and shorts, the women had on cold cream and boby pins."—"Daily Telegraph," Sydney, N.S.W.

\* \* \*

VERY THICK.

Two Diggers were strolling about London in a thick fog when they bumped into a couple of Canadians.

"I reckon this London is about the foggiest place in the whole world," remarked one of the Canadians by way of apology for bumping into the Australians.

"No, it isn't," replied one of the Diggers. "I've been in a place where the fog was much thicker than it is in London."

"Where was that?" asked the Canadian.

"I couldn't say mate," replied the Australian. "Yer see, it was so foggy that I had no idea where I was."

\* \* \*

FAVOURITE GAMES.

- British Navy, Hunting.
- Italian Navy, Skipping.
- German Navy, Hidings.
- A.I.F., Chasings.
- Hitler, Flying Kites.
- British People, Star-gazing.
- Stalin, Fencing.
- Anti-Aircraft Crews, Shooting the Breakers.

- Mussolini, Running.
- Goebbels, Telling Stories.
- Goering, Collecting Old Medals.
- Japan, Collecting China.
- China, Patience.

\* \* \*

It's comforting to know that that Nazi Minister of Justice couldn't possibly have died of over-work.

\* \* \*

Soldier, crossing the desert sands of Egypt:—"Cripes, if this is the Holy Land I wonder what hell's like."

CELEBRATION.

It was a convivial evening in the Officers' Mess at a School of Instruction. The Colonel got up with a glass in his hand to speak to the officers.

"Now, I'm going to tell you a secret. I am leaving you for another command. Last night Captain D. promised to come away with me. I hope you will forgive me for taking him away."

"Forgive you, Colonel," Major S. said, rising quickly. "Of course we will. Why, that's what this party is for!"

\* \* \*

THE MUG.

"Lofty" was fed up. He'd been on successive days mess orderly, battalion runner, kitchen fatigue mess-orderly, and fire picket, and his opinion of soldiering, and the mentality of men who voluntarily joined the army had decreased accordingly.

He wandered into the pub and said to the barman:

"I want a soldier of beer."

"A what?"

"A soldier of beer."

"Never heard of it. We've got pots and glasses and schooners, and nips and bottles—but no soldiers. What is a soldier?"

"A ruddy great mug," said "Lofty."

\* \* \*

MINIATURE.

When a visitor remarks that the new baby is the living image of his father, he probably means that kid is bald-headed, has a red face and is a heavy drinker.

\* \* \*

N.S.W. Government and hotel-keepers argue for hours.

\* \* \*

Water baby born at Zoo! Hip-hippo-ray!

\* \* \*

"Greek Day" definitely has something to do with chips.



"Well, how would you watch for parachutists if you'd got a stiff neck?"

"Daily Mirror"

SOLUTION.

"Teddo" the Gunner and his pal were on four days' leave in Sydney. Walking towards the Manly boat, Ted, who is a good-living conscientious country lad, became confidential. Turning to his more sophisticated mate, he said:

"I'm rather worried."

"What is it?" asked the mate.

"Well, I have lately met a wealthy widow on the North Shore line. I don't love her. She wants me to marry her before I go away, but there is a poor girl up home whom I do love intensely. What shall I do?"

"Listen to your heart, 'Teddo,'" advised the other.

"You are right. I'll go home and get 'spliced'."

"I'll tell you what you might do, then, old boy. Give me the widow's address and I'll explain things to her," said the other.

\* \* \*

"Even Rolf became a fanatical Nazi."—Stockholm cable. Why this redundancy?

## TOO RISKY.

"Rusty" was walking about the deck biting hard on his top lip and looking very dejected.

"What's the matter, 'Rusty'?" asked his mate, "are you seasick?"

"Not exactly," 'Rusty' replied, "but I'm dog tired and not flamin' well game to yawn."

\* \* \*

A recruit was trying to dodge military service. "I'm afraid my shortsightedness will prevent me from doing any actual fighting," he said.

The M.O. replied cheerfully: "That's all right old chap. We've got special trenches for the shortsighted ones. Right up close to the enemy—you just can't miss seeing 'em!"

\* \* \*

His mother-in-law had written to say that she was on the way to live with them for the duration of the war. As she approached the house she saw a large crowd. Pushing her way to the front, she gasped when she saw what damage a midnight fire had done—at the heap of bricks and charred furniture.

"Dear me," she said, her face livid. "I didn't think he'd go as far as that."

\* \* \*

An American correspondent says that the area of occupied France may be extended in the near future. Meanwhile the area of unoccupied Germany is being considerably increased by the R.A.F.

\* \* \*

An Italian general is said to have wept when captured by the British. For crying out loud!

\* \* \*

General Antonescu asserts that Rumania's loyalty to the Axis is "a state of conscience." But who contributes the conscience?

## "ONE MAN'S MEAT . . ."

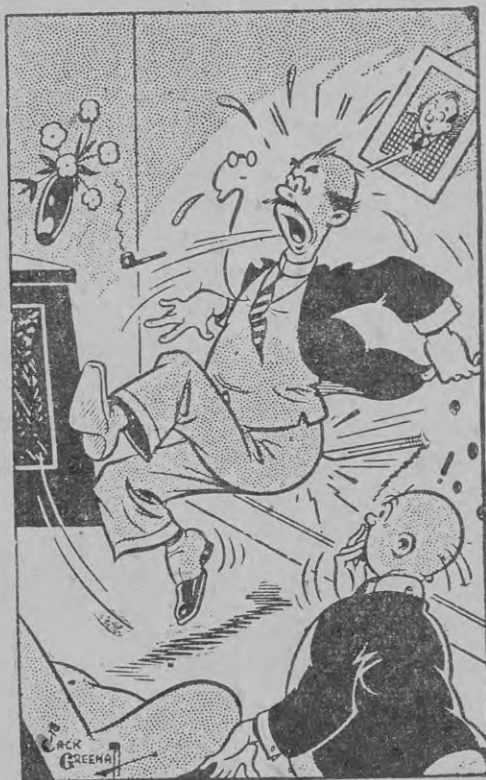
"We had a piper in to play a pi-broch to Private MacLachlan, doctor, and I think we shall pull him round."

"Excellent, Sister."

"Unfortunately all the other patients are running high temperatures!"

\* \* \*

British parachutists have landed in southern Italy. This will make the Italians, too, feel jumpy.



"Crikey! Fred, I forgot to warn you!—that's my next door neighbour of the Home Guard doing his bayonet practice!"

"Daily Mirror"

The officer's batman took the lady a lovely bouquet.

Lady: Yes, but I am not the only lady the lieutenant sends flowers to. Now, haven't you taken a bouquet to some other ladies?

Batman: Not to-day, miss.

\* \* \*

New air raid shelters issued to English householders can also be used as a table. In these circumstances it will be no reproach if the head of the house is found under the table.

## IT'S A GIFT.

While crossing a common an old woman noticed one of those men who go round jabbing a pointed stick into scraps of paper to gather them up.

Stopping beside him she said kindly: "Don't you find that work very tiring?"

"Not very, mum," replied the man. "You see, I was born to it—my father used to harpoon whales."

\* \* \*

They had been invited to dinner at the house of a prominent local resident. As there was no one to look after little Tommy, it was necessary to take him, too.

The meal started off well enough, but while Tommy was trying to cut the meat on his plate it slipped off on to the floor and his mother's face flushed.

"Tommy," she whispered tensely, "you must apologise to Mrs. Ayres at once. Get up and say something quickly."

The child slowly picked the meat from the floor and said: "I'm sorry, Mrs. Ayres. It's funny, but tough meat always does that."

\* \* \*

Two recruits met in the canteen. "Where do you come from?" one asked.

"Lancashire," was the reply.

"Lancashire? By goom, give me thi' 'and"—and a shake followed. "Which part of Lancashire does tha' coom from?"

"Oh, from Oldham."

"Oldham? Give me both hands. The last man I met from Oldham pinched my watch."

\* \* \*

On his recent visit to Madrid, Gestapo Chief Himmler saw a bullfight. It isn't often a German gets a chance to see such a large piece of beef nowadays.

\* \* \*

Roosefelt!



TOLD BY THE MARINES.

Everyone knows the meaning of the old saying: "Tell that to the Marines," but here is a story the Marines themselves are telling.

During the evacuation of Dunkirk, the story goes, a small boat crowded with men was hurrying homeward when the look-out was amazed to see a man swimming nine miles from land. He was heading for England. The helmsman shaped a course towards the solitary swimmer and shouted: "Care for a lift?"

The swimmer, without slackening pace, replied: "Thanks—if you're sure you've room."

\* \* \*

Shop Assistant: Madam, if you want corned beef you will have to join the army, and for the demerara sugar you'll have to join the Navy, and, I'm told the R.A.F. are keeping their eggs for Hamm.

\* \* \*

Jack Tar had broken off with his girl. After ignoring several letters requesting the returning of her photograph, he received one threatening to report the matter to his superior officer.

Deciding to silence her for all time, he borrowed all the pictures of girls available on the ship and sent them in a bundle with a note attached:

"Pick yours out. I've forgotten what you look like."

\* \* \*

The dishevelled soldier made his way into the police station.

"Are you in charge?" he asked.

"I am," replied the man in uniform.

"Well, I'm lost," said the dishevelled man.

"Lost, are you?" replied the sergeant. "Well, if you can prove that anybody's missing you, we'll take up the case."

\* \* \*

March?

WHICH ONE?

From somewhere in England comes the story of two rather elderly Home Guards who were marching abreast, followed by their new corporal.

"Now then," snapped the corporal, very conscious of his two stripes, "one of you is out of step!"

"Aye, aye," replied one of the men, "but I'm sure you don't know which one!"

\* \* \*



"Sluggery! Drop that warlike attitude! Things were nice and peaceful before you came here!"

"Daily Mirror"

The colonel of a battalion billeted in the country was invited to the neighbouring farm for lunch.

He astounded the farmer by eating two small roasted fowls. Later, while walking in the farmyard, he noticed a cock strutting about and remarked, "By gad! That's a proud bird."

"So he should be," answered the farmer. "He has two sons in the army now."

\* \* \*

There appears to be a lot of glass distinction in our pubs now.

HIGHWAY ROBBERY.

Feeling in need of sustenance, a Tommy went into a restaurant somewhere in the West End. Having fed, he asked for his bill. It was brought, and when he recovered consciousness he looked with new interest upon the waiter who had presented it.

"Do you want to buy a horse?" he asked.

The waiter stared.

"Me? Buy da' horse? No, sir."

"Sure you don't want a horse?"

"No, sir. What I want wiz a horse?"

"Dick Turpin had one," explained the diner as he gathered up the remnants of a pound and rose to go.

\* \* \*

The same year we read, saw the birth of Adolf Hitler and Charlie Chaplin. As time went on the former grew less funny.

\* \* \*

"There is nervous tension among the Swedish and Swiss populations," says a writer. They never know when they will be invaded by Germany without the formality of having peace declared on them.

\* \* \*

Mussolini's military policy has its critics in Rome, we read. They frankly condemn the Duce's idea of launching a sudden defensive on the Greek frontier.

\* \* \*

Hitler's speech last week is said to have been marked by much coughing and spluttering. A noise first attributed to static now turns out to have been the sound of people in the front stalls putting up their umbrellas.

\* \* \*

A parashot complains that when on guard duty his relief who was resting near by talked in his sleep the whole time. One of the Vocal Defence Volunteers.

## THEY TALKED OF HITLER.

"To think that any man should sink solo," said a cardplayer.

"His actions are not cricket," said the man in flannels, "but we'll stump him yet. we'll bowl him out, all right; we'll hit him to leg."

"That must be our goal," said the man in the guernsey.

"We'll slam him to blazes," breathed the bridge-player fiercely.

"Domino him!" briefly grunted the man who played on the pub bar.

"Too right, we'll euchre him," was the contribution of the third card-player.

"We'll put him in a huff," said the draughts-player.

"Checkmate him," put in the chess-player.

"Put the curb on him, and when he looks for a run on the rails we'll stiffen him," said the horsey man.

"We'll beat him by hook or by crook, make his ships sinkers, break his lines and give him the rod," declared the fisherman.

"He got on his bike about things, but he'll soon be tired," said the cyclist.

"He'll never beat our aces; and when he attacks our placements he'll find he's lost his advantage," quoth the man with the racquet.

"And he'll be beaten by our cannons. We'll put him on the spot and run him into a pocket," observed the billiardist.

"Put' him through the hoops," was the croquet-player's remark.

"He ought to be shot," said the publican.

\* \* \*

## VISUAL.

Many a girl who goes to a King's Cross party looking a perfect vision, comes away looking a perfect sight.

\* \* \*

## ENVIRONMENT.

Then there was the guest in Surry Hills who, when asked for a nut-cracker passed a bottle of beer.

## THE KISS.

The small car skidded round the corner, jumped into the air, knocked down a lamp-post, smacked four cars, ran over a dog, into a fence, and then stopped. A blonde climbed out of the wreck. "Darling," she exclaimed, "that's what I call a kiss."

\* \* \*



'Gosh! Some high dive, mate!  
But I can't say your swimming's  
up to much!'

"Daily Mirror"

## TINNY.

During the Great War a dainty nurse asked the canteen sergeant to give her a quantity of meat tins and jam tins, which he agreed to do, and had them sent down to the nurses' quarters.

A few days later nurse came along and said to the sergeant: "Do you remember those tins you let me have?"

"Yes," said the sarge, "were they what you wanted?"

Nurse: "Oh, yes; but I made some terrible bloomers with them."

Sarge: "Cripes, Nurse, no wonder you rattle as you walk."

## THE ORDEAL.

He opened his eyes and lay there gazing at the ceiling. He had hardly slept a wink, but he didn't care about that—he had a sick feeling in the stomach, the kind of feeling that you get when you know a horrible ordeal is in store for you.

There was a knocking at the door.

"I'm ready," he said.

Heavy footsteps did not raise his hopes any. In fact, the very monotony of their dull tread filled him with horror and dread of what was coming to him.

A door was opened for him and he stepped inside. His eyes dilated in terror as he looked across the room; his mouth gaped open as he realised that the time had come.

His arms were gripped from behind and a dessertspoonful of castor-oil was tipped into his mouth.

"You'll feel better for it, son," said the M.O.

\* \* \*

Private Brown was grumbling about the five very fat pieces of meat on his plate compared with the one very tiny piece of juicy meat, when in walked the orderly officer.

"Any complaints?" he asked.

"Yes, sir; this meat is all fat," said Private Brown.

The officer picked up a fork, deftly pinned the one juicy piece of lean and ate it.

"Tastes good to me," he said, and walked off amid the laughter of the company at Private Brown's face as he surveyed the remaining pieces of fat.

\* \* \*

The Germans are now broadcasting propaganda in Gaelic. Even Scots ought to see something funny in that.

\* \* \*

According to one writer, "the war has taken the divine spark out of motoring." Well, the spirit, anyway.

Become Popular at Parties —

# BE A MAGICIAN

Easy Conjuring Tricks that anyone can perform:—

## THE BALANCING CARD.

WONDERFUL, BUT QUITE EASY.

NO SKILL OR PRACTICE NEEDED.

Price Six Pence,  
with full directions.

A Good Pocket Trick for  
After Dinner or Party.

This is a surprising and effective trick. You take a glass of water and balance it on the edge of a card, that you hold out at arm's length. A good trick to perform between more elaborate feats.



## EGG BAG TRICK.

(EXTRAORDINARY)

This is the famous Egg Bag Trick, as done by the world's best magicians, yet it is so simple that with it the beginner can bewilder an audience. An egg is passed for examination, and a small bag is shown, both inside and outside, to the audience. The performer puts the egg in the bag, and while holding it, from the outside of the bag taps it on the table or against something to show that it is there. Yet, on the word of command the egg leaves the bag, which is turned inside out, and shown to be absolutely empty. Even the onlookers fail to find it in the bag. A spectator is now asked to hold the bag, when the performer, with sleeves rolled up, immediately produces the egg from inside the bag. Full instructions. Price ..... 6/6

## MAGIC CARDS.

STARTLING — SENSATIONAL.

Performer hands pack of ordinary cards to a member of the audience to shuffle. Cards are cut and performer places half in each of trouser's pockets. Audience is requested to name a card (for instance, 7 of spades) and high presto! in an instant performer produces the selected card. Easily operated by anyone. Price ..... 6/6

## THE SILK SERPENT.

WEIRD!

The serpents of India are said to have wonderful powers, and it is even claimed that the skin of a certain snake from Northern India retains its power to live for 1,000 years. With this introduction, the entertainer shows a green silk handkerchief with a tip of red attached to one corner, the whole representing a silk serpent. A knot is tied in the centre of the "serpent" and the "serpent head" allowed to hang down. Presently, and in full view, the "head" is seen to slowly rise upwards to the knot through which it passes and completely unties itself. A weird effect. Easily operated by anyone. Price 6/6

## CHANGING THE NAZI FLAG.

AMAZING.

Both sides of a Nazi Flag are shown. The performer now, simply by a stroke of his hand, causes it to instantly change its colour, and lo! instead of the original Nazi flag we now have a red, white and blue handkerchief tied together. A very pretty effect. Price for apparatus (with full directions) effect. Easily operated by anyone. Price for apparatus (with full directions) 6/6 post free.

## MARVELLOUS MEMORY.

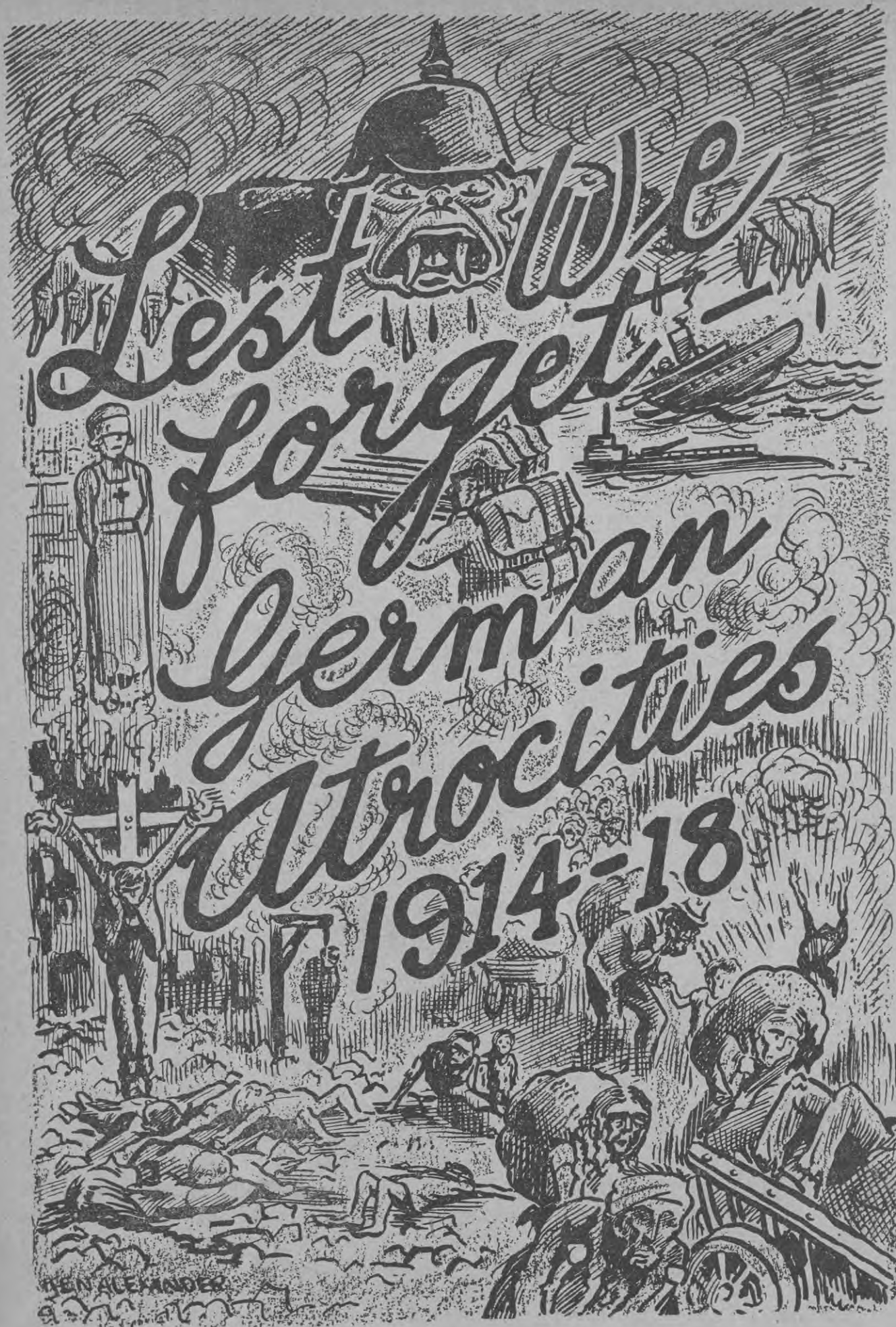
A MOST MYSTIFYING AND SENSATIONAL  
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The performance of this clever trick causes profound surprise. It seems absolutely impossible for even the most phenomenal mental expert to commit to memory ninety groups of six figures, and to be able to remember any one of them at a moment's notice. In some respects this demonstration is even more wonderful and astonishing than the so-called "second sight" or "clairvoyance." The audience is invited to call out any number from one to ninety, and the performer instantly announces the six-figure group that appears in the section of the selected number. A diagram with the ninety groups of figures and full directions for performing this amazing trick can be had for sixpence. It is quite easy when you know how.



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