

SHANGHAI'S SCHEMOZZLE

VOLUMES 1 AND 2 TOGETHER

by Sapajou with
R.T. Peyton-Griffin
("In Parenthesis")

With a Foreword by Richard Rigby

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The Genesis of a Joke

A number of readers of the "North-China Daily News" has asked, how it is possible for Sapajou to produce a cartoon regularly, and however he comes to think of the subjects.

It would never do to give trade secrets away . . . or at least all of them, . . . but this one may be mentioned. At the mention of the word "cartoon," Sapajou sits, looking far away into the distance and meditates. Suddenly he makes a stabbing motion in the air with his pen. An idea has been speared for treatment. Hence a cartoon.

In Parenthesis works entirely differently. He also sits and thinks. It comes more difficult for him . . . the thinking we mean.

Then he starts to laugh about nothing in particular, when, suddenly, he grabs hold of himself and mutters:—" 'Ere. Wot are you aloughin' at? "

Directly he finds that out, a joke is born.

"SARAJOU" & "IN PARENTHESIS" OBSERVE THE WAR

From the Military Handbook

There is only one way to catch an aeroplane faster than your own; and that is to put salt on its tail.

From the Hoer's Mouth

In Parenthesis has it on the best possible authority that both sides now have command of the air.

So Now You Know

"The enemy aircraft were beaten off," extract from communique.

You can always tell when the enemy aeroplanes are beaten off. They don't stay when they reach their objective.

Stocked Up

Sollicitous Friend.—And how are you off for food?

Old Soak.—Food? What tha'?

S.F.—You know,—Nourishment.

O.S.—I'm all o' me boy. I've laid in a case o' gin.

Notification

In view of the fact that they are in the direct line of fire, In Parenthesis has decided to move his angel fish. When spoken to on the subject they murmured.—"What the hell!"

From the Front

Old Clubman, watching the evacuees registering.—Looks as if we are becoming quite a social club, doesn't it?

Confirmed Bachelor.—Merely another one of the horrors of war.

Crazy journalist, endeavouring to write something while a lot of gunpowder is being burned outside.—Boy go out and stop that noise.

Boy.—My no b'long Chiang Kai-shek.

Bored businessman watching the bombardment of Pootung.—I wish they'd stop. They'll be hitting something if they're not careful.

What did General Sherman say?

There's been a shortage of ice in the Clubs these last few days.

Sweet Young Thing.—Darling, is this what the common people call war?

Diplomat, and we have several.—Yan, darling, I believe it is.

Sweet Young Thing.—Well, all I can say is that it is much too dreadful for them.

A Pending Apology

From the man who called the Armoured Car Company the tinned beef squad.

An Old Song

"I know a bank whereon the wild thyme grows." Sounds like the Whangpoo, doesn't it?

The Man We Like

Is the local politician who when the authorities do something to displease him, just takes out his false teeth and lays them on the table to watch them gnash.

The War Game

Combatant of a certain nation, having crossed no man's land, to a combatant of another certain nation.—"You must take care, or otherwise you will be huffed."

Another Hard Blow

Owing to the shortage of barbers the men of the city will soon be patronizing the beauty parlours. Permanents will, of course, be the rage, but facials will be administered such as starching the upper lip, if and when necessary.

Back to Nature!

Foreign Office spokesman . . . was ordered to leave Nanking immediately, though this was not to be construed as indicating a possible break in the diplomatic relations between China and Japan.

It should be placed on record that the two countries are behaving like two small boys, who, charging each other with their shoulders, mutually exclaim.—"Ere, who's you a'bovin'?"

At the Telephone

Female voice.—Is that the editor of the "North-China Daily News?"

A tired Sub-editor.—Yes.

Female voice.—I'm so sorry to bother you. I know you must be busy with all this war and all that, but could you possibly tell me the last film in which John Barrymore played?

Male scold a few minutes later.—Is that the "North China Daily News"?

Tired Sub-editor, as before.—Yes, what can I do for you?

Male Scold.—Well jash scold bet fer ush, will you? Is it three parsh or three dropsh of angosh—angoshum for a gin 'nd bittersh?

* * *

On the Best of Authority

Two Japanese divisions have landed at Lichu.

Two Japanese divisions haven't landed at Lichu.

After successfully bombarding Chapoo the Japanese have landed ten divisions and are making towards Shanghai by forced marches.

They aren't!

The fall of Mokuantun is expected any moment.

It isn't!

As the result of a wide encircling movement the enemy are exactly where they started from.

From the progress which both sides are making it is expected that they will shortly have passed completely through each other's lines and be facing back to back.

* * *

A little Psalmody

PSALM I

The guns are popping as they used to pop:

Who's that d'abomin'?

The bombs are dropping as they used to drop:

Who's that d'shutin' in spy?

The caps are popping as they used to pop.

Flurry, w're sayin'

And choppers are chopping, as they used to chop

But who's that d'sperrin' in shy?

Who's that d'sperrin'? *Who's that d'sperrin'?*

Comrades are in the make.

Who's profiting? Who's profiting.

Making our bank balance wite?

PSALM II

Way down upon the Whang-poo River

Boom, boom, they go.

See all the little gunboats shakin'

Scouts of 'em, all in a row

Night comes, and Shanghai's very wavy

Falls home at ten.

Please listen to the gun-pumps, dearie,

Just like the old times ago.

Cabarets are early closing:

Some clubs shut near nine.

Great widowers are quietly dozing,

Dreaming of old times in joo.

Notice

The "North-China Daily News" contrary to all rumours is not moving back to the Bund. It never left!

* * *

Big Hearted Bunnies

There are still some people keen on admitting all the refugees who apply into the International Settlement. Well, of course, there's nothing like hospitality, is there?

* * *

A Protest

"Portugal has severed diplomatic relations with Czechoslovakia."—News Despatch.

China and Japan, of course, will never do anything so crude.

* * *

How True!

A local contemporary opines:—

Our recent sunrise that major hostilities were at an end may or may not have had basis. . . .

That's just the trouble we have had with our sunrises too. They have always been either right or wrong.

* * *

Just a Hint

A hint to the Council, on reading some of the reports issued for local consumption, comes from Dryden:—

"Now strike the golden lyre again."

On judging from some of the casualty reports:—

"And thrice he routed all his foes,
and thrice he slew the slain."

* * *

To-day's Great Thought

Something has got to be done about this war. A faithful reader of *In Parenthesis*, who has been a devout follower of the column, man and boy for the last fifty years, complains of the irregularity of the firing. The other night he dropped off to sleep lulled by the "chant monotonous and deep," of the heavy artillery. He awoke with a start. The firing had stopped, and he fancied he had been plunged into a horrid peace again.

* * *

The Evacuation

A fond mother with young baby at the Shanghai Club on evacuation day. It was imperative that baby should be fed. The paraphernalia was packed away. What to do?

Was there a soul dismayed? Nary one bit. One club man hurried to the chemist and procured the necessary bottle and the mixture which bubbles, so we are informed, refresh and on returning to the Club hot water was secured and the concoction fixed in a beer mug at the bar. We do hope it's a boy baby, that lad's had a good start in life.

* * *

Notes on the Crisis

Both sides have still command of the air. If you don't believe, ask them yourselves.

A countryman entering the French Commission on Tuesday with two packages of canards for sale was set upon by toughs and robbed of them. The police intervened, rescued the canards and arrested some of the robbers.—These "bandets," of course, are feathered.

Things were so quiet round the "N.C.D.N." office yesterday that In Parenthesis is thinking of bringing in a pneumatic drill to make the place seem more hostilian.

* * *

Casablanca

BY A LONG-WAY-TO, TIPPERARY-FELLOW
*As shot and shell were falling fast,
 A youth climbed up the Race Course mast,
 And, gazing round, with a fearful yell,
 He murmured "Casablanca."
 Came down at once the Council said,
 He answered swiftly "Bail your head,
 You come up here with me instead,
 And holler 'Casablanca!'"*
 "But what's the scheme?" the soldier roared
 "I'd teach you better were you on board."
 The youth replied in all his pride:
 "By gum, I'd need a thicker hide,
 Casablanca!"
 "Oh, stop! Oh, stop!" The soldier cried
 "Until a shot at you I've tried."
 He quickly answered with a laugh
 "I guess you'd hit me. No! Not 'arf!
 Casablanca!"
 "Just come down here, you pair, dumb warts!"
 She loudly whispered to her lover, but
 He looked at her with his sly grin:
 "If I did so, dear, I would be a sin,
 Casablanca!"
 There oft at sunset he may be seen
 Far above the grayey sword, green,
 And from the skies at intervals
 A tender glance as sweetly falls
 On his sweet girl,
 His heart's a whirl,
 Poor Casablanca,
 For his war girl.

Do You Know?

An American owned concern will supply doughnuts and coffee from six in the morning until ten at night.

British customers are provided with implements to pull the hole out of the doughnut.—Corkscrews are supplied.

* * *

Barber Shortage

Situations Vacant

Wanted.—One Dallah, to cut hair only.

* * *

Classified Ad. Again

Wanted.

One bar of Monkey Brand.

You see we've just been warned we've got to keep this feature clean.

* * *

Another Riddle

Why is a Chinese aristocrat looking at the Libretto like the advertisement for a certain brand of toilet soap?

Well, he won't be happy till he gets it.

(N.B. Will the local agents please send the case

to)

Ed. :—Now, now, now

I.F. :—Well, if I can't eat I ought to be allowed to wash!

* * *

From a Communiqué

Chinese trench mortars situated in the vicinity of the North Station, dropped several shells in the Hongkew area during Thursday night. They, however, ceased firing at dawn according to the communiqué. This was apparently to prevent them from being spotted by the Japanese air force.

The deduction, my dear Watson is obvious.

* * *

Conversation Bromide

"And when do you think all this will end?"

* * *

Agony

Has anyone an electric pen?

No! No! No! We merely want it for one of our linotype machines.

* * *

The Latest Retort

As the Japanese commander said to the Chinese commander: "Don't be so offensive."

We're All Coo-Coo

The advent of reinforcements for the international defence force is heartily to be welcomed by some people.—It does make it so much safer to indulge in anti-foreign propaganda, doesn't it?

* * *

Good News

The Japanese, however, through the helpful attitude and active co-operation of the British authorities, are permitting the Brewery to operate normally, and deliveries are being made.

War has her victories no less concerned than peace.

* * *

Soap Press

On Thursday a lorry was seen sporting the flag of a certain country,—wild horses won't obtain a further identification—with the bonnet and the roof of the driving seat covered with greenery.—If it had only seen itself in the looking glass it would have realized that it did not look like Jernfield Park.

* * *

An Open Letter

The attention of the commanders of the opposing forces is drawn to the growing practice of running aeroplane bombing expeditions just about breakfast time, and it is earnestly requested that some other hour should be selected. It is most distressing. Only the other morning we spilled some hot coffee from the taster.

* * *

The Optimist

From a local contemporary:—

Going on the principle of being always thankful for small mercies, residents of this harassed city should derive increasing solace from the established fact that as far as possible, this cosmopolitan area is slowly returning to normalcy.

It may be returning to normalcy as far as possible but we, for one, would much prefer it to return a little farther.

* * *

It's a bit 'ard

Coming down a side street to the Band the other morning, we were stopped by a bloke in a tin hat.

"I should not go on the Band, if I could help it," he said. "If you do so now, it is at your own risk."

"At my own risk?" we replied. "Why all my life I've been living at my own risk. I'm a journalist."

"You're a what? A journalist? My good!"

And there was not even a blade of grass we could crawl under to hide our shame.

* * *

Answers to Correspondents

Expert.—There is no better 'ole. Scientists are engaged in inventing one which, upon entering, it will be possible to pull in after one.

Enquirer.—Yes, you can tell the different aeroplanes by the sound they make, but we wouldn't liken any of them to humming birds. As a matter of fact we don't like them at all.

A Stay-Behind.—Yes, it is said that if you hear the gun fired the bullet hasn't hit you. But who wants to hang round listening to guns firing?

Dog Lover.—The only thing to distract the dog's attention from the noise is a funny story. If the animal gives you the horse laugh, it is obviously not a dog.

Veteran.—It was a very new recruit who was found polishing his tin hat!

* * *

Tail-Piece

Trams and buses are again on the streets.—

News item.

*The Bus and the Tram were talking one day,
As bullets were flying in fact:—
"We've carried and hauled for many a mile
And pulled the old flag to the mast."
The Bus and the Tram are not like the clan,
How many a story to tell,—
Tram drivers who tear through the streets mightily
fast,
Alarms bravely clanging like,—well!
Said the Bus to the Tram, "I don't give a damn.
In peacetime the people go mad,
With letters to Ed, from brains just like jam,
To say that my black smoke is bad,
But now that the bullets are flying, and shell,
I think that we'll both take a rest.
Lay off, do a week! Let the brains push a bike!
We'll stay in the yard with the dust."
Yet fortune orders a different fate,
They're back on the roads, deep we shake.
The Tram is clanging its bell like—(as before),
The Bus? It continues to smoke.*

Oh!

Did you see that "Positions Vacant" advertisement in the paper the other day?

Wanted, intelligent, perfect Lady-steno-typist. Address Box N.C. D.N.

It is possible to get an intelligent lady-steno-typist. We saw one once. But if the advertiser is looking for one of those wonderful creatures which are jewelled in every movement, with compensated balance wheel, and all that, we hope he has to wait a very long time, for perfect lady-steno-typists are only found in heaven.

* * *

What is it?

Reading the advertisements which appear daily it is quite difficult to ascertain what is going on.

The Municipal Council calls it an emergency.

Another advertiser refers to "present political and financial conditions."

Shipping companies are divided into two schools. One the neo-realistic, if you get what we mean, call it "present hostilities."

The other the "present situation."

The advertising department of the N.C.D.N. likes the "Present emergency."

The surrealists prefer "Existing conditions" as best describing the matter.

Yet there are others who want to call it an "incident."

"In Parenthesis" has been carefully into the matter and has decided that after all it is only a "schemazole." It means all sorts. Thus—

S—for shell.

C—for crickey!

H—for hell.

E—for evacuation.

M—mizle (from Old French *v. mizler*, *mizler*, *mizler*, to mizle off as in evacuation).

O—Officers, commanding, or otherwise, who specialise in schemazoles.

Z—for zoophyte, meaning, of course a scrap in a bear garden.

Z—Zephyr, a gentle breeze, from which is derived the phrase "Wind vertical."

L—for H.

H—for Heaven.—Thus "Heaven only knows when it is going to stop.

To Bar Tenders

No one knows what is likely to happen in a schemazole like this. So take advice. If a gent comes in and leaning over the counter says "Give me a zythum," don't get disturbed and call the bounceer. Give him a glass of beer and a piece of bread.

Zythum is a liquor made from wheat and malt.

You could, of course boil the bread in the beer, but if you did even the bounceer might not be able to protect you. You can't do that there 'ere when we've got a schemazole on.

* * *

A Reflection

You know Z is a beautiful letter. Just think. It comes right at the extreme end of the alphabet, and there's not another letter to learn after it. And not only that, it is so expressive as this little story will show.

A Zary and an educated Zulu went into a sygon (A connecting bar; you know, connecting two ends of the room).

Says the Zary to the Zulu.—Wattle?

Says the Zulu to the Zary.—Really, I beg your pardon.

Zary.—Granted of cock! I was merely asking whether you'd care to guzzle the product of a zymological process in which zymos product a zymotic beverage.

Zulu.—You mean will I accept some slight refreshment?

Zary.—You've got me.

Zulu.—The answer is yes.

Whereupon the Zary reaching for his hat hit the Zulu in the zymomatic region and remarked—"Is not so?"

(Priester's Devil:—"My good! and to think he gets paid for doing that.")

* * *

Sporting Notes

In Parenthesis claims to hold the record for sprinting along the Bund. Unofficially, because there was no one to time him, the other morning he did it in 3.2/5 sec., flat.

With a gun from the Idamo, I.P. made an excellent start. Passing the Custom House, going strong, he continued his pace until just about Canton Road where he put on a terrific spurt reaching the tape er we mean the Bar, in the time mentioned.

He was just putting one back, when his shadow, which started level with him but was hopelessly left behind, arrived out of breath.

"SARAJOU" & "IN PARENTHESIS" OBSERVE THE WAR

Interviewed by the N.C.D.N. In Parenthesis admitted to being a little out of training, but anticipated that by the time the present state of affairs has decided whether it is an emergency or not, he will have reduced his time by about five seconds.

* * *

Grief

A newspaper heading —
JAPANESE OFFICIAL PESSIMISTIC
Just to think that, in the best and brightest of all beautiful worlds, anyone could be sad.

* * *

Apiculture

And another caption:—
AEROPLANES ENGAGE IN MID-AIR
Any bee-keeper can tell you what happened then.

* * *

A River Happening

They all sank down, and went free!

* * *

Warning

The next person who mentions anything about Nero and his violin when he sees a fire in Chapel will get it where the chicken got the egg.

* * *

War Reporting

A "—" observer who spent the afternoon in the Woosung area, confirmed the landing of troops from six transports but saw no other troop vessel in the area.

A spokesman of the Nanking-Shanghai Garrison Headquarters, at a press conference yesterday afternoon denied the reports that Japanese succeeded in landing troops in the vicinity of Woosung.

IN PARENTHESIS assures his readers that there is every chance of one or other of these two consecutive paragraphs in a local contemporary being correct.

* * *

We Broadcast

Hello! Hello! Hello! "This broadcast comes to you through the courtesy of the "North-China Daily News." Here we are in the ringside seats of the biggest prize fight the sporting world has ever seen. Three million people, three million people, folks, are present to-night to see the championship of the Orient decided between two well known heavy-weights.

We know there are three million people present, folks, because a million and a half got in without paying. Oh boy! Oh boy! Oh boy! What a crowd! All the best people in Shanghai are here. We have amongst us to-night. . . . who's that white haired gink over there, Mike?

"Aw! cut 'im out."

"All right! all right! all right! Folks I'm here to tell you, this is the biggest fight ever witnessed in the Ori. . . . the Far East I mean. Here he comes, the Tokyo Tiger, weight 4 mubo, 3 ri, 6 koku. Closely following him into his own corner is the Ding-hao Dandy, from Nanking, weight 8 mow, 3 fang, 1 li and 3 hao. And, boy, how?

"Now the referee is talking to them in the ring. They each return to their corners, and judging from the way they walk, folks, it might be anybody's fight. They didn't shake hands and oh boy, this must be a grudge fight. Both men are trained to the last minute and the confidence of the public in their abilities is such that both are favourites with the big money at even. There goes the gong for the first round. I will now hand the mike over to Ip! of the "North-China Daily News." Here you are Ip."

Ip—"Hello! hello! hello! This broadcast comes to you through the courtesy of the "North. . . ."

The other bloke—"Aw, can it."

Ip—"Both men are advancing from their corners looking each other over carefully, and folks what looks, what looks! Now they are feeling each other out, and I hope to tell you, what feeling, what feeling! The Tokyo Tiger leads with his right. . . . no, left, I mean, the Ding-hao Dandy countering with a blow to the jaw and the Tiger goes down for. . . . Sorry folks, my mistake, it's only the referee who has dropped his cigar. Now they are in the middle of the ring looking each other over again, and neither is enjoying the sight. Ding-hao Dandy leads off with a right to the chin, then another right, and another right. They all miss and Tokyo Tiger recovering from the rain of blows steps in and tries for Ding-hao's body. And it's one-two-three, one-two-three, one-two-three! Ding-hao counters with a left-right, left-right, left-right. Oh boy! What a fight! What a fight! Ding-hao steps quickly into the middle of the ring: the Tokyo Tiger quickly follows and if either of them hits the other they'll know all about it. Now they're swapping punches, but they don't hurt each other much. Then they go again one-two-three, one-two-three, left-right, left-right. Ding-hao Dandy goes down for a orn. . . . No, he didn't go down. He

"SAPAJOU" & "IN PARENTHESIS" OBSERVE THE WAR

only slipped a little and the gong goes for the end of Round One. I will now hand the microphone over to Horrible Herbert who will sum up the round for you."

Horrible Herbert.—"Hello! Hello! hello! This broadcast comes to you through the courtesy of the 'North. . . . Sorry! Well folks, what a fight, what a fight! At first I thought it was anybody's fight, but now that I have seen them both in the ring I figure that both of them are going to win. This round has been devoted to looking each other over and feeling each other out, and now that they know what each looks like and how he feels, we may get some action in the next few rounds. But, boys, this round has been full of fight. Ding-hao has been throwing everything except the kitchen sink and the Tokyo Tiger has been replying with the same sort of hardware. I've asked Joe and he says the boys are in the pink. There is no doubt about it, folks: if they both last out they will stay the distance. What a fight, WHAT A FIGHT! We will now take you over to the Santa Lucia Ballroom until the gong sounds for Round Two. It was anybody's round, both the men leading on points, with a shade in favour of each of them.

(Instructions to printer.—Please sit about fifteen times, round by round. I've got something else to do besides type out all this tripe.

Printer.— See you!

Scop Press!

Nanking, August 21.—Chinese military information reveals that around 10 Japanese warships have arrived off Pa-lung Harbour, south of Shanghai along the Chekiang Coast.

Japanese troops reinforcements aboard said vessels, it was stated, were waiting for a chance to land.—"Central News."

It is far from us to question the accuracy of the above report, but isn't it just possible that the men have merely been taken out for a day's fishing?

Help

Things are going from bad to worse in local journalism, and it is feared that present stresses are warping some people's outlook on life. Take the following for instance:—

. . . . the cricket season is nearing its end and unless the home-side authorities grant an extension, the football season

must start. In this case the pilot who led the expedition is sending up a couple of footballs so that British sporting season procedure should be properly observed, with the proviso that no football pools should be conducted. *They are ended.*

It is precisely that sort of statement which brings British journalism into disrepute. Football pools are not wicked: we won one once.

Another Protest

JAPANESE MOONLIGHT RAID ON CHINESE AIRPORT

This is the sort of thing which gets people's backs up. What we mean to say is that, well after all, fair's fair, and unless trade union rules are closely adhered to, how are the crummy to get time off for a spot of sleep?

Us and the Strong.

YUNNAN CHAIRMAN OFF FOR KUNMING

LP.—There ought to be something funny in that. Miss Ipplethwick, will you please give me Joke File No. 13?

Miss Ipplethwick.—That's all about mothers-in-law, Mr. L. P. *(Note she always calls me Alf.)*

LP.—All right. Put it away. No jokes now about mothers-in-law. It's only in times like this that we realize the good work they do. They harden us for war.

This War

The reporters of a local contemporary are getting so used to being under fire along the defense lines and in Hongkew and Yangtszepoo that they don't bother to look up any more when planes come over, and they are even getting blasé about snipers. "The editors and rewrite men in the office, however, have escaped being under fire until last night. It was then that two spent machine-gun bullets came through the window near the photographer's dark room"

When it comes to computing notes on the schematics this newspaper will be able to claim mistakes that flew through the composing room from the booth which struck the Palace Hotel, draped through two windows in the editorial offices, while a delivery coolie in the alleyway at the side of the building got a shot in the pants. But never mind, we are getting our afternoon tea, and the staff takes turns to duck below the only tin hat we have in the office. It's our turn to-morrow!