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JUNE, 1941

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WAR WIT

A Tonic for the Jitters

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June, 1941

JUST LIKE THAT.

In the club they were discussing the doings of the R.A.F.

"I heard of one pilot who brought down three Germans in one fight," said the first.

"That's nothing," said the second. "I heard of one who drove off twelve single-handed."

The little man in the corner sniffed loudly.

"That's nothing," he said; "a pilot I know once broke a German plane in two in the air."

"He must have riddled it with bullets."

"Bullets nothing! He'd used up all his ammunition, so he threw a spanner at it."

* * *

Hitler's Darlan?

* * *

BEYOND REASON.

The orderly officer entered the mess-room and asked the soldiers dining there if there were any complaints.

There were. One young recruit sprang up and complained that he'd found a cigarette-end on the edge of his dinner-plate.

"Good heavens, man!" exclaimed the officer. "What do you expect—a packet of twenty?"

* * *

Officer: "Now, you see that house about 300 yards away. Well, let us suppose it is occupied by the enemy."

Recruit: "It IS occupied by the enemy, sir."

"What do you mean?"

"It's my mother-in-law's house."

* * *

UPS AND DOWNS.

Air trainee entered the model ground instructional machine, and his tutor clambered into the rear cockpit. "Take her up to 5000 feet. Good! Now dive! Release your bombs! Take her up to 200 feet! Right! Now we have reached the surface, do you know where you've been?"

Trainee mumbled something about "100 feet above the ground," only to be told: "No. You were 200 feet below sea level!" Trainee slipped out of the straps, and out of the machine.

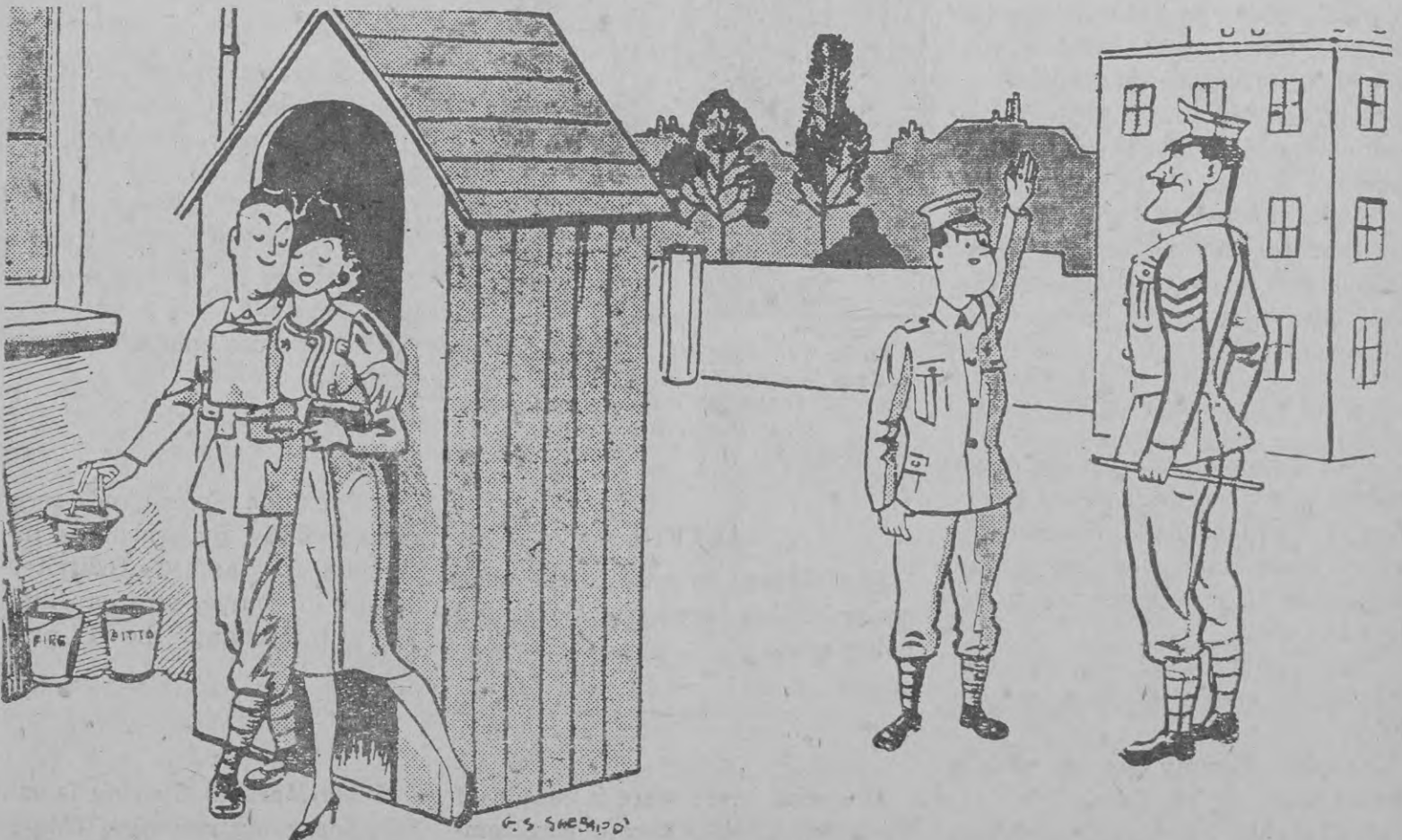
"Hey," his mentor called, "Where are you off to?"

"To join the submarine force," he called over his shoulder.

* * *

Italy Calling: Hold the "lion"!

* * *



FOREWARNED.

Everyone in the camp liked "Smithy," who was especially popular with the padre. There was one fly in the ointment, however, for "Smithy" was fond of the grog.

Padre decided to have a word with him in the hope of persuading him to lessen his drinking.

He picked a bad time, for "Smithy" had come back from leave with a skinful. Padre told him about a man who had drunk to excess for several years, and was so completely saturated with alcoholic fumes that one night when he was blowing out a candle, his breath took fire and he was burnt to death.

"Thanks, Padre, you've saved my life," said "Smithy," very earnestly.

"How have I saved your life?" asked the padre.

"Well," replied "Smithy," "I'll never blow out another candle as long as I live."

* * *

"Your mother," said the sergeant to the very awkward recruit, "seems rather upset because you left home to become a soldier."

"Yes, sir, she is," replied the awkward one. "She keeps on crying."

"Well, just write home and tell her not to fret any more," continued the sergeant. "Unless the war lasts fifty years you'll never be a soldier!"

* * *

Four Tommies had settled down to a game of cards in a quiet corner of the trenches. Suddenly a great commotion was heard and one of the players jumped up to the look-out step.

"Hi, you fellows!" he shouted. "A whole enemy division coming over!"

Another Tommy got up with a bored look on his face.

"All right," he said. "You get on with the game. I'm dummy this hand; I'll go."

SLACKS

The sergeant asked the private if his uniform fitted him.

"Cripes, no! I have to take three steps before the trousers move."

* * *

FAMILY AFFAIR.

There is a growing feeling in England that R.A.F. bombing tends to be piecemeal. Englishmen at this juncture would prefer it to be wholemeal.

* * *



Orders! Orders! nothing but orders!—and to think as a commercial traveller I never could get a ruddy one!

"Daily Mirror"

ARTFUL

She refused to pose in the nude so he let her wear her shoes and bobby-pins.

* * *

It seems there were a couple of Frenchmen. One wrote war communiques, and the other had nothing to say either.

THEN THEY SHELLED NUTS.

Some soldiers gave a dinner for two visitors at camp, members of a famous Canadian regiment, who were home on sick leave. The sergeant had been carefully coached about giving the toast, but became flustered, and this is what he made of it: "Here's to the gallant Eighth, last on the field and the first to leave it."

Silence reigned, then the corporal came gallantly to the rescue.

"Gentlemen," he began, "you must excuse the sergeant; he never could give a toast decently; he isn't used to public speaking. Now, I'll give a toast: Here's to the gallant Eighth, equal to none."

* * *

"You have such lovely horses. Why don't you ride them?"

"Well, it's like this: at one end my horses bite, at the other end they kick, and in the middle they are too slippery."

* * *

The sergeant was inspecting some recruits when he became conscious of a slight movement behind him and whipped round.

"You idiot!" he roared at the offending recruit. "Don't you ever point a rifle at me again—even if it is empty."

"But it's not empty," the recruit explained.

* * *

An Italian submarine recently destroyed by British ships in the Aegean was named Anfitrite. It would, of course, be a cardinal error to interchange the "f" and the "ti."

* * *

Field-Marshal Goering is said to be undergoing massage. This gives a new significance to the popular Army song "Roll Out The Barrel."

REJECTED.

She took my eye when first we met,

And later, took my breath away
With sheer delight. I can't forget

She took my homage day by day.
Though all I had was hers to claim,
Alas, she would not take my name.

* * *

Youthful Sub.: You aren't paying the slightest attention! Do you know what I'm trying to do?

Old Dig.: Yair—teach your grandmother to suck eggs!

* * *

An ambitious young man, on entering the army, worked well. At the end of three months he was made a lance-corporal.

Writing home to his wife he said: "I have taken my first step in promotion. But do not move to a larger house yet, and speak to the neighbours as usual."

* * *

THIRSTY WORK.

"Australia would soon begin shipping beef to the Middel East at the rate of 90,000 tons a year, the Minister for Commerce (Sir Earl Page) said to-night. 'They have to stimulate beer production to meet the boig demand,' Sir Earl Page said."—*"Sun News Pictorial," Melbourne.*

* * *

ECONOMY.

Now that charcoal is daily replacing petrol, our member will be able to get to the House on the boats he burnt behind him.

* * *

Hitler says the German Army will take care of Italy's burdens. Which would never have existed but for the German Army.

* * *

Stated that Mussolini has had a nervous breakdown. Ill Duce!

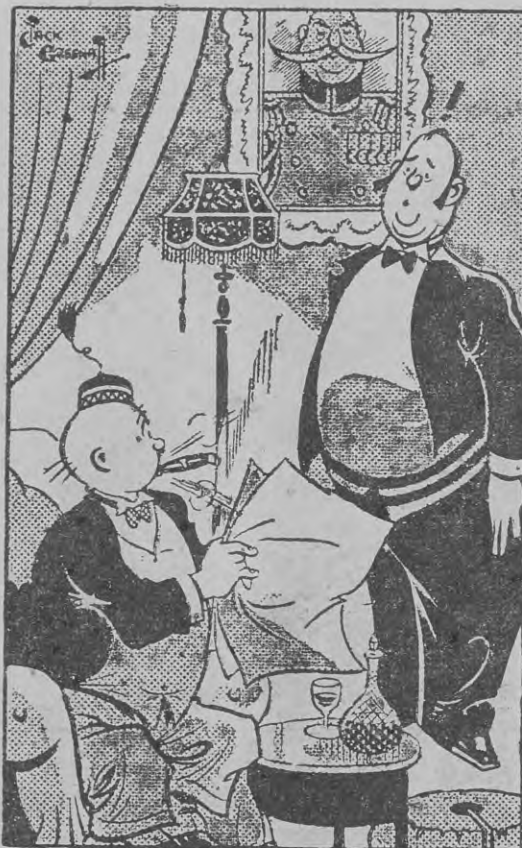
FAMILY AFFAIR.

The youthful subaltern, whose father was the brigadier, was sent with an order to the colonel, whose liver was bad.

"Father says, sir, 'Will you spread your men out more to the right?'" said the youthful one.

"Oh, does he?" said the colonel, with a scorching glance. "And what the blue pencil does your mother say?"

* * *



"Join the Home Guard by all means, Witherspoon! But remember—no coming the "old soldier"!"

"Daily Mirror"

NEW MUSIC

New song entitled, "We feed the Baby Garlic, So We Can Find Him In The Dark."

* * *

Immediately after being married a young bridegroom signed on as a militiaman. War seldom breaks out so soon.

* * *

Hitler has discovered that Turkey is tough.

MIXED.

"Even in the A.I.F. there are some mixed types."—*S.M. Herald.*"

Take Romeo O. Smidtkoffvitch, An Australian of the third generation, though actually born in N.Z., he has a lot of Scotch caution, some Irish wit, a touch of English phlegm, and plenty of British courage. He has had German measles, done a good deal of Russian about, is a Turk to his women-folk, likes Spanish onions and Swedes, and Dutch cheese, has one eye of Belgian glass, and being a bit laze, is inclined to Pole on people who will let him. He took French leave from the camp, would not Dane to excuse himself, and that proved his Finnish. He's mixed, all right.

* * *

NIGHT RAID.

He was not the neurotic type, this six foot lump of brawny masculinity, but he shuddered slightly as he gazed at the instrument of death before him. He pondered a while on the ingenuity of man and his ability to devise such things as this to destroy his enemies.

Already, many of the enemy had been killed through the agency of his hands. Each night meant a fresh onslaught, and to-night he hoped, with systematic manoeuvres, to send many more to their doom. It wasn't a pleasant business, but it was a job that had to be done.

With a shrug, he dismissed his thoughts, and set about preparing for the night's operations. Carefully he began to adjust the destroyer of life for its deadly mission. What if it should go off while he was handling it? Once again he shuddered. A few tense seconds passed, and his work was completed. Still, it was a tricky job, setting a mouse-trap that had an extra strong spring.

* * *

Above all for N.Z.: R.N.A.

FORGETFUL.

Mick was up before the C.O.
 "Charged with smoking a cigarette while on sentry duty, I see," said the C.O. "Serious offence. Army discipline, you know. What's your excuse, if any?"
 Mick was very weary: "I forgot to take me pipe," he explained.

* * *

A sergeant of the Royal Engineers went into a timber merchant's office.

"I want some timber for a bridge," he said.
 He was ushered into the director's office, given whisky and a cigar, and promised the best timber procurable.
 "Now, where does this bridge go?" asked the director.
 "On my fiddle," replied the sergeant.

* * *

Germany may be short of essential foods, but she has a surplus of cannon fodder.

* * *

The B.I.F. boys have consistently found Italian officers in a mess.

* * *

Over in Albania the Black Shirts have their tails down.

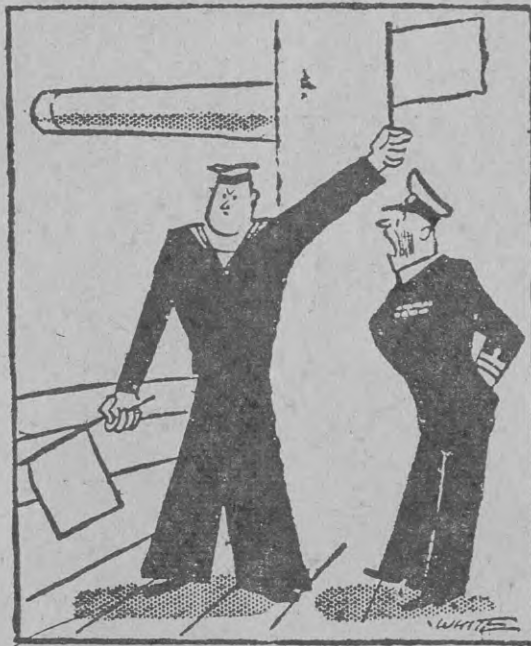
JOLTED.

While Hitler strode, with boast and bray,
 A fearsome brimstone-eater,
 He met a youngster one fine day,
 A boy they call King Peter.
 He met that kid, and got a shock,
 For Peter means, and is, a rock.

* * *

We are not asked to state that, in anticipation of enemy raids, the pubs are contemplating having their own dugouts.

* * *



"You've been dropping your aitches again, Hopkins!"
 "Auckland Weekly"

The rookie was cleaning his rifle, and looked up to see a shadowy figure approaching. "Hey, you," he demanded, "give me a hand with this pull-through."

The aid was given, and the rookie looked up to discover himself in the presence of a colonel!

"Oh, I beg yer pardon, sir," he chattered, as he jumped up with his knees shaking.

"It's all right, buddy," said the colonel. "But it's fortunate I wasn't a sergeant."

* * *

The last war was fought to make the world safe for democracy, and the democracies won. So what?

VAMOOSSED

Q.M.S.: Will you let me have two men—reliable men—this morning?
 R.S.M. (affectionately): Sure you shall have the cream of the regiment.
 Q.M.S.: Yeah—like the last pair—vanishing cream.

* * *

"All you can eat for half a crown."

The proprietor of a restaurant which makes this offer was congratulating himself on a plan which attracts good custom when in walked a Sergeant over six feet tall and weighing about eighteen stone, and settled himself for a comfortable meal.

After he had finished the official count was handed to the proprietor by a grim-faced waiter. It read: "Four fruit cocktails, eight veal cutlets, five portions of potatoes, two portions of beef, six ice-creams, two tomato salads, five portions of ham."

As the patron left the proprietor smiled undaunted.

"Come and have a proper meal some time," he said.

* * *

There is a disturbing rumour that people who have given up whisky for the duration will shortly be saving even more money by having adopted this course.

* * *

"And now," said the dear old lady, who after great difficulty had been fitted with her respirator, "where do I get the gas?"

* * *

Sailors helped to repair the pavement in an English town after a bomb explosion. Jack tars.

* * *

Bomb-proof shelters should be something concrete.

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There had been a bad raid the night before, and the vicar was out viewing the damage.

"It is very sad, indeed," he said to a local "character." "Just look at the number of churches which are being destroyed."

"Ay," said the other. "And just think of the pubs that are being destroyed too—that's much worse!"

The vicar drew himself up. "I don't think I want to discuss that —" he began coldly.

"Well," said the "character," "you can get a service over the wireless, but I'll be hanged if you can get a pint!"

* * *

It happened that two separate Army wedding receptions were given at the same time in a West End hotel in adjoining rooms, and this led to confusion, as some of the guests got into the wrong room. At length it was decided to make one party of the two. A little later a waiter approached an officer who was standing against the wall in a semi-dazed condition, and offered him champagne. "No thank you," he replied, "I'm not feeling very well. In fact, I can see two brides already."

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.

Officer: How long did it take you to learn to drive a motor-car?

Private: Oh, three or four.

Officer: Weeks?

Private: No, sir—motor cars!

* * *

Employer (interviewing applicant for job): Know anything about electricity?

"Yessir."

"What's an armature?"

"A chap who boxes for nothin'!"

* * *

"How," asked the officer on the rifle range, "did you get those four straight hits? Your range is 600 yards, but your sight is set at 300."

Said the young militiaman: "See that little rock halfway along? Well, I'm bouncing 'em off that."

* * *

The mouth-organ was claimed by three soldiers and the sergeant decided to arbitrate.

"I'll play a tune on it," he said. "You tell me what the tune is, and the one who's right gets the mouth-organ."

A weird medley of sounds followed, and guesses were made.

"I think Bert's won," said the sergeant. "He was nearest with 'Roll out the Barrel.' What I was playing was 'As Pants the Hart for Coolin' Streams!'"

* * *

Some Jerry planes were overhead, and the sirens had sounded. A figure strolled carelessly down the main street of the country town.

An A.R.P. warden called out to him, "Take cover! Can't you hear those sirens?"

"Yes, I heerd 'un," he replied placidly, "but these sirens 'ere ain't nuthin' to me, I'm ony 'ere for the market. I lives over at Slocomb, and them's the sirens I 'as to listen for!"



"Nasty? My dear, they say he's rotten to the corps!"

"Observer"

Waiter: What about a chop, sir?

Colonel: I never eat chops.

Waiter: In that case, sir, dinner is over.

* * *

A member of a ladies aid society in a small town went to the bank to deposit, as she told the bank clerk, "some aid money."

Unfortunately the clerk thought she said "egg money" and replied "Remarkable, isn't it how well the old hens are doing these days?"

And even now he doesn't know why he received an icy look as the good lady swept out of the bank.

* * *

Tobacco shortage enables us to know what Shakespeare meant by the piping times of peace.

* * *

In this tug-of-war Mussolini has the rope round his neck.

* * *

News item: "President Roosevelt says he hopes to visit Australia after the war." We don't care how soon he arrives.

Colonel was very insistent that the traditions of his unit should be maintained. Certain things were done, others definitely were not; and every new officer was given an interview with the old man himself.

At those interviews, the honour of the regiment was stressed, and the colonel outlined his policy and suggested what the officer should do. He was interviewing a reinforcement subaltern, rather a meek youngster.

"I should like you to grow a moustache," said the colonel. "I like all my officers to have moustaches, but they must be good; none of these five-a-side things, or anything like Hitler's."

"Yes, Sir," said the subaltern. He paused and asked, "Any particular colour, Sir?"

* * *

Trinder was not the brightest man in the A.I.F., but he was the first soldier admitted to the hospital in his home town.

Reason for his spell in hospital was that he caught a bad cold on leave, and his mother, fearing he might get pneumonia or something, sent for the doctor, who decided Trinder needed the best possible care.

Whole of the hospital's small staff was thrilled to have Trinder there, and they waited on him hand and foot. One of the nurses took him a liberal serving of Yorkshire pudding for dinner.

"Here you are," she said. "This will shift your cold."

Then she left him. About half an hour later she looked in to see how the patient was faring.

"How are you feeling now?" she asked. "Have you eaten it all up?"

"Eaten it," gasped Trinder. "Why, I'm wearing it on my chest."

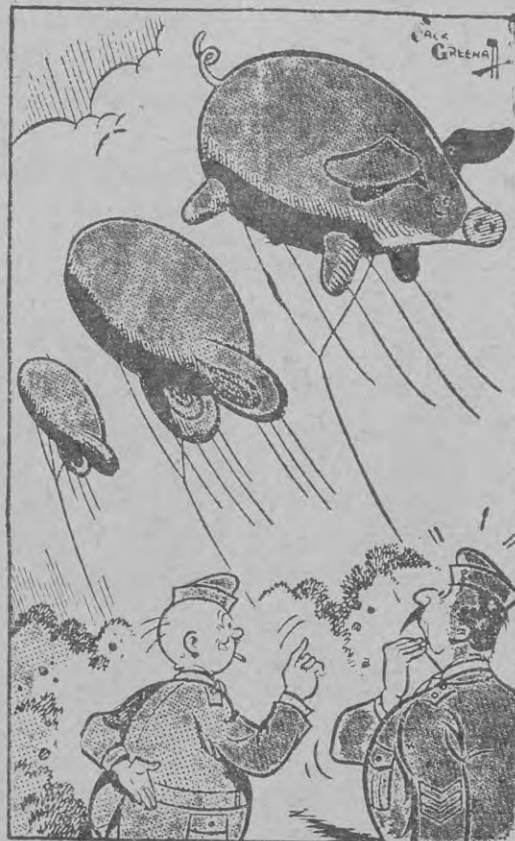
* * *

More than ever, Italy can boast of her undersea fleet.

The sergeant was instructing a squad of recruits in the intricacies of funeral drill. He reached the part where the firing party lined the graveside and commented thus:—

"And then you don't 'ave to look forlorn, and you don't 'ave to bloomingwell cheer. You maintains an 'appy but sorrowful countenance, 'appy that he's gorn to a better land, but sorry that he's 'opped it without paying his mess bills."

* * *



"Er—a little idea I picked up at the toy bazaar, sir!"

"Daily Mirror"

Corporal: Please, sir, I think somebody wants you on the telephone.

Colonel: Now, what is the use of saying you think I am wanted. Am I wanted or not?

"Well, sir, somebody rang up and said: 'Is that you, you old idiot?'"

* * *

The new King of Spain is evidently a bit of a lad. In fact he's a regular Don Juan.

When his ship was torpedoed Pat was seen to dive into the sea and swim swiftly to an island. He landed, but immediately plunged into the sea again, and returning to the ship assisted in no small way in rescuing passengers as it sank.

When all were landed Pat was congratulated. "But why, Pat, did you first swim to the island" he was asked.

"Shure, and I had to save my own life before I could save the others," said Pat.

* * *

Back in billets, some of the boys had arranged a party, and invited the lads from another battalion to join them.

Private Smith was giving the guests instructions how to reach the place. "When you get there," he said, "walk upstairs and ring the bell with your elbow, and we'll let you in."

"But why ring the bell with your elbow" asked one of them.

"Blimey," said Smith, "you don't mean to say you're coming empty-handed."

* * *

An alibi from Oklahoma. Two negroes were charged with swimming naked in a lake in one of the municipal parks.

Their reply was curt, clear and complete.

"We weren't the people who were swimming."

"If we were swimming, we couldn't be seen, because the alleged offence occurred at nine-thirty on a moonless night."

"It was no offence, because we were wearing black bathing costumes."

"We can't swim."

* * *

After studying the scene of hostilities in Greece, we note that there is a river there called the Aspro. It should be regarded as a national asset.

"Yes," said the little man in the corner of the carriage, "a friend of mine with a cousin at the War Office told me all about Hitler's secret weapon."

"What is it?" asked several of his audience, vastly intrigued.

"Well," said the little man, "he's going to make a new pact with someone. Then he's going to stick to his word and observe the pact—and the shock will kill all his enemies!"

* * *

"It's a dreary place this," said one soldier stationed in a provincial town to another, "the only sign of life is smoke issuing from the crematorium chimney."

* * *

The Colonel was very fond of a game of golf, but unfortunately his skill was not as great as his enthusiasm. He was just coming to play his tenth stroke between holes very much in the rough, when he turned angrily to his caddie.

"Look here," he exclaimed, "why do you keep looking at your watch?"

The caddie grinned.

"It ain't a watch, sir, it's a compass."

* * *

A typical example of the unconquerable Cockney spirit: A famous city tavern, windows shattered, has the following notice posted up where the windows once stood: "Open as usual."

The little tea-shop next door, windows also shattered, has gone one better, and announces cheerily: "More open than usual."

* * *

Seen on an Australian billet in Bardia: "Mussolini doesn't Libya now."

* * *

Hitler was 52 this week. Crime marches ON!

The following is an extract from a letter written by an "evacuated" London schoolteacher:

"My children . . . are wild little creatures, 80 per cent. of whom have been through the Battle of London up to date. But they have the Cockney air of defiance. Yesterday we came across the line, 'Oh, to be in England!' I waited for someone to go on, but no sign. Then I said, 'That is the first line of a famous poem. Do you know who wrote it 'Hitler!' someone shouted. There was a wild yell of joy from the whole room."

* * *



"Anyway, there is no official confirmation of mother's stories about fairies—and they should therefore be treated with great reserve."

"Daily Mail"

Two M.O.'s had been discussing the effect colour had on the human brain. Sometimes it soothed, often it irritated, occasionally it roused temper.

"I have heard," remarked the first M.O. "that colour-blind people seldom lost their tempers."

"Quite true," grinned the second M.O., "They are unable to see red."

The Colonel staggered into the hotel lobby and reeled up to the desk clerk.

"I want what I want," he asserted, "an' no argumentsh!"

"Very good, sir," said the clerk, "What did you wish, sir?"

The steward waved a hand. "I want a room on the sixth floor," he demanded. "An' another room right across the hall from the first room."

"That's odd!" cried the amazed clerk. "Why do you want two rooms, one across the corridor from the other?"

The colonel slapped the desk.

"Because," he hiccupped, "in case anything happensh, I wanna be near myself!"

* * *

A modern young lady found herself for the weekend with a notoriously strait-laced country family in England. Fearing that the pyjamas she wore might be considered improper, she carefully hid them every morning when she got up. But one morning at breakfast, she suddenly realised she had forgotten them, that they were lying brazenly on her bed. Excusing herself, she rushed to her room. The pyjamas had disappeared.

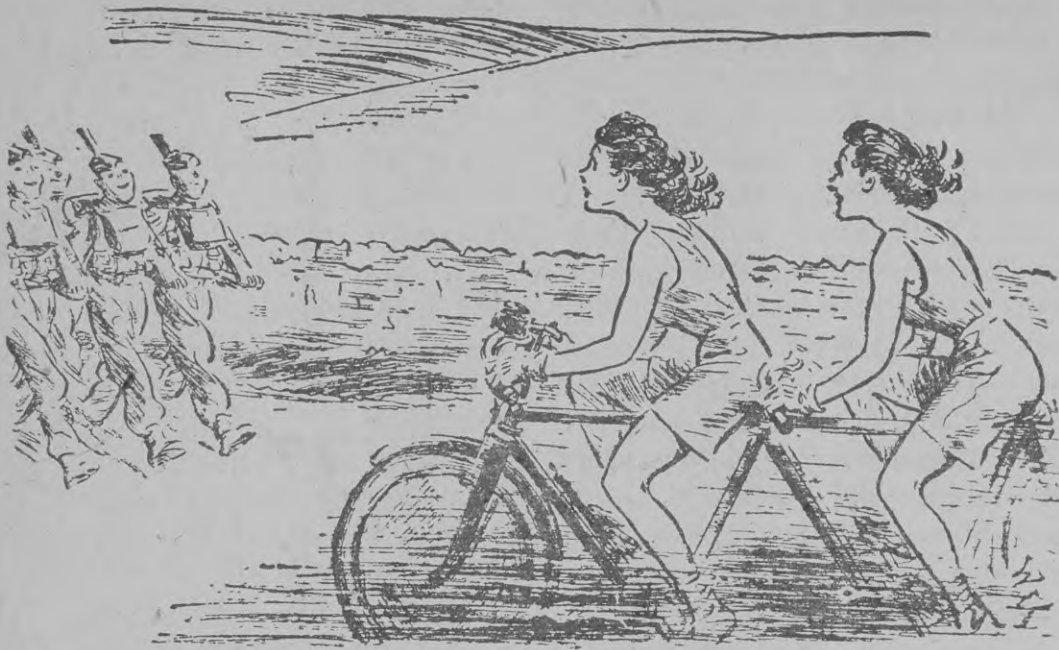
While she was feverishly hunting for them, looking vainly through closets and drawers, a dour, elderly maid appeared and surveyed the scene. "If it's the pyjamas you're looking for, Miss," she said, "I put them back in the young gentleman's room."

* * *

An American visitor states that N.Z. possesses a remarkable number of pretty girls. A land flowing with milk and Honies.

* * *

Darlan's threat would suggest that 50,000 Frenchmen can be wronged.



**"Now, remember, Joyce, ride straight at that blue-eyed boy on the right
It's the only way I can think of to get to know him."**

"Auckland Weekly"

The boy in the R.N.R. was determined to give away no secrets belonging to the British Navy, even to his best girl.

To her question: "What do you do on board?" he replied, "Wash down the decks," and to the next question, "What do you do after that?" he was ready with "Oh, I clean the brasswork."

But when she persisted, "And after that?" he was nearly stumped.

"Then," he said haltingly, "then—well, I sweep the horizon."

* * *

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!"

* * *

"A high military officers journeyed all the way to Auburn to have a suit tailored."—"The Express," Lidcombe, N.S.W.

A young Polish pilot attached to the R.A.F. wished to send a message of good will to a friend in a squadron detailed for a special job.

The message he wanted to give was "God preserve you" but not knowing how to express it in English, he consulted a Polish-English dictionary. That dictionary gave him the choice of two words — "preserve" and "pickle."

He chose the wrong one.

* * *

A school teacher was inculcating principles of morality and religion in the minds of her young charges and said: "Now children, if you do right always you will each have a gold crown to wear some day. Just think of that!"

"Yes" said a young Jewish pupil, "my father always does right, and he has a gold crown."

"He has?" asked the teacher. "I know your father well, but I never saw him wearing a crown of gold."

"Oh, no" was the answer, "he doesn't wear it on his head — he wears it on his tooth!"

* * *

Statue of Liberty: Lend and Lease Bill.

TRUSTWORTHINESS.

The little Lancashire evacuees were discussing the merits of their mayors.

"We've got a real proper mayor, we 'ave, in our town," said one.

"So ha' we!" retorted the other.

"Aye, but ours has a collar and a chain. 'As yourn?"

"No. We can trust our chap. We let him go about loose."

* * *

Ex-King Carol, we read left his Madrid hotel without paying his bill. The hotelkeeper certainly knew it was'n't Christmas.

* * *

Cheerful Patient (looking up from his periodical in dentist's waiting room): Well, we seem to be winning the war all right. But I say, who is this bloke Kruger?

* * *

"Do you know who I am?" shouted the irate general to the Australian who had neglected to salute him.

"Do you know who I am?" he persisted, as the soldier looked blankly at him.

"Here boys," said the Australian turning to his friends. "Here's something good. A general who doesn't know his own name!"

* * *

When a warship's in port the sailor's slogan reverses the motor-car salesman's. Instead of so many miles to the gal., it's so many gals to the mile.

* * *

Teacher: Now spell "straight."

Small Pupil: S-t-r-a-i-g-h-t.

Teacher: Correct! Now what does it mean?

Small Pupil: Without water!

* * *

Looks as though Hitler is about to cook his gooseflesh in Greece.

An elderly lady had been to hear her nephew for the first time, and she thought it a very poor sermon.

Later that day she asked: "James, why did you enter the ministry?"

"Because I was called," he answered.

"James," said the old lady anxiously, looking solemnly at him, "are you sure it wasn't some other noise you heard?"

* * *

In the early part of the aerial "blitz," when daylight raids were taken more or less seriously, a young man and a pretty girl took refuge in a gloomy public shelter. After three-quarters of an hour or so, the couple came back into the daylight on hearing the "all clear."

"Do you know, darling," the young man whispered tenderly, "if I'd known we were going to be so long down there in the dark I'd have kissed you."

The girl raised a surprised face to his.

"Oh, wasn't it you?" she remarked casually.

* * *

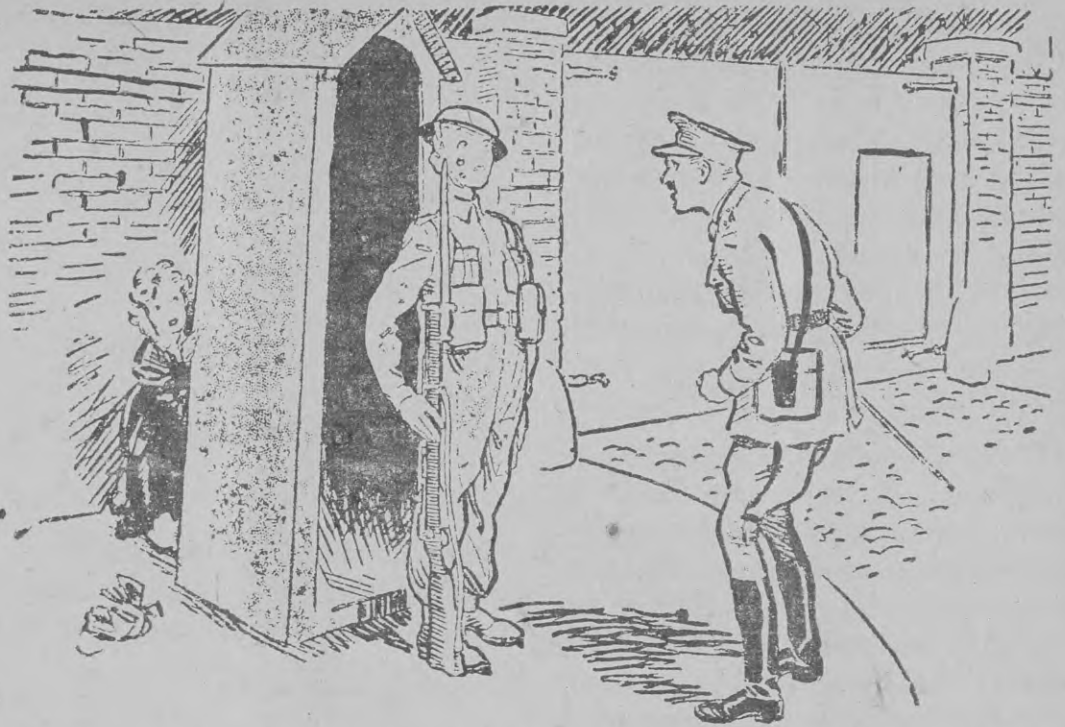
An Armed Forces Appeal Board, considering the case of an employee in a corset factory, strayed off into the question of whether or not fairies wore corsets. One member suggested that corsets would be very cumbersome to fairies during their gambols. Perhaps he confused Titan and Titania.

* * *

Instructing a parade of the Women's War Service Auxiliary in a New Zealand city, the other evening, a male sergeant-major ordered the trainees to put thumbs to the seams of their trousers when they were standing at attention. Blissful man!

* * *

Uncle Sam, the new warder of the East.



"I was caught unawares from the rear, sir, but the enemy fled at your approach."

"Auckland Weekly"

TOLL-CALL.

By long-distance telephone:

"Hullo, Muss! Where were you when those English swine bombed Taranto?"

"Speak up Adolph! I can't hear you."

"And, Muss, that was terrible at Sidi Barrani!"

"What's that, Adolph? You seem a long distance away. Your voice is very faint. Ar you speaking from London, Adolph?"

* * *

A man called on a friend who was a member of the A.F.S., and found him standing on the hearthrug with his back to the fire.

They discussed the weather, Hitler, garden pests, etc., and presently a spark flew out and landed on the seat of the A.F.S. man's trousers. He took no notice.

"Your trousers are smouldering," said his friend.

"Yes, I know," replied the A.F.S. man, "but this is my day off."

* * *

Yugoslavia's new attitude to Germany: Yugo-to-blazes.

"Papa.—On April 5, at Malolo Hospital, Helensville, to Mr. and Mrs. M. Papa, Haupai, a son."—Birth notice in "N.Z. Herald." Congratulations, Papa!

* * *

The German bombing of Belgrade was carried out with characteristic thoroughness. With true nobility they observed the slogan: "Women and children first."

* * *

"I took my lassie home late last night and that dog of hers is a menace to life and limb."

"Go on, his bark is worst than his bite."

"Don't I know it? It was his bark that woke her father up."

* * *

Newly-appointed non-com. (examining first print from the negative): "Isn't there some way to make my moustache show a little plainer?"

Photographer: Yes, you might wait a few years and then come again.

A BIT PREVIOUS.

Two men had foregathered in the canteen for a "quick one."

"What's this about the sergeant falling into a camouflaged practice trench and breaking his leg?" asked one.

"Ssh!" replied another urgently. "It doesn't happen till to-morrow."

* * *

Three Canadians, sleeping in a tent in one of our British training areas last summer, were rudely awakened by a terrific crash not far away.

"What was that — thunder or bombs?" asked one.

"Bombs," was the laconic answer.

"Thank heaven for that!" chimed in the third, "I thought we were going to have more rain!"

* * *

Ministry of Information appeals for discretion are bearing fruit, according to an Exeter headmaster. He quotes a conversation overheard in a Devonshire inn:

"Have 'ee heard the 9 o'clock news?"

"Yes."

"I didn't happen to hear it. Was there anything in it?"

"Can't tell 'ee."

"Why not?"

"'Tis giving information away!"

* * *

Two darkies were boasting about their ancestors.

"An' let me tell you,' said Rastus, "I kin trace ma ancestors back to the fambly tree."

"Is dat so?" exclaimed Mose. "Wall, dere's only two kinds ob things dat lives in trees—dem's birds and monkeys. An' you ain't got no feathers!"

* * *

The office boy has thought up a new one. Now he asked for a day off to evacuate his grandmother who's been bombed.

A sailor pounding on the door of a Chinese restaurant located on the waterfront heard a voice inside saying:

"'Ello!"

Sailor: "How are the chances to eat?"

Chinese: "You hungly?"

Sailor: "Yeah."

Chinese: "You likee fish?"

Sailor: "Sure."

Chinese: "Come back Fliday."

* * *

We read that Germany is threatened by a shortage of timber. Some of those Nazi officials will have to put their heads together.

* * *



"Will you please take your children away, madam—it's hardly the place for them."

"Oh, it's quite all right—their father's a sergeant-major."

"Auckland Weekly"

Myrtle: John's got his Home Guard uniform now, and he's dying for a parachute jumper to come along.

Phyllis: Well, why don't you knit him one?

* * *

"I say, look at the horrible insignia on the side of that bombing plane."

"Shhhh, not so loud. That's the squadron commander looking out the window."

An old farming couple had two evacuees billeted on them. Soon the cat disappeared, and the old dame asked if they had seen it.

"Yes, we drowned it," was the prompt reply, "and we don't like your old man either!"

* * *

The sergeant was getting into his overcoat.

"Are you going out, dear?" asked his wife in surprise, "I thought you were in for the evening."

"Well, I was," admitted her husband, "but the fellow across the road has lost his corkscrew and has just telephoned to know if I can lend him one."

"Send Mary with it," suggested the lady, "There's no need for you to go with it."

"My dear," he said gently, "your last remark sums up the whole reason why women cannot lead armies, control nations, or take anything but a subordinate part in the affairs of the world."

* * *

The secretary was busily writing letters at his desk.

Secretary: "Please take a chair for a moment."

Visitor: "But you do not realise who I am. I am Princess Florestane de Petardiere."

Secretary: "I beg your pardon, madam. Take two chairs."

* * *

Our politicians shelve so many matters that we are beginning to look like a shelf-governing dominion.

* * *

Hitler says the Third Reich can not be bent. But what won't bend must break.

* * *

British Lion ready for the Spring.

At the Christmas party, Bryce and Betty had been playing one of those old-fashioned games with forfeits, and the girl had been ordered to give the young man ten kisses.

"Let's see," said Betty, pausing for breath, "that's seven isn't it?"

"Only six," corrected Bryce.

"Seven, I think."

"No, six."

"Seven!"

"Six."

"Look here," said Betty wearily, "sooner than have any argument we'd better start all over again."

* * *

Dried meat, dried fruit, dried milk, and now dried eggs (one-seventh in volume) to save shipping space.

Next step, please: Dried stomachs will save space in lifts, trams and trains, and wasteful consumption of clothing fabrics.

* * *

"Mose, why isn't Sam at work this mornnig?"

"Boss, dat man's in de hospital."

"In the hospital!"

"Yassuh. Fo' ten days now he's been sayin' he gonna lick his wife for naggin' and las' night she done overheard him. Dat's all."

* * *

Jones: They tell me that silk stockings were invented in Queen Elizabeth's time.

Smith: Maybe, but they weren't discovered until the twentieth century!

* * *

Italian African troops are re-treating so fast that headquarters are falling back on hindquarters.

* * *

Says Goebbels: "Germany will finish the war this year." More likely the war will finish Germany.

* * *

The Far Eased?

ITALY LOOKS AHEAD.

From neutral sources comes the story of two Italians who met in the street.

"How's business?" asked the first.

Very much better," was the reply.

"Better?" exclaimed the other incredulously.

"Yes, very much better than next year."

They know everything's going to the "D(e)uce."

* * *



"Beg pardon, sir, but what about the overtime?"

—Answers, London

The butler telephoned his master to inform him that his house was on fire. "Great heavens!" cried the voice at the end of the line, "Is my wife safe?" "Yes, sir," replied the butler, "she was among the first to get out." "And the children?" "Yes, sir, all safe," was the reassuring reply. "And what about my mother-in-law?" "That's what I want to speak to you about sir. Your mother-in-law is asleep on the third floor, and, knowing your regard for her comfort, I wasn't sure whether I ought to disturb her or not, sir."

* * *

Lucky for democracy that Churchill and Roosevelt see aye to aye.

The vicar was having a serious chat with one of his flock about her son.

"Tom needs educating, Mrs. Jones," he said: "it is very important. I had to pinch like anything to send my sons to college, but it was worth it."

"Maybe," replied Mrs. Jones, "but my husband's too afraid of the law to do anything like that."

* * *

Visiting her brother in camp, and startled by the unexpected firing of a rifle, she screamed and stepped backwards into the arms of a surprised young man.

"Oh," she apologised, "I beg your pardon. I was frightened by the rifle."

"Not at all," replied the young man. "Let's go over and watch the artillery."

* * *

The customer was dissatisfied with the quality of the milk.

"It can't be helped," said the milkman. "It's due to the shortage of grass. Why, the cows are so upset about it that I've seen them crying because they can't do themselves credit."

"Well, perhaps so," said the customer, wearily, "but you might try to prevent them dropping their tears into our bottle."

* * *

A new version of the Trafalgar signal as a Government official of to-day would write it.

"England anticipates that, as regards the current emergency, personnel will face up to the issues and exercise appropriately the functions allocated to their respective occupation-groups."

* * *

Britain's greatest liquid asset: The Channel.

* * *

The murderers' ax-is.

It was a dramatic moment in the play when, with fiery denunciation, the hard-hearted father was about to thrust his erring daughter out of the house for ever.

"What can I do? Where can I go?" sobbed the girl.

There was a tense silence. Then, amid the sobs, rose the shrill voice of a woman in the gallery: "Never mind luv. You come 'ome with me!"

* * *

A young man in khaki was piling sandbags round a section of the barracks when an onlooker asked: "Why the corner only?"

"Ssh," said the man in khaki, "this is where the canteen is."

* * *

Little Edna: "Why wouldn't it do to pray for our bread once a week or once a month? Why must we ask every day for our daily bread?"

Older sister: "So as to have it fresh."

* * *

Grandpa was having his after-lunch sleep in the armchair and emitting sound that might easily have come from a cross-cut saw. As father entered the room, he saw little Billy twisting one of grandpa's waistcoat buttons.

"What are you doing?" he whispered. "You mustn't disturb grandpa, Billy."

"I'm not disturbing him, daddy," explained the child, "I was just trying to tune him in on another station."

* * *

Woman's Paper: "You can get a wife in Papua for £6." In N.Z. they can be had for the asking.

* * *

Hitler stands on the shores of the English Channel and wishes he could put something across.

* * *

America makes her sympathies plane.

An A.R.P. warden was rescuing a man from the debris of a bombed building. As the victim was extricated, he said: "For heaven's sake, give me a drink!"

The warden was a man of the Claude Dampier type with a vacant expression, protruding teeth, and the very best intentions. He fumbled in his pockets and brought out a parcel.

"I haven't got a drink on me," he said apologetically, "but here are some nice cheese sandwiches."

* * *



"Don't worry about her promotion, dear. She just happened to catch the colonel's eye and we didn't. That's all."

"Auckland Weekly"

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

* * *

Mussolini's African Empire is a going concern.

A Londoner was walking in the black-out through a heavy barrage the other night when something whizzed down and struck the road behind him.

He stopped and seeing a cylindrical object on the asphalt, ran. No explosion followed, so he returned cautiously, and this time any doubts he may have had were set at rest.

From the cylindrical object came a hissing sound, and in the light of the gun flashes he could make out a thin column of vapour rising in the air. The man arrived at his home nearby out of breath and had an anxious night waiting for the burst. But no explosion followed. In the early dawn, going out to investigate again, he found that the "bomb" was his own vacuum flask.

This had sipped out of his overcoat pocket as he ducked to avoid a piece of A.A. shell. The hissing sound was caused by the escaping steam from the coffee, the cork having worked loose.

* * *

A German plane had been shot down and the pilot, who baled out, reached terra firma badly wounded. He received due care and attention at the local hospital, and the doctor finally said:—

"There now, you're all right. You'll be a better man than ever you were before."

"How is that?" asked Fritz.

"Because, my lad," said the surgeon, slapping him heartily on the back, "I've pumped a pint of good Jewish blood into you."

* * *

"If Germany becomes a Monarchy, who would fill the throne?" asks a writer. King Hermann, I—easily.

* * *

Maybe the ex-umbrella mender in Cabinet will insist on local parachute-makers getting an opening.

HUMOURLESS

Boys at Papakura Military Camp were arguing whether one of their number, 'Nobby,' possessed a sense of humour, and in order to reach finality appealed to "Blue" for his verdict.

"Absolutely none," pronounced "Blue." "Why, the blankard can shave himself with a perfectly straight face."

* * *

LOW GRADE

They met in the wet canteen, the N.C.O. and the private. N.C.O. was very affable. "Have a cigar," he said to the surprised recruit.

"Don't mind if I do," said the recruit. "But what's the occasion? Why this lavish display?"

"Oh, I've got an addition to the family."

"You don't say so? Congratulations!" said the recruit as he put a match to his cigar.

After a few puffs he observed: "About the fifth child I should say."

* * *

NEW SLANG.

Some R.A.A.F. slang: Loopy, crazy pilot; Mae West, lifebelt for sea landing; gum tub, rubber boat for sea landings; rainbow alley, enemy's coloured searchlights; bumpkin, enemy barrage balloon; swish, to glide on to target with motors off; hash, spread of fire, or eight machine-guns which fire simultaneously from wings of British fighter planes; magnetic eye, secret British sight which keeps on target; soup, refuelling; dizzy, gyro or robot pilots on heavy bombers; the kid, second pilot in any bomber; tattoo, enemy aircraft fire; geese, heavy formation of enemy bombers; blank, diving from fight in order to return to base for refuelling and re-arming.

* * *

News heading: "Charge against nudist fails." A non-suit ?

SAME INITIALS

Several new recruits had entered camp, and an officer was busy interviewing them.

"What is your profession?" he asked of one of the newcomers.

"R.C.," answered the recruit.

"I didn't ask your religion; I want to know what you did before you enlisted."

"Rat catcher," was the prompt reply.

* * *

DIFFERENT

He wanted special week-end leave.

"Why?" said the power-that-was.

"Death in the family, Sir."

"Oh, I see," grinned his interrogator, "your grandmother, I suppose?"

"Oh, no, Sir. My grandfather."

* * *

CUTTING IT SHORT

This is how a London business man deals with people who wish to tell him all about their experiences in the overnight air raid. He has had printed ready to hand to loquacious people a form on which all they need do is to fill in the blanks and cross out (a) or (b).

This is the form:—

We were awake for . . . hours altogether.

At one time there were . . . bombers right over our house.

They must have dropped . . . bombs over our way.

I heard . . . (a) bombs drop in the next street. (b) bombs drop right close to us.

I saw . . . bombers brought down by our (a) A.A. guns. (b) fighters.

One of them just missed our house by (a) two feet. (b) two miles.

It was the worst raid I have ever (a) experienced. (b) read about.

The searchlights (a) caught them every time. (b) couldn't get them at all.

I think our air defences are (a) simply wonderful. (b) N.B.G.

Everybody commented on my (a) calm bearing. (b) "wind-up."

I was (a) awake. (b) asleep the whole time.

I am just getting (a) used to this. (b) fed up with this air-raid business.

* * *



"Keep your pecker up, Ginger!
—We're not sunk yet!"

"Daily Mirror"

Little Joan had been evacuated to an aunt who held strong views on how little girls should behave. Joan was obviously unhappy.

"You're homesick," said the aunt.

"No I'm not," replied Joan. "I'm here sick."

* * *

In Germany sausage skins are made of cellophane. This enables the consumer to see what meat he isn't getting.

Hitler said he won't abandon Rumania in her hour of trouble. That was the end of Rumania.

EXPERT.

After being given his rifle the new recruit eyed it with a certain amount of resigned interest.

Just then the sergeant, who fancied himself as a shot, swaggered along, and stopped before him.

"See here, my man," he began, "this thing, you know, is a rifle. Here's the barrel! There's the stock. You slip the cartridge in there. Now you put the weapon to your shoulder."

New recruit yawned.

"These little things on the barrel," continued the sergeant, "are the sights. When you've taken accurate aim, pull this thing—the trigger—like this. Remember that! Now smarten up and look more like a soldier. By the way, what were you in private life?"

"A gunsmith, sir," replied the "rookie."

* * *

DAILY DOZEN.

A man can't keep himself in good shape if the only exercise he does is bending an elbow.

* * *

A New Zealand soldier in Africa has sent home an Italian General's uniform. After a job after the war as picture-show commissionaire?

* * *

An Italian cruiser called the Pola has been sunk in the Mediterranean. It looks as if the whole Italian Navy will soon be up the Pola.

* * *

Veteran soldiers are urged to do their bit again by sowing vegetable seeds in any spare plot of ground. In drills, of course.

* * *

The prevailing malady—black-out blues.

DURATION.

At a certain military camp, a cricket match was in progress. One batsman, a captain, was given out, and didn't agree with the verdict.

He went up to the umpire—a full private—and demanded:

"What have you given me out for?"

"For the duration of the match, sir," was the prompt reply.

* * *



"And what were you in civilian life?"

"A lion tamer."

"Auckland Weekly"

Judge says that the causes of divorce are in-laws, tin-can meals, working-wives, and hat-box flats. But marriage still remains a contributing factor.

* * *

Another geographical curiosity to catch the eye is the Rumanian town of Brasso. This is a city that no soldier could capture with any enthusiasm.

* * *

The New Zealand-made tanks are fearsome looking monsters. Only one thing is lacking—someone forgot the streamlining.

NO HOPE.

On leave in Sydney, "Bluey" and his cobbler were strolling down a lane where two urchins were hurling around some over-ripe fruit. A mushy peach scored a direct hit on "Bluey" and spattered all over his uniform.

Urchins fled. "Bluey," swearing volubly, gave chase. Five minutes later he returned, perspiring and breathless.

"The little — got away!" he panted.

His cobbler looked grave.

"Struth, yer'd better get out of the army, 'Blue,' " he advised. "If yer can't catch a flamin' kid, what hope have yet got with them ruddy Dagoes!"

* * *

SHIP'S RASH ACT.

"The German ship, 'Uckermark,' attempted to escape. She was intercepted by our forces, and tried to scuttle herself. The attempt was frustrated."—"S.M. Herald," Sydney.

* * *

HIS ADMISSION.

"In the meantime navy classes help go ashore and settle down as a him to keep in his hand at his old trade and he admits he may some day plumber."—"Mail," Adelaide.

* * *

A new type of venomous scorpion in an American zoo has been named Goebbels. Protests from venomous scorpions are arriving at Washington by every mail.

* * *

It's up to everybody to minimise his troubles in these days," declares a novelist. One method is to look at one's platoon-sergeant through the wrong end of a telescope.

* * *

Hitler threatens to invade Britain this month. Beware the tides of March.

SWINDLER.

"Bluey" was sneaking into his hut with a bottle under his tunic.

"Don't you know that you are not allowed to take beer into the huts?" an officer asked.

"Who said I was taking beer into the hut?" "Bluey" asked.

"Well, what is that in the bottle you have there?" the officer demanded.

"Disinfectant," "Bluey" told him.

"Oh, it is, is it?" sneered the officer, taking the bottle and having a good swig at it.

"You flamin' swindler," the officer spluttered, coughing and spitting. "It's the first time I have ever known you to tell the truth. The darned stuff is disinfectant."

* * *

WATER-LOGGED.

Then there was the champion girl swimmer who got married and went off the deep end when she found that while it was a struggle to keep her head above water, and she could not afford permanent waves, her husband was in the social swim with a shallow little blond.

* * *

"We are what we eat," a scientist tells us. Now where was it we were reading the other day that Dr. Goebels is very fond of nuts?

INTERNAL.

Battalion was on a route march and the men were resting for a brief period on the roadside. "Bluey" walked over to the fence of a cottage, and was sitting with his back against the fence when a woman approached.

"This marching business makes a man thirsty," "Bluey" remarked.

"I'll go inside and get you a nice drink of water," the woman offered.

"Don't bother, lady," "Bluey" replied. "I said it makes a man thirsty, not dirty."

* * *

Italians captured at Keren included no officer of higher rank than colonel. Presumably the generals were all emulating that celebrated warrior, the Duke of Plaza-Toro.

* * *

Germany has so far taken no action in connection with the accession of King Peter to the throne of Yugoslavia. The Nazis probably hope that he will Peter out.

* * *

Let us hope that German schemes a world-wide Empire will prove to be Jerry-built.

* * *

Great Uncle Sam.

NOT YET.

New recruit celebrated his enlistment by indulging in many drinks and nearly as many fights.

He appeared on his first parade next morning with a battered nose and two lovely black eyes.

When the sergeant barked, "Eyes right," he shot back, "Struth! It on'y happened to 'em last night. Yer must be expectin' a flamin' miracle."

* * *

NOT IDENTIFIED.

"Bluey" was staggering along the footpath when he was stopped by a military policeman.

"Pull yourself together," the M.P. told him. "You're drunk."

"How do you know it's me that's drunk?" "Bluey" asked him.

"I can see it's you, can't I?" the M.P. replied.

"Have you ever seen me before?" "Bluey" asked.

"Not that I know of," the M.P. said.

"Then how can you be sure it's me that's drunk," said "Bluey." "It might be some other bloke altogether."

* * *

"Goering will never be pushed from power if he can help it," declares an American writer. Nevertheless, there is no harm in us continuing to sing "Roll Out The Barrel."

* * *

A correspondent who has joined a cavalry regiment wants to know what is the best way for him to get on. Well, of course, he could ask the colonel to hold the horse's head for him.

* * *

ENTHUSIASTIC APATHY.

"The warmth of coolness shown by Russia towards Japan will be taken as an indication of the extent Russia is subscribing to the Axis."—"Sun," Sydney.



"WELL SERGEANT - THE MEN WERE ALWAYS COMPLAINING THAT IT WASN'T AS GOOD AS MOTHER MADE - SO I INVITED 'EM ALL OVER"

STRAW!

Army regulations allow each Digger 7lb. of straw in his palliasse. Culprits, who help themselves to an extra ration of straw are often made toe the terrible invisible line in the orderly room.

At a recent camp concert at Liverpool Camp (N.S.W.) a lass with rather an attractive figure was showing it aff to advantage in a Hula Hula costume. She held the lads spell-bound until one wag yelled: "Hey, you've got too much straw in your palliasse!"

* * *

"Golf is a fine safety-valve for war nerves," claims a doctor. Yes, but what is a safety-valve for golf?

* * *

"My wife threw my clothes out of the window," a soldier on leave told a magistrate, "and then wanted to do the same with me." He naturally objected to following suit.

* * *

The only thing about Herr Hitler's alleged intention of wiping Britain off the map is that there's so much map.

* * *

U.S. will help to Yank us out of trouble.

"GINGER" KNEW.

In 1915, when the Fourth Brigade under General Monash, was camped at Heliopolis, the General was heard to say to "Ginger" Reynolds, since killed: "Show me your identification disc!"

"Ain't got one," said Ginger.

"Tut! Tut! Tut!" said the General. "Do you know that that is a serious crime in the Army. Do you know what your identification disc is for?"

"Of course," answered "Ginger," "when I get to the front and am stiff enough to get me ruddy head blown off, they come along, pick up the pieces, look at me identification disc, and stop me blooming pay."

* * *

Our growing air power is beginning to put the breeze up Hitler.

* * *

There was a lot of rain during the visit of the American naval squadron. They were dry ship but they came to a wet place.

* * *

Mr. George Rendel personally inspected his party's baggage before leaving Istanbul for Ankara. Once bombed, twice shy.

ALL PRESENT.

"Tich" had been sent to the station to aid the new brigadier with his camp gear, which was of immense quantity, with the result that he was in a sweat by the time it was all off the train, especially as the brig. was fussing all the time.

"Now, my man, have you got my greatcoat, sleeping bag, cases, shaving materials, and all my uniforms?"

"Too right, I have," said "Tich."

"And you are absolutely certain I haven't left anything behind, eh?" the brig. asked.

"No, sir, not even a 'zack,'" said "Tich."

* * *

The secretary put his head into the office of the successful business man.

"A gentleman has just called, sir," he announced. "He wishes you to tell him the secret of your success in business."

"Just a minute," said the magnate cautiously. "Tell me—is he a journalist or a detective?"

* * *

The Italians in North Africa have sustained a stunning defeat. We use the word "stunning" in more senses than one.

* * *

Middle Y-East.

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.

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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.

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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 silken 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. Easily operated by anyone. Price for apparatus (with full directions) 6/6 post free.

MARVELLOUS MEMORY.

A MOST MYSTIFYING AND SENSATIONAL
FEAT.

Price Sixpence.



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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