



DRAFT MAKES MAJOR MISTAKE
The draft army turned down a New York taxicab driver the other day. This must show that it doesn't think there is any immediate need for fighting men in the army.

In this case the taxi driver was turned down because he didn't pass a 100 per cent eye test. Imagine that! Why, everybody knows from experience that a New York taxi man is dangerous under all conditions and twice as much of a threat to friend or foe if he can't see.

For that matter, imagine a taxi driver being turned down by the army for any reason!

A taxi driver, particularly a big city one, is the country's best bet in any war. He could even be America's "mystery weapon," if given any encouragement.

"If I was with an enemy army," declared Elmer Twitchell today, "and I had to choose between a



mess with an average regiment and one New York taxi driver, I would dodge the cabbie and take on the regiment."

"Every time I think of the medical experts turning down these cabbies it makes me sore," continued Elmer. "Taxi drivers are the only group in American life who need no training to put up a fight. They are in constant training.

"I read in the papers that Uncle Sam is short of tanks. Tanks are an urgent need in modern war. Okay, but what can a tank do that a modern big city taxi pilot and his cab can't do, if it's necessary?

"What is the chief advantage of a tank? It is its ability to get across any kind of terrain, regardless of obstacles, and act as if it didn't know they were there. Am I right? Of course I am. And ain't that where a New York taxicab fills the bill 100 per cent?"

Elmer was quite agitated. "The army not only should've welcomed this driver, regardless of the fact he wore glasses, but should have admitted his CAB!" he insisted, pounding the table.

"If I was of draft age and had to get into a war, nothing would make me feel safer than if I knew a flock of taxis were advancing ahead of me. They would scare the hell out of any foe on earth, and that goes for Hitler, Goering and Goebbels. A mere announcement that America was recruiting a division of cab drivers would bring a peace movement at once, and I don't see why Roosevelt don't appreciate it.

"Please, Mr. Roosevelt, rescind that ban on that nearsighted New York taxi pilot, throw down the gates to all taxi drivers, and then let Europe get the information that they are to be our first line of attack and defense, and you will get peace in no time."

TO THE GREEKS
My bonnet is off to the Greeks— They scorned big machines or a "plan." And showed to a badly scared world There still can be fights, man to man; One terrible stiff kick in the pants They give to the law "Might makes right," And flashed to a darkening world A steady, rallying light.

'DUCHESS' TOOTH WEEK'
Miami and Miami Beach have had many curious backgrounds for the formal opening of the winter season, but this is the first time it's all been done around an infected tooth.

The bathing beauties and Miss Americas upon whom Miami Beach has so long depended for publicity via press and newsreels are in a state of high indignation. The artist's models have become the Forgotten Mannikins. A shapely leg, a dimpled knee and the public strip have for the first time gone into the discard, believe it or not. The tooth is the thing!

No leg ever did as much for Miami and Miami Beach as Wally's jaw is doing this season.

HERO FOR 1940
Here's to Billy Friesell, A wonderman so strong That he can make an error And frankly say "I'm wrong."

Police Commissioner Valentine of New York is completing plans to mobilize 18,500 policemen for emergency defense. Everything will be okay up to the time some defense general asks a cop how to reach a certain destination. But we would hate to be in a war and have to look for a policeman.

Fun for the Whole Family

BIG TOP

By ED WHEELAN



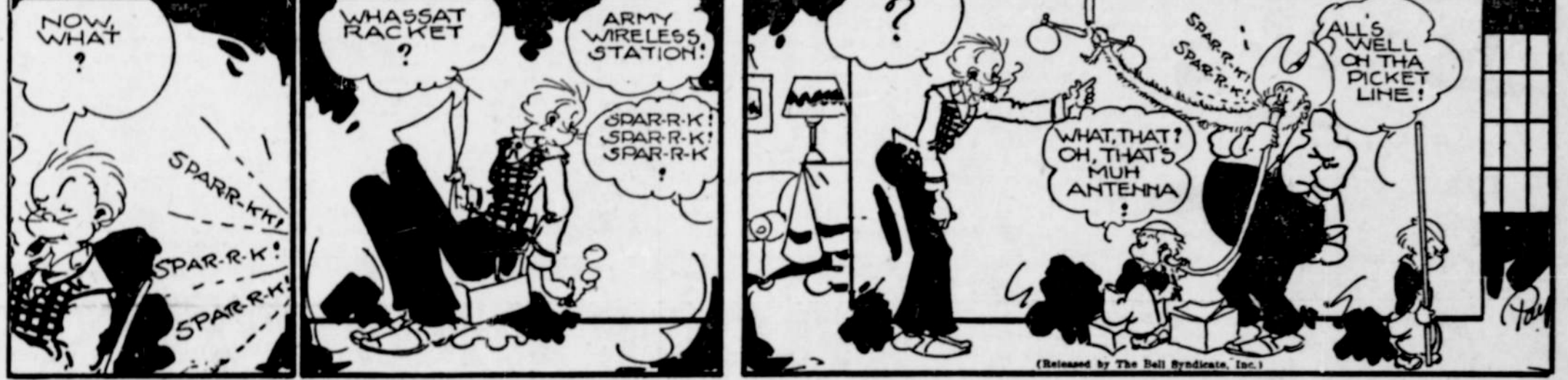
LALA PALOOZA It Works

By RUBE GOLDBERG



S'MATTER POP—Emergency Hookup!

By C. M. PAYNE



MESCAL IKE

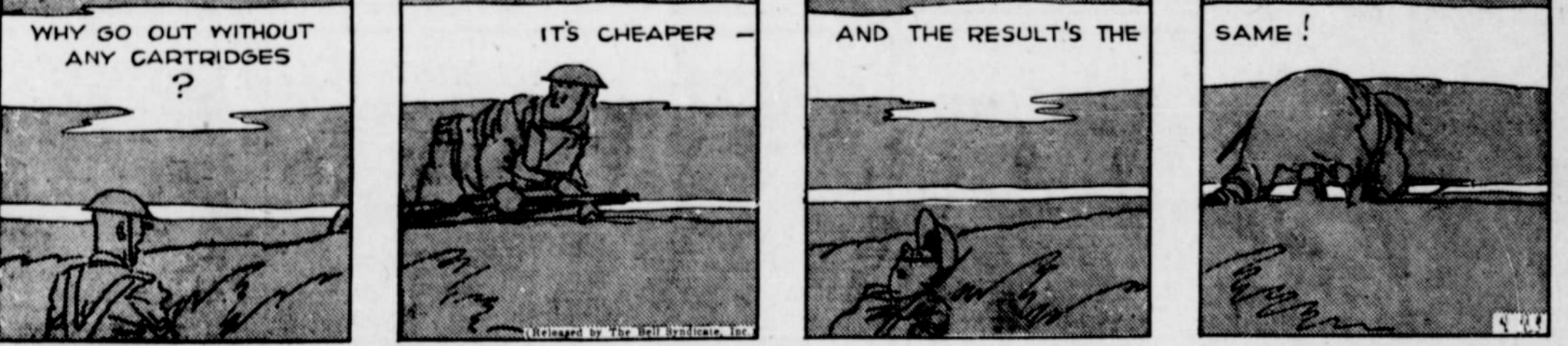
By S. L. HUNTLEY

This Begins to Look Like a Crime Wave



POP—... And It's a Lot Quieter

By J. MILLAR WATT



THE SPORTING THING BY LANG ARMSTRONG



"His cousin's in the third race."

TOOL PASSER

By GLUYAS WILLIAMS

