

WWI-RELATED VAUDEVILLE JOKES, SKETCH MATERIAL, SONGS, POETRY and MISCELLANEOUS STAGE-CRAFT

Undated

JOKES, PATTEN and COMEDY ROUTINES

- [The following extract is from an untitled sketch held in the Nat Phillips Collection. Only page 12 has been located.]

[*Re-enter Lollipop and creeping towards Sticky*]

Sticky: You're in the Boy Scouts, aren't you?

Percy: How did you know that?

Sticky: I'm a detective. Here, I've got a brother-in-law in the army. I had dinner with him yesterday, and when they put the butter on the table, he stood up and saluted it. He always salutes the butter, does my brother.

Percy: What on earth for?

Sticky: Well he says he always has to salute anything of superior rank, and this is about the rankest butter he every saw.

Percy: The man's a looney....

- "**A La Carte**" Nat Phillips Collection (Fryer Library, University of Qld); UQFL9; Box 3 - Untitled Texts (Folder 1, UT.20)

- [The following is an extract from Act 1 of a 12 page revusical script held in the Nat Phillips Collection. The characters identified in the work are: Rosalie (Maid), Celeste (maid), Maurice (bridegroom), Denise (bride), Mr Gautier (father of Denise), Mrs Gautier, Stella, Robert and Perrin (friends of Maurice). The story is set in the Banquet Hall of the Hotel Le Grand, Chantilly, France. Two manuscript versions are held in the Collection.

Maurice: But she has taken me as I am, for what I am, and I am going to try my best to make her happy, and notwithstanding the croakings of certain birds of ill-omen [looking at Mrs Gautier], I shall prove myself a model husband. [*Sits*]

[*Everybody applauds except Mrs Gautier*]

Robert: Bravo, Maurice, jolly good, but I vote we cut out the speeches and wish you "Happy Days" with musical honours.

Omnes: Here, here.

SONG: "Happy Days" (sung by Robert)

[*Note: This song to be sung very brightly and with much conviviality, in which everyone joins except Mrs Gautier, who sits looking very straight-laced. In second chorus, Robert on table, Maurice takes Denise and dances with her. They finish down stage right*]

Maurice: [Seeing Mrs Gautier looking very sour] Come on Ma-in-law, buck up buck up.

Mrs Gautier: I refuse to buck up as you call it.

Mr Gautier: My dear you can't sit there all day with a face like a German submarine, you give everybody the jim-jams, expecting a torpedo at any minute.

Mrs Gautier: I must say Jules. I think this ribaldry very unseemly.

- "**The Soldier's Dream**" Nat Phillips Collection (Fryer Library, University of Qld); UQFL9; Box 3 – W Folder. See page 2.

- [The following is an extract from a character part from a 3-hander sketch/farce held in the Nat Phillips Collection. Character parts contain the dialogue for that character and the last few words of whichever character speaks beforehand. Lines within brackets { } have been added by the editor to aid meaning for character B's part. The characters identified in the work are: The Major, The Woman, The Man.]

Major: Has this man fallen in love with you?

Woman: No.

Major: Disgusting and disgraceful. Why not?

Man: Where's my mother?

Major: Seventy mothers could not protect you now. Are you a man or a worm?

Man: ... a worm.

Major: Then do your duty as a worm and lie down to be stamped upon. I will blackball you in every club in London.

Man: {I don't belong} to any clubs.

Major: Then I will put you up for them all and blackball you when the elections come on. Do you know who I am?

Man: ... no.
Major: I belong to the most dangerous race known to man.
Man: ... what are you then.
Major: I'm a retired major of artillery. That makes you think doesn't it?
Man: ... Father!
Major: Do you imagine a retired major will retire any further before a father?
Man: ... you been wicked?
Major: Wicked? I have never before, Sir, seen such a frigid and calculated exhibition of villainy, and I've been on the turf all my life.
Man: ... make this public.
Major: It is perfectly useless. I am going straight off to the offices of {the} London Mail.
Man: Edward is made.
Major: I shall divorce this woman immediately.
Man: will be the...
Major: Of course.
Man: ... Father.
Major: Do you imagine that a retired major of artillery cares a damn for a father.
Man: ... you are a gentleman.
Major: And a gentleman is always to blame.
Man: ... I am ruined.
Major: This is the result of giving way to temptation. Society must know that you are a dangerous man.
Man: ... will not spare me.
Major: A retired major of artillery never spares anybody.

- *The Wickedest Woman* Nat Phillips Collection (Fryer Library, University of Qld); UQFL9; Box 3 – W Folder. See page 2.

SONG LYRICS / POETRY

You've heard of Sister Susie who's been sewing shirts for soldiers
In company with lots of other wenches
Those shirts have come in handy to the boys somewhere in France
They've kept them warm and cosy in the trenches.

I lately paid a visit to the fellows at the front
It was washing day the day that I got there
I've seen those soldiers drilling and I've seen them working too
But the way I saw them washing made me stare.

I saw six soldiers scrubbing six short shirts
Six soldiers scrubbed and scrubbed, six soldiers rubbed and rubbed
Six short soldiers sang a song, their singing surely showed
Those six short soldiers scrubbed the six shirts Sister Susie sowed.

Those soldiers sang of Sister Susie sewing shirts for soldiers
While shot and shell accompanies their singing
The shrapnel burst above them, but they simply scrubbed away
The soap suds all around them they were flinging.

Said I, "those shirts seem short but I suppose they've simply shrunk"
One said "these shirts have shrunk, well I should smile"
Another said, "we're glad they're short because we're short of soap
So I stood there watching them for quite a while.

- *"I Saw Six Soldiers Scrubbing Six Short Shirts"* Nat Phillips Archive (Fryer Library, University of Qld) [UQFL9 - Box 3]
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MISCELLANEOUS

- [The following extract is from a sketch held in the Nat Phillips Collection. The parts are taken from separate character parts. Character parts contain the dialogue for that character and the last few words of whichever character speaks beforehand. Lines within brackets { } have been added by the editor to aid meaning for character B's part. The sketch, set in a restaurant, comprises at least 9 characters]

Martha: If I marry again, the man must have common sense.
Waiter: He won't.
Martha: [Ignoring the remark] And I'll rule the roost, or know why.
Waiter: You'll know why all right. [Suddenly] Martha, I'm going to the war.
Martha: Going to the war! What do you know about the war? Or the army, or drill? Why you don't even know where your front is.
Waiter: Yes I do, it's gone to the wash with my shirt.

• "A La Carte" Nat Phillips Collection (Fryer Library, University of Qld); UQFL9; Box 6, Folder A

- [The following extract is from an incomplete sketch held in the Nat Phillips Collection (only one page has been identified). The sketch appears to focus on one character's attempt to recite on stage "The Soldier's Dream."]

Pathe: I never knew anything like it. Do you know what you are doing? Haven't you any idea?
Ruffles: Ah, eh... [picking up pieces of coal, leaves one piece on and exits]
Pathe: [Recommencing] "A Soldier's Dream."
Ruffles: [Re-entering with candle] Oh, dear, Oh dear, I think that soldier must be in a trance or something.
Pathe: Whatever's wrong now?
Ruffles: You'll have to take the blame of it, I won't. [Looking on stage for the lost piece of coal]
Pathe: The blame for what?
Ruffles: You have made me lose a lump of the thunder.
Pathe: [Kicking it to him] Pick it up and get off the stage
Ruffles: I can't go to [local place] everyday gathering thunder.
Pathe: I never saw anything like it in my life. Oh, look, what's that? [Candle bis]
Ruffles: [Ruffles is kneeling balancing candlestick on his head] I think I'm light-headed. [Exits]
Pathe: [Recommences dejectedly] "A Soldier's Dream." It was a dark and stormy night...
Ruffles: [Rushes up to Pathe holding a large toilet jug] Stop! Stop!
Pathe: What, fire?
Ruffles: Worse!
Pathe: Burglars?
Ruffles: Worse than that.
Pathe: Murder!
Ruffles: Worse - it's two minutes to six! [Both exit]

• "The Soldier's Dream" Nat Phillips Collection (Fryer Library, University of Qld); UQFL9; Box 3, Folder 1 – UT.1

- The following is from a four page character part ("Cook" - played by Dan Dunbar). Character parts contain the dialogue for that character and the last few words of whichever character speaks beforehand. Lines within brackets { } have been added by the editor to aid meaning for character B's part.

Sergeant: fall in.
[Enter Cook, he has no Putties on. Raises his hat to the Sergeant. Percy enters from the canteen. Cook raises his hat to Percy, who falls in line and yawns]
Sergeant: at ease.
[All stand at ease, and Oscar puts his foot on Cook's toe]
Cook: Wow! Wow!
Percy: him [Jerks his thumb towards Cook]
Cook: He is standing on my foot.
Sergeant: silence there.
Cook: Well he keeps standing on my foot.
Percy: feet under mine.
Cook: I don't.
n/e: [Points to Cook] to do it.
Cook: [Stepping out and raising his hat] I didn't, Sir.
Sergeant: ... do as I tell you.
Cook: I didn't tell him anything of the sort, Sir.
Percy: ... you're for it.

Cook: [Stepping out of line] He keeps on saying nasty things to me Sir.
n/e: eh?
Cook: There they are.
Sergeant: {Are} these your Putties?
Cook: Yes.
Percy: ... here Sergeant.
Cook: It is him, Sir, he keeps standing on my foot.
Percy: ... yes him [Points to Cook]
Cook: I'm doing nothing of the sort, Sir.

• *A Dream of*____ 1914 Nat Phillips Collection (Fryer Library, U of Qld - UQFL9) [Manuscript extract].

► [Straightman enters. Ad lib speech "Wives." Comic, Man and Woman enter.]

ST MAN: Don't tell me you've written a rhyme.
COMIC: My oath I have. My Ford V Eight.
ST MAN: Keep quiet (ad lib argument) [To woman] You go ahead.
WOMAN: The little love birds.
COMIC: What are they fowls or ostriches.
WOMAN: The little love birds.
COMIC: Chifley and Menzies.
WOMAN: Now sweet Sally Horner has thousands of friends
She went to the beach and sat down for a while,
Her figure is lovely with heavenly trend
He tries dor a kiss but sweet Sally just smiled. [Bis]
ST MAN: You don't mind if I have a go now..... "My Prawn"
COMIC: Eh?
ST MAN: "My Prawn."
COMIC: Have you got a prawn?
ST MAN: Of course I've got a prawn. It's a pet prawn. Her name is Fanny.
COMIC: Oh.... Fanny the prawn.
ST MAN: Yes.... Fanny the prawn. She swims round the bowl all day with my goldfish Fred.
COMIC: Oh.... Fred and Fanny.
ST MAN: "My Prawn."
COMIC: Blimey anybody would think you were the only one who had a prawn. You can get a pound at the
fish shop for sixpence.
ST MAN: "My Prawn." [Bis. Break up]

She wiggles like mad and her back slowly bends
Then her prawn face looks up and it gives me a smile,
I give her saltwater on which she depends
And when she doesn't get it [stamps foot] Oh! Boy is she wild.
COMIC: Oh triss. I'll be buttered on both sides. [Bis :- pulling arm]
MAN: "The Old Battle Ship."
COMIC: That's two battle ships... We'll have the whole dam fleet here in a minute.
MAN: "The Old Battle Ship."

Her wonderful body's the whole Navy's pride
But never could account for the terrific smell
Of her paint, it's all new but her stays should be dried
As her body turned over she rolled in the swell.

COMIC: "My Ford V Eight."

She's a beautiful job, but her back seats too wide
Her exhaust pipe back fired when I filled her with Shell
So I lifted her front and looked inside
When I pulled out the piston, she rattled like hell

• **"Rhymes at Random"** Nat Phillips Collection (Fryer Library, U of Qld, UQFL9 - Box 2) Although Phillips' name is stamped on the front of the manuscript it is not ascertained whether he is the author or not

- Characters: Applicant. A nervous, anaemic-looking, thin-chested youth.
Medical Officer
Assistant Officer
- Scene. A room fitted with several medical appliances and machines and devices for testing sight, weight, strength and nerve. The colour scheme is carried out in soft greys and whites.

[Assistant Officer is seated at small table at left. M.O. enters at right]

A.S.: There is an applicant for the Aviation Corps outside, sir.

M.O.: I hope he is a more likely specimen than the last two who came. Send him in.

[Assistant Officer goes to the door and beckons the applicant to enter]

A.: [Looking like a scared rabbit and touching his hat with his left hand] Good morning your honour. I've come to join your army and help you slay all those nasty huns.

M.O.: When you salute me, use your right hand and call me Captain.

A.: [Using his left hand] Yes, Sergeant.

M.O.: I said, salute with your right hand.

A.: Yes, Mr Corporal.

M.O.: It's Captain! and when you salute, salute with a snap.

[Applicant takes a step forward and snaps his fingers in front of the Captain's face]

M.O.: [Furious] Not like that!

[Applicant makes a gesture of hopeless despair]

M.O.: What made you want to join the Aviation?

A.: Well, you see all last year I had a Buick...

M.O.: What's that got to do with it?

A.: Well, when a Buick goes faster than twenty miles an hour, she leaves the ground, and it's the grandest sensation. And then I read that they were going to spend millions on aviation, and I figured out that when they were giving out all that money I'd like to be around to get my share of it.

M.O.: You'll be paid thirty dollars a day and sixty cents for your food.

A.: Oh, do they give you desert? I love strawberries and cream.

M.O.: You'll be given beans mostly. The finest food in the world. Why armies have been fed and trained on beans, battles have been won and lost on beans. All the greatest generals lived on beans. Washington, Grant, Napoleon, Wellington...

A.: Yes, and where are they now? Dead. Now I know what General Grant meant when he said "lets have peas" [peace]. [Applicant is chased around the room by the Medical Officer and Assistant Officer and threatened with violence for making such a pun]

M.O.: Come now, take your hat off, heels together, chest out, head up, heels together, chest out, head up [Medical Officer slaps his head and chest and kicks his feet while he is giving orders]

A.: [Getting more and more hopeless and confused, trying, with his scanty intelligence to obey these unfamiliar orders] Oh make up your mind.

M.O.: What's your name?

A.: Percival Johnson your honour.

M.O.: Are you perfectly strong and healthy?

A.: I can wind a Victrola without getting fatigued.

M.O.: Are you married?

A.: Yes and no.

M.O.: What do you mean?

A.: My wife's a conductorette, she treats me more like a passenger than a husband.

M.O.: Are you a good American citizen and will you waive all exemption?

A.: I'll wave anything [takes out his handkerchief and waves it in the air]

M.O.: Come on now. Heels together, chest out, head up [same business as before until at last the Applicant makes a wild rush for the door. He is pulled back] Here, where are you going?

A.: I'm going to join the navy. [He scuffles with the medical Officer and the Assistant Officer]

M.O.: What's the matter with you? Are you hysterical?

A.: No, protestant.

M.O.: [Referring to a set of books in his hand] Have you ever read any books on aviation?

A.: No your honour.

M.O.: Well, do you see these little books? You take home one of them and study it carefully and it will do half your work for you.

A.: You say if I take home one of these little books and study it carefully it will do half my work for me.

M.O.: That's what I said.

A.: Then give me two of them. [Goes to grab them]

M.O.: Sit in that chair. [Applicant sits in it and tucks his handkerchief 'round his collar as though he were preparing to be shaved. The Medical Officer pulls off the handkerchief] This isn't a barber's shop. Now I'm going to examine you physically. [He taps the Applicant's chest and back. At each tap the Applicant gasps in a feeble voice] What's the matter with you? Oh, I see, you have throat trouble.

A.: Every winter I get sore utensils.

[*The Medical Officer continues to pummel him about the stomach and head. The Applicant gets more and more nervous, and after looking in vein first at the Medical Officer, then at the Assistant, he collars hold of the Medical Officer. The Assistant breaks him away.*]

M.O.: How's your diaphragm?

A.: Is it necessary to discuss that?

[*The Medical Officer tears off the Applicant's collar and commences to unbutton his shirt. When he tries to sound him the Applicant doubles himself up and giggles uncontrollably. This business is kept up for some time.*]

M.O.: What's the matter with you?

A.: Oh you're so playful.

M.O.: You don't seem to realise that this is a serious business. You want to be an aviator, don't you? Then do what I tell you. Grip your hands and grit your teeth. Come on now. [*Same business*].

A.: Oh, you're so playful. Can't you play some other game? [*The Medical Officer starts to pull the Applicant's head about, having first wound his arms around him*] When can I call for the photos?

M.O.: [*The Medical Officer scorns a reply*] Now I'm going to give you the sight test. What is that?
[*The Assistant holds up a silver salver*]

A.: Well from here I can't very well say whether it is a dollar or a quarter. [*Medical Officer twirls 'round an optical disc for sight testing.*] I'll take a dollar's worth of chips.

M.O.: Ah I see you're a gambler. [*Assistant holds up a printed card*] Read that card.

A.: Polygamy.

M.O.: And now that.

A.: Oh you naughty army man. [*Hides his face on his arm*]

M.O.: What's the matter with you. Can't you reads it?

A.: Yes, but it isn't a nice word. I don't want to say it.

M.O.: Come on, don't be foolish. Say it.

A.: Pyjamas.

M.O.: Now we're going to give you the astygmatis test. Sit tight in the chair and we are going to wheel you around. When we stop you stretch out your hand and touch this. [*He points to small weight holder on the weighing machine*]

A.: Oh you can't frighten me. I always did love the merry-go-round. [*As he is being turned around in the chair he grabs after the hanging weight holder each revolution.*] If I catch it do I get another ride. [*The Assistant and Medical Officer stop the chair and the Applicant falls over*] I'm not well. Have you a lemon, doctor.

M.O.: You're alright. You've only got a slight touch of vertigo. You'll be quite alright in a few minutes.

A.: Can you guarantee that?

M.O.: I suppose you have the courage enough? What would you do if a cannon were to be fired off suddenly near you?

A.: [*Very defiantly*] I'd seize my gun and I'd... [*A gun goes off. He throws up his arms and calls*] Kamerad, kamerad.

M.O.: Now we are going to give you the needle test. You just hold this needle and then we are going to give you twenty revolutions...

A.: Ah, we are going to Russia?

M.O.: And when we stop the chair revolving I want you to get up and tow that chalk line. [*The Assistant and Medical Officer revolve the chair*] How do you feel?

A.: Well if I come out of this alive it is the cheapest jag I ever had. [*When the chair stops revolving the Assistant and Medical Officer haul him to his feet. The Applicant collapses into the arms first of one and then the other*]

M.O.: Now we are going to undress you.

A.: [*Protesting as they begin to tear his coat off*] Here, what sort of place is this? [*They pull his coat, vest and shirt off and reveal him in pants and a pink singlet threaded with red ribbons. The stage is blacked out*]

- **Recruiting Act** Nat Phillips Collection (Fryer Library, University of Qld) [UQFL9 - Box 2] Although stamped "Nat Phillips" the authorship remains unestablished.

► As an undisciplined, disreputable army private, Mo appeared with Mike Connors in a sketch called "The War Hero." In an effort to toughen Mo, Mike as the captain of the unit, bullied and hurried Mo through his daily duties, from reveille to lights out in a non-stop, rapid fire resume. In the course of the commands, Mike would tell him:

- At one o'clock you go to lunch, at 1.05 you report back to me.
- When Mike had finished, Mo who had been standing immobile, would make a request:
- Mo: (in dulcet tones) Captain?
- Mike: Yes.
- Mo: (still dulcet) In my spare time could I scrub the battle field?

- **Roy Rene and Mike Connors - "The War Hero"** Cited. Katrina J. Bard. The History of Vaudeville in Australia From 1900-1930. Bachelor of Letters thesis, U of New England, 1983, 73. [qtd from Celestine McDermott thesis]

- ▶ - Mo: "Stiffy when I was at the war..."
- Stiffy: "Turn that up boy. You never went to the war. You don't even know where no mans' land is."
- Mo: "Sure I do."
- Stiffy: "Where."
- Mo: "In an old maid's bedroom."

• **Stiffy and Mo** - "No Man's Land" Nat Phillips Collection (Fryer Library, University of Qld) [UQFL9 - Box 1c]

- ▶ [In his 1934 publication *Chuckle With Charlie Vaude*, the author notes that the volume is material collected over the previous 25 years (5)]

Somewhere in the world is a bare-faced Hebrew who never boasts of the wonderful people his race has produced, and there's a reason. It seems that some years ago he got into an argument with an Irishman about the wonderful people of his race, and they agreed that each time they could name a celebrity [each] could pull a hair out of the other's whiskers.

The Jew started off with Disraeli, and pulled a hair from the Irishman's beard. The Irishman responded with Daniel O'Connor, and pulled a hair from the beard of the Jew. "Moses," said the Jew and out came another hair from the Irishman. "St Patrick," said the Irishman, pulling out a hair.

The Jew thought for a moment, and then, grabbing a dozen hairs, pulled and shouted "The Twelve Apostles." With fire in his eye, the Irishman grabbed the whole beard of the Jew, pulled, and roared "The Dublin Fusiliers. Now, beat that."

• **Charlie Vaude** *Chuckle with Charlie Vaude*. Melbourne: Lothian, 1934, 5.

- ▶ [In his 1934 publication *Chuckle With Charlie Vaude*, the author notes that the volume is material collected over the previous 25 years (5)]

And talking of theatricals, heres a true story of the great Houdini who, by the way was the first man to fly in Australia. Houdini was in my dressing room, telling me how he escaped from a fortress in Germany. Bill Verne and I were kidding him we didn't believe it. Getting him in, as they call it.

- "Don't you guys think I escaped from this fortress?"
- "Sure," I replied, "otherwise you wouldn't be here."
- "Hold on! I'll prove it to you. I've got the press notices in this trunk." (Some of his trunks, by the way were in our dressing room.) I'll show you," hissed the master magician. "Here, Louis," he sang out to his assistant, "where's the key to this trunk."
- "Louis couldn't be found and Houdini couldn't open the trunk."

Anyway, let me say right here that Harry Houdini was a wonderful showman. He would go on the stage and tell the audience what he had done and what he was going to do, and got £600 a week for telling them all about himself.

• **Charlie Vaude** *Chuckle with Charlie Vaude*. Melbourne: Lothian, 1934, 10.

- ▶ [In his 1934 publication *Chuckle With Charlie Vaude*, the author notes that the volume is material collected over the previous 25 years (5)]

Another one, describing the long range guns the Germans used in the war... "Yes, boy, you could run all day and all night, and they'll still get you."

• **Charlie Vaude** *Chuckle with Charlie Vaude*. Melbourne: Lothian, 1934, 10.

- ▶ The following extract, taken from the comedy sketch, "A Scotch Highball," is preceded by dialogue in which the 1st comic and Bella discuss various animals in Wirth's circus.

- 1st Comic: ... They had another animal there who wanted to kill everybody in sight.
- Bella: What was it called?
- 1st Comic: They called it the beast of Berlin...

• **A Scotch Highball**" Nat Phillips Collection (Fryer Library, U of Qld, UQFL9 - Box 2, S.2)

- The following extract is from a two-character sketch titled "Scandal-Us," in which the woman (Curley) has implied to others before the sketch begins that the man, Arthur (a friend), is her husband.

- Arthur: Did you ever have a big brother?
- Curley: (Rising from couch) Yes. He is a lieutenant with three pips.
- Arthur: What do you mean a lieutenant with three pips. That's a captain.
- Curley: (Going towards him) I tell you [he's] a lieutenant with three pips. Two because he was a lieutenant and one because he wasn't a captain....

- "Scandal-Us" Nat Phillips Collection (Fryer Library, U of Qld, UQFL9 - Box 2) The authorship remains unestablished.

- The following is from a three page character part (identified as Nat). Character parts contain the dialogue for that character and the last few words of whichever character speaks beforehand. Lines within brackets { } have been added by the editor to aid meaning to the other characters' parts. N/E indicates that a character is not identified by name.

Nat: What do you think of this little lot?
N/E: very nice indeed.
Nat: Would you like me to introduce you?
Man: I should love it.
Nat: Very well then step this way (sic). [*Goes to first girl*] And what is your name my child.
Girl 1: Shepheard.
Nat: Shepheard. Eh?
Girl 1: yes Shepheard.
Nat: I'd like to watch your flocks by night. [*Goes to Girl 2*] And what is your name dear? This is a stripping wench. The sort of girl who makes our British soldiers sailors. What is your name?
Girl 2: ... I'm Gwenny.
Nat: Oh, Two halfpenny's for a penny. [*Bis - Walk Round Nap and Fall (unclear about the meaning here) [To Girl 3]*] What is your name?
Girl 3: ... Iona Ford.
Nat: So do I but the damn thing won't go. And what is your name dear?
Girl 4: ... Nott.
Nat: What?
Girl 4: ... Nott.
Nat: She's a what not. So you say your name is Not?
Girl 4: tis.
Nat: What?
Girl 4: Nott.
Nat: But it can't be not if it's not Nott
Man: ... if it is not.
Nat: We're getting in a devil of a knot. Her name is not very likely. Perhaps we don't know tis.
Girl: what?
Nat: Nott. [*To man*] What is your name fair one.
Harry: ... Harry Hall.
Nat: What Harry Hall. Surely not the son of General Hall. Remarkable. The son of General Hall out here. I remember his father well at the Battle of Newtown Bridge. You remember when we took it by storm. Well Harry, I am pleased to see you [*Shakes Harry's hand*] My word your hands are cold. Haven't you any gloves.
Harry: ... no sir.
Nat: Have his. [*Takes gloves from N/E and gives them to Harry*] Do you smoke Harry?
Harry: ... a pipe.
Nat: Here's a piece of paper to light it with. Oh, by the way would you care to come and have a little dinner with us tonight. Just a little informal you know.
Harry: ... {I'm not the son of General} Hall at all.
Nat: Not the son of General Hall at all. Not the tall of General All a Fall. Well who the.... who is he?
N/E: ... the corner.
Nat: What fish shops in the party. Chips fall out. What do you mean going 'round the town and saying you are the son of General Hall at all, when you are not the Hall of General tall at all. Give me back those gloves, and where is this piece of paper I gave you, and what about the dinner you nearly and, and don't you go round saying you are the son of General Hall at all.
N/E: it was him
Nat: Oh, who is this. What's your name
Winkle: Winkle
Nat: Winkle.
Winkle: Fetch him out
Nat: Eh?

Winkle: ... fetch him out.
Nat: What do you take me for, a pin? Winkle come out.
Winkle: Shan't.
Nat: Oh, Winkle come out.
Winkle: Shan't.
Nat: Winkle won't come out. Lend me a pin. We'll soon get winkle out. [Bis. Pin] Look out Winkle is warping.... [Bis drum stick] If you care to inspect them come this way. [Bis run around and bump]
N/E: The inspection.
Nat: Take them away and throw them in the dust hole.

• **"Inspection"** Nat Phillips Collection (Fryer Library, U of Qld, UQFL9 - Box 2) Although Phillips' name is stamped on the front of the manuscript the authorship remains unestablished.

► [The following extract is from a one act musical comedy sketch. It takes place after the fourth musical number and completes the sketch. The characters are: Denny (1st comic), Proff (2nd comic), Billy (straight man), Prigley Smith (character man), Winnie Smith, Prigley's daughter (leading woman), Delia Smith (soubrette). NB: The character Winnie is called Minnie in the cast list. This version retains the text name]

The setting is on a college campus ground with college pennants strung across the stage.]

[Enter Prof. with Winnie]

WINNIE: Oh Prof, do you know Billy Watts?
PROF: You bet I do, he's the smartest boy in the college.
WINNIE: Well I want to marry, but father says I cannot marry him because he is not a hero.
PROF: Well he is right, you should marry a hero
WINNIE: Why should I?
PROF: Because if you married a hero, you'd be a hero and all the little kids would be heroes.
WINNIE: Listen Prof. I have an idea how we can make Billy a hero.
PROF: How?
WINNIE: Well tonight when all is still have Billy set fire to the college and then let him rush {in} and save the girls. Then he will be a hero and I can marry him.
PROF: That's a great idea, we'll do it. [He starts to exit but stops] Hold on a minute. I sleep in there. Nothing doing.
WINNIE: But can't you think of something to make Billy a hero?
PROF: I have it, why don't you get some kind of a wild animal, a gorilla or a baboon or some terrible looking person to frighten the girls. Then let Billy rush in and save them and he will be a hero.
WINNIE: Prof. Looking at you gives me an idea.
PROF: Yes you see.... hey wait a minute, I'm no monkey.
WINNIE: No Prof., you don't understand. My idea is this. Can't you go out and dress up as a wild man and rush in and frighten the girls. Then Billy can rush in and save them and he will be a hero.
PROF: All right I'll do it. Come with me and I'll eat a couple of wild cats to make me wild.
[Both exit. Billy enters left. Denny enters right]
BILLY: Say Denny, Winnie absolutely refuses to marry me.
DENNY: Why Billy? [Billy curses] Well, why don't you do something heroic.
BILLY: What am I going to do?
DENNY: Take her out riding in a Ford machine
BILLY: No, no that will never do.
DENNY: Save her from a bunch of wild men.
BILLY: But there are no wild men around here.
DENNY: Get some fellow and make him wild.
BILLY: How?
DENNY: Buy him a drink of bootleg whiskey.
BILLY: No, that won't do. But speaking of wild men gives me an idea.
DENNY: What is it?
BILLY: Do you remember last year when we had the college play The Wilds of Borneo.
DENNY: Oh yes. [Denny sings: "Oh the wild man of Borneo just came to town"] I was the wild man.
BILLY: You were some wild man. Downstairs in the storeroom there's a lot of wild men costumes. Go down there and put one of them on and rush in here and frighten the girls.
DENNY: Frighten the girls, ey?
BILLY: I'll rush in smash you on the jaw, knock you down and kick the stuffing out of you.
DENNY: Oh you {will}.
BILLY: Yes.
DENNY: And then what?
BILLY: Why I become the hero and marry the girl.
DENNY: Oh you're the big chesty hero with the medals and I'm over here without my stuffings. And What becomes of me.

BILLY: Oh you. You just simmer away.
DENNY: Well it's a good idea but I won't do it.
BILLY: But Denny it was your own idea.
DENNY: All right. I'll do it, all I want is one swipe at the Proff when I'm wild.
[Both exit]

----- Fifth Number -----

[Enter Winnie and Delia]
DELIA: Say do you know Billy Watts?
WINNIE: I should say I do, he's the brightest boy in the college and I'm going to marry him.
DELIA: But what will your father say?
WINNIE: Father is not going to marry him
[Enter Billy all excited]
BILLY: The college is surrounded by wild men. [Girls scream] Don't be afraid I will protect you.
[He puts his arms around the girls]
GIRLS: Oh we just love to be protected
[Enter Denny dressed as a wild man]
WINNIE: I'll talk to him [She goes over to Denny who grunts. She screams]
BILLY: Here I'll talk to him. [He goes over to Denny] Say are you a wild man? [Denny barks like a dog] It's a dog.
DENNY: You're a liar.
BILLY: Are you a friend of the Prof?
DENNY: Devil a bit is he?
[Enter Prof dressed as a wild man. They both hit each other with stuffed clubs. The Prof falls down. Enter Prigley Smith]
SMITH: Young man, what's the meaning of this?
BILLY: Just a little joke for your amusement.
SMITH: Well such jokes are not in keeping with the college.
DENNY: Any joke is in keeping with the college on September morn.

"Finale"

COMPANY: Don't go Cynthia, stay right here, we will always hold you dear, We are happy when you stay, we are for you sweet co-ed.

[Drums - rum, rum, rum, rum, tum, tum, rum, rum, rum, tum, rum.]

[Enter Denny and Prof with guns on their shoulders dressed as comedy soldiers]

DENNY/PROF: We're going to drill and drill and drill and drill
We're going to drill and drill and drill and drill
We've satisfied the faculty, we've satisfied the faculty
We only want one small degree, one small degree.
COMPANY: You'll never get that small degree
WINNIE: Although you two are common soldiers, the very lowest in the ranks
You have our very kindest wishes
DENNY/PROF: And all we can say is thanks
COMPANY: Although you two are common soldiers, the very lowest in the ranks
You have our very kindest wishes
And all we can say is thanks

Oh sweet co-ed, oh college maid, oh dear old serenade
Oh star light night, oh glimpse of white at the window overhead
Oh sweet co-ed, oh college maid, oh dear old serenade
Back through the years of smiles and tears
We dream of you sweet co-ed.

• "College Days" Nat Phillips Collection (Fryer Library, U of Qld, UQFL9 - Box 1)