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BLACK OUT TRAILER.

Royal Air Force observers tell us that the black-out in Britain at night time is pretty good; but in the morning it is not so good although it's every bit as important. Take for example this house in the suburbs - the house of the well-known Mr. Twerp. He switches on the reading lamp when he wakes up, quite forgetting that he removed the black-out before he went to sleep. And when he gets up he wanders from room to room reading the paper and waking the butler and one thing and another - and the result outside is simply appalling. In the meantime his twin brother who lives with him is the equally well-known Mr. Twerp who does this. Neither of them would show a light at night time, but in the morning they're terribly careless.

Mrs. Twerp has been up some-time - and she's rather apt to open the front door with the light on. And by the time the lodger gets up and starts shaving by the uncurtained bath-room window the house begins to look like Election Night on Broadway. Mr. and Mrs Twerp are particularly liable to forget the back of the house - a light from the kitchen can be seen in the sky just as easily as one in the front. Another point in the morning black-out occurs on the way to the office. Mr. Twerp decides to have a black-out on the old bike; he forgets that because he can see the way, he may not be XXX visible to others until the last moment. Mr. Twerp

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isn't the only one guilty about the morning black-out. Cleaners and porters and other early workers in business premises often light up the morning gloom like this.

Mr. Twerp himself, of course, seems to be practically Fifth Column. He comes home in the evening and blacks out one window and puts the light on and lights a cigarette before he does the others. But that's really an exception; it's the morning when he's so careless.

It's a good job we're not all twerps, isn't it?