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JULY, 1941

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WAR WIT

A Tonic for the Jitters

Vol. 1. No. 6

July, 1941

A Colonel at a small hotel ordered two boiled eggs for breakfast.

The waiter who served him brought three.

"Here," said the Colonel, "why have you brought me three eggs? I only ordered two."

"Yes, sir," said the waiter, smiling, "I know you ordered two, but I brought three because I felt that one of them might fail you."

* * *

Sergeant (on rifle range): And remember, the new bullet will penetrate two feet of solid wood, so remember to keep your 'eads down!

* * *

Danger is that these quiz competitions are used by our Quislings.

Two German airmen, whose plane had been brought down by R.A.F. fighters, were taken prisoner and temporarily accommodated at an aerodrome "somewhere in England," where they were provided with a batman to minister to their needs.

Beginning his duties, the batman—an "old sweat"—came rigidly to attention, and, giving the Nazi salute, said "Hail, Churchill!"

* * *

Lend or Lease Bill: Lends hope and grants a new lease of life.

* * *

Japan declares that he aim is for peace. There seems to be poor markmanship somewhere.

A traveller was on the crowded platform of a railway station during a raid. A bomb was heard whistling near. All the passengers got down to it like lightning, or rather, all except one.

When the traveller picked himself up and dusted himself down, he noticed a young woman standing holding a bun in one hand and a cup of tea in the other.

He reproved her: "You didn't do what you're advised to do."

"Well," she answered indignantly motioning with her two full hands, "how could I?"

* * *

From a notice pasted outside a church: "Subject of Sermon: What Will Hell Be Like?" Below was the invitation, "Come and hear the visiting minister."



"Now the idea is this: I want all you girls to hang about the beach, and then if the enemy does land he'll forget what he came for."



"With 800 hours' solo flying, is this all the experience you've had?"
"Observer"

KEPT HIS TAIL UP.

"During the Balkan war, he went out in an old tub of a cruiser to face modern Greek destroyers. He gave as good as he got, and returned to the Golden Horn with his stern awash, but the crescent and star flying over it."—"Sun," Sydney.

* * *

BOTTLED FEELINGS.

A beer strike means that people are thirsting for revenge.

* * *

DOWN IN THE MOUTH.

He didn't mind swallowing his pride, but what annoyed him was that he also swallowed his teeth.

EGGSACTLY!

"They believe it operates in France, and is probably a secret transmitter used by Frenchmen who don't care two hoots for the Nazi yolk over their heads."—"Herald," Melbourne.

* * *

AH, VERIL!

"I've only a bare idea of life," said the artist's model.

* * *

MONEY SAVER.

"How to save gas."—Household hint. Don't open the door to canvassers.

OFFICIAL ENGLISH.

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 issue and exercise appropriately the functions allocated to their respective occupation-groups."

* * *

A Japanese learning English is credited with the following thesis on the banana:—

"The banana are great fruit. He are constructed in the same architectural style as sausage, difference being skin of sausage are habitually consumed, while it is not advisable to eat wrappings of banana.

"The banana are held aloft while consuming, sausage are usually left in reclining position. Sausage depend for creation on human beings or stuffing machine, while banana are pristine product of honourable Mother Earth.

"In case of sausage both conclusions are attached to other sausage; banana, on other hand, are attached one end to stem and opposite termination entirely loose. Finally, banana are strictly of vegetable kingdom, while affiliation of sausage often undecided.

* * *

A TOOWOOMBA DISTINCTION.

"Air Forcemen, Soldiers and Gentlemen. The Ladies of Toowoomba Heartily invite You to Spinsters' Ball, Show Pavilion Tonight."—Advt. in "Chronicle," Toowoomba, Q.

* * *

STILL UNAFRAID.

"As to his own future, Captain Dibbern, who is a German, was quite prepared to admit that it rested with the Government. He knew that he faced possible interment."—"Daily Mail," Hawke's Bay.

IN FOR ORDERS.

The battalion was resting beside the road toward the end of its sixteen-mile hike. After the weary marchers had eased their packs and sipped from their nearly empty canteens, they watched dispiritedly the energetic setting-up exercise being gone through by a strange outfit in a nearby field.

"What's that there gang?" inquired Private Hanks without enthusiasm.

"Infantry candidates' school," replied the corporal.

"Candidates! Infantry candidates!" exploded Hanks. "My good gosh! Do you have to make application and be initiated to get into this mess nowadays?"

* * *

A SLIGHT MISCALCULATION.

"The Schroder's eleven-inch shells rumbled far overhead and struck the sea a full two thousand years beyond the criser."—"The Australian Women's Weekly," Sydney.

* * *

SAW.

It's the hardest thing in the world to nail a politician down to the plank that he stood on when he hammered home his election speech.

* * *

LIGHT AND AIRY.

In grandma's day a villain was a wolf in sheep's clothing; nowadays he's usually a lounge lizard in silk pyjamas.

* * *

DARN IT.

The only things some wives try to mend is their husband's ways.

* * *

GOOD HUNTING.

"We should pity a flea even, if we have to kill it."

We usually feel a lot for it.

MADE IT EASY.

Recruit was building trenches and for hours had been trying to break a large stone which obstructed the work.

At last the O.C. lost patience and went over to him. He took up the sledge-hammer and shattered the stone with one mighty blow.

"There," he declared, "that's the way it's done!"

"Yes, it's easy to talk," replied the recruit, "and I've spent half the morning softening it for you."

* * *



"Who the devil is Private Road? Divulging his whereabouts!"

"Daily Mirror"

* * *

Mussolini went for a trip with the Italian fleet. Presently they sighted what appeared to be a British ship, and the whole fleet rapidly turned tail, put up a smokescreen, and raced for home.

They were still speeding along when the admiral approached Mussolini and said: "It's all right, sir. It was only a mirage."

"All the same, keep going!" cried the Duce. "Those Miragians are a treacherous crowd!"

CONCENTRATED.

"Lofty" was a vegetarian when he enlisted. But in the army, where there is not such a great variety, one is apt to tire of vegetables and one day "Lofty" was seen thoroughly enjoying a nice piece of lean steak.

"I thought you were a vegetarian, 'Lofty,'" remarked one of his mates.

"So I am," "Lofty" replied, still eating the steak. "The bullock that this steak came from was fed entirely on vegetables so I'm merely taking my vegetables in concentrated form."

* * *

A special constable was on duty in the city. Soon after the sirens went he noticed an incendiary bomb on the Bank of England.

He rang the bell. A perfectly attired flunkey opened the door.

The constable said: "Do you know that there is an incendiary bomb on your roof?"

"I thank you, sir," replied the flunkey. Then, turning to A.R.P. workers in the background, he said:

"Gentlemen, there is an incendiary on the roof." As he closed the door he politely dismissed the "special" with "I thank you, sir."

* * *

TRICKING THE ENEMY.

"The V.A.D. Commandant (Sister Francis) spoke of the plans of the women V.A.D.'s for the year and said that a mothercraft class would commence on Friday, April 40." — "Chronicle," Maryborough, Queensland.

* * *

ENCIRCLED THE MUSIC.

"The force. . . caught four armoured cars just as they rounded a band. They put in a short, fierce burst of fire, which damaged the vehicles and caused casualties." — S.M. Herald," Sydney.

The sergeant went round the horse lines at midnight to see if all was well, but could find no signs of the guard.

"Hey!" he shouted. "Who's on guard here?"

A sleepy-looking figure crept silently from behind some corn sacks.

"What are you doing?" asked the sergeant.

"Marching around," said the recruit.

"Without boots?" queried the sergeant.

"I took 'em off so I shouldn't wake the horses."

* * *

More than somewhat bottled and full of brotherly love for all the world, the Very Senior Officer strode across the dance floor of the night club to where the private sat alone at a table for two, staring gloomily at a bottle of champagne.

"What's the matter, old chap," asked the V.S.O., "Someone pinched your girl?"

"No," said the depressed one, "I pinched someone else's and I don't like her."

* * *

Japanese Press has been seeing red, white, and blue.

Magistrate: Any excuse to offer why you should have been found drunk and incapable?

Accused: It was entirely due to the war, your Honour.

Magistrate: What has that to do with it?

Accused: The railings by which I used to go home have been removed in the interest of the war effort.

* * *



"Well! You heard what he called me! Think I've a clear case for slander?"

"Daily Mirror"

* * *

Tribunal Chairman (to C.O.): And what would you do if a German attacked your mother?

Conscientious Objector: I'd lay three to one on mum.

* * *

"See that fellow over there? Heaven bless him. He showed confidence in me when the clouds were gloomy and threatening."

"In what way?"

"He lent me his umbrella."

* * *

Japan's pro-Axis policy is alien to us.

Goering wanted some more night-bombers very urgently. So he went along to a factory.

"I want fifty planes," he ordered. "They must be ready three nights from now."

"Impossible!" exclaimed the works manager.

"I command!" roared Goering. "The crews will be here at the time stated."

The time came, and so did the crews. German efficiency had triumphed, there were the planes. Without loss of time they set out for their target—England.

Over London the leading pilot pulled the bomb-release lever—and out dropped three of the factory's night shift.

* * *

The air-raid warden was very conscientious and had had a rather trying time inspecting shelters when a large man asked him in bullying tones: "What can I do with my five children in a shelter that's full of water?"

Suddenly the warden's patience gave out.

"Teach 'em to swim!" he snapped curtly.

* * *

A traveller passing through an English village stopped to look at a bomb crater.

Standing at the edge, he remarked to an inhabitant that there seemed to be a few bombs lying around, to which the villager replied: "Yes, and the trouble with them is that they 'asn't gone off yet!"

"Well," replied the traveller, "that's more than you'll be able to say about me in two seconds."

* * *

First Army Dentist: Was that soldier surprised when he found you'd pulled out all his teeth?

Second Army Dentist: Was he? You should have seen his face!

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New Zealand will beware!

DOES HE?

After a brief consultation the patient remarked:

"There's a question I've always wanted to ask you, doctor."

"What is it?"

"Do you ever doctor another doctor?"

"Yes; quite often."

"Then, tell me this. Does a doctor doctor a doctor the way the doctored doctor wants to be doctored, or does the doctor doing the doctoring doctor the other doctor his own way?"

* * *

Enid: I thought your soldier finance was taking you out to-night?

Betty: So he was, but he's very sick. He isn't allowed out for seven days because he's got C.B.

* * *

The young couple gazed into each other's eyes and sighed.

"You know, Daisy," he murmured, "I'm not much to look at."

"That's right," she agreed, "but you'll be away at work most of the time."

* * *

"What do you think of the new sergeant-major, Snowy?"

"Oh, he's not too bad; but doesn't he swear terribly?"

"Yes; he doesn't put any expression into it at all."

* * *

M.O.: To be quite candid you're trouble is laziness.

Private Jones: Yes, sir, I know. But what is the scientific name for it? I've got to tell the sergeant-major.

* * *

Patient (in military hospital): Doctor said you'd look after me like a mother, nurse.

Mother used to kiss me good night, you know.

A German bomb had fallen close to a cottage and failed to explode. But the occupant, an old lady, refused to leave, even when warned that it might go off any minute and blow her up.

"Look here," she protested, "I've refused to leave this house for the landlord; I've refused to leave for the bailiffs; and I'll be hanged if I'll leave it for Hitler."

* * *



"'Ere 're the latest bunch of Italian prisoners, sir! Got an adding machine?"

"Daily Mirror"

* * *

She (visiting camp): I like Joe. He has that firmness of character that enables a man to go on and do his duty in the face of ingratitude, criticism and ridicule!

He: Yes, he's the camp cook!

* * *

"You didn't clean your boots this morning," roared the sergeant-major.

"No," replied the company wag.

"No what?" thundred the S.M.

"No polish!" said the wag.

THE EVICTION.

A well-known philanthropist in East London gave, the other day, a slum child's version of the story of Eden. She was sitting with other children on the kerb outside a public-house in Shoreditch, and her version of the story proceeded:

"Eve ses: 'Adam, 'ave a bite?' 'No,' ses Adam, 'I don't want a bite!' 'Garn!' ses Eve; 'go on 'ave a bite!' 'I don't want a bite!' ses Adam." The child repeated this dialogue, her voice rising to a shrill shriek. "An' then Adam took a bite," she finished up. "An' the flamin' angel came along wiv 'is sword, an' 'he ses to 'em both: 'Nah, then—ahtside!'"

* * *

The Diggers pulled their lorry up at a milk bar.

"I'll have milk with strawberry juice," said the first.

"I'll have cholocate and milk," was the next order.

"And I'll have milk neat—I'm driving this flaming lorry," declared the third man of the party.

* * *

Sergeant: You're a fine fellow. How tall are you?

Recruit: Six foot two.

Sergeant: And what are you in civil life?

Recruit: Still six foot two.

* * *

When the men of the 38th Battery, N.Z.A., received posted notification recently of coming parades at Narrow Neck, a curt final paragraph read: "During the last three days of mobilisation at Narrow Neck, 14 pairs of boots that had been handed in disappeared. These will be paid for by the Battery, the cost being approximately 4d per head. This will be collected on the first parade."

* * *

Stranger: Say, have any big men ever been born in this city?

Native: No, only babies!

SALESMANSHIP.

Can't beat the Diggers when it comes to salesmanship. According to the official weekly newspaper of the forces published in Palestine, "The A.I.F. News," of November 30 last:

"Selling lawnmowers to Bedouins in the Western Desert is latest report on smart salesman, Stretcher-Bearer Bill Gardner. Bill worked for Hartley's Sports Store before enlisting."

* * *

About 20,000 people gathered at the Auckland Domain recently to see the Home Guard on parade. One theory to account for this large assemblage is the belief current in many households that Dad looks better from a slight distance.

* * *

A young officer stationed "Somewhere in the East" put his foot in it badly with his girl friend in this country.

Recently he wrote her saying he had shot a crocodile seven feet long, and added, "when I shoot another I will get my native servant to make you a pair of slippers."

* * *

A magazine article mentions that Marshal Goering has remarkably small feet. Maybe; but he can't have seen them for years.

* * *

The all-important question had been put to the Colonel.

He turned to the young suitor, and his face went the colour of beetroot.

"You insolent young puppy!" he raved. "Do you mean to tell me that you want to marry my daughter? Do you think for a minute that you could give her what she has been used to?"

"Er-yes, I think so," faltered the young man. "I have a very violent temper myself!"

The young subaltern joined a famous regiment, and the adjutant was giving him one or two instructions.

"You must grow a moustache," he barked.

"Yes, sir."

"And not one of these miserable five-a-side affairs. A proper moustache."

"Yes, sir."

There was silence for a minute. "Any particular colour, sir?"

* * *



"Chocolates! Cigarettes! Cups of tea! Pints of beer . . .!"

"Daily Mail"

* * *

Mr. Fraser is not discouraged by the experiences of N.Z. soldiers in Greece, and says he would approve of the same thing again. Peter will have to curb that fire-eating spirit of his, or he'll find himself wielding a bayonet yet.

* * *

The Government took legal steps to impress rifles for the Home Guard. Perhaps this will impress the rifle-owners as well.

EXTENSION.

"Hi, Sarge, on parade to-day, you called me a damned nitwit with no brains. Now I demand that you take that back," said Rab to his S-M.

"And, supposing I don't," the Sergeant-Mapor said.

"Well, I'll give you just three minutes to do so," Rab said, rolling up his sleeves.

* * *

A story going the rounds just now is that after this war had continued for years and years the last two civilised men alive got sick of it, found a plane, and flew to the depths of Africa. There they crashed. One was dead. Two gorillas coming up asked the other, "Who are you?" The other hastily scribbled a note: "I am the last civilised man on earth," and then he, too, expired. One of the gorillas turned to the other and said: "Mamma, have we got to start this Darwin business all over again?"

* * *

LONGISH.

Camp cook was a bit off-colour, so "Snake-Hips" was ordered to deputise for a few days.

First day's meal wasn't what one might call a success. The men looked amazed when, having seated themselves, they were confronted with a large object in a dish.

Said one when he had recovered from his surprise, "Wot's that?"

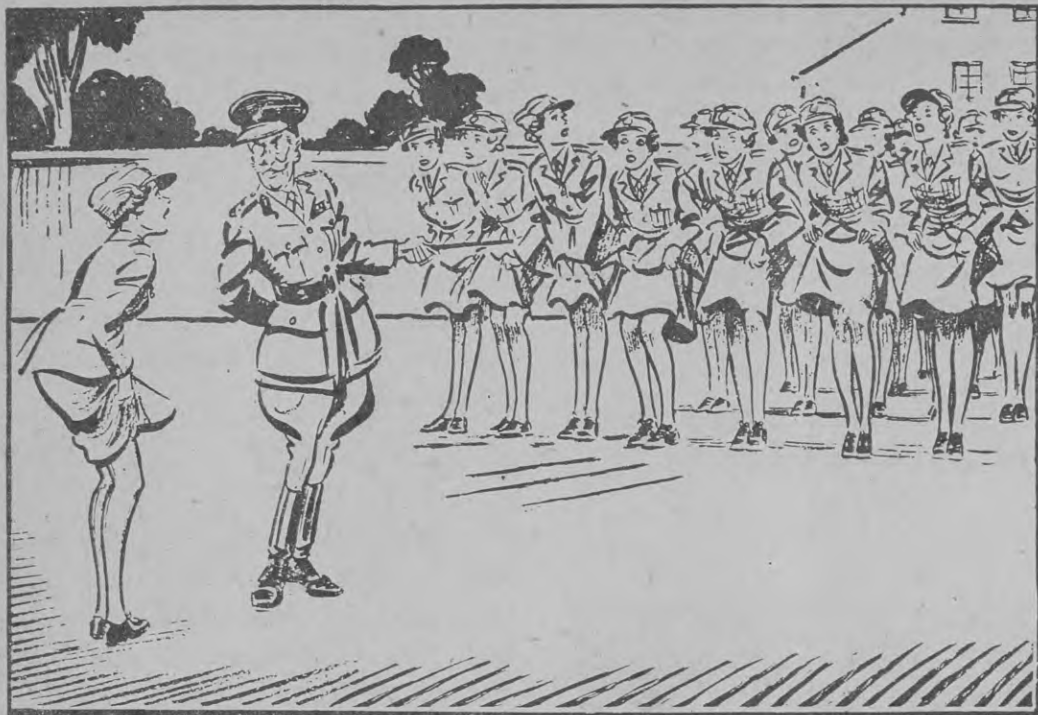
"Strike me pink!" replied "Snake-Hips," "Can't yer see it's a pie?"

"Bit long, ain't it?"

"Oh, I dunno," came the answer. "It's rhubarb."

* * *

To sustain morale, drugs are being used in the German Army. Hitler, it is said, drinks strychnine like wine.



Moment at a W.A.N.S. inspection: "No, it's not part of the drill, General. It's just that a mouse has been reported in the parade-ground."

"The Humorist"

MIXED RANK.

Some infantry men had transferred over to the Army Service Corps and didn't know any of the officers of their new unit. One of these new chaps was on guard near a car park and a figure loomed up in the darkness. Following conversation ensued:

"Halt—who goes there?"

"Lieutenant Sargent."

This really was the officer's name.

Again the question was asked and similarly answered.

There was a silence for a couple of seconds, then the guard said, "For Gawd's sake make up your ruddy mind."

* * *

Large-scale army evercises performed in Wellington included the crossing of the Rimutakas in order to reach the Hutt Valley. The operation would have been greatly simplified if Mr. Semple's tunnel had been completed in time.

* * *

The Governor-General says there is room for more men in the Home Guard. But will there be room for more Home Guardsmen in the Domain?

WELCOME.

It had been a fine day when the battalion began its beach defence training, but the weather changed in the afternoon and heavy rain made things unpleasant. After nightfall conditions were far from comfortable. Rain was pouring down, and advanced pickets were feeling like drowned rats. They had to stick it out, however, as officers squelched around in the mud at frequent intervals to see that everything was O.K.

Even the Colonel made a tour of the dispositions. As he approached one advanced post he was challenged by a sentry who had been standing for some time in driving rain.

"Who's there?" challenged the sentry.

"Friend," answered the colonel.

"Welcome to our midst," said the sentry.

* * *

Conditions over Europe last week were described as "a bomber's paradise." Milton, thou shouldst be living at this hour!

* * *

Champions of democracy—U.S. and US.

"JUMP TO IT!"

It was on the Mediterranean station, and, for reasons best known to himself, the skipper suddenly appeared on the bridge at the unearthly hour of 6 a.m., to the consteration of the officer of the watch.

Latter's worry, however, was nothing to that of the messenger—a young ordinary seaman, who never in all his life in the R.A.N. had been so close to a captain, and was rooted to the bridge.

Captain, feeling the chill of the morning air, turned to the messenger and said, "Fetch my great-coat."

Awful fact of being addressed by the great man nearly caused the messenger to faint, and galvanised him into such immediate action that, when he hurled himself at the bridge ladder in order to carry out the captain's instructions, he tripped and went down the few steps without touching one.

As he picked himself up from the deck below, the skipper looked over the bridge rail, and bellowed, "And hurry up!"

* * *

OBVIOUSLY.

"Bluey" and his cobber had just spent an hour cleaning up, in readiness for an evening's leave, when the Sarge. popped into the hut and told "Bluey": "I want you ready in half-an-hour for guard duty!"

"Bluey" was peeved, and, as the Sarge. disappeared, growled: "I know what he blanky well wants."

Sarge. overheard the remark, and, sticking his head in the doorway, snarled: "What do I want?"

"Me to be ready in half-an-hour for guard duty," replied "Bluey."

* * *

New Zealand the land of sunshine, where people are kept in the dark!

OLD SCHOOL "MO"

When Diggers become incorrigible and fines and minor punishments do not have the effect of curbing their misdemeanors severer punishment must be inflicted. Usual sentence is 14 or 28 days at Bendigo, which means that the soldier is imprisoned in a special portion of Bendigo Gaol for the term of his sentence. One dose of Bendigo is usually sufficient.

At Albury some months ago five or six of the lads who had received 28 days and had returned to their unit had certainly not lost their sense of humour.

They commenced to grow little "mo's" and when one of the n.c.o.'s asked: "What's the strong of the growth on the top lip?" their naive answer was: "We're old Bendigonians."

* * *

QUERY.

Does a pilot ever complain when he has a fly in his soup?

* * *

UPLIFTING.

Corporal of Engineers had given a comprehensive lecture on defensive work to a squad of seemingly deeply-interested sappers.

Turning to one bright-looking lad, he said:

"And now you might tell us what a breastwork is!"

"A brassiere, Corporal," said the bloke.

* * *

DECEIVING.

Troopship was passing through the Mediterranean, and in the distance could be seen a big snow-capped mountain.

"What's that I can see in the distance?" "Blue" asked one of the ship's officers.

"That's Greece," the officer told him.

"Cripes," "Blue" replied, "from here you'd swear it was snow."



"He isn't supposed to drink while in uniform."

"Observer"

LONG, LONG TRAIL.

Anzac Day and the time 2.30 p.m.

Each sporting the A.I.F. badge and sundry medals, they boarded the back smoking compartment of the tram at Hunter street. Taller of the two gazed longingly at the empty driver's cabin and remarked to his mate: "I wish they'd 'ire me that sleepin' compartment!"

"Blimey, Brownie," reproved his clobber, "you mus' be gettin' old! I've marched as far as you to-day."

For a second or two Brownie looked at his friend.

"No, 'Dark,'" he said solemnly, "before I met you I'd been three times over Belgium and France—yeah three times—an' even if it was with me finger in froth on a bar counter it's flamin' good travellin'," he added defiantly.

* * *

ULTRA.

The modern young man rarely takes an intrest in girls or horses—unless they display form.

* * *

News heading: "Germany Tightens Her Belt." This should make Goering throw out his chest.

AT BARDIA.

A few minutes after the hoisting of the white flag when we took Bardia, stretcher-bearers were hard at working doing dressings, etc., in an outlying post. We were all too busy to indulge in humour of any sort. Then word came through that another post a few hundred yards away contained some wounded "Iti's."

No one seemed to know if they were armed, or looking for trouble, so one of the bearers, whose squad had been detailed to go over and see what was doing, asked the Sgt., who is a deaf sort of a cove at times, for an "armed guard. His answer broke the tension completely.

"Sorry, boys, I left it back in my overcoat pocket."

He thought the request was for his S.B.'s arm-band.

* * *

Military leader states than "Australian factories can't produce munitions like rabbits out of a hat." But they can produce a hat out of rabbits.

* * *

News heading: "Father and Four Sons Enlist." The daddy of them all.

RETURN TO WAR.

Nineteen hundred and seventeen, Victoria Station, London. Jumped into the train a minute before she left after fourteen days' official leave and four days' unofficial.

In the compartment there were eight Jocks, one Cockney, and myself. I decided the bottle of whisky I bought for the journey would meet a swift fate after glancing at their dials. Better leave it for the boat.

But 18 days of whoopee had made my innards cry out for frequent oiling. When I surveyed them again they looked like camels on their eighth day. But the gnawing in my vitals was too fierce. I yanked her out and croaked, "Pass her round, boys!"

I looked through the window but I couldn't shut out the "Glug, glug," of lubricating throats.

Cock-eyed Jock, beside me, grunted: "Drink yersel', Aussie!"

They had left me a fair dinkum nip, too. The fat Jock said: "That was a guid drappie."

Then the party woke up. Cock-eyed Jock brought to light a quart of Scotland's best. And so did the fat Jock and the thin Jock, the fair, dark, and the red Jocks. And the Cockney donated a bottle of Red Indian Rum, which tore down your gullet like a scalping knife and your intestines thought you were burning at the stake.

I have no recollection of the Channel boat; rumours say that an Australian in a Glengary cap, led a charge up the gang plank.

Dark Caledonian arrived by stretcher. He had hit the red bloke on the boko and Red hit him in the whiskers.

Cock-eyed Highlander woke me up to tell me how calm the Channel was. He was looking through the hut window on "One Blanket Hill," Boulogne. And the Cockney was stalking something in the corner and was peevish because we couldn't see it and said we "orter see a heye quack."

Then he blew his Red Indian breath on me and I fainted for the first time in my life.

* * *

AWKWARD.

He was field officer of the week and his job was to go round the new, and rather hastily erected, camp "Somewhere in France."

He came upon a company stores and kitchen.

"Ruddy awful!" he said. "Never saw such a darned mess. What on earth must your company commander be thinking of? Doesn't he ever come near you? Hasn't he seen this terrible mess? What company do you belong to?"

"Yours, sir," said the cook with a grin.

* * *



"Oh! no. The place was quite intact till I started to argue with the wife about the size of the bomb that nearly hit us!"

"Daily Mirror"

* * *

Biscuits now being manufactured in N.Z. for the army are said to be more palatable than those of the last war. We understand that dogs have been known to eat as many as two of the new type.

WAITING LIST.

He came down from the country to enlist, but was told that he would be called up some time later. He had a bit of money, and took a room during the waiting period.

When he was finally called up, the recruiting officer asked him if he were the man who applied by letter some time ago.

"Yairs," said the recruit, "but since then I've raised a family, an' it's sorta tired me out."

* * *

BROKE THE BOOKS.

Gambling on a troopship which recently left Australia was being put down with a firm hand. Crown and Anchor boards, heads and tails, dice, and all the paraphernalia of games of chance were being confiscated, and players heavily fined.

But never let it be said that Australian ingenuity was lacking.

Within hours of pickets swooping on the gambling tables there were crowds collecting outside the entrance of a lift, betting with an enterprising "bookie" on who would emerge.

Bookie laid the odds—evens nurses, 2-1 lieutenants, fours captains, and eights majors.

As privates were not allowed to use the lifts, you could quote your own price about them.

Then on one occasion, as punters waited anxiously for the lift door to open, two privates walked sheepishly out and the bookmaker paid out for the last time at the amazing odds of 100-1.

* * *

Since the German occupation, Denmark has become a "nation of icycles." A Nazi can't walk ten yards in Copenhagen without meeting a melancholy Dane.

* * *

The Newmarket Borough Council is apparently taking no chances. A shed in the Council yards has had a layer of sandbags placed over its roof.

REHEARSAL.

Outside his hut, "Tommo" had his chin in his hands and appeared to be in a dejected mood as the Colonel passed him. Going up to him, the Colonel asked: "Why do you appear so sad and dejected, my man?"

"I am not sad or anything, sir," came the reply. "It's like this, sir. To-morrow night there is a chess tournament on, and I am just practising!"

* * *

"So you claim you have been a patient in every hospital in town. How about the maternity hospital?"

"Why, I was born there."

* * *

Suitor: Yes, I'm a self-made man.

She: Well, it's nice of you to take the blame.

* * *

Marshal Petain has announced that the retirement of old folk from active life is to begin. This does not apply to the Marshal, who has been rejuvenated by the health-giving waters of Vichy.

* * *

Germany is training a new Fifth Column under a Czech mercenary named General Wojciechowsky. This general is a stranger to the outside world, but in Europe people quail at the sound of his name.

* * *

Following instructions recently to members of the Air Force that they were to salute officers of the other branches of the services, one trainee from Hobsonville was seen in Queen street saluting a steward from an overseas vessel in the belief that he was a naval officer.

* * *

"Dutch courage" must be given a new meaning.

ONE AT A TIME.

At the recruiting depot sergeant was taking particulars from a recruit.

Sergeant: "Are you married?"

Recruit: "Yes, sir."

S.: "Any children?"

R.: "Yes, five girls and three boys."

S.: "Eight altogether?"

R.: "No, sir; one at a time!"

Thus was a record multiple-birth story outdoing the "Quins" spoiled.

* * *



"Walter! Must you worry me when I'm digging for victory?"

"Daily Mirror"

* * *

It is revealed that when two transports arrived at Wellington recently, a number of people telegraphed their friends to the effect that "twins arrived this morning." From this date, any parents announcing the birth of twins will have to furnish convincing proof that they are not harbouring a couple of ocean liners.

* * *

Recruit Officer: Well, young man, what do you want to be?

Youth: A returned soldier, sir.

SAFE!

Two awkward blokes were ordered to take a delayed action bomb away, and to hurry, in case it exploded.

When they were on their way, and taking their time to do the job, a passing sergeant-major remarked that the bomb looked fairly dangerous.

"Not on your life, Sarge," one of them said airily.

"But surely it is likely to explode any second?" said the S.-M.

"Well, it might, Sarge, but me mate and I are all right. We're shrewd heads, because we've each got a big plug of cotton wool in our ears."

* * *

Many people have had to face expenditure lately in buying blinds and curtains for the black-out. This no doubt accounts for the widespread feeling that it is all a lot of window-dressing.

* * *

Resentment at Government apathy has been expressed by Home Guard units. It looks as if the Home Guard may be about to bite the hand that didn't feed it.

* * *

Over 70,000 model aeroplanes are now on their way from Britain to the Argentine. This, however, leaves us quite unmoved. If 70,000 real aeroplanes were on the way to Berlin, that would be news.

* * *

An Italian general recently surrendered in Eritrea because he was without food or ammunition, chilled by bitter rains and cold, and also harassed by snipers. But for these discomforts, it is said, he would have fought on.

* * *

AT GIBRALTAR.

Lord Gort

Will hold the fort.

IT IS THE FACT THAT—

A loose nut on the chassis is dangerous, but a tight knut on the steering wheel is worse.

Many modern newly-weds feather their nests with a little down.

Although girls are always interested in clothes, rarely are they entirely wrapped up in them.

The landlord asks too much for the rent of most flats—often seven times a week.

Most of our misfortunes are more easily borne than the comments made upon them.

If every man was a fool, there wouldn't be old maids.

* * *

TIPLER'S TOASTS.

"Down the hatch," remarks the sailor.

"Over my teeth, over my gums," says the dentist.

"One for the road," smiles the motorist.

"Mine's a pink lady," winks the nudist.

"This lot's on the house," shouts the builder.

"Here's looking at you," exclaims the street photographer.

"To the ladies, God bless 'em," whispers the divorce lawyer.

"I'll have another drop," nods the parachute-jumper.

"Here's mud in your eye," skites the road hog.

"Give us another round," orders the boxer.

* * *

INDECISION.

These days the women may wear the trousers, but they don't seem to be able to make up their minds whether they should be shorts, slacks, briefs, panties, pantettes, scanties, or bloomers.

* * *

DONE HER BLOCK.

She was only a butcher's daughter, but she didn't mince matters when she found out that her boy friend wasn't much chop.

THEME SONGS.

Politician: "I'm a Dreamer."

Pram Manufacturer: "Little Curly Head In A High Chair."

Dentist: "Open Up Those Pearly Gates For Me."

Coursing Fan: "Get Along, Little Dogie, Get Along."

Shoe Salesman: "Underneath The Arches."

Lift Driver: "Upsie Downsie."

Gay Divorcee: "I Get Along Without You Very Well."

Mother-in-Law: "I'll Stay With You."

Talkie Fan: "Song Of The Flea."

* * *



"Say! Seen anything of a bunch of Wops heading this way, mate?"

"Daily Mirror"

* * *

"This is the finest cigarette lighter on the market, madame."

"It certainly looks it. How many cigarettes does it light to the gallon?"

* * *

"Those who do not keep moving are lost," said Mussolini once. Retreating Italians in Ethiopia evidently are anxious not to become lost.

SAD STORY.

In a south-western district a German plane came over and dropped high explosive and incendiary bombs. Some of the latter fell in the drawing-room, some in the garden and others round about. A highly respected person (call him Mr. Legg, for short), having dealt with those in the house and garden, was bending over one that had fallen in the road when it suddenly flared up. Mr. Legg straightened up and to his alarm found a gun pointed by two or three home guards in his back.

"Who are you? What are you doing?" they asked. "Where's your identity card?"

"Don't usually carry my identity card in my pyjamas," said Mr. Legg, "and as for what I'm doing, I'm clearing up the mess."

"Oh, no, you weren't," said the home guards, "we saw you, you were a-lighting of incendiary bombs!"

* * *

REWARD.

Girls who keep their love-letters often end up by having their love-letters keep them.

* * *

BLURRED.

Men get a false perspective of things if they continually look at life through whisky glasses.

* * *

Motorists may be required to insert two thicknesses of newspaper in their side-lights to conform with the black-out. This should give our more luminous newspaper writers their big chance.

* * *

The Italian Minister of Education was killed on the Albanian front. It is understood that the Hon. H. G. R. Mason considers this very bad form.

A speaker before an organisation of women was telling how careless the men in Persia are with their wives, and said it was no uncommon sight to see a woman and a donkey hitched up together.

One of the women in the audience called out: "That's not so unusual—you often see it over here, too."

* * *

After a Nazi bomb had fallen in a west country field curious sight-seers flocked to the spot, damaging hedges and crops.

Notice that trespassers would be prosecuted did not deter them.

So the farmer had a bright idea. He put up a notice, "Beware of the bull."

The only animal in the field was a placid cow, but the notice was effective.

* * *

It was his night off duty, but the air-raid warden had only just got home. The door was locked. He knocked timidly. His wife opened the bedroom window.

"Where have you been?" she demanded.

"I've just been telling a few people about the black-out," he said.

"All right. Now you can go back and tell them about the lock-out."

* * *

A young soldier on leave was invited to a dance. Having been accepted by a pretty girl as a partner, they danced together for some time, after which the soldier thanked her.

"It was lovely," he said, "and I shall always remember it."

"I see," said the girl, "Elephants never forget!"

* * *

"Public collections, to be known as 'Gifts of the German people for the building of eratz warships,' have been opened in Germany," says the German radio. A sinking fund, of course.

The commanding officer of a bomber squadron was anxiously awaiting the return of his aircraft from an important bombing flight over Germany. All came back safely at last.

Approaching the last man in, he said: "Everything all right?"

"No sir," answered the sergeant-pilot concerned.

"I'm sorry to hear that," said the C.O. "What went wrong?"

"The coffee was cold, and the sandwiches were very hard, sir," answered the pilot.

* * *



"Come! Come! Sarge, be sporty!—You were young yourself once, y'know!"

"Daily Mirror"

* * *

"An' phwat," asked Pat, "is the matter with yer face?"

"Faith," replied Murphy, "twas an accident. The auld woman threw a plate at me in the black-out."

"An' d'ye call that a accident?"

"Shure! Didn't she hit phwat she aimed at?"

* * *

Without babies N.Z. can never be a howling success.

An A.R.P. man, patrolling with another warden during a raid after midnight, found himself confronted by a man who emerged from some bushes where, he explained, he had been "taking cover."

The stranger had evidently been celebrating something or other, for he was distinctly "merry" and was full of bright ideas.

"You're wardens, aren't you?" he said. "Well, look up there! That star's showing too much light."

The wardens wished him to get to shelter as quickly as possible, as things were getting lively overhead. But he wanted the star dimmed there and then.

At last one of the wardens had a bright idea also. "It's all right, old man," he said, "it's one of ours."

"Ours?" was the reply. "Then I won't say another word about it!"

* * *

The small boy had never been in a public shelter before, and a kindly woman there was talking to him to take his mind off the noise outside.

In one of the lulls in the noise, the boy's mother was chagrined to hear a shrill little voice explain:

"Well, I don't know 'zactly how old I am, because I've never been in a public shelter before. But I'm nearly three in the train, four on the bus, and five at school."

* * *

The prisoner was charged with playing "banker" in the street. The Magistrate looked at him and said: "If my memory is'nt at fault, were you not before me on a similar charge in 1915?"

"No, sir," replied the man. "I was in the Army then."

"Ah, you were playing a much nobler game!" said the Magistrate.

"Yes, sir. Crown and anchor."

* * *

Yeast workers threaten to strike. All of a ferment.

DREAMLAND.

It was after a fairly hectic stretch in the trenches. "Mulga," for one, was sick of the war, and he began to talk of what he would do when peace was signed.

"I'm going to get a nice little wife. I'll have a cosy home, well-cooked meals, my slippers will be ready for me when I get home and peace and contentment will reign for the rest of my days," he said.

"I don't think you should marry," said old Steve, who was married.

"Why?" asked Mulga.

"When a man has a beautiful dream like that he shouldn't run the risk of waking up."

* * *

Army manoeuvres planned recently had to be cancelled because of a shortage of trucks. Our army will have to be like Napoleon's, and march on its stomach.

* * *

The Tokio golf course has been taken over by the Japanese army. This will necessitate a new addition to the Army's instruction book: "Kindly replace the turf."

* * *

It is uncertain whether or not Mussolini was at the Albanian front recently. All that can be said with certainty is that if he was there, it didn't make any difference.

* * *

In Wellington a motorist was fined for running over a constable's toes. Cutting down mileage, maybe.

* * *

Thanksgiving song of New Zealand suburban gardeners: Hose-annah!

* * *

Astrologers are all born under the sign of Taurus the Bull.

A SOUND EXCHANGE.

During their rest-period in the "dug-out," two A.R.P. wardens were having a chat.

"You look very chirpy this morning," said the first. "Had a stroke of luck lately?"

"You bet!" was the smiling reply. "I got a fine parrot for the missus this morning."

"Give me the address," exclaimed the first. "I wouldn't mind making a change like that myself."

* * *



"Don't worry! You'll come to no harm down here, Joe! This is considered a safety zone!"

"Daily Mirror"

* * *

"The ban on floodlighting of sports grounds will prevent all night sports." "N.Z. Herald."

Except those than can be practised under cover of darkness.

* * *

The A.S.R.S. and the N.Z. Railway Tradesmen's Association have apologised to the Government in connection with the Hutt workshops strike. Even the Japanese could not have been more polite.

WHAT'S IN A NAME.

"What is your name?" asked the Sarge of the new recruit.

"Wot, don't yer know MY name?"

"What is it? I ask you."

"Billo."

"That's not yer name. It must be William What?"

"No, it ain't William Watt. Gor blimey, I thort every bustard or other sort of bird around 'ere knew me!"

"What is your correct full name?"

"Billo Shakespeare!"

"Billo Shakespeare!"

"If it is William Shakespeare I, for one, never heard of you."

"Lor stone the pretty crows. Never 'eard of me, Billo Shakespeare? I've been bag and bottle-oh around these 'ere parts for donkey's ears and ears."

* * *

SAMPLE.

"Tiny" was always being ragged by his pals about the amount he ate at meal-times (and in-between-times if he could manage it). He was always first at the table, and last to leave.

On his first leave he visited a smart little restaurant, and ordered a rump steak and onions. After about 10 minutes a rather haughty waitress placed before him a very large plate, in the centre of which was a very small piece of meat and a few "strands" of fried onions.

"Tiny" looked at it closely, turned it over, and then peered at it again. Then, looking up at the waiting girl, he said: "Yair—that's the sort of thing. Bring me some!"

* * *

Politicians are stumping the country. But this is not cricket.

* * *

One South Australian soldier takes size 15 in boots. He should be held in reserve for Mussolini.

REVERIE.

Well, I wonder what the boys are doing over there now! Sandstorms, eh? I knew what they are. Reminds me of old "Bluey."

One time in a standstill, I sez to "Blue": "Are you windy 'Blue'?"

"Gor-blimey me, 'Snow'?" he says, "I'm full of grit."

And the thought of rum reminds me of an old brigadier we had in France, a great old bird for his three or four miles run in the winter.

Starting off one day he spied a Digger standing muffled up with overcoat, sheepskin, etc., and he sings out to the Digger: "Come for a run, lad!"

Digger started after him, and when they had gone a couple of miles or so, the Digger, all hot and bothered, put on a spurt. Catching up with the brig., he gasped out: "I say, brig., where's this rum?"

* * *

"An American newspaperman said to me after hearing about the Hess incident: "If somebody told me that Hitler had eloped with a couple of French chorus girls and that his wife was furious about it, I'd publish it."—Edward Montgomery, B.B.C. commentator.

* * *

A famous astrologer predicts that Hitler will die on a Jewish holiday. Well, in any case, they'll make it one.

* * *

It is revealed that German parachutes are now packed in French chalk. With the collaboration of Vichy, of course.

* * *

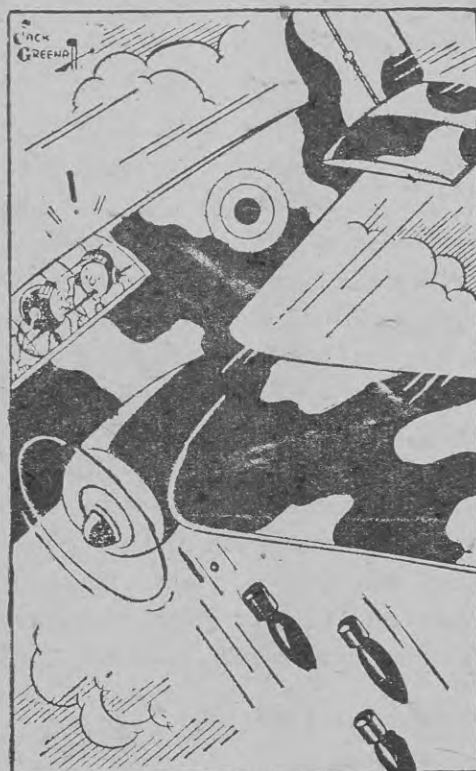
Japanese Minister says a strange dog appreciates a friendly approach. But is Japan a strange dog?

THIN STORY.

Recruit was timid, apologetic, and extraordinarily thin. "I've been sent," he told the Sarge, "to help clean the rifles, but I'm afraid I shan't be of much use."

"Oh, come in," said our Sarge, looking the specimen up and down. "We'll pull you through, somehow." And he wondered why the old Diggers laughed!"

* * *



"That'll show 'em!—the last one I dropped was a stink-bomb!"

"Daily Mirror"

* * *

MALICE AFORETHOUGHT.

"Blue" joined the Army as a truck driver but he couldn't handle the big lorries very well, and one day he bowled the Major over as he was driving through the camp.

Officer spring to his feet and told "Blue" off. "Where the hell are you going?" he spluttered. "Are you blind?"

"Blind?" No blikin' fear! I hit you, didn't I?" said "Blue."

* * *

Start now! We don't want to have to build them helter skelter.

HE WAS STUNG.

While we were in camp in Ingleburn we used to go out on manoeuvres to Rabey Road. One day we were attacking an old farmhouse, and concealed our section in a dry creek-bed until the zero hour. The boys found some trap-door spiders' nests in the top of the bank, and amused themselves by digging the ugly poisonous brutes out with their bayonets and slashing them to pieces.

"Horsehead," a long-headed talkative nervous sort of bloke, was enjoying himself immensely.

"Righto, boys," said the corporal, "Over yo go! Good gosh! What's the matter with you, 'Horsehead'?"

"Horsehead" was standing there with a face as white as a sheet, holding one hand on his trouser leg, while he frantically undid his belt with the other.

"One of them ugly big cows is up me trousers, Corp.," he stammered. "I'm trying to get my pants off without him biting me."

All of a sudden he let out a hell of a yell, and we knew it had bitten him.

"Horsehead" pressed hard on his leg, and muttered, "Well, I got him anyway." Then he swiftly slipped his pants off, and disclosed—a big, squashed bumble-bee.

* * *

"Bad news from home, Dave?"

"The very worst! No sooner eggs touch three bob a dozen than the flamin' fowls decide to moult!"

* * *

Girl Customer: "Does this lipstick come off seasily?"

Cosmetic Clerk: "Not if you put up a fight."

* * *

Record wartime marriages suggest that cupid understands the meaning of total war.

* * *

Bagdad's in the bag.

The red-faced colonel was sitting in a first-class carriage reading his newspaper. Presently the guard's whistle sounded, and the colonel congratulated himself on securing an empty compartment for his long journey.

Just at the train began to move, the door of the carriage burst open and another passenger scrambled in. The colonel clenched his fists irritably.

When the newcomer had regained his breath he drew out his pipe and was about to light it when he noticed that he was in a non-smoking carriage. For a moment or two he looked wonderingly at his fellow passenger.

"E-er pardon me," he said at last, "but do you mind if I smoke?"

The colonel gave him a withering stare.

"No, sir!" he barked. "You can burst into flames for all I care!"

* * *

A vicar had been beatenly badly on the golf links by a parishioner thirty years his senior, and he was rather disgruntled. "Cheer up," his opponent said, "Remember, you win at the finish. You'll probably be burying me some day."

"Even then," said the Vicar, "it will be your hole."

* * *

War-minded N.Z.R.A.F. stewards object to playing the waiting game!

MacIntosh was having an argument over the fare he owed a taxi-driver.

The man with the meter talked loud and harshly, and it angered the Highlander.

"Do you know who I am?" he demanded, proudly drawing himself to his full height. "I'm a MacIntosh."

The taxi-driver snorted.

"I don't care if you're a brand-new umbrella," he said, "I'll have my rights."

* * *

A naval officer with a brilliant war record had just arrived home on leave. After hearing about the air raids in the neighbourhood, he decided to send his wife and two small children to the country.

The taxi was ordered and he was struggling with the luggage at the front door, when he noticed three small boys watching him intently.

He thought they might be interested in his uniform and medal ribbons, but got a rude awakening when one of the boys exclaimed: "So you can't take it, eh?"

* * *

The Italian raider sunk by H.M.S. Leander was called the Ramb I. Obviously a wolf in sheep's clothing.

A country unit of the Home Guard has decided to use pigeons as despatch carriers. Fortunately they won't have to be equipped with rifles.

* * *

The reaction of the troops on receiving tinned corned beef included in unaddressed gift parcels was, in Mr. Hayden's words, far from satisfactory. Like little Audrey, they probably laughed and laughed and laughed.

* * *

Residents whose windows face the sea are suffering acutely from B.O.—means black-out, of course.

* * *

"One finds it difficult in these times to dress as one ought."

"Oh, I don't know. I have a suit of clothes for every day in the week."

"Really?"

"Yes, this is it."

* * *

Two pretty girls were discussing the dance of the night before.

"My dear," said one, "the boys were crazy over me! I didn't sit out once. I can hardly get my shoes on this morning."

Her friends smiled sweetly.

"What, your feet swollen, too?"

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.

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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.

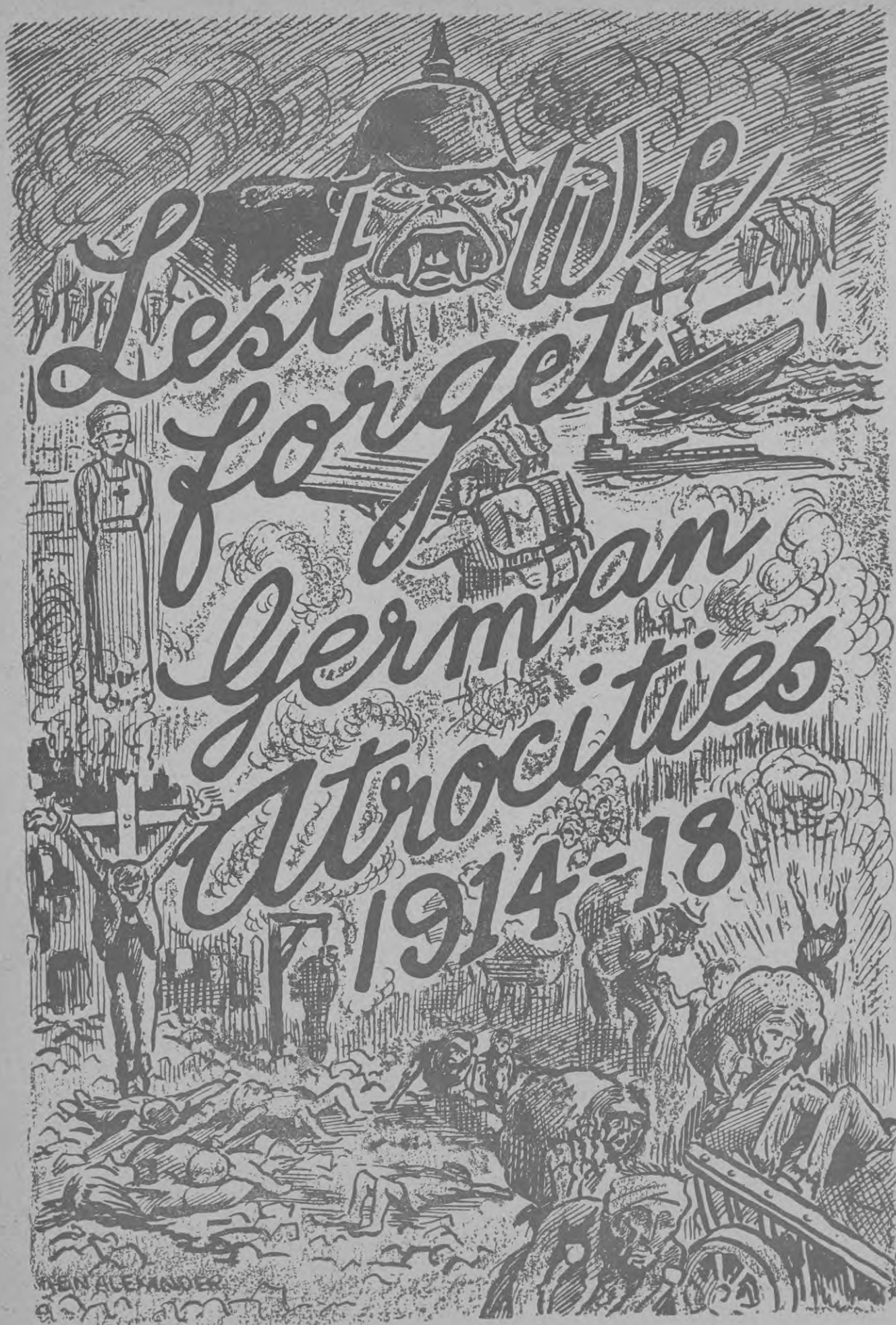
A MOST MYSTIFYING AND SENSATIONAL
FEAT.

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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