

BUTTERFLY IN KING EDWARD'S BEARD

TO see the butterfly with which His Majesty was doing some sleight of hand become entangled up in King Edward the Seventh's beard . . . to hold a spiritualistic seance for Neville Chamberlain, and catch Sir Oliver Lodge and Conan Doyle napping . . . these are some of the experiences in the life of Jack Win, radio entertainer from Australia, now touring New Zealand with his sister Nora under engagement to the NBS.

PAYING their first visit to New Zealand, under a six-weeks' contract to the NBS, Win and Windle (Jack Win and his sister Nora), witty pair of radio entertainers from Australia, arrived by the Awatea in Wellington last week on one of the city's cold and wet summer days.

When Jack Win called in to see the "Record," his lean, sensitively humorous face quivered in a smile.

"I asked someone to direct me to your office," he said, "and they directed me to the Health Department. Perhaps they thought I needed it, arriving to-day. In Sydney, when I left, we were having heat waves."

His Quiet Way

THEN he sat down and talked in his quiet, slow way, every now and then pausing while his mouth gave that tiny involuntary quiver as if it had just stopped itself in time from breaking into a broad smile or letting out a hearty laugh.

Occasionally he dropped a "Winism," one of those quaint sayings, known under that name in Australia, which he scatters as he goes through an existence that he has found often alarming, never dull and always amusing. He dropped one now.

He had been talking of Royal Command performances that he had given in London years ago, before he came to Australia. He had kept those autographed Royal Commands and put them in a frame and when he had hung them up outside his theatre in South Africa somebody had vanished with them.

Sentiment Is Off

At the time he was upset about it, but not now. It didn't matter after all this time. These things lost their sentiment, and, anyway, sentiment was going out these days. There wasn't even sentiment in love these days. His lips quivered.

"It's face powder that catches a man," said Win, "but it's baking powder that holds him."

He finds his amusement in the simple things of life. He found it at his table on the voyage across to New Zealand.

"The trouble with people on ships is that they eat too

much," said the officer at Win's table, with perfect seriousness. Then the officer had breakfast . . . fruit, fish, eggs and bacon and two chops. . .

FOR "Record" readers Jack Win recalled one of those Royal Command performances at Buckingham Palace. It was for the Royal Family when Edward the Seventh was King. "I liked giving Royal performances," said Win. "The audience was not half so critical as most."

This time he gave sketches, monologues and some sleight of hand. King Edward came across chatting in as friendly a manner as possible.

He was much taken with the sleight of hand; a butterfly trick done by means of string attached to the head and tied to a butterfly which danced at chest level in front of the performer.

King Edward wanted to try the butterfly trick, but he couldn't manage it, said Win. Every time he tried the butterfly got tangled up with his beard.

At The Seance

SLEIGHT of hand was part of Win's performances then. He had done a good deal of magic since the days he had started out in London as a drawing-room entertainer.

It was through a charity drawing-room entertainment that he first went on the boards. A big music-hall manager in London was at the charity performance, saw Win give a sketch that he had written.

"I'd like you to do it in the halls," said the manager. "Oh, I don't think it's much good," said Win.

But he played it on the halls and it went down so well he was still playing it after 10 years.

His magic helped him to expose charlatan mediums who were making huge sums from credulous people in England.

Once, years ago, he went to Birmingham as the guest of Britain's present Prime Minister, Neville Chamberlain, to give a "seance." Sir Austen Chamberlain, Sir Oliver Lodge, Conan Doyle and a great many others attended. Win raised the huge, heavy table and made all the usual

things happen, to the delight of the guests.

Only Neville Chamberlain was in the secret. The others went away marvelling at his spiritualistic control, and it was not until next day that the present Prime Minister told them it was all done by applied mechanics.

Though he set out to expose charlatans, Win does not believe there is nothing behind



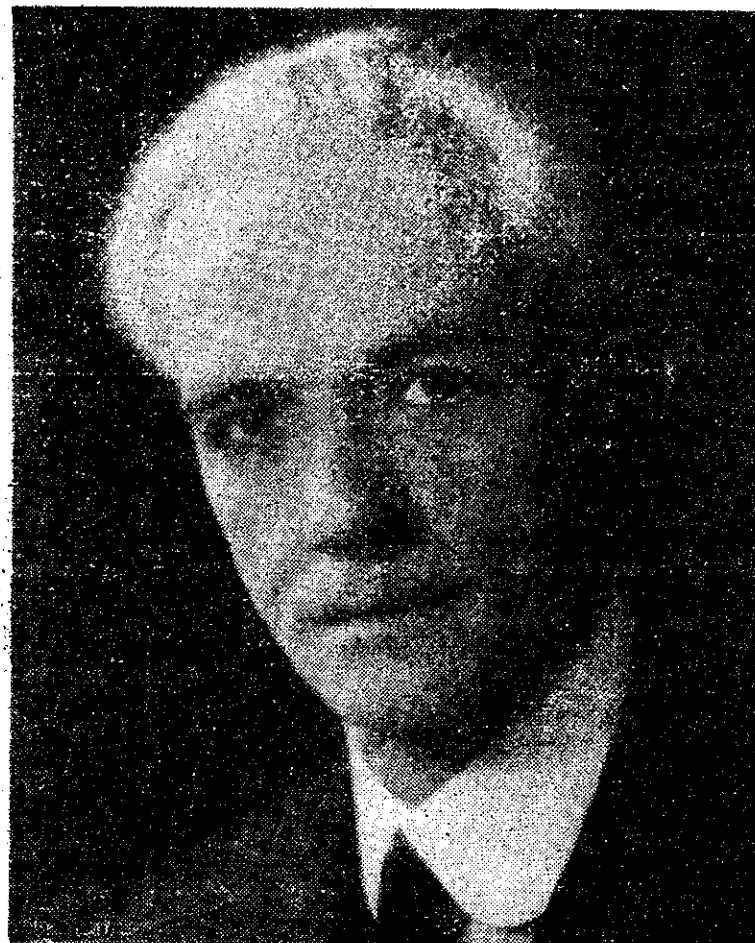
WINDLE.—Five minutes before this picture was taken in the broadcasting studio these clothes were normal. Since she had no comic costume at hand for the photo, she used the clothes she had on, making them definitely abnormal.

the veil of death. He has had some experiences of his own

Clairvoyance

Once, in the corridor of his house, when he was coming in with a bucket of coal, he saw his son in the passage behind him, though the son was miles away at the time. He went in to his sister.

"What is it?" she said. "You look queer." "Nothing," said Win, not wishing to frighten her. "What's the time?"



She told him. He had a telegram next morning telling him of the death of his son the previous night. The time was right.

PERHAPS it was magic that led him on to inventions as a hobby. For, once he invented a special motoring and fishing glove for which the famous firm of Dent's paid £5000.

And another time he invented a special hairpin with a barb to it which stopped it from falling out.

"They paid me £250 for that," says Win, "and a fortnight later bobbed hair came in."

Sister Nora

FOR a number of years he has played in sketches with his sister Nora. "She has a peculiar, husky, fascinating voice," he says, "and a sense of drama." She has played on the London stage, could have played big parts in the West End but for her music-hall contracts.

They have lived in Australia since 1926, loving the sunshine.

WIN.—People in New Zealand will take him for Lord Nuffield, and it makes him feel that they expect a good deal from him . . .

The climate is much better there for his sister, even though she was given up by doctors once with pneumonia in Adelaide, only her will to live pulling her through.

Three times they have booked their passages back to England, and each time cancelled their berths when they read in the newspapers of terrible English weather.

They have a curious ancestry for entertainers, in a way. It goes back to Charles Wesley, the famous writer of English hymns.

Apart from the weather, only one thing worries Jack Win about New Zealand. People will take him for his double, Lord Nuffield.

An Ease-Up For Motorists Good Riddance To Worries

Motorists, you will do good for mind and body by a spell from the worries of driving on much-used highways where careless or unskilled persons never cease from troubling (especially on Sundays and holidays).

An occasional trip by train will help to keep your nerves in good order. You will enjoy every minute of this helpful relaxation, which is necessary for long-living.

No Strain In The Train