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# PATTER PARADE

☆ *by* ROBERT ORBEN ☆ ☆



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# PATTER PARADE

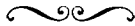
BY

ROBERT ORBEN

AUTHOR OF  
ENCYCLOPEDIA OF PATTER  
MAGICDOTES  
COMEDY CARAVAN  
PATTER FOR STANDARD TRICKS



A BOOK OF COMPLETE COMEDY ROUTINES DESIGNED  
TO KEEP THE MODERN PERFORMER WELL  
SUPPLIED WITH USABLE LAUGHS



SECOND EDITION



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## *Thanks!*



I use that word instead of the customary "INTRODUCTION" for it truly expresses in a nutshell all I would like to say to my readers. Thanks for your support in making my first patter book, the *ENCYCLOPEDIA OF PATTER*, the largest selling patter book in the history of magic and thanks also for the many hundreds of letters you've sent, encouraging me to write another one. Here is the answer to your letters in the form of a bigger, and I hope, better book of comedy material.

It was about a month ago that I got the itch to write, so I took out my scratch-pad and began *PATTER PARADE*. I abandoned work on a shortened history of Japan entitled "FROM PORT ARTHUR TO MACARTHUR", and even shelved plans for one called "HOW TO RAISE CHILDREN WITHOUT AN ELEVATOR". I was always a slow writer but that's because most of my readers can't read very fast. However, realizing the urgency of the situation I set to work with a vengeance, but in a short time I realized a typewriter was easier to use. In no time at all I was keeping four secretaries busy—one of them was taking dictation. The following monologues, under the title of *PATTER PARADE*, were the result. Of course you all know what a monologue is—that's a conversation between a man and his wife.

I'd like to throw in a few words of advice before the comedy material begins though. I've done my best to give you the best routines I could put together, but you've got to do your part in putting them over. Personality will make a good joke a great joke and lack of it will kill the effectiveness of any routine. When you perform these monologues forget your inhibitions and act as if you were one of the world's great comedians instead of an undertaker's assistant. It doesn't take much to get laughs from these one-liners. All it requires is a bright delivery and a basic sense of timing. If you don't know what this means watch any of the top-flight comedians work and it soon will be apparent.

Tell the one-liners in a cheerful manner and to guide you in your timing of the gags, watch carefully the dots and dashes interspersed

throughout the material. A series of dots indicates a place where you should get a laugh, so pause at this point and let your audience laugh. Never kill a laugh by hurrying your material. Your audience paid to have that laugh so let them enjoy it. The series of dashes you will see now and then indicates a pause, not for a laugh but to put over the gag by a proper delivery of it. This is known as the timing of a gag and will come naturally to you after a few public performances of this material.

I'm not trying to set any hard and fast rules. You'll find that if your style is really good they will laugh in places other than those indicated in the book, as well as in the orthodox intervals. Don't ignore the laugh because the book doesn't indicate a pause. You're being paid to entertain your audience and if you can make them laugh you're certainly doing this. Besides, comedy is a funny business (no pun intended). You'll find that once you break down the initial resistance of an audience, and get them in a giggling frame of mind, they'll laugh at even the corniest material and will howl even if you just make faces at them. Above all, don't give them too much of your stuff at one time. Be clever, be brief, be seated!

You will notice that I've applied these routines directly to magic in only one or two places. This is because the average magus prefers to use this material for straight M. C. work, thus adding versatility to his act. However, if you wish to embellish your magic with the gags it is a simple matter to add them to your act. Remember, the routines consist of almost 2000 one-line gags arranged in story form. It requires no great effort, therefore, to transfer these individual gags to your magical patter, for they cover such a diverse range of subjects you can easily find several that will suit any type of trick you are doing.

This and the succeeding paragraph are relatively unimportant so if you're in a hurry skip them. I would like to say however, for the sake of the reviewers and critics reading this volume, that the material enclosed in the routines is not original. A small percentage of it did flow from my fertile brain, but most of it was gleaned from the humor of a great variety of entertainers and writers. To the writer who accused me of plagiarism by innuendo I say this: When you take material from one writer it's plagiarism—when you take it from many writers, it's research.

There was also a little apprehension on the part of the fraternity of critics of the inclusion into my first book of blue or off-color patter. Certain of them might also take exception to some lines in this book

but I can assure the reader that I have taken great pains to present only inoffensive material in my routines. I strongly doubt that there is one line in this book that couldn't be used over the radio—one of the most severely censored mediums of entertainment known. We're living in a progressive age. Comedy that would have appeared risqué forty years ago can be used by Sunday School teachers as illustrative anecdotes today. In turn, the material that some consider a little daring today will be quite commonplace ten years hence. I believe I am being impartial in this but I would always be glad to hear from my readers if they are of a different mind.

In conclusion, I'd like to thank Ted Trinkaus, Jr. for his fine cover art work and the many other people who have aided me in the preparation of this book.

Well, I see it's time to crawl back into my old joke-books and start the proceedings rolling. I hope you'll like it but if you don't, remember: My prose is bad, but it might be verse!

ROBERT ORBEN

The poor man's Bob Hope

or

Man's poor hope — Bob

★ ★ ★

# PATTER PARADE

by

ROBERT ORBEN

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## GILDING THE GUILLOTINE

(The head-chopper is one of the most consistently popular tricks in magic and so I feel that a great many readers can use this routine. It is the only routine in this book that requires a stooge planted in the audience.)

Magician—In this next trick I'll need the assistance of a gentleman from the audience. Is there anyone out there who would like to aid me? (Your stooge planted in the audience, races down the aisle and up onto the stage, making a good deal of noise in the process. You shake hands with him and continue.) That's very kind of you to come up here but tell me, why all the hurry to aid me?

Stooge—Aid you? I thought you said fade you! . . . . (Stooge takes out a large roll of stage money and counts it briefly.)

M.—Well, now that you're up here will you assist me in this next trick?

S.—Why sure! I happen to be a great fan of yours. Everytime I see one of your tricks I just stand and wonder.

M.—How I do it?

S.—No — why you do it | . . . .

M.—Well, just let me explain to you what's going to happen in this next trick. This piece of apparatus standing beside me is a replica of an old Chinese guillotine—an instrument used to chop off the heads of certain erring ones. And for your pleasure I'd like to demonstrate it tonight.

S.—That's very nice of you but what do I do?

M.—(Magician ignores this last remark.) First I'm going to take this head of cabbage and place it in the opening where the human head should be. Then I'm going to place both my hands around the handle of the blade—count one, two, three and plunge it downwards. (Wait for your audience to get a good look at the split cabbage before proceeding.) That concludes the first part of the demonstration and now for the second.

S.—Yes, but what do I do?

M.—Well, it's not so much what you do— it's what you have done to you . . . . (Pick up the two sides of the cabbage and

- hold them beside the stooge's head as if you were comparing their sizes.)
- S.—Oh no, not me. I might get excited and lose my head . . . . .
- M.—Yes!——Well, what are you afraid of? Haven't you got any guts?
- S.—Yes, but I don't want them spilled all over the floor . . . . .
- M.—Haven't you any sense of progress? Suppose Romeo had never married Juliet? Suppose Anthony had never married Cleopatra?
- S.—They didn't.
- M.—Well, they're all dead, aren't they? . . . . .
- S.—But this is impossible!
- M.—Suppose Fulton had said it was impossible?
- S.—That's simple. We'd have no fish market . . . . . Well——maybe you're right. But you're sure nothing will happen to me?
- M.—(Magician nods his head confidently and then motions stooge to place his head into the guillotine. After the magician snaps the locks shut he says:) Nothing that a miracle couldn't cure. . . . . . But first I want to place a sheet of newspaper on the floor under your head. The management in the last theatre I played said they couldn't wash the bloodstains away . . . . . (Use the newspaper with the phoney headline "LOCAL MAGICIAN BEHEADS ASSISTANT" or your personalized version of it. Be sure the audience is able to see it clearly before you place it on the floor. You can also get another laugh by placing it down so that the stooge in the guillotine can see it. A little good acting here and all the way through will really mean a lot of laughs.)
- S.—Listen, when you hired me all you said I'd have to do was rest my head.
- M.—Well, aren't you?
- S.—Yes, but pretty soon it's going to be resting on the floor without a body under it . . . . . If you expect me to go through with this you'll have to give me more money.
- M.—How much are you getting now?
- S.—Ten dollars a week.
- M.—Well, I'll give you thirty dollars a month.
- S.—(Stooge thinks a minute and then says:) Okay . . . . . Just call me Schizophrenia——I'll be a split personality soon . . . . .
- M.—(Magician raises his right hand to bring down the blade.) Well, as the executioner said when he pulled the switch, "This'll kill you," . . . . . But first, (turn to the orchestra leader and say:) Would you mind playing a little of "I Ain't Got No Body"? . . . . . Well, we'd better get this over with chop-chop . . . . .
- S.—Please, no more cutting remarks . . . . .
- M.—(Now you begin working that standard gag of raising your arm to hit the blade handle and stopping at the last moment to say something.) One——two——remember, I maim to please . . . . . (Raise your arms once again and as it's coming down stop and say:) Are you troubled with falling hairs?



S.—Yes.

M.—Well after this, you'll never be troubled by them again . . . .

S.—No —— I'll be troubled by falling head . . . .

M.—Steady now!

S.—I'm not going any place . . . .

M.—One —— two —— three! (Smash the blade down, pause a split second and then quickly unlock the top part of the apparatus, showing the stooze safe and sound. Wait for your applause here. Remember, primarily you're doing magic so let your audience see and appreciate the effect.)

S.—Well, where's the big money you promised me for doing this?

M.—Right here! (You guessed it! Take out one of those big bills and hand it to the stooze as he walks off.)

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## LOVE — THE WORLD'S GREATEST INDOOR SPORT

I was standing in a drug store when I first saw her. What a moment that was! I heard a buzzing in my ears, lights flashed, bells sounded—then someone shut off the pinball machine . . . . She was a suicide blonde—died by her own hand . . . . She came right up to me and asked me if I wanted to play around—at the time I didn't know she was a golfer . . . . So in an instant she gave me a kiss. Well, she didn't exactly give it to me. I sort of had to squeeze it out of her . . . . She was a co-ed at (local college). You know what a co-ed is—that's a sweater with a high I. Q. . . . . She wore a sweater for three reasons. One, it kept her warm. The other two were obvious . . . . She was a girl who didn't have any principle, but could she draw interest! . . . . She was so popular even her sweater got fan mail . . . . When I met her she had just baked herself in the sun for six hours so she could be the toast of the town . . . . Right then and there I asked her for some old-fashioned loving. So she introduced me to her grandmother . . . . She had a grandmother who was really crazy about Old Grand-dad . . . . She was ninety years old and didn't use glasses—she drank right out of the bottle . . . . But I really liked her granddaughter. I used to call her Checkers because she jumped every time I made a wrong move . . . . I called at her house one day to take her out and did she give me a scare! She said she was going to wear her low-cut gown and show me a thing or two . . . . It was sort of a baseball dress. It had a diamond back, a grandstand view in front and showed a lot of fast curves . . . . She also had on a perfume that was so terrific I was positively smell-bound . . . . So we got to the restaurant and she said she wasn't hungry. That may have been so, but it was the first time I ever saw sparks come from a knife and fork . . . . She said she was on a diet—she didn't eat anything but food . . . . While she was eating her soup she found a fly in it. She called the waiter over and told him to remove the insect—so he threw me

down four flights of stairs . . . . After the meal I proposed to her. I told her if she didn't accept me I'd run right out and throw myself in front of a passing blonde . . . . I said I'd go through anything for her, so she let me go through my bank account first . . . . Then I began finding things out about her. She'd been married so many times the wedding gown was her native costume . . . . She'd been on more laps than a napkin . . . . Then I discovered she was a vegetarian. She only went out with men who had plenty of cabbage . . . . In other words she was a gold-digger. That's a girl who can make and break a man at the same time . . . . Nevertheless, I invited her up for a scotch and sofa . . . . But we wound up in the movies necking and petting. It was only when the show was over though that I found we weren't sitting together . . . . Then I took her to a horror show and she screamed twice—once at the picture . . . . It was then that she got sore because I borrowed too many magazines—I took too many liberties . . . . It was her own fault though. She said love was blind, so I was just trying to feel my way around. . . . There was a girl with a one-word vocabulary—"NO!" . . . . And to make it worse she returned my ring in a box marked "Glass-Handle With Care" . . . . She also sent a letter with it saying we were through. When I read that letter it brought tears to my eyes—it was written on onion skin . . . . But just yesterday I got a telegram saying she had been eaten by an African cannibal. Oh well, she always did look good in black . . . . But everybody says I'm going to get into trouble chasing women. I know better though. It's only after I catch one that the trouble begins . . . .

★ ★ ★

### HOSPITAL DAZE

You wouldn't believe it but just one month ago I looked so bad my life insurance agent took his calendar back . . . . I never could understand how I got in such a terrible condition. I took medicine at Columbia for three years, at Harvard for four years, and at Johns Hopkins for two years—and after all that medicine I still felt lousy . . . . I still had a good appetite though. In fact there were only two things I couldn't eat for breakfast—dinner and supper . . . . I was taking medicine regularly but the stuff wasn't any good. When you read it backwards it didn't spell anything . . . . One day I felt so bad I sent my wife out to get something for my liver—and she came back with a pound of onions . . . . I decided then to go to a doctor, and the one I went to really had some reputation. They said when you're at death's door—he'd pull you through . . . . So he looked me over and the first thing he said was that my eyes were weak. That's ridiculous! Why on a clear day I can see my glasses . . . . I know a fellow who really is nearsighted though. His eyes are so weak he has to count elephants in his sleep . . . . He finally counted so many elephants that by the time he got to sleep it was time to get up again . . . . But I think that doctor was a quack, and I've got my reasons too. First he told me to take a physic and then

he told me to stay in bed . . . . . Does that sound reasonable? . . . . . Somebody told me that he treated a patient for yellow jaundice twenty years before he found out the fellow was a Jap . . . . . He was more encouraging in my case. He said there was nothing wrong with me that \$500 couldn't cure . . . . . Then he said I had a falling stomach. I didn't believe him until I tripped over it going out the door . . . . . The next day I registered at the hospital . . . . . What a hospital that was! The guy next to me had a fever of 104 degrees so they put him in bed with a guy who had the chills . . . . . Then a gorgeous nurse came over to me, placed her hand over my forehead and actually expected my temperature to go down . . . . . But after a while I got to be suspicious of everybody in that hospital. Everytime I heard a knock on my door I'd ask, "Who goes there—friend or enema?" . . . . . They soon gave me my operation and I was forced to take a local anesthetic. They couldn't get the imported kind . . . . . When it was over I was so happy I left a tip on the operating table . . . . . In no time at all I was making remarkable progress. In fact I was gaining so fast I was almost catching the nurses . . . . . I liked the one called Appendix. They called her Appendix because all the doctors wanted to take her out. . . . . . Well, I'm out now and I've got to admit that doctor knew what he was talking about. He told me he'd have me walking in a month and he was right. His bill was so high I had to sell my car . . . . . But I know a fellow who went to a doctor and was told he had only six months to live. Then he went to another doctor who told him the same thing—that he had only six months to live. So now he has a year . . . . . And everybody says I did a smart thing too . . . . .



### HECKLER-STOPPERS

(To my mind the silencing of hecklers is a necessary function of the entertainer and he must always be prepared with verbal bombshells to squash these amateur M. C.'s. Just throw a few of the following at anyone who is causing you trouble and the chances are you won't be bothered for the rest of your act.)

The last time I saw a head like that a jockey was bending over it.

There are only two reasons why some people don't mind their own business. Either they haven't any business or—they haven't any mind.

Don't start anything or I'll knock you conscious.

If anyone puts a price on your head—take it.

He can't match wits with me,—I haven't got any wits to match him with.

I hope all the teeth in your mouth fall out but one—that should stay in for a tooth-ache.

It's just lucky for you that I'm a scholar, a gentleman and a coward.  
Didn't I once see your tongue hanging in a delicatessen?

How would you like to come out to my car and smell the exhaust  
pipe?

(Occasionally one of them gets the jump on you by cracking a joke  
that your audience really laughs at. Squelch them by saying, "Good  
for you. You made a joke. What are you trying to do——top your  
parents?")



### CRIME DOESN'T PAY — BUT THE HOURS ARE GOOD

I heard an old friend of mine died the other day. Too bad! He was a regular gyp off the old block . . . . . He was so crooked even the wool he pulled over your eyes was 50% cotton . . . . . In fact he always used to count his money in front of a mirror because he didn't even trust himself . . . . . He was sent up the river so many times they used to call him Showboat . . . . . He's the forger who worked on a check for six months only to have it come back marked "Insufficient Funds" . . . . . When they put him on trial for it he said he was just a poor fish——so the judge sent him up the river and put him in the can . . . . . But then his mother went to the judge and cried, "Have mercy on my son!"——so they let him go and sent her up the river . . . . . He was versatile too. Once he was arrested for picking his way through a crowd——a pocket at a time . . . . . He once tried to pick my pocket but all he got was practice . . . . . You sometimes hear about men who spend ten years finishing one novel but he had it all over them. He once spent ten years finishing just one sentence . . . . . That was the time they caught him playing "Onesie-Twosie" on the cash register where he worked. Onesie for the boss and twosie for him . . . . . When he got out he really got a good job though. He worked only one day a year and that was on Election Day. He was a taxidermist——stuffed the ballot boxes . . . . . But he finally passed away during a poker game. Died of a rare disease called Five Aces . . . . . Left a wife, three kids and six cops without support . . . . .



I CLEAN UP IN WALL STREET  
OR  
THE LIFE AND LOVES OF A STREET CLEANER

I don't have to do this for a living. I'm really a Wall Street bear—and that's no bull . . . . The only trouble is, last week my stock went so low I had to read the ticker-tape in a decompression chamber . . . . I was so upset I didn't know which broker to phone first—the stock or the pawn . . . . But I don't have to worry about money. Just yesterday I was offered a job with the Eagle Laundry—but who wants to wash eagles? . . . . I've got a lot of experience too. I once had a job in a garter factory . . . . It was a snap . . . . But my real ambition is to marry a rich girl who's too proud to have her husband work . . . . Meanwhile I've bought an interest in something the salesman called a going concern. The only trouble is—it's going in the wrong direction . . . . Our first product was a new kind of lipstick with a glue base. One kiss and the man is really stuck with her . . . . Next we manufactured a hollow piece of soap so that there wouldn't be any useless little pieces left over after people have washed with it . . . . Now I'm working on an idea to sell ice in the wintertime. There's no competition then . . . . But my friends always said I'd be successful. Some of them said I might be President someday but I know better. Mrs. Truman would never marry me . . . . My brother's a successful pilot. He owned a plane that flew so fast you had to set the controls for landing before you pushed the throttle to take-off . . . . He wanted to take me up one day but I refused. I even get air-sick when I lick an air-mail stamp . . . . He said it was perfectly safe though. He said there were more accidents in bathtubs than there were in airplanes; so I haven't been in either since then . . . . He finally did persuade me to go up and when we were 10,000 feet high the motor stopped. In an instant we began to fall towards the earth but the fall didn't hurt me a bit. It was the sudden stop at the end of it that sent me to the hospital . . . . My uncle had an accident once—but he married her . . . . They say a bigamist is a man with one wife too many. Well, he's got one wife too many and he's not a bigamist . . . . She's the only woman I know of who says she has nothing to wear and needs four closets to keep it in . . . . She's so ugly he takes her with him every place he goes. He has to. It's better than kissing her goodbye . . . . Twenty years ago he asked for her hand and she's been giving it to him ever since . . . . Before they got married he used to hold her hand and it was love. Now he does the same thing but it's self-defense . . . . He always says she has a mouth like a rose-bud—it opened when she was born and it hasn't closed since . . . . But I haven't seen him in quite some time now. He was given ten years for rocking his wife to sleep. You should have seen the size of that rock! . . . . What a trial that was! Before he took the stand they told him anything he'd say would be held against him—so he said, "Jane Russell" . . . . Then they asked him if he was guilty of the crime. What a stupid question! He hadn't heard the evidence yet

. . . . But he'll enjoy doing nothing for ten years. It'll be an extension course in what he's been doing all his life . . . . He's so lazy he used to run his car over a bump to knock the ashes off his cigar . . . . He's the only one I know of so lazy that he always throws kisses . . . . In fact he never did a day's work in his life. He used to be a night watchman . . . . But he's really a great guy. I'd share anything I have with him. If I had two Buicks, I'd give him one. If I had two horses, I'd give him one. If I had two blondes—do you think he'd like another Buick? . . . .

★ ★ ★

### WHEN THERE'S A BILL—WE'RE AWAY

I just took my salary to the bank. I had to. It was too small to go by itself . . . . All I can say is my boss better give me a raise soon. Three other companies are after me—the light, water and gas companies . . . . But I'm only kidding. I have a big salary. Goes to five figures—my wife and four chorus girls . . . . But what do I care for money? Why only yesterday I lit my cigarette with a twenty dollar bill. I wonder why my dentist keeps sending them to me? . . . . Some people have trouble meeting their bills but not me—I've got trouble dodging them . . . . They say money talks but all it ever says to me is "Goodbye" . . . . I read in a book that poverty is a blessing in disguise. Well the disguise is perfect . . . . But I've resolved to live within my means, even if I have to borrow money to do it . . . . Before I'd take charity I'd beg . . . . I'm not like some people who want to have their picture on a \$10,000 bill. I'm content to have my hands on one . . . . But what's a rich man anyway? Nothing but a poor man with lots of money . . . . I'm going to get a good job though. Something like a hen's got. It can lay down on the job all day long and still get results . . . . It's not that I'm lazy. I love work—work fascinates me. I can sit around and watch it for hours . . . . But where does work get you? You work like a dog for eight hours a day so that you can get to be boss and work like a dog for twelve hours a day . . . . And then the income tax gets all your money anyway . . . . I don't know why they made St. Patrick's Day come after March 15. They want you to wave the green after they take it away from you . . . . They always say, "Pay your taxes with a smile", but when I try they insist on cash . . . . But I fixed them last year. When I finished filling out my income tax report the government had to give me something—six months in Alcatraz . . . .

★ ★ ★

## THE MANLY ART OF SELF-DEFENSE

Did I see a nifty at the fights the other night!—Too bad her husband was with her . . . . . Personally I never could see much in fights though—my opponent usually closed my eyes . . . . . They used to call me Short Circuit, because I was always out like a light . . . . . In fact I was so bad I couldn't even go a round with a carousel . . . . . But I never was carried out on a stretcher—I had silver handles sewn on my shorts . . . . . It's a rugged life though. During training a fighter has to give up drinking, smoking and women. For relaxation he breaks training . . . . . I always used to get into condition by riding a horse. You know, you'd never think that anything filled with hay could be so hard . . . . . I got on a gambling horse once. I wanted to go one way and he wanted to go the other—so he tossed me for it . . . . . But I was really in my stride then. I won ten straight fights by knockouts and then I decided I'd have to take on better opponents. So for my next bout I fought a man . . . . . My manager said that I'd beat him hands down. The only trouble was, he wouldn't keep his hands down . . . . . From the beginning of that fight he belted me all over the ring. But I could take it—I just didn't know what to do with it . . . . . He finally won the fight by a decision though. I decided I had enough . . . . . I've still got square shoulders left from those fighting days. I got them from eating cereal—I ate the boxes too . . . . .



## MY GIRL—THE OBJECT OF MY CONFESSIONS

I'm really glad the football season is here again. Now a guy can walk around with a girl on one arm and a blanket on the other without getting suspicious looks from the cops . . . . . But wintertime presents its problems too. I hadn't worn my long winter underwear for so long that when the cold weather came I put them on upside down. This morning I had to open the flap to brush my teeth . . . . . But I guess I'm running in bad luck. I gave my girl a fancy pair of garters last week and she gave them to her mother. Now I guess I'll never see them again . . . . . She's one girl who can speak nine languages, but she can't remember the word "no" in any of them . . . . . She can't add, but she certainly can distract . . . . . Her parents call her Encore, because she wasn't on the program . . . . . I've known her for an awfully long time now. In fact, when we were small, we used to put our arms around each other and do our homework. But later things changed. When I got older I stopped doing the homework . . . . . She's really grown up now. Everybody says she dresses like a lady. I wouldn't know—I never saw her dress. . . . . But I can't understand girls nowadays. It used to be an insult to offer a girl a drink of liquor. Now she just swallows the insult . . . . . My girl is always so drunk they call her the tight skirt . . . . . I call her Auto Radiator though. That's because she'll freeze up on you if you don't keep her filled with alcohol . . . . . She always calls

me Clock because my hands go around her so fast it alarms her . . . . . She already knows I'm a comedian. Every time I go out with her I try to be funny . . . . . I even gave her a diamond once, and believe me there's only one thing harder than a diamond—that's paying for it. . . . . But I'm beginning to suspect her. I saw her go into the movies with my best friend yesterday. I would have followed them—but I already saw the picture . . . . . I've always wanted to hold hands with her in the movies but I never could—she goes on Friday and I go on Saturday . . . . . They show the serials on Saturday . . . . . But I soon found out she has larceny on the brain. She's so two-faced I've been beginning my letters to her with: "Dear sweetheart and gentlemen of the jury" . . . . . And then she tried to poison me. She fed me arsenic with vitamin B1 in it so that I'd look good for the funeral . . . . . I found out that there were many men in her life. One of them was very rich and said he could take her to the Stork, but I said I could do better than that. I could have the stork come to her house . . . . . I continually tried to phone her but she always hung up—leaving me in the hands of the receiver . . . . . But I'll never forget that last time I saw her. She had on a dress that kept everybody warm but herself . . . . . She said it was something she had just thrown on. From where I stood it looked as if she had damned near missed . . . . . And then a very strange thing happened. I was standing outside her room when everything went black. She must have hung something over the doorknob . . . . . That's when I stopped going with her. I discovered she spent \$5000 a year on dresses, so now I'm going with her dressmaker . . . . . She's really coming up in the world though. I just heard that she's rubbing shoulders with the Astors and the Vanderbilts—she must be awfully itchy . . . . . And she's also going to marry a motorman—well, more power to her . . . . .

★ ★ ★

### NO BOSS IS NO LOSS

I'm glad you like the show and I think the man who made it possible, Mr. . . . . ., deserves a good round of applause. (Wait until this dies down and then continue.) We just call him Sourdough—that's because he keeps his money in an old milk bottle . . . . . He's really quite a guy though. Owns a newspaper—then he got tired of carrying it and threw it away . . . . . He's so cheap he always goes to the movies early to beat the prices. When he saw "The Man Who Came To Dinner" he hadn't even finished breakfast yet . . . . . He drives his car around corners on two wheels just to save his tires . . . . . He's the only guy I know of whose clothes have one-way pockets . . . . . He once ran into a drug-store and bought up all the two-cent stamps he could get because he heard they were going up to three cents . . . . . He's so cheap he wouldn't even spend Christmas . . . . . Last Christmas he just gave me one handkerchief—then he blew . . . . . And ugly! He's the only person in the world who looks as bad as his passport photograph . . . . . His face has so many wrinkles, when he



smiles he looks like a venetian blind . . . . . He's setting television back ten years . . . . . He's so bald you need sunglasses to look at him in a bright light . . . . . But being bald isn't so bad. Think of all the time he saves not combing his hair . . . . . But then again, think of all the more face he has to wash . . . . . At least it's a unique face. I don't know what there is about his left eye that makes his right eye keep looking at it . . . . . Why he's so cross-eyed, when he cries the tears run down his back . . . . . He's one person I could never see eye to eye with . . . . . He says he's around fifty. If that's so, it must be his second time around . . . . . When he was young Billy wasn't even a kid . . . . . He's still got a lot of life in him though. He used to play the piano by ear, but now he's too old for that, so he fiddles with his whiskers . . . . . I even saw him chasing girls down gopher holes. Well, it's better than chasing gophers down gopher holes . . . . . He's even taking lessons in deportment. Doing fine I hear. In another two weeks he'll be deported . . . . . But he really likes me. Why just the other day he said he'd give me the shirt off his back—and I was to have it back Friday—washed and ironed . . . . . Not to be outdone I told him to treat my house as if it were his own—so he sold it this morning . . . . . He's the kind of a guy who asks you a question, answers it for you and then says you're wrong . . . . . But he finally got married last week. He married an ugly girl because he figured in thirty years she'd be as pretty as ever . . . . . They say she married him for his money—well, she's certainly going to earn it . . . . .



### COMEDY SONG TITLES

(Use these when introducing a vocalist or as a gag in your own act. Patter along these lines: "And now I'll sing that song written by the Siamese twins, 'My Spine Is Your Spine' . . . . . Or as one ape sang to the other ape, 'Gorilla My Dreams I Love You' " . . . . . Fit your introduction to the song title you're using and you'll get a good laugh for your trouble.)

She Wouldn't Kiss Me In The Canoe So I Paddled Her Back.  
 Get The Hammer Mother, There's A Fly On Baby's Head.  
 Stop The Presses! You're Hurting My Wrist.  
 Let Me Off At The Next Stop Conductor, I Thought This Was A Lunchwagon.  
 Let's Wash The Windows Mother, The Neighbors Are Straining Their Eyes.  
 I'm Dancing Tonight With Tears In My Eyes 'Cause The Girl In My Arms Is A Boy.  
 I'm Looking For The Guy Who Began The Beguine To See If He Can Stop It.  
 Romeo Gave Her A Love-Sick Look, But Her Father Thought It Was Something Juliet.  
 She Laughed When I Sat Down To Play—But How Was I To Know She Was Ticklish?

## TRAVEL BROADENS ONE

It's really cold out where I'm living. In fact, the other day the mercury fell so low it pinned a mouse to the floor . . . . . And the ground was so cold the hens were laying eggs from a standing position . . . . . So I decided to get out of (your town) fast. I went down to the station and I was so anxious to get moving I climbed into the locomotive and began shoveling coal. I shoveled one ton; I shoveled two tons; I shoveled three tons, and still the train didn't move—it was an electric engine . . . . . But soon we were moving, and the first three hours of that trip were terrible. Then I started using my own dice . . . . . I also read that book about the orange who married a banana and had a little peach—you know, "Strange Fruit" . . . . . It didn't take us long to get to the sunny south, and when I stepped from that train I was walking on air—the porter forgot to put the steps down . . . . . But I like the south and those southern accents. Why even the traffic signs down south read "No U-all turns allowed" . . . . . The first thing I did was look up all the old landmarks I knew—but they were all married . . . . . Then I got myself a job but I didn't keep it long. My boss said he wanted to see business boom—so I threw a bomb in his store . . . . . But I told him off when he fired me. "Remember," I said, "every dog has his day—and the ones with short tails have weak-ends." . . . . . He gave me a reference anyway. It went something like this: "He worked here one day, and when he left we were satisfied." . . . . . Then I got myself a job as a baby carriage salesman, but I had to give that up also. They sent me into virgin territory . . . . . It was then that I decided to fly out west. I think flying is wonderful. In fact I can't understand why some people are afraid of it. I've been flying ever since I was four years old and sat down on the safety pin in my diaper . . . . . I'm proud to say I learned flying from no one but experts. Maneuvers from Doolittle, landings from Lindbergh, and take-offs from Gypsy Rose Lee . . . . . In fact I now have 300 hours in the air which doesn't compare of course with my father, who has twenty-seven years in Sing Sing . . . . . I soon took off for the west though and for two hours I was flying blind—but then I managed to sober up a little . . . . . At one point I went over a mountain and then dove down 30,000 feet while all my sins flashed before me. It was so interesting I went back up and dived down eight more times . . . . . I finally got out west and was it hot there! It was so hot the squirrels were sitting around with their fur coats unbuttoned . . . . . And it was so dry out there the trees were chasing the dogs . . . . . But I like the west. Out there the men like their liquor hard and their women soft . . . . . They're the ones who always die with their boots on. I guess they don't want to stub their toes when they kick the bucket . . . . . I fitted right in with them though. My ancestors thought nothing of getting up at six in the morning and I'm the same way—I don't think much of it either . . . . . But I love the good earth. All day long I dig in it, plan in it, plant in it, and in the evening, I fall flat on my face in it . . . . . I got myself a job, and for two months I did nothing but punch cows—then someone taught me how to

milk them . . . . It's a good thing too. The cows were beginning to punch back . . . . I milked so many cows that I used to shake hands one finger at a time . . . . But it was one job I got plenty of pull from . . . . It kept me busy too. I really had my hands full all day long . . . . Soon though I wanted to get moving again, so before I knew it I was in:



### CALIFORNIA — LAND OF SILKEN HONEYS

I knew it was California by the way it was raining cats and dogs. In fact, all the roads were full of poodles . . . . They say it never rains in California. I guess the sun just drips perspiration . . . . All I know is the climate's what brings people to California and the weather's what washes them away . . . . I finally stopped in Hollywood. Hollywood—that's where people spend money they haven't yet earned to buy things they don't want to impress people they don't like . . . . Everybody's always criticizing the way the people in Hollywood drive but they know what they're doing. It's the pedestrian's fault if they can't figure it out . . . . In fact, the latest model cars out there have a big rubber stamp on the bumper—so that when you hit a pedestrian it stamps them "Killed In California" . . . . Things aren't as prosperous out there as they used to be though. In fact nowadays things are so tough even the yes-men are saying "maybe" . . . . But I got myself a job right away. I worked as a handy-man for an actress; but I was fired in a week—got a little too handy . . . . Then I worked as the "Human Cannonball" in a circus. What a job! Imagine getting loaded two times a day, seven days a week! . . . . But it was then that I got my first big break—I missed the net . . . . After that I was appointed judge in a beauty contest. I never did that sort of work before, so I knew I'd just have to feel my way around . . . . I really had to be high-class for that job so I went right out and bought a suit of evening clothes—but the pajamas didn't fit me . . . . I even changed my name to Horn and Hardart so it would match the name on my silverware . . . . I'll never forget the night the beauty contest was held. I got into a cab and the driver looked at me suspiciously and said, "The fare's two dollars." "That's all right," I answered, "I've got three dollars in my pocket." So he let me off three miles past where I was going . . . . But I finally got to the contest hall and sat in the middle of a large thick rug while the contestants walked by. I always did like thick rugs though. You can lay an egg and it disappears into the plush . . . . The first contestant was really something. She didn't look a day over thirty—she looked several years over it . . . . She was so fat she looked like number one on the Hip Parade . . . . She was one girl who grew up—and sideways too . . . . She looked like she was poured into that bathing suit but forgot to say "when" . . . . In other words she had a million dollar figure but she'd let inflation set in . . . . The next girl looked like

a rose—Broadway Rose . . . . . She would have been six feet tall if they ever straightened out her legs . . . . . One of the judges said she had lips like cupid's bow. From where I was sitting it looked like the bow had slid down to her legs . . . . . One girl looked just like Lana Turner's sister—Stomach Turner . . . . . Her teeth were so far apart, everytime she opened her mouth she looked like a picket fence . . . . . Somebody said she was the cream of society. She looked more like the can . . . . . But I shouldn't be so hard on her. She was just recovering from a terrible accident. She was having her face lifted and the derrick broke . . . . . One girl at the contest was the real Latin type. She had a Roman nose—it roamed all over her face . . . . . She had such big feet that when she took off her shoes and stockings she was half-naked . . . . . And did that girl have buck-teeth! She was the only person who could eat an apple through a tennis racket . . . . . Of them all there was only one contestant I did like. She represented New Jersey and really walked with a Jersey Bounce . . . . . Everytime she strolled past she reminded me of chewing gum—Wrigley all over . . . . . She was wearing a sarong. Sarong—that's a gaily-colored potato sack for tomatoes . . . . . The material it was made from cost three dollars a yard. She was wearing about four cents worth . . . . . I'm still trying to find out how so little could hide so much . . . . . That sarong was so tight it fitted her like a sunburn . . . . . She really looked like a million dollars and she had the money invested in the right places . . . . . She looked so good everybody else in the hall looked good also . . . . . She was really having a tough time of it though. She had entered herself in two different contests at the same time. One for the most beautiful back and the other for the most beautiful bust. She was so excited she didn't know which way to turn . . . . . She didn't have anything to worry about though. She was one bathing beauty that was really worth wading for . . . . . But I always did go for bathing beauties. In fact, I wouldn't mind bathing one that wasn't such a beauty . . . . . So without hesitation I voted her the "Girl With Whom You Are Most Likely To Succeed" . . . . .



### ALCOHOLICS UNLIMITED

I just got a flash from Hollywood! It says they're going to star Ray Milland in the "Best Beers Of Our Lives" . . . . . There's a lucky-guy! He gets drunk and gets an Academy Award. I get drunk and get a hangover . . . . . But even he doesn't compare to my uncle Theory. Everybody calls him Theory because he seldom works . . . . He's the only man I know of who's never had a hangover—he's never stopped drinking long enough to have one . . . . . He liked his bottle so much everybody referred to him as the County Cork . . . . . But he had an excuse for being drunk all the time—he was studying for the bar . . . . . He was in the army in the last war and was permanently A. W. O. L.—After Women Or Liquor . . . . . One

day they found him in the gutter, but it wasn't what you think. He was only trying to curb his thirst . . . . . He's really a versatile guy though. He once made quite a bit of money putting outboard motors on floating kidneys . . . . . Then he became a waiter—you know, one of those fellows who believe money grows on trays . . . . . But he's in the hospital now. He was washing windows on the eighty-third floor of the Empire State Building and stepped back to admire his work . . . . . But you shouldn't blame him too much for drinking. The reason most people drink liquor is because they don't know what else to do with it . . . . .



### STATE OF THE NATION

You can't blame a person for being confused these days. Everybody's saying Washington's in a bad state. Up till now I always thought it was in the District of Columbia . . . . . This is the age in which everybody's trying to get back to normalcy. About the only ones who haven't succeeded are the insane asylums . . . . . It's also the era of the clothing shortage. But a few people can remember when they still could get two pair of pants with a man's suit. And they were very practical too. The pants underneath never got dirty . . . . . But the shortage is really so bad a friend of mine just got out of the army and the only way he could get a suit of clothes was to join the navy . . . . . I went in to get a suit a couple of weeks ago but when I told the salesman what I wanted he just stood there in his underwear and laughed . . . . . Then he tried to sell me one of those new suits that feature a pair of gloves. They don't have any pants so you have to keep warm someway . . . . . Then I went to get a shirt and the clerk sold me one he said would wear like iron. In fact he said it would just laugh at the laundry. Well he was right. It came back the other day with its sides split . . . . . And those laundries give you plenty of trouble too. The army has already sent radar signals to the moon and got an answer in two seconds. I sent my shirts three months ago to the laundry only three blocks away and they haven't come back yet . . . . . All the veterans have gripes, too, and with good reason. During the war the serviceman was told he'd get his business back. Well, some veterans got their jobs back—and some of them got the business . . . . . I know one of them who all during the war had officers checking his passes—now in civilian life he has the girls doing it . . . . . The veterans were also greeted with a housing shortage when they came back. Somebody wrote a song, "There's A Doctor Living In Your Town, There's A Lawyer And An Indian Chief Too". With all that you couldn't expect to get a room . . . . . The country's so crowded they even found a man named Shapiro sleeping in a Murphy bed . . . . . At the zoo one day a baby kangaroo fell out of his mother's pouch and before he could get back, two families had moved in . . . . . But the builders are doing their best. They're selling prefabricated

houses that take only three hours to put up. Of course every three hours you have to put them hack up again . . . . They also keep telling you to wait patiently if you want a new phone. The only trouble is I want a phone while I'm still young enough to hear what comes out of it . . . . The unemployment situation is getting pretty bad too. A newspaper carried a headline reading "MAN WANTED FOR MURDER IN CHICAGO" and ten men applied for the job . . . . But the egg business is the racket I want to get into. The way prices are now, the hen lays for the dealer and the dealer lays for the public . . . . Russia's still the world's bogey-man. I think the real reason Russia's doing so well in her negotiations is that it's the only country in the world not afraid of Communism . . . . And those foreign diplomats are still being puzzled by American customs. This is the only country where the men dress for dinner and the women do just the opposite . . . . They try to show everything but their age . . . . In fact the only things that are long on the new spring dresses are the shoulder straps . . . . One thing we have plenty of though is shortages . . . . There's even a parking space shortage. Why just yesterday I paid seventy-five cents to park my car so I wouldn't be fined two dollars while I ate a sandwich worth a dime . . . . for which I paid twenty cents . . . . And everybody's got troubles. The states are freezing the rents and the landlords are freezing the tenants . . . . But one thing we can be thankful for—we're living in a streamlined world. Why they're developing planes that are so fast if you put two rabbits in one in New York, you'd still have two by the time you landed in San Francisco . . . . And they're also doing away with electric toasters. Nowadays you just put two pieces of bread between the covers of "Forever Amber" and they toast themselves . . . . They're even having newspapers printed on kleenex. That's for people with a nose for news . . . . But a lot of people think that someday the radio will take the place of the newspaper. That's silly! Who ever heard of swatting flies with a radio? . . . . But it's easy to see what the radio shows of the future will be. Instead of entertainment, they're going to broadcast nothing but the crinkling sound of studio audiences stuffing their pockets with ten dollar bills . . . . Well I have to be leaving now. I'm going down to (local radio station) to apply for tickets . . . .

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## SHE WAS A RADIO OPERATOR'S DAUGHTER WHO DIDN'T HAVE THE REMOTEST CONTROL

I'm glad that spring is here again. Spring—that's the time of year when a young man's fancy lightly turns to what a girl's been thinking about all winter . . . . I was walking down the street yesterday when I saw a fellow about three feet tall following a very tall blonde. I stopped him and asked him why he was following such a tall girl. He just looked up at me and said, "I had legs when I started." . . . . He was so small he got himself a job as a condensed milkman . . . . He was going to join the navy but he was so little they would have had to issue him a split-pea jacket . . . . But I'm glad the season for romance is here. I've never had any trouble with women—come to think of it I've never had any fun with them either. . . . But I'm not worrying. My face has so much good looks it overlaps . . . . I'm just a man about town and a fool about women . . . . Why, women fight to throw money and jewels at my feet. Tell me, what have my feet got that I haven't got? . . . . Off hand I know of a dozen girls who are tearing their hair out to go out with me—but who wants to go out with bald-headed girls? . . . . I'm not fickle though. I've been going with the same girl every Tuesday and Thursday night for seven years. I was going to marry her, but if I did I wouldn't know what to do every Tuesday and Thursday night . . . . She's a real modern girl and I'm not sure I like it. The old-fashioned girl would take two drinks and go out like a light, but the modern girl! She takes two drinks and out goes the light . . . . But she's my type—she's a woman . . . . She's a mechanic in a candy factory—lightens the nuts on peanut brittle . . . . Makes a sweet living . . . . She's really a wonderful girl. I worship the ground she crawled out of . . . . Last Christmas she gave me a shirt that was four times too large for me. A size 16½. When I told her it was too big she said it would shrink when I washed it. I didn't want to hurt her feelings but she didn't know what she was talking about. I washed that shirt six times and the label still says 16½ . . . . I gave her nylon stockings for her present. Nylon stockings—that's things only women want to get their hands on when empty . . . . I remember how every Sunday I used to go to her house and meet her parents. What a family! First I'd make advances to the daughter and then I'd make advances to her father . . . . He's the heavyweight champion of the world—the fat man in the circus . . . . He's so fat that when he has his shoes shined he has to take the bootblack's word for it . . . . What a man though! He has fourteen daughters—and even for a vegetable man that's a lot of tomatoes . . . . I don't know what he calls them all but I know the last one he called "Quits" . . . . He's been married sixteen years and has fourteen children. I guess the stork gave him two years off for good behavior . . . . And my girl says he doesn't get along very well with his wife! . . . . In fact the only time they ever went out together was when the gas stove exploded . . . . But I had a good time during those visits. We'd sit in front of the radio and talk about the weather.

Whether to or whether not to . . . . She'd look at me and ask if I filed my nails. I'd say, "No, I just cut them off and throw them away." . . . . Then I'd point to the radio and ask if she could hear police calls and she'd say, "Yes, if the police call loud enough." . . . . But don't get the impression from all this that I'm not cultured. If there's one thing I do appreciate it's art. Especially that statue of Venus de Milo. Imagine a figure like that and no hands to defend it with! . . . . And I like going through the Museum of Art. They have a lot of nice pictures there. The only trouble is they forgot to print the jokes under them . . . . I'm also a great lover of athletics. Even my doctor says I have athlete's foot . . . . I go in for all sports though—baseball, football, golf. Golf—that's a game in which a little white ball is chased by men too old to chase anything else . . . . And I'm getting pretty good at it too . . . . Yesterday I shot an eighty-four. Tomorrow I'm going back and shoot the second hole . . . . For relaxation I go to parties. I went to a party the other night and won the door prize. But what use do I have for a door? . . . . The women at the party were asked to bring something they had no use for—some of them brought their husbands . . . . They didn't have any entertainment so I performed a couple of tricks—but they let me stay anyway . . . . After the party was over we all went out to attend a wedding and I got a black eye for kissing someone else's bride after the ceremony. It would have been all right only this was four years after the ceremony . . . . There's a husband I can't understand. He hasn't kissed his wife in years and he gets sore when I do . . . . He said I was a worm, a low-down skunk, a louse and a liar—But I resent that. I'm not a liar . . . . I had the last word with him though—I apologized . . . . Incidentally, she was the wife of the man on the flying trapeze who caught her in the act . . . . All evening she thought I was a fireman from the way I kept watching her hose . . . . But don't get the idea I'm the world's worst wolf. Chase and Sanborn are worse than I am—they date every bag . . . .



## VENTURING INTO VENTRILOQUISM

OR

### HE'S JUST A LITTLE WOODEN HEAD BUT I WOODEN EAT WITHOUT HIM

This is dedicated to the guy who makes a living talking to himself—the ventriloquist. I give him all the credit in the world for mastering a difficult feat and I'd also like to help him over a rough spot he always encounters in his act. No matter how good a vent may be, he cannot guard against occasional slips of the tongue, or should I say slips of the voice? In other words, occasionally he will speak when the dummy should be pattering and vice versa, and when this



happens he should be able to quip his way out of the embarrassing position. The following patter is perfect for just such an occasion:

If the ventriloquist makes the slip:

VENT.—I'm getting so bad I don't know whether I'm coming or going.

DUMMY—It really doesn't matter. You don't look good either way.

VENT.—I guess it's my new plates that are causing me this trouble.  
(Test front teeth with the fingers of your free hand.)

DUMMY—Well I kept telling you the license bureau didn't sell the kind you needed.

If the dummy makes the mistake:

DUMMY—I guess that's what I get for studying my script in the dark.

VENT.—Well why in the world did you read your script in the dark?

DUMMY—It's restful on the eyes.



### ORBEN'S VENT ROUTINE

D.—Hello there (your name), maybe you can help me. I've got a problem and I don't know whether to go to a palmist or a mind-reader for the answer.

V.—Go to a palmist—you're sure you have a palm . . . . But what's your problem? Maybe I know the answer.

D.—I'm trying to find what ten plus ten equals.

V.—Well, surely you know the answer to that.

D.—If I did I wouldn't ask you.

V.—Well then, count all your fingers and toes and what have you got?

D.—Eighteen.

V.—Eighteen? How's that?

D.—Ten fingers and eight toes.

V.—You mean to say you only had eight toes when you were born?

D.—Yes, I came from a very poor family . . . . We had a tree outside the house I was born in that was struck by lightning four times.

V.—I thought lightning never struck twice in the same place.

D.—Strong union . . . . I remember those days well though. In fact I'll never forget the time father made me go swimming in the lake.

V.—What was wrong with that?

D.—Everybody else was ice-skating . . . . . Did you know my father was the one who handled the Dreyfus case?

V.—The Albert Dreyfus case?

D.—No, the bus drifers . . . . . Well I have to be going now. I want to see the little bouncing baby we've got at our house.

V.—Boy or girl?

D.—I don't know—it hasn't stopped bouncing yet . . . . .

V.—Tell me, what makes you so stupid?

D.—I don't know, but whatever it is, it works . . . . .

V.—Well, what do you do for a living?

D.—Oh, I just breathe in and breathe out . . . . .

V.—But what's your occupation?

D.—I'm in show business.

V.—Did you ever appear in a play?

D.—No, but I had my foot in a cast . . . . .

V.—Well, what do you do in show business?

D.—I used to be the "Petrified Man" in the circus. They charged a dollar for admission to see me.

V.—Wasn't a dollar rather high?

D.—Yes, but it took a lot of money to keep me petrified . . . . . If you think the dollar was high, you should've seen me . . . . . I used to earn sixty dollars a week except when it rained.

V.—What did you get when it rained?

D.—Wet! . . . . . But I didn't always meet with success. Many's the time starvation was staring me in the face.

V.—That must have been a terrible sight for both of you . . . . .

D.—I remember the day I was down to my last penny. But with that penny I got a fortune!

V.—You got a fortune?

D.—Yes. It said I was trustworthy, honest and reliable . . . . . The funny part of it was, I dropped in a slug . . . . . But success did come to me. The last nightclub I played I couldn't get off the stage for two hours.

V.—Why? No finish?

D.—Well, tell me bright boy, what do you do for a living?

V.—I'm an interpreter. I speak five dead languages.

D.—Now that's fine! I think you'd make a very sociable corpse . . . . .

V.—Well I can truthfully say I've never met a more perfect moron.

D.—Oh come now, none of us are perfect . . . . .

V.—I'll bet you don't even know Poe's "Raven".

D.—Poe's Raven? I didn't even know he was mad . . . . .

V.—I'll give you another one. What caused the fall of Rome?

D.—Confidentially, it didn't fall—it was pushed . . . . .

V.—You ought to know something about American history. Why did Washington stand up in the boat while crossing the Delaware?

D.—Because everytime he sat down someone handed him an oar . . . . .

V.—Surely you must have learned about the time Washington threw a dollar across a wide river? Do you know how he did that?

D.—It was a cinch. Money went further in those days . . . . .

V.—Do you know why he did it?

D.—Sure—to teach two Scotchmen how to swim . . . . .

V.—Well, as the dog said when he scratched his back, "That's one on me." . . . . .

D.—Oh no! That joke shouldn't even happen to a dog . . . . . Haven't you any kindness? Weren't you ever in love?

V.—As a matter of fact I fell in a river once and that's the same thing. You get soaked both ways . . . . .

D.—Oh, mother pull the covers up—he's tossing them off tonight . . . . . Well, if you've finished harvesting the corn for the day I'll be leaving. I've got a date with my girl.

V.—A girl? Who would go out with you?

D.—Oh, I've got my attractions. Why Hildegarde said she wanted to marry me the other day.

V.—And why didn't she?

D.—It wasn't the other day . . . . .

V.—Why would she want to marry you in the first place?

D.—Maybe she wants a last name . . . . .

V.—Tell me, when was the first time you met the girl you're going with now?

D.—Last week. She was getting ready for the take-off and overshot the runway.

V.—At the airport?

D.—No, at the burlesque show . . . . .

V.—How did your girl get a job in a burlesque show?

D.—Oh, she pulled a few strings . . . . . You'd love the dimple in her chin though. You'd love the dimple in her chin.

V.—Why twice?

D.—Double-chin . . . . . I'm going out now to take her for a ride in my car.

V.—In your car? Where did you get a car in this car shortage?

D.—What shortage? Just look at this picture of a Buick. (Have dummy hold photograph up to your face) There are 500,000 of them.

V.—500,000 Buicks?

D.—No, 500,000 pictures . . . . .

V.—Well what kind of a car have you got?

D.—My car was turned out by Kaiser.

V.—Kaiser-Frazer?

D.—No, Kaiser Wilhelm . . . . . I'm going to drive her up to Lookout Mountain.

V.—Why do they call it that?

D.—Well, you drive around and around the mountain, going higher and higher, for fifteen miles and when you get to the top, you look at your girl and say, "Lookout!" . . . . .

V.—That sounds like a dangerous trip.

D.—For who?

V.—I mean you might have an accident with your car. Are you insured?

D.—Of course I'm insured. I get \$1000 if I'm hurt in an elephant stampede . . . . .

V.—If you're hurt by a car do you collect?

D.—Only if it's driven by an elephant . . . . . Well I can't wait any longer. I'll see you later.

V.—Before you leave don't you think you ought to do something for your audience? How about singing a song?

D.—Do you feel up to it? (Dummy waits for vent to nod.) Well, let's go. (You can do the standard stunt of having the dummy sing while you drink a glass of water, or for a novelty and an added laugh you can sing while you let the dummy drink the glass of water. After the song is over wind the routine up with the following:)

D.—With a voice like that I should go a long way—but I guess I'd still hear myself . . . . .

V.—How about giving me some credit? That song came straight from my heart.

D.—Well, I didn't think such noises could come from a throat . . . .

(This routine was designed for a complete vent act and so is rather long. It can be cut into two short routines by beginning the second one at the line that is in bold face type. It is so written that both halves would still be complete in themselves.)

Magicians who don't perform ventriloquism can use this material as a comedy dialogue between themselves and an assistant or even as a burlesqued vent act using a live person in place of a dummy.)



### MY SECOND IMPRESSION OF AN EVENING WITH A PUSH-BUTTON RADIO

Good evening ladies and gentlemen! This is station D-O-P-E broadcasting from the men's room of the Hotel Marietta in Windsor, Ontario . . . . For our first program we bring you "Just Plain Bull". . . . sponsored by DuBarry's Dangerous Temptation. Don't take any substitutes. When you get into your drug-store insist on DuBarry's Dangerous Temptation. Just ask for D. D. T. . . . And now for the Classified Ad Column of the Air. Wanted—waiter at insane asylum—for serving soup to nuts . . . . Position Wanted—refined girl looking for nightclub work. Has no bad habits—willing to learn . . . . Personal—if James Blake, who twenty-two years ago basely deserted his helpless, penniless wife and infant son Michael, will return home—Mike will take great pleasure in knocking hell out of him . . . . And remember to use Scrapo Shaving Cream—Scrapo removes the chief difficulty of your shaving—your face . . . . No brush, no rub in, no lather—just blood . . . . Our motto: We guarantee our product, not for a day, not for a month, not for a year—in fact we don't guarantee it at all . . . . It's the Advice to the Lovelorn program, conducted by Betty Wont, who says: "Marry him if he's rich—or tall—or handsome—or if he asks you . . . . And girls, remember this. When a man has a hangover, he needs a bromo. When a woman has a hangover, she needs a new brassiere . . . . So use Pike's Peck Brassieres and remember our motto: 'United we stand, divided we fall' ". . . . And here's Professor Fizz and his Oodles of Questions program . . . . Question—Why does an old maid wear cotton gloves? Answer—because she hasn't any kids . . . . Of course you all know what an old maid is. That's a girl who's been waiting for her ship to come in so long, her pier collapsed . . . . Question—Who were the original ones to use the loose-leaf system? Answer—Adam and Eve . . . . A listener from Oola, La. asks—"What do naughty Egyptian girls become?" The answer—Mummies . . . . And now for the jackpot question you've been waiting for—

If seven days make one week, how many days make one strong? . . . . .  
 Now for the weather report from Mexico City—Chili today—Hot tamalie . . . . . This was brought to you by courtesy of the Holstein Haberdashery Store. Our undershirts and shorts are made entirely from milk—that's why we call them udderwear . . . . . Calling car 89—Calling car 89—Why haven't we been hearing from you? Was it anything we said? . . . . . Calling car 15—Calling car 15—Happy birthday car 15, you are now 16 . . . . . Dear Mr. Agony: I can't seem to sleep at night no matter how I try. What shall I do?—Dear Madame: Move over to the edge of the bed and you'll drop off in no time . . . . . Dear Mr. Agony: My hair is coming out so fast I don't know what to do. What shall I get to keep it in?—Dear Sir: A paper bag . . . . . Once again we bring you the Poetry Hour, brought to you by Grundy's Gruesome Greeting Cards. The following selections are included in our latest anthology "Spurts From A Leaky Pen" . . . . . Girls who eat a lot of sweets, will soon develop bigger seats. . . . . Early to bed and early to rise and your head will never feel twice its size . . . . . Roses are red, violets are blue, Nellie's are pink, I know, I saw them on the line . . . . . When you brush your teeth, do you foam at the mouth? . . . . . When somebody turns out the lights, does everything go black on you? . . . . . Then eat Victor's Virile Vitamin Bars—one bite of our vitamin bar will give you enough quick energy to throw the rest of it away . . . . . One satisfied user writes: "Two weeks ago my Mrs. was ailing. Thanks to your product I now have a new wife" . . . . . Remember, you eat it before and after meals. We sell more that way . . . . . And now for the Fairy Tale Hour. Our story tonight is about the three girls who joined a nudist colony. It's called "The Three Bares" . . . . . But first our sponsor wants to give you these words of advice: If your hand itches, you're going to get something. If your head itches, you've already got it . . . . .

★ ★ ★

### SHE WAS ONLY A TRAINMAN'S DAUGHTER—LOCO WITH NO MOTIVE

For a number of years we were both deliriously happy—but then we met each other . . . . . She was an odd-looking girl. She had a big heart and hips to match . . . . . I tried to use her in my magic act but every time I put her in the doll house, the doll had to get out . . . . . She was so fat it took me ten minutes to saw her in half . . . . . And then when I did finish sawing her in half she was still two of the fattest girls you'd ever want to see . . . . . She weighed 250 pounds and she was mine—every acre of her . . . . . But I didn't care. I just worshipped the ground her father struck oil on . . . . . Whenever I looked at her, time stood still. In other words, she had a face that would stop a clock . . . . . But it was a face men go for. "Gopher-face Sally" they used to call her . . . . . the pride of the Chicago stockyards . . . . . But I never was that cruel. I just used to

call her "Melancholy Baby" because she had a head like a melon and a face like a Collie . . . . Her ears were so long she had to stay locked in her room during the rabbit-hunting season . . . . And she used to wear such distinctive clothes! One dress she had really fit her like a glove—a catcher's mitt . . . . It was at the tender age of fifteen though that she got her first beau. Then when she was sixteen her other leg bowed . . . . She was so unpopular, her appendix was taken out more times than she was . . . . But at least I know she's got now . . . . When I met her she was working as a wrestler . . . . but she comes from a good family—half-Irish and half-Nelson . . . . But she's been asked to get married lots of times. Mostly by her father and mother . . . . I remember she always wore tight shoes because that was the only way she ever got to be squeezed . . . . She bought a love-seat ten years ago and one half of it's still new . . . . One time she went berserk and entered a beauty contest. It was a photo finish. The judges took one look at her photo and that was the finish . . . . Why when she gets ready for bed, the guy across the street pulls down his shade . . . . But she was really crazy about me. Her eyes always used to light up when she saw me. I was the only one who knew how to charge her batteries . . . . She always used to tell me she could have married anyone she pleased. The only trouble was she didn't please anybody . . . . She said two famous men were fighting to get her—Frank Buck and Believe It Or Not Ripley . . . . Sometimes she'd sit down and cry and ask me what was wrong with her. I tried to cheer her up. I told her she had to be a woman of the world—this world . . . . And to top everything else, she was so dumb she was fired from the five and ten cent store. Couldn't remember the prices . . . . But she knew all the answers. The only trouble was, nobody ever took the trouble to ask her the questions . . . . On a sudden inspiration I decided to take her out of the pits of despair and glamourize her. The first thing I did was give her a perfume to replace the one she was wearing—Three Days On A Troop Train . . . . I was going to make her a blonde but she was really too old to bleach her hair. Remember, only the young dye good . . . . Then I had her face lifted—but when they saw what was underneath it, they dropped it again . . . . But she looked like such an old woman that I sent her back to have her face lifted again. This time the treatment was a success! When I saw her again she didn't look like an old woman anymore—she looked like an old man . . . . But when I got through beautifying her she looked like a regular glamour ghoul . . . . I even put a red ribbon in her hair to cover up the bald spot . . . . And then in no time she had dozens of men at her feet. Everytime they looked up at her face they were at her feet again . . . . She began to forget about me and was always down in the dumps. She was in love with the garbage-man . . . . He had that certain air about him . . . . He was the one who found out she was just like paint. Once she's stirred up you can't get her off your hands . . . . He soon left her so she began going around with an X-ray specialist. I guess he was the only one who saw anything in her . . . . I remember she once knitted a sweater and ran out of yarn, so she finished it with spaghetti . . . .

She went out with it that night and two meatballs followed her home . . . . I soon discovered that I was falling in love with my creation. The next time I saw her I could resist no longer. I asked her to dance and she was on my feet in no time . . . . Then I leaned over to kiss her and her lips clung tenaciously to mine. I told her to spit out that chewing gum but she wouldn't listen to me . . . . Then we went out and sat on the back porch and watched the moon come up over her father's long winter underwear . . . . We had great times together after that. She said she liked to ride with the wind blowing her hair back. Whenever I rode with her it blew right back into the rumble seat . . . . And what fun I used to have burying her in the sand at the beach. In fact I think I'll be going down there again soon. It's about time to dig her up . . . .

★ ★ ★

### OPENINGS

Ladies and gentlemen—and members of the audience . . . . I'm very happy to announce that just before I came out on this stage, I signed a two-year contract with Paramount. (Wait for applause.) Now I'm waiting for Paramount to sign . . . . But I could have been in "The Yearling"—the only trouble was they didn't ask me . . . . You're probably wondering who I am though. Well I call myself Waterman. That's not my real name—it's my pen name . . . . And I'm going to do a few feats of prestidigitation for you—

I just came back from a radio tour of the south—I played all the comfort stations down there . . . . I'm really happy tonight though. I just received a little bundle from heaven. (Wait for applause.) My laundry . . . . But now at this time I'd like to—Hmmm, I'd like to! I have to—it's in my contract . . . . Anyway I'm going to do a little magic I think you'll enjoy—

(A good gag opening can be yours by having the M.C. introduce your act in this manner: "Tonight we have a very famous celebrity with us and I think with a little coaxing we can get him to come out and say a few words. Ladies and gentlemen, I want you to meet the author of 'The Razor's Edge'." Then you come on the stage with your face covered with band-aids.)

★ ★ ★



## CLOSINGS

(And after that last opening you'll need one! At the end of your act just say, "Well, I have to be going now," and string on any of the one-liners that are printed below.)

I'm working on a labor-saving device—a rich old lady.

So as Juliet said when she met Romeo in the balcony—"Whassa matter? Couldn't you get seats in the orchestra?"

I have to go home and get my beauty rest. I've a date with a beauty and you know the rest.

I'm traveling to Norway to watch the fiords go by.

I'm supposed to meet my girl at seven o'clock on Eighth Street—or was it eight o'clock on Seventh Street? Oh well, so I'll meet her nine o'clock on Tenth Street.

I have to pay a woman hush money—she's the nurse who keeps the baby quiet.

My wife is giving a bride a shower—and I'm bringing the soap.

So remember—Washington may be the father of his country—but Coca-Cola is the pop.



## CAFE ANKAKE

I always eat in a little restaurant down the street called the Cafe Ankake. They feature gravy down there to match any vest . . . . I like the place even though it isn't so clean. In fact there are so many mice in that place they run down the street to meet the grocery wagon . . . . One of them was in the Swiss cheese so long he didn't squeak, he yodeled . . . . They have a cat to watch the mice but that's all it ever does—watch the mice . . . . The cat's name is Ben Hur. They used to just call it Ben until it had kittens . . . . I like the place because it's high class. That restaurant is so high class they even have a midget to entertain the guests who are under the table . . . . They even air-conditioned the bar recently, but I don't like it. I get too tired chasing the head of my beer around . . . . I went in there the other day and it was so crowded I was putting the silverware into someone else's pocket . . . . I finally asked the waiter to bring me three Zombies and a hot glass of milk. You see the doctor says I have to be careful of my health . . . . While I was waiting for the drinks I looked over the "Specials" for the day. They advertised something called a Rainbow Trout Cocktail. One drink and you turn blue around the gills . . . . They also had a drink called a Carefree

Cocktail. It made you see double and feel single . . . . Then I turned the page and began reading the menu. First on the list was a specialty called Honeymoon Salad. Just lettuce alone . . . . Next was a September Morn Sandwich. Cold chicken without any dressing . . . . They also had a Romance Sandwich. That's two pieces of bread so stuck on each other that nothing could come between them . . . . Finally at the bottom of the menu they had a choice of two dinners. One was for two dollars and the other was for five dollars. I asked the waiter what the difference was and he said the only difference between the two was with the five dollar dinner you got prestige . . . . He was really some waiter! Every time I ordered Oyster Stew he said I might find a pearl in it. I'm still trying to find an oyster in it . . . . So he brought me the stew and while eating it a big piece of plaster fell into the middle of it. I guess they figured that as long as I was paying ceiling prices I was entitled to a piece of the ceiling . . . . For the main dish I had steak. They say the chef at that place has been cooking for twenty years. I think it was the steak I ate that he was cooking . . . . I once ordered hot dogs there and you should have seen them. The jackets on those hot dogs were so old they had a belt in the back . . . . You know what hot dogs are. They're hamburgers with tights on . . . . And another time I ordered rabbit stew. It wasn't exactly all rabbit stew. It was fifty per cent rabbit and fifty per cent horsemeat—one rabbit to one horse . . . . I finished my meal with a cup of coffee that tasted just like kerosene. I knew right away it was coffee though. The tea tastes like turpentine . . . . I had cream with my coffee and I asked the waitress if the cream was pure. She said it was as pure as the girl of my dreams, so I drank the coffee black . . . . But the manager of that place is really progressive. He's going to make the restaurant smaller so that the portions will look bigger . . . . I told him that I had an idea that would double the amount of beer he sold in a week. All he'd have to do is give full glasses . . . . It would have been a perfect meal except for the fact that when I left I got indigestion. It was my own fault though. I should have known better than trying to fit a square meal into a round stomach . . . .



### LONG TERMS FROM LITTLE PHRASES GROW

I met her in a revolving door and I've been going around with her ever since . . . . I call her Jackson because she looks like a stone wall . . . . And she calls me Pilgrim because every time I went out with her I made a little progress . . . . I remember how we used to walk down the street and all the boys would whistle at her. Half the time I didn't know whether I was out with a girl or a dog . . . . Ah, but I loved the ground her stockings dragged over . . . . She had a very unique figure. If she hadn't had housemaid's knee her legs wouldn't have had any shape at all . . . . Oh, it's true. We had

our quarrels but we always decided to kiss and make up. She got the kiss and I got the make-up. (Smear mouth with handkerchief as if wiping away lipstick.) . . . . It was love at first sight so I married her. Then I wished I had taken a second look . . . . Without knowing it I had taken my first step towards divorce—marriage . . . . As we walked down the aisle she had a bouquet of roses on her arm and I had Four Roses on my breath . . . . And did my father-in-law give me an awful fright as we reached the altar—his daughter . . . . It was a dollar and cents wedding. I didn't have a dollar and she didn't have any sense . . . . Later I found out I was tricked into the marriage. The gun wasn't loaded . . . . But after all, marriage is just like a card game. You start with a pair; he shows his heart and flashes a diamond; she shows a flush, and before you know if they end up with a full house . . . . But love is a beautiful thing. It's a shame we have to get married and spoil it . . . . Don't get me wrong though. I believe weddings are a great idea. In fact no married couple should be without one . . . . The first thing we did was go down to the bank and open a joint bank account. You all know what a joint bank account is. That's something where a husband puts the money in and the wife takes it out . . . . Then we started light housekeeping—that's just one canned thing after another . . . . I was so enthusiastic I even washed the windows and very cleverly even if I do say so myself. I washed the windows on the inside so you could look out, but I left them dirty on the outside so no one could look in . . . . I'm thinking of patenting the idea . . . . Then she got an interior decorator who picked the furniture, the rugs, the decorations, and she picked my pocket to pay for it . . . . We did have fun at times though. We went to the beach once and she talked so much even her tongue was sunburnt . . . . One of the things she said was, "Lips that touch liquor will never touch mine," so I haven't kissed her for eight years . . . . A wife is really a wonderful thing though. She's a person who will stick with you through all the troubles you wouldn't have been in if you hadn't married her in the first place . . . . I know before I got married I said I'd be the master in my house or know the reason why—now I know the reason why . . . . Before we were married I always used to catch her in my arms—now I catch her in my pockets . . . . Well, I always thought she was an angel then and I wasn't far from wrong. She's always up in the air and harping about something . . . . I know some people say marriage is a joke. Try it sometime and see how many laughs you get out of it . . . . Scientists claim a married man lives longer than a single man. They're wrong—it only seems longer . . . . But after a year of marriage we were just like lovebirds—always flying at each other . . . . And then the baby came but I should have expected that. When we were first married I said we'd raise our children to be a drummer, a pianist and a clarinetist, but she said she believed in a large string section . . . . Well in no time at all I found that a baby who's a healthy pink may also be a loud yeller . . . . When I first picked it up they told me to watch the baby's head, but it wasn't his head I had to watch . . . . I soon began to keep the baby in a juke-box because it had an automatic changer . . . . I also got the idea to feed the baby garlic so that we could find

him in the dark . . . . My wife said it was a stinking idea though . . . . But it was at this time that the worm turned, and it was about time I did too . . . . One night she took my clothes and threw them all over the floor and what was worse yet—I was in them. . . . I really told her off though and now whenever I speak my wife jumps—all over me . . . . But I beat her up this morning—I got up at seven and she got up at eight . . . . So you can see that I run things in my house—the washing machine, the vacuum cleaner, the furnace . . . .



### MAGICAL ONE-LINERS

I hear that Frank Sinatra wanted to be a magician. The only trouble was, the rabbit kept pulling him into the hat . . . . He's really a great singer though. I heard him sing "I Walk Alone" so convincingly the other night—you'd almost think he could do it . . . . But he's getting muscles now. He's getting plenty of exercise lugging all that heavy money to the bank . . . .

I don't have to do this. I have enough money to last me the rest of my life—providing I die tomorrow . . . .

I've had quite a few requests about this trick—but I'm going to do it anyway . . . .

I'd never let my parents know I'm a magician. They still think I'm a dope fiend. . . .

At this time I'd like to announce that none of the tricks performed here tonight are accomplished by supernatural means. I want to make sure you understand this because just the other night my father told me not to believe in ghosts and he ought to know—he's been dead for ten years now . . . .

I wasn't always a magician. I used to be a female impersonator until a sailor chased me up a dead-end street one night . . . .

I usually wear a cape in this act but it was Superman's turn to use it tonight . . . .

Once upon a time there were two magicians—now there are lots of them . . . .



## MY LIFE—OR—THE MARCH OF SLIME

My family always thought I'd be rich and famous when I was born. (Look at audience hopefully.) I'm rich aren't I?—Well I'm famous, aren't I?—Well I was born wasn't I? . . . . Ah, to be a baby again! To be able to sit on a woman's lap without buying her a mink coat . . . . They called me a mystery baby because when I was born my father took one look at me and said, "Who done it?" . . . . I was born at home, but when my mother saw me she went to the hospital . . . . I can still remember the time I learned how to swim. I was one of a set of twins and when we were born our father looked at us and said, "Let's drown the ugly one." And that's how I learned how to swim . . . . But twins aren't such an accomplishment. I was just reading in the paper about a woman who had triplets. Science says that happens only once in 200,000 times. I'd just like to know how she found time to do her housework . . . . But we were such identical twins, when he died they buried me . . . . I have another brother, but he's in an insane asylum. He's just crazy about the place . . . . I also have three sisters by my mother—and three mothers by my father . . . . My father and I were in the lumber business during my early years. He took me into the woodshed so often I knew it backwards . . . . But hardships have always plagued my life. Why at the age of two I was left an orphan—and at the age of two what would I do with an orphan? . . . . They called me Grab-bag in those days. When anyone picked me up they got a surprise . . . . I used to cry so much they had to diaper me at both ends . . . . But I was very precocious. When I walked for the first time I didn't take one step, I took twenty-three—I fell down the front stairs . . . . And I had long golden locks right down to my waist. In fact it wasn't until I got my first haircut that I had to wear a shirt . . . . And it wasn't easy wearing hair like that in our neighborhood. We didn't live on the other side of the tracks. That neighborhood was so tough we lived in the middle of them . . . . People were so broke that if you paid your rent two weeks in a row, the police wanted to know where you got the money from . . . . And then I went to kindergarten. I didn't hate to go to kindergarten, but of course I was different from the other five year olds. I was twelve years old . . . . And then I went to high school, and if you don't believe me I've got six truant officers to prove it . . . . It was at that time that my father told me not to go to burlesque shows because I'd see something I shouldn't see. So at the first chance I got I went to one and I did see something I shouldn't have seen—my father . . . . You're probably wondering why my skin is so white. Well that's because I always used to shoot craps as a kid. I was the one who did all the fading . . . . But outside of that we were all healthy kids. In fact we had such violent appetites, after each meal mother would have to count her children . . . . Everybody was ambitious at that time, but not me. The only thing I wanted to be when I grew up was alive . . . . I never liked that high school I went to. It wasn't really the school I didn't like—it was the principal of the thing . . . . But there were only two things wrong with my high

school career. My teacher didn't recognize ability, and I didn't have any to recognize . . . . I failed everything but history—I didn't take history . . . . But I used to be the track star in that school—I sold racing forms . . . . While going there I kissed my first girl, and did I get a bang out of it—my bubble gum exploded . . . . And then I graduated in my cap and nightgown—it was a night school . . . . And did we celebrate my graduation! Father threw a party in the backyard but mother didn't like it one bit—she was the party . . . . And I'll never forget those last words my father said to me. "Rover," he said—he always wanted a dog instead of a son . . . . "you're going to go a long way." And to make sure, he nailed the door of the box-car shut . . . .



## INTRODUCTIONS

(These introductions will prove invaluable to you if you ever do any M.C. work. Don't neglect this lucrative field for there is a great shortage of capable M.C.'s at the present time. By adding a few comedy routines to your magic, you'll be playing places you never could have played before.)

FOR A VIOLINIST — Here's a man who needs no introduction—so I won't give him any . . . . His name is.....and he's really one person who's up to his chin in music—he's a violinist . . . . So let's bring him out with a big round of applause—

FOR A DANCER — And now we have..... Believe it or not he's the one who originated the rhumba. He got the inspiration for it in the middle of a waltz when his suspenders broke . . . .

FOR AN ACTOR — I'd like to present that great actor..... He's so talented, his acting once made an audience cry—for their money back . . . . But speaking of acting, I'm a great actor myself. I once played Shakespeare—but he ran out of the money . . . . And so I give you, and you can have him,.....

FOR A GUITARIST — Our next performer plays a guitar and believe me folks, he's one guy who has easy pickings . . . . Presenting.....

FOR A SINGER — And now I want to present a girl I've played with many times—or put it this way—here's a girl I've appeared with many times . . . . Her name's ..... and she's going to bring you a musical bouquet—bouquets smell you know . . . . I know lots of singers who can't read music but she's the only one I know who can't read the lyrics . . . . She's so dumb she uses a double whenever she has a three syllable word to sing . . . . But

without further ado I give you ..... of the Metropolitan—  
Insurance Company . . . . . The only singer who ever got an answer  
from Chloe . . . . .

FOR A MUSICIAN—Next we have a very famous composer—the  
man who wrote Margie. (Wait for applause and then turn to the  
wings.) By the way, she never did answer did she? . . . . . I've always  
been interested in music myself. In fact I would have been the  
world's greatest organist—if my monkey hadn't died . . . . . I re-  
member how I used to sing high C—now I just sing low C . . . . .  
But at least our next guest can carry a tune. The way it sounds  
though, he ought to carry it out of here . . . . . So now I'd like to  
present last month's guest conductor on the Grand Central Rail-  
road . . . . .



### THERE'S NO BUSINESS LIKE SHOW BUSINESS

I began my career on a showboat called the U.S.S. Insomnia. They called it that because it rolled and tossed so much . . . . . I was seasick the minute I got on board. Now I know what they mean when they say, "Travel brings out all that is in one" . . . . . In fact my stomach's still pretty squeamish. I was riding in the subway the other day and when the conductor called "Canal Street" I got sick all over again . . . . . But it was unusual working on a boat. For a while I couldn't tell the starboard from the port but then I read the labels on the bottles . . . . . We had a fan dancer in our show who danced in nothing but chicken feathers and you could see all the men in the audience watching her like a hawk . . . . . Fan dancer—that's a nudist with her own cooling system . . . . . She did a dance that was the hottest thing this side of the Pittsburgh blast furnaces. Even the air-conditioning was smoking . . . . . I always thought that there was more to her act than met the eye, but what met the eye wasn't bad either . . . . . We also had a bubble dancer but she left when her career blew up in her face . . . . . I was placed in a bad spot in that show. I followed a monkey act and everytime I came out, the audience thought it was an encore . . . . . But when I started my routine the women were in stitches. I never could understand why they preferred their knitting to me . . . . . When I was through though, the whole audience stood up as one man and cheered. Never heard one man make so much noise before . . . . . I didn't exactly stop the show. I just sort of slowed it up . . . . . My act was so bad even my foot went to sleep . . . . . The critics didn't think much of the whole show. They knocked everything but the chorus girls' legs and nature got there first . . . . . I remember one time we added ten people to our cast and in an instant we outnumbered our audiences . . . . . But we used to keep those audiences happy. We gave everybody a Schrafft chocolate box on the way in and if

they laughed enough we gave them the chocolates on the way out . . . . . To help out I even sang in a small quartet—there were only two of us . . . . . We were always short a couple of quarts . . . . . But then, striving for greater things, I left the showboat and struck out on my own. For weeks I slept in a pup tent but then the pup said he wanted it back . . . . . I was so poor that if I got my suit pressed and went to the movies in the same week, one of them had to be done on the installment plan . . . . . But then I got a job with the Russian Ballet and did I get laughs—ballet laughs of course . . . . . I did an oriental act and all during the act I burned incense. It was a punk act . . . . . I would have been a headliner too—if they would have turned the billboards upside down . . . . . But I was popular in Russia. I was the only one who paid track odds . . . . . Then I returned to the United States as a leading man in New York's largest theatre. I was an usher in the Radio City Music Hall . . . . . But all this didn't discourage me. I was born in the theatre—all the hospitals were crowded . . . . . So next I did a show in (local college). I thought the students might be starved for recreation but then I found out the college was co-ed . . . . . I'll never forget that first night. The curtain went up on the overture to Aida and came right down again—that night we were doing Carmen . . . . . And did I have bad luck. The act before me was terrible and in a few minutes the crowd started to boo them off the stage. Then I came on and for three minutes I was doing great, when what do you think happened? Right in the middle of my routine they thought about how bad that other act was and started booing again . . . . . All the other actors in that show wanted to get a star on their dressing room door but not me. I was still trying to get a door . . . . . But nothing will discourage me. The theatre's my home. I couldn't find an apartment any place else . . . . .



## THE HOUSING SHORTAGE

OR

### TWO CHICKENS IN EVERY POT AND TWO FAMILIES IN EVERY GARAGE

I went looking for a house the other day and found something right away that pleased me. She said she was busy though so I kept looking . . . . . I went through one house that really had hot and cold running water. You had to run next door for both . . . . . And the bathroom was really out of this world—which made it a little inconvenient . . . . . The salesman said he wanted only \$50,000 for it, so I made a deposit. The next day though, when I went back, he told me he raised the price to \$75,000. But he didn't intimidate



me. I just took back my \$2.00 deposit and went home . . . . . I finally found a room at a hotel and the manager said he was giving it to me at O.P.A. From where I stood that O.P.A. must have meant "Over Priced Attic" . . . . . He said it overlooked a lake. It also overlooked good beds, good food and running water . . . . . But they did have several conveniences. All the rooms were air-conditioned. Every half-hour a bell-boy came up and sprayed the room with an empty flit gun . . . . . And they also had hot and cold water there. Hot in the summertime and cold in the wintertime . . . . . They were truthful in their advertising though. They said they had running water in every room and they were right. The roof leaked . . . . . There was a sign over my bed saying: "Sleep here and the angels will watch over you." All I know is a couple of them bit me . . . . . It was so cold in that room I woke up in the middle of the night and heard my false teeth chattering on the bureau . . . . . And all night long the plaster kept falling down. I hadn't been so plastered since the night I drank a bouquet of Four Roses . . . . . But I finally stopped complaining about the plaster falling down. There was none left to fall . . . . . What a place! You pay ten dollars a day and then they have the nerve to call you a guest of the hotel . . . . . Each morning we'd have breakfast in the dining room. Some of the people wore bandanas around their necks but most of them got up in time to wash . . . . . One morning they served spring chicken for breakfast. It tasted pretty good too, but I didn't enjoy it. My teeth kept getting caught in the springs . . . . . It was the only hotel that ever featured a stomach-pump at every table . . . . . And was that place dead! After six o'clock they used to stand the sidewalks up on end and use them for tombstones . . . . . One night I tried to liven things up by giving an impersonation of George Raft. I was so good my case comes up tomorrow . . . . . The main trouble with the place was the fish didn't bite but the mosquitoes did . . . . . I can't understand it. Some people fish. All I manage to do is drown worms . . . . . Well I'm leaving today and moving into a boarding house. You know what a boarding house is. That's a place that gives you lousy quarters for good dollars . . . . .

## COMEDY RELIEF

(This is a little stunt designed for use in between acts or as a short time-waster while scenery is being changed. Come out and announce, "We have quite a few celebrities here with us tonight and I'm sure you'd like to meet some of them." Then go into the following routine while pointing out people in your audience. Don't worry about the reaction of the person you're pointing at, for it usually will be a passive one and the rest of the audience will get a big kick out of this idea.)

Over in that corner we have Gonzales Greenberg, who's come all the way from Brazil to spend Pan-American Day with us. Pan-American Day—that's when all the South American countries get together and pan America . . . . He's a big coffee executive down there—started from the grounds up . . . . Seated over there is Lord Archibald Snitch. He's the only person who doesn't mind people putting their noses into his business. He manufactures handkerchiefs . . . . He's just visiting here in America. He says he still has his seat in Parliament. It must be an awful strain on your suspenders, Lord Snitch . . . . He's eighty-nine and he's never gone out with a girl and he doesn't smoke, drink or gamble. I'm still trying to figure out why he wants to live so long . . . . Up front there, is Horace Snapgirdle. He's a chiropractor. You know what that is. That's a man who gets paid for doing what other men get slapped for. . . . . His brother was the one who disproved that old superstition that you get seven year's bad luck when you break a mirror. He broke one and he didn't get seven year's bad luck. He was killed in an explosion the same day . . . . And that distinguished looking gentleman over there is—Oh, never mind folks. That's the janitor . . . . You floor-flusher you . . . . And last but not least, we have over in that corner Murgatroyd Kilroy. He made a fortune selling toupees to bald-headed eagles . . . . Now he's working on a wonderful new invention that lets people see through a solid brick wall. He calls it a window . . . . He's so dumb he once stayed up all night studying for a blood test . . . . Well, that's the last of our celebrities so on with the show——

★ ★ ★

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CHRISTMAS COMES BUT ONCE A YEAR — AND ONCE  
A YEAR'S ENOUGH

I see that Christmas time is almost here again. Christmas—that's the time when both trees and husbands get trimmed and lit up . . . . It's the season when you hear the neighbors blasting the radio all night long playing "Silent Night" . . . . It's the time when every girl wants her past forgotten and her present remembered. . . . I was going to give my girl a book last Christmas but then I changed my mind. She already had a book . . . . I didn't know what to get her so I went into a department store to look around. When I was in the toy department I squeezed one doll until it hollered "Mama!" Then I squeezed another one and it screamed "Floor-walker!" . . . . I went up to one counter to get a present for my girl and the salesgirl said, "Can I interest you in something in nylon stockings?" I said, "Sure but let's see about the present first." . . . . I knew I couldn't give her cigarettes because she doesn't smoke. So I finally gave her flowers because I knew she——— . . . . She gave me a combination sport and smoking jacket for my present. When I put it on it was a sport jacket but when she kissed me, it was a smoking jacket . . . . But this year I'm going to give her something every woman greatly wants—me . . . . I hope she has another Christmas party like last year. They had a game at that party called "Christmas Tree". Everyone stood in the corner and tried to get lit up . . . . Then we played another game called "Photography". You put out the lights and see what develops . . . . Last year her family had an electric Christmas. Her brother got an electric train, her sister got an electric iron, her mother got an electric washing machine and her father got the electric chair . . . . What a guy he was! Some people like to hang mistletoe at Christmas. All he ever wanted to hang was his wife . . . . Each Christmas he was always in a quandary as to what to get her for a present. Then one year he finally thought of something. The only trouble was he needed a prescription to get it . . . . Well, I've taken care of all my Christmas shopping. I even sent my father a check for \$50. Now I'm waiting for him to sign it and send it back . . . . I don't want much for Christmas myself. Just a pair of stockings—preferably well-filled . . . . Well I have to be going now to hang up my socks in front of the mantelpiece. I want to hang them up early this year because the only thing I found in my socks last Christmas was holes . . . .

## HORSES DON'T BET ON PEOPLE

I met a fellow the other day who said he could make a fortune playing the horses. In fact he showed me how on the back of one of his unemployment checks . . . . . It's a system for beating the first four races every day. You don't show up until the fifth . . . . . Then he gave me a tip on a horse called Loud Z. After the race I called him the same thing . . . . . It was a fourteen horse race and he said there was only one other horse in it he was afraid of. Personally, I was afraid of the other thirteen . . . . . So I went out the next day to (local race-track) to see the race, . . . . .—that's the annex to the Bank of America . . . . . It's a place where you pick up a racing form and say, "Eeni—meeni—mini" until you haven't any moe . . . . . And the betters out there are so eager to lose their money that when they yell, "They're off!" you don't know whether they mean the horses or themselves . . . . . The horse I played was named Duz and I figured it was a good bet because Duz is supposed to do everything. Well it did everything but win . . . . . The fellow who gave me the tip said the horse would walk in. The only trouble was, the other horses were running . . . . . Scientists say horses can sleep standing up. But why do they have to do it when I bet on them? . . . . . I think the only reason that horse ever came in was to eat . . . . . But after a while racing gets under your skin—which makes it uncomfortable for all concerned . . . . . Just last night I dreamt I slept with a horse. Of course it was a night-mare . . . . . In fact I knew a mother whose son couldn't resist the horses. One day though he suddenly disappeared and there was no trace of him anywhere. But that didn't discourage his mother. In fact, to this day she still burns a light for him—in the two-dollar window . . . . . I played another horse once and that horse was so unpredictable I didn't even bet him on the nose. I put the money on the whole horse. He might've come in sideways . . . . . That horse was so stupid that when they cried "They're off!" he just turned and said, "You can't fool me—I know they're not." . . . . . He was so swaybacked that as he came into the stretch the jockey stumbled . . . . . But he ran a steady race. Last all the way . . . . . He was so slow he came in six lengths behind the jockey . . . . . I hear every time he runs they have to photograph the track to find him . . . . . All my horses are like that though. Some of them run so slow they have to pay the jockeys time and a half for overtime . . . . . But an inside tip meant a lot of money to me the other day. I got a tip my wife was at the track and I arrived in time to stop her from making any bets . . . . . Little by little I'm learning the sport though. Already I know enough not to bet on steeplechase races. They're not on the level . . . . . One day I noticed a dizzy girl beside me making plenty of money on each race. I asked her where she got her tips from and she answered, "I just take the list of entries for the race, close my eyes and stick a pin into the sheet. Wherever I stick the pin, I bet on that horse. But I make most of my money on four-horse parlays." "Oh!" I said, "Do you use a pin to pick the four horses?" "No," she answered, "for parlays I use a fork." . . . . . I tried that pin system once but my

aim was so bad I played Chesterfield cigarettes in three different races . . . . . As soon as I began sticking the pin into the entries though, I met with success. In fact I did all right up to the third race when I jabbed the pin into the program too hard. Before I could do anything though, the woman in front of me had won the race by five lengths . . . . . And I only played her for show too . . . . . But now that (local race-track) is closed, I hear that the people who only bet on sure things are betting on pedestrians crossing the street . . . . . At least horse racing is a clean sport though. In fact I never left the race-track yet without being cleaned . . . . . But there's an old saying: "You can beat a race, but you can't beat the races." I just wish someone would tell me which race they mean . . . . .



### A SAP'S FABLES

You're looking at the unluckiest man in the world. I'm the only one who ever received a 4F classification while sitting in a landing barge attacking Iwo Jima . . . . . Was I nervous! I smoked so many Camels I got a hump on my back . . . . . And then when I got through that I was transferred to a mechanized division and rode a jeep for 50,000 miles during the rest of the war. I was even decorated for it. Got the Order Of The Purple Seat . . . . . It was while I was riding in that jeep that I got a telegram from my girl at home. It read something like this: "Couldn't wait for you so have married your father. Love, mother." . . . . . I was as discouraged as a hen. You don't think a hen is discouraged? How would you like it if you could never find things where you laid them? . . . . . At times I thought it would have been better if Plymouth Rock had landed on the Pilgrims . . . . . And then on top of all that, I had to eat that army food. I'm not saying it was bad but a buddy of mine was swimming in the ocean when he suddenly was surrounded by sharks. So to keep them away he threw his K-rations at them and would you believe it—those sharks threw them right back at him . . . . . That fellow was always a great kidder. He was the one who made love to a girl in a jeep so now they have a bouncing baby boy . . . . . And I can still remember the recruiting officer telling me how the uniform would get the girls. Every girl I said hello to looked at me as if she had just stepped off Plymouth Rock and I had just crawled out from under it . . . . . I was turned down so often I felt like a bed spread . . . . . Oh, I'll have plenty to tell my children about army life. I'll tell them to join the navy . . . . . What a time I had when I was discharged! The first thing I did was get drunk. I knew I was drunk because when I walked through the park I saw three men on a horse—and the one in the middle was General Grant . . . . . I was so confused my mind went one way and my body the other but we both wound up in the same place—what a burlesque show! . . . . . The next thing I did was buy a suit and this is it. When I got this suit it looked like a page from Esquire. Now the pants

look like they've been condensed for Reader's Digest . . . . My tailor said it would wear like iron. He's right. I can't even sit down in them . . . . And then, as a civilian, the breaks began to come my way. The government wanted to make up for the way they treated me so I was offered the job of President of the United States. I refused it though—no chance for advancement . . . . I wasn't going to jump at the first thing that came along you know . . . . I come from a very famous family. My brother is so famous everybody takes off their hat before him. He's a barber . . . . You should see the clip joint he's running . . . . Everybody calls him the town cut-up . . . . He shaved me once and when he finished I gave him a dollar tip. He cut me four times and then put pieces of paper over the cuts, but I gave him a dollar anyway. I figure anytime a man can be a barber, a butcher and a paper-hanger—all at the same time—he deserves a dollar tip. . . . I have another brother who runs a filling station. He's a dentist . . . . Lives from hand to mouth . . . . He's supposed to be a model dentist. The only trouble is he's not a working model . . . . I went into his office once and he said he couldn't see me. He said he had an appointment to fill eighteen cavities—then he picked up his golf-clubs and left . . . . All I had was a pain in one of my back teeth but I didn't know which one it was. I knew it wasn't my wisdom tooth. That didn't give me any trouble. Come to think of it, it didn't give me any wisdom either . . . . But I'm glad I'm healthy otherwise. In fact I never paid a doctor bill in my life. The only trouble is, he's getting pretty sick of all those unpaid bills . . . . Well, you know that old saying: "Doctors must have patients." . . . . I had a third brother but he's dead now. He was a missionary who was eaten by cannibals. I guess you could say he gave them their first taste of religion . . . . He once proposed to a girl and said, "Refuse me and I shall die!" So she refused him and forty-two years later he died . . . . Well I have to be going now. I'm as busy as two octopuses necking . . . . I'm cleaning up a fortune in crooked dough. I'm a pretzel manufacturer . . . .

★ ★ ★

### CARSTAIRS + CAR-STARES = CARFARES — CAR-CARES

I just bought a '47 coupe the other day. With the sales tax it comes to 47.50 . . . . The salesman who sold it to me said it was a pleasure car and was he right! It was a pleasure to get out of it . . . . It was the first time I ever saw a car that was held together by the paint job . . . . It has what's called an indifferent horn—it just doesn't give a toot . . . . And every time I try using the crank, the crank stands still and the car spins around . . . . But I don't care. Two more payments on it and I can drive it in the daytime . . . . But these new cars are really wonderful. They're made so human they actually blush when you strip the gears . . . . My car is really air-conditioned now. It saw Betty Grable the other day and blew its top . . . . It has a liquid drive—there's a drip at the

wheel . . . . . I went driving with my girl yesterday but I didn't get as much mileage on my car as I usually do—the wind wouldn't fill the sail . . . . . She said it was the first time she was ever in a car that ran out of wind . . . . . Then I began to teach her how to drive the car. The only trouble was I forgot to show her how to aim it . . . . . The way she drove that car you'd think she was rehearsing for an accident . . . . . But she really tried her best to learn, and after a while the road began to turn when she did . . . . . On the way back I tried to make love to her, but all she did was shake her head for ten minutes in a row—she had her nose caught in the windshield wiper . . . . . But I had a terrible accident yesterday. I was driving down the street when my car got caught between two trolley-cars. Do you know anybody who wants to buy a tall, thin Buick? . . . . . I saw a car a few days ago with just a back seat. I asked the owner how he managed to drive it and he answered, "Don't be silly! I have another car for driving." . . . . . It was a used car—you should have seen what it was used for . . . . . But I guess I'm better off than a friend of mine. He bought a car and was he swindled by the salesman! The guy told him he could ride around for years in it without any trouble and only a month later my friend got a parking ticket . . . . .



### MISCELLANEOUS PATTTER

At Thanksgiving time use the following: "I'm all set for this Thanksgiving. I crossed a turkey with a centipede so everybody could have a drumstick . . . . . But if there is anybody who has nothing to be thankful for, it's the turkey. He's hit in the neck, loses his head, they break his legs, knock the stuffing out of him, cut him to the heart, and then pick on him for days." . . . . .

Occasionally the place you are playing in is plugging one of the National Something-or-other Weeks. You can then use the following, after giving the original plug: "I always do my best to support these special weeks. During National Apple Week I went out and had an apple. — During National Doughnut Week I went out and had a doughnut. — During National Baby Week I went out and had a — but that's silly isn't it?" . . . . .

If an assistant from the audience comes up with a very wrinkled suit, quip: "I don't know where that suit hibernates during the branding season, but it certainly looks as if it never saw a hot iron . . . . . That's one suit that'd even take the Hart out of Schaffner and Marx." . . . . .

If you're late for your cue, apologize with: "I'm sorry I'm late folks, but I came out here on a bus and was it slow! It stopped at almost every telephone pole along the road. I guess that's what I get for riding on a Greyhound." . . . . .

If the place you're performing in is particularly empty, say: "Don't worry about all those empty tables (seats) folks. They're reserved—for New Year's Eve." . . . . .

If you haven't had time to shave, rub your face and explain it away with: "I guess next time I'll have to stand closer to the razor." . . . . .

Occasionally a member of your audience will like a joke so much he'll begin to applaud. Look at him sternly and say: "You'll applaud with the rest of the people or out you go. No individual applauding in here." . . . . .

If a gag lays a bad egg comment: "We could wait for the laugh but the theatre closes at midnight." . . . . . Or: "I don't see how all you people can sleep out there with the lights on." . . . . .

Occasionally while working a strenuous routine your hair becomes disarranged. Push it back with the palm of your hand and then look at your palm in amazement as you quip: "My God, I've struck oil!" . . . . .

Every magician makes a slip once in a while and if you're playing for an audience that isn't too reserved, the inevitable questions will be embarrassing. So, when someone asks you why you're holding that gimmick in your hand, answer: "That's a moot question so I'll give you a moot answer—moot!" . . . . . It's silly, but it usually shuts them up and gets you over a bad spot.

Whenever you have two people on the stage and give one of them a piece of apparatus to examine, he always continues to play around with it even while you're talking or giving instructions to the other spectator. When this happens, turn on him suddenly and ask in a sharp tone, "What are you doing there?" They usually will answer "Nothing!" if your tone of voice is right. If this happens, reply: "Well how will you know when you're finished?" . . . . . It's this apparently spontaneous answer that is always good for a big laugh.

If you have a girl up from the audience to help you, ask her: "Are you having dinner anywhere tonight?" as she leaves the stage. She usually will answer, "No" giving you a chance to reply, "Well you're going to be awfully hungry by tomorrow." . . . . . I still haven't figured out what to say if she said "Yes" though. A little on-stage coaching will assure you of the right answer however.



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Stooges walking across the stage during your act can reap a lot of laughs. Have one come out in a Yogi costume and ask you, "Would you like your palm read?" You answer in the affirmative and he then takes a paint brush from behind his back and paints your palm a glowing red. Be sure the stooge conceals the paint brush until it's time to use it. I recommend a small brush dipped in red ink, for the latter is the easiest to get off. Don't tell me it's corny. I know it. But I also know it brings down the house whenever it's used.

Have another stooge walk across the stage carrying a long plank. When you ask him what it's all about, he answers: "I'm looking for a room—I've already got my board." . . . . .

After a particularly zany stunt, crack: "In this racket you have to be crazy or you'll go nuts." . . . . .

Last but not least is the ever-present possibility of a trick going wrong. If this should happen to you, get out of it with: "I haven't been so confused since I tried to find the men's room at the Y. W. C. A." . . . . .

★ ★ ★

And so another book is ended,  
All the gags are down and blended;  
Some may think they're pretty splendid,  
Others may have been offended.  
But I'm not one to judge this doubt,  
The money's all I care about;  
A last word though, I'm not without,  
Gentlemen! The patter's petered out.

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