

**A sample page from Punch**

Date:

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**1.**



*Figure 1. First Officer (in spasm of jealousy). "WHO'S THE KNOCK-KNEED CHAP WITH YOUR SISTER, OLD MAN?" Second Officer. "MY OTHER SISTER."*

## **344. TALES TOLD TO CIVILIANS.The FLY.**

HAVE I been at the Front! — O Lor!  
Was I over the bags? — You bet.  
They tell me I won the mouldy war  
At the Battle of Nouvilette ;  
The bombs was terrible thick  
And the shells was mountain-high,  
And many a Bosch went back to base,  
But I can't say much about what took place,  
For I had a fly in my eye.

We were just getting up to Fritz  
When the horrible thing occurred,  
And bang in my eye the blighter sits,  
The size of a well-fed bird ;  
"Come on," the Officer says ;  
I says to him, " 'By-and-by ;'  
It's all very well to say, 'Come on!'  
I would if my arms and legs were gone,  
But I've got a fly in my eye."

Have you been on a bicycle, Sir,  
And copped it proper the same,

When the world was only a misty blur  
And your eye like a red-hot flame,  
So that you wept great tears,  
So that you longed to die?  
Well, think what it is when there happens to be  
A battle you specially came to see,  
And then get a fly in your eye.

They say as there ain't no doubt  
What I ought to have gone and done-  
Turned my upper lid inside out  
And over the under one;  
But I tell you the bombs was thick,  
And never a man said " Hi!:  
Just monkey about with your upper lid;"  
So I blew my nose and I wept, I did,  
And I still had a fly in my eye.

And then, Sir, I just went mad,  
I groped for my trusty hype,  
And I laid about like a Tyneside lad  
With a good blind circular swipe ;  
They tell me I killed ten Huns  
And laid out Corporal Fry ;  
The Huns they took to their heels and  
fled,  
And even the Company wished me dead,  
And I still had a fly in my eye.

I fell on my poor old face,  
I lay in a hole and swore;  
And now they call me a shell-shock  
case  
And tell me I won the War;  
They gave me the D.C.M.,  
And that's why I seem so shy,  
But this is the truth I've told to you,  
And you never can tell what a man won't do  
With a darned great fly in his eye.

A. P. H.

### 3. SPELLING BY "ANALOGY"

*Lady*

(finishing order at telephone).

And send it to Two hundred and fifty-three, Tanza Road.

*Voice over telephone.* Two hundred and fifty-three — where, Moddam?

*Lady.* Two hundred and fifty-three, Tanza Road.

*Voice.* I'm sorry I can't hear you, Moddam.

*Lady.* Two hundred and fifty-three, Tanza —

*Voice*

(coldly).

Spell it by analogy, Moddam.

*Lady.* T for Tommy, A for apple, N for novel, Z for zany.

*Voice.* Z for what?

*Lady.* Z for zany.

*Voice.* I'm sorry I can't hear, Moddom. Z for what?

*Lady.* Z for zebra.

*Voice.* Ah, that's better.

#### 4. -----

"Yesterday evening Mr. — J.P., auctioneer and farmer, was fired at when driving home... Mr. —, who is an ex-Chairman of the— Rural District Council, is a most popular man in the district. For some time past he has been subject to a series of annoyances, the most recent of which was the spiking of his lands, and his cattle and horses mutilated." — Irish Paper.

Popularity in Ireland would appear to have its drawbacks.