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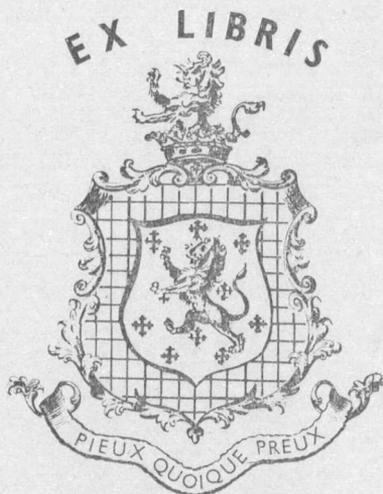
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GEORGE McATHY'S

Smart Talk

WITH ADDED MATERIAL



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This Book Is Dedicated

With hat in hand, to that vast army of magic lovers who believe a magician should be entertaining as well as mystifying. I make no claims for the contents of this book, other than that it is mainly talk that I have used personally. I have tried to present some practical, usable patter that I know gets results. I'm sure you will be successful with it too.

Your friend,

George McAtthy



GEORGE (MANDROOP) McATHY

"I bought this trick from a Chinese magician who had three Chinese daughters WHO NEVER MARRIED. One was named TU YOUNG TU . . . another named TU DUM TU, and the other . . . NO YEN TU!"

Egg Bag

This is a swell routine, boys, and don't overlook the idea of the upper plate of store teeth as a production article, using Mac's mother-in-law gag. I think this is a honey.

Here is an opening that I am using at present. Props needed are the M. C. Cigar (a piece of apparatus, by the way, that I use a great deal), an egg bag, a shot glass of whiskey, or some imitation of whiskey, and an upper plate from a set of false teeth. Sew a small pocket within the egg bag pocket, to hold the shot glass until needed. A rubber ball keeps the whiskey in place. Put the upper plate of false teeth on your table in back of some other piece of apparatus. Gene Gordon gave me the idea of using the false teeth in my act. There is something very funny about them to the audience. With the egg bag loaded with the shot glass on the table, and the M. C. cigar lit, I stroll out and dish it out thus. . . .

"Good evening, friends. As the master of ceremonies told you, I am a magician. There are three things that are ALWAYS under SUSPICION . . . hash, a magician, and the ICE MAN! Right now, this cigar is also under suspicion. A friend of mine just gave me this cigar, at least I THOUGHT he was a friend of mine. Now I'm not so sure. (Stare at cigar with questioning look.) I said to him, 'Thanks, Bill, what's the occasion? Wife have a baby?' He says, 'No.' I said, 'Did you get a promotion?' He said, 'No.' Then I says, 'How come you are giving out FREE cigars?' 'Well,' he said, 'I've got a lot of them, you see, I have a little dog that EATS Cigars.' 'Do you mean to tell me he LIKES to eat them?' 'Absolutely! He eats four or five cigars every day.'" 'Well,' I said, 'If he eats THAT MANY, it must take a lot of cigars to keep him happy, with the tobacco shortage and all, you shouldn't be giving them out like this.' 'Oh that's all right,' he says, 'The DOG REFUSED TO EAT THAT ONE!' (As you say this, you are about to put cigar in your mouth . . . you STARE hard at it.)

"For my first trick this evening, friends, I have one that I have dedicated to my mother-in-law, because it's a trick with an OLD BAG. I really shouldn't talk about my mother-in-law that way. She's actually a swell person. I feel kinda sorry for her. She's buried THREE husbands, ALL "TOLD". That's why she buried them. For my last birthday she gave me a nice photograph of herself. It must have been taken with a real FAST camera, because it caught her with her MOUTH CLOSED. I sent the photo into Robert Ripley, and he sent it back and wrote on the bottom, 'I DON'T BELIEVE IT!' But she's really not so bad. We get along pretty good together. Of course we DO have our little differences, but when we do, we just sit down and talk things over. I always manage to talk her into seeing things HER way. She's over at my house now. She dropped in for the WEEK-END . . . that was THREE YEARS AGO. There's one thing she doesn't like around the house, BESIDES ME, OF COURSE . . . and that is SMOKING. So I've doped out this little stunt to fool her. When I smoke around the house, I carry this little bag with me. When I hear some one coming, I put the cigar in the bag, snap my fingers, turn it inside out, and the cigar has vanished! Of course, turning the bag back and snapping my fingers again, brings the cigar back again. (Remove cigar and puff until it smokes again. If you puff on the cigar occasionally, and don't leave it in the bag too long, it will remain lit.) Well, this stunt worked pretty good, until one day the old girl sneaked up on me, and I popped the cigar into the bag quick. She said,

'I could have SWORE I saw you smoking.' And she COULD TOO, you should HEAR her. I said, 'Oh no, there's nothing in the bag, SEE.' (Business of turning bag inside out, beating it, and otherwise showing it empty.) Well, she was pretty hard to convince, but she finally did leave the room. I was pretty NERVOUS, in fact, I felt the NEED of a little spiritual strength. So I reached into the bag, and LOOK! (Produce the shot glass of whiskey, leave cigar and rubber ball in the bag, then raising the glass . . .) A toast to my mother-in-law, GOD . . . BLESS HER! (Toss off the glass of liquor, then place empty glass on your table. As you set it down, palm the false teeth, and drop them in bag. Take bag from left hand and hold it up to stop applause.) Thank you very much, folks. You are really being nice to me this evening, and to show my appreciation, I am going to PRODUCE MY MOTHER-IN-LAW, in person, from this little bag! (Snap fingers, look in bag, shake your head.) TOO LATE! She WAS here, but she's GONE. I can PROVE she was here, LOOK! (Take out false teeth. When the laughs die down, say) She never could KEEP HER MOUTH SHUT!"

Six Card Repeat

As Abe Lincoln once said (or did he?), "For the man who does Six Card Repeat, I should say this is just the sort of Six Card Repeat he'd do." Seriously, though, you don't need gags in a routine like this, as the laughs follow the action, perfectly naturally.

My pal Fran O'Brien has been doing the Six Card Repeat for a long time. One day he said to me, "I'm getting sick of that thing, I wish I had some better patter for it." So I went to work on it, and used some of his, added more, changed it a bit, and ended up with the following. You need 24 cards to start with. I know this is a lot of cards, but if they are kept with the faces to audience, they can't tell how many you have, and it goes over good. Here is the story: "I was standing outside the (local cafe) the other night and a friend of mine came up. He said, 'Hello, George.' I said, 'Hello, Charlie.' His name is Joe, but I call him Charlie for short. He said let's go into the bar, I want to talk to you. So we went in, and we had quite a chat. It lasted about an HOUR and a QUART. I said what's the matter Charlie, you look worried. He said, well, last night I went to a party, and there was a magician there who did a card trick that I can't figure out. It's been bothering me all night. Well, tell me what he did, I said, and perhaps I can explain it to you.

"So he said, well, here's what he did. He took one, two, three, four, five, six cards (count 'em) and he threw one, two, three away. Then he counted them again, and he had one, two, three, four, five, six cards LEFT. Now, WAIT A MINUTE, I said. You mean he took six cards, and threw one, two, three away, and when he counted them again, he had one, two, three, four, five, SIX CARDS LEFT? Yes, he said, he took SIX CARDS, and he threw ONE, TWO, THREE CARDS away, and when he counted them again he had ONE, TWO, THREE, FOUR, FIVE, SIX CARDS LEFT. Have you seen that trick? WELL, CHARLIE, I said, I've seen the one where you take six cards, and throw one, two, three, four, five, six cards AWAY, and when you count them you have ONE, TWO, THREE CARDS LEFT. . . . But I NEVER seen the one where you take SIX CARDS and throw one, two, three away, and when you count them you have ONE, TWO, THREE, FOUR, FIVE, SIX CARDS LEFT . . . and if you want my personal opinion, Charlie, IT CAN'T BE DONE!"

Soft Soap

Here's the cleanest routine in the book. Try it, and you'll have a brand new trick, using your old apparatus.

There are three versions of Soft Soap on the market, and how many more, no one knows. Here is the way I do it. Maybe you will like it better than the one you now use. First, I discard the ink stained silks, or whatever the extra silks are, and just use the two white silks and the gimmicked white silk. You will also need a yellow silk, and a pair of yellow silk panties, and two other solid colored silks, say red and blue. Set up the box with yellow pants in bottom, then a plain white silk, next the gimmicked silk, then the other plain white silk. You will also need your milk pitcher, if you have one, and who hasn't? Now you are all set for some laughs, and who knows, maybe you will fool 'em too.

Patter and routine as follows: Well folks, the laundry situation being what it is, I have decided to do something about it. You know I didn't go to college for nothing . . . although for a while, my folks thought it was ALL FOR NOTHING. Speaking of laundry, strangely enough, it was laundry that put me through college. Yes, sir, my mother, bless her heart, took in washing to pay my tuition. But don't think I didn't do MY part too. Every week I SENT HOME MY DIRTY CLOTHES. Anyway, after giving quite a bit of thought to the problem, I came up with the following idea, I was UNDER the TABLE at the time. You will note that I have here a box of Super Soap. Now with my system, you don't need a washing machine, or even a wash tub. You do your laundry right in the box. I will use these colored silks to illustrate. First, I'll put in the yellow one, then the blue one, and last the red. Next we pour in a quantity of my magic cleaning fluid. Notice that it looks very much like milk, or SO THEY TELL ME. There. That should be enough. Now we close the box, and shake it up a bit. Speaking of being shaken up, I was riding on (local bus) the other day, and the driver thought there was a crap game going on in the rear of the bus, but it turned out to be just a man with GALL STONES!

Now let's see what our laundry is doing. (In shaking the box you have reversed it. Open and take out yellow panties.) Oh Oh! WRONG LAUNDRY! (Place silk pants on table, close box, shake again.) Let's try again. (Pull out first white silk.) Well, this one is clean. (Gimmick silk next.) This one is too. In fact they are all so clean, the color must have faded. (Take out last white silk.) I guess my cleaning fluid was a little TOO STRONG! Must have been GOAT'S MILK! Now folks, if my little invention is really a success, we should find, in the bottom of the box . . . WHAT? NO BUTTONS? (Turn box upside down and shake it.) Then I'm a FAILURE! (Fold box flat, or tear it up, and toss out pieces.)

Diminishing Cards

You can use this patter to start any kind of card routine.

I use Mac's Diminishing Pack, but this talk is adaptable to any of the other outfits on the market. I start out with a blank fan, then go into the diminishing effect. Like this:

The other day I went into the DIME STORE and bought a pack of cards. I paid 35c for them, and thought they were WOOLWORTH the money. We will now observe five seconds of silence, for that joke just DIED. Anyway, I thought they were worth the money until I looked at them, and found they were ALL BLANK. This bothered me, and I stopped at Dopey Norman's (local bar) to cogitate. After THREE STRAIGHT COGITATES, with chasers, things began to look better. In fact, I guess I was seeing SPOTS in front of my eyes, because the next time I looked all the spots on the cards had returned. This made me very happy, and as I leaned on the bar, I decided that the next time the front door CAME AROUND, I would go home. After three unsuccessful attempts, I decided to go out the back way. On the way through the back room, I saw that the boys had a little game going . . . so I thought I'd sit in. I had the darndest luck. For instance I held FIVE JACKS once, and I was AFRAID TO BET! Lucky thing I didn't too, the guy next to me had SIX KINGS! I said, "This is a crooked poker game." He said, "POKER, NOTHING! We're playing PINOCHLE!" Then I thought I'd really go home. On the way home, I had some more bad luck. My cards fell in the gutter and GOT WET. They were in MY POCKET at the time. I took them out and looked at them, and at first they seemed to be all right, then the next time I looked, they had SHRUNK, etc. (Continue diminishing.)

Openings

I asked McAthly to include plenty of Opening Lines. So if you are playing repeat dates, or mostly engagements in the same territory, these different opening suggestions should come in handy.

Good evening, folks. I am a magician. You all know what a magician is. . . . A magician is a guy who can always get a seat on the (local) bus. In other words, a magician can do the impossible. I think you will agree, after seeing my act, that as a magician, I too, AM IMPOSSIBLE.



For my first mystery this evening, Ladies and Gentlemen, I will cause a horse to vanish . . . chop a beautiful young lady into bits, and cause a WHITE ELEPHANT to change color. All within the space of THREE SECONDS! Let's start off with the elephant. Now let me see . . . what DID I do with that WHITE ELEPHANT? (Business of looking at the apparatus on table.) Speaking of WHITE elephants (pick up the first trick) here's a trick I just got from Sears and Roebuck. . . .



Good evening, friends. I thought I wasn't going to make it here this evening. I was a little late. I made one other stop first. The (local police) had a little CELEBRATION! They THREW A PARTY in the Third Street Jail. . . . I WAS THE PARTY! As the Master of Ceremonies told you, I am a magician, etc. . . .



How do you do, ladies and gentlemen. As you know, I am a magician. My name is George McAthly. The reason I mention the name is that it may be necessary later, to identify the BODY! Of course, as a magician, I travel a lot. I came here CLEAN from Pittsburgh. That is, I wasn't CLEAN until I got to Vallejo (localize). They soon CLEANED me! But speaking of NAMES . . . I remember when I went to grammar school the

kids all called me STINKY. Later I went to High School, filled out, and grew up a little, then they called me BUTCH. Then, of Course, I graduated and went out into the world, and decided to become a MAGICIAN . . . and folks started calling me STINKY AGAIN; It's a VICIOUS CIRCLE! But speaking of CIRCLES . . . I've a little trick here that has me GOING AROUND IN CIRCLES. . . .

Good evening, ladies and gentlemen. I have made quite an exhaustive study of the art of magic. As you know, there are thousands and thousands of tricks, some good, some bad. This evening, I have gathered together a few of what I consider to represent the best effects of present day magic. Now if youse mugs in de back will shud-dup, leave us proceed wid de foist swindle!

Good evening, folks. Tonight I would like to demonstrate a few feats of magic. As you know, there are several branches of the magic art, just as the human body is divided into parts. For instance, there are three main parts to the human body. There is the SMOKING ROOM (point to upper part of body), the DINING ROOM (point to center of body), and of course the SITTING ROOM! Magic is likewise divided into THREE PARTS. First, we have sleight of hand. You have all heard that the quickness of the hand deceives the eye. So naturally the magician must be quick with his hands. Another person who is quick with his hands is a PICKPOCKET. I recently read where they arrested a pickpocket at the (local) Zoo. He had had a good day too. They found 3 watches, 5 wallets, 48c in change, and a BABY KANGAROO!

Next we have MENTAL MAGIC, in which your MIND is fooled. It's just a case of MIND over MATTER . . . however, if you have a MIND like MINE . . . NOTHING MATTERS!

And then we have ILLUSIONARY MAGIC, in which your EYE is fooled. It's a little like standing on a STREET CORNER on a WINDY day. There is PLENTY to SEE, but it all happens TOO QUICKLY! So now, if you will give me your undivided attention, I will commence the festivities with a little sleight of hand.

A good gag when the M. C. introduces you, is for you to walk out, and shake hands with him, just before he shakes with you, he quickly removes his ring. You shake hands, and as he exits, he replaces ring.

Good evening, friends. It's a pleasure to be here tonight. I have just returned from a tour of the country. In fact, I came here direct from a long run, FOR THE (local) BUS! You'll have to pardon me this evening. I have a slight COLD. I've been drinking from a DAMP beer glass. Of course you know, I am the star of this show. They gave me the STAR'S DRESSING ROOM, anyway. It's rather EMBARRASSING though. EVERYTIME someone wants to use the PHONE, I have to get out! For my first trick this evening, I will do one that I've been rehearsing for TWO WEEKS! I'm going to do it NOW, so I can see what the HECK'S WRONG WITH IT!

Mayor (local) Smith was supposed to introduce me tonight, but I understand he went nuts trying to lay the CORNER STONE in the new (local R. R.) ROUND HOUSE! But I am sure you're going to like this first trick of the evening. It comes to you, by the way, through the courtesy of Uncle Izzy's Hock Shop . . . I JUST REDEEMED IT!

I'm sorry I am a little late this evening, folks. You see, I had to help my Uncle find his GLASSES. He said he didn't mind losing them, only one of them was HALF FULL of WHISKEY, YET! I wasn't always a magician, folks. At one time I was an ACTOR. My greatest ROLE, was the time I made EIGHT the HARD WAY. But I really don't have to do this for a living. I have plenty of money to last me the REST OF MY LIFE . . . provided I don't live longer than NEXT SUNDAY!

Random Remarks

You'll find plenty of places in your act to insert one or two of these nifties.

I took a MAIL ORDER magic course. Ten easy lessons. All I got was lesson number one and lesson number ten. I don't know WHAT happened to the other EIGHT lessons . . . but I DID notice that the MAIL MAN was getting PRETTY TRICKY.

Now would you like to see my (name the trick) trick? You would? That's fine, because that's the only other trick I know!

Five GREAT magicians have featured this trick. Houdini (count them off on your fingers), Kellar, Thurston, Blackstone, and . . . I forgot who THIS one is . . . (thumb) . . . OH YES! That's ME!

One thing I like about being a magician is that you play some FUNNY PLACES. I'll never forget the time I was hired to entertain at a Chinese Banquet. I got there early, and they told me to sit down and eat, IF I WAS HUNGRY. How silly. Who ever heard of a magician that WASN'T hungry? Well, I sat down, and they brought me a big plate of SPAGHETTI . . . and a pair of Chinese CHOPSTICKS to eat it with. It was the FIRST TIME I'd ever tried to eat with CHOPSTICKS, so I went to work. I didn't get much to EAT . . . but I DID knit THREE PAIRS OF SOCKS.

Another time I played a NUDIST CAMP. When I arrived at the gate, the guard wouldn't let me in. He said I had to take all my clothes off first. I said, "Oh, I can't do that." He wanted to know why not? I said because I belong to the International Brotherhood of Magicians, and they made me take an oath that I WOULD NEVER REVEAL ANY OF MY SECRETS! Anyway, he finally let me in. I was waiting around to do the show, and I heard a couple of NUDISTS talking. One said, Say, Joe, how about coming over to play a little game of STRIP POKER? Joe said, Why not? What have I got TO LOSE? Later, I went over to one of the guys there, and said, I have always wondered what is it that makes a person want to become a NUDIST. Well, he says, I don't know. But in my own particular case . . . I'm only here for two or three weeks, UNTIL MY LAUNDRY COMES BACK!

And then there was the time I played the INSANE ASYLUM. I did my show and afterwards one of the inmates came up to me and said, we LIKE you. Of course I was flattered and said, I'm glad you liked the show. He said, Yes, we like you because you SEEM just like ONE OF US. On the way out, I met an inmate who was smoking a cigarette but

he was putting the LIT end in his mouth! I said, Hey, what's the idea of putting a LIT cigarette in your MOUTH? He shrugged his shoulders and said, I can't help it. It's the best I can do. I can't AFFORD CIGARS!

Closing Lines

George doesn't use closing lines himself, but for the benefit of those who might like to, he has included the following:

I'll have to go now, folks, it's way past my BEER time. Seriously though, I want to thank you ladies and gentlemen for the way you have received my efforts this evening. And now to show you my appreciation, I will close my part of the entertainment with my BEST and MOST POPULAR trick. By using just four magic words, I will cause MYSELF to ENTIRELY DISAPPEAR! The four magic words are, of course, GOOD NIGHT, and THANK YOU! (Exit quickly.)

Classified Patter

Fill in those dull spots in your tricks with these smiles, catalogued from A to T.

APPARATUS—This pieces of apparatus is solid silver. It's stamped NICKLE on the bottom, but that doesn't mean anything—that's just the PRICE.

APPLAUSE—All those who would like to see me do another trick and would like to have a million dollars, please applaud. All right, if you INSIST, I'll do another trick.

CARDS—I call this my FLIGHT DECK, because they are AVIATOR cards. I took a FLYER with them last night in a poker game. You should have seen my TAKE OFF. I forgot to mention, it was STRIP POKER.

CARDS—I believe you have all heard of Howard Thurston? He was known throughout the country as "The King of Cards." I have tried to follow in his footsteps . . . and I am known as "The Jack of Asses" . . . no, ACES, ACES! He gave me personal instruction in this next card trick, He watched me do it . . . then he DIED.

CIGARETTES—Cigarettes remind me of some girls. They come in PACKS, get LIT, hang on to your LIPS, make you PUFF, go OUT unexpectedly, leave a BAD TASTE in your mouth, and yet . . . THEY SATISFY.

COCKTAILS—I ordered a cocktail the other night, and when I tasted it, I said, "Hey this tastes like KEROSENE!" The bartender said, "Well, you wanted to get LIT, didn't you?" He had something there. Anyway a mixed drink, will never hurt you . . . if you DON'T DRINK IT. It's like my Uncle always says. He says, "I don't LIKE to drink liquor, but WHAT ELSE CAN YOU DO WITH IT?"

COFFEE—A fellow comes up to me and says give me fifteen cents for a cup of coffee. Fifteen cents, I says, why everyone knows a cup of coffee is only a NICKEL. I know, he says, but I gotta TIP THE WAITER, DON'T I?"

COINS—It's easy for me to get money out of the air, you see I KNOW where my wife keeps her NICKELS, now if I only KNEW where the maid's QUARTERS are . . .

COLOR CHANGE—Now, to make it change, I just BLOW on it. You know, THAT'S really the secret of this trick . . . having a STRONG

BREATH. But then, HOW can you have a STRONG BREATH, and KEEP IT A SECRET?

EGGS—This isn't a real egg, folks, I couldn't afford one on MY salary. But it is a GENUINE wooden egg. I know it's genuine WOOD, because it was laid by my DECOY DUCK. His name is HERMAN . . . WOODY HERMAN, perhaps you've heard of him.

EGGS—Here we have AN EGG! So that there will be no further confusion . . . THIS is the EGG . . . OVER HERE.

GINGERALE—This Gingerale doesn't taste like Gingerale, maybe I forgot to put the GIN in it.

HECKLERS—You can CLOSE YOUR MOUTH now, Bud, I'm doing the trick!

INVENTIONS—My Uncle was a famous inventor too. One of his inventions was The Cactus Sandwich. You EAT it and PICK YOUR TEETH at the same time.

INVENTIONS—Yes, my Uncle is quite an INVENTOR. He invented LEG MAKEUP in CURVED BOTTLES, for girls with BOW LEGS.

IF A TRICK GOES WRONG—When I bought this trick, they said ANY FIVE YEAR OLD CHILD could do it. Well, I wish that FIVE YEAR OLD KID was here NOW. Maybe HE could do it.

IF YOU HAVE A COLD—I'm a little bit hoarse tonight. (Talk in loud whisper.) I went over to see Dr. Smith about it. He once saved my life. Yes, I sent for him in an emergency, and He DIDN'T COME. Anyway I went up to the Doctor's house tonight and rang the bell. His nurse answered the door, and I said is the doctor in? (Still talking in stage whisper.) She said, No, come ON IN.

LAUNDRY TICKETS—I got this ticket from a very clever Chinese Magician, who used to run a Chinese Laundry. One day he found out he COULD READ HIS OWN LAUNDRY TICKETS, and from then on he was known as a magician.

MILK—I KNOW this is REAL MILK, folks. I drained it from a cow's CRANKCASE myself.

MILK—I remember once when I was Champion Milker of our county. Just after I won the Championship, someone invented the MILKING MACHINE, and left ME holding the BAG.

MUSIC—The next tune from our band will be a descriptive number from the fifth movement of the third man in a Conga line. It's a melody about a Cherokee hitch hiker, called "Indian Thumber."

MUSIC—I like music, myself. Last night, I went to the Opera. I ALWAYS go to the Opera, whether I need the SLEEP, or not.

NAPKINS—This paper napkin reminds me of a BABY. It's always wanting to get down off my lap, and crawl on the floor.

NEWSPAPERS—I was just reading in this paper about a gangster who just escaped. The first thing he did was to go into a restaurant and order a BIG meal. He was still ON THE LAMB when they caught him. He SHOULD HAVE ordered ROAST BEEF.

NEWSPAPERS—I used to be a newspaper reporter. I wrote one story so BAD, the city editor had to REWRITE it before he could throw it away.

ORCHESTRA—The orchestra leader looks BAD this evening. He looks like an ELEPHANT who's trying to FORGET.

RABBITS—You've heard that story, Once upon a time there were two Irishman . . . now there are MILLIONS of them? Well, TWO WEEKS AGO, I had TWO RABBITS . . . and THIS MORNING, when I looked, GUESS WHAT? One of 'em was DEAD! You shouldn't get ahead of me like that!

RABBITS—I have one of those SKELETON RABBITS. I place it in a folding Opera Hat, and fold up the hat. It will stay snugly in place, and hat appears quite empty. Keep mouth of the hat away from audience, as a small patch of white shows. All that remains is to snap the hat open, and peer in, sadly shake your head, saying: I must have forgotten to remove my rabbit at my LAST performance. LOOK AT HIM now. (Pull him out.) This will give you folks an idea of how long it's been since I did a show!

ROPE—Did you hear about the mob of townspeople who tried to buy a rope to hang a profiteer, but had to give up the idea, because the dealer wanted TOO MUCH FOR THE ROPE.

SKUNKS—And as Mamma Skunk said to the little Skunks . . . "No matter WHAT happens, children, let's all STINK together."

TRUNKS—I was one of those babies you read about, folks, that was born backstage, and raised in a trunk like this. In fact, I was 12 years old, before my parents thought it was SAFE to unlock the trunk, and let me out.

Razor Blades

You can leave out some of Mac's cutting remarks, and use this same line of chatter for the Indian Needle Trick too. In either event, you'll have an entertaining feature effect.

My next effect, Ladies and Gentlemen, is of a more serious nature. Mr. Harry Houdini, one of the world's greatest magicians, had one trick which was his favorite. He called it "The Great East Indian Needle Trick." He used a package of sharp needles for this dangerous stunt. Tonight, I am going to attempt the same effect, only I am going to use eight DOUBLE EDGED, SURGICAL STEEL, RAZOR BLADES.

You will note that each blade is VERY SHARP. (As you say this, take out a blade and cut off a slice of playing card.) We can't afford to have anything DULL on this program, except me, of course. (Continue removing blades, testing the keenness of the edges and replacing in the stand.) I always tell a very funny joke when I do this trick. Joke: What does a Scotchman do with his old, dull, razor blades? Answer: HE SHAVES WITH THEM! (Pause a minute and look at the audience.) Everytime I tell that joke the SAME THING HAPPENS. NOBODY laughs! I learned this number from a friend of mine who was a sword swallower. I say WAS, because he's dead now, poor fellow. He had an accident the other night while doing his act. He was using celluloid swords, due to the metal shortage, and right in the middle of his act, while he had a sword down his throat, he had an attack of HEARTBURN and CREMATED himself. It was horrible. By the way, if anyone guesses how I do this, I will present them with my PERSONAL CHECK FOR \$100., or THIRY CENTS in CASH. (You should have all eight blades tested by this time.) Now we will need a little thread. (Remove spool, reel off a length, and break it. Hold it by one end, letting it hang down. Look it up and down, then take a small scissors from your pocket and cut off about six inches of thread.) I forgot, I'M ON A DIET THIS WEEK. (Roll up thread in fingers and place in mouth.) And now the razor blades! (Take them from stand, and as you are about to place them in your mouth, stop, reach over to your table, get salt shaker, and sprinkle a little salt on them. This gets a laugh, naturally. You hold up hand to stop laughter.) Please, PLEASE, I must have it absolutely quiet at this time. This trick is rather dangerous, and somebody up here

MIGHT GET HURT . . . and I'M THE ONLY ONE UP HERE! Besides, they told me, if I got BLOOD ON THIS SUIT, I'd have to BUY IT! (To orchestra leader) Will you play a little music, please. Anything at all. Anything but the BUTCHER BOY, I mean, after all. (Place blades in mouth, and of course, bring them out again, strung on the thread, while the orchestra plays.)

Oriental Vase

Here, McAtthy releases one we can do either close-up or on stage.

Instead of the usual rope, I use a chop stick in this effect. Of course, you can use either one, or both if you wish. Here 'tis:

The next trick this evening, good people, comes from China, the land of mystery. The most mysterious place in China, is a town called Ha Ho. Ha Ho translated into our language means HASH . . . and you all know, there's nothing more MYSTERIOUS than HASH! At any rate, it was in Ha Ho that this trick was invented. It was originated by a Chinese Magician named AhFoo. His full name was Ah Foo Eee. And according to legend, he was FULL most of the time. As you know, the Chinese people have many strange customs and beliefs. One of them concerns evil spirits. Now this little oriental vase contains an evil spirit. How do I know? Well, for one thing, it says so right here on the vase. Of course, it is written in Chinese. If I only had my GLASSES, I would translate it for you, word for word. In fact, after only TWO GLASSES, I can not only read Chinese, but Greek and Arabic, as well. But to get back to the evil spirit, I will prove he is there by inserting this genuine Chinese chop stick in the vase. Yes, it's a genuine Chop Stick, all right. I got it in a Chinese Chop House. Now if I rattle the stick around, this makes the spirit mad, in fact SO MAD, that he grabs the stick and holds on tight. (Invert vase and let stick hang from it.) He is quite a powerful little fellow. Sometimes he holds on so tightly, he can support the weight of the vase. (Swing vase back and forth from the stick.) He soon tires, however, and releases his hold on the stick. (Remove stick. When I introduce the chop sticks, I pass one out for inspection and use the other. At this point, I pass out the one I used and take back the other. Then I repeat the suspension with the examined stick.) Perhaps I can make him angry enough to do it again. Of course, I don't really expect you folks to believe there is ACTUALLY an evil spirit in this vase. However, I was thinking it over the other day, and I came to the following conclusion. If there ISN'T an evil spirit in the vase holding on to the stick, how the heck DOES the darned thing work? (As you say this, you have removed the gimmick, and you then pass out stick and vase, with the request:) would YOU like to try it?

Grant's Cow Trick

George has really loaded this one with laughs. A couple of the gags have whiskers, call it corn if you like, but if you can't make 'em laugh with this, you'd better give yourself up.

This trick consists of the production of a glass of milk. Two boards are shown, one painted green on both sides, and one with a picture of a cow on one side, nothing on the other side.

And now, folks, we come to our little daily health lecture. One of the first secrets to good health, is getting plenty of sunshine. Of course, you can OVERDO this. A good rule to follow is: It is better to be sunburned on your vacation, than TANNED on your week-end.

Another secret to good health is VITAMINS. Scientists have proven that vitamins are good for us. In proving it, they took two bees, fed one lots of vitamins, and the other none. Then they put the two bees together in a cage. The result was a fight, and of course, THE VITAMIN BEE ONE!

The third secret to good health is drinking lots of MILK, known to chemists under the technical name of COW SQUEEZINGS. The cow is a very complex animal. For instance, here I have an UNREASONABLE FACSIMILE of a cow. (Show picture.) Her name is Elsie. You will note the CONTENTED look on Elsie's face. This is because she is in LOVE. She's in love with a BULL named DURHAM. Incidentally, folks, Elsie is the FIRST COW to use TECHNICOLOR. I'll explain that. This BLACK cow eats GREEN grass, give WHITE milk, which makes YELLOW butter, and BROWN milk shakes! TECHNICOLOR! Now there are four kinds of milk. Sweet milk, sour milk, butter milk, and condensed milk. That's why all cows come equipped with FOUR FAUCETS! I heard of a cow once, that gave nothing but BUTTER-MILK . . . but that's SILLY . . . how could a cow give anything else BUTHER-MILK? I suppose you all wonder how I know so much about cows. Well, the truth is that I work down at the DEEP WELL DAIRY FARM. I'm head jerk down there. Yesterday we had a little BAD LUCK. We were only able to make HALF of our milk deliveries. We got the usual amount of milk, but OUR WELL WENT DRY!

Someone asked me how the insides of a cow operate. Well, I'll try to explain that also. To illustrate, we'll say the cow has swallowed a DOLLAR BILL. The dollar would first pass into her stomach. From there it would finally come back to the mouth, where it is thoroughly chewed, HERE WE GET 15c CHANGE. Then it passes into the second stomach, and I don't think we'd better follow it any further, due to orders from the board of health. Now I'd like to call your attention to this green board which represents the pasture. You will note that it has grass on BOTH sides. (Show both sides.) Something new this year. Now, as you know, the cow is turned out into the pasture each morning to eat grass. By the way, did you hear about the cow in KENTUCKY that ate the BLUE GRASS and MOOD INDIGO? (As you get the laugh on this, bring out the glass of milk behind board. The laugh covers up the noise. Those who have the trick will understand.) Well, as I said, folks, the cow eats the GRASS, it passes through the processes I have mentioned, and the RESULT is a GLASS OF MILK! (Lift cow board and reveal glass of milk on the other board.)

Mandroop's Favorite

This is the kind of a card trick I like. As Dorny (that old convention show stealer) would say, it's a PAINLESS card trick.

How do you do, folks! I will now do a card trick. I've taken the precaution of having all the exit doors locked, so you might as well grit your teeth and put up with it! For those who have no teeth, the management will be glad to furnish them. I call your attention to this pack of cards which is an ordinary deck, as I will prove by calling off a few cards

at random, or at anyone else interested. We have the seven of spades, ace of clubs, three of diamonds, ace of hearts, ace of clubs, ace of diamonds, ace of spades, ace of clubs, WHAT'S THIS? SIX aces? I must have the deck I was playing poker with last night! Incidentally, it was STRIP POKER I was playing. I did all right too. In fact, I won this suit I have on now. It was made by Hart, Schaffner, and I have the MARKS to prove it.

But to get on with the card trick. I want someone to call out the name of any card in the deck . . . any card that comes to his mind. The seven of hearts? (or whatever card is called out.) Are you SURE you want the seven of hearts? All right, I'll find it for you. (Look through fan of cards.) Here it is, the SEVEN OF HEARTS! (Show it to audience and place deck aside.) Now, I'm going to perform a miracle! I am going to change this freely selected card into something entirely different. Watch! (Start tearing card rapidly into tiny bits, which you hold in closed left fist.) As I told you, I will now change the seven of hearts into something entirely different, by just snapping my fingers, LOOK, CONFETTI! (Throw torn pieces into the air and take an elaborate bow.) Marvelous, is it not? Okay, so it's not. But now I will REALLY do an amazing card trick. I will remove from the deck ONE CARD, and ONLY one. I will place it in plain view in my pocket. (Place card back outwards, you haven't shown the face at all, in your breast pocket, with most of it sticking out, place deck aside.) And now, will someone else please call out the name of any card at all. What was that sir? THE ACE OF SPADES? Are you SURE you want the ace of spades? You are? Fine! Now for a most AMAZING coincidence. The card which I selected at random, and placed into my pocket IS . . . (Take card out and look at it. Register surprise, and act a trifle embarrassed, then shrug your shoulders, and begin rapidly tearing the card into bits, as before.) LOOK! CONFETTI! (Toss it into the air, and take another bow.) I KNOW it's silly, but things are BAD EVERYWHERE this year!

Paper Tearing

Lots of performers who do paper tearing like to do a monologue at the same time, a la Will Rogers, and his rope spinning. Here's a gag routine suitable for this purpose, or you can use it in lots of other ways too. Tear out design as you talk.

I was a little late this evening. Had some trouble over at our house. My baby sister ate a page of this (local) newspaper. I don't see how she could stomach it, myself. My folks were quite worried about her eating the paper, but I solved everything. I fed her a copy of the Literary DIGEST! Incidentally, there's a couple of good write-ups in this paper that I want to tear out. People often ask me how I decided to become a magician. That is, SOME of them ask me how, most of them ask me WHY. But the decision wasn't really mine. I inherited it. You see, magicians seem to RUN in my family. Some of them were CAUGHT too. The first magician in the family, was my great, great, grandfather. He, by the way, invented that startling illusion "Sawing a Woman in Half." In this trick he would take a beautiful young lady, and a large cross cut saw, and saw her in halves. The trick was so POPULAR that grandfather always performed it. In fact, he did it SO MUCH, that they finally made him join the BUTCHER'S UNION. As you can see, I came from a long line of magicians . . . about all I've got left is the LINE.

Actually I was born in the little town of Shirttail, New York. That's near the COUNTY SEAT. As I said, it's a small town of 3000 inhabitants. The population ALWAYS remains the SAME . . . 3000. When a baby is born, someone always LEAVES TOWN . . . it evens things up. At the tender age of 21 I ran away from home. I would have left sooner, but that was when I got my first pair of SHOES! I made up my mind to get into the show business. Of course, I had to start at the BOTTOM, so they gave me a job sweeping out the BASEMENT of the theatre. But I didn't stay at that long, I soon worked my way UP. Five years later, in that SAME THEATRE, I had a job sweeping out the BALCONY. Then came my BIG CHANCE! One of the vaudeville acts couldn't go on, and they let me substitute! It was Bessy, the Trained Seal Act. However, this was my opportunity, and I TOOK it. Well, I didn't STOP the show, but I sure SLOWED it up. I always felt EMBARRASSED at the finish of the act, when they'd throw me FIVE FISH! . . . Yes, FOUR HALIBUT, and one SMELT. Later, I found out that they only threw BESSIE the SEAL, FOUR FISH! The SMELT, it seems, was thrown by the dramatic critic of this (local) newspaper. But I've come a LONG WAY since then. They stopped paying me off in FISH sometime ago. Now I work for PEANUTS! At a recent convention of magicians, I was voted the MOST LIKELY TO SUCCEED . . . in GETTING MY PICTURE ON THE POST OFFICE BULLETIN BOARD! But speaking of BOARD, which you probably all ARE, by now, . . . I will prove to you that you don't know what it means to be BORED, until you see what I've been making. (Display the Design you've just completed.)

Manipulation

Just now, a popular idea with some radio and TV comics is to play a beautiful number on some instrument, such as the violin, and stop every few bars, to tell a gag. We can do the same with card, cigarette or coin manipulations. McAthy furnishes the gags, you furnish the sleights.

Some magicians are GOOD, and if I may say so, some are LOUSY. In me, you have a DOUBLE FEATURE . . . I'm GOOD and LOUSY!

I do this next trick in answer to MANY REQUESTS . . . from my MOTHER!

This is the first time, ladies and gentlemen, that this trick has been performed in this country . . . THE WAY I DO IT!

If all the people that I have done this trick for, were laid END to END . . . it would take a lot of SCOTCH to do it!

I told a girl I was one of those guys, you know, QUICK WITH HIS HANDS. She said, "Oh, a SAILOR!"

I wasn't always a magician. I remember when I was just a kid. One day I gave my father a BATH. After that, for 20 years I SPONGED OFF the old man!

My mother didn't want me to be a magician. She wanted me to go STRAIGHT. Yes, mother always told me to GO STRAIGHT, but it was my father who told me where to go STRAIGHT TO.

I usually do one LONG, LOUSY ACT, but tonight, I'll just do one or two STINKERS.

We were supposed to have a RADIO ANNOUNCER here tonight to introduce the acts . . . but he went NUTS, trying to spell "SERUTAN" SIDEWAYS!

I bought this trick from a Chinese magician. He had three sisters WHO NEVER MARRIED. Their names were, TU YOUNG TU . . . TU DUM TU, and NO YEN TO.

My grandfather used to be a magician. He featured a trick with an empty jug. The trick didn't amount to much, but he emptied a LOT OF JUGS THAT WAY!

A friend of mine went to see this act TWICE. The first time, he thought his eyes were BAD . . . the second time he WISHED THEY WERE!

A magician is a guy who can read a DOCTOR'S PRESCRIPTION written with a (local) POSTOFFICE PEN.

When I traveled as a magician I used to play one night stands. Yes, ONE NIGHT was about all they COULD STAND.

Last night, when I finished my act, there were CHEERS on everyone's LIPS! I was playing the BRONX at the time.

In no time at all I had the audience in the PALM of my hand. That will give you an idea of the SIZE of the CROWD!

I just met the chairman of our committee a while ago. He walked up and said, "Hello, I'm Smith, Yale '39" (localize). I said, "How are you, I'm McAth, VAT 69!"

While in Hollywood recently, I made TWO PICTURES! I can PROVE it too! I have them RIGHT HERE in my POCKET!

I have always liked show business. Why, I remember when I was only two years old, my mother took me to a FREAK SHOW . . . but they WOULDN'T HAVE ME!

My brother used to help me in this act, but he decided to go to WORK. He works at (local dept. store). He's a COWBOY in the COMPLAINT DEPARTMENT. . . . He handles the BEEFS!

And now folks, I'll do a trick that CAN'T BE DONE!

The Man that taught me this trick was well educated. He had an M.A. and B.A. degree . . . er, not to mention B.O.

You know that famous radio show, "Take It or Leave It"? Well, I call this act, "CAN YOU TAKE IT!"

As I do this next effect, the orchestra will play a little tune I wrote myself, BY GEORGE GERSHWIN!

My uncle used to be a magician, but today you have to TAKE YOUR HAT OFF TO HIM. He's a BARBER. Still TRIMMING THE CUSTOMERS! The other day he cut my hair . . . I'd show it to you, but IT'S ALL HEALED UP NOW!

M. C. Material

Boys, if you are not acting as M. C. along with your regular magic act, then you're passing up some extra revenue. Better still, it will make your magic easier to book.

I stopped in at the FILLING STATION the other night, Hussy's Bar (localize). The bartender has a new greeting for me over there after that party. It was a swell party WHILE I LASTED. Now, when he sees me coming he says, "Well, what'll you HEAVE tonight?"

Yes, I sure was sick last week. A funny thing happened to me. I was driving down (local) street, when a WOMAN DRIVER ahead of me signaled for a LEFT TURN . . . and WHAT DO YOU THINK HAPPENED? She TURNED LEFT! Or at least, that's what they told me later in the HOSPITAL. When I first woke up there in the hospital, the shades were all down. I said to the Doctor, What's the idea? He said, Well there's a BIG FIRE across the street, and we didn't want you to wake up and think the operation WASN'T A SUCCESS! After that, for three weeks, I lingered between LIFE . . . and ESQUIRE!

I like to eat over at (local) hash house . . . you FIND MONEY ON THE TABLE. That's the place where they have MIDGET waiters, to make the STEAKS LOOK BIGGER! One night I walked in and ordered a dinner for a PARTY of 22! Sounds EXPENSIVE, doesn't it? IT WAS TOO. Could that GAL eat! I called for her at her house that evening. I'll never forget her as she stood there in the doorway with THREE GARDENIAS in her HAIR . . . and FOUR ROSES on her BREATH! She was one of those OLD FASHIONED GIRLS . . . SHE DRANK 18 OF 'EM! And was that place crowded! TWICE I caught myself putting silverware in SOMEONE ELSE'S POCKET. We had a nice table. In fact, we BOTH AGREED that it was one of the NICEST TABLES, we'd ever BEEN UNDER! The music was good. They had a THREE PIECE BAND . . . three pieces WAS ALL THEY KNEW! One thing, I thought was cute . . . when the waiter brought the CHECK, it came COMPLETE with SMELLING SALTS.

I started out in life as a Fuller Brush Salesman. I only got TWO ORDERS . . . GET OUT and STAY OUT! Finally a policeman ARRESTED me. He said, You can't sell those brushes without a LICENSE! I said I knew I wasn't selling any, BUT I DIDN'T KNOW WHY!

You know that fellow that was just out here? Well, I feel kinda SORRY for him. He's having a TOUGH TIME. Yesterday he borrowed some money from me to pay his ALIMONY. You all know what ALIMONY is? Alimony is the High Cost of LEAVING. I don't blame him for leaving that woman though. She did have one redeeming feature. She had pretty EYES . . . especially the right one. It was GREEN. The other one was BLOOD SHOT. One red and one green. When she turned her head sideways and winked . . . she looked like a TRAFFIC SIGNAL.

She's a PERFECT LADY too. Why she even has a picture of EMILY POST tatoood on her chest.

I feel fine tonight. I just had dinner at Herman's Hamburger Hacienda. I had roast HORSE MEAT. It was a la CARTE, of course. NOW, everytime I burp, I WHINNY. I'll have to stop eating that stuff. Yesterday, I caught myself stopping off at a BLACKSMITH SHOP for a pair of SHOES.

THEN THERE'S THE ONE ABOUT . . .

The cat that ate the cheese and stood by the mouse hole with BAITED breath.

The two flies who met in a BUGLE, and decided to go out on a TOOT.

The OPTIMIST who thought his wife had given up SMOKING, when he started finding CIGAR BUTTS around the house.

The nit-wit who sprinkled GRASS SEED on his head, because he wanted to be A-LAWN.

I feel a little SAD this evening, folks. I was thinking about my late Uncle Fred. The only time Uncle Fred was ever worth anything was the time he SWALLOWED a NICKEL. He never had his name in Who's Who, but once he had his picture in WHAT'S THAT. Uncle Fred was killed in a HUNTING ACCIDENT. I always wondered what he was HUNTING ON (local red light street). They buried poor Uncle Fred FACE DOWN. It was his LAST REQUEST. He always did want to SEE where he was GOING.

All my family have been successful in business. Take my grandfather for instance. When he first came to this country, he couldn't write his own name. Now he's the RICHEST MAN in Alcatraz . . . he just COULDN'T write his OWN name.

I'm staying over at the UP-IN-ARMS. It's quite an old place. In fact, it's SO OLD the TERMITES are standing around BETTING which way it will fall. (OR) It's such a joint, even the TERMITES EAT OUT. I have a nice room. It has THREE water pipes. One for HOT water, one for COLD water, and one to POUND ON when the other two DON'T WORK. Yes, it's a nice little room. There's a sign on the door that says, PLEASE KEEP THE DOOR CLOSED. IT'S HOLDING UP THE WALLS. You know the sign they have on the door . . . HAVE YOU LEFT ANYTHING? Well, now they've changed it to, Have you ANYTHING LEFT! I went up to the desk at first to register. The clerk said, How long are you staying? I said, Three nights. He said, Oh, you'll want a BED THEN. You've all heard of the straw that BROKE the camel's BACK? Well it must have been in that MATTRESS I slept on. I had just got to sleep when the phone rang. It was the night clerk. He said, Did you leave a call for three A. M.? I said, Certainly NOT! Well, he said, would you mind calling ME at SIX? When I finally got up in the morning, I could hardly stand . . . in fact, I COULDN'T WALK! So I had the clerk send me a doctor. He was a good doctor too. He SAID he'd have me walking in no time. He did all right! I had to SELL MY CAR TO PAY HIS BILL!

Mac's Pet Business

Do you want to get yourself TALKED ABOUT, FOOL YOUR AUDIENCE, and get a NICE ROUND OF APPLAUSE AT THE FINISH? If so, try this Stunt at your next show.

This has happened to me many times, and I'm sure it has happened to you too. Some committeeman will introduce you as a magician, and then slyly remark, "You folks had better watch your pocketbooks." In other words, it seems to be one of the things they expect you to do . . . get a person's pocketbook. O. K., so why not? Here is the way you can do it and you don't have to be a pickpocket, you don't need any stooges or confederates. Sound good? It is, also it's easy, but it will cost you a little. The gag is to buy a cheap wallet, and under the celluloid window, where the identification card is usually placed, you put a card plainly lettered as follows: "PLEASE KEEP THIS FOR HELPING ME, (YOUR NAME), MAGICIAN". This must be printed as large as possible so that it may be quickly and easily read. Under this in smaller letters you can put: "What the Audience Doesn't Know, Won't Hurt Them". (See illustration.)



Now for the working. You have the fellow up on stage to help you in some trick, of course. Now, just as you are finished with him, you thank him and as he turns to leave, don't let him get too far away, then say, "Oh, by the way, don't you want this?" SAY IT JUST THAT WAY, or it may not work. If you ask him if he doesn't want his wallet, he probably will reach for it, and find it in its proper place, and say it's not his. So it is absolutely necessary to word it carefully. After he takes the wallet from you with some hesitancy, you immediately follow up with, "Look inside, please" to him . . . then to audience say, "I want him to see that it is ALL THERE, before witnesses . . . last week a fellow accused me of holding out a twenty dollar bill on him . . . he practically called me a thief. It made me so mad, that if my rent hadn't been due, I would have GIVEN IT BACK TO HIM." Then to the man on stage: "Everything all right? It is, Fine, and thank you very much."

From the audience's standpoint you have done a clever bit of "leather lifting," and they will talk about it long after some of your better tricks are forgotten. Of course it can't be done under all conditions. The larger the audience, the better. It is especially suited to theatres. I have also used it before G. I. audiences, and they love it. It will go over . . . all you have to do is get enough courage to try it. I know it works . . . it may seem bold, but give it a whirl and be convinced. Just remember these rules. Don't let the spectator get too far away. Have him close enough so that when you hand it to him, he doesn't have to come back. This is so that he will take wallet as you offer it to him. If he had a few steps to take first he might start feeling for his own wallet and find it. Of course he may know by looking at it that it isn't his, but you DIDN'T SAY IT WAS, so he takes it. Under your directions, he opens it, and of course reads your message. From there on he follows through. If, by chance he doesn't see your message, POINT IT OUT TO HIM . . . saying: "Your name is Harry Soandso isn't it?" You got his name when he first came up and you introduced yourself. Audience thinks you are reading his name off the identification card. Watch your man, and if you've had any experience in handling people you can't go wrong.

(If you only use it on your best dates you can buy wallet retail . . . if you use it a lot, buy wallets wholesale by the dozens or gross out of Billboard Merchandise Ads, and have the cards all printed up big and clear. It might be a good idea to put a couple pieces of stage money inside money compartment, also to write on reverse side of card explaining and thanking him, also asking him to destroy the card, and keep your secret like a good fellow, so he will find the extra message after he examines the wallet. T. W.)

Midget Vent Act

In most vent acts the doll takes the character of a school boy or a small child, and the dialogue usually consists of the ventriloquist asking questions about school, parents, and girl friends.

In THIS act, the dummy is a midget . . . a small adult who smokes cigars, has a wife and family, etc. Throw away your present costume for your figure . . . such as sweaters and short pants, etc. Instead, get him a suit with long trousers and a white shirt with a black bow tie. The suit can be a tux if you can get one . . . or an ordinary blue suit. The shoes should be black. In other words, he should be dressed like one of the family of midgets that you see every summer with the Ringling Bros. Side Show Annex.

There is nothing special to buy for this act. All you must do is dress the dummy to fit the part, and comb his hair down so he looks smart. Most of the hard words have been eliminated from this script, and the dummy does not have any long speeches.

You will notice that the Master of Ceremonies introduces you and the dummy. If you are working a date where you do not have an M. C. . . . you can read his lines yourself at the start, introducing the dummy. You can use your regular name for your doll . . . or call him General something or another to help build up the character of a midget.

This is a new type of routine . . . a new character . . . and the gags are new to ventriloquism . . . in other words, it is a good novelty act, especially for return dates, etc.

MASTER OF CEREMONIES: Ladies and Gentlemen, as most of you already know, we have a celebrity in Marietta (local) tonight. Not only is he in Marietta, but he's right here in this very club! The committeemen have prevailed upon him to step out upon the stage for a few words at this time, and VENT'S NAME (or, if no M. C. . . . say I) has been appointed a committee of one to interview him. So at this time, it gives me a great deal of pleasure to introduce the "world's smallest comedian," that mighty little midget . . . DUMMY'S NAME! Come on folks, let's give DUMMY'S NAME a good old fashioned Marietta WELCOME! (While they are applauding, the vent comes on with dummy . . . or if no M. C. and you read above lines yourself, you go offstage, get dummy and bring him on in your arms. The dummy looks all around, smiles, nods head, etc., until the applause dies.)

VENT: Good evening, General! It's a pleasure to have you with us!

DOLL: Thanks, Tommy, the pleasure is all mine! (Looks audience over.)

VENT: Well now that you are here, how do you like our Marietta?

DOLL: A graveyard with lights!

VENT: Now, seriously, General . . . what DO you think of our fair city as a whole? . . .

DOLL: Well, as a HOLE, it's not bad . . . but as a CITY . . . well . . .

VENT: Careful, General! Watch it!

DOLL: Oh, pardon me! Of course, I'm just kidding. Why in my years of traveling, next to my own home town, I have never seen a city that I liked better!

VENT: Well thank you General, we really appreciate that.

DOLL: I really mean it . . . in fact, I have only seen one other town that compares with it in any way.

VENT: And what town is that?

DOLL: It's a little town not far from here, by the name of Belpre. (This, of course, is a rival local town.)

VENT: And what is it about Belpre that makes you think it compares with Marietta?

DOLL: Well, to be frank, I think it is LAID OUT better than Marietta.

VENT: Laid out BETTER?

DOLL: Yes, but of course, when Marietta has been DEAD as long as Belpre . . . it'll be LAID OUT NICE TOO!

VENT: A few moments ago, you mentioned YOUR home town . . . WHERE is your home town, General?

DOLL: Well, Tommy, I was born in DAVENPORT.

VENT: Davenport, IOWA?

DOLL: Yes, that's right. Good old DAVENPORT . . . AMERICA'S PLAYGROUND!

VENT: So you're from IOWA . . . where the TALL CORN GROWS?

DOLL: Well, what I lack in tallness . . . I make up in CORN!

VENT: I've noticed that . . . but tell me more about yourself.

DOLL: Well, MY FATHER WAS A SCOTCHMAN! . . . I was born on a farm just outside of Davenport. One of a large family of kids.

VENT: Your mother must have been a remarkable woman.

DOLL: I'll say she was . . . once she had TRIPLETS . . . and a week later she had TWINS!

VENT: How could that be?

DOLL: One of the triplets DIED! I have a TWIN BROTHER TOO. He looks exactly like me, except that he's SIX FEET TALL!

VENT: Six feet tall! Why that's hard to believe! Did your father ever say anything about his large family?

DOLL: Oh, he'd say, IT'S ALL IN A DAY'S WORK! (pause) I guess when me and my tall twin brother were born he was puttin' in time and a half!

VENT: Were you born just like any other NORMAL CHILD?

DOLL: Oh, yes! . . . just like any other NORMAL CHILD . . . TEN TOES . . . er . . . SEVEN ON ONE FOOT . . . three on the other!

VENT: I understand you used to be on Robert Ripley's Side Show?

DOLL: Yes, I was, during the war. I was known as the Davenport Giant.

VENT: Giant? . . . YOU were a giant?

DOLL: Yes, everything was rationed in those days.

VENT: What made you quit the side show . . . did the war ruin your business?

DOLL: Yes, we weren't making any money.

VENT: What was the trouble?

DOLL: Well, "Light Fingered Willie," our SHORT CHANGE artist got absent minded.

VENT: Absent minded?

DOLL: Yeah, he started to SHORT CHANGE HIMSELF. . . . Then we lost our Sword Swallower. . . .

VENT: What happened to him?

DOLL: On account of the steel shortage, he was using celluloid swords, and one night during his act . . . he got the HEART BURN and CREMATED HIMSELF."

VENT: Too bad . . . what happened to Joe . . . uh . . . Joe . . . uh . . .

DOLL: Jo-Jo the Dog Faced Boy? They used to call him a STUNT MAN . . . he'd put his RIGHT HAND in the lion's mouth . . .

VENT: What do they call him now?

DOLL: "Lefty" . . . Then our Half Man-Half Woman got drafted.

VENT: Drafted?

DOLL: Yeah, he joined the WIKS.

VENT: The W I K S?

DOLL: Yeah, he replaced a man and woman in a lighthouse! . . . then our India Rubber Man was arrested!

VENT: You don't say!

DOLL: Yep! Now he's up in Sing-Sing doing a STRETCH! Finally "Believe It Or Not Ripley" called all of us that were left, and said, "There's only enough money left for THREE OF YOU." . . . and there I was with FEARLESS FOSDICK the Lion Tamer . . . HERCULES the Strong Man . . . and KILLER JONES the Rough House Wrestler! . . . so that ended my career in the Side Show!

VENT: That's too bad, General . . . but you have nothing to worry about. I understand you have a very fine SINGING VOICE.

DOLL: How did you find that out?

VENT: A little bird told me.

DOLL: It must have been a STOOL PIGEON!

VENT: Can you sing "The Stars And Stripes Forever"?

DOLL: No, I don't think I'll live that long. But I WILL sing, etc. (ad lib into song for finish).

M E M B E R

**Amalgamated Magicians Rabbits Of America
LOCAL 328**

*"Our Goal: 2000 New Members By Next Week-
Watch Us Grow"*

(Read the correct date.)

Dear (Whatever YOUR name is):

This is to notify you that I am out on STRIKE! I've stood all I can stand. No longer will you YANK me out of a HAT! You KNOW I'm a SOUTHERN RABBIT and I HATE YANKS! Not only THAT, but I want SHORTER HOURS, and LONGER CARROTS! My troubles are MULTIPLYING. It's getting so bad, I hate to see the MAILMAN come . . . I've been getting so many LITTERS lately. I want better working conditions too. Remember the night you pulled me out UPSIDE DOWN, and tried to tell the audience I was a P 38 with TWIN TAILS? ENOUGH IS ENOUGH! If you want me, I'll be out by the FENCE, . . . PICKETING!

(Signed)

Peter Rabbit

P. S. THIS IS THE **END!**

The Rabbit Letter

This Rabbit Letter is one of the best opening gags for a club act I ever ran across. In fact I use it at nearly every show. T. W.)

You can use this letter just as it is in this book, or rewrite it on standard size letterhead paper. To prepare, tie a ball of cotton (about the size of a billiard ball) with a piece of string, leaving six or seven inches of the string attached. Now fasten the other end of string to bottom of letter at center with a piece of scotch tape. Fold letter up with ball of cotton inside. Place the folded letter inside a folded crush opera hat, or in the sweat band of any regular hat, and you are all set. Tell your audience that for your first trick you will do the famous rabbit and hat trick. You mention that they have all HEARD of the well known trick where a magician takes a rabbit from an empty hat . . . but seldom if ever, do they ever get to see this trick. So tonight you are really going to do this famous effect where a magician takes a rabbit from a hat. Now you show hat empty, stating that they can all see that it couldn't possibly conceal anything, much less a rabbit, etc. So now for that famous trick where the . . . now you act like you are going to yank out a live bunny, but your hand feels around in the hat and comes up with nothing but the folded letter. You act puzzled, shake hat a couple of times, then look at letter and say "What's this?" Open up letter (but you DO NOT let them see the ball of cotton) and say, "Well, a letter from my rabbit! I didn't know he could write!" "If you don't mind, I'll read it to you . . . well . . . he's got a letterhead and everything!" Now all you have to do is read them the letter, including letterhead, accenting the words indicated, etc. Then at the finish, where you read "P. S. THIS IS THE END" . . . you allow the ball of cotton to drop down and swing on end of string. Hold it a minute until they get a good look at cotton, then put it aside. Not only will you get the laughs but this is a perfect excuse for NOT having a rabbit in your show. Also it is an ideal stunt for M. C.'s.

"12 Ways To Use The Comedy Lit Cigar"

These ideas will lift the Comedy Lit Cigar out of the class of Joker's Novelties, and into the realm of Comedy Magic, where it rightfully belongs. The trick cigar herein referred to is known as the "M. C. CIGAR," or the "COMEDY LIT CIGAR," and is for sale by nearly every magic dealer and joke store. It is a good imitation of a cigar, made of wood and metal, and stands close inspection. It breaks apart in the center, and a lighted cigarette is placed inside. When put together again, it will puff great clouds of smoke, and looks exactly like a red hot, lit cigar. Due to the vent holes, and also to the fact that the burning cigarette is encased in metal, it may be put into the pocket, etc., and removed, still lit, at various times during an act. It is a great little piece of apparatus for a magician, master of ceremonies, or a comedian, and well worth the small sum it sells for. Armed with these ideas, and one or two of these cigars, you can put a brand new stunt in every show you do.

One

You say that "so and so" (if in a club or lodge, use the name of some prominent member) just gave you a cigar, and you remove it from your pocket, place it in your mouth, and start to search yourself for a match. You find one, try to light it on the sole of your shoe. It won't light. Act annoyed, start to look through your pockets again, and as you do, you get mad. The more annoyed you become, the more you keep puffing on the cigar, and blowing out clouds of smoke, keep on puffing. The cigar, is lit alright, but you don't seem to notice this. You just keep looking for another match and puff all the harder. Then you finally find one and try to strike it. It won't light up either, so you throw it on the floor in disgust, and remove cigar from your mouth, saying, "I guess I'll have to smoke it later on," and place the lit cigar back into your pocket. If you have any acting ability, and put this over right, it can be very funny especially if used as an opener for a club act.

Two

The Phantom Match. Remove the cigar from your pocket, place it in your mouth, and then apparently remove a book of matches from your pocket. In pantomime, and all imaginary, you open the match folder, tear out a match, close cover, strike the match, and hold it to the cigar. Start puffing until the cigar begins smoking. Apparently blow out the match, toss it aside. Of course the only thing they see is the cigar and smoke.

Three

This was used by Orson Welles in a picture, but I have used it long before I saw the picture, therefore I include it here. Apparently unscrew a bulb from the footlights, or for a lodge or club where there are no footlights, take an unlighted bulb from your table, make a few passes over it and it lights. Now take cigar from pocket and apply lighted bulb to the end of the cigar. Begin puffing until the cigar is seen to be lit, then blow out bulb. No explanations necessary here.

Four

Here's a cute one. Stating that you recently lost your favorite cigarette lighter, you show the audience a picture of it. (You have a picture of a lighter pasted on a card about the same size as a playing card.) You say it looks so real, you can almost imagine it lighting up. As you say this, you snap your fingers, and the lighter in the picture is now seen to have a bright yellow flame, as if it did light. Not a real flame, of course, but one painted a bright yellow. Now remove cigar from pocket, and hold end to the flame, and a few seconds of puffing, and it starts to smoke. Place card back in your pocket. To make lighter picture apparently light, have a flap card with a rubber band and thread arranged to snap the flap up. Take out card, holding flap down with the fingers. By releasing flap, it snaps up, and picture of the lighter apparently lights up. Or you could cut a flame-shaped hole in the card above the lighter picture, and on the back, so it can be pushed back and forth with your finger, a half

white and half yellow card, arranged so that by sliding the small card at the rear with your left index finger, the flame would appear or disappear at will, like some of the trick playing cards work.

Five

Some surprising vanishes can be accomplished with the Comedy Lit Cigar. For instance, you remove your pocket handkerchief, cover the cigar and wrap it up, blow smoke on it, having retained a mouthful for that purpose. Shake out the handkerchief and the cigar is gone. Replace handkerchief and reach into your inside pocket and produce the cigar, still lit. For the vanish, you sleeve the cigar. To reproduce, drop arm to side, catch cigar as it drops from sleeve, reach into pocket keeping back of hand to audience, and remove the cigar still lit. Or you could use TWO cigars, and remove one from pocket, place into the Devil Handkerchief, shake hanky out, reproduce the second cigar (apparently the same one) from your pocket, still burning.

The Comedy Lit Cigar is ideal for SLEEVE WORK. They won't suspect you of sleeving a lit cigar. In the above effect, it is best to remove cigar at start and pretend to light it up. In other words, light a match and hold it just clear of the tip of cigar, begin puffing, etc. This puts over the idea that it is a real cigar.

Six

For a good M. C. stunt, come out wearing a hat. Say a few lines then start sniffing as if you smell something. Take off hat reach inside, take out cigar, replace hat, and proceed to smoke the cigar. A wire clip holds cigar to hat band till ready. This can also be used as an impromptu stunt.

Seven

Or an M. C. might come in with a cigar box under his arm. He says, "I just picked up a box of cigars . . . my favorite brand too . . . ROBINSON CRUSOE CIGARS . . . that's right, CAST-A-WAYS!" He reaches in and removes one or two short butts. These are the imitation cigar butts your magic dealer sells. He says, "Most of these are rather short, but here's one I caught on the rebound. In fact it's STILL HOT." This is the Comedy Lit Cigar, and he begins puffing great clouds of smoke.

Eight

Of course the Comedy Lit Cigar, already lit and hanging just above the edge of your coat, on the clip that comes with it, is an ideal production as part of, or the climax to, a cigarette act. In fact two of them, one on each side, makes a swell finish to a cigarette act.

Nine

Do the Phantom Cigarette, only end up with the cigar. For this, sleeve the cigar just before you go on. Begin the pantomime by removing an

imaginary cigar from your pocket, take off the cellophane, bite off end of the cigar, and place the invisible cigar in your mouth. Remove an invisible match from the air, strike it on the sole of your shoe. Carefully cup your hands around the invisible flame and bring it up to your mouth. Soon real smoke is seen, and when hands are taken away you are seen to be smoking a REAL CIGAR. This is more surprising than the Cigarette Trick, as the cigar is so large and no match box or anything else is visible until the cigar appears. The working is simple. As you apparently strike the invisible match on your shoe with right hand, you drop your left arm to your side. This, of course, delivers the cigar into your hand. Keep it pressed against your wrist as you bring up your cupped hands, and insert end into mouth, masking this with the hands, and begin puffing. Let plenty of smoke become visible before you disclose the cigar.

Ten

Show cigar, place back in vest pocket. Say that a friend of yours invented a system for lighting cigars during a black out. Light a match and drop it (still lit) into the same vest pocket with the cigar. Close coat for a few seconds. Open coat and remove the cigar and start smoking it. Your pocket, needless to say, is lined with asbestos paper. If it isn't, you'd better not try it.

Eleven

For the sake of completeness, I will include an idea that I have used and which was published in The Dope Sheet. I was playing a party for Postal Clerks. I had a friend work with me on it. I fixed up a small box that would just take the cigar, and tied it with a ribbon. Then wrapped it in paper and tied it with a string. I cut out one end of the box and made a criss cross cut through the outer paper wrapping, so it would act as a trap. Part way through my act and on prearranged signal, my friend lit the cigar, stuck it in the box all the way, and brought it on to me. As he came into view, he started calling "Special Delivery for Mandroop the Magician!" I took the package, and read off the name, noting that it was from the Postmaster. Quickly cutting the string, I removed the wrapper, then the ribbon, and finally the lid of the box, exclaiming, "Why it's a CIGAR, and LIT, too!" If this is done quickly, the cigar will remain lit. It won't remain lit too long in the box, though, as there's no ventilation.

Twelve

Elsewhere in this book, I gave you my pet egg bag routine, using a Comedy Lit Cigar instead of an egg. I now have an alternate finish for this routine, which I pass on to you now. Pattering about your mother-in-law not liking cigar smoke around the house, etc., you place your cigar into the bag and make it disappear each time you hear her coming. When she leaves the room you produce cigar from bag and start to smoke again. At the finish you state you are now going to produce your mother-in-law in person from the little bag. (You are using the Climax Egg Bag that turns into a chicken.) As you turn the bag wrongside out and bring chicken into view, you say, "There she is, the OLD HEN!" In using the Comedy Lit Cigar in an Egg Bag, you must have the type bag which is

OPEN all the way across the mouth of pocket, so you can place cigar into the bag in a horizontal position.

Hints

In preparing the cigar for a performance, use cigarettes that are DRY, a pack that has been opened for a while. Using cigarettes with a portion of Turkish Tobacco will also help the Cigar to stay lit longer. Maury Kains gave me a tip on the Cigar. He said to enlarge the hole in the end of cigar. Make it about twice as big as it is, and this will give the cigarette more ventilation and help keep it burning longer. Also be sure the air holes at the side or bottom of cigar, don't become clogged. Shake it clear of ashes every time you use it.

Harold G. Beaumont suggests that if you have trouble keeping your M. C. Cigar lit, to replace the front metal tube with a tube made of very fine gauze such as used in your auto carburetor filter, and on the end put the imitation lit end, cellulose the whole brown and put on a new band. This way it will always stay lit.

New Card in the Cigarette

While we are on the subject of Comedy Lit Cigars, I must pass on this clever little comedy trick, sent over from England by our friend Harold G. Beaumont.

Two comedy lit cigars are needed. Roll a playing card and place it inside one of the cigars, and put a lit cigarette in the other. Performer takes out cigar, puffs it a few times, and replaces in his pocket. Then after any effect, he takes out the duplicate cigar, puffs at it, but as it refuses to smoke, he "breaks" it in the middle, draws out the playing card, tosses it on the stage, as he remarks to the audience, "No wonder it wouldn't draw . . . a piece of card inside!" He now borrows a cigarette and performs the well known card in cigarette effect, but when he tears open the cigarette, all he finds is tobacco . . . and muttering to himself, "Card, . . . CARD" . . . he looks about the stage, picks up the card he threw out of the cigar, and shows it to the audience (with tongue in cheek) to be the selected card! He then takes the lit cigar out of his pocket and puffs merrily away!

Mandroop's Opening

You'll like this opening effect because it's a natural and you get some good laughs to start your show.

The effect is the usual torn and restored paper trick, except this time you use a certificate or diploma to tear up and restore with a logical reason for both actions. The papers should be around 11" x 17" and you can get some old stock certificates or some papers with a fancy border like a "guarantee" of some kind, or just fake up some of your own using a crayon to decorate the border and fake the wording on it. It would help put over the idea if they could read the word DIPLOMA on it somewhere though. Or have a quantity printed up at printers.

To prepare, just fold up a duplicate paper into small package and telescope or "tuck" the ends together so it won't unfold at the wrong time. Then fold up another paper into the same creases, then unfold it. Stick the small parcel onto the rear of this paper with some rubber cement, in the upper right hand corner at back. In other words, you have a reasonable facsimile of a diploma with creases, and a duplicate folded up and attached to rear.

To perform, you will, of course, suit the action to the word, using the patter to follow. At the proper time in the story, display diploma casually, being careful not to expose the duplicate folded one attached to the upper right hand corner at the rear. As the story goes, you tear the sheet into strips lengthwise and about the same width as the folded parcel, then you fold up the strips into approximately the same size package as the folded bundle. As you continue to patter, you hold both packets as one, then detach the pieces from the whole pack, palm off pieces and place them into your side coat pocket as you reach for the magic woofle dust. Then it is just a case of unfolding the sheet remaining in your hand at the right moment as indicated in the patter. Here is the patter:

"Good evening friends. As the master of ceremonies told you, I am a magician. In fact, I am one of those CORRESPONDENCE SCHOOL MAGICIANS. You have probably read the ads in various magazines. They go something like this . . . Three months ago, I was a 97 pound weakling! Now look at me . . . a 98 POUND WEAKLING! NO! NO! That's the wrong ad! The one I mean goes like this . . . Be The Life Of The Party! Fool Your Friends! DR. COWBELL will teach you the CREAM of magic in TEN EASY JERKS! . . . I mean LESSONS! You had BUTTER clip the coupon today! . . . Well, I clipped the coupon, and Doc Cowbell CLIPPED ME for about fifty bucks! I'm not complaining though, for besides the ten greasy lessons . . . I MEAN EASY LESSONS, I got this diploma (display diploma). For a while, though, I didn't think I'd graduate. For my final exam, I had to perform that famous trick 'Sawing A Lady In Half'. Well I did the FIRST PART all right, but I had a little trouble making BOTH ENDS MEET! Did I say a LITTLE trouble? The truth is . . . I never did get her BACK together! When Doc Cowbell saw this, he sadly shook his head and began to tear up my diploma. He said, 'Mandroop, my boy . . . why don't you go on CHARITY . . . FAITH, and there's no HOPE for you!' (Finish tearing diploma and fold.) I said, 'Wait a minute Doc, give me one more chance!' Taking my torn diploma, I pronounced the magic words, EENIE, MEENIE, MINY! That's all there is, there ain't no MOE! . . . and sprinkling a little woofle dust, that I happened to have left over from the last time I dusted a wooffle. . . . (Place hand in pocket for magic dust, leaving behind, the palmed off torn pieces.) . . . I unfolded my diploma, and LOOK, it's just as good as new again! The good doctor liked that trick so well he allowed me to graduate . . . in fact he graduated me with FLYING COLORS . . . yes, . . . BLACK AND BLUE . . . and I still have the MARKS to prove it!"

For an alternate finish, using the Vanishing Wand, you could say . . . The Doc liked that trick so well, he presented me with this Magic Wand and said, "If you do one more trick that good, I'll let you graduate." So I wrapped the wand in my diploma, and yelled PRESTO! . . . but nothing happened. So I yelled PLUTO! I knew that would get ACTION! It DID . . . someone hit me over the head with a bottle. But the most amazing thing of all . . . the magic wand DISAPPEARED! (Finish with Flying Colors gag as above . . . reproduce wand from pocket and take a bow.)

Club Chatter

Get them all quieted down, and in a good humor before you start, with this chatter.

Good evening, folks! I am sure glad to be here tonight. In fact, I am LUCKY to be here! I went out today to try to buy a new SHIRT, and I had a terrible time. I finally went into one place and asked for shirts. The clerk said yes, we have some here that just came in. I asked him if they were good shirts. He said they CERTAINLY are . . . these shirts just LAUGH at LAUNDERING. I said I KNOW . . . I had some like that . . . they came back WITH THEIR SIDES SPLIT! Then I went to buy a suit. I saw one I liked and I said I'll try that one on. The clerk said, do you think your WIFE will like it? I said, I should worry, my wife doesn't PICK MY CLOTHES . . . she just PICKS MY POCKETS! So I put on the coat, and went out into the street to see what it looked like in the daylight. People stopped and stared, little boys laughed, and women SCREAMED! . . . Then the clerk brought out the PANTS! Anyway I finally bought it and wore it home. I met a friend of mine and I said, how do like my new suit? He said, say that IS a fine suit . . . TOO BAD they didn't have it in YOUR SIZE! I said, I'll have you know this suit cost me \$75.00! WHAT? he said . . . why you could have got a NEW ONE for that! I said LISTEN . . . this suit was MADE TO ORDER! YEAH? he said, what did you ORDER? . . . A POTATO SACK? Why LOOK at it, he says . . . it's RUSTY LOOKING already! I said I KNOW IT . . . what do you expect? They TOLD ME it would WEAR LIKE IRON! Anyway I think he was just JEALOUS. Now that I have this suit . . . I have one for EVERY DAY IN THE WEEK . . . and THIS IS IT! While we are speaking of SUITS, I have a couple of CARD TRICKS here that I think you will like—

Billiard Balls

If you like to do the Multiplying Billiard Balls, then here's a complete routine with patter that you'll use.

I got the Adam and Eve idea for this routine from Vol. 2 of the Tarbell Course. I have tried to put together a simplified routine with gagged-up patter, and I hope you like it. All you need is a regular set of Multiplying Billiard Balls, one 18" silk handkerchief, an old tooth brush, and a LOT of nerve!

PATTER: Our story opens at the beginning of Time, in the year One, B. C. B. C. . . . that's BEFORE CLOCKS! And before clocks, they used to tell time by the SON. When HE got up, they knew it was NOON! He was a late sleeper. Anyway, our setting is the GARDEN of EDEN. (Take silk from right coat pocket, and palm single ball at the same time.) Now as you all know . . . there was a SNAKE in the Garden of Eden. We will let this SILK HANDKERCHIEF represent the snake. After all, it's appropriate. This silk handkerchief was made by a WORM . . . and a SNAKE is only a worm who ate his VITAMINS! Now there was also in the Garden of Eden, a fellow named ADAM. (Stroke silk with right hand containing the palmed ball, and finally produce ball from silk.) We will let THIS LITTLE BALL represent ADAM because Adam was a LITTLE BALD anyway! In fact, that's where the saying about growing hair on a billiard ball originated. I just like to explain things as I

go along. (As you make this last remark, transfer ball to left hand, return the silk hanky to right coat pocket, and palm out the ball and shell in right hand. Toss the first ball in left hand, into the air once or twice, and then apparently transfer it to right hand . . . really palm it in left hand, and bring ball and shell into view in right hand, with shell nested, and shown as one ball. Now place it into position for multiplication.)

Of course, Adam was not alone in the Garden of Eden for long. Soon EVE appeared. (Roll ball out of shell, showing two balls, reach over with the left hand, and place palmed ball in shell, as in regulation method of the Multiplying Billiard Balls.) As you know, EVE was made from one of Adam's RIBS; and Adam has taken a RIBBING ever since! Of course, Adam and Eve were soon married . . . THE CENSORS DEMANDED IT!

The minister pronounced the words that made them ONE. (Left hand palms ball out of shell, after showing both balls solid. Then ball is rolled back into shell on the above lines.) But EVE hadn't gone far. She just went home to mother. (Produce ball palmed in left hand from back of left knee.) You see, her mother ran a JOINT! It was called a SPEAK-KNEESEY in those days! (Place left hand ball into right fingers.)

Of course, Adam and Eve got along very NICELY. They led a QUIET existence . . . you see women hadn't learned to TALK yet. But soon, they were expecting a little stranger at their house. EVE answered the door one day, thinking he had arrived, but it was just the FULLER BRUSH MAN. So she bought a TOOTH BRUSH. (Left hand goes to left pants pocket and removes and shows a tooth brush. Replace in pocket and palm off the third ball as you do so.) You see he was working his way through college. He was a COLGATE MAN. So, having brushed him off, Eve called up the STORK and made an appointment. Soon ABEL arrived by carrier pigeon . . . the STORKS were on a strike then! Of course that made THREE! (Roll ball out of shell, showing three in right hand . . . then palm the left hand ball into the empty shell, as you show all balls solid.)

THREE, as you know, is a CROWD, but it takes FOUR to make a good POKER GAME . . . so they raised CAIN! (Produce the fourth ball by rolling out of the shell.) Cain CALLED . . . Eve had a FULL HOUSE . . . but ADAM WON, with the BEST HAND, which was ONE, TWO, THREE—FOUR OF A KIND! (As you count the balls, drop them into a hat or basket on the table.)

A good vanish for your billiard balls at the end of routine, if you drop them into a hat or basket, is to show a paper bag. Remove the balls from basket one at a time and place them into the paper bag. Each time, you palm the ball out of the bag and return it to the basket, as you reach for the next ball. On the last ball, you bring out a ping pong ball (painted) and show it, and leave it in the bag. Close mouth of bag and suddenly smash bag and bunch it all up, throwing it off stage. This will work for 1½ inch balls and makes a surprising finish.

George McAthys Latest and Largest Laugh Book!

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