

WAR WIT

Ammunition for 'SMILES'

APRIL, 1942

Price: SIXPENCE



"Come on '99! Outside!—Time to do your spot of fire-watching!"

THE MISSING FILM STAR.



A pack of Film Star Cards is shown, each card bearing the name of a popular star.

Pack is shuffled and cut into two, and from one portion a card is selected and shuffled back. Performer now holds this half in his right hand and the other half in his left, and states his intention of causing the chosen card to leave his right hand—pass up his sleeve, along the back of his coat and down his left sleeve into the cards in his left hand. He riffles the cards in his right hand, and says that the chosen card has gone. He proves this by dropping the cards one at a time upon table, and the chosen one is indeed missing.

He now offers the sum of fifty pounds if he fails to produce the chosen name from the cards in his left hand. He glances through them and picks out one, which he boldly affirms is the one selected. The selector, however, denies this. Performer, slightly disconcerted, remarks that he has not said just when he will produce the chosen name, and again shows a card as the selected one. Again the selector says this is the wrong card. The performer makes several further attempts, and finally runs through all the cards, but the chooser says that his card is not there. Apparently the trick has failed, but now the performer has a brain-

wave, and states that sometimes the card gets caught in passing up his sleeve—he searches his coat and eventually produces the chosen card from his armpit.

And now, to finish effect, he picks up the rejected cards, remarking that he still cannot understand how he failed to produce the selected name. He again shows the rejected cards, separately, calling out the names—and as he does so he lays them out on table (or stand) to overlap; and slowly THE CHOSEN NAME IS MADE UP BY THE INITIAL LETTERS. The conclusion is shown in the illustration.

This effect is extremely easy to work, and can if necessary be done with audience all round. Only the pack is required, which can be carried in pocket, and the trick is ready to work at a moment's notice.

Complete with pack of 32 Film Star Cards (no stand).

Price, 7/6.

THE BEWILDERING BLOCKS.

Three wooden cubes, coloured respectively Red, Blue and Yellow, are shown on all sides. These are dropped into a wooden cover with the Blue block on top. When the cover is lifted, the Blue block has passed to the bottom. The effect is repeated, and once again the Blue block passes from top to bottom.

Now the blocks are stacked with the Blue at the bottom, and the cover placed over them. There is a small hole in the cover, through which the Blue block can be seen. This block is now removed, and vanished, and on lifting the cover it is found on top of the stack.

There are no faked blocks. Both cover and blocks can be given for examination. Easy working.

Price, 10/6; 1/6 Postage.

Silks, all colours, hemmed 12 x 12—1/6 each

WAR WIT

A Tonic for the Jitters

Published monthly by Stewart, Lawrence & Co., Ltd., and distributed throughout New Zealand by Messrs. Gordon & Gotch Ltd., Wellington, Auckland and Christchurch.

Vol. 2. No. 15.

April, 1942

Paper Difficulties? We'll Say!

Hence the different Lay-out of "War Wit" pages which have been arranged to give you the maximum of reading

A COMMON END.

"What is the difference between an estate owner, a farmer and a labourer?"

"The estate owner drives to look at the work. The farmer walks to look at the work. The labourer stands to look at the work."

* * *

TO AND FRO.

Two nurses abroad were creeping up the stairs at the hospital late one night. They encountered two medical officers.

"Don't tell," they whispered, "but we're coming in after hours."

One of the medical officers grinned, "Don't worry—we're just going out after ours."

* * *

Two invalided 2nd A.I.F. Diggers were on deck of an Aussie-bound vessel straining to catch a last glimpse of the Old Country.

Whilst picking out familiar landmarks of the snow-bound country gleaming in the wintry sunshine, 1st very cold Digger remarked:

"No wonder they say 'there'll always be an England'."

On second Digger asking the reason for such a remark 1st Digger replied:

"Well, they keep the place in refrigeration six months of the year."

The Medical Officer of Health at a U.S. port weighs 21 stone and has been an ardent teetotaller all his life. The biggest dry doc in America.

An American radio comedian lies flat on the floor while broadcasting. A safety first habit persisting from his old music-hall days, no doubt.



"Oh, go on! They say you fire-watchers have a wife on every roof!"

"Smith's Weekly."

RUINED IT.

"Smithy" is the mechanical genius of our volunteer unit. Until recently he used to turn up to the weekly parades in his motor car, powered with a producer gas unit of his own manufacture. Unit resembled a dissipated kitchen stove and no one was surprised to learn that the interior workings of the car became so affected that the motor went out of action.

"Smithy" broke the news to some of the lads, who sympathised in suitable manner, encouraging him with the statement that he would soon put things right. "Dodger," however, later on brought the subject up again.

"When do you think you'll have your seducer gas unit running again?" he asked "Smithy."

"You mean producer gas," "Smithy" corrected him.

"Cripes no," said "Dodger." "It ruined your car, didn't it?"

* * *

FORCE OF HABIT.

Then there was the motorist who when charged with driving while under the influence of alcohol, admitted that he had gazed on the wine while it was red, but tactfully explained that he didn't like moving on until it changed to green.

HE'D KNOW!

Somewhere in the Middle East Private Jones reported to the C.O.: "Sir, one of the transport motors has fallen in the river."

"Good heavens!" exclaimed the C.O. "Does the sergeant know?"

"Yes, sir," answered Private Jones, "he's in it."

TRAVELOGUE.

Because the troopship was sailing under sealed orders, the "next joint" was a dark secret, so "Lofty" hung over the ship's rail to be first to see it. At Colombo he was thrilled.

"What do they do in this joint?" he asked, pointing at the isle of Ceylon.

"Grow tea," his mate told him. "They grow it on tea-pot trees and in pound and half-pound packets."

"Lofty" was insulted, and kept to himself until they reached the Red Sea; and if he was disappointed in its colour he didn't say a word; but when they were near the Suez Canal he said, in a matter-of-fact voice: "I expect there will be a hell of a pong in this here Sewers Canal!"

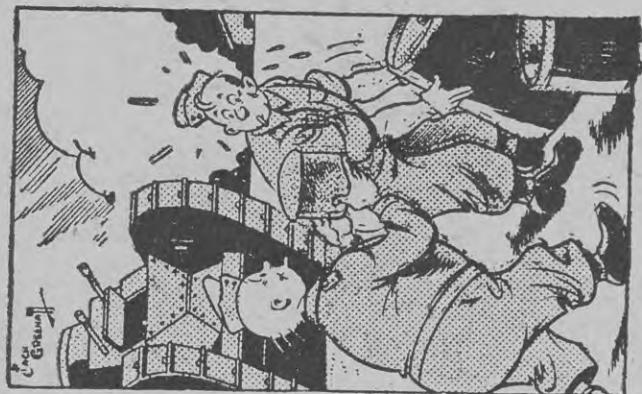
* * *

NOT SURE.

Trinder's unit had been on manoeuvres and had returned to camp. Trinder was unloading his gear when the sergeant-major came along.

"Hullo" he said. "You look as if you've had a good day. Shoot anything?"

"I don't know," replied Trinder, "I'm waiting until they call the roll when the rest of the mob comes in."



"Care to go sick for a few days, Nobby?" The wife's sent a home-made cake!

"Daily Mirror"

AD LIPS.

So many girls have impromptu complexions — they make 'em up as they go along.

WELL RECOMMENDED.

A seedy looking chap came into the recruiting office to enlist as an army cook. Put through the usual paces he was pronounced fit, and was asked for personal particulars of himself.

"Are you an experienced cook?" the sergeant asked. "We can't send blobs into the cookhouse. The men would complain."

The recruit gave a sickly smile and replied meekly: "Oh! I'm well qualified, sir, Here's a reference from my wife."

* * *

CHEST PLASTERS.

Member of our unit was boarded at his own request. Previous night he had placed two bottles of cold lager beer under his shirt for safe keeping.

Well, next day, when asked by the Doctor (with stethoscope in hand) to lift his shirt, he did so, displaying two beer labels on his chest.

This caused the Doc. to remark that it was the first time he had seen them used as plasters.

* * *

UPSIDE DOWN.

The downfall of man is generally caused by the upkeep of women.

NO MOISTURE.

"Dear Mary," wrote Bluey from Palestine to his girl in Sydney, "I received the parcel you sent over all right, also the stamps. Gripes, it's a dry place over here, Mary! Next time you send me some stamps put in a few pins as well. A man gets too dry to lick the stamps so we have to pin them on the envelopes."

STRANGE, BUT TRUE.

Maid (to mistress): Please, mum, the cat's 'ad chickens.
 Mistress: Nonsense, Jane! You mean kittens.
 Maid: Well mum, wot was them things yer brought home this morning?
 Mistress: Chickens, Jane.
 Maid: There, I knew I was right. The cat's 'ad 'em.

The war correspondent, fed up with his duties after three years abroad, cabled his resignation to his managing editor and caught the next clipper plane back to America. He was met by his wife and several friends. Questioned about his plans, the weary scribe stated that he and his wife would take a vacation before he wrote the customary book. Someone asked where they were going.

"Well, we're going to paste a big picture of Hitler on the outside of the car," he replied, "and drive until someone says, 'Who's that?'" That's where we're stopping!"

* * *

A lorry contractor had one of his lorries damaged in a raid. He telephoned to various Ministries, but none could help him regarding repairs. He was told that he must find his own spare parts.

Two days later, however, an official arrived and said sympathetically: Haven't you had a lorry damaged?" Then he asked to see it. He examined it so carefully that the contractor, full of hope, asked: "What can you do to help us?" "Help," replied the official, "who talked of help? I only came to collect this lorry's petrol coupons."

As a camp the duty officer on his rounds entered a bunkhouse shortly after "lights-out." A rumpus had been going on prior to his entry, but all was suddenly quiet.

I suppose you are all asleep, men?" the officer bawled sarcastically.

Chorus from the men: "Yes, sir!"

* * *

The director of the Zoo was away on a short vacation, when he received the following note from his chief assistant:

"Everything all right except the chimpanzee — seems to be pining away for a companion. What shall we do until you return?"

* * *

The workman had placed a ladder against the clock tower and was about to clean the face.

An old lady was passing and stopped.

"Ah," she said, "are you going to do something to that clock?"

Oh, no, lady," replied the man. "I'm just a bit short-sighted, that's all."

* * *

"Some actors work hard all their lives, and what are the fruits of their labours?" asks a writer. Over-ripe tomatoes, very often.



ELLEN

"I won't be home for dinner, dear—I'm giving an A.R.P. lecture to the staff!"

DINKUM OIL.

Truth lies at the bottom of oil wells. Promotion lies at the top.

ARE YOU SMOKING
A PIPE NOW??

ER-O-OH-YES!
ER-WOULD
YOU LIKE A FILL?



LITERALLY TRUE.

"I am all in the dark about how these bills are to be paid," said Mr. Hardup to his wife.

"Well, Henry," said she, as she pulled out a coloured one and laid it on the pile, "you will be if you don't pay that one, for it's the electric light bill."

* * *

Having been fitted with a new dental plate, the vicar was asked to retire into an ante-room to accustom himself to it.

In a few minutes the dentist overheard a distinct "Damnation" from the other room, and in a moment the word was repeated.

The dentist immediately went in to say: "I'm sorry you're having trouble."

"No trouble at all," said the vicar. "You know that word is used in the Scriptures and the fact is I haven't been able to pronounce it properly for twenty years."

* * *

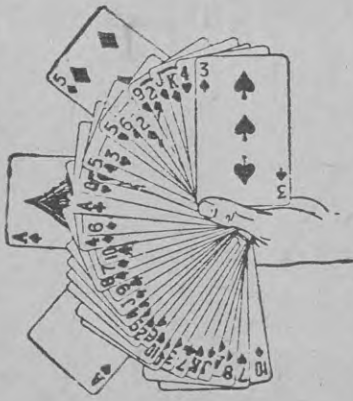
UNFATHOMABLE.

They occupy adjoining cells in the same asylum — the man who tried to solve the mystery of the universe, and the man who tried to understand a woman's mind.

There are possibilities for dramatic moments in the W.A.A.F.

"Smith's Weekly."

THE MONTE CRISTO DECK, No. 1.



MAGIC FORCING PACK OF CARDS.

No. 1.—This is a modern forcing deck. You can show all the cards to be different, yet you can force a card in the most subtle manner.

Price, Complete, 4/6.

THE MONTE CRISTO DECK, No. 2.

No. 2.—Enables any amateur to perform many tricks, including the following:—Restore the torn card. Burn a card, and afterwards restore it whole and perfect. Cut pack and name top card before the cut is made. Burn card and then find it in the pocket of the person who burned it. Discover a card by its weight or smell. Destroy a card and afterwards find it in a hat, in a locked box, under a chair cushion in a gentleman's pocket. Any one of the tricks can be performed by an amateur in the drawing-room, without fear of detection and will enable him to amuse the company with only the aid of the pack of cards, no confederate being required with any of the tricks. Complete, with Cards, Directions and Secret.

Price, Complete, 4/6.

A GLOW OF SATISFACTION

A smart man saw an Irishman whose bibulous appearance led him to remark: "Pat, what makes your nose so red?"

"Shure," replied Pat, "it's the reflection of me soul."

"The reflection of your soul? What do you mean?"

"Shure, it's the reflection of me soul," retorted Pat. "It's glowin' wid pleasure at me ability to 'tend to me own business."

* * *

It was at the gaming table at Monaco. One of the players wore gloves and as he won almost every stake, his friends asked him whether he wore gloves as a charm.

"Not at all," he replied, "but I promised my wife, on my word of honour, never again to touch a card."

* * *

Private Jones had had twenty shots at the rifle range, and all had missed the target.

"What are you doing?" yelled the Sergeant. "What's the explanation of this disgraceful performance?"

"I don't know, Sergeant," replied Jones. They're leaving this end all right."

The Scotsman's wife had strong views on the subject of strong drink. One night her husband came home late and badly fuddled. He managed to get inside the house without waking her, and on reaching his bedroom he got down on his hands and knees and started to crawl along the floor. But luck was against him; his wife awoke.

In the darkness, mistaking the moving object for the dog, she said, "Come on Jack! Good dog."

"Whereupon," said the husband next day, recounting the event to a friend, "I had the rare intelligence to lick her hand."

* * *

Jones and Smith were sitting in their tent in the African jungle discussing their skill as hunters. Presently Jones remarked that he would bet Smith a pound that he could go out and kill a lion forthwith.

Smith took the bet and sat back to await results.

About an hour passed, and then a lion put its head through the tent flap.

"Do you know a fellow called Jones?" it asked.

"I do," said Smith, backing away.

"Ah," said the lion, "he owes you a pound!"

BIT OF ALL RIGHT

Somewhere in the Middle East a sentry was supposed to be on duty but was sitting on an up-turned tin when the Captain strode into view.

Captain: Who are you?

Sentry: I'm a bit of a sentry. Who are you?

Captain: I'm a bit of a captain.

Sentry: Well, wait till I get my rifle and I'll give you a bit of a salute.

* * *

UNFORTUNATE

Lofty was sent off to the canteen to get a bottle of beer for his C.O.

He arrived back most distressed. "What's the matter, my man," enquired the C.O., "what happened and where's the bottle of beer I sent you for?"

"Well, it's like this," breathed Lofty unsteadily, "I got to bottles, one for you and one for myself—on the way back I dropped and broke yours."

* * *

"Mrs. ——— tested the mutton on a walking trip."—"Sunday Telegraph," 30/11/41. We have seen the cheese that way, too.

ALTITUDE PLUS

The irritable, but very short sergeant was inspecting the troops. Seeing Lofty looking down, he snapped: "Put your chin up . . . higher . . . higher . . . higher . . . that's right!"

Lofty replied: "Do I have to keep it like this?"

"Of course," snapped the sergeant.

"O.K. Good-bye," returned Lofty. "I'll never see you again!"

* * *

THE DIPLOMAT

A Tommy officer met four Diggers in the Strand, London. They absolutely ignored him.

"Why didn't you salute me?" he demanded.

"Oh, shut up, you ——!"

The raving Brass Hat waited until he saw a Digger Officer.

"I say," he roared, "are those some of your men over there?"

"Looks like it," came the reply.

"Well, they had the audacity to call me a ——."

"Well, you're not one, are you?"

"No, of course I'm not."

"Well, run over and tell them they're —— liars."

* * *

An expert is a man who decides quickly and is sometimes right.

A BIT MIXED

Most of the men were on leave when the padre first joined the unit. There was little for him to do and he asked if he could help with the attestations.

After some weeks of this work he was performing the ceremony at the wedding of an officer.

"Do you take this woman," he asked, "to be your wife, to love, honour and cherish for the duration of the war and six months after?"

* * *

"TO FAR GONE"

The Digger quite recovered, but had fallen for his pretty nurse and didn't want to leave the hospital. So when she wasn't looking he dipped the thermometer in a cup of hot tea.

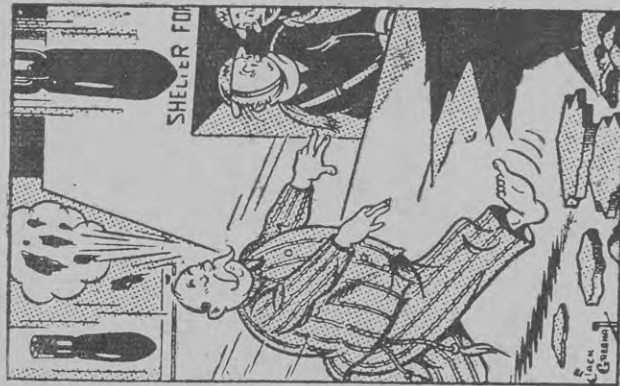
Presently the nurse bustled in and told him to move out.

"But I feel awful this morning, nurse," he protested, "My temperature was up."

"Yes, I know, she replied, very gently, "up to one hundred and twenty. You're dead, that's why we're moving you."

* * *

Hitler will soon have enough material to write a second volume of "My Struggle."



"Don't be an ass, Pir-bright! They say it's dangerous to waken 'em!" —"Daily Mirror."

"D.T.": Because a horse kicked him a stablehand has been awarded £50 damages from the owner. Something in his kick!

A Scottish minister in a country parish, whose post was very unremunerative, was promoted to a prison in a large town.

This caused great annoyance to his congregation, as they had considerable difficulty in finding a successor.

However, the minister refused to give up his appointment, and in consequence there was a good deal of ill-feeling between himself and the parishioners.

They showed their resentment in many ways, but the minister waited patiently until the time arrived for him to preach his farewell sermon. Then he chose as his text: "I go to prepare a place for you."

* * * TIT FOR TAT

A man was sitting at the bedside of his dying business partner, when the latter said: "I've a confession to make. Ten years ago I robbed the firm of \$50,000. I sold the blue prints of your invention to a rival firm."

"Don't worry," said his partner. "I poisoned you."

* * *

Clever young Army men must not remain rank outsiders.

SLANG

During the last war Peter and Paul, on leave in Paris decided to visit the Louvre. Peter stopped in front of a startling murder study whistled and said, "What oh, What price this one, Paul?"

An attendant nearby heard the remark which was too much for him and approached them saying, "Excuse me please, Messieurs, but it is not a Watteau, and it is not for sale."

* * *

COLD

A Jock and a Digger meet behind the lines in a demolished village in Greece.

The Jock: Weel, Anzac, what are you going t' do when the war's over?

Frozen Bill: Me? I'm goin' to the centre of Australia for two bloomin' years to thaw out.

* * *

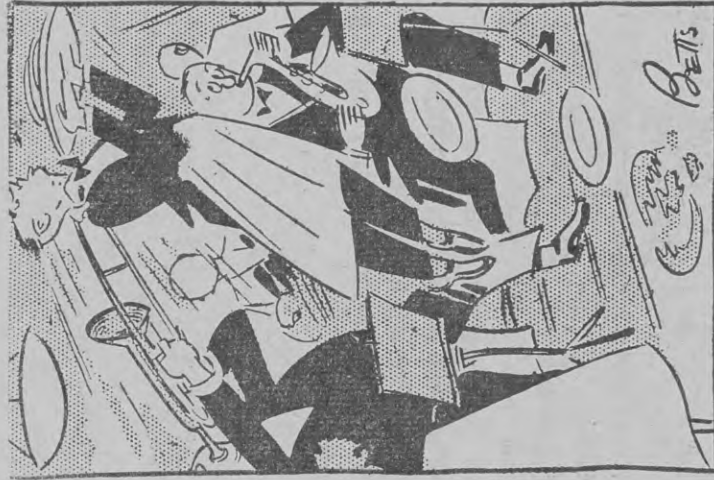
The boys had just returned from the dawn patrol when the hard-to-please captain rushed into the mess.

Picking on Bill, he yelled: "What the devil do you mean by flying upside down?"

"Well, you wouldn't want to see the ship shot from under me, would you, Captain?"

PRO TEM.

We know one chap who is always furnishing his home with period furniture. After a short period the van always turns up to take it back again.



SILLYSTRATION
"He was completely carried away by the music."

"Daily Mirror"

KNOCK-OUT BLOW

The difference between a jazz-band leader and a boxer, is that one swings his tunes, while the other tunes his swings.

THE EXCEPTION

A lone sentry was guarding a strip of land leading to the front line. A car drew up and was halted by the sentry.

Driver: It's all right, mate, let me through. I've got a brass hat aboard.

Sentry: Sorry, but you can't pass.

Driver: Don't be silly; you've got to let me through.

Sentry: I tell you, you can't pass. Voice from the rear: What's the delay? Having trouble with the sentry. Look here, my man, don't you know I'm Major-General Smith-Brimstone?

Sentry: Oh, are you? Well, I've been given orders to stop all traffic, as the bridge ahead is going to be blown up, but seeing as it's you, go right ahead!

* * *

TAKES TIME

"No hope, you," roared the irate Sergeant-Major to Lofty, who had failed dismally at musketry practice. "If you could only shoot as well as you can eat, you would be O.K."

"Cripes, Sarge," remarked the rotund recruit, "give me a chance. I've been practisin' eatin' for 27 years, but I've only had this rifle ten bloomin' weeks."

HIS VOCATION

A dejected-looking man presented himself at an army recruiting office, and told the Sergeant he wanted to join up.

"My job on the vaudeville stage is useless nowadays," said the man sadly.

"What were you?" asked the Sergeant.

"I was an acrobat and a contortionist" said the other. "I was known as the 'Human Eel'."

"Right," said the Sergeant, "we'll put you in a tank!"

* * *

God bless our roam—Sydney's evacuees.



"Of course, I look on this 'ere more as play than work, miss!"

—"Smith's Weekly."

EXPLANATION

Two detectives left a police-station after a day's work and walked in the direction of a sub-way station. Suddenly one of the detectives stopped short and let out a long and hearty laugh.

The second detective frowned.

"What's come over you?" he demanded. "What's so funny?"

The first detective sobered.

"I read the comic sheets in last Sunday's paper," he stated.

The second officer scratched his head.

"I don't get it," he said. "You read the funny sheets last week and you're only laughing now?"

The first detective shrugged.

"That's right," he explained. "I've been terribly busy all the week!"

* * *

Amateur gardeners are advised to keep the pictures on their seed packets, so that later on they can see what their seeds would have looked like if they had come up.

* * *

"Love, to-day, hasn't the same intensity it once had." A girl may love you from the bottom of her heart, but there's always room for another fellow at the top.

ANXIOUS

There was news of a night raid by the enemy and every now and then one of the Aussies poked his head over the trench and peered into the gloom. It was about half-an-hour from dawn and still no sign of Fritz when one Digger broke the silence: "Gawd," he said. "I hope nothing has happened to the swines."

* * *

Two very weary soldiers were hiking the long, long road back to camp. It was a lovely evening, and presently one paused to admire the sunset and the view.

"Isn't it lovely," he exclaimed. "It makes me feel like the poet. 'Oh for the wings of a dove,' you know."

The other wiped his streaming brow and retorted: "I'd rather have the breast of a chicken, thanks."

* * *

"Even Hollywood is affected by the war. Times are said to be relatively quite hard there." In fact, some actresses may have to make their husbands last another season.

* * *

Rousewive's Association.

Luxury spending or War Loans? Gentlemen prefer bonds. Hammer and sickle is proving stronger than pincers.



A "Scantie" Measurement

"Smith's Weekly"

"Lights Out" had sounded, and the orderly sergeant was making his rounds. Switching on his torch, he saw some kit and uniform lying on the floor and roared out:

"Who didn't fold up his clothes when he went to bed?"

From beneath the blankets came a muffled voice: "Adam."

* * *

"Dearest Annabelle," wrote a love-sick swain, "I could swim the mighty ocean for one glance from your lovely eyes. I could walk through a wall of flame for one touch of your little hand. I would leap the wildest stream for a word from your warm lips.—As always, your own Oscar."

"P.S.—I'll be over to see you Sunday night if it doesn't rain."

* * *

The teacher faced the class. "Now, children," she stated, "we will take our first question for today."

She called upon little Quentin, aged eight.

"Quentin," she asked, "what do they raise most of in China?"

Quentin smiled broadly.

"That's easy," he yodelled. "Chinese."

He was handsome, but hard up, so nobody was surprised when he wooed an heiress—and won her. At breakfast, on the first day of the honeymoon, the bride remarked:

"Does the fact that I have so much money make any difference to you, dearest?"

"Of course it does, darling," he replied.

"What do you mean?" she asked in hurt surprise.

"It's such a comfort to know that if I die you will be provided for."

"But I may die first."

"Then, darling," he said, with a smile, "I'd be provided for."

* * *

Sentry: Halt! Who goes there? Voice in the dark: Cook, with doughnuts.

Sentry: Pass, cook. Halt, doughnuts.

* * *

Customer: But if you are selling these watches below cost, where does your profit come in?

Dealer: We make our profit re-pairing them.

* * *

What do you think of a man who marries for money? He earns every penny of it!

Enquirer: Is the head of the house in, sonny?
 Boy: No sir, there's nobody home but dad and me.



"Are we spreading our war effort too widely?"

—"Smith's Weekly."

Some men thirst after fame, some after love, and some after money.
 I know something they all thirst after.
 What's that?
 Salted almonds.

CONVOY

Billo had been having a few with the boys. In fact, a few too many.

Stationed at the Showground Camp he rolled up to the nearest tram stop to catch his, only he saw three instead of the one he had to board.

Clambering on he said, "You're busy to-night. Don't often see three trams together this time o' night."

"That's right, mate," replied the conductor. "You'll 'ave to blame this 'ere war. But since we started the convoy system we 'aven't lost a single tram."

* * *

A BIG ARMY

The padre was addressing the troops one Sunday morning.

"Some admire Moses most of all," he said, "but still others admire Paul, who spread the Gospel. But who can tell me which character in the Bible has the largest following of all?"

Bluey raised his hand.

"Who do you think has the largest following?" asked the padre.

"Ananias," Bluey replied.

* * *

Hitler's New Order may soon turn out to be the order to retreat.

RETALIATION

A couple of new Digger officers were experiencing their first taste of action under fire at Tobruk.

While not "windy" they were a little strained when a salvo of Italian shells came their way.

One of them became a shade rattled. From their shell-hole position every time a shell landed near them one officer brandished his revolver in the air and fired several shots.

"What the blank are you doing that for?" demanded the tougher of the pair.

"Retaliation, old boy, retaliation! We must retaliate at all costs!" he shouted as he fired another round.

* * *

Kitchen aluminium ware needed for planes: Out of the frying pan into the frying line.

DID'T MEAN THEM

A Digger walking up confronted a Sergeant and said:

"Ah Sarge, you got any lices?"

"What!"

"You got any lices?"

"Listen, that's an insult. I ought'a have a crack at you."

"Hang on," said the Digger. "I don't mean them lices, I mean boot lices."

* * *

FATIGUE DUTY

The Sergeant had gatered together all the lazy men of the camp. They numbered twenty.

"Now," he said, "I've a nice easy job for the laziest man here. Will that man raise his right arm."

Nineteen men raised their arms. "Why didn't you?" he asked, going over to the other man.

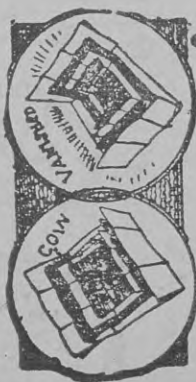
"Too much bother," was the reply.

THAT GREAT HINDU MYSTERY.

FOLDING PAPER TRICK AND MONEY VANISHER.

AMUSE AND ASTOUND YOUR FRIENDS

Money, cards, etc., placed inside vanish or can be made to change into something else. Requires no skill. Full directions supplied.



PRICE, COMPLETE, 2/6.

SAFETY FIRST

Young Joe had the job of driving the O.C. about wherever he wanted to go. After he had taken several corners on two wheels the O.C. spoke to him.

"Ease up a bit going round corners, old man," the O.C. told him. "You frighten me."

"You don't want to get scared at the corners, sir," Joe replied. "Just shut your eyes when we come to a corner the same as I do."

THREE PLACES

Curly and Red were having a rest after the strenuous duties of the day in a Syrian camp.

Curly was perusing a newspaper that had been passed on to them. "It says 'ere," commented Curly "that the Germans have landed in England in three places."

"Strewth, that's terrible," exclaimed Red, "where 'ave they landed?"

"Yer needn't worry—they landed in three places all right — cemeteries, hospitals and concentration camps!"

Queensland is the highest taxed State. Perhaps the shrewd heads are putting their money down south,

HIS OCCUPATION

The Captain swaggered up to the latest Digger and proceeded to give him some instructions about his gun.

"Look here, my man, this thing is a rifle. This is the stock and this is the barrel. Now, you lift the weapon to your shoulder and take careful aim, pulling this little thing down here called the trigger. Straighten up and look more like a soldier. By the way, what was your business—a clerk, I suppose?"

"Cripes, no," was the reply. "I was a gunsmith."

At a village concert for troops, men from the nearest camp turned up in force.

The local soprano was obliging with "Annie Laurie," and the soldiers were beginning to get restive.

And as she reached the lines: "And for bonnie Annie Laurie I'd lay me doon and dee," a voice came from the back of the hall:—

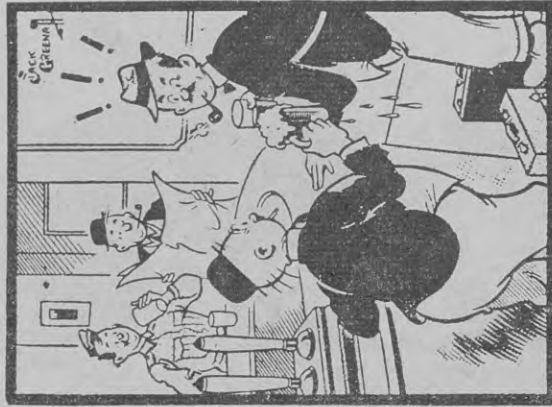
"Is there a Miss Laurie in the house?"

Certain psychologists maintain that there's no such thing as pain. Then what is it some people give us?

A NEW WRINKLE

The Lady (to portrait painter): Is that my picture you've painted. That horrible old hag?

The Painter: Madam, I am a futuristic painter. I have painted you as you will appear to your grandchildren.



"—So the wife says if I keep on drinking she'll leave me! Shocking, isn't it?—Encouraging a bloke like that!"

"Daily Mirror"

TWO WARNINGS

Jealous Mistress: Don't you dare let my husband catch you under the mistletoe!

Pretty Maid (haughtily): And don't you dare to let my young man catch your husband catching me under the mistletoe!

GOOD SPORT

It was midnight, and the rain was very heavy. The man who dined not wisely rounded a corner and sought refuge in a darkened doorway.

It happened to be the doorway of a sporting goods store, and over the store was a large sign in the form of a fish, with a hook in its mouth and the line attached.

The man took a look at the sign and became greatly excited. Hurriedly he rang the bell of the apartment upstairs.

The sleepy tenant poked his head from the window.

"Who is it?" he called.

The other waved his hands wildly.

"Come on down!" he hiccupped, frantically. "An' make it schnapppy, you've got a bite."

* * *

"The sun-bathing craze is likely to leave its mark upon the nation," a scribe avers. Especially where the straps of the costume have been.

* * *

"How exactly would you explain the term 'puppy love'?" asked a school-teacher recently.

We should call it the beginning of a dog's life.

CHIVALRY

"What happened after you were thrown out of the side exit?"

"I told the waiter I belong to a very important family."

"So what?"

"He begged my pardon, asked me in again, and threw me out of the front door."

* * *

When the hungry Scot was served by the deaf barman with two penny-worth of potato crisps, he tore open the bag, spread the contents over the counter and looked in vain for the usual small packet of salt.

"No salt," he complained.

The barman cupped his ear in his hand.

"Sorry," he said. "I didn't quite catch you."

"No salt!" yelled the Scotsman.

"Oh!" said the barman. "I thought you said 'one short'."

* * *

FORCE OF HABIT

Corporal: That new recruit used to be a clerk.

Sergeant: How do you know?

Corporal: Every time he stands at ease he tries to put his rifle behind his ear.

THE ESSENTIAL

Bliherson: This would be a better land to live in if everybody fostered the spirit of amity and good will in their own homes.

Binkersley: What? No bridge?

A FALSE NOTE

A man bought a canary from a bird-dealer. "You're sure this bird can sing?" he inquired, suspiciously.

"He's a grand singer," piped the dealer.

The customer left. A week later he reappeared.

"Look here," he roared, "this bird you sold me is lame!"

"Well," snapped the dealer, "what the dickens did you want? A singer or a dancer?"

* * *

NICELY AMENDED

The gentleman who had been taking singing lessons called indignantly on the concert organiser whom he had pestered for an engagement.

"I have heard," said he, "that you said I had a voice like someone selling firewood!"

"Oh, dear, no," said the other. "I said your voice hadn't the right 'timbre!'"

* * *

It may be true, as some cheerful philosophers tell us, that money does not bring happiness, but it does help one to be miserable in comfort.



"Daily Mirror"

"Escaped, my foot! He said he had to register with his age group, so I let him out!"

Diner: Take this coffee, waiter. It's like mud.

Waiter: Well, sir, it was just ground this morning.

Full of enthusiasm as a collector for the local hospital, a smart young thing tackled a famous film star who was visiting the town. She returned to the office, flourishing a cheque.

"Look what he gave me," she cried. "It's for ten guineas."

"Fine," replied the secretary, looking at the cheque. "But there is no signature here."

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



IF

You want to secure a Copy of "WAR WIT" it is essential that you place an order with your Bookseller immediately for a regular monthly issue.

Short Supplies of paper makes this NECESSARY.

ORDER NOW ! DON'T DELAY !



STILL SMOKING.

"Blue" had been shooting at the rifle range; his shots had gone out-side the target, and the Sergeant Major became so exasperated that he yelled out, "Hey you! What's the meaning of this? Where have you been shooting?"

"Blue" called puzzled, and looking at his rifle then at the empty shells, said: "Well, Sergeant-Major they've been leaving me rifle all right, 'cos the smoke's still coming out of this end."

* * *

SEVEN DAYS.

"Bozo" and "Chiller" were discussing the possibilities of another attempted invasion of England by the Germans.

"If the Boches ever try to invade England again, wonder how long it would take them," mused "Bozo."

"Seven days" was "Chiller's" curt summing up.

"Seven days?"

"Yeah, yer dope two to get there and five to float back."

* * *

If a man doesn't know his own mind he probably hasn't missed much.

HOW LONG?

The Colonel was having dinner in his own quarters. As the second course was a good while in coming to light he became rather annoyed and shouted to his batman, Tubby, "Go and see how long my sausages are going to be!"

Tubby galloped out to the cook-house. After careful inspection and enquiries to the cook, he returned post-haste.

"Well how long?" snapped his superior.

"About five inches, sir."

* * *

The widow was arranging about a tombstone for her late husband, and asked for the words "My sorrow is greater than I can bear" to be placed upon the memorial.

A few months later the lady returned and asked how much it would cost to have the inscription effaced and another substituted.

"No need for that, madam," replied the man soothingly, "you see, I left just enough room to add 'alone'."

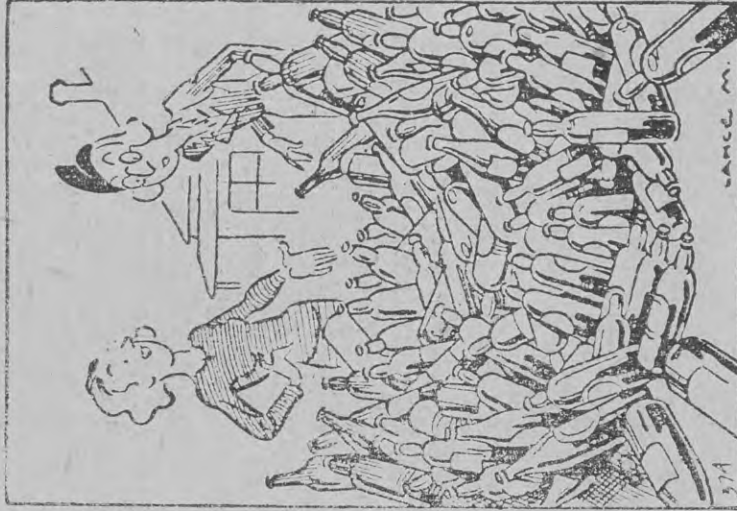
* * *

He: If you keep looking at me like that I'm going to kiss you.

She: Well, I can't hold this expression much longer.

HERE TO-DAY

Said the father: Wouldn't you like to be a Prime Minister when you grow up? Said the kid, Don't be silly, dad, I want a PERMANENT job.



"It's his war effort. He gives the empties to the Red Cross!"

"Smith's Weekly."

KEEPING IN LINE.

With all the peculiar conduct that goes on in Hollywood, at least Walt Disney knows where to draw the line.

A group of parachutists were receiving their final instructions before going up.

"Now remember," said the instructor, "what you have to do. When your turn comes, jump through the hole, count ten, pull the ripcord. If the parachute doesn't open, count ten again and pull the ripcord again. When you reach land, you'll find motor-cycles waiting, Bren guns and equipment."

Up they went in the plane. Number Five's turn came. He dived through, counted ten, and pulled the cord. Nothing happened, so he counted ten a second time and pulled the cord again. Still nothing happened.

"Just like the Army!" he muttered. "No organization. When I get down I suppose I'll find no equipment or anything."

* * *

"Before marriage," we are told, "a man yearns for a woman of his own." After marriage, however, the "y" is silent.

* * *

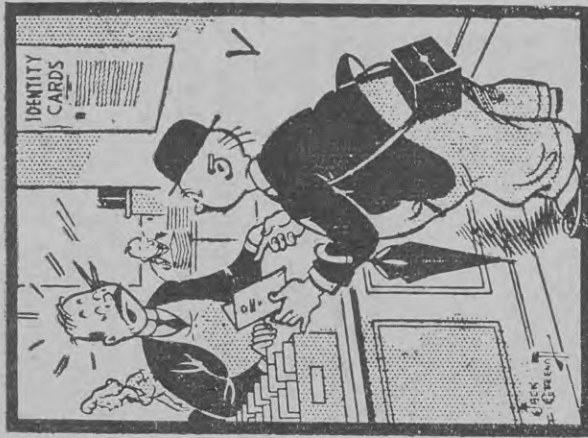
TREASURE TROVE.

The ideal marriage is when the wife is a treasure and the husband is a treasury.

SCRAMBLED.

Soon after Janice announced her engagement to Gregory, she discovered that he was a thoroughly bad egg.—Extract from humorous story.

And just when she thought she had him on toast.



“Frankly, I’m worried about my identity card! Everybody keeps telling me I’m not the man I was!” “Daily Mirror”

FILLING IN THE GAPS

She knew nothing about literature but she thought that blank verse was a piece of Digger doggerel after the censor had finished with it.”

IN A MESS EITHER WAY.

To-day’s “human story” told to the Rural Life Conference in London:—

A little girl said to her mother, “When I grow up shall I marry a man like daddy?”

“I expect so,” said her mother.

“And when I grow up and don’t marry,” said the child, “shall I be like Auntie Jane?”

“Yes, I suppose so,” replied her mother.

There was a pause, then the little girl exclaimed, “Well, I am in a mess.”

* * *

PATIENT WON.

They had the stretcher cases all lined up on the wharf when the red flag (air-raid) went up.

They argued as to whether to carry on loading or go back to the shelter. They decided on the latter.

On the way back, all of a sudden “Bang” went the “ack-ack” gun and two of the chaps just dropped their stretcher and went for their lives.

Even though they had five yards start on the patient, he beat them to the shelter.

* * *

Tobruk was at least one example of a justifiable stay-in strike.

NEW ORDER.

Dan came into the mess at the tail-end of an argument. The boys were quite hot about the new order. He proceeded with his opinions of the subject.

They listened in wonderment until, becoming bored, Doug, his cobbler chipped in.

“Shut up! Dan,” he roared. “We’re not discussing a New World Order. Our’s is a local one—the O.C.’s. No leave granted until the blighter returns the gold cigarette case pinched from his quarters.”

* * *

SPECIAL REQUEST.

Steve sidled up to the cook.

“Yer know that stoo yer made for us last Wednesday?”

“Yeah,” said Cookie, prepared for hostility.

“Well, what about puttin’ on another like that to-night?”

“Struth! Yer don’t mean to say that I’ve cooked somethin’ successful at last?”

“Well, not exactly!” said Steve.

“Yer see, I want to get out of that big parade to-morrow, and I think I can rely on your flamin’ stoo to put me on the sick list!”

* * *

Way everything’s going up is getting us down!

OLD AND BOLD.

Scene was the rifle range, and a line of men in khaki lay on the mound—old A.I.F. men of the V.D.C. in camp for a refresher course. A young warrant officer was taking them for musketry and was giving them final instructions, in a rather superior tone, for ten rounds rapid fire.

“Don’t fire until I blow my whistle, then, ten rounds rapid! When I blow my whistle again, stop; even if you haven’t fired all the rounds. Do you understand? Now ready—and anyone that fires after the second whistle well—I’ll—I’ll kick him in the ribs.”

Whistle shrilled and the rifles cracked. The whistle shrilled a second time, followed by a regular fusillade of shots. W.O. snorted and glared at the nearest sprawling figure.

“What the heck d’you mean by firing after the whistle?” he said.

About six feet six of leanness unbound itself from around a rifle and stood up, smiling easily.

“I was just a bit curious about that kick in the ribs.”

There was an expectant hush for a moment, then the W.O decided that perhaps enough musketry had been done for that day.

MATEY.

The tourists were being shown round the famous valley by a guide who boasted about the marvellous echo.

"Just listen," he said. Lifting his voice, he shouted: "I know." "I know," came the echo. "When I can buy—" "Where I can buy—" "A bottle of whisky—" "A bottle of whisky—" "For a shilling." "Where?" asked thh echo eagerly.

A party of actors travelling by train were indulging in personal reminiscences.

One stated that he had recently dreamt that he went to Heaven. When he arrived he was informed that everything there was magnified to a wonderful extent. A minute became a million years and a penny a million pounds. The latter fact impressed him particularly, so, advancing to St. Peter, he said:

"Will you lend me a penny please?" "Certainly," St. Peter answered. "Just a minute."

TRY, TRY AGAIN. The owner of a used car is always trying to start something.

Little Betty was heart-broken when her pet canary died, and to pacify her, her father gave her an empty cigar box, and with much ceremony, assisted in burying the box in the garden.

"Daddy," whispered Betty, after the funeral was over, "will my dear little birdie go to Heaven?"

"I expect so," replied her father. "Why?"

"I was only thinking," murmured the little girl, "how cross St. Peter will be when he opens the box and finds it isn't cigars after all."

* * *

While watching a time-bomb disposal squad in action, a spectator congratulated a Cockney soldier on his courage and disregard of danger.

"There ain't no danger, guv'nor," said the Cockney, "and I don't do nuthink brave. Another bloke takes the fuses out. I only sit on the bomb to keep it steady!"

* * *

REVERSE GEAR.

Why don't they add variety to the Museum by putting all the attendants in cases and sending some wild animals in to walk round and stare?

"What's the fare?" inquired the woman of the taxi driver as the conveyance stopped at her destination.

"Three-and-six," Mum," was the prompt reply.

"Well, here's half a crown, my man. I'm not such a fool as I look."

"No," said the driver; "I wish you were, Mum!"

* * *

They were having a talk on strategy at Berchtesgaden.

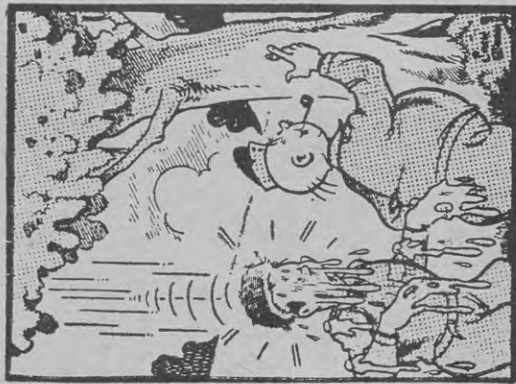
"Now take Italy . . ." began Goering.

"No, no," interrupted Hitler, "that isn't until next month!"

* * *

The visitor to a crowded service at a popular church was compelled to leave early, and during the sermon tried to steal quietly away. As he tip-toed down the aisle his new shoes crackled like a forest in a gale. He reached the door in a state of collapse.

"By Jove," he remarked to the verger, "I wouldn't do that again for a pound." Then his face took on a mottled tint as he realised he had left his hat in the pew.



"—and somewhere up there, Bert, safe from prying eyes, is a sweet little nest with five eggs in it!"

"Daily Mirror"

"Men should wear brighter clothes," states an actress. She would like our serge suit.

A famous singer claims that he can hold a note for a minute and a half. This is longer than some of us these days can hold a pound note.

ON OUR SIDE.

The British Tommies at Tobruk, after one of their sorties into enemy territory, captured a rather pompous German officer. On being taken to the Intelligence Dept. for questioning, the German officer asked: "What is the use of you Englanders fighting our mighty Germany? You cannot win, because we have God on our side."

The Tommy officer promptly answered, "What's up with you, Fritz. We've got the Australians on ours!"

* * *

Any man can stand up to his opponents; give me the man who can stand up to his friends.

Two street-sweepers were discussing a comrade who had died the day before.

"Bill certainly was a good sweeper," said one.

"Ye-e-s," conceded the other, thoughtfully. "But don't you think he was a little weak around the lamp-posts?"

* * *

Yachtsman (on fishing trip): We're still drifting. Did you throw the anchor overboard?

Landsman: Yes, but I cut off the rope, I thought you'd like to save that!

* * *

British-American pact: Declaration of inter-dependence.

PEG AND BAT.



THE JUMPING PEG.

A small wooden bat with three holes in it is shown on both sides, and a small peg inserted in one of the holes. At command the peg jumps from one hole to the other.

Price, 9d.

All Magical Goods advertised in this Publication are obtainable from

STEWART, LAWRENCE & Co Ltd., 11 Manners St., Wellington

DAGO GUSTO.

It was during the successful operations in Libya, there was plenty of captured material to be collected.

Officer commanding one of the salvage squads gave old Bill the job of stacking a scattered lot of rifles.

He said: "You'd better attack that job with gusto."

Mentioning this one to his mates, Bill said: "Who is this bloke Gusto that's to give me a hand. Must be one of these Dagoes?"

* * *

ONE UP.

Young "Un": When I joined up Churchill sent me a cable saying: "England is now safe Churchill."

Old "Un": That's nothing. Before I joined up I got a cable. It said: "How much to remain neutral—Hitler."

* * *

They're saying of civilisation what they used to say of prohibition in the late '20's: "It's a great idea. When does it start?"

* * *

The way Mussolini has played his cards must have embarrassed King Emmanuel. Causing a Royal Flush, to say the least!

HE WENT ONE BETTER.

Prospective Buyer: You say that the car is in perfect order, and that I will never have to touch it with a tool of any sort?

Dealer: Yes, that's what I said! Prospective Buyer: Well, what are those tools doing under the seat?

Dealer: Oh, they are for in case you meet another motorist stuck up on the road, you may want those tools to help him out of his difficulties.

* * *

Some boys thought it would be great sport if they could take in a famous naturalist. They killed a centipede, and then glued on to it a beetle's head, the wings of a butterfly, and the legs of a grasshopper. They packed it in a box and took it to the great man. "We found it in the fields," the leader of the group explained. "Can you tell us what it is?"

"Ah!" exclaimed the naturalist. "Did it hum when you caught it?" "Oh, yes," came the answer, "it hummed like anything!"

"Then," said the naturalist, "it is undoubtedly a humbug!"

* * *

The turtle is an example of how useless streamlines are without a good engine.

THE "LIMIT" CARD TRICK.

Read the description of this trick carefully, otherwise you will miss the finest card trick in existence. Performer shows two slips of paper, one white, the other coloured. On each slip is a message. They are folded and dropped in a borrowed hat. A pack of cards is then taken from its case and laid on the table. Any person is now asked to select any number, and a volunteer assistant is asked to count off that number of cards, show the card to the audience and shuffle it back again in the pack.

PLEASE NOTE.—Performer does not touch the cards; there is no confederacy, and he does not see the selected card. Now he requests assistant to take from the hat one of the slips, and read what it says. It has written on it, the name of the chosen card. He is then asked to read the other slip, and suppose it says "The Seventh card," he is told to count off seven cards faces up, and the last card is the selected card. Now this sounds clever. It is! No sleight of hand. Learnt in few minutes and cannot let you down.
Price, 7/6

THE ACCOMMODATING BOX

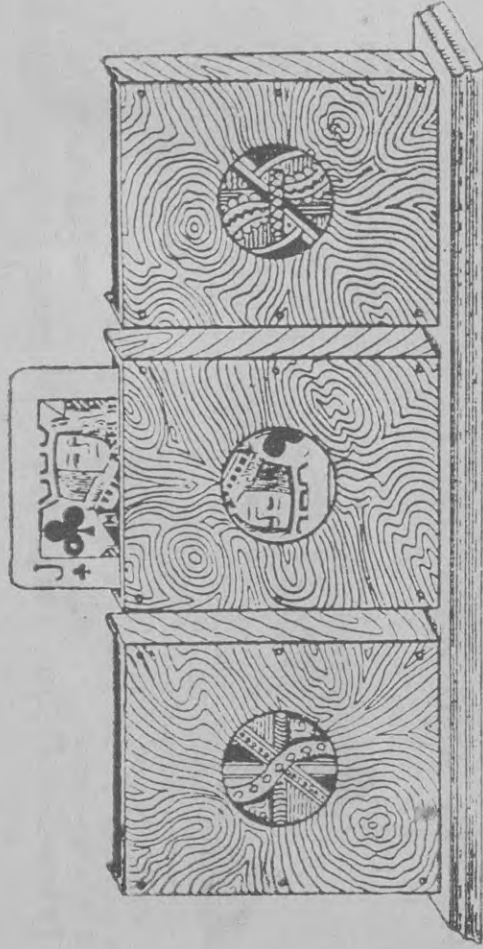
4 Different Coloured Silks are shown. Audience selects a colour which is vanished; upon the box being opened the selected silk is found.

A New and Self-contained Trick.

Price 8/6 Posted

BOTTOMLESS TUMBLERS, 5/8 each, Posted.

The Mysterious Appearing Silk from Tumbler.
Tumblers only 5/6 each, posted.



CHERCHEZ LA FEMME.

This is the latest version of "Find the Lady," and is a most convincing effect. Two Jacks and a Queen are placed in a stand containing three compartments. Each compartment has a large hole in the centre; and the audience can see right through. The Queen is placed in the centre. It is then changed over with one of the Jacks, and the audience invited to "Find the Lady." This they find impossible, for the Queen has an uncanny way of being in the wrong place. The effect can be repeated as often as desired, without any fear of failure.

This is NOT a black-art effect. The openings are in back and front panels and the cards can be examined. Stand is finished in modernistic style.

Price Complete, £1/1/- Postage 2/-.

TORN AND RESTORED NEWSPAPER

(As performed by Long Tack Sam)

A double sheet of newspaper is shown on both sides, and is then torn into small pieces. These are rubbed together, and then slowly unfolded, and the newspaper is restored and again shown on both sides. A fine, self-contained trick that will fit in any part of your programme. Easy to work.

Price, with illustrated instructor, 4/-.

THE SPOOKY PACK.

Or "The Pack That Cuts Itself."

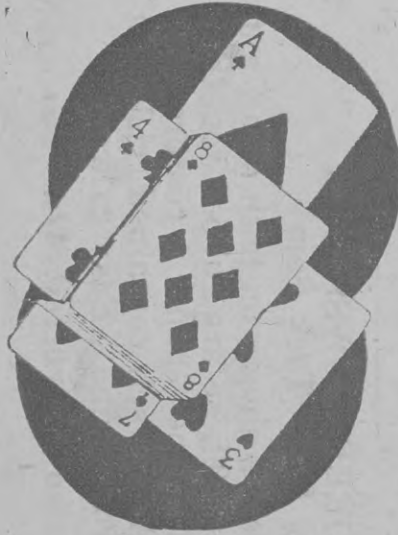
A new card effect! Yes, new and utterly baffling. A spooky, creepy, uncanny effect that sets people talking. Three cards are chosen from the pack and returned. The magician then places the pack flat on the palm of his outstretched hand and immediately the chosen cards creep slowly out of the pack, one by one, visibly, the pack shifting to let the cards out. A great trick for close-up work. Cards are freely chosen and may be marked. No elastic or springs. Nothing to get out of order. No sleight of hand needed. This is the card effect you have been waiting for. What a hit! What an idea! Brilliantly clever and simple idea that will delight you.

Price, complete with cards and explicit instructions, post paid, 4/6.

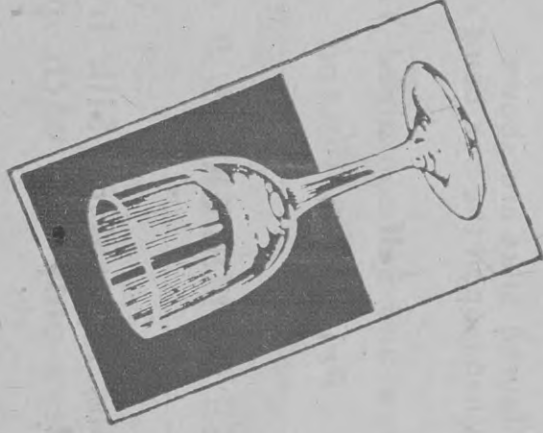
THE CUP AND BALL TRICK

A cup, beautifully turned, its cover, and a solid ball, are given for examination. The empty cover is now placed on the cup, and the performer takes the ball, disappears it, and finds it in the cup. The performer now vanishes the ball from the cup, and finds it in his pocket.

Price—Small 2/6; Large 3/6



Here it is!
THE LIQUEUR TESTER.



The Very Latest from Australia.

Ten Cards, each representing a Drink, is first shown; cards are then placed face down and free choice (no forcing) is given to audience to select a Drink. Without hesitation performer is able to name the Drink selected.

Note these features:—Can be repeated as often as you like without fear of detection. Can be done close up and anywhere. Only limited supply. Get your set of this exclusive trick immediately.

Price Complete, 7/6.

CHINA'S REPLY TO JAPAN.

Here is a nice little topical item that will be received with gusto at any smoko. A strip of coloured paper is shown to contain some Oriental writing. Pattering that this is a diplomatic message from Japan to China, he says that immediately it was received it was torn up; and he suits the action to the word by tearing it into small pieces. These are rubbed together and then shown restored with China's message to Japan. AND—there is a big laugh coming, but we cannot explain that here. There is no catch; it is just too good to disclose.

Price 2/6.

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