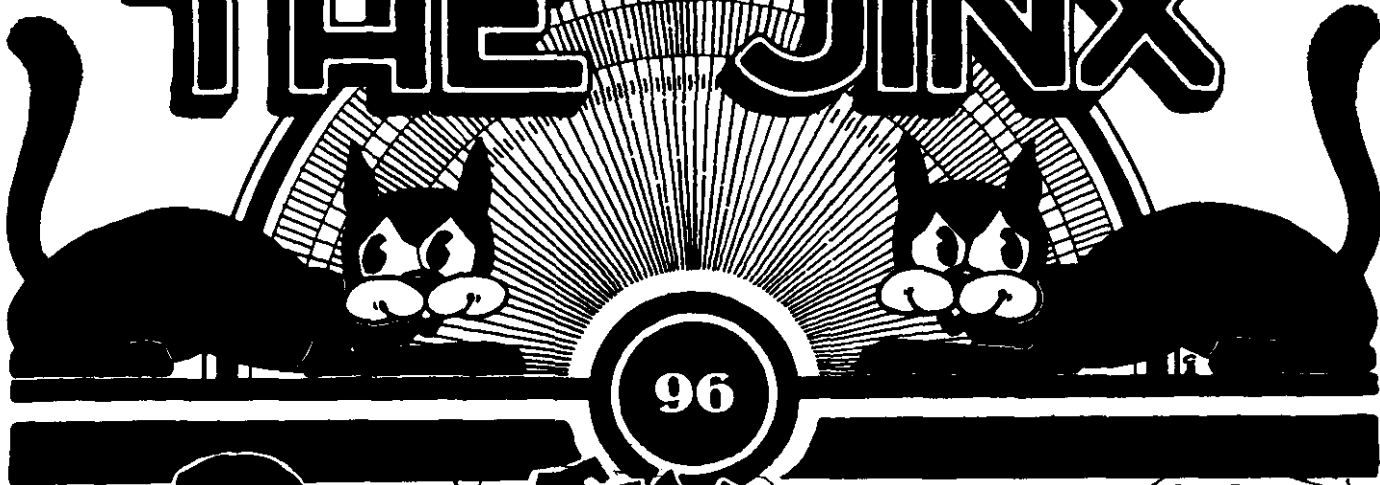


# THE JINX



## THE TIME FORMULA

for as much as a few minutes!

"You smile skeptically. But I can prove my statement. I can show you the formula - and make it work. I can go forward in time and, if you dare to follow, can take you with me. I should warn you that there is some danger, since we may all find ourselves several minutes further ahead in time than anyone else -- and unable to get back! You don't believe? Then watch, and wonder, and don't say I didn't warn you! While someone gives this deck of cards a really thorough shuffling I'll write out the formula."

(The performer produces pad and pencil, holds it so his audience can see what he is doing, and, as he writes the formula, reads it aloud as he would an algebraic equation.)

"Jo times 8 over twenty three b six hundred and ninety two equals ..."

$$\frac{80}{23692}$$

"Now, if you've finished shuffling, cut the deck and deal out three or four cards face down. Cut again and deal a few more. That's enough. Now you hold the formula and I'll take the cards. I fan them and ask you to make a very careful selection of one of them -- just touch one. Don't let anyone or anything influence your choice. You may change your mind if you like. --- And we'll lay your card out face down. Now, look at the other cards you dealt me. It's just as well we're not playing poker. I couldn't do a lot with a hand like that."

"Please note carefully what we've done. I wrote the Time Formula while you shuffled. I haven't touched the deck since. You dealt off seven or eight cards at random and had a free choice of one. You chose your card a minute or

**E**ditor's Note: Some of the magician-detectives that have been lately popping out from every book and magazine do other things beside their unmasking of murderous maniacs, their outwitting of international spies, bloodthirsty vampires and invisible men. **THEY CONTRIBUTE THEIR PET EFFECTS TO THE JINX!** Way back in issue No. 56 Clayton Rawson's fictional zombie, The Great Merlini, gave us RED VI-BRO. And now the genie from Stuart Towne's brain and typewriter, Don Diavolo, The Scarlet Wizard, steps out of the pages of fiction to give you, and your audiences, a trip into the future of the fourth dimension!)

"You have all heard of H. G. Well's Time Machine, that weird and complicated fourth dimensional contraption that carried its passengers forward and backward in time. Some of you may not know that a recent discovery in the field of multi-dimensional mathematics promises to make that fictional dream a reality. A simple formula has been found that points the way to the construction of a practical, workable Time Machine. Even the bare formula itself, without any complicated mechanism whatsoever, can project us all forward into time

# DON DIAVOLO

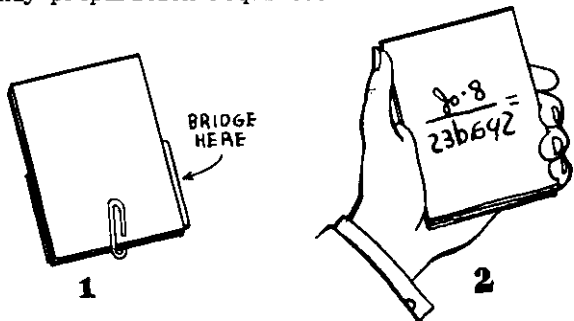
two AFTER the formula was written. When I did that, your card was still in the deck. You might have chosen anyone of fifty-two. And yet, because that formula took us forward in time, it could have told us the card you were to choose two minutes later!

"It can still tell us. Watch! In the fourth dimensional mathematics all things are inside out and backwards. A newspaper in the fourth dimension would have to be read in a mirror. Hold a mirror to the formula and read its answer aloud!" (Do that with the formula just given and you'll see what the spectator sees.)

"The Eight of Spades? --- If the mysterious magic of numbers, then, has really carried us forward into time, the card you chose two minutes AFTER the formula was written should be -- The Eight of Spades!" (Spectator turns it up) "You see? The multi-dimensional mathematics of hyper-space is a strange science. It makes my hair stand on end just to think about it. And next time, don't smile so skeptically."

And how is it the spectator gets the eight of spades when he shuffles the deck himself, deals out several cards and has a perfectly free choice of one of them? It's like this:

The pad of paper has been trimmed so that its width is one-eighth of an inch shorter than the length of the cards being used. Remove the eight of spades from the deck and place it, with six duplicates, between the last sheet of the pad and the cardboard backing. The  $\frac{1}{4}$  in. extra length of the cards projects from the lower right hand side of the pad. (Fig. 1) They should be face up, and the RIGHT HAND END of the packet should be bridged. Place a paper clip on the pad's lower edge to hold the cards in position and carry the pad in your pocket. This is the only preparation required.

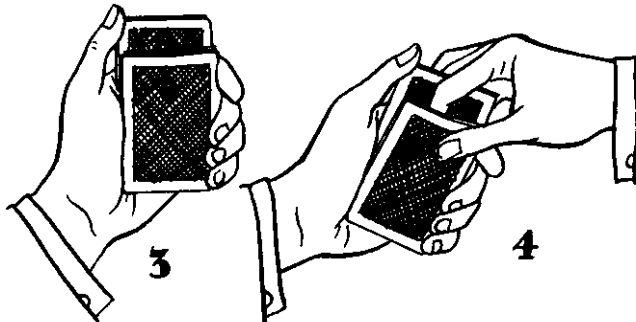


Proceed with the trick as indicated by the patter given to the point where the pad is taken from the pocket. Hold it in the left hand as shown in Fig. 2. The slightly projecting edges of the duplicate cards are hidden by the fleshy parts of the fingers and palm. After the spectator has dealt off a number of cards (stop him at seven, but without calling attention to the number), tear off the top sheet bearing the formula and pass it out. Turn the left hand palm down, take away the pad with the right hand and throw it aside. This action strips the duplicate cards from the pad just as you'd strip long cards from a short deck. It leaves them palmed in your left hand which immediately moves forward and drops the duplicates on the spectator's dealt off pile as it gathers them all up.

Suppose we call the spectator's cards packet A and the duplicate cards packet B. Hold the cards face down in the left hand, back of hand to audience. The right fingers feel for the bridge in the outer end of packet B. They cut at that point and move packet B down about  $\frac{1}{2}$  in.

as in Fig. 3. Then insert the right forefinger between packets A and B, the second, third and fourth fingers going in front of B. Fig. 4.

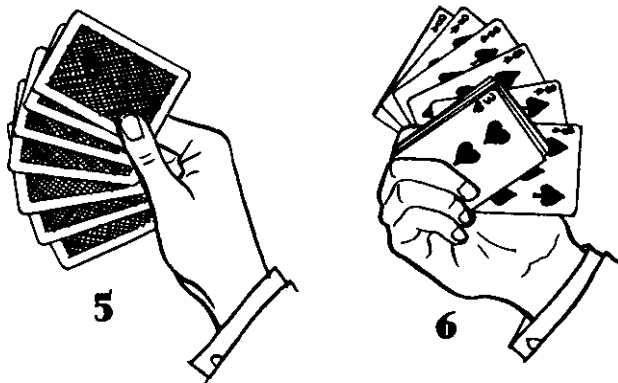
Now simply fan the cards that are between the forefinger and thumb and at the same time turn the backs of the cards toward the audience. Fig. 5. You will find that packet B fans and HIDES PACKET A! Fig. 6 shows the underside of the fan --- what the audience DOESN'T see.



When your spectator chooses a card now he has to get an eight of spades. Anyone who can do a one hand fan of half a dozen cards should have no trouble doing this sleight at once. It is undetectable at the closest quarters.

After the chosen card has been removed, the left hand goes over and covers the fanned cards (left thumb at base of right thumb) and squares them up. This leaves the cards in the left hand backs to the palm. The right forefinger pushes the nearer packet, A, down a half inch just as it did before with packet B, in Fig. 3. The only difference is that, this time, the cards face the performer. Now repeat the same sleight and turn the cards faces out. This fans the spectator's cards and leaves the duplicates hidden. You have shown the cards front and back in a completely fair manner.

Square the cards again. Later when the attention of your audience is centered on the formula and the mirror, cut at the bridge, palm off the duplicates and drop them in your pocket. Leave the other cards on the table. Keep well away from the chosen card so that no one mater accuses you of making a switch. The trick is now done. Build up the climax.



Additional notes: If there is no mirror handy, simply have the spectators turn the paper over, hold it to a light and read the formula through it from the back. --- Don't use the 8 of spades every time. Someone in your audience might have seen you or Don Diavolo do it before. You can use a NINE, THREE, or TWO of either SPADES or HEARTS. p, when reversed, becomes 9,

an E becomes a 3, and an S a 2. Hearts can be written in reverse to look like "two T pi sixty three H. This way:

2Tr63H

Take your audience on a Trip Through Time with a card trick that is simple, easy to watch and one that packs a punch. Excuse me just a moment, please. I've got to run out and catch an axe murderer, a master spy, and three or four jewel thieves that are hiding in the pages of Red Star Mystery Magazine, and who are getting in the D.A.'s hair. I'll be right back.

Don Diavolo



## TRAM CARD B.B. LOW

Some subscribers have wanted clarity via less words in these descriptions of tricks. I saw this effect presented three times before it dawned that I was contaminating it with my ideas which should fool magicians. Then, and only then, did I realize why the audience was being fooled. The trick was quickly done, simply presented, and, none of those watching were ever bored. (Ed.)

Five cards are taken from the top of the pack which has been shuffled, and shown in a fan. A designated spectator names ANY one. This chosen card is openly covered with a handkerchief and held by the conjurer. The covering is shaken and the card has disappeared! Immediately, the sorcerer produces it from one of his pockets.

Duplicates? Certainly! Are you expecting miracles? A duplicate of each of the five cards shown are in various of the performer's pockets, or in one pocket in a known order. The former procedure is best. The five cards representing these duplicates are on top of the pack at the start. A dovetail shuffle properly placed leaves these five cards on top as long as desired.

The handkerchief used to cover the card is prepared by having a thin narrow strip of wood, whose length is equal to the width of a card, stitched or stuck on the center of it.

In covering the card with the handkerchief, the card is held edgewise and allowed to catch just underneath the wood and then the wood is grasped through the handkerchief. At the same time the card is allowed to drop on the rest of the pack which must be scattered on the table below. Thus, it is only the strip of wood which is being held in the handkerchief. To make the card (which has already been got rid of, unknown to the audience) vanish, the free hand of the conjurer seizes the handkerchief by its edge and shakes it out, keeping the wood side at the back.

As soon as one of the five cards has been chosen the conjurer will know in which pocket the duplicate is concealed and at the end of the trick he produces it from that pocket. Of course the number of cards used need not be restricted to five, but will depend upon the number of different places the magus can find upon his person to stow away the duplicates.

## LAST TOUCH STUART ROBSON

Somewhere in this issue is a force by Don Diavolo, complemented with an unusual climax. My trick cannot approach Mr. Diavolo's conception for originality, but it DOES amaze people because of its backwardness. I must emphasize the presentation. It should take the audience through sincerity of purpose, maddening suspense, lack of confidence, despair of success, and finally, a grand climax as perfect for the performer as for the spectators.

It's a trick with cards best introduced in a program where cards otherwise are absent. The performer opens up a deck (obviously new) with the statement that he will attempt a feat ascribed to the greatest of magicians. He is a bit bombastic. Especially sure of himself. His attempt at shuffling is pathetic. With relief he gives the cards to a nearby person for mixing, and, during this, asks someone else to come forward.

The deck is taken back, and the performer hands it to the volunteer. "Lay it on the table, please. Cut it into two parts." The performer steps up, completes the cut half way, and says, "May I have another helper? Someone else from among you to make sure that I'm not trying to deceive you with trickery!"

This assistant stands to the performer's right. The magician turns back toward the cards and asks the first man to pick off the upper part of the cut. Then he is to look at the next card, remember it, and shuffle the entire deck.

The deck in hand, the magus peers through it - he's obviously wandering - and then, one after the other, he picks out cards, shows them to the selector and audience, saying, "Your card? No!" As he rushes through this part, he makes apparent his loss of ascertainment. It must be done slowly at first and then speeded up to almost a ludicrous attempt to find the card. In fact, it does become ludicrous.

Finally, the performer has but one card in hand. He's exhausted. He appeals. "Look, - (at the cards all over the floor) - I have tried every card but one. What IS your card's name?" It is said. On the verge of wilting, the performer turns the last card over with a plenty visible sign of relief. It is IT! "Perhaps," finishes the tired trickster. "I shouldn't do card tricks. I'm 51 times worse than the experts who can find your card the first time!"

I've spent most of this space in building up the effect. That's all that counts in the long run -- what the audience sees and realizes. In an otherwise cardless act, the trick registers.

If the spectator's shuffle, the card to be forced must be palmed on, or be a short card in the deck which can be cut to the top while the first man comes forward. The cut? The performer completes it half way by putting the lower half crossways of the original top half. It is here that he misdirects by asking for the second helper. Then, turning back, he has the first man remove the upper (crosswise) half and note the card below. It is the forced card, of course, and, being a short (or locator of some sort) card, can be found easily enough after any amount of mixing. The effect fits perfectly any act NOT USING CARDS OTHERWISE. The performer, with cards, is a dud, but he muddles through.

## — EDITORIAL —

Of course, we don't like it, but our sense of humor must have its way. Mrs. White, columning for Brunel in the London World's Fair during his recent illness, reported "Howard de Coursey's little lot that was exposed to the world" in a paper which "caused something of a sensation among magicians for telegrams poured in here that day and letters each post since."

We quote: "There were two photographs of Howard de Coursey accompanying an article titled, 'His Bags' of Tricks.' In the article was stated: 'This is how the back of ---, the conjuror, appears. Nicely fitting evening tails, covering a pair of nicely creased trousers. Now lets raise his tail pieces and see another tale! Look below. This, then, is the other tale! It's how Mr. de Coursey's trousers really are when he walks on to the stage or the cabaret floor. Trousers, with Mr. de Coursey, aren't just things to wear. His living is in the seat of his pants! Reading down from left to right, you can see all the tricks in his trousers that pull your leg. --- And to think that we always used to say: 'Yah! It was up your sleeve.'"

One of the skunk's photographs showed a rear view with coat tails up to reveal: a billiard ball dropper, a coin slide, a 'tank' containing 5 cigarettes, a box affair with spring motor to vanish a bird cage (and identified as such), a fan of cards in the belt supporting the box, a rubber canary in the hip pocket, an egg in one profunde and a folded large silk in another, a cigarette and holder attached to a metal arm, a thimble holder with four thimbles loaded, and a wine glass upside down in a spring holder with its necessary rubber cap cover.

We chuckle at such a frump's conceit that he might use all of those gadgets during one performance, as affixed, but we sober up when we consider the expose. We don't know de Coursey. We've never heard of him, which also goes for the public. Evidently he can't make a living performing magic. He has to expose to get his name in "the papers." We've gone to lengths over this case because it may serve as an example. Teach tricks indiscriminately, pass them out to adolescents just ripe for a profession, and you breed a hatful of malcontents who can't make that kind of life pay. They know nothing else; they'll expose anything to eat; and we are saps enough to blame them for something that we've started. Johnny Mulholland, Bill Larsen, Percy Abbott, Floyd Thayer, Max Holden, Louis Davenport; all of us have received letters from "somewhere" saying "Tell me how I can go on the stage. I have umpteen tricks and people tell me I'm very clever."

I don't know what others reply, but I've always said that they should keep magic as a hobby, and forget the professional life. I know that if it's in them, they'll be a success as a prof. But if they fail, I haven't given them a false push. Remember, that when you TRY to get a member in ANY society or organization of magicians, you're asking for an expose later on should that person get "the bug." Let new members be interested enough to WORK to become an associate. If you learned your magic the hard way, you'll know exactly what I mean.

If you have \$1 loose, and want to spend it foolishly, except, of course, for your collection, buy that cut out magic book at N.Y.'s Macy store. 17 cardboard pages give you 15 tricks to "break out", glue together, and fondle with.

It's an English game import, (complete with a wand, too) and entitled "The Conjuror's Kit Book." Jasper Maskelyne authored it. --- We mentioned Rosita Royce's Dove Dance (at the World's Fair) last year in connection with one magician, and this year we can do it again. Leon Maguire opens the 40 minute gal show with magic that includes the sweetest ring routine we've seen to date, using all eight of the prescribed linkers, but presented as its long dead originator might have wished it to be done.

Warning! You, who have eaten Post Toasties to get one of those Zingone pastebord-composition record exposes, and haven't yet found a machine on which to play it, use the wooden needles, NOT the steel ones. Otherwise the record doesn't stand up as long as did the advertising flop. --- Winston Freer is reported as growing a tree on a nite club floor, sawing it down, and letting customers take it away for firewood. We believe him. --- In view of the fact that the Milton Bridges library of magic books was so prominent, why haven't the erudite mags reported that it was bought by n. Adrian Smith? He'll build a concrete, fire-proof building for the tomes on the family plot at Riverside, Rhode Island. It is said that the place will be open to all sincere magicians.

Way back in Jinx No. 63 (Oct. 21, 1939) we reported the sinking of the British ship Sirdhana in Singapore harbor with all of the Nikola show. His "states" friends will be interested in knowing that 'Mikky' and Marion are safely esconced in a house by themselves to await possible salvaging of their property. All of the company have left for home. A recent letter tells that the harbor mine, which accidentally caused the sinking, was incidental, to Nicola, for diving operations show an unexploded one alongside ship beside his cabin. They're a bit wary of taking another ship right now, even without the apparatus which will hold them as long as possible, but when they do head for Monmouth, Illinois, U.S.A. they'll find an awful lot of people ready to say 'hello' with a sincere hand.

Foreign papers please copy: (to our shame?) Funny section, Hearst tabloids, June 2; Baby Dumpling in "The Magician". "Look, Sarah! I'm Magic! I can make a nickel disappear! Sarah then takes Baby to the kitchen, says she can make ice cream out of Royal Chocolate Pudding, (ad.), through use of a Frigidaire, of course, (no ad.), and says "How's that for magic?" Baby Dumpling then gets a nice spread with a satisfied expression and saying ending with "Watch this ice cream disappear! By the way, has anybody got a nice licorice wand and a couple of chocolate covered thumb tips handy? Yum-yum. Aren't we glad that we're magicians?"

The Tom Osborne trick is swell, and hereby accepted with thanks, but it will have to wait for the Nov. 2 issue (No. 117) because it has a decided Xmas tinge. --- Will Rock, who suffered comparison here, five issues ago, with Thurston, might well deserve better treatment from us. It can be checked that he does much more of Thurston's illusions than, to us, the master, did of Kellars, and Thurston was the acknowledged successor. That Ford Theatre (1907) program saw drastic changes the following year. So who are we to criticize someone starting to-day where Thurston started 33 years ago? That N.Y. State restricts children under 16 on a stage hampered Rock, (and would have crippled Thurston) plus the fact that he played local houses where the stage hands hadn't worked a show for years or wouldn't allow the hanging of one drop, must have hurt. It's only right that we start on a new evaluation of Will Rock. He's trying hard.

*The American*