

# WAR WIT

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[SEE PAGE 5]

AUGUST, 1941

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I FREE’?”

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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

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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

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

**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.

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



# WAR WIT

## A Tonic for the Jitters

VOL. 1. No. 7

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August, 1941

### BROKE.

"Rab," hard case from back o' Bourke, paraded before the doctor. "I want your advice, Doctor," he said. "Twenty years ago, last May I swallowed a sovereign when I was drinking at the bush pub."

"But why have you waited all these years, my man?" the doctor remarked. "Why didn't you go to the doctor in Bourke immediately afterwards?"

"To be quite candid, Doctor," Rab said quietly, "I didn't need the cash at that time."

\* \* \*

### EXPLANATION.

"Do you know what is meant by the term 'author's salad days'?"—Literary course.

Yes, it's that stage of his career when he is a little green and becomes cut-up and cress-fallen at the dressing-down contained in the vinegary lettuce he gets from that hard-boiled egg, the editor. In short, it's when his celery is at its lowest, and he doesn't know his onions.

\* \* \*

### STOP PRESS.

And we know a printer's wife who objected to her husband always coming home inked.

\* \* \*

Japan claims that her aims are pacific. They certainly seem to be all at sea.

\* \* \*

Expert fixes Nazi air strength at 8000 machines. R.A.F. will unfix it.

### NO EXPERT.

There had been a lot of complaints about the tucker, but the sergeant cook took no notice of them, and continued to slap it up in his usual unappetising style.

Holding a dixie full of stew one day, "Mulga" poked it under the babblers' nose and asked:

"What the Devil's that in my soup?"

"Don't ask me," said the cook. "I don't know one insect from another."

\* \* \*

"I wish these flamin' guns had silencers on 'em — the rat-tat-tat makes me homesick!" Reminds me of lying in bed while the rent collector was givin' the door-knocker the works!"

### THE TOPS!

"They tell me," said one recruit to another, "that you're one of those blokes who started right at the bottom and worked his way up. How did you begin?"

"Well," said "Tiny," a comparative youngster, "first I was a boot-black, and I finished up as a hair-dresser."

\* \* \*

Carnival committee proposes prizes for impersonation of Dad, Mum, and Dave. Impersonation of Dad has whiskers on it.

\* \* \*

Petain's swan song: "Darlan, I Am Growing Old."

\* \* \*

Japan's South Seize Policy fore-stalled.



"But, ladies, the order was 'Close up!'"

—“Smith's Weekly.”

## IMPOSSIBLE.

Boys at a certain New Zealand military camp were playing cards, when a mate dashed in and shouted: "The sergeant-major's been taken to the hospital."

"Rusty," a bitter enemy of the S.M., looked up with a faint show of interest.

"What's wrong with him?" he inquired.

"Brain fever."

"Impossible," snorted "Rusty," as he again gave his attention to the cards.

\* \* \*

The pretty girl was collecting for the local hospital, and to her delight was able to get hold of a famous film star who was visiting the town. She returned to the collecting office flourishing a cheque.

"Just look what I've got!" she cried gaily. "A cheque from Mr. Blank for ten guineas!"

"That's grand," said the secretary of the organisation, as he held out his hand for the cheque. Then he added: "But there's no signature!"

"Oh, I know," said the girl brightly. "I cut it off for my autograph collection!"

\* \* \*

Old Lady (questioning Home Guard): And when you're on duty I suppose if anything moves, you shoot?

H.G.: Yes, lady, and if anything shoots, I move.

\* \* \*

The old coloured man had fought in the Cuban War and had drawn a pension ever since. While he was laboriously writing his name in the space for the payee, the bank clerk perkily remarked that it must be nice to draw a pension for life just for chasing a few Spaniards around.

"Boss," replied Rastus, "you get me wrong. I wasn't the chaser; I was the chasee"

The young pilot officer had crashed into a telegraph pole, and wire, pole, and everything was draped around him.

As willing helpers rushed to his aid to disentangle him from the wreckage he feebly put out a hand and touched the wires mumbling: "Thank heaven I've lived a clean life. They've given me a harp."

\* \* \*



"Blimey! That's what I told him, sir! But he said 'Rubbish' a man's as old as he feels'!"

"Daily Mirror"

\* \* \*

The raid had started some time ago and the gunfire was terrific, but the little man still lingered in the doorway of his home, watching the flashes as the shells burst. Meanwhile, his large wife was in the shelter in the garden, yelling to him to take cover with her.

Just then a warden friend of his passed by. "Hullo," he said, "where's the missus- Sheltering from the storm?"

"Not exactly," said the little man with a grin. "Storming from the shelter."

## PLENTY.

"Tiny" and "Snow" were discussing the reasons that prompted them to enlist. Said "Tiny," "I joined for patriotic reasons, and my country's worth fighting for. Why did you enlist?"

Said "Snow," "I wish I could say the same, and I would be a happier man."

"In what way?" asked "Tiny."

"Well, it was this way: My wife left me," said "Snow," "and, despite all my pleadings, she would not return to me; so I felt life was not worth living any longer, and I joined up. I reckon you would do the same, 'Tiny.'"

"No blinkin' fear," said "Tiny." "I'd get another wife."

\* \* \*

A young man from London was travelling on business in the North of England. He caught a chill one day and was confined to bed in a country cottage. Thinking she would give her visitor a treat during his illness, the good woman of the house baked a Yorkshire pudding and took it upstairs to his room.

"Just try this," she said. "It'll shift your cold."

Then she left him. Going up some time later, she inquired. "Well, have you eaten it all up?"

"Eaten it?" gasped the invalid. "No; I'm wearing it on my chest!"

\* \* \*

"Yes, Mrs. Jones, it's true my husband has left his job in the bank. He thought it was his duty to enlist. Anyway, he's burnt his bridges."

"Oh, I shouldn't worry about that. They'll provide him with a uniform."

\* \* \*

Jean: Were there any mild flirtations at the mountain boardinghouse?

Joan: No. Everyone made it a welter!



## HARD ASTERN.

After about three years' foot-slogging I was gassed and eventually reached Brockenhurst Hospital. Was lying reading in bed one afternoon when a nurse happened to glance at one of my feet which was sticking out.

"Goodness!" she exclaimed, "the skin is peeling off the sole in strips." Getting a chair, and a pair of scissors, she started trimming off the loose bits.

Bloke in the opposite bed reckoned he must be peeling, too, and when the nurse asked: "Why, are your feet itching?" he answered: "It's not my feet that are itching; I was a despatch rider."

\* \* \*

## POINT OF VIEW.

A member of the London bomb-disposal squad, lowered carefully into the crater of an unexploded German bomb, sat down calmly on the bomb and began removing its fuse. Suddenly he yelled:

"Get me out of here! Pull me up!"

His colleagues hauled him up in record time and ran for shelter. The man, however, remained at the edge of the crater, pointed downward and exclaimed:

"Look at the big rat down there!"

\* \* \*

First Farmer: What's ailing that old hen of yours?

Second Farmer: Shell shock. Ducks came out of the eggs she'd been sitting on.

\* \* \*

A.R.P. authorities report little trouble with cats. At the first hint of the siren, pussy gets up and scoots for the darkest cellar.

Few casualties have been reported.

\* \* \*

Heralding, we hope, a brighter dawn: Britain's darkest hour.

## BY GUM, NO!

"He was a good stamp of a man."—Extract from story.

Not the type that is easily licked.

\* \* \*

"Does she really intend to have ten or a dozen children?"

"No, it's her fertile imagination."

\* \* \*



"Aw, gee! Have a heart, commander! The doctor said a sea voyage would do her good!"

—"Daily Mirror."

\* \* \*

## UNWARRANTED INTER-FERENCE.

Spectators booed when a football match was abandoned in the second half because the air raid sirens sounded. The opinion was freely expressed that it was time the authorities realised there was a football match on.

\* \* \*

President Roosevelt's fire side talk warmed the hearts of an Empire.

## LIGHTNING-CHANGE LOVERS.

It was almost possible to call some Diggers versatile where marriage was concerned. One handed in his paybook one day to the Allotment Department, and asked for an allotment to be made out for "Mary Ellen Jones," as he was marrying her in a couple of days. However, the A.D. mislaid the book, and after a week, when the Digger came in again, the official was most profuse in his apologies in having lost it.

"O.K.!" said the Digger. "Saves a bit of trouble really. Hurry up and find it though, and make out the allotment to 'Florrie Anne Jones. I wouldn't marry that other shiela for a fiver!"

\* \* \*

## UNFORTUNATE.

Hauled up before his company commander for disorderly conduct and assaulting another soldier, Private Jones put in his defence:

"Please, sir, I only slammed the canteen door."

"Then how did his nose get into such a state?" demanded the officer.

"Oh—er—I admit that his nose was in the door when I slammed it!"

\* \* \*

Sergeant: Where is the balance of your rifle?

Recruit: This is all they gave me.

\* \* \*

Official circles in Berlin regard King George of Greece as an ordinary fugitive. This is distinctly unflattering. They might at least regard him as an extraordinary one.

\* \* \*

"Supposing the operation isn't a success, Doctor?"

"Well, you'll be stiff if it isn't!"

## BROKE IT UP.

It was well known that there was a fairly big two-up school operating on the bank of the river behind the camp, and when men had a few hours' leave they walked down to the school for a game. Officer in charge decided that this was not in the best interest of the camp, so he called on two men and gave them instructions to go down to the two-up school and break it up.

"Report back to me when you have broken up the school and that will save further action," he told them.

He waited an hour, but there was no sign of the two men returning. Another hour passed, and still no sign of them. He was contemplating sending a man to see what was delaying them when he spotted them approaching with bulging pockets and a broad grin on their dials.

"What have you two men been doing all this time?" he officer demanded. "You should have done what I asked in less than half-an-hour."

"Blime, don't make it too hot," "Bluey" replied. "We only had two bob to start with, and it took us an hour to work in the double-headed penny. Anyhow, we've cleaned the school up all right, sir!"

\* \* \*

Red Cross: Russia-Japan.



**LEND** to Defend  
the Right to be FREE!

**JOIN THE  
NATIONAL SAVINGS  
MOVEMENT**

## RILEY'S SYMPATHY

Undergoing bayonet practice recently, we had a zealous W.O. instructing us who was determined to make us efficient.

Assault course was laid out over an old system of trenches constructed by the 1914-18 Diggers, and consisted of numerous dummies distributed in and out of the trenches and in depth. This allowed for six men to charge abreast.

Time and time again we charged, running and pointing, jumping, scrambling and pointing again, until we knew every bay and traverse of the network and the dummies hung limply with their straw innards scattered in profusion.

A merciless sun brought the sweat from our bodies, and an equally merciless instructor snapped up our every fault and urged us on to greater efforts.

"Not realistic enough!" "Faster!" "Put more vigour into the points!"

"Come on, Riley, you're playing too——!"

"Riley" was weakening and became a special mark in consequence. Others among us were feeling the strain, but did not dare show it.

"Don't play with him, Riley," roared the W.O. "He's got feelings the same as you. Go on! Shake him off and get going. Watch that man on your left now. Stick him before he gets you."

The "man on the left" was a standing dummy, awkwardly positioned in a six-foot trench. Almost exhausted, "Riley" staggered on and sprang on to the dummy from above. He missed with his point and went down with the dummy.

"Stick him!" came the order. "What are you waiting for, man?"

"Riley," reclining ungracefully upon the figure, gave vent to a hysterical giggle.

"It just—dawned—on me, sir," he panted, "he might have a wife and kids like myself."

## QUERIES.

When a boarder marries his landlady, does he take her for butter or worse?

Do motor mechanics ever find themselves in the clutch of money-lenders?

Do tight-rope walkers ever feel the temptation to stray off the straight and narrow?

Are plain-clothes detectives really clever at working out the deductions for their income-tax return?

When railway signalmen get married, do they hold up the bride's train?

Do plumbers start looking for leaks when they order vegetable soup in a restaurant?

When you cross-question a sailor, does he get himself all tied up in knots?

Do chorus girls really mean it when they say they prefer long engagements?

Are all air-line pilots noted for their very flighty dispositions?

Does an estate agent always marry a girl well away from his own station in life?

\* \* \*

## THE PARSON'S ERROR.

Celibate young clergyman was dominie in charge of public school-boys, training in the city baths for a forthcoming swimming carnival, and was having difficulty in inducing his husky young charges to leave the water, seeing that the allotted time of their hiring of the baths had expired.

Perspiring with relief on his task being at last completed he was enraged to see yet another adolescent cruising along the side of the baths. With alacrity the curate bounded to the edge and swung a strong right arm in righteous admonition, and it landed on the swimmer's backside.

Then a very lissom brunette emerged from the water and in no uncertain terms vented her opinion of persons who took familiarities with entirely strong young ladies.



# HOW GOOD IS YOUR ENGLISH?

---

## £15 IN CASH PRIZES £15

---

WHICH OF THE SENTENCES GIVEN BELOW ARE CORRECT AND WHICH ARE INCORRECT? INDICATE THE ERRORS IN THOSE THAT ARE INCORRECT.

ILLUSTRATION:—Who is the tallest, you or Pèter?

ANSWER:—Who is the taller, you or Peter?

ENTRY FEE: ONE SHILLING for ONE ENTRY, and Sixpence for each additional entry sent in by the one person. POSTAL NOTES ONLY ACCEPTED.

ENTRIES CLOSE 20th September, 1941. Solution and winners will be published in the October Issue of "War Wit," and Prize Moneys will be posted on or before October 15th, 1941.

1. IRON IS MORE COMMON THAN ANY OTHER METAL.
2. HIS MOTHER OBJECTED TO HIM GOING.
3. THE TWO BOYS HELPED ONE ANOTHER.
4. I HAVE NO DOUBT OF THE MAN BEING SINCERE.
5. WHY BLAME ME, WHO AM NOT HE?
6. THIS IS A MORE PERFECT CUBE THAN THE OTHER ONE.
7. BEWTEEN YOU AND ME IT IS NOT I WHO AM SHE.
8. THE BATHTUB HAS OVERFLOWN.
9. I ASKED HIM HOW HE KNEW THE EARTH WAS ROUND.
10. IT SMASHED TO PIECES.
11. HE DIED OF PNEUMONIA.
12. WHAT KIND OF A PERSON DO YOU THINK I AM?

CONDITIONS OF ENTRY:—The £15 Cash Prize will be paid to the Competitor who sends in the CORRECT, or most nearly correct, list of the sentences. In the event of more than one person getting the complete list correct, the THREE NEATEST HAND-WRITTEN ENTRIES IN INK will receive £5 each. Type-written entries will not be considered, and no correspondence will be entered into. Judge's decision final.

ADDRESS your entries to:—"War Wit" Competition No. 1, care Stewart, Lawrence & Co., Ltd., 11 Manners Street, Wellington, C.1.

## DANCE TECHNIQUE.

Recruit, after marching a little over a mile, retired to the side of the road and sat down.

What the hell are you doing there?" came the angry voice of the sergeant. "Are you sitting this one out?"

\* \* \*

## TONSORIAL KNIGHT.

"In addition to being chairman of the Health Committee of the City Council and a member of the Finance Committee, Sir Harold Gengoult Smith is a member of the Infectious Diseases Hospital Board.

— "Herald," Melbourne.

\* \* \*

## MY HAT!

"Do come in. You'll see any prophetic hat fashion that will be new for Autumn, and dozens and dozens of Hate designed with you in mind!" — Advt. in "Mercury," N.S.W.

\* \* \*

## DOG TO LET.

"Pedigree Pomeranian bitch pup." To Let advt. in "Hawera Star," N.Z.

## 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.

## OCEANWIDE REVERBERATION

"The South African railway strike has necessitated a rearrangement of the Westland express running times. . . . The train from the eastern States which should arrive in Perth at 9.45 a.m. to-morrow will not now arrive until 10 a.m. on Thursday." — "Daily News," Perth.

\* \* \*



"It's all very well saying you've forgotten your identity card! How am I to know you haven't just dropped by parachute?"

"Daily Mirror"

\* \* \*

Old Timer: When a shell bursts, you must fall flat to dodge the splinters!

New Dig.: Trying to kid me them shells are made of wood, eh?

\* \* \*

Stalin should have known better than to take on his new title, seeing what has already happened to one Premier who was greater than Lenin.

\* \* \*

Irak-ateers.

## REVERENCE.

O.C. of an Army School has a reputation for singling out for blasts any individual on Battalion parade who committed a minor offence.

Church service was in progress one morning, with the usual dignified mumbling from proud heads, when a roar from the front brought all the heads up with a snap which would delight any sergeant instructing a squad in fixing bayonets.

"That man in the rear rank of No. 4 platoon—if you have no reverence for prayers—then get to hell off the parade ground!"

\* \* \*

## . . . A YARD WIDE.

"The Germans, using a new weapon, a 105 centimetre gun, mounted on tank tracks( poured millions of pounds of shells on the roads and defences."—"Sunday Sun," Sydney.

\* \* \*

Von Luckner reported to be roaming the Pacific in charge of raiders. Unless perchance he is looking for an opportunity to return our hospitality.

\* \* \*

News item: "Giant U.S. Bombers Reach Britain." En route for Germany.

\* \* \*

New Zealand's all-in effort achieves maximum intensity at sporting turnstiles.

\* \* \*

Someone has been swinging the lead.

\* \* \*

Up to us to see that the R.I.F. no longer has to face a tankless task.

\* \* \*

The glory that was Greece!



## CONSIDERATE.

Troops had arrived in port, and one chap was telling his civilian cobbler about their voyage south.

"Yes," he says, "our troopship and escort, which was keeping up its never-ceasing vigil, were headed southwards. All was peaceful and quiet save for the occasional snores coming from the vicinity of the bunks. The look-out was scanning the large tract of ocean when suddenly he espied a German raider coming up fast. Troopship and convoy 'hit the trail' at full-steam ahead for the scheduled port, and with the raider hot on their tails. However, we gave it the slip and arrived here safely."

"Well, I'll be ——!" exclaimed his audience, "Why the Hell didn't you fire on it?"

"Well," continued the narrator, "it was like this—the captain, seeing all the boys were enjoying a nice, sound sleep, thought it would be a pity and didn't like to wake them up."

\* \* \*

Wishing to give his Scotch steward a treat, a man invited him to London, and on the night after his rival took him to a hotel to dine. During the early part of the dinner the steward was noticed to help himself very liberally to the champagne, glass after glass of the wine disappearing. Still he seemed very downhearted and morose. Presently he was heard to remark: "Well, I hope they'll no be very long wi' the whisky, as I dinna get on verra weel wi' these mineral waters."

\* \* \*

News item: "In Sydney a butcher was ordered out of court because he was in shirt sleeves and striped apron." Dressed to kill!

\* \* \*

America's decision to send ships via the Red Sea has made Hitler see red.

## MISSING.

We were digging a trench on Salisbury Plain when the chalky soil subsided, burying Sergt. Judson. Shovels were handy, and it wasn't long before we used them to good effect.

Lieut. Chapman hustled along and fumed. "Where's the sergeant in charge here?" he demanded. "Does he know the trench has collapsed?"

"W-e-l-l, not yet," drawled "Snowy" Wilson. "We're just tryin' to get 'im out to tell 'im." The lieutenant passed on amid sniggers.

\* \* \*



"Just drop in and take pot luck!"

"Daily Mirror"

\* \* \*

## THAT'S ALL BOCHE.

"At one camp alone I saw 4000 German airmen prisoners."

"Ambulances took the men to Canterbury Park racecourse, where relatives and friends, alternately cheering and weeping, waited at the gates for the men to be discharged.—"Daily Telegraph."

## ECONOMY.

Joe was standing in the trench alongside "Sandy," a Scottish Australian. Two Germans were walking straight towards them, and Joe was eager to have a shot at them, and get the matter over and done with.

"Don't be so impatient," "Sandy" told him. "They're half a mile away yet, and we might miss them. Just let them come a bit closer."

Joe was getting more and more impatient, and when the two Germans came within a couple of hundred yards, he said to "Sandy": "Blimey, a man could shut both eyes and hit them now."

"That's all right," "Sandy" told him. "Haven't yer been told that we're not to waste ammunition. Just wait until one walks in front of the other, and one shot will do for the two of 'em."

\* \* \*

Women students at Sydney Teachers' Colleges have been warned by the authorities that red dresses at dances excite the animal passions in man. It's nice to find them acquiring useful knowledge like that.

\* \* \*

Mussolini has the record achievement of having lost Libya twice in two months, first to the British, now to the Germans.

\* \* \*

"Even their ammunition is crook, 'Shorty,' bursting before it hits the ground!"

\* \* \*

Australian built pedal-car has rear wheel steering. At last, the back-seat driver gets a chance.

\* \* \*

A leather hide was stolen from the gateway of a Boy Scouts' camp in Victoria. Whereupon, the Boy Scouts, no doubt, went 'ell for leather.

## EYE SPECIALIST.

This here army life kills a man's soul," groaned "Pongo," on cook-house fatigue, the job in the army he loathed above all others.

"When I joined up they said to me, 'What was your job in civvy life?'"

"'Optometrist's assistant,' I said."

"'Well, we'll soon find a job for you,' they told me. 'And so they flamin' well did; picking the eyes out of blasted potatoes!'"

\* \* \*

There were a dozen bands at Auckland's big Home Guard parade. Also 5500 arm bands.

## ORDERS!

Heard this at a post in Africa, and thought it worth while sending on to you.

Digger sentry bailed up two Tommies on the wharf at a certain port.

"Halt!" he said.

Tommies took no notice.

Digger: Halt! I ruddy well said!

Tommies stopped.

Digger: Come forward three paces and give me a ruddy match.

\* \* \*

From now on, no doubt, Scotland will be spelt with a capital Hess.

## GREETING.

One of the native boys on the station approached a driver of a Motor Transport the other day while said driver had his head under the bonnet of a troublesome truck. Driver had been there some time and his patience was nearly exhausted.

Boy asked driver how to say "Tarbie tuan" (Malay for "Good morning, sir") in English.

Driver, irate at the interruption, shouted at boy: "Go to Hell!"

When the sergeant came along next morning, native gave a slashing salute, at the same time saying, "Go to Hell, tuan!"

\* \* \*

## CUTTING IT SHORT.

The young author wrote asking an editor for his definition of the perfect short story for his paper.

The editor replied that it must be (1) short and to the point; (2) contain a religious touch; (3) have some reference to aristocracy; (4) have action; (5) possess sex appeal.

Whereupon the author sent his along:—

"Good Heavens!" said the Duchess, "You're pulling my leg."

\* \* \*

## BIG SHOT.

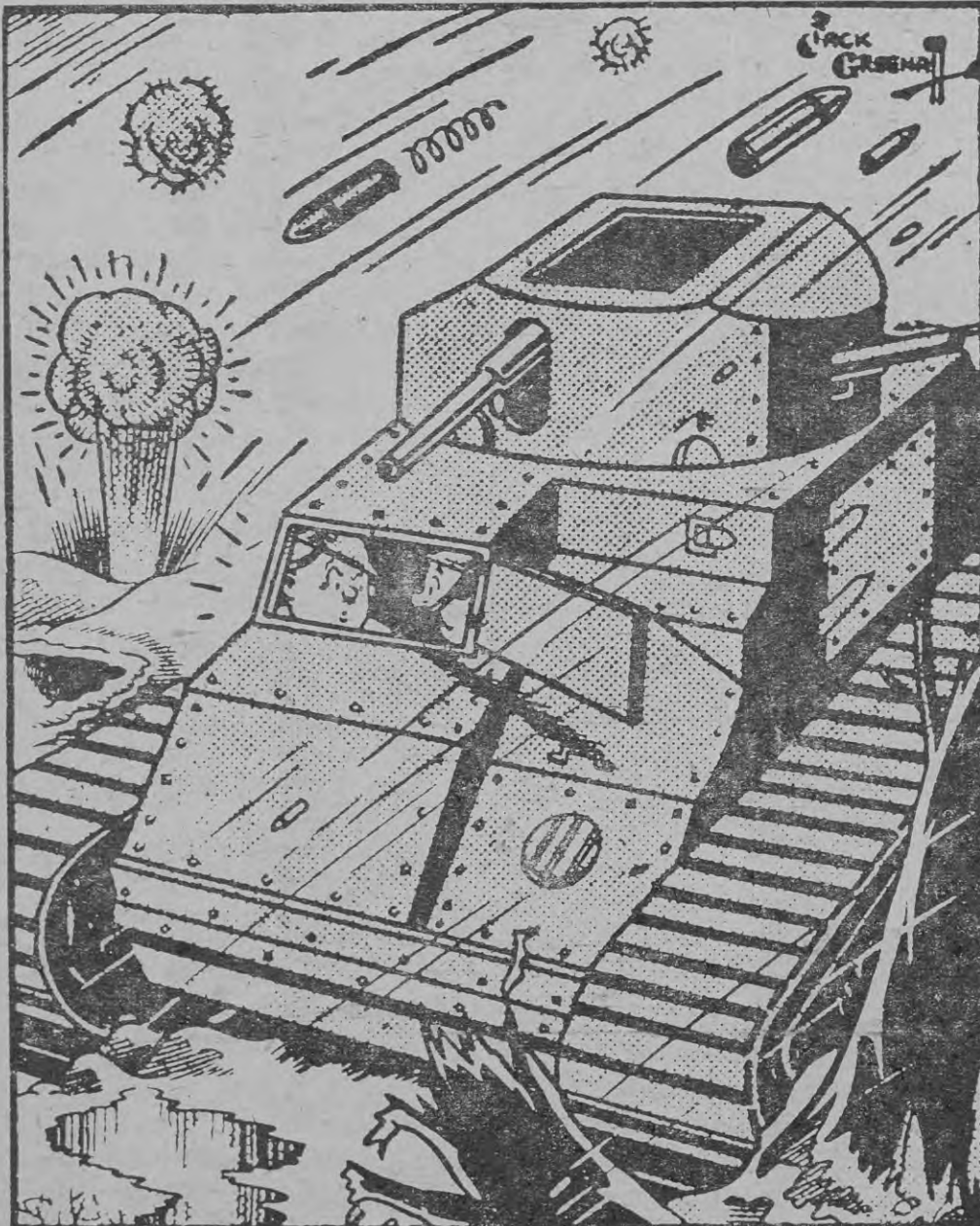
Then there was the lass who was so dumb that, when a fellow told her that he was a regular contributor to several magazines she thought he must be a munition worker.

\* \* \*

Egypt, according to Lieutenant-Colonel C. J. Pierce, is a land where vegetables are both plentiful and cheap. This must have seemed strange to the New Zealanders, coming from a land where they are just plentiful.

\* \* \*

Surfers are becoming less eager for a place in the sun.



"Yes, but what's worrying me is, how the blazes do I put out my hand when I want to turn left?"

—"Daily Mirror."



## UNNATURAL.

As a contortionist the politician is on his own. He stands for a safe seat, then he sits on the fence with his ear to the ground, his feet under the banquet table and his head in the clouds. Nor does he ever lose his head when the guillotine is applied in the house.

\* \* \*

## FATUOUS FACTS.

A cowslip is not a dairymaid's under-garment.

A car can roll up a drive but not a hose.

Tripe is printed as well as wrapped up in Sunday papers.

Dingbats are not used for cricket in asylums, nor brickbats for a like purpose by bricklayers.

Two swallows do not make a summer but help a lot at 6 p.m.

The clip of horse hair from clothes horses is of no commercial value.

The sitting room has been done away with in modern flats as well as in tight pants.

Indian files, correspondence files, and blank files have no place in the well fitted tool chest.

A.I.F. recruits do not pick up their feet with boot jacks.

\* \* \*

German soldiers and farmers are busy teaching the German language to horses requisitioned from France, Poland, Belgium and the Netherlands.

\* \* \*

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.

\* \* \*

In one way Hitler is better than Mussolini. He has at least had the decency not to reproduce himself.

## NO EXCEPTIONS.

Sergeant had just given us a lecture on range-finding and the Barr and Stroud, and gave us a few questions to answer.

"What elevation would you have at 1100 yards Barr and Stroud?" he asked.

"Big Jim" had had enough. He jumped up.

"Why bar him?" he shouted. "He should have a go, too. You've barred him all morning."

\* \* \*

Himmler has banned dancing in Germany. This, he thinks, is the surest way of keeping Watzling Matilda out of Europe.

## TROUBLE.

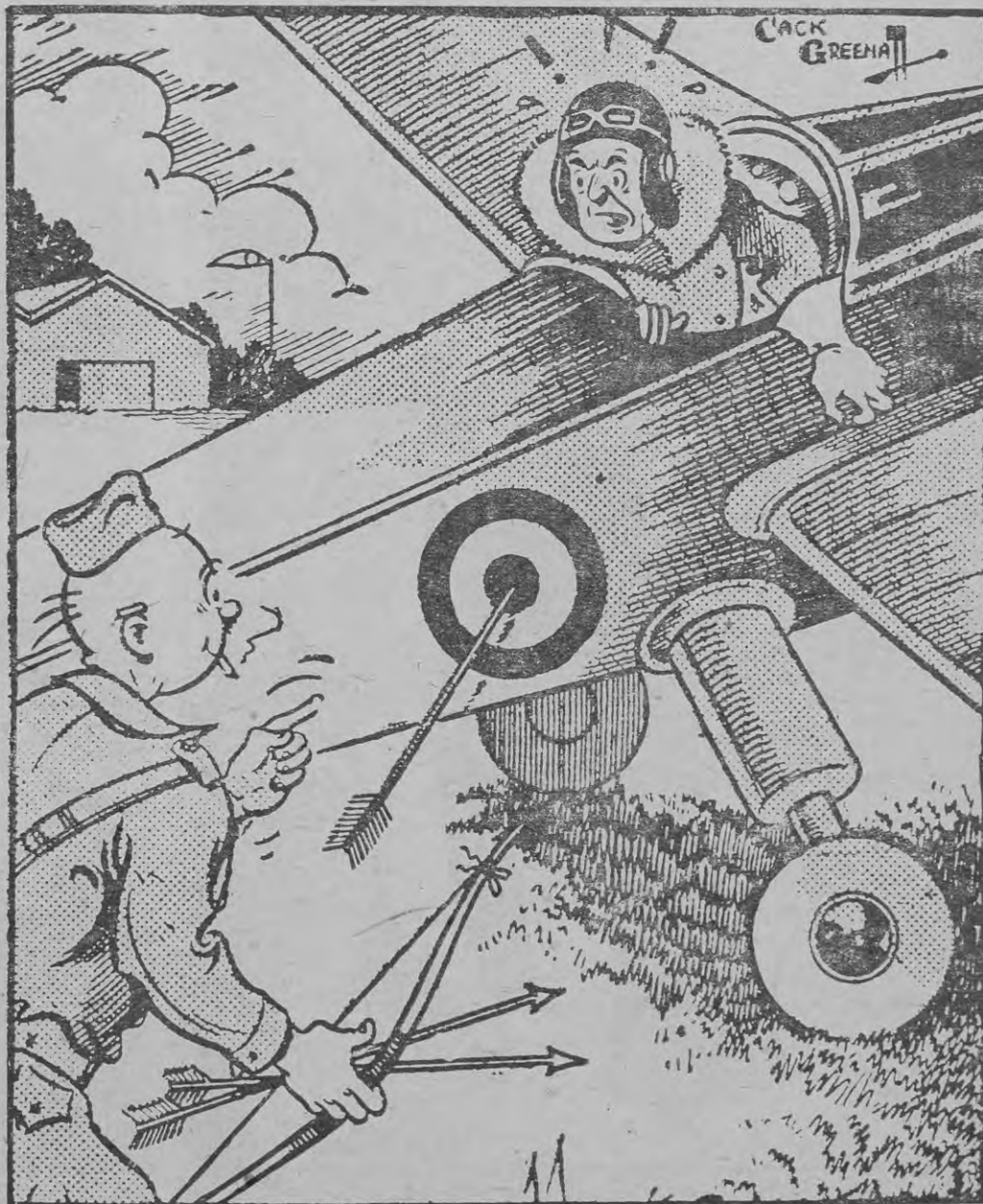
In April, 1940, in Palestine, Bill contracted dysentery, and was evacuated to 1st Aust. Gen. Hospital, being placed in a ward that contained only cases suffering the same complaint.

A "Sapper," commenting on the news in the "Palestine Post," remarked: "I see they are still having internal trouble in Ireland."

Quickly came the reply from an N.S.W. infantryman: "To hell with Ireland! Don't you think we've got enough internal trouble here?"

\* \* \*

News heading: "Jockey Still Riding After 1000 Race Falls." He seems determined to learn to ride.



"Blimey! Aren't you surprised nobody's done that before now?"

—"Daily Mirror."

## ESSENTIAL.

"Snowdrop," when he joined up with the boys at Enogerra, Qld., hadn't known what a cussword was. In a few weeks he was as good, or as bad, as the rest.

Naturally, the change got to the ears of his girl friend, and she chided him for it.

"You never used to swear," she said gently. "Why did you have to go and learn it?"

"I had to," grinned "Snowdrop." "If I hadn't, I wouldn't've known what the S.M. was saying!"

## HANDSOME IS!

"Monkey," a lieutenant at Enogerra (Brisbane) military camp, so nick-named for obvious reasons, was having some difficulty in explaining matters to the recruits. Finally he exploded:

"Why can't you understand? I wish I could make myself plain."

Came a voice from the back rank: "Don't ruddy well kid yourself, Loot. You are!"

\* \* \*

U.S.A.-Allies: Co-war-dination.

## UNMOUNTED.

When a camp was opened in a certain country town, several tradespeople saw a golden harvest. Among them was the owner of a cafe, who filled his window with signs telling the troops he was catering especially for the new A.I.F.

"Mulga" decided to have a feed at this cafe one evening. When he asked how much he owed, the answer staggered him. Then he asked the cafe proprietor if he wanted to buy a horse.

"Not me!" said the cafe bloke.

"Surely you want a horse," said "Mulga." "I don't see how you could do without one."

"Well," said "Mulga," picking his teeth, "every bushranger had a horse."

\* \* \*

## EVOLUTION.

"In grandma's day people looked askance at a girl whose dress was scanty."—Fashion Note.

Nowadays, of course, fashion decrees that a girl's dress should be scanties.

\* \* \*

Returning from the country, finding his house destroyed by a bomb, a man searched among the ruins and came across a book. The title was: "Minor House Repairs and How to Effect Them."

\* \* \*

News item: "One R.A.F. pilot lit a cigarette with his lighter as he floated down in his parachute." Proving the efficiency of the modern cigarette-lighter.

\* \* \*

Just at present the future looks more comfortable if viewed through the wrong end of the binoculars.

\* \* \*

Suggested that Hess be dropped by parachute over Berlin. Wouldn't he go off pop!



"Aw, go on Alec, slip her cable and give us a go at convoyin' the starboard one!"

—"Smith's Weekly."



## OVERTIME.

"Pipper" was hauled before the C.O. and asked to explain the matter of his two days' absence without leave.

English Tar: That's nothing. Our destroyers go so fast that we have to stop to pick up wireless messages.

Lifer (hopefully): Do you think there's any chance of the 1883 class being called up, Warder?

"Well, I was inked, Sir," he admitted.

"No excuse at all," he was told. "You surely weren't so drunk you didn't know you had to be back two days ago?"

"No, Sir," came back "Pipper," now getting into his stride, "I thought I did come back, but I flamin' well found out I'd put in two days up the line with another unit when ours was restin'. Why, you got two days extra scrappin' outa me for nothin', Sir."

"The Great Zambroso" was a worthy juggler who performed for a small, struggling circus. Came a period of poor business, and the manager found himself without sufficient funds with which to pay his performers. When they clamoured for their salaries he finally agreed to pay them off in alphabetical order as far as his money would go. It was exhausted with the letter B.

The following season, when the juggler returned to resume his work with the circus, the manager greeted him cordially, exclaiming: "Ah, the Great Zambroso!"

"No," was the rather positive reply. "From now on I wish to be billed as 'The Great Achilles!'"

Marshall Petain has appealed to Frenchmen to follow him blindly. It seems he would like to place France under Marshal law.

Libya may be going East, but at least Musso's East African Empire has gone West!



## WHY DON'T THEY

Put up beer in feeding bottles so that it would go much further?

Make motorists have a sign on their dashboard warning girls that they travel in the vehicle at their own risk?

Broadcast bawl by bawl descriptions of baby shows?

Have spare foot-brake pedals in fast cars for nervous passengers?

Sell insect-powder in dance-halls to keep jitter-bugs from crawling all over you?

Sell round letter boxes to hold circulars?

Manufacture wall to wall carpets with a design of cigarette butts and bottle tops worked in to them, to harmonise with the contents of King's Cross flats?

Make men who are keeping company with a girl display an engaged signal like a taxi?

Invent transparent women's hand-bags so that bag-snatchers could get a decent living?

Have one-way walls in flats, so that you can hear what the neighbours are saying but they can't hear you?

\* \* \*

## IN THE RAW.

Novelist enters nudist camp to gather material for story."—News item.

Raw material, of course.

\* \* \*

## WEIGHTY PROBLEM.

"You can slim in a fortnight," says advert.

You can be almost skin-and-bone in a week by simply walking from house to house trying to sell the slimming-course.

\* \* \*

Recently it was Clydeside's turn to be blitzed. Roaming in the gloaming isn't as much fun as it used to be.

## BOTH FAILED.

"Mulga" turned the piece of meat on his plate a couple of times, peered at it closely, then held it down with his fork, and started to saw away at it with his knife. He made no impression.

"Hey," he yelled to the mess orderly, "this steak's too tough. I can't eat it. Get the sergeant cook."

"No good of getting him," said the orderly. "He couldn't eat it, either."

\* \* \*

## DIAGNOSIS.

Doctors have discovered that hay fever can either be positive or negative. Sometimes the eyes have it and sometimes the nose.

\* \* \*

## IN THE DARK.

Then there was the lass who was so dumb she thought that an illicit still was a candid camera-man's unauthorised shot of a film star.

\* \* \*

"I invested the money I pinched in New Zealand War Loans, and all the thanks I get is two years!"

\* \* \*

News heading: "Returned Soldier with 14 Children." He has fought and bred for his country.

\* \* \*

The new order in Europe, by the new maurauder in Europe.



## NOT LOSING.

Squad of infantry trainees had been taken by motor truck several miles from the camp to do some field work, and then instructed to march back to camp. Country was strange to the mob, officers included, and, on the way back, everyone was wondering how far they were from home.

A drover came in sight as the boys slogged wearily along the dusty road. Captain hailed the drover and asked him how far it was to the camp location.

"About five miles," said the drover. The boys carried on. The road seemed never ending and they thought they had covered the five miles when a farmer stopped his plough team to watch them straggling past.

Captain asked the ploughman the distance to the camp.

"About five miles, I'd reckon," was the reply.

With set jaws they continued on their way. They had been marching for some time—easily five miles they believed—when the captain halted them at a gate where a carrier was unloading some goods.

"How far might we be from — camp?" asked the captain.

"Just about five miles, I'd say," said the carrier.

Came a voice from the ranks: "Thank heavens we're holding our own."

\* \* \*

## SALES TALK.

"Former Adelaide dentist is now successful writer of thrillers."—Literary Note.

We know quite a number of barbers who can tell some first class hair-raising yarns, too.

\* \* \*

## HARD TO EXPLAIN.

"Even the railway ticket has its mysteries.—Article. Including, of course, the way it always turns out to be the wrong class when the ticket checkers get in.



After a shipwreck a sailor was washed up on a lonely island in the tropics.

Thinking himself the sole survivor, and full of dread that the island might be inhabited by cannibals, he went exploring. Presently he saw smoke ascending from a clump of shrubs. Just as he was preparing to bolt, he heard a voice say:

"Why the — did you play that — card?"

"Thank Heaven—they're Christians!" he exclaimed joyfully.

\* \* \*

An Albanian was imprisoned by the Italians. He annoyed his captors intensely because he kept saying: "Anyway, the Greeks gave you a bashing at Koritza."

One day the officer in charge of the prison camp took him aside and said: "Look here, if you'll be quiet I'll make you an officer in the Italian army."

"O.K.," said the Albanian.

Next day Mussolini visited them, shook hands with the Albanian, and remarked: "So you are now an officer in the great Italian Army?"

"That's right," came the answer. "But, oh boy, what a bashing those Greeks gave us at Koritza!"

\* \* \*

The char-a-banc, loaded with women, was about to start. Friend of driver passed.

"Ullo, Tom, fine morning; where be going?"

"To Burnham."

"Be ee? Wait a minute and I'll get my old 'oman."

\* \* \*

A motor-cyclist, flying through a village, was pulled up by the police. "I say, man, where's your number plate?"

"Number plate?" The motorist turned round in surprise. "Number plate, be blown. Where is my wife and side-car."

The super-politeness one sometimes encounters in our large stores led to an amusing incident the other day.

A man home on leave from the East visited a big emporium on the hunt for some clothes appropriate to this climate. He was met by a stately shopwalker.

"What is your pleasure, sir?" the shopwalker asked.

The visitors eyes lit up.

"Do you have a bar here, then?" he asked.

\* \* \*



"Someone is talking about me, my ear is itching."

—"Smith's Weekly."

\* \* \*

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

Recently he wrote to 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."

Why did that sister get so huffy when I asked her to get me a hot-water bottle for my feet?

Well, you see, she's the head nurse.

"Struth! If you specialise like that, can I get the foot nurse?"

\* \* \*

When petrol rationing was first introduced a motorist had a 50-gallon tank of petrol as his reserve supply. A friend advised him, as a safety precaution, to bury it.

Accordingly the motorist instructed his gardener to dig a hole at the bottom of the garden and bury the petrol.

After a time the gardener returned. "I buried the petrol," he said. "What do you want done with the tank?"

\* \* \*

### CAMOUFLAGE.

The way prices of cosmetics are soaring parents will soon be asking prospective sons-in-law if they can keep their daughters in the dials they've been accustomed to.

\* \* \*

Shortage of clothing predicted in New Zealand. Girls will simply have to grin and bare it.

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## ERRATIC EVES.

She was only an electrician's daughter, but some of her current love affairs were shocking.

She was only a yachtsman's daughter, but she took the wind right out of his sails.

She was only a dry-cleaner's daughter, but she made men want to press their suits.

She was only a motor mechanic's daughter, but you should have felt her clutch.

She was only a politician's daughter, but she caused a division in the house when she got her majority.

She was only a painter's daughter, but she demanded two coats.

She was only a printer's daughter, but she was the bold-face type who have no use for a small capital.

She was only a phrenologist's daughter, but she felt the bumps when she went joy-riding in a second-hand car.

She was only a dentist's daughter, but she got on men's nerves.

She was only a watch-maker's daughter, but she always had a luminous smile on her attractive dial.

\* \* \*

## ACCOMMODATING.

A town in Queensland has one of the greatest street corners in the world. On one corner there is a school, on another a church, another a boarding house, and on another an hotel. Just think of it. They have education, salvation, starvation, and damnation all together.

## WHAT'S IN A NAME?

She was hard to please. She thought her first boy was not being Frank with her, while she told her second she would not be Harried. There was another who was not Rich enough for her and she refused to Don the Bridal veil for a fourth.

Her next failed to convince her that he was in Ernest; another romance just Peter-ed out, and when her seventh got away, she decided she had had her Phil of the male sex.

Nevertheless, when another suitor appeared she was persuaded to say "I Wil."

\* \* \*

"What was all that row in your tent last night?" the officer asked the corporal.

"Well, sir," was the reply, "Private Jones swiped Private Smith's fags so he threw a boot at him. Then Smith hit Jones with a plate, and Jones banged Smith's head on the tent-pole."

"Yes. And then——"

"Then they got mad and started to fight!"

\* \* \*

## CONSEQUENCES.

"Effects of high-flying."—Heading. A hang-over, or a divorce.

\* \* \*

## LUXURY.

Then there were the two fleas who migrated to Canberra and lived on the fat-heads of the land.

## PROPAGANDA.

"Tiger," down on leave, was reading the paper on a park bench. He was obviously enjoying a front-page account of British aerial success, when a lounge beside him remarked:

"Bah! You don't want to swallow that! It's just propaganda!"

"Tiger" immediately became involved in an argument, and the lounge turned out to be 100 per cent. subversive. Argument became rapidly fiercer, and finally developed into a scuffle, which ended abruptly when "Tiger" bowled over his opponent with a perfect right to the eye.

When the lounge scrambled to his feet, nursing his damaged optic, an onlooker remarked: "Struth! He made a mess of your eye!"

"Don't you believe it!" consoled "Tiger." "It's just flamin' propaganda!"

\* \* \*

## STAUNCH.

After a recent shell burst under her very nose, a mother showed great fortitude. As a matter of fact, the hen didn't budge until the remaining twelve eggs were hatched.

\* \* \*

"Well, it's something to have had twenty firemen at my wedding," said the A.R.P. man, proudly.

"Yes," said the bachelor, "but no escape."

\* \* \*

## STICKY CRIME.

The eyes of the killer were glowing. He counted his victims with glee. With pride he just couldn't help crowing.

The fly-paper'd caught thirty-three.

\* \* \*

"How do you sell that cheese?"  
"I'm blessed if I know!"

**Keep THIS Flag Flying!**



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## BOREDOM.

Just lately an attractive rumour has been circulating throughout this station, to the effect that the Sultan of Johore, ruler of one of the Federated Malay States, has offered a medal to every service man doing his duty in this country.

In addition to the medal, which, according to rumour, is to be struck in silver and handsomely beribboned, a bar will be added for every five years spent here.

After the matter has been discussed for some time, someone said: "Oh, well, I guess it will come in handy to stick up on the chest on Anzac Day."

"Nigger," who had been quietly reading during the debate, looked up and drawled: "Go for the medal by all means, fellers; but, if any of you is here for five years, it won't be one ruddy bar that will be worryin' yer. You'll be surrounded by 'em—in a padded cell."

\* \* \*

## MALIGNED.

"Wrong conception of the Public Service."—Paper heading.

So they have't easy berth control.

\* \* \*

The Archbishop of Canterbury says that air reprisals against German would only embitter the German people. And, of course, that would be just too bad.

\* \* \*

One advantage of having girls for munition work, it is stated, is that their hands work apart from their minds. Speaking technically, this is called independent thinking.

\* \* \*

"So you want to kiss me! I didn't think you were that kind!"

"Baby, I'm even kinder than that!"

## SALTED.

In the Bardia show Australian engineers are said to have cut the Italian water pipe line and connected it up to one they had run in from the sea.

One morning the Italians "woke up" to find themselves drinking salt water.

\* \* \*



"Blimey! I'll retire to Bediam! —Directly the drone of planes ceases we get a ruddy wasp in the bedroom!"

—"Daily Mirror."

\* \* \*

## KNEW THE PART.

"Long Charles," formerly an actor, was sent for by the major, who was putting on a concert for the troops.

"Could you do the landlord of an hotel in a play I am having?" the major inquired. "I'd be really obliged if you would do so?"

"Too right I could, sir," "Long Charles" retorted.

"I've done so many landlords in all parts of Sydney, that I could do it blindfolded!"

## QUITE EASY.

Young Joe had never seen the sea in his life until he came to Sydney to enlist. Even then he saw it only from a beach when he was on leave. It was not until he boarded the transport that he had any real sea experience. The transport had been outside Sydney Heads for only half-an-hour when Joe felt very ill. He walked into one of the saloons and threw himself down on a lounge and felt too sick to move.

"Why not go up on deck or go to your cabin if you don't feel well," an officer advised, noticing the young man's distress.

"Just can't be bothered," Joe managed to answer.

"But you can't be sick here in the saloon, man," the officer told him.

"Can't?" Joe replied, "Watch!"

\* \* \*

"I don't see much difference between you and a damn fool!"

"No—I should say about one pace!"

\* \* \*

It was at a camp concert to which visitors had been invited. Men of all ranks contributed to the programme, and every item was well received. Most popular of all, however, were the comic songs rendered by a rather stout sergeant-major. He was encored again and again.

"Who is that man?" asked a lady sitting next to "Nugget" in the front row.

"That's our sergeant-major," "Nugget" told her.

"Hasn't he a tremendous repertoire?" she said.

"Yairs," drawled "Nugget." "They reckon it was the beer he used to drink in his young days that gave him such a big, er-what-you-said, Lady; but he's getting it down a bit with exercise."

\* \* \*

"Wine with meals" should be a plonk in every party's platform.

## MILITARY ART.

Old and doughty Colonel was giving a lecture to a group of officers.

"Mr. Jones ———" he began, when a voice from the rear of the hall interrupted.

"'Scuse me sir, but would you mind asking Mr. Jones if he comes from South Australia?"

Colonel fidgeted for a moment and then obliged.

"Do you come from South Australia?" he asked.

"Yes, sir."

"Yes Mr. Smith. Mr. Jones does come from South Australia," the Colonel shouted in reply. A voice interrupted once again.

"Colonel, sir, would you please ask Mr. Smith if he went to Fort Street?"

"Did you go to Fort Street, Mr. Smith?" the old man boomed, now rather indignant.

"By jove I did, sir," returned Smith. "Would you please ask Mr. Jones if he is the chap they called 'Stinky?'"

"Are you the chap ———" the Colonel began—and then rage got the better of him. "Dammit all, old man," he roared, "who the hell do you think I am am, Dorothy Dix?"

\* \* \*

"Blast these H.Q. memos! This one says they're sending an intelligent officer, and you turn out to be an intelligence officer!"

## COINCIDENCE.

Troops were being taken by train over the Blue Mountains to a camp out west. Train passed through all the mountain towns including Blaxland, Lawson and Wentworth Falls.

"Isn't this the way those explorers, Blaxland, Lawson and Wentworth came over the Blue Mountains?" "Bluey" asked some of his mates on the train.

"This is the exact route they followed," he was informed.

"Blime, isn't it a coincidence that those blokes should have picked the route running past towns bearing the same names as themselves," "Bluey" commented.

\* \* \*

"There's an unexploded bomb buried here," said the A.R.P. chief as he posted a warden, "probably weighing a ton. Just keep an eye on things, and blow your whistle if anything happens."

"O.K.," replied the warden, "but do I blow it going up or coming down?"

\* \* \*

Sergeant-Major (to recruit): Smith, either you get yer 'air cut for next parade or go an' draw a violin from the stores.

\* \* \*

We congratulate Mr. Fraser on his fortunate escape from injury in his motor accident. It's not everyone who gets off so lightly from a good blow-out.

## REASONS.

"Ginger" had fallen foul of the regimental bully, who boxed-on with him, but was not having it all his own way. In fact, "Ginger" was taking the offensive when an M.P. grabbed him.

"What's the idea?" said "Ginger."

"Come on, now," replied the M.P., "you can't start fights here!"

"Oh, yeah? Who said I started it? 'Ow do you know 'e's not in the wrong? You've only just come 'ere!"

"Well, I'll tell you why. His father's the major, his brother runs the wet canteen, and I go out with his sister."

\* \* \*

"Darling, I think I'll have my fortune told. Would you advise me to go to a palmist or a mind reader?"

"Better make it a palmist, dear. After all, you have got a palm."

\* \* \*

The managing director, sheltering from an air raid, fell into conversation with a seedy looking individual sitting next to him.

"What's your line, guv'nor," said the seedy one.

"Advertising," said the director.

"Lumme!" said his companion. "I'm in that line, too. 'Tain't too bad on the whole, but don't the straps hurt your shoulders!"

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NEW ZEALAND**



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*Treat 2000 gallons of Motor Spirit for 7d.*

An inexpensive preparation that actually doubles the efficiency of motor spirit. More speed, more more power, less carbon, increases mileage 10 to 15 per cent. Guaranteed or money refunded.

**THIS GREAT AMERICAN FORMULA, 1/2 Post  
YOURS FOR ONLY . . . . . Free**



## WAR WIT

### INTERRUPTION.

Training in Palestine has its drawbacks. The "wogs" don't know much about hygiene, and it's very annoying at times. Being in a machine-gun battalion we get a fair amount of training to occupy positions.

"Darkie," in a lather of sweat, was crawling over some exposed ground with the gun, and making a fair job of it. Suddenly he reared backwards, exposing his whole body to the enemy.

Down came his platoon commander like a ton of bricks.

"What the hell do you think you're doing? Want to 'draw the crabs' on the whole ruddy section?"

"Listen," yelled "Darkie," purple with rage. "If you blokes spent a bit of time instructing 'wogs' in the use of latrines instead of wasting our time with such rubbish you'd be doing a ruddy lot more good."

\* \* \*

Nervous Old Lady (to Cockney A.R.P. warden after air raid): Can you tell me, mister, is the coast clear?

Cockney Warden: Lumme, lady give us a chance! I only do this district.

\* \* \*

Vichy National Anthem: The Mar-sell-out.

### "OUR CHANNEL."

Have you heard this story told by a naval man who came ashore after a lively time? Out in the Channel some German seamen were captured. They were standing in a group by the rail beside some British seamen, when a Briton suddenly hit one German and felled him. The British skipper held an inquiry. The skipper pointed out the offence of hitting a prisoner and then asked the culprit why he did it. The seaman touched his forelock and said: "Sir, he tells us the Navy's no good. He tells us the R.A.F. is no good. He tells us the Army is no good. Then he says our Channel is no good and he spits in it. Wot would you have done, sir?"

\* \* \*

Officer: Why weren't you at roll-call last night?"

Private: "I was making my way back to camp, sir, but it's so well camouflaged, it took me hours to find it!"

\* \* \*

"I had to change my seat several times at the movies."

"Gracious, did a man get fresh?"

"Well, finally."

\* \* \*

Hitler's latest underwater craft: Bismarck!

### BOOK TITLES

Successful Invasion, by Kent B. Dun.

The Britisher, by Issie Hall Wright.

Non Co-operation, by Ernest Holland.

Tin Opener Wife, by Bridget Holmes.

The Stay At Home Man, by Abel Gardener.

Nudist Camp, by Major Stair.

Musso's Fleet, by Edda Gnome.

The Good Husband, by Andy Mann.

\* \* \*

### OBSERVATION.

Sergeant-Major was testing the powers of observation of the recruits. Slapping half-a-crown on a table, he said shantly: "What is that?"

Instantly a voice from the squad called: "Tails!"

\* \* \*

Camp commandant bans bad language. Tough luck for the sergeant-major.

\* \* \*

On his very first appearance as a King, Peter made a hit, at Hitler.

\* \* \*

B.B.C.: Belated British Commentary!

## ZAIREGH, THE LOVER'S ARABIC ORACLE.

Price Sixpence.

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



## 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.

# FIVE BIG MYSTERIES!



**No. 1. THE GREAT HANDCUFF TRICK.** No doubt you have marvelled at this wonderful trick. It is here exposed, and through it you can defy the police or anybody to confine you in their own handcuffs. A little secret manipulation and you are free. No confederates or fake cuffs used, but the regular kind, such as are in common use by the police everywhere.

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**No. 2. CRACK MARKSMANSHIP ACT.** Of course, you have seen the crack marksman or sharpshooter. How skilfully he shoots glass balls, lumps of sugar off assistant's heads, puts out lighted candles, or disrobes an assistant by rapid fire shooting. There is not one person in a thousand who knows that this act is a trick. It is simple, and can be accomplished by anyone who has the least accuracy of eye. This is a complete act in itself, and will make a sensation. The secret can be learned in a few minutes.

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**No. 3. GREAT VAULT ESCAPE.** The most thrilling mystery ever performed. The audience holds its breath with awe while the performer makes his escape, when he is greeted with cheers of enthusiasm. Far superior to the old gaol escape. No confederates or expense. The performer is placed in a safe or vault locked by anyone. The escape is made quickly and easily.

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