

Books and Men

A Blue Book for Drunks

Editor of "Ballyhoo" and Soglow, American Artist, Compile Some "Wetiquette"

A FOREIGNER recently commented on the fact that an Englishman is never drunk. He may "wax excessively convivial," he may be "under the weather," he may be slightly "toxy-boo"—but to call him drunk is a thing that simply isn't done. That's probably why it had to be left to a couple of Americans—Norman Anthony, author of "Ballyhoo" and O. Soglow, the artist who created the little king of "Here He is Again" fame—to turn out "The Drunk's Blue Book," a delightful little volume which reduces (or elevates) insobriety to an exacting art.

The compilers of this Debreit's Beverage (pardon us!) have drafted the various stages and symptoms into neat chapters with such headings as "Wetiquette," "Cover Uppers," "How to Get Into Fights," and "Jolly Games for Drunks." The first illustration is an owl more or less rampant with a whisky bottle in one talon and a corkscrew in the other. This is the symbol of the D.R.A. (Drunk's Recovery Association), the motto of which is "We Do Our Quart."

Here are one or two hints from "Wetiquette":—

In referring to the wife as the "bes' ol wom'n in th' worl'" the hat should ALWAYS be removed. The same procedure should be followed when an acquaintance is talking about his mother.

Before throwing a bottle make sure that the liquid is first removed.

When playing "Steeplechase" over the furniture ALWAYS wave to one's hostess in passing. It is little things like this which women appreciate.

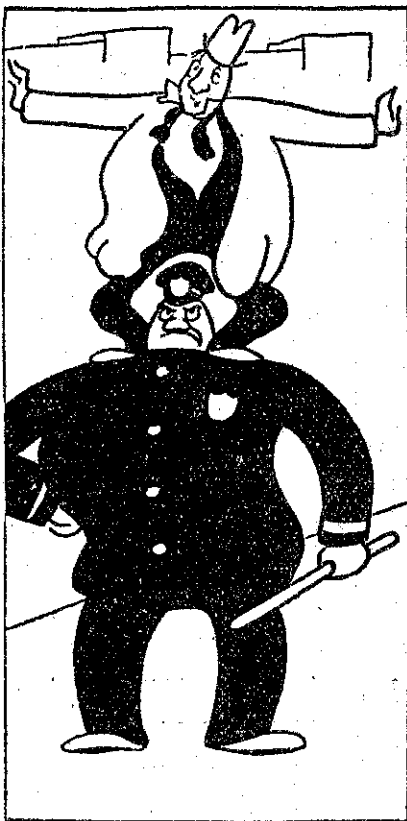
Never strike a lady with a bottle in her arms.

The tests for sobriety are many and varied, ranging from walking along the backs of dining-room chairs with a parrot's cage balanced on one's head to standing on a policeman's shoulders for 10 minutes. ("If you can stand on his shoulders for 10 minutes without knocking off his hat you're as sober as a judge. Soberer.")

The next chapter opens dramatically: There comes a time in every man's life (usually around 11 a.m.) when he awakens to a blood-curdling consciousness and the throbbing realisation that he must face a bright, sunshine-swept

world. It is then that the terrifying thought strikes him right between the bed and the bathroom. *What did he do the night before?*

It is at this stage that Messrs. Anthony and Soglow present their "Little Wonder Gap-Filling Service"—a mar-



WETIQUETTE FOR DRUNKS.
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vellous aid to the poor repentant drunk. It consists mainly of a list which, by a process of elimination, enables one to fill in the gaps.

There's a chapter for "women only," which gives enlightening "wetiquette"

for wives. Under this heading is:—

NEVER let hubby know that you think he has been imbibing. Simply welcome him with a sweet smile and say, "My God! Are you drunk again!"

NEVER ask him where he's been. You will probably read all about it in to-morrow's papers.

Under no circumstances ask him how many drinks he has had. Adding a cipher to the hour he arrives home (if it's after twelve) will give you a pretty close estimate.

The authors throw in a chapter on "How to Get Into Fights" and boldly promise to refund the reader's money if the recipes don't work. The back is occupied by advertisements of "Handy Accessories for Drunks"—useful articles that every drunk will want to buy. Included among these accessories are the sketch pad-shirt with spare fronts, the elbow protector, the Nifty Navigator with free wheeling and floating power, the Zenith Speech Strainer ("They laughed when they pushed me in the front door to meet my wife, but they were AMAZED when they heard me recite Lincoln's Gettysburg Address! Don't say Polliissioner of Comice when you mean Commissioner of Police! Simply slip a Zenith Speech Strainer into your mouth and no matter how you get mixed up out will come those golden words!").

"The Drunk's Blue Book" is amusing nonsense—and a bookmark consisting of a pink elephant is given away with every copy.

"The Drunk's Blue Book." Norman Anthony and O. Soglow. T. Werner Laurie. Our copy from the publishers.

Wellington's National Club Thrives

BEGUN a few years ago under the title of Reform Club, Wellington's National Club is rapidly acquiring the reputation of being the home of original parties. A Chinese party earlier in the season found the Capital City's bright young things dancing under the happiest surroundings, while a ghost party on Friday, September 13, was responsible for the club being turned into a morgue—in appearance only. Last week the energetic young committee organised a tea dance when the B.Y.T.'s again turned up in full force.

But the club is more than a place of successful parties. Attached to it is the National Union, a body of young people, which is ready to discuss anything from Socialism to the Plunket system. Regular meetings are held when prominent citizens are invited to address the members, while debates and informal talks in the pleasant lounge of the club help our young people into channels of logical thinking and action.

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